NAUTILUS

MAGAZINE OF NEW THOUGHT

HOLYOKE PUBLIC LIBRARY

AUGUST 1951

How Hunches Have Helped Me LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

God is Here and God Heals Now JEAN MARIE FLEMING

When I Turned to God My Financial Supply Was Assured KATHERINE JONES

Faith is Mighty to Heal EDWARD FULTON BURRELL

I Have Used Treasure Maps Successfully for Fifteen Years IRENE M. CLEMONS

Rise Above Gossip LESLIE E. DUNKIN

My Subconscious Wanted That Accident MURIE ADAMS

Let Us Play—And Concentrate ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE
WILLIAM E. TOWNE

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HEALING YOUR THINKING

By George C. Hubbs

I HAVE never asked a person who was personally ill, or who had a loved one or dear friends who were ill, whether he or she doubted that the Master, if here in person, could *immediately* heal them, without getting an affirmative response.

I mention this experience in faith-finding because it has a distinct and important bearing on the matter of self-healing.

What is it that makes *you* so sure that if you can get just the right angle on the Truth it will heal all of your problems?

What keeps you in constant quest of this spiritual "Open-Sesame" in spite of many failures in demonstration-making?

There is only one answer, dear friends: *This self that seems to be seeking self-healing is your own God-self — the only real self there is!*

These persistent urgings are nothing else but your spiritual selfhood seeking fuller expression in your life.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock" is just another way of saying "Behold I lovingly plead with you to submit your problems to your own divine intelligence." For self-healing is in reality *only healing our thinking of the belief that there are two selves!*

We definitely know that God is the panacea for all human ills, so it must be plain that the transference of our thinking from *trouble* to *God* will transfer conditions from inharmony to harmony.

Someone has said, "If I could only get the world out of my thinking, the rest would be easy." But we are *living* in this world, and our victory is, *like His*, in overcoming it!

Calling All Nautilus Readers

We have something to tell you. At first thought you may not feel that it is good news. But in the end we believe that all things DO work for good.

This is what we have to say to you: Because of the advanced age of Mr. and Mrs. Towne (both well beyond three-score-and-ten) and because of the greatly increased cost of producing Nautilus, we have decided that the only practical course is to discontinue publishing the magazine.

So this August number of Nautilus is the last one that will be printed. All regular subscribers have received (or will receive shortly) a letter from us explaining the provision we are making for unexpired subscriptions to Nautilus.

You and Nautilus have come down a long, long trail together with us—over half a century. Some of you have been with us all that time. We shall miss you and we know that you will miss us. But all things change and pass—except the eternal laws of God—and we feel that Nautilus has fulfilled and completed its work.

And now may you find peace and strength in the thought that God is with you NOW—in all the experiences of life and in every change that may come to you.

Let us say, with Whittier:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., Inc.

***Publishers of* Nautilus Magazine**

Holyoke, Mass., August, 1951

HAVE YOU PROBLEMS?
DESIRES NOT ATTAINED?

Prayer

Solves Problems

We get what we pray for when we pray with *Creative Spiritual Desire.* Creative Desire is the heart of every prayer, calling into action tremendous *forces within and without the soul.*

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If YOU have a problem — if you have desires unrealized — write me a letter NOW. (Do not write a postal card.) Enclose two three-cent stamps and I shall send information as to my researches. *Address now:*

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"I feel happier and more contented than I ever have before."
— A. E. F., Texas

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.

Price of the Four Lessons and two booklets used with them, $1.60

The Elizabeth Towne Co.
Inc.
Holyoke, Massachusetts

HOW HUNCHES HAVE HELPED ME

By LEO LOUIS MARTELLO

EVER SINCE childhood I have relied upon "hunches" in undertaking anything — whether a bet, a new job, or guessing at the accuracy of a thing.

One night vividly stands out in my memory. I was seven years old, and my mother and I had just come from seeing a movie. Approaching the house I excitedly exclaimed: "Ma, don't go in the house! Someone's in there."

Not being of a superstitious nature, my mother scoffed at me and prepared to enter our house. Fortunately, a police officer was nearby, and hearing the rumpus I was raising, came over. On hearing my story he smiled and agreed to enter the house with us, if only to alleviate my fears. No sooner had he opened the door with the key my mother gave him than we heard a hustling sound and the slam of a window. Then we saw a man run across the street from our house. The officer chased him, fired a shot, and the man gave up. He was arrested on burglary.

Was it possible that I had seen the faintest of shadows moving in the house? Or had my imagination perhaps been inflamed by the picture we had just seen? Anyway I had said there was a man in the house — and there was!

At boarding school, much later, when I was about fourteen, there was an unknown person who went around breaking into many of the students' trunks, fishing through the pockets of their clothes and taking whatever appealed to them.

One evening I discovered that five

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The Promise of Destiny

By VIOLA E. MYERS

ONE DAY I walked along a grassy bank
And came upon a patch of goldenrod;
No one but me had seen its crown of gold
As it created beauty from the sod.

It gave its love and did not question why
And reached fulfillment in that lonely spot
Then lay back down to rest upon the earth
When winter's snow concealed the grassy plot.

But summer comes again to that bare place;
The spirit of the goldenrod is there;
Again it rises up and blooms anew;
To nature's beauty adds its loving share.

And so it is with man upon the earth;
Accomplishing his purpose, finding rest,
His spirit is not lost; when his body dies
The soul loves on to gain perfection's quest.

Editorials

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

DOUBT NOT

FEAREST sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

— K. R. *Hagenbach*

*

Let Us Play — And Concentrate

EXCEPT you become as a little child, you shall in no wise be able to "concentrate." Concentration is the natural mental attitude of a child.

A child is one-minded. When his attention turns to any one given object, his whole being is polarized to that object. To all intents and purposes there is nothing else in existence beyond the one thing to which the child's attention is turned.

This morning, on a neighbor's porch, I saw a little two-year-old crying his head off" for his mother. He was a spoiled child and they were just beginning to teach him to entertain himself. He did not like it and insisted on having his mother come out and entertain him. He let the neighbors know his troubles and everyone else within hearing until his mother gave in and he received that which he had so loudly affirmed!

Every cell in a child's body and every atom in his soul "picks up its ears" at the things his attention is attracted to. This is polarization or concentration. This is the secret of the child's marvelous aptitude for learning. It is likewise the secret of good memory and the joy of living.

The child forgets the art of polarized attention as he grows up. The main cause for this is the lack of gumption in parent and teacher. The child is charged with "musts" and "don'ts" to which he is compelled to pay attention. Every little cell is made to carry such burdens that it simply has not the heart to "prick up its ears" and take on a new impression. Only here and there is found anything vital enough to attract the older child's attention.

Burden-bearing is the great cause of lack of concentration, lack of ease in learning, lack of memory and of joy of living.

If we were a bit more natural, life would be a continual playground where we would simply grow in wisdom and knowledge by having a good time at our games and our work.

When we *must* play, there is no joy in it. When we *must* play the business game and support our family, when we *must* keep up appearances — well when we have to do all these things we are too tired to concentrate properly.

The only real "must" there is in all this artificial burden-bearing is

what we took from our parents and teachers and the traditions of men. We are self-hypnotized to think we must. We are free, but we do not know we are free.

*

Bearing Witness

If you have been helped or healed by metaphysical means, do not be overly anxious to tell everyone about it. And be sure that you have the outward facts to back up your experience. In my opinion, one should never "brag" about his healing.

Furthermore, it is wise not to talk to people about what you *believe* to be true in the Spirit — unless they can see from the outside that what you are telling them *is* true.

For instance, when the lame man ran and leaped and praised God for his healing, as related in the New Testament, he told the story to everybody who could see him. But what impressed them was not that he *told* them he was healed — what impressed them was the fact that the once lame man that they knew could NOW RUN AND LEAP! You see, if he had told people he was healed *before* he could run and leap, then people would have scoffed at him. Instead of believing him and rejoicing with him, they would have been filled with doubt. That is why one should never claim healing until it is really manifested so that the observer can see and know that the healing has actually been accomplished.

But you *can* go about mentally praising God in your own heart and smiling and being happy in the knowledge of the Truth, even though it may not be outwardly visible as yet. And I have found by experience that when one does that, when one really praises and appreciates God, he begins to smile and look so happy that everybody about him begins to ask questions about what good things have happened to him! So, in the outer world, I would treat my healing experiences of all kinds, mental, spiritual, material, just as I would treat any other fact. If it is so in the outer world, then you can talk about it with freedom and tell anyone really interested just how you were healed. Otherwise, hold your own counsel until you are wholly able to demonstrate the healing in the world without.

*

Desire Creates

Desire impels you first to effort. Note how a desire for food affects you. Does it cause you to sit still and sigh? Not until you have first tried by every ingenious method you can think of to gratify your hunger.

Perhaps you go first to the places where you have been accustomed to find food. We will suppose you find nothing in the pantry, and that discovery only whets your hunger. You again go over the shelves hoping to run across something. Nothing there.

Now up to this point your hunger has impelled you to do just what you have been in the habit of doing. Of course, this effort has done nothing further than fix a habit of looking in certain places for food.

But now — you have failed to find

the food and hunger urges you a bit further. You begin to think. You begin asking yourself inwardly, "where can I find food?" Your wits grow a little keener as hunger urges you on. Mentally you recall all the places you have heard others speak of as abounding in food. Your sharpening hunger impels you to an entirely new kind of effort — for you. You go prowling about in search of places you have heard others speak of. Your hunger is now impelling you to follow race habits of thought.

But suppose you still fail to find food. Your hunger grows still keener and your wits follow suit. You try everything you have ever heard of and still no food. There is famine in the land, perhaps. You have exhausted your personal resources and the race resources and still hunger grows and urges you on.

Then at last you really begin to think. Your wits go feeling out beyond all the places you have tried before. Or they go roaming with a new intelligence over the same old ground. And by and by you discover food and satisfaction where nobody ever dreamed of finding it, perhaps. And at last, hunger has made you think. It has made you, in this particular thing, wiser than the race. It has differentiated you from the rest of your kind. It has impelled you to a little higher mark of intelligence than was ever before reached by you.

Now this is the way that everything in this outer world has been created, and is the way desire is every moment recreating the outer world. We evolve by growing in knowledge and in wisdom. Knowledge comes from experience and wisdom is the divine knowingness of God within you which uses your experience and the knowledge you bring.

Desire impels us to acquire knowledge and wisdom.

It takes necessity to keep evolution going or else it takes a great ambition, which is after all the same thing.

Even though you find that many of your desires are unprofitable and bring bitter returns, still they work for good in the end and lead you on to find something new and something better and something higher than you have known before. Whether a desire brings that which is bitter or not, it does bring us knowledge, and knowledge is the way to higher things. If we make wrong use of our knowledge — or unwise and inexpedient use — still we grow on and on towards that which is better and that which is good.

*

As Ye Sow —

HERE IS a woman who made her own bed, but she does not like the idea of lying in it!

In other words, now that the going is getting rather tough she is discouraged and is looking around for some way out of the obligation.

You see, each one of us brings forth in our lives exactly what we put into it. And you build according to your faith — according to your present faith — and according to the choices that you made in the past.

You say that you placed your faith in this man whom you married. Now your faith is oozing out. The reason is, as I see it, that you have been looking at him through the eyes of

(*Please turn to page 29*)

God is Here and God Heals Now

By JEAN MARIE FLEMING

MANY OF YOU are familiar with the story of the Brazilian explorers who were driven by a wind far out to sea where they almost perished of thirst. They had no water on board, and for days they drifted, suffering torment from thirst.

Finally a ship hove in sight and the nearly dying men signalled frantically for the ship to come near and give them water. Back came the answer from the captain: "Let down your buckets; there is fresh water all around you."

These men did not know that the Amazon River remains fresh for many miles out to sea. Because of their ignorance of this, they almost died of thirst while all the time they were surrounded by fresh water.

In this connection I recall a healing experience that I can never forget, illustrating the truth of Jesus' words, "Lo, I am with you alway."

A very dear friend lay in the hospital, to all appearances soon to enter into the next phase of existence. I was alone with her and the thought of separation filled my heart with unspoken anguish.

Remembering God's ever-presence I turned to him in prayer. At that moment I seemed to be bathed in a warm, soothing light. That light seemed to be an all-embracing, all-enveloping Presence. There was nothing but the Presence. Even time seemed to be standing still. I sat there, scarcely daring to breathe. Then I found myself repeating softly aloud, "God! God! God!" Yes, there was only God. The Presence was God. The dear one on the bed was enfolded by the Presence, God. Then how could there be death? God is only Life, only Light, only Love.

In that moment I was changed from the fearful being into a calm, happy woman. I knew that all was well. As the moment of exaltation passed, I glanced at the face on the pillow. The death pallor was gone. She was breathing easily and I knew that her life was spared. I had let down the bucket of my faith into that shining Presence and it was filled to overflowing with the living water for that dear one.

We all have at times seemed to fail to live up to the Truth which we know. There are times when, like the sailors in the boat on the Amazon, we cry out for the Living Water. At such times we may feel that God has forsaken us. The truth is that God never withholds himself from us; it is only that we draw away from God. Our lifeboat is always floating upon the Living Waters of Truth, and all we need do is to avail ourselves of the good that is all around us; to heed the voice of our Captain: "Let down your buckets where you are."

INFINITE Providence is equal to every emergency. — *Presbyter John*

Love is Dynamic Power

By JULIA M. BALDWIN

I KNOW of a man who is blessed with a loving wife and a comfortable home, yet he has one great source of unhappiness — a fault-finding, sympathy-seeking mother. She always held the thought that her son owed her all her living. She never gave his wife one word of praise or appreciation.

For many years the wife (a friend of mine) tried great patience and forbearance. She would work for others as a seamstress that she might earn her own spending money. She would buy all her own clothes, and even pay her own traveling expenses when she found the time to take a week off. She took her problem to God daily, yet received no result.

One day this wife was wondering why she could not demonstrate the love of her husband. She heard a voice say to her, "It is Yourself you must change." My friend was dazed with the light of love. She searched her heart and found it was full of rebellion and the sense of being wronged. All she had ever done was merely to cover up an infected wound, and had experienced no healing.

How was she to proceed under God's guidance? "I can't love her! I just can't!" the little personal self whispered fiercely. But the voice she knew to be Intuition said, "Be still, and know that of your own power you cannot do this, but with God all things are possible."

Led by divine love, this friend of mine began to think of occasions when her mother-in-law had said a kind word to her. She remembered how when she had once spent a few days in the country she had come home to find the house all in perfect order. Then there was the time her mother-in-law had helped her finish the dresses for the bridesmaids for a special wedding when time was limited.

By holding fast to these little glimpses and realizing that here was the real and the true, she made a small beginning. In time the demonstration was completed. It was truly performed. Perfect peace and harmony was established. Today these two women love each other dearly.

Love is power. Love has dynamic power. Jesus Christ used this power to calm the storm. We also can use the same power to restore peace in our lives. I have been told we can compare our consciousness to a stream of water. Day and night, sleeping or waking, the stream of water flows on. No power we have can stop it. Day and night our consciousness flows on. If we keep our stream of consciousness full of pure thoughts, there will be no room for mud and rubbish.

I know a woman who had to give up a corner in a room where she had for years taught voice lessons. This woman was resentful. She told the man who had given her the notice to vacate that she would get even with him. "Yes," replied the man, "You

could get even with me perhaps. That is, if you could afford to do it."

This woman meant she would punish the one who gave her the evacuation notice. She had given no thought to possible consequences to herself. We who know the law of thought understand we cannot entertain thoughts of revenge, however great the provocation, without reaping a bitter harvest.

Search records have proven that before any crime was committed, seed thoughts had been established in consciousness.

There was an occasion when I had a chance to prove what the spirit of love can do. I was transferred to work in a telephone office many hundreds of miles from where I was working. The supervisors and my co-workers were all new and strange to me, most of them several years older. I do not remember how it came about but they did not like me. I could feel it. I had gotten off on the wrong foot with them all. They let me know they did not like me; the atmosphere fairly bristled with an undercurrent of antagonism that made me unhappy. What was I to do? Every day became more unbearable. What had I done to incur such treatment?

At recess and during my free periods the other operators would get together for friendly chats. I was left out. When I tried to be friendly I was met with a strange silence. I began using my recess periods for meditation, prayer, and self-analysis. I found out the supervisors were the principal actors in the little drama. I felt this was why the operators had turned on me.

I faithfully searched my heart. I knew a person always creates his own environment. I went back to the beginning. I entered the room. What was my attitude toward the supervisors and co-workers? It is true I was given the answer. I found that my whole attitude had been wrong from the beginning.

The next step was to right the wrong. In other words, I had to begin all over — begin with myself. Daily I asked for divine guidance. I began with a system of denials and affirmations, working from the love center of my heart.

This was a wonderful power of the Holy Spirit. In a few weeks the change was wonderful. The most wonderful change was in myself. All the operators began inviting me to their homes. My supervisors gave me better hours and a raise in pay.

The Bible is full of stories of forgiveness. The most beautiful story is the one of Christ on the cross praying for his enemies.

TRUST

I CANNOT always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on
With hand of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

— *Gertrude Benedict Curtis*

When I Turned to God My Financial Supply Was Assured

By KATHERINE JONES

HOW MANY of us are just "reading" and not "practicing" Truth students!

I know that I was for many years. And needless to say I accomplished but little.

Often, after reading an especially inspirational article, I'd promise myself that "one of these days" I'd formulate some affirmations and use them, and take time to go into the silence to try to find healing for myself and my affairs. Or I'd think about making a treasure-map, telling myself that perhaps this might set into motion for me the law of supply as it had seemed to do for others. I even prayed. But with a non-believing mind.

I am a widow with no one to whom I can turn or from whom I may expect help. Or so I thought a year ago. . . . Forgetting God as I struggled to take care of my material needs and find some expression of a full and worthwhile life.

But instead of doing a good job for and by myself, things grew progressively worse — until one day I woke up to the fact that my tangible resources were exhausted. I tried to find work, but at sixty jobs are scarce, especially if you are untrained.

And then came the day when I faced a bank balance of but a few dollars and a stack of bills that must be paid. I knew I'd come to the end. And only then did I drop to my knees and talk it over with God.

"Father," I prayed, "of myself I can do nothing. Show me the way. Whatever you want for me I'll accept, and I give myself completely and lovingly into your keeping, knowing that whatever is for my highest good will come to me. Thank you, Father."

When I rose to my feet I seemed to KNOW that a dear Friend would take care of me and that I need worry no more.

An affirmation which I had once read in Nautilus came to me: "God is my unfailing supply and all the money for all my needs is mine now, and comes to me under Grace and in perfect ways!"

I accepted this and repeated it over and over during the days that followed whenever a doubt or a question came to my mind.

In less than a week things began to happen.

First, I had a small property contract on which the payment was not due for another six months, and at best it was not enough to carry me for long. But on Wednesday the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Grey, the lady who owed me.

"We've sold the place," she said, "and want to pay you up IN FULL." As I hung up the receiver I said a little prayer of thanks to the Father

who was already manifesting so abundantly for me. For this money I was about to receive was enough to take care of my needs for some time to come.

"But don't quit," something deep within seemed to caution. "Never let a day go by without speaking your good!"

The next manifestation was a job — something I'd thought was impossible of attainment. But with God there are no impossibles! And an ad in the paper caught my eye. A mature woman was wanted for the position of Hostess-Manager of a girl's club. Personality, judgment, and moral attributes were the requirements. I secured an interview and learned that a good salary plus room and private bath were offered. As I talked to the Board I kept affirming mentally, "My highest good is manifesting now." I felt relaxed and serene. I KNEW that if this was the right place for me I'd get the job, and if I did not get that something better would come.

Somehow this inner assurance of God's protection and help was so clear and insistent that I was not worried for an instant as to the outcome. The next morning I was called and told I'd been accepted.

These two wonderful demonstrations were but the beginning of the constant flow of good that seemed suddenly to be directed my way. And I have never ceased to thank God that I learned my lesson before it was too late.

When you have gone as far as you can with your own feeble efforts, "let go and let God", and there will be a complete change for the better in all your affairs.

For when we once learn to "affirm our good" and to BELIEVE that a Power higher than ourselves is guiding and protecting us, and accept thankfully the wonderful help which is increasingly ours, then, and only then, are we really living the good life.

PRAYER AND NATURAL LAW

I UNQUESTIONINGLY admit that the answers to prayer come generally along lines which we recognize as natural law, and would perhaps always be found along those lines if our knowledge of natural law were complete. Prayer is to me the quick and instant recognition that all law is God's will, and all nature is in God's hand, and that all our welfare lies in linking ourselves with his will and placing ourselves in his hand through all the operations of the world and life and time. — *R. F. Horton, D. D.*

Faith is Mighty to Heal

By EDWARD FULTON BURRELL

RECENTLY while in New York on a business trip I found myself one evening with a few hours of unexpected freedom on my hands. Restless, I settled down to idly watch the passing crowd in my hotel lobby.

Soon the manager, whom I knew well, approached. He had a spare ticket to a popular television show; if I hastened I would make it before door closing time. The immediate prospect of seeing a New York telecast was instantly appealing and I was off in the next moment.

I was halfway through the absorbing musical drama before I gradually became aware of one of the two featured singers in particular. He seemed so familiar to me, despite lights and make-up. Could it possible be I knew him from some other place, perhaps some other field?

Polishing my glasses hurriedly I was ready for him on his next cue. It was his speaking voice that did it. I mentally snapped my fingers. That resonant voice I could never forget entirely.

Back went my thoughts to the hectic first year after our entry into World War II. I was busy with then-experimental music therapy in a government hospital on the west coast. One of the young dental technicians, when free, used to sit in on the clinics every chance he had. He obviously had a keen appreciation for all classical music.

In time the music loving young man and I became friends. A graduate of a large New England university, he had cultivated music more or less as a release from the grind of studies. "It gave me God-nearness," was the way he described it.

With the increasing hustle and bustle of all things remotely connected with those parlous times, I eventually lost track of the dental technician. My expanding work took me to England. A few short notes from him reached me for a time, then they stopped.

A year later I returned to the States. A chance meeting with a coworker from earlier days at the coast base hospital gave me disturbing news. Our dental technician friend had suffered a serious polio attack and was then convalescing somewhere in Arizona. To those of us who knew him that was really terrible; his vitality, even the very vibrance in his eager voice alone, denoted love of life. It was hard to think of him as stricken in so deadly a way.

Again I lost track of him.

Straining to stare through my bifocals that evening in a New York television theater I was certainly astonished. Could that possibly be the same person who had been so savagely mowed down? Doctors had openly been pessimistic about his particular case. What modern miracle then had enveloped him? Here he certainly was, very much recovered, very much himself. If anything, he was a vast improvement over his old

self. Heavier, handsomer, he seemed even more youthful.

Incredulous still, I stood impatient at the stage door waiting for him. He recognized me first. Words all but failed me. Reunion was lusty, joyful. Over supper, talk fairly tumbled out of us.

"Well," he began, "I suppose much of what happened to me since I last saw you really goes back in a way to my love for music."

I echoed: "Music? How's that?"

He went on. "Do you remember my telling you how near I always felt to God and how peaceful and even wise when I heard inspired music? That strengthened faith in me. When I awakened that morning to be told I had polio, at first I wanted to shut my eyes and die right then. I was dully bitter, too. I kept asking over and over why did it have to be me? I had made so many plans and was getting things done. But there I was, flat on my back. I was in an iron lung more than a year. That was my own Gethsemane.

"I began to pray a little and pray hard. I didn't want to be like one of the Disciples who fell asleep. I fought to stay awake. I already had my cross to bear. A heavy cross."

One day an idea unfolded itself to him. Since he well knew he alone was not the true "captain of his soul" but rather the second mate, he charted a sort of course he could follow. He would build a bridge! A great, wonderful bridge with high flung arches and deeply imbedded foundations. Time would be no element. He would labor day and night at making it rise.

"I began to clear my mind of all obstacles," he said. "The bridge was to be the crowning achievement of my determined thoughts. Operation Spiritual Bridge, I called it. It shocked me to discover just how much mental debris I had to clear myself of. That was a hard job, believe me. I had to devise many ways to overcome all the man-made negative thoughts. Try it sometime if you want a tough job to test your mettle. I won out, though. I had to. After all, I was building a bridge and engineers aren't supposed to give up. Especially engineers who know they have God on hand always to offer right suggestions."

My friend seemed to radiate as he related details of his healing. I was enthralled. A hovering waiter brought coffee and solicitously lit our cigarettes for us.

"Arrival of the day I was ready for the first venture outside the iron lung astounded the doctors more than it did me," he chuckled. "Short cuts to polio recovery are rare, you know. Inside I knew it wasn't a short cut. It was the natural outcome of a man's faith.

"At this point the radio and phonograph helped me to pass the time. I developed a keen technical awareness of both. Friends sent me radio journals and books, even a used script. This proved a ready solution to a vexing problem of a new livelihood for I had been told it would take many months before I'd be ready to resume the dental technician job."

When he became well enough to travel alone he went to Chicago to stay with his brother. There, as he put it, he fitted the last steel girder in place on his bridge. He became spellbound with television. Another full-blown challenge. Unexpectedly he met a handful of television aspirants, actors as well as set design-

s, writers, etc. "I became so ex-ted I had to go to bed for two rs," he recalled. He was on his ay and no human negation would p his progress.

Sometime later he got a bit part a singer on one of the local pro-ams then being tried out. In reply an eloquent raise of my brows to e unuttered thought that certainly ever dreamed he had a singing ice, my friend laughed aloud. He ured me neither did he, but sing did. Truly God does work in sterious ways. But, then, he uld have washed the studio win-ws if they had asked, he added. th complete recovery he tried his k in New York. Success, he soon und, is a willing twin to faith.

My coffee long ago had become d. All I could do was sit across the le from him and slowly shake my head in justifiable wonder. The marvel of spiritual bridge builders, the glory so rightly theirs! I told him as much.

He spoke reverently, almost as if he were musing: "I like to think my faith, shining as it is, is that bridge of mine across which I can go in all weather, rain, snow and shine. I alone can set in motion the necessary power to cross it to the other side where all the joys await. I mean such joys divinely given all of us at birth as health, happiness and prosperity."

A few months hence my singer friend goes to Hollywood to appear in a film sequence. While there he will marry the daughter of his Arizona nurse and I am to be best man!

Yes, blessed indeed are those visionary erectors of heaven-aimed bridges linking their lives with the all encompassing all-positive!

NEVER ALONE

We live in the sublime. Where else can we live? That is the only place of life. And if aught be lacking, it is not the chance of living in heaven, rather is it watchfulness and meditation, also perhaps a little ecstasy of soul. Though you have but a little room, do you fancy that God is not there, too, and that it is impossible to live therein a life that shall be somewhat lofty? If you complain of being alone, of the absence of events, of loving no one and being unloved, do you think that the words are true? Do you imagine that one can possibly be alone? . . . All that happens to us is divinely great, and we are always in the center of a great world. — *Maurice Maeterlinck*

Key to Successful Demonstration

By LOUISE GRAY CASON

THE ONLY type of Truth Student who fails to demonstrate is the one who believes there is God *and* —, i. e., God and his problem. The Truth student who demonstrates knows THERE IS ONLY GOD — and the problem melts. I have never seen the latter type student fail to demonstrate, and I have watched many apparently insurmountable problems melt before this truth.

I remember a woman who applied this truth to her problem of an unhappy marriage that ended in divorce. Thrown out on the world when past forty to make a way for herself and child, without prior working experience, she had a hard condition in the outer world to face. The employment she obtained was most unsatisfactory and did not adequately meet her needs.

One day her employer told her she would not be needed after the first of the next month. It was a blow, but the very blow she needed to bring her back to applying the Truth in which she believed. She resolved not to look at appearances but stayed her mind on the fact, THERE IS ONLY GOD. And she walked toward the first of the month and unemployment, *knowing* God would take care of her need.

Did it work? It certainly did! God placed her quickly where she belonged. A wealthy man she had met during her brief working days admired her cheery manner and graceful ways. He called and soon they were married. She is now serving in the work she is best equipped to do — that of making a home for a loving husband and her child.

I also well remember another case. Her problem was to find work and make a living when she was past seventy. She did not believe in God *and* old age — no indeed! She believed she was eternal and God was her supply. Through the death of loved one her means of a livelihood was apparently taken. Instead of bemoaning her fate she recounted definite answers to prayer that she had had through the years. Then she would say that it was evident she must be again needed to serve in a certain line of work she had formerly done or her condition would not demand her to seek employment again.

When she applied for work with *this* idea in mind God did lead her where what she had to give was needed. She was not only employed but rose to the position of assistant manager before very long. The man for whom she works blesses the day she came to help in his store. Definitely she knew THERE IS ONLY GOD.

And so we might go on indefinitely recounting stories of demonstrations made because the demonstrator knew GOD IS ALL THERE IS. Therefore, if you are a wise Truth student you'll never let yourself accept the idea there is God *and*. No indeed! You will know that GOD IS ALL.

I Have Used Treasure Maps Successfully For Over Fifteen Years

By IRENE M. CLEMONS

I AM an old and practiced treasure-mapper, having kept a map since I started my first one over fifteen years ago. True, my initial attempts were crude affairs, made on cardboard with illustrative clippings pasted on. With an ever-increasing interest in the subject, my maps have become a combination of inspiration and beauty. Best of all, I have never had a map whose needs, desires and even dreams have not been fulfilled in one way or another. As the prayer desires of the old map become reality, I make a new one; and it is always a special kind of joy to watch the manner in which my high expectations will be granted. Truly, the habit of treasure-mapping has become one of the most profitable and pleasurable pursuits of my life.

The foundation of my present map is a square of beaver-board, 12 inches by 12, over which I placed two sheets of drawing paper. I use different color for each new map. Just now the chosen shade is a deep pink with my clipping desires, both words and suitable pictures, cut from magazines and held in place with gold thumb tacks. The whole effect is truly lovely to look at. In one corner of this map I had placed a bouquet of cut-out pink roses as a sort of ornament, never dreaming even they would become reality; yet all unexpectedly I received a dozen beautiful roses as a surprise gift after they appeared on my map.

Through the years I have experienced many such heart-warming, wonderful things — almost unbelievable things, fulfilling my deepest needs, as well as adding those more superficial delights which are really the frosting on the plain cake of life. My experiences convince me that treasure-mapping pays, especially for those who wish to keep young at heart or those who feel their lives are becoming jaded. There is a youthful anticipation in preparing these maps, in visualizing and looking forward to their realization.

Treasure maps for those who are ill have brought some wonderful demonstrations of God's healing love. They convince me anew that these prayer-desires will be answered if we are unselfish in our requests; if we are faithful to our maps, devoting to them a special period each day; if we do all in our power to bring about their fulfillment; if we thank God for his goodness; if we trust him implicitly to make manifest these prayer-desires of our hearts.

A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken. *Proverbs xv:31*

The Secret of Renewal

By KATHERINE BEVIS

I USED to get up in a hurry each morning, hasten down to the office and madly rush all day to get the duties of the day completed. Some days were bad, others worse. Always, a great tension.

Then one day, I learned a deep secret. I was reading the Bible and these words impressed me: "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

That was the secret — to wait on God! It did not come easy, but the more I tried this formula, the easier my work became, and the more poise I had for my duties.

In this school of learning, my great Teacher taught me to "Meet him in the morning, when my day was at it's best," and I learned to sit for awhile each morning, waiting in silence, before God, ere I started my work for the day. I thought of God as the source of all my help, and out of this silence, strength for the day and all its problems was given.

The rush and confusion and worry of our days are like the wind or the earthquake and fire that raged around Elijah on the mountain. God was not in the wind, or the earthquake or the fire. But when they had all subsided there was a "still small voice," and Elijah heard God.

Try this. Sit down in the morning, before beginning your day, whatever your duties may be, in the home, factory or office, no matter how busy you may be. Do nothing but WAIT ON GOD, for a while. And, as you wait, you will be renewed. And as you practice waiting, you will be given the energy and ability you need. God working with you will supply the power to help you become more learned in his school.

There is the story by Edward Everett Hale about the little girl who had a habit of running into a chapel near the field where she played, to talk to God. After she talked a bit she would remain perfectly still for a few minutes, waiting, she said, to see if God wanted to say anything to her.

It may not be easy to take time to do nothing, and you may not sense any answer to your efforts at first, but with daily practice it becomes not only easy but delightful.

I know this is so, because I have tried it. And I find myself, not merely a sort of "lazy drifter," but a definite "waiter and receiver." I get more efficient work done with less effort and keep sweet in the doing.

WE FATHOM you not — we love you —
there is perfection in you also,
You furnish your parts toward eternity,
Great or small, you furnish your parts toward
the soul. — *Whitman*

A Doctor's Strange Adventure that Brought New Life and Health

By DORTCH CAMPBELL

THE GREAT TRUTH that happiness can be found in a new life, was revealed to me in the long ago by a physician who enjoyed an extensive medical practice. He lived in a beautiful home and was respected and admired by all. But there was a time, Dr. Ben Ferguson asserted, when conditions of his life were far different.

"Years ago," his story ran, "my health broke down shortly after my marriage to a lovely woman much younger than myself. Struggling for health, I neglected her and my profession, which dwindled while debts piled up. My home life went on the rocks. My wife threatened to divorce me, for which I do not blame her, as it was unbearable."

Silence for a while as his strange and interesting story was coming up. Then: "I changed my life completely; I changed my way of thinking; I changed my emotions. After that everything else changed."

If we desire to change circumstances we must first change ourselves. Get a new spiritual viewpoint — that is the usual advice for those facing vicissitudes. Free the troubled heart and we shall find freedom and happiness. We who are in New Thought are well aware that the soul must be changed if we wish to change our affairs, people and conditions. But how? It is not so easy for any of us to bring about happy conditions when we are surrounded by turmoil. So I put questions to the doctor: "How How can we change thoughts and emotions of fear and trouble? How did you bring about desirable conditions? What was your formula?" I have always had a great curiosity to know how others solve their problems, that I may solve my own.

Dr. Ferguson smiled at my queries. "Why," he answered, "I changed by habitat. I changed my environment. I beat back by making life new."

The doctor essayed an odd adventure, he told me; that was how he changed his consciousness. He made up his mind to undertake the new on a summer's morning, bright and early. Bidding his wife goodbye, he took to the open road — afoot, if not light-hearted.

That was the beginning of his conversion. He joined a group of tramps. He concealed his identity, changed his name. He vanished completely from the old life.

"I made for myself a clean slate," he explained. "I forgot wife, profession, debts and ill health. I wandered through many states, looking for new perspectives."

Months of roaming, king of tramps. There came to him a spiritual awakening; he got a fresh grip on himself. He was alive once more, thrilling with health. Suddenly,

there came to him longing for wife and home. With a new outlook he went back to his wife, who welcomed him with joy, all the old forgot. Everybody was so kind and understanding; all was forgiven. He went back into medical practice; he paid his debts. The new spiritual consciousness seemed to have made everything back home fresh and right.

Well, there is a moral in all this for all of us. Life can and should be made where we are, as we are, a beautiful adventure, a delightful experience. We can find our souls without undertaking the doctor's dernier resort. The whole secret is a break from deadly routine and stagnation. We do not have to undertake anything foolish. *Get a new world!* Can we do this without going to extremes? Probably it is quite possible. Just freshen up your habitat. Get away from the stagnant courses. Get out of the dull, the foul, boredom, the monotonous, the commonplaces. Keep moving into new ways that are delightful. The program of life's adventures are surely simple.

The trouble with us all is that we live as though we were machines, which wear out, thinking the old thoughts, feeling the old emotions, essaying the old roles.

Sacred Writ tells us we are *living* souls. We are Niagaras of spiritual power. Our livingness should be an onward march, like growth, always fresh, always new. That which is around you in Nature, is it not always new in its growing? The way out is to live with the new. The solution of every problem is in our own hands. Everything we have done must be done differently in order to grow. Make new habits. Change even your beliefs and your ideas. Get even a new viewpoint regarding Truth. Get out of the old life into the new and you will not ail and you will never grow old and you will find happiness crowding you. The new always thrills us and makes alive. For absolute truth — the Great Truth — is in *Living New Truth.*

OH, SPIRIT INFINITE

By Marie F. Hall

Oh, Spirit Infinite, thy loving power,
Thy strength, thy peace, are ours
If we but ask, — and, seeking, find the way
That leads us out into the light of day.

Oh, Spirit Infinite, thy boundless store,
Thy mines of untold wealth, are ours for aye,
If we but see the world that 'round us lies
And let our souls embrace its paradise.

Oh, Spirit Infinite, we breathe anew
Fresh strength, fresh hope, — as flowers drink
in the dew,
And trees stretch out and upward toward the
blue —
For with enlightened vision dreams come true.

Affirmations For the Jitters

By FRANCES MARLEY BELL

A NERVOUS man was overheard to say, "Sure, I had had a drink. Everyone's drinking a little too much these days!" As though that is any cure for the jitters! It can be classed in the same category as anaesthetizing an aching tooth but not filling the cavity.

There is a way we can all obtain serenity of mind, and even aid in bringing about peace for the entire world. It is a simple, easy way yet amazingly effective; and the only cost to you as an individual is a few minutes of your time each day plus your earnest desire to rid the world and yourself of the worries which beset everyone alive today.

Before hearing the method, stop for a moment and reflect that the A-bomb danger is not the first great hazzard the world has faced. Ever since time began both man and animal has been faced with very real and great danger in some form or other. First there were the dinosaurs, which later were replaced by automobiles as far as jeopardy to life and limb are concerned. Disease germs have been ever-present, and earthquake and floods have never been controllable. The fact that fear and danger have played so large a part in one way or another in man's life, must mean that it has something to do with his development. Perhaps it has helped push him upward in his progress. Whatever the reason, it is a fact that something always exist to frighten us. Even thunderstorms terrify most of us.

But there is no need to be afraid. There is a familiar old hymn whose words tell us to "Fear not, for he will hold your hand." Instead of giving way to the jitters or seeking forgetfulness in drink, why not mentally reach up and take His hand?

Edith Anderson, a housewife, was almost on the verge of collapse worrying about present world conditions. The bulletins on A bomb protection depressed and frightened her. She became unable to sleep. Then one day she heard the old song on the radio. The above quoted words seemed to stand out like a message to her. She tried the suggestion, reaching up mentally to let God hold her hand, and was immediately soothed and comforted. From that moment she had no more fear, so absolute was her trust that God would take care of her, as he will if we but ask.

What is the method we can all use to help ourselves and help clear up the world situation today? One day, seated in the silence, this message came to me plainly: DIVINE LOVE RULES THE WORLD. THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD ARE SWAYED BY DIVINE LOVE. EVERY HUMAN BEING IS ENFOLDED IN IT. LET IT GUIDE YOUR MIND. LET IT RULE YOUR HEART. LET IT CONTROL YOUR BODY.

Isn't it plain what wonders could be accomplished if a large enough

number of people repeated this as an affirmation many times daily? And if everyone believed these wonderful words and abided by them, the world would soon be out of the chaos in which it now finds itself.

My Subconscious Wanted That Accident

By MURIE ADAMS

WHEN MY TUTOR in mental science told me there were no accidents in Divine Mind it was one time that I seriously questioned her.

"Then how did this happen?" I asked, pointing to an arm that was in a heavy cast.

"It was probably fear."

Naturally, even as you, I scoffed at the idea. It was many months later that an incident occurred which recalled the statement. I had a flash, like lightning, inside my head. And in that moment I knew her statement relative to the broken arm was right. I had, subconsciously, avoided a difficult situation by getting myself in a hospital where there would be complete protection.

When that flash came, I even doubted my own senses for it seemed so preposterous. Yet, deep down inside I *knew* it was the truth. So I began to trace the steps that had led to this and found by my objective consciousness, that it was the exact truth. Then and there I ordered a careful watch on my Subconscious to see that there was no repeat of the idea, or of anything similar.

This is being written to aid others who have had accidents and may be blaming everything, everyone, but themselves. For there the fault lies. Sometimes it is a piling up of worries, of new work, and of forgetting that the work is done *through* one *for* one!

For the past two weeks I've been trying to determine just why I had this accident. Oh, yes, I was very tired. That seemed a satisfactory solution. But I knew there was more to it than that, after years of work in mental science. So I determined to locate the trouble.

It was true things had piled up. I had pushed. I had not used the Power Within and had come home night after night so weary that there was no appetite and no desire for food. "Good," I thought, "this is one way to reduce."

Knocking myself out is not my idea of fun. So why had this happened? I found myself asking this as I was on the operating table. Finally, several days later, the answer came. I had been wanting a rest, a good vacation, something new and didn't care where, so long as I got it. Yes, I had to smile. That whole device

as so patent.

Yet there was another reason, or so seemed. I began tracing back further and again came the flash, that in my pushing and weariness I had forgotten to give sufficient time to the Father and his demands. I had been brought up sharply, very sharply, to be reminded that God comes first. I had been pushing Power around and there was only one answer the Father could give: Stop! Be Still! Listen!

"When you begin to feel your own human power," my mental tutor dryly commented, "you are always stopped. Because you know the law, and having broken it, you must pay. It makes no difference whether it is a civil or mental law, payment is made."

I was stopped to teach me to be still and listen — and NOT TO PUSH.

Rise Above Gossip

By LESLIE E. DUNKIN

A SUCCESSFUL insurance man, who operated his own agency in a typical small community, was suddenly faced with a steadily decreasing business. When policies came up for their renewal, another company wrote the business in spite of his best efforts and service. A personal enemy had been working overtime spreading gossip to try to gain revenge for an imagined business office some time previous.

The insurance man was desperate, but was determined not to become frantic. Something would have to be done, but this must be done effectively as well as quickly. He decided to rise above the cowardly gossip, so he could raise his livelihood above its poisonous gas.

His first step was to keep his mouth shut so far as saying anything about the gossip went, even to his closest friend. He would not stoop to the low level of any loose-tongued individual.

His second step was to watch himself closely to avoid any good reason for more of the gossip-starting. So far as possible he avoided anything that might have a double meaning, without making an apparent or strained effort to do this.

His third step was to do something about the gossip by means of constructive reminders. He printed a supply of business cards, the size of a calling card for social events. On the back of these he had placed these two timely reminders — "He who throws mud is losing ground;" and, "A brick in place builds well."

One of these cards was left at the door of each house, and in each office and place of business in the community. He did not say a word about the two statements on the back of his cards, but nobody missed reading

them and thinking seriously about their meaning.

By the time he had completed the distribution throughout the community, the tongues were too busy talking about the cards and their higher meaning to bother to gossip about the innocent man. He soon was enjoying record and steadier insurance business from solid friends.

Gossip seems to thrive the most in small places and among small people. This gives the key for you to rise above it. This may be due to the limited supply of activities and interests available and also to the restricted thoughts of the people.

You will find that usually you cannot permanently run away from gossip. Too often it will catch up with you in that distant and larger place at a time when you can least afford to encounter it.

It is equally true that in your community, whether small or large, you cannot afford to ignore blindly this deadly gossip. However, you will find that it pays richly in dividends for your future and present happiness to ignore intelligently this small talk, by becoming and keeping busy trying to make the place and the people larger in heart and spirit.

In fact, if you will always try to raise them with yourself to a higher level of life, you will reduce practically to the vanishing point any effective grounds or desire for destructive gossip. That is why less gossip is evident in a community of a larger size. When anything unpleasant arises, the unfortunate person can quickly and calmly transfer his major interest to something else, either permanently or at least until the trouble has blown away. Everybody has more opportunities for being busy in many different ways.

Become personally and actively interested in two or more different activities in your community. When you limit yourself to one, you place too much importance on every little incident in connection with it. Avoid having your busy world to rise or fall because of the success or apparent failure you may realize in only one group. If your community does not have more than one interest for you, either create more there or reach out to nearby communities for more interests.

Become interested in more people. You will find many others are facing the same kind of problem that has been disturbing you. They are trying to rise above this small talk and small acts. If you could get close to the one most active with the gossip against you, you would likely find this person is doing this to cover some disturbing problem of his own.

When disturbing gossip begins to arise against you, your best first step is to pray sincerely for this individual that God will help him in a really big way. Do not make the mistake of trying to pray for God's wrath to come upon your apparent enemy! Pray for his good and you will find it most difficult to try to get petty revenge, and he will find it increasingly difficult to gossip against somebody who is praying and talking for his best interests. Both of you will rise above that gossip!

OUR affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand. — *Stevenson*

Views and Reviews

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE

You and God

YOU AND GOD should be able to make whatever decisions are necessary in your life.

Every day you find it necessary to decide between two different courses of action. And God is your best helper in making your decision. Yet we find people everywhere who are forever seeking to put the burden of their decisions upon someone else. It does not matter that the decision is trivial and unimportant. They run to someone else for advice before it seems apparent that it is needed, or that it can be in the least helpful.

Such action does not develop strength or wisdom in the individual. To be forever seeking to find support for your decision, unfits you to stand upon your own feet in this life that you must live.

"Trust thyself," said Emerson: "Every heart vibrates to that iron string." Trust yourself and shoulder the responsibilities for your own mistakes, if you would become strong. Seek the help of God and you will be able to meet whatever comes to you with strength and poise. But if you are always running to someone else for advice, you will grow in weakness rather than in strength. You will not acquire the true wisdom that comes from self-dependence.

Of course, there are times when you *should* seek the suggestions of others. When you have good reason to believe that another can give you facts that will help you in making your own decision, then do not hesitate to ask for suggestions and advice. But do not seek such advice thoughtlessly or with the idea that you are going to turn over the final decision as to your act to another person. Think it over carefully, get all the facts you can, and then ask God to help you to make the right decision — for that time and place. Await quietly for the lead that will point the way you should go. Again quoting from Emerson: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another."

The same strength and wisdom abides in you that abides in your friend. If you turn to him for advice and help — except when you know he has facts that can help you in the

deepest sense — you are only keeping your own good at secondhand.

Of course, even though you depend upon yourself and under God's guidance it will not insure that you will never make mistakes. The human mind is not infallible. If we were indeed perfect there would not be very much left to interest us in living. The joy in life comes through progress — in meeting and solving problems. If you look to God and depend upon yourself whenever possible you will learn by your mistakes, as well as by your successes. There is a great feeling of satisfaction in finding how you can do a thing. Most great inventions are the result of patient persistence in experiment. Few world-changing inventions leap full-fledged from the inventor's mind. By long and patient searching, the inventor finally comes to see a Principle and from that Principle he is able to bring something new into the world — or a new and better adaptation of something that is old. He builds upon the successes and mistakes of others as well as his own.

It is the same in human life. We can see, when we study the experiences of others, some of the things that will help us in our own life. And we can see some of the things to avoid.

But we should make our own decisions about what to accept and what to reject in the experiences of others. "Whenever a man is simple and receives the divine wisdom, old things pass away. . . . It lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour."

Life is the important thing, not your past experiences in life. Your life cannot grow strong in the world

(*Please turn to page 30*)

How Hunches Have Helped Me

(*Continued from page 2*)

dollars was missing from my trunk and at once said aloud, "It's Paul R He's the one who's been stealing things." It came out spontaneously naturally, and I wasn't aware till a few seconds later of the full import o my words. There was no reason fo me to name that particular boy, a we were friends and he wasn't in the least suspected. I never heard any thing like that said in connection with him. But I named him.

Faced with the suspicious glares o the other boys, he soon confessed I was almost ready to take back wha I had said, but there was no need His cit Fortunately our school was a pro gressive one and it was discovered that the boy had kleptomania. He was sent to a psychiatrist for treatment.

Another time, at the same school I passed all my examinations with a hundred per cent score, even though I hadn't had time to study my lessons. I relied upon my sixth sense. I don't say it always works, but if not the fault is mine. Somehow I have failed to grasp its secret.

Intuition can be cultivated. It is the orchid of the mind; most beautiful, enlightening and rare of all the senses. I use it constantly. The subconscious mind possesses knowledge incapable of classification, yet it sends out messages more revealing, more penetrating, than any assembled data.

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting.
— *Thackeray*

Success In Prayer

Edited by W. E. T.

METTA PRAYED

HERE IS an actual experience of one who, at the time of the incident, had studied New Thought but for a short time. In this case, all that she did was pray and God did the rest.

Metta had been sitting with her sister after an operation in a large hospital in a city fifty miles distant from her home. She had taken a train to this city early the same morning. After leaving the train on the return trip in the evening, she called up her home for a ride covering the last seven miles into the country. Her husband, two small children, and herself were living with her in-laws. Upon calling home she was informed that the car was not there and that her husband had left some time earlier with the children without permission to use his parents' car.

As Metta's husband was a heavy drinker, she could almost outline in detail the conditions in the case. This was a crisis. Instead of letting fear urge into her mind she turned to God in prayer. With absolute faith, she placed the little children, her husband, and the car in God's care and protection and then continued praying so that no negative thoughts might enter and dwell in her consciousness. Twenty minutes later, she called home again and was told that someone was on the way to pick her up.

Upon arriving home she learned that her husband had taken the children in the car to a local tavern and after drinking heavily, started out the door. A sixteen-year-old nephew (who later stated that he had a "feeling in his bones" that he should go with them) followed them out the door and got in the car with them. After driving a short distance, the husband asked the nephew to drive, but insisted that he drive to the city, fifty miles away. The young boy followed the proper route until he came to a branch route which circled back home. This he followed without arousing the suspicions of the semi-conscious husband. So the children were returned safely to their home because a sixteen-year-old boy had "a feeling in his bones."

The father-in-law in the meantime had become so angered at his son that he had loaded a revolver and vowed to take matters in his own hands; but God's help diverted his intended action. All that Metta did was pray and God did the rest. — *E. B. W., Ills.*

DO NOT look forward to the changes and chances of this life in fear; rather look to them with full hope that, as they arise, God, whose you are, will deliver you out of them. He has kept you hitherto, — do you but hold fast to his dear hand, and he will lead you safely through all things. Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow, and every day.
— *Francis de Sales*

AS WE rise in the scale of being, the anxieties and sorrows of life pass into discipline, and discipline into virtue . . .
So, my soul, stand erect, and glory in thyself and in thy God! — *Rev. Dr. Stebbins*

I LEARNED TO PRAY AND BLESSINGS CAME

A FEW MONTHS AGO, due to financial difficulties, we were forced to give up our business and move to another city. The housing situation was acute and when landlords learned that we had three small boys they practically slammed their doors in our face. Finally we moved into my husband's parents' home temporarily.

Almost immediately, my husband went to work and thus the task of searching for a house fell mostly to me. It was a discouraging business at best. Added to my worries was the strain of an impending divorce between my parents-in-law, and the petty bickering of nine people in a house meant for five at the most. At the end of six weeks I had lost ten pounds and felt at my wit's end.

One morning as I went into the basement to do the laundry I heard a voice say, "He knows thy every need." A little prayer of thanks welled up within my heart for this comforting message. Yes, surely God knew my need better even than I. And yet, I prayed each day that he would lead me to a house. Of late my prayers had taken on a note of desperation even, but still they went unanswered.

Suddenly and clearly came the thought, "Not my will but thine, Lord." A sense of peace and understanding flooded my being and there in the quiet I prayed as I had never done before. I asked not for a house in which to live but for courage and strength to endure my present surroundings if that was God's will. As if by magic I was able to let go of my worries and anxieties and let God take over my burdens.

Three days later we were led to a house in just the sort of neighborhood and surroundings that I had dreamed we might find one day. In fact every detail was as I had wished it to be.

With this demonstration I learned that if we learn to pray as he taught us, "Not my will but thine, Lord," manifold blessings will be our harvest. — *R. P., Calif.*

OVERCOMING A HABIT

THE TORMENTS of those who are resisting habit comes from the fact that they first let the imagination accept a suggestion of the pleasurableness of an action and then strive to fight against their own life as it breathes life into this suggestion. As a matter of fact, the habit of admitting temptations into the imagination and thinking about them, only to inhibit by a supreme and agonizing effort of will the logical outworking of this thought in action, is worse than useless. Such thoughts poison the mind more than do those which are considered briefly and put into action. This secret of denying attention to a primary impulse once mastered, you will find that a very little power applied at the right moment will do more than a thousand times more effort exerted later on. — *Paul Ellsworth*

I DO NOT call one greater and one smaller, That which fills its period and place is equal to any. — *Walt Whitman*

Elizabeth's Editorials

(*Continued from page 7*)

your friends, and you are wondering if after all you did not make a "mistake" in marrying him. You say that you married him because you were full of faith in him and fired with a deep desire to prove that you are bigger than other women, and that you could marry a man with his handicap and think nothing of it. And now your faith is oozing out.

Evidently your desire to show this man how great a love you had for him, was not a very deep one. At the very first little bit of ridicule from your friends, you find yourself looking at him askance. You say he has not you no money for some time. But perhaps there is a good reason for that. You do not *know* just what obstacles he has met with in his efforts to earn money to send you. The time in which he has been away is not so long.

So, as I see it, you are really going back on him — on your God-given desire to make good to him. Beforehand, you were very careful not to let any one know about your proposed marriage. And it seems to me that the reason you would not let them know was because you *knew* in your heart that they would say things against him. Would it not have been better if you had been frank with your friends and let them say all they could against the marriage before you took this man?

But now your problem is to know what to do IN THE PRESENT. It looks to me as if you have just two choices: Either accept the "bed" which you have made for yourself and make the best of it, or turn away from your obligations and make for yourself a new life. If you really love the man as much as you seem to think you did before marriage, surely you can go on for a time and find a way to adjust to the present conditions. Give the man a chance to make good.

Nobody can help you make up your mind as to what course you are to take except yourself. In order to make the right decision, you must take this matter to God, pray over it, find out what your real deep desire is, and then make your choice and stick to it faithfully.

If you *do* choose to go back and pick up the broken threads of your marriage, be sure that you do so in a spirit of love and good will. See that you cherish no resentment against your husband. Refuse to let anybody talk to you about the outward appearance in a critical way. Go in to win and stick to it until you have made a success of your marriage.

MAGIC

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile — kind words — a glance — a touch!
What magic with them is wrought!

— *The Somerville (Mass.) Journal*

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage as it were of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls. — *Cicero.*

Views And Reviews

(*Continued from page 26*)

if you continually run to someone else for advice on how you should live it. Ask God how you should live it and ask man only when it seems that you are reasonably assured of getting some really helpful facts.

The leaner does not attract real friends or great successes. He does not build into himself the strength and poise which makes a life satisfying and effective. If God is accepted as a present help, it does not become necessary to lean. The leaner is lacking in faith. This lack of faith imposes a bond upon him which keeps him from freely acting or expressing the strength of life which is really his. He is like a horse that cannot see the reality of his surroundings because of his blinders. He measures himself by his fears and doubts and not by the reality of his being. His fears and doubts seem to him to be the only true thing in his life, whereas they are really the denial of all that is real about him.

If one believes that God is the reality of his being, he is denying God, even as Peter denied him, when he turns aside from his course at every doubt and fear that assails him and seeks human advice instead of putting his dependence upon the Divine Principle of Being.

Put your faith in the increasing purpose of creation and keep your faith centered there. Prophesy good things of yourself and prophesy strength for yourself instead of weakness. Do this and you will prove that God is with you, as he is with each human being — NOW.

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ETERNAL RENEWAL

YET THIS incessant movement and progression which all things partake could never become sensible to us but by contrast to some principle of fixture or stability in the soul. Whilst the eternal generation of circles proceeds, the eternal generator abides. That central life is somewhat superior to creation, superior to knowledge and thought, and contains all its circles. Forever it labors to create a life and thought as large and excellent as itself, but in vain, for that which is made instructs how to make a better. Thus there is no sleep, no pause, no preservation, but all things renew, germinate and spring. Why should we import rags and relics into the new hour? Nature abhors the old, and old age seems the only disease; all others run into this one. We call it by many names, — fever, intemperance, insanity, stupidity and crime; they are all forms of old age; they are rest, conservatism, appropriation, inertia; not newness, not the way onward. — *Emerson*

ONE OF the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. — *Emerson.*

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