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SUPER-PSYCHOLOGY

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Edited by
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Rochester, New York

SUPER-PSYCHOLOGY

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Spiritual and Psychic Science
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Teaching Men and Women How to Use Their Minds and How to Grow More Spiritual Power.

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This Is A Fine Old World—There Is Much Joy In It For Those Who Have Learned How To Live.

It Contains Sunshine And Rain And Days And Nights To Help All Kinds Of Fruit And Grain And Flowers To Grow. And It Has Trees For Shade, And Rivers And Lakes, And Hills Which Help Mankind To Know The Infinite.

Then, Too, It Contains Music And Song And Love, And Friendship, And The Sweetness of Childhood, And The Beauty Of Youth, And The Glory Of Age and Experience. And The Distillation From All Of This Is Life and Character.

—Will J. Erwood.

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SUPER-PSYCHOLOGY
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September
1929

THRU THE YEARS WITH THE EDITOR. XIII.

I AM A MEDIUM! After more than thirty years in the field of psychic and spiritual research; after more than thirty years experience with the relationship of the discarnate and the incarnate, that fact stands out more patently every day. And never have I realized its importance so much as at the present time. Fakirs may be exposed, spurious phenomena unearthed, and new explanations brought forward to explain the facts of mediumship away; the magicians may band together, as they did of old, to shout from the house tops that "everything the mediums do we can duplicate" and there would still be a mighty residuum of truth, and fact, and phenomena, which could not be explained away. And whether that residuum be much or little, it will prove to be quite sufficient.

Each week, month and year, brings me new evidence of what it all means. That there is something in man that transcends the limits of the flesh, that rises to greater heights than we were led to believe possible, and that shows the human mind, or soul, is not limited by distance, there is not the least doubt in my own mind.

To the materialistic psychologist, when I say that I have psychic experiences, in other words that I am clairvoyant, clairaudient and clairsentient, it will appear that I am simply the victim of hallucination. He has but little

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place in his economy for the recognition of a spirit in man—to him man is matter, force, fortuitous circumstances, combined to produce the phenomena of life. Material substance begetting its own kind for the perpetuation of itself. He dare not admit the premises which cause us to predicate a future life in which individuality and consciousness persist. To do so would sound the death knell of his entire house of cards. To the Watsonion Behaviorist such a thing as conscious, individualized, egoistic survival is an impossibility.

An incident in the later life of Mrs. Erwood, —a thing that happened but a few hours before she passed away—will give some idea of what is meant. She had been ill for some time. We were living in Philadelphia at the time—at 742 No. Twentieth Street. At the direction of the Doctor, who told me frankly that her chances for recovery were very slight, we had taken her to Whitehaven Sanitarium, in Pennsylvania. Two days before she passed away I had received a letter saying she was feeling better than usual.

My eldest daughter, Leone, was in College, Goucher College, in Baltimore. She was due to come home the day after I had received the letter. That night I was awakened around midnight by hearing Blanche call me. I was so startled that I leaped out of bed, hastened to the telephone and called the railroad station and inquired about trains to White Haven. I found I could get a train about 1:35 A. M.

I awakened my daughter Florene and told her that I was going to White Haven, that

mother was worse, that I had heard her call me. I instructed her to call Goucher College in the morning, get Leone by phone and tell her to come on the first train instead of waiting till evening as was her intention. Also to tell her to take the noon train to White Haven, as she had not seen her mother for several months, while the rest of the children had seen her just three weeks previously.

The next step was to call the Sanitarium, which I did. I talked with the nurse, asking her to tell Blanche that I would be there the first thing in the morning. The rejoinder was, "Oh, I am so glad, Dr. Erwood." I said, "Why?" Her answer was, "Mrs. Erwood is not so well." Why is it, I wonder, that in such cases there is such an utter lack of feeling? Why, when the Doctor and nurses see that a patient is on the verge of death, do they not call those interested? I have often pondered that question.

I arrived at White Haven too early to be admitted to the Sanitarium—rather before I could get any conveyance to take me there, but finally I reached it. I was met by the nurse, who said: "Dr. Erwood, how did you come to call me last night?" I replied, "I heard Mrs. Erwood call me." She said: "That is the strangest thing I ever experienced; last night Mrs. Erwood said, 'Will is coming in the morning.' When I asked her how she knew, she replied: 'I called him, and I know he heard me.' " When I walked into the room and saw the little mother I knew it was the end. She smiled bravely at me and when I

said, "Did you know I was coming?" she said positively, "I knew it—I called you three times because I wanted to see you before I left."

Telling her what I had done about Leone's coming and when she would arrive, was the thing that kept her with us for a full twenty-four hours longer than they thought she would live. Leone arrived about five in the evening, and together we watched the passing of one of the truest little mothers I have ever known—one of the bravest souls I have known. Whether we had much or little, she was always brave, cheerful and content to have her kiddies, our home and work.

At about five o'clock in the morning she passed away. Shortly before that she smiled, told us she was very tired and would sleep. When I said: "Blanche, what do you want us to do?" Her answer was as firm as though she knew she would remain for years in material life to help accomplish it. "Do just what we planned, dear." I knew what that meant—education for the children.

I also know the meaning of that poem, "In the baggage car ahead." Together, Leone and I traveled back to Philadelphia, while in the baggage car ahead was the body of the little mother. The point in all of this is, had I not heard her call, or had I not been psychic enough to have received that call, we would not have seen her before she passed away. She would have gone out among strangers, she would have been one of those around whose bed the screens would have been placed

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—nurses would come and go, feeling her pulse, counting the heart beats, knowing that shortly they would draw the sheet up over her face and would report that another patient had gone to join the silent caravan. But because of the call, because of my psychic power, we were with her. And yet so many people say to me, "It must be your imagination."

Some years later, after Leone had gone to join her mother, I talked with her in a manner that I shall recount later in this series. I talked to Leone, too, at the same time. They tell me I imagined it. Yet, yesterday, August 2nd, 1929, I talked to an audience at Chesterfield, to which audience I told the incident, and in that audience were four others, beside myself, who were present when I did talk with the arisen ones. They stood up and verified what I had said. And yet, the wise (?), the *unco wise*, the Munsterbergs, the Leubas, the Rinns, the Jastrows and Witmers, say "it is all imagination—mental pictures only." What penalties there are in being such authorities as these .... one gets to be so dumb, and so bound by the things he has said that he dare not say anything that contradicts—for an authority who changes his mind is an almost unheard of thing.

Is it to be wondered at that I am so fully convinced that there is survival of human personality after bodily death? How could anyone believe otherwise after the experience I have had? No matter what anyone else may say, I have the evidence of my own convictions and experiences. "Ah, but," some of the wise

ones say, "you are not a scientist—you are not qualified to examine such evidence because you are predisposed in favor of such things." Am I, indeed?

Just what constitutes a scientific investigator anyway? Is it the attitude of Hugo Munsterberg who, in Witherspoon Hall, Philadelphia, when he was asked a question relative to the explanation of certain psychic phenomena, ignored the question until the persistent questioner said: "But, Prof. Munsterberg, what is the answer?" Striking a characteristic Hapsburgian attitude, he declared, "*Dere iss no answer!*" A scientist, a real *scientist* would have said, "My friend, I have no answer or explanation as yet—I do not believe the thing you speak of is either practicable or possible, but I have not completed my investigation." Not so our good friend from Harvard. To him, because he knew no explanation, "*there wass no answer.*" It has ever been thus.

I have never been inclined to accept things because someone said they existed. Just a case in point, to illustrate that I have sought to prove certain things to be either true or false: A group of us were making some investigations of what are called "physical phenomena," i. e. cases where ponderable bodies are moved, as Sir Oliver Lodge has said, "without visible contact." During our investigations, with no professional medium present—that is, no one who was supposed to get such phenomena—a vase of flowers had been placed upon the floor in front of the cabinet, a simple curtain hung across a corner of the room—a

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solid corner, be it known; no window within reach. This vase had been moved several times, at least so we were convinced. But, this writer knew what might happen if there was an insistent and continued concentration upon a physical object. So, in order to eliminate any possible chance for imagination, or hallucination to enter in, I drew a chalk mark around the bottom of the vase as it rested upon the floor. I knew, and we all agreed it to be a logical fact, that if the vase was moved beyond the limit of the encircling chalk mark on the floor it would be conclusive proof that the movement of that article could not be attributed to imagination. It would be hard to move the chalk mark with the vase, would it not? Well, that vase was moved on various occasions, five inches, ten inches, and once eighteen inches beyond the chalked circle on the floor. On one of these occasions *we saw the hand that moved the vase.*

In this case the hand and wrist were visible —apparently reaching from behind the curtain. "Ah," said a well known rationalist(?) of Philadelphia, "that's easily explained; the medium thrust her hand out thru the curtain and pushed the vase along the floor." A fine explanation but for one very definite and insurmountable flaw, i. e. *there was no one behind the curtain, and no one within three feet of the curtain.*

There are several conclusions to which I have arrived as a result of the many psychic experiences, which it might be well to mention as a preparation for some of the record that

lies ahead—that is, for the recounting of certain incidents and phenomena which have taken place in the course of the years:

I am convinced that man is more than a body—that the body is merely the vehicle, or habitation, thru, and in, which he, the real man, manifests.

I am convinced that the thing we call death is but an incident in the course of our experience and existence, no more—and no less—important than birth.

I am convinced that neither life nor consciousness, nor individuality ceases with the dissolution of the physical body, but persists as a vital reality after that death of the body takes place.

I am also convinced that those who have gone ahead have not lost their contact with, or interest in, those they leave behind—unless they voluntarily close their eyes and ears and senses to the conditions which obtain here on this earth.

I am further convinced that those who have gone ahead, as it were, are not wraiths, evanescent unrealities, or mere mental concepts held in place by the memory of those who remain here but, rather, definite realities functioning upon planes of consciousness equally as important as—if not more important than—our own.

I am convinced by the weight of evidence that they are not bodiless, or disembodied, but that they are possessed of bodies as real to them on their plane of existence as are our own; and that sometimes they may so modify

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or amplify the mode of motion or vibratory activity of those bodies as to render them visible and tangible to our sense perceptions, at times.

These conclusions have not been arrived at in one fell leap—they are the result of many years of contact with, and study of, the various physical phenomena which have come under my observation at various times and places, and under divers conditions and circumstances.

Let me say further that I am convinced that those who have gone ahead are just humans like ourselves, neither wiser nor better, until they have, in compliance with the law of growth, unfolded thru study, the acquisition of greater knowledge. The mere fact of so-called death in no wise contributes to any greater measure of wisdom than we possess, save for the one fact that they have experienced the change while we have that yet to come.

To be continued.

OUR HIDDEN FORCES. VI.

INTEREST in the spiritual faculties of mankind seems to be growing very rapidly. This is clearly manifest in the reception accorded the various demonstrations of all psychic manifestations and the evidences of super-sensitiveness given by those who have come to know and exercise their gifts. It is evident to this writer that never, in more than thirty years of personal experience, has there been such widespread and earnest desire to know something of the subject as there is now.

We have explained that everything has an inner substance which it throws off in much the same way as radium sends out its energy, not merely at intervals but constantly. This energy, or substance, has a reality, as we have explained, which writes itself upon all that it comes in contact with. And it is this that the *clairsentient* individual reads when in that supersensitive state wherein he becomes cognizant of things outside the realm of his own personality.

Thru the exercise of this *clairsentient power* much that is hidden from the ordinary sense perceptions becomes manifest. We cannot say that these things are seen thru *clairsentience,* although they become as real to the consciousness as though they have been visualized or heard; they are, as we have said, *felt*—and we wish this term, *felt,* to mean vastly more subtle a thing than the mere sense of touch as

it is generally understood. It is more, much more; it is to the human mind and consciousness what the seismograph is to the observers in Washington, when it records and measures the temblors of the earthquake thousands of miles away.

Clairsentience—and we italicize the word so it will be clearly impressed upon the minds of our readers—is a boon to every professional man or woman; particularly is it of the utmost importance to the physician or healer, because it would make possible the recording of the minutest changes in the status of the physical machine with which he must deal. There are subtle processes in the human body that are not yet measured by any material device whatever, but which are clearly apparent to the *clairsentient* individual. It is for this reason that we so emphasize its importance and urge its examination, study and development.

The trouble with most of us is that we are so perfectly content to limit ourselves to the exercise of the commonly accepted and recognized sense perceptions. We think we see, when we are merely looking; we think we hear when we simply incline our ears in a given direction, and we think we feel, when something ponderable has made an impact upon some one of the physical sense channels. These things are merely the outer indices of something much finer and more perfect in the way of inner, or hidden sense qualities and perceptions. It is to know the hidden, the inner senses of man that becomes the important

consideration of the hour—and it is thru this knowledge that man's greatest discoveries will be made.

Whenever we think of *clairsentience* we associate it with those two companion senses which have been so often looked upon with suspicion, viz., *clairvoyance* and *clairaudience*. Of these we shall have much to say later in this series. Just now there are certain things which should be said in reference to the development of clairsentience itself.

Those who would make possible the development of their *clairsentient* powers must learn to concentrate—that is, they must learn to exclude the impact of objective and material things. To see effectively with a telescope the vision is concentrated and focused upon a certain definite object by means of a protected lense—the lense being at the end of that tube as everyone knows; and all objective, interfering things are excluded from the range of vision by the tube itself. We all know that it is much harder to focus the vision upon one minute thing if there are many diverting objects within the range of vision.

So, in order to become *clairsentient* we must learn to exclude the objective and obvious—*we must listen with soul and not ear.* There are various methods to be followed—and the selection must be made according to the temperament, knowledge and development of the individual. The method much preferred by the writer is that wherein it is possible to have the students where they could be under the surveillance of a competent teacher or leader,

who could direct and guide the experiments and exercises; and who knew just what might be requisite for the different types of students. They should be trained that they might know how and when and why to concentrate.

One thing is clearly manifest, i. e. the ordinary, physical sense perceptions must be held in abeyance, if one is to become really awakened insofar as the clairsentient qualities of mind and soul be concerned. At first there is the necessity of volitional effort—it is necessary to literally force the mind to obey the dictates of the will. Just as the first efforts to control the various muscles of the body are necessarily labored and require persistent application to exercise before there can be that perfect, instantaneous coordination of mind and muscle, so must the first efforts at the development of the psychic senses be volitional and more or less labored and interrupted.

Those who have had experience, know how easily the psychic may be disconcerted—the slightest interruption in the way of noise, a passing object, or a whispered word, making impact upon some one of the ordinary sense perceptions, will tend to recall the attention from the psychic effort, interrupt the action of the finer senses and, mayhap, completely destroy the result.

In all psychic experimentation the greatest care is necessary. The reasons are many and, to many of us, quite obvious. A man or woman who has, for many years, given no attention to the existence of anything except what may

be discerned thru the ordinary sense perceptions, to be suddenly attracted to *the things of the spirit,* and become persuaded to make an effort to unfold his own latent powers—or hers, as the case may be,—will come face to face with a mental revolution of no small dimension. It will mean raising the supposedly subjective above the objective—it will involve revising all previous experience and habit of thought. It will necessitate the awakening of faculties and powers previously discountenanced entirely. And this may be a painful process.

When a man whose life has been one of indolence and inaction becomes imbued with the desire to develop his muscular strength and begins active exercise, he has a very painful reaction. He finds himself possessed of muscles of which he never dreamed; and discovers that there are a thousand spots wherein he can suffer excruciating pain, of the most intense degree. If he has the stamina to continue, he comes out of his suffering and exercise a new man—one whose body is vibrant with health, and whose muscular self is a never ending joy to himself. But, and I speak from experience, how he will suffer while going thru the preliminary stages of development!

In the realm of the *psychic,* the situation is the same: it means a complete reversal of opinion, the recognition of hitherto undreamed and unrecognized forces, and the effort to penetrate the, supposedly, unknowable and abstract. It is not strange that this

is so. For centuries the supposedly wise and practical teachers of mankind have talked learnedly about the *Unknown*—which would be permissible had they not translated the word to mean *Unknowable.* They have prated about *the limitations God hath set,* beyond the boundaries of which limitations man might not go.

They have talked of that bourne "*from which no traveler ever returned*" and told us that *Satan* waits around the corner for those whose temerity lured them to investigate the forbidden things. Indeed, it almost seemed as though *Verboten* was the only word known to the Most High—or that it was the only sign of which the *unco wise* knew anything. When a man was *dead,* that was the end; or else, if not the end, we should make no effort to know aught of what lay beyond the silent portal.

Thruout the ages, however, there have been those who really did know something of what lay beyond. There were those whose soul senses were actively awake and who knew some of those things that were said to be concealed from man by *Divine Decree.* There were those men and women who, by virtue of their inner knowledge, their aroused inner sense perceptions had become aware of the finer realities and possibilities of the human soul.

To such as these the universe became a much more wonderful place, life became a more divinely beautiful fact, and even humanity—poor humanity, which had so long been regarded as a mere accident destined to be

snuffed out like a spent candle, began to assume a dignity and importance beyond all limitation. So this is the day in which we are coming to know ourselves as we really are because men and women have awakened to the powers of the human soul.

To be continued.

* * * *

One single idea may have greater weight than the labor of all the men, animals and engines for a century.—*Emerson.*

* * * *

Nothing great or durable has ever been produced with ease.—*Thomas Moore.*

* * * *

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.
—*Disraeli.*

* *

Truth must be forged from the metal of facts.
—*Hoover.*

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IN BONDAGE

N bondage to the fetters of opinion."—Lives there a man or woman, boy or girl, who is not in some measure at least in bondage to the fetters of opinion—either his own opinion or the opinion of others?

About a decade ago, accompanied by three friends, the writer went to a well-known Palmist. She had never had any such experience before and, like the rest of the group, went chiefly for the sheer fun of it and, partly, be it confessed, because of an intense interest in any new experience. At that time she had no real knowledge of the psychic—in fact, had heard very little of psychic phenomena.

This Palmist began by reading the character of her subject and very accurately too. Then she went into the subject's *past*, and again was amazingly accurate, telling of circumstances and events of which she could have no possible knowledge and some of which the subject had not thought of for many years. Next she turned to the *future* and, among other rather astonishing predictions (many of which were taken with a large pinch of salt), made this statement:

"I can see you writing—oh, writing a lot!"

I replied: "You mean writing letters—typewriting, etc.?"

"Not at all," said she, "you do that in your business I know, but I refer to literary work—you will write a great deal."

That was too much for this person's sense of humor and, throwing back her head with a

chuckle, she said. "I'm afraid you are wrong there—if there is one thing above all others I am *not* likely to do, it is *write.*"

"Why not?" said she.

"Because I'm absolutely no good as a writer—the essay work I had to do in college tried my soul more than any other part of my work and, besides, I've nothing in the world to write about."

She uttered a sound which can be adequately described by only one word—snort—and, fixing her sharp black eyes upon her victim's countenance, said: "Well, no matter what you may think now, *you will write*—for very clearly I can see you doing it."

But the subject, fettered by her own opinion of her limitations, only shook her head negatively and smiled.

A few years later she came in contact, through a singular series of events, with the Editor of this magazine and, through his fine mediumship, with that very wonderful soul who has been his guiding spirit through the years, known to us as THE TEACHER, to whom the Editor referred in the August issue of "Thru the Years with the Editor."

Profoundly interested at that time in the psychic but thoroughly skeptical and possessed of a peculiarly analytical type of mind, she joined a psychic class conducted by the Editor at Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y. The lessons were given by this wonderful Spirit Entity, the Persian Teacher, through the trance mediumship of Dr. Erwood. During the first year she was just a listener and she had to be

convinced, through her own observation and analysis, that the mind delivering those remarkable lessons belonged to an entity as distinct from the Doctor as is your mind, Reader, distinct from mine. She also joined a Mind Culture Class conducted by the Editor himself. Thus she had ample opportunity to study and analyze the two minds and personalities, and in course of time she became firmly convinced that the Teacher and the Editor were quite distinctly different individuals. Did time and space permit, she could give you many, many reasons for that conviction.

During the second year of the class, there being no one who could and would accurately take down in shorthand and transcribe the most unusual lessons that were being given by the Teacher, she, with some misgivings as to her qualifications, offered to try it and for the next four years served in the capacity of "Amanuensis" to the beloved Teacher.

Those of you who have had the privilege of hearing this Teacher speak through the trance-mediumship of his Instrument can easily realize, I am sure, why she learned to reverence and love the Teacher and finally promised to serve him in whatever capacity he might direct in his work for humanity.

More than three years ago the Teacher told her she must write, and when he said that, her mind reverted to the prediction of the Palmist at which she had mocked and laughed. But she was "In bondage to the fetters of opinion"—chained and fettered by her own opinion of herself and what amounted almost

to a conviction that she was utterly incapable of writing. What was to break that bondage? The ways of Destiny are strange, indeed.

I am going to tell you a little secret and perhaps it is well that there are many hundreds of miles between me and the Editor because I am not quite sure what his feelings will be when he reads this! One summer he was very much overtired. In his efforts to help his fellowmen he spares himself not at all and psychic work is more of a strain on a medium than most persons have any conception of. Owing to his condition, it was extremely difficult for him to get out all the copy for the magazine. Fully understanding his need for rest, the Associate Editor was seized with an intense desire to write some part of the material and relieve him of that much. For several years he had been her good friend and instructor and, through his mediumship, had brought into her life the beloved Arisen Teacher. To these two, the one in this phase of life, the other in spirit life, she owes a debt of gratitude that nothing can ever repay. It was, therefore, a real joy to try to render some small service in return. So she wrote her first article for the magazine, and she wrote several more for the same reason. Then that old opinion of herself bobbed up and told her it would be better for the magazine if she stopped writing for it, which idea she suggested in a letter to the Editor. Back came the reply that if *she* stopped writing, *he* would, too. So what could she do but keep on? And, now, that something in her that refuses to allow her to

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be a "quitter" keeps her at her task of writing an article for each issue.

Sometimes it seems almost impossible to find the subjects for those articles but always, in the nick of time, a subject literally thrusts itself upon her. As a result she has come to have supreme faith that somewhere she will find the subject when the right time comes. Sometimes walking along the street she will see or hear something that furnishes the nucleus of her article—sometimes in reading a book a phrase or sentence seems to almost jump off the page and, standing before her eyes, say: "Here I am—I'm the key thought for your next article. Take me with you." A friend once said to her: "I don't see where you find your subjects." She replied: "I don't find them—they are given to me—literally thrust upon me." Of course she keeps her eyes and ears open to receive them!

Thus was her present subject, "In bondage to the fetters of opinion", suggested to her some days ago. Since then she has been pondering it, and the more she ponders, the bigger and broader it seems to grow.

We humans are all more or less fettered by opinion—either our own opinions or the opinions of others. Those fetters *can* and *must be broken* if we are to reach our full development. In this issue I have given one illustration of an individual in bondage to the fetters of a certain derogatory opinion of herself and have told how that bondage was broken. *Any* bondage can be broken if the mind and soul of the individual can be awakened and

aroused to a sufficiently strong purpose and intense desire to be freed from that bondage.

There is much more I wish to say on this subject, so I shall continue it in the next issue, and close this number by quoting a poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, called: "Success"—

"No mortal yet has measured his full force.
It is a river rising in God's thought
And emptying in the soul of man. Go back,
Back to the Source, and find divinity.
Forget the narrow borders, and ignore
The rocks and chasms which obstruct the way.
Remember the beginning. Man may be
And do the thing he wishes if he keeps
That one thought dominant through night and day,
And knows his strength is limitless because
It's Fountainhead is God. That mighty stream
Shall bear upon his breast, like golden flute,
His hopes, his efforts and his purposes,
To anchor in the harbor of Success."

—FLORENCE RUSSELL.

The impossible is that which we have not yet learned to do.—*W. R. Whitney.*

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THE HEALING SPIRIT. VI.

HEALERS are born and not made," has been the popular idea about the men and women who take their place among the class who are supposed to relieve mankind of all ills "to which flesh is heir." While there is a modicum of truth in the statement, and we all concede that there is the man or woman who comes into the world with an inherent desire to alleviate human suffering, it is unquestionably a fact that the right kind of training goes far toward making a successful healer of the sick.

The healer should, as we have said, know something of anatomy. The human body is, you know, quite a complex organism. It is an aggregation of micro-organisms—myriads of tiny creatures constitute the sum total of the human body. There are various organs with special functions to perform, there are nerves with their particular mission, there are brain cells to be quickened, stimulated, or quieted. And back of and above all of this, there is the mind which dominates the whole—and that mind is the expression of the *spirit*, the *ego*, the real self. And a healer should know something of all of this. Training, study, observation, all combine to qualify the healer for his work.

We have said that the magnetism, that subtle, fluidic substance, for which Ernest Weltmer has coined the word *maneffluvia*, could be directed by the mind of the healer. We

shall say more than that and declare that while it is usually preferable that the patient be where the healer may touch him, or at least make passes over his body, it is not at all necessary—the healer who knows his business, or art, may direct that substance so it would be conveyed a considerable distance, and be just as effective.

We have discussed *magnetic healing.* Let us now consider what is commonly called *mental healing;* because this is so little known it is frowned down upon. Now let us say, paradoxical as it may seem, because it is becoming so well known, it should be more carefully studied and understood.

That there is a very close relationship between a man's mind and his physical well being can no longer be denied. The physician who does not recognize that fact is so far behind the age in his own profession that he need not be considered at all. He is as obsolete as some of the discarded theories of primitive *materia medica.*

Many years ago Prentice Mulford, author of *The White Cross Library,* said "Thoughts are things!" His declaration was that thought is vitally alive, vibrantly potent and that it makes itself manifest in the most positive manner. Prof. Elmer Gates, of Chevy Chase, Washington, declared: "*When we know how to regulate the psychological we shall know how to cure disease—all disease.*" And he was right.

Diseased conditions of the body are often directly traceable to states, or conditions, of

the mind. Bodily derangements are frequently due to antecedent mental disorders,—merely another way of saying with the ancient Biblical Writer, "*as a man thinketh in his heart so is he.*" It is the business of the mental healer to cure mental confusion and bring order out of chaos in the mind of his patient.

Mind activities are subtle . . . . but they are very sure in their results. Bodily tissue reacts immediately to mental states. The whole tone of the body is raised or lowered, the digestive processes are advanced or retarded, and the functioning of various organs is materially affected by the attitude of mind which prevails. So widespread is the recognition of this fact that we now see, everywhere, the establishing of *psychopathic wards*, the introduction of *mental therapeutics* as part of the training and requirements for the healer and physician. And mental diagnosis is rapidly becoming one of the recognized factors in understanding disease.

Many of our best mental healers are now calling themselves *suggesto-therapists*. It is a happily coined word: this, because the basis of mental healing is suggestion. Yes, let us say it again, the basis of mental healing is *suggestion*. "And what is suggestion?" said a friend, to whom the foregoing statement was made a while ago. Let us see if we may give a definition that will serve as a basis of understanding:

Suggestion is the impinging of a thought upon one mind, thru direction of another, either by word, action or picture.

Suggestion is a proposal injected into the mind of the patient thru the insistent and determined utterance of the healer, or director of the healing class or clinic.

Suggestion is the transference of a complete mental picture or idea of a perfect, healthy, bodily state, from the mind of the healer to the mind of the patient. In other words,

Suggestion constitutes the act of transferring from one mind to another, any thought, picture or idea, which lodges in that mind with sufficient force to induce action in accordance therewith. And we might add that

Suggestion is the substituting of a positive, constructive idea or thought in place of a negative one, at the instigation of the healer or teacher. Of course we know that many people are destroyed thru negative suggestions —but the really qualified mental healer does not deal in negatives; he, naturally, is interested only in positives.

Changing the mental status of a man or woman who has gotten depressed, despondent and discouraged, is no small matter. The persistence with which some people cling to negatives is little short of marvelous—so many of them are like the old colored man who *"enjoyed poor health"*—they just dote on being martyrs. And all healers, whether they be regular M. D.'s or otherwise—have difficulty with the chronically depressed.

There is something peculiarly effective in mental healing—if the right people meet, i. e. the healer who can inspire faith and confi-

dence meeting the people who react to his influence and suggestion very easily and readily —if this be the case there is no question about the results. They are sure as eternal and immutable law itself.

One of the first requisites of the mental healer is that he shall have faith in himself and his ability to get results. He must have this faith or he will defeat himself—and that will mean absolute failure of his efforts. If there is no faith, there will be little force to the spoken word, i. e. the declaration of the power of the eternal mind to heal.

This thought was very clearly brought out by my friend E. L. Reynolds, a Suggestotherapist of Tulsa, Okla. Talking to his healing class, down in Guthrie, he said: "When you make the affirmation and demand for health, forget it." In other words, after either the healer, or patient, or both, declare the reality of health and healing, he should never again ask the question as to *when*, or *where*, or *how* the healing is to be accomplished; he should not keep repeating the affirmation or declaration for healing—he should speak, believing absolutely that the thing is done and then leave it alone. Stop worrying . . . that's the idea.

Mr. Reynolds emphasized a fact that is well known to students of the mental everywhere, i. e. that one of the strongest forces in the entire world is suggestion; and that most of us are dominated by it to a greater or lesser degree. People are suggesting to us all the time—they tell us how badly we look, or

how well; the one statement is a depressent, the other buoys us up like a tonic. The old Biblical writer said, "A merry laugh doeth good like a medicine"—he knew that the one who laughs merrily is in a happy state of mind; he who is in a merry mood is vitalizing his body and that means health.

There are many people who think that to be everlastingly repeating a declaratory formula is to be applying the law successfully. Every time they think of it they repeat the phrase until it becomes a meaningless reiteration of words. If you are going to use the law of suggestion upon yourself, or someone else, make your statement, *then let it alone.* The word once broadcasted has gone forth; you cannot recall it, but . . . . if you send negatives after it, its effectiveness cannot be as great.

The Bible says, "*In the beginning was the word . . . and the word was with God and the word was God.*" There is no contradiction in that at all—indeed, it is a perfect expression of what we want you to understand. The word is creative, constructive. Until it is spoken either verbally or silently, there is not the least forcefulness. But . . . the moment it has gone out, it becomes the silent, mighty, moving force and energy that doeth all things.

This power is ours to use—we have it; the healers have it. It is the central, creative energy, the infinite designer, the master architect, thru whose potent, irresistible force all things are made manifest.

To be continued.

WITH THE EDITORS

Since writing you last month Ye Editor has spent some time in Tulsa, and Guthrie, Okla., and Chesterfield, Ind., attending camp meetings and holding a series of other services and meetings for the good folk who are interested in the realities of life. There has been a constant demand for the psychic. And everywhere I have gone people express an interest in the various installments of "*Thru The Years.*" They seem to like it.

This issue begins the new volume of SUPER-PSYCHOLOGY. And since we intend that this magazine shall be food to mind and soul, it is quite fitting that practically this entire issue has been written while sitting in a corner of the Dining Room of the "Fred Harvey Restaurant" in St. Louis. I hope that when the St. Louis friends read this they will absolve me from the charge of unsociability because I failed to call them by phone—had I done so, somebody would have said, "Come out to dinner"—or "Wouldn't you like a ride around the city?" etc.

Yes, I would like both "av thim things." But if I had said a word to anybody this would not have been finished and in the mail before my train left for Winfield, Kansas, where I must lecture and give messages for the first time in twenty years. The folks are waiting—but I'll have been there and gone, before this reaches you. It's all right, St. Louis, I'll be back later, and then I'll take both the dinner and the auto rides— ahem! And maybe I'll get on top of a two storied bus and ride "east side, west side, and all around the town."

We were going to tell you about what we are going to give you this year—but decided it's better to wait a bit. You see the present series of articles and lessons must be completed first—then, well, just wait and see. One of the things that will stand out in memory was a hurried trip to Marion, Ind. —stole away from Chesterfield Camp for a half day to see a young lady friend of mine . . . she is

only ninety-one years young. And I have only known her a quarter of a century, or thereabouts. That's not long, you know—but friendship that has survived that many years is rather a precious thing, don't you think? The kind of friendship that never doubts or questions, ah, that's a precious and rare thing. That is the choicest distillation from the Garden of Omar . . . an' I know.

By the way, have you sent in your subscription? Or your renewal? If not, why not? Don't you know September ushers in the Fall season; and just around the corner winter is taking a hasty glance at us to see if we are all prepared for it. How fine it will be, when the wind is blowing, and icicles hang from the eves like dragons teeth, to be able to sit down and read your SUPER-PSYCHOLOGY. Think it over . . . . and don't wait. Do It NOW!

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

* * * *

The glory of life lies in believing in something eminently worth while and in standing for it.

—*Fosdick.*

* * * *

With malice toward none; with charity for all.

—*Lincoln.*

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

The first necessity in the handling of problems is the assembling of facts in their proper perspective.—*Hoover.*

Great men speak to us only as we have ears and souls to hear them.—*Will Durant.*

The love you liberate in your work is the love you keep.—*Fra Elbertus.*



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I AFFIRM

I am fundamentally and potentially perfect.

My body is filled with, and expresses perfectly, divine energy and power.

Every height attained by others is within the range of my own possibilities.

Every function of my being is divine and is an expression of the divine law.

I am filled with cosmic power—it courses through every atom of my being.

I am in harmony with the Infinite Source of life and power—and I draw from an inexhaustible supply the energy and strength needed to fulfill the purpose of my life.

I am filled with unquenchable courage.

I am possessed of a radiant and never-failing hope.

I radiate life and health and power.

—Will J. Erwood.