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## NOW

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# NOW

## A Journal of Affirmation

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No. 6

### "HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

The shadows gather, and the night  
Her quiet mantle sheds upon the ground.  
All earth is hushed, and stars come forth,  
Their silent vigil of the night to keep  
O'er sleeping children of the earth.  
The moon looks down, to shed her vital ray  
On all alike.

The beauty of the night entralls the waking eye,  
But, when deep sleep falls o'er the earth,  
And every living thing is hushed in Morpheus' arms,  
Then doth the Masters of the Spheres  
Upon the minds of men their silent work perform.  
The minds of men, and also lesser forms,  
Unharassed by the petty cares of daily life.  
Relaxed and calm, unmindful of their burdens,  
Can now be reached by Masters from afar.  
And so the souls of men move upward in the night,  
Taking their wings of flight to unknown realms  
Of beauty and of power.

Dreaming their dreams our bodies sleep,  
But souls awake to their reality.  
They rise in their own atmosphere  
To learn new power, to hear new songs,  
To see more glorious visions,  
To hear new wisdom, from the lips of Master souls.  
Gone on before, culled from their past experience;  
To catch the sound and sight of new devices,  
Wrought by Master brains and hands  
To ease the tasks of men, to lighten burdens,  
That the mind and soul may find it easier to expand.

The soul soars upward on its journey through the night,  
With every sense wide open;  
That it may catch the beauty and the power,  
The wisdom and the love of higher realms,  
And then, with fresh renewing of its powers,  
It seeks its earthly home, the tenement of flesh,  
And through the wakeful hours of sun-crowned day  
It weaves the vision of the night  
On earthly looms, that may may step by step  
Attain the promise of the Spheres. —*Louise B. Brownell.*

## THE SCIENCE OF MENTAL HEALING.

### Part 5.

Every solid in the universe is ready to become fluid on the approach of the mind, and the power to flux it is the measure of the mind. The whole world is the flux of matter over the wires of thought to the poles or points where it would build. Certain ideas are in the air. We are all impressionable, but some more than others, and first express them. Truth is in the air and the most impressionable brain will announce it first. . . . So the great man, that is, the man most imbued with the spirit of the times, is the impressionable man, of fibre fine and delicate, like iodine to light. He feels the infinitesimal attractions. His mind is righter than others, because he yields to a current so feeble as to be felt only by a needle delicately poised.

—Emerson in "*Fate*."

All centers radiate power. There is an inflow or an involution from the universal through each individual center and the manifestation of individualization consists in the outflow or the evolution. This fact makes plain the affirmation, I Am Infinite, for Omnipotence is continually flowing into expression through the soul. Power is infinite. Life, being a form of power, is also infinite; therefore human life is limitless. We have at each moment only the life we express. To live broader and deeper, we must express more. He only loses life who will not give it forth in expression. "He that would save his life shall lose it," said Jesus, for all that life gives us is the experience of the moments as they pass. The deeper, the broader one's experience, the greater his individual unfoldment. Thus is life saved. Individuality lies in expressing life. Life manifested through the human soul is love and truth, therefore, the more one manifests love and truth, the more does the universal life find expression through him, and the greater is his unfoldment. I gain, therefore, by giving.

The power of centers in their radiations is not only limitless in quantity but also limitless in extent. As a palpitation of the air at one place sends a vibration through all the atmosphere, and as a disturbance of the ocean at any point send a vibration throughout the whole ocean, so does a single human emotion or a single



thought send a vibration throughout infinity. Thus is each individual everywhere present in space, as the sun is everywhere present in space, by his vibrations.

I am where my thought and love are, therefore, I am omnipresent. Each individual is everywhere at all times, just as every note of an orchestra is everywhere present in the hall where the instruments are played. No two notes interfere with each other, neither do two souls in their omnipresence so interfere.

Centers differ according to the speed of their vibrations, or, in technical language, vary according to their pitch; the higher pitched vibrations have power over the lower. A high note of music sharpens lower notes; so each center whose vibration is swifter intensifies that of slower centers. The vibrations of the earth are of low pitch, consequently she is quickened into life by the swifter vibrations from the sun. Thus is the earth healed of its coldness and barrenness. All forms of life in the earth are born of intensified vibrations. The sun awakens latent life by arising earth's pitch.

Whatever is true of one center being true of all centers, it follows that each human soul affects every other human soul in like manner as the sun affects the earth. Each soul has its dominant note, or its appropriate place in the scale of infinite vibrations. It intensifies all souls in the scale below it and is itself intensified by all above it. The technical word here is inspiration. This is the awakening in one's soul of a greater consciousness of its possibilities. This awakening comes in vibrations from without. Health is the normal state of the soul. Whenever that normal condition is disturbed, there is disease and sickness. All unrest, dis-ease, un-ease, is a manifestation of spiritual weakness. Let a soul weak in its manifestation come into the presence of a soul strong in its manifestation, it feels an awakening power within it, and is healed. Jesus represents a strong spiritual unfoldment. As a center, he radiated intense vibrations. He intensified all with whom he came in contact. He awakened in them a consciousness of their own power and they healed themselves, for all healing comes from within, healing

being only the awakening of a life into a stronger and more normal manifestation of individuality. This awakening is produced by changing the mental condition of the individual. This mental condition we call faith. Jesus said to the woman, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." The healing may come when an unfolded soul consciously directs its love and thought force to an individual. The principle is the same whether the person is healed consciously, or unconsciously; by oral, or mental suggestion. One receives equal benefit from the candle he lights himself as from one lighted by another. When a person is so unfolded that he or she is able to awaken in another a consciousness of health, it makes no difference whether the person so unfolded is conscious of the healing process or not, for each person who turns his thought or desire to him will receive this special awakening; and each person towards whom he or she shall consciously direct life force will also receive the power. The sun is not conscious of the worlds he shines upon or of the life he pours forth; he has only to shine and each individual that turns toward him or stands in his light receives his blessing. So each person who turns his attention to any strongly developed healer will receive help from him whether the healer is conscious of it or not.

This point is not well understood by many of the New Thought writers, for they have lately criticised those who do absent healing, because they claim to heal so many, and because at the same time they were supposed to be treating their patients they were engaged in other work; or because people claim to be healed by them of whom they were not conscious. One healer said that he received a letter one day with a fee thanking him for his healing treatments which had cured her, and later he received a letter written prior to the one received requesting him to treat her, and he draws the conclusion that he had nothing whatever to do with the healing and that the healing was the result of Suggestion only on the part of the patient.

These journals and healers have from this instance drawn the conclusion that absent treatments are, there-

fore, an error, especially where many patients are treated by the same person and where the healer does not consciously devote a certain specified period of time to each patient.

A study of the life of Jesus would settle this. He healed without effort at times without being conscious of the work he did. He healed instantaneously. "Speak the word and my servant shall be healed!" said the centurion. Thinking will instantly awaken the impulse that heals. I see no reason why the healer shall any more than think "health" in his thought of his patient. That thought he needs not be conscious of. His love for the sick, in general, his desire, directs the radiations of his soul to the sick one, and that one will, when receptive, be healed without consciousness on part of either. This is often the case. Others heal unconsciously because the sick send out to them the call for help. Over 30 years ago, before I ever heard of Mental Healing or of Christian Science I knew of such cases. When it was called "Magnetic Healing," the healer often cured without knowing it, or knowing the patient.

A case in my own experience:—In 1873 I was healing "by the laying on of hands" in Nebraska. At 9 one a. m. I was taken with extreme neuralgic pains all over my body. I threw myself upon the couch and called my assistant, asking him to try to throw them off. He could not do so. In an hour there was a knock at the door. Upon opening it, a gentleman, a stranger, entered. At once, from impression, I said, "You come to be treated for neuralgia!" "Yes; that is what I came from home for. I ache all over, and have for a week; but on my way the pain has left me. I feel all right now; but I do not wish it to come back." Stopping to consider, I found that it had left me also. Questioning, I found that it was just 9 o'clock when he started for my office. At the same time he thought "Brown" in connection with his pain, I entered into his thought and thought pain because he did. When I had cured myself, he was cured. His determination put him "en rapport" with me, just as the touch of

garment put the woman "en rapport" with Jesus. Faith opened the way for the Soul to be stimulated by my radiations into a new expression of life.

The healer in above case is a highly developed person, and no one in sickness can turn in faith to him without feeling the effect of his radiation. There is no doubt in my mind that he healed the patient in question by awakening her to a consciousness of health, though unconscious himself of the channel through which his vibration reached. As well say that a light placed in the window to light the path of an expected one, could not light the path of a stranger, as to say that one who heals by the radiation of his own life cannot heal except he is conscious of the healing process. It is the glory of our humanity that when once we have unfolded, we cannot be anything but a blessing to those less developed than ourselves. Our light must shine; it cannot be hid under a bushel. We are radiating our thought and love like the sun and all who stand in the way receive the blessing of our rays.

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

GIVE.

Give, and thou shalt receive. Give thoughts of cheer,  
Of courage and success, to friend and stranger.  
And from a thousand sources, far and near,  
Strength will be sent thee in thy hour of danger.

Give words of comfort, of defence and hope,  
To mortals crushed by sorrow and by error.  
And though thy feet through shadowy paths may grope,  
Thou shalt not walk in loneliness or terror.

Give of thy gold, though small thy portion be.  
Gold rusts and shrivels in the hand that keeps it.  
It grows in one that opens wide and free.  
Who sows his harvest is the one who reaps it.

Give of thy love, nor wait to know the worth  
Of what thou lovest; and ask no returning.  
And wheresoever thy pathway leads on earth,  
There thou shalt find the lamp of love-light burning.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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**THE FUNDAMENTALS OF SUCCESS.****Part VI. Patience vs. Dilatoriness.**

The breathless sprinter never reaches the goal. The runner whose eyes are on his feet frets lest his speed shall fail him. He who with high head and chest forward keeps his vision fixed upon the goal, is carried by his imagination to the mark of his ambition.

To hasten by impatience is to go forward by going backward. Nothing can be done too quickly if it is well done. But if speed be the only ambition, the flight of time bites the flesh and flurries the mind. We are so much the child of the instant that when the thought inspires we wish that the achievement might forthwith be realized.

The only difference between the genius who conceives and the genius who executes, is that the one has the courage to work and take his chances on the issue, but the other refuses to attempt unless he can be assured success.

Potential inventors are as thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa. Scarcely a human being but has at some time fallen on an idea which put into expression would be of practical advantage to the race. But the patience and courage to work out the idea and undertake its physical realization appalls the theorist who enjoys only such mental activity as permits physical laziness.

We are not responsible for our ideas, but we are responsible for our acts. Our thoughts come to us from here, from there, from the misty and oblivious Orient or the bustling and active Occident, from Homer, Shakespeare, Emerson, by personal contact, and by mysterious, devious intrusion. We do not think ideas; ideas think themselves in us.

Therefore, we can no more tell what thoughts will volley at us when we arise in the morning and begin our day's task, than we can tell the weather a month from today.

Nevertheless, though we may be irresponsible for the

ideas that swarm around us, we are wholly responsible for what use we make of them once we become conscious of their existence.

It is said that genius is nothing but attention to details. Like all epigrams, this rather implies than expresses the truth. Genius in details is only secondary to vividness of conception. The inspired genius sees the light. The plodsome genius trudges through mire and over mountain height, swims seas and cuts his way through snow-drifts, defies defeat and with the courage of his inspiration demands the realization of his dream till the gods are forced to listen and submit.

Patience and dilatoriness are too oft confused in the popular conception. Because Fabius won by waiting, many a general has lost by indifference. To wait is not to waste. To endure till the victory come, is not to be laggard till despair devour us.

How often are we surprised at some invention that confronts us. Why, how familiar! We had thought that all out years ago. It is an old, ill-clad neighbor. It had bothered us so much we had come to avoid it as we would a triesome gossip. Yet we had never seen it except in our lazy imagination!

But today, presto! it is in the shop windows and sold by the novelty-peddler. What fools we were! Why didn't we do it? We learn too late that patience is not dilatoriness.

We are prone to postpone the attempt, flattering ourselves with the belief that when necessity compels us we shall be equal to her demand.

The active mind usually loves an inactive body. The hard thinker is ordinarily the sluggish worker. The philosophical mind must be scourged to its toil like the galley slave. Hence, millions of us enjoy a flitting possibility, in mental contemplation, but only one of us is energetic enough to clip the wings of the idea and cage it in his coop.

Nothing that comes to us in life, either in the body or the mind, is born of the moment. We are "heirs of all

the ages"; and what we have has come bit by bit, and hand to hand, down through the "ringing grooves of change."

No invention, no discovery, no achievement is created out of hand. Myriads of human beings had in part conceived and in part executed it in the rolling march of ages. He only was the genius who seized it as it came along, and added to it his bit of personal development.

Elias Howe, in a moment of inspiration, conceived how to attach two threads to the shuttle and the end-eye of the needle, and there was born in that moment the marvelous mechanism of the sewing machine. But how many myriads before him had toiled, and bit by bit achieved, in preparation for the final climax, the perfecting finish, which his later genius would be permitted to attain! The proof of this lies in the fact that in the Patent Office, even in the time of Howe, not less than thirteen hundred devices were applied for, relating to this matchlessly beneficial contrivance.

James Watt, it is said, after struggling for years over an invention, and reaching it only by slow and discouraging steps, at length laid it by and exclaimed that there was nothing more foolish than the business of inventing.

What Watt did in a passing moment of discouragement, the average man does in his daily moods. Because we are so easily discouraged in not quickly discerning the evolution of our device, we throw it aside and say life is too short for its achievement. How many years did not Sir Isaac Newton labor on his absorbing problem of gravitation, and after these many seemingly wasted years throw it aside, as impossible of solution. Here, too, it was the co-operation of other thinkers, howbeit unconscious of their co-operation, which at last gave him his victory by achieving new knowledge concerning the earth's meridian.

We should be encouraged to feel that when an idea attacks us, it has especial need of our assistance. We should indeed learn that in Nature's economy no energy is wasted; and if she deign to honor us by any of her

visitations, no matter how humble, it is our bounden duty to recognize the honor and devote our lives to the labor she demands.

To court an idea is better than to be endowed with a fortune. To brave the world and insist that the idea shall be realized in the practical walks of life, is to be crowned a benefactor. No one can foretell what will succeed; the fool oft begets the philosopher, and the philosopher no less often finishes as the fool. But to dare to be a fool for the sake of knowledge and self-confidence is the way to graduate from the University of Common Sense.

I knew a slender, and nervously not-to--well balanced man in the West, who awoke one morning with an idea, which at first made him laugh, then frightened him, then forced him to resolve. He was a salesman for law books. His experience among lawyers had taught him that though they knew a great deal about other people's affairs and could untangle their troubles, they were ill-informed about their own wants and multiplied their worries without lessening their labors.

He had discovered that in this western world, where mutual interests were becoming so complex and intermingled, law cases were being startlingly multiplied, and the consequent decisions almost interminable. He found the lawyers buried in a sea of decisions with no available chart or compass to relieve them. He thought that where there were so many decisions there must be a common key. Could he find the key, he would make a fortune. He noticed that as fishes go in schools, so human beings run in mates. He saw this was as true of communities as it was of individuals. So he caught a glimpse of his key.

Identical conditions give rise to identical questions. Law cases run in ruts, as wagon wheels. Certain states were forced to consider certain legal problems, which were predominant among themselves, and other certain groups of states had other common problems. Decisions, then, could be grouped according to locality. Hence lawyers who resided within certain groups of states



would prefer the decisions of those states to the exclusion of others; and could they procure them without being compelled to purchase all the rest, not only a great expense would be avoided but a great inconvenience.

He had found his key. His soul was aflame with enthusiasm and anticipation. He seized his idea, and holding it by the throat, as a cock-fancier presents his choicest specimen, he hied to the nearest lawyer's office and flourished it before him. He expected the lawyer to applaud; he heard him only scoff. He expected to hear himself called a benefactor; his ears were split with the cry of "Raca; fool!"

Nothing daunted, he tried again and again; yet each time the conviction of his hearer grew the stronger, that he was the especial specimen of the Fool, with a three times high capital F, for whom Barnum had these many years been waiting.

But like Napoleon, in the face of defeat his courage grew the stouter and his defiance the firmer. Like Sheridan, after his first brilliant failure in the House of Commons, "he would return and show them." And he did.

He printed a small four-leafed duodecimo pamphlet containing a bit of the grouped decisions he had conceived in his idea, and thus fortified he went forth, another David seeking a convenient Goliath. In a few months, howbeit oft cast down but never discouraged, he had secured a sufficient list of subscribers to enable him to publish the first of the fool-books, which would either revolutionize the entire system of legal publications, or remain as a curio for lawyers to laugh over in coming generations.

But in this case the fate of the fool was the birth of the philosopher. Suffice to say that from that little duodecimo leaflet, an almost microscopical egg compared with the amazing exfoliation that evolved from it, there has been hatched out in twenty-five years the mightiest and most prolific legal publishing house in the world. It manufactures more law books, does the largest business, makes the vastest profit of any law publishing in-

stitution in all this wide world with its fourteen billions of human beings.

Yet, think of it! just one little microscopical unit of these fourteen billion squirming human ants caught this idea, and by dint of courage, patience and perseverance became in his line the most conspicuous of all his fellow toilers.

Supposing he had listened to the word of the Disconsolator! Supposing he had yielded to the Dilatator! Supposing Procrastination had conquered Pertinacity!

Mr. Disconsolator said: "Pardon me, sir, you are not the first-born but you are certainly the chiefest of fools. I beg you find the door!"

Mr. Dilatator said: "O pshaw, even if your idea were worth anything it will take more ability and endurance than any human being has, to work it out to a successful issue. Better leave it alone; and take the advice of one who knows."

Mr. Procrastinator said: "Look here; I'd a good deal rather stretch my legs under this desk and yawn than ever to begin a task like yours. But I'll tell you what, if you'll call again I'll think it over. Maybe I'll join you. Come again; I'll think it over."

But Mr. Success said to himself: "As for you, Disconsolator, I'll feed you on fish-balls boiled in blue-water; that's good enough for you but none of it for me. I never let anything look 'blue' or 'taste 'blue' to me."

"As for you, Dilatator, hell is paved with skulls like yours. Buried intentions populate the Dismal Swamp of Failure. When I die I'll look for you in hades and introduce you to the Chief Delayer of the Universe."

"And Mr. Procrastinator, I can think of nothing better for you than the cap and bells of the king's jester. You certainly have taken life as a general joke. It is said a long laugh ends in a cry. I wish you well; I shall be there with a big, new handkerchief."

Mr. Success now enjoys his laugh, and his ancient Job-like friends are sitting on sackcloth and decorating themselves from the ash-heap.

Patience is a necessary principle of Success; dilatoriness is its enemy.

Work, but do not wander; wait, but do not waste.

HENRY FRANK.

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**LAUGH AND BE MERRY.**

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Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,  
 Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.  
 Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.  
 Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time,  
 God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,  
 Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His  
 mirth,  
 The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,  
 Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,  
 Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured  
 In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,  
 Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,  
 Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.  
 Laugh till the game is played: and be you merry, my friends.

—*John Masefield in "Collected Poems" (Macmillan).*

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**BOOK REVIEWS.**

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THE BRASS CHECK, A Study in American Journalism, by Upton Sinclair. 448 pages. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c; published by the author, Pasadena, Calif.

This monumental work that represents many years of labor, and the collection of material, by Upton Sinclair (who is considered by many to be America's greatest novelist), is one of the most daring books ever written. He shows by undisputed proof and mass of material that the thing called American Journalism is rotten—body and soul. You will not find this book reviewed in the popular magazines and newspapers. They will do all in their power to suppress its distribution and sale. Buy the book and find out how your mind has been poisoned—to further the ends of the reactionary interests.

## GROWTH AND UNFOLDMENT.

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As I have many times written in my articles in NOW, each month is an attempt on my part to answer questions that have been propounded to me from time to time by NOW readers. The question that has been most prominent in the letters that I have received for the last few weeks has pertained to Personal Unfoldment or Growth. Many are not satisfied with their personal unfoldment in the New Thought life. They feel that they should make greater, or at least, swifter progress.

The curse of hurry, the desire that is so strong in the American people to have things come quickly into fruition, seems to follow us even into the spiritual life. We are not satisfied to let the Soul manifest in its own quiet way; what we seem to be searching for is a new and very efficient method of conversion that will make changed men and women out of us over night. We are looking for the "instantaneous" not only in healing but in the method we use for the personal realization of the spiritual life.

Anything that is worthwhile must be earned. Giving is in reality the greater part of receiving. For anyone to think that just by holding a few new thoughts in the mind, a few times a day, this is going to change the whole of his life, is foolish. In the language of the man of today, "It can't be done."

We are all seeking to come into the realization of the true and spiritual part of ourselves. We may think that we are seeking for something else. But the instinctive yearning that is always at work in man will never be satisfied with anything less than the realization of the self as spiritual power. Many people are convinced that if they can only acquire, or be taught by some teacher, some form of Concentration, they will in some mysterious manner be able to wield a power that will enable them to get what they want in this life. Much of the New Thought or mental science teaching of an early date tended to give this idea to the world. Thought is Power. Thought is the Power. This seems to have been

the message that it gave to the world. There never was anything farther from the Truth.

I have met some few men and women that I believe have entered into what is ordinarily termed the "Cosmic Consciousness." Whenever it has been my fortune to meet such a man or woman, I have attempted to find out the manner or method they used to come into their realization of Truth. In every case the answer has been the same. It was a state of consciousness that was earned after many years of living the spiritual life. They themselves could hardly give the method used, nor could they tell me that this consciousness arrived at any particular time in their experience. It was a matter of growth or unfoldment, and many years were lived in its attainment.

The readers of NOW who have not read Henry Harrison Brown's book, "Concentration," have a great treat in store for them. I honestly think that it is the best book of its kind that has ever been written. If you are trying to get what you want by ordinary New Thought methods of concentration and think that power resides in thought alone, read this book and many things that have been obscure to you in the past will be made clear. You will see why it is that you have not had the result that you expected.

Nearly every one who believes in what I term the thought-power method of using New Thought philosophy in personal unfoldment, are obsessed with the idea that they are not able to concentrate their mind. Every day this, as a suggestion of truth, made in faith believing, is repeated over and over in the mind. They really become in time obsessed with this idea, and all their spare time is given over to using certain exercises that tend to strengthen thought power, and develop the faculty of concentration. They chew the same mental cud over and over, year after year, and get nowhere. This is because they are headed nowhere in particular.

The true fact of the case is that we all can concentrate. I have never met a man or woman who was not able to concentrate the mind. Those who are convinced that they do not possess this faculty have it to a remark-

able degree. The trouble in their particular case is that they do not concentrate constructively. They concentrate twenty-four hours a day upon the fact that this faculty is lacking in their make-up. The people who are obsessed with this idea, you may note when you come in contact with them if you will take the trouble to notice, can hardly let fifteen minutes pass without telling some one that if they only had greater powers of concentration they would be able to do wonders in life.

The men and women that I have come in contact, who have true spiritual realization, do not bother about concentration at all. The first thing that is apparent in their life and mode of living is that they are peculiar and set apart in the great amount of Faith they express toward themselves, their fellowmen and the world. They first of all believe in Spiritual Reality. They are convinced that in the long run everything works together for good. They have taken the life and living of Christ, or some great master of the past for their example and have lived as closely as possible to the pattern of that life, in perfect faith. It is an outstanding fact that is apparent to any one that in the life of all the world-teachers from Jesus, Buddha and others, all the way down the great list, the secret of their great power was their own personal faith in the All Good. It is also true of the men and women of today who have entered into the new consciousness, that they too have this same absolute, and child-like faith.

Every time a person thinks he concentrates. Every thought that passes through the mind has an effect upon the subconscious. It is registered there, and has some effect upon your life. But the thought itself is not the power. That which acts under the thought is the power.

The first important step in coming in touch with the self is the recognition of Power as being within. When this is established in the mind and consciousness, as being true and real, then everything is possible for the individual. If we speak the word to the within in perfect faith, the within is bound to respond, for it is a law of

the nature of man. But as long as the individual is obsessed with this ideal that the faculty of concentration is destroyed, there is no possibility of speaking the word with any degree of faith.

Power to hold to a thought for hours at a time will do nothing for you except to use up brain cells. Affirm what you desire and forget it. *Know* that the power within responds to the desire or thought.

We go into the silence not to concentrate but to realize the power that is within. Prayer or the attitude of prayer is the highest expression of this faculty of Concentration. The prayer that is vital, the prayer that accomplishes its mission is the prayer that is expressed with perfect faith in the All-Good. It needs no repetition.

The great world teachers without an exception spent years in preparation for their work. Years in realizing the spiritual power and forces inherent in their own natures. It took Moses forty years to bring the children of Israel into sight of the promised land, and he then did not get there himself. Think of the years of preparation of the Master, and his forty days of fast in the wilderness. Yet we by the exercise of a few stunts of Concentration expect to enter the promised land.

My unfoldment and growth represent the mode of life that I am living. They accurately symbolize my state of mind toward God or the All Good.

Take the life of the Master as your ideal. Study the sayings and philosophy that is accredited to him. Interpret these according to your own unfoldment at the present time. And then live the life.

It isn't thinking that counts, it is living the life. It isn't making things come our way, it's putting yourself in the way of the Thing. We must "trust the current that knows its way", with perfect faith. Take into your thought life the words of the Master, "Not my will but Thy will be done." When you live in this manner then the Universal Will becomes your own.

SAM. E. FOULDS.

### A PLEA FOR COMMON SENSE TRUTH TEACHING.

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The writer has been an earnest student of mental science for the last several years and is familiar with most of the practices and methods employed by Christian Scientists, Divine Scientists, and New Thoughtists. I hold no brief for any of them. That they all do good is beyond question, but when we know from observation and experience that all of the cures and good things induced are brought about in the same way, no matter what name the operator or practitioner goes by, and that that way is the application of the Law of Suggestion, pure and simple, it is sometimes painful to see how gullible the public is and how they "fall" for wonderful tales of the miraculous propounded by leaders of special cults or methods in so-called spiritual healing and other development. If it were not so serious a matter it would be amusing to see how, in the words of P. T. Barnum, the public "wants to be humbugged," and that there is a "sucker born every minute."

In the ordinary walks of life it is not so surprising to find a so-called spiritual healer, or "miracle man" as he is sometimes called, with a great following, at least for awhile, just as the prophets and world saviours of old had tremendous followings. People worship heroes — follow and worship those who appear to be able to do things out of the ordinary; but the sad thing is that those who at least claim to be seekers for the Truth, students of mind and psychology, should accept as saviours of the world and of the human race these leaders and teachers going about the country with the most extravagant claims and most exaggerated egos.

Of all inconsistencies going the rounds of the world that which purports to give people the absolute truth about life and all that life contemplates by means of symbolic bible interpretations seems to be the most prolific and at the same time is the most absurd. In the first place there are "57 varieties" of bible interpretations, and most of them are as absurd as they are lengthy,



and of course each one is the direct "revelation" from Spirit or God. Most of these would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that the leaders themselves, the ones who are supposed to get these revelations, really believed in them, but experience and actual correspondence with some of them have led me to believe that bible interpretations are adhered to simply to hold a class of people from the churches who would otherwise have nothing to do with the more liberal teachings. But, is it honest? When it is necessary to disguise the truth, sugar coat it, in other words, to get people to take it, surely they are not ready for it, and it is debasing both to the teacher and the student to practice it. I know of several teachers who in conversation, and even in their talks at times, will make the statement that mind, and its product, thought, are all that need be given any attention in truth teaching, which of course is life teaching, and then almost in the same breath will give some bible authority or interpretation to back up what they have said. This to the unthinking may answer all right, but to the real student such authority merely weakens the argument and shows the leader's own doubt of his own teaching.

One thing is certain: either mind, and its product, thought, is all there is, or it is not. Those who have given the matter careful consideration are convinced that it is true. Then, why is it necessary in our truth teaching to do anything except study the mind, find out its qualities and attributes, and apply them in our every day living? Why is it necessary to get interpretations of ancient scriptures to tell us in this great day and age how to live, and what is and what is not truth? Who were these ancient people that they should have had so much more intelligence, and have been so much closer to the bosom of Mother Nature, or of God, if you please, than are we today? There is no reason or argument for such assumption, and yet there are so many of the leaders and teachers who, for one reason or another, are basing the truth they expound upon authority of the scriptures of

ancient peoples. My plea is that we in this grand and glorious age need to be writing new scriptures, inspired by the wonderful unfoldment constantly taking place in the psychic world as well as the world round about us.

No matter what the ancient scriptures may tell us about the author of the universe, call it God, Spirit, Christ, or anything else, all we know of that which lies back of all is that it is Power and that it is subject to certain well defined laws, principal of which is the Law of Suggestion. We don't know what electricity is, except that it is a power, but we do know how electricity works and that knowledge enables us to make electricity our servant. And so it is with the power of the universe. We only know that it is Power. By observation and research we have learned some of the principles which govern it, and by applying these principles we are making the power of the universe the servant of mankind, and this is the natural evolution of things—that mankind should take dominion over all, that all of the power of the universe may be used solely for the happiness and well being of humanity.

My plea is for common sense in truth teaching. Leaders and teachers who have unfolded to the point of perceiving the workings of the Law of Suggestion, and how all of these cults and isms claiming to have special and first-hand knowledge from Spirit or God in the performance of their miraculous cures, etc., are simply using the Law of Suggestion, camouflaged about with religion or some sort of occultism, it seems to me should lay aside all of this cumbersome rubbish and teach the plain truth to the people. We are endeavoring to make this a better world to live in, but we can't do it by deceiving people, and that is just what we are doing when we attempt to teach the Law of Suggestion and how it works by cloaking it about with religion, bible interpretations, and leaving the impression with the people that the leader or teacher possesses some power not common to all humanity. Tell the truth plainly. Teach the people the workings of the Law of Suggestion, and how by

its proper application the sick are healed, the lame made to walk, the blind to see, the miserable to be made happy, and prosperity to smile upon those whose lot has seemed to be one of poverty and adversity.

CHARLES P. TILEY.

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### IS THE UNIVERSE ALIVE?

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Stockwell says: "The basis of life and consciousness lies back of the atoms, and may be found in the universal ether." Hemstreet says: "Mind in the ether is no more unnatural than mind in flesh and blood." Stockwell says: "The ether is coming to be apprehended as an immaterial, superphysical substance, filling all space, carrying in its infinite, throbbing bosom the specks of aggregated dynamic force called worlds. It embodies the ultimate spiritual principle, and represents the unity of those forces and energies from which spring, as their source, all phenomena, physical, mental, and spiritual, as they are known to man." Dolbear, in his great work on the ether, says: "Besides the function of energy and motion, the ether has other inherent properties, out of which could emerge, under proper circumstances, other phenomena, such as life or mind or whatever may be in the substratum."

Salisbury, the well-known expounder of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, says: "Life is potential in matter; life-energy is not a thing unique and created at a particular time in the past. If evolution be true, living matter has been evolved by natural processes from that which is not alive. But if life is potential in matter, it is thousand times more evident that mind is potential in life. The evolutionist is impelled to believe that mind is potential in matter. (I adopt that form of words for the moment, but not without future criticism.) The microscopic cell, a minute speck of matter that is to become man, has in it the promise and germ of mind. May we not draw the inference that the elements of mind are present in those chemical elements—carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorous, sodium, potassium, chlorine—that are found in the cell? Not only must we do so, but we must go further, since we know that each of these elements, and every other, is built up out of one invariable unit, the electron, and we must therefore assert that mind is potential in the unit of matter—the electron itself."—*William Walter Atkinson, in "Advance Thought."*

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**ADVENTURES IN PSYCHIC RESEARCH.**

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(*Editor's Note.*—This article is given through courtesy of Dr. Wm. Franklin Kelley. It is a narrative of psychic experience which is unusually instructive and interesting and is said by the author to be an actual occurrence; consequently it is of special value to students of Psychic Research. The story is taken from one of Dr. Kelley's text books on Applied Psychology, entitled "Concentration, Just How to Do It." It is a new book just published.)

**Studies in Consciousness.**

One afternoon while in my study meditating on these things I felt myself psychically disposed, so I allowed my mind to drift inward toward the plane of spiritual consciousness. I wanted especially to take note of the step-by-step process of entering the silence and of gaining rational consciousness in the subconscious domain. My previous experiences in entering these inner realms had dispelled idle curiosity and even the novelty of the usual run of psychic experiences, so I was really ready for scientific pursuit, confident that my observations would be free from bias.

Just as I was about to enter what I thought was the subconscious, my attention was rudely recalled to the physical by the nodding of my head so far to one side that I nearly fell out of the chair. I thought I had been there only a few minutes but on looking up at the clock I noted that I had already spent a half hour at this sitting. I would have sworn that I was not asleep for a single minute, if the evidence had not been so strongly against me. No one by argument could have persuaded me but that I was on the job consciously, meditating, thinking and getting ready to concentrate. But having come so near falling off the chair I decided that even though I was mentally awake I must have been physically asleep. Spurred on by this failure I made up my mind to go about it scientifically.

Picking up a sawed-off broom stick which I usually keep handy for such occasions and incidentally to demonstrate some of our exercises, I placed a pillow at the

back of my head and started again for the subconscious; this time confident that I would keep on the job. I took the stick in hand, grasping it about a foot from the end, placed it vertically before me, the end of the stick resting on my lap. The idea was to hold it there straight up in the air so that if I nodded off any more my hand would let go and the stick fall and awaken me. Thus I would not waste time wandering and dozing. On previous occasions the stick had fallen on my head several times rather sharply when I dozed off, consequently my head as well as my will had reasons for seeing that I held on to the stick.

Automatically my habit mind had set the standard for my concentration. Much practice along any line makes it easy to send the mind in that direction. It is just as easy to do right as to do wrong, once we get the habit. For several years the ambition of my life had been to rationalize in the subconscious. I wanted to know more about these inner planes of being, and to incidentally get in touch with the spirit world if such a thing were possible. To this end I was willing to sacrifice, if need be, my life, my mind or anything else. Quest of definite knowledge along these lines was my religion. Naturally, it follows that with such definite purpose and zeal coupled with normal powers of reason, perception and a practical knowledge of the principles involved, success was inevitable.

Now seated in the chair with my eyes closed and concentrating I was soon in the silence. This time I was undisturbed by thought intrusions or wanderings. My consciousness was unusually clear, mind and will power supreme. I was already in the silence and knew it. I could stop or start thought at will. I found myself more than mind, I was consciousness or ego, the thinker back of mind. You see I was so well grounded in my philosophy and in true working principles that I did not lose my aim even when sound asleep. I was fully aware of what I was doing and why. Just to be sure that I had left my body under the control of the right suggestion I ventured

back slightly into physical consciousness. I found my body relaxed and resting as though asleep with the exception that the arm and hand were as rigid as a bar of iron holding that broom stick in a death-like grip. Seeing that my nervous system was fully co-operating with me in the experiment I was ready to go the limit of adventure into psychic realms.

Having experimented a great deal with other people as well as with myself in going in and out of these inner states, I knew that up to the point of ordinary dream consciousness and through the various stages of somnambulism there was nothing to fear and no danger of becoming lost in the mind maze of the subconscious, if I simply kept my attention on what I intended to do. I was confident that my much practice in concentration and sincere desire to succeed at this experiment would combine in a powerful thought force to assist me in time of need. So with one last look at my physical habitation I turned my attention inward, quietly watching myself drift on and on through millions of planes of consciousness, or so it seemed.

I was in the world of Mind where thoughts are things, as definite and real to the observer as these physical things of the earth plane are to the senses. Just where to stop myself in this astral, spiritual journey was the thing now to decide. I had not previously planned the route for my spiritual adventure so must view the situation from several angles of thought and decide rationally and quickly what to do, where to stop and how. I was in the subconscious and knew it, I figured out that. I was traveling in my mental body and on the thought waves of the universe. Going at least a billion times faster than electricity or light. "Some speed," said I to myself as I gazed about getting glimpses of worlds and solar systems, apparently in an endless chain, and everywhere.

To make sure that I was not being carried away by a mere dream or hypnotic trance I decided to find some person, or at least personal presence, whom I had known

on earth, whether in the body or not I did not care, but I demanded that it be some one in whom I had absolute confidence and trust. With this desire in mind as an object for concentration I at once set about it in the usual way to visualize a thought form of an ideal person. I had never been a very good visualizer, up to this time, so when shortly I saw a little to my left, but far in the distance, a small beautiful silvery cloudlike formation, with edges of gold, I at once accepted the phenomenon as the answer to my prayer and by sheer force of will veered off in that direction.

Previous rambles in these inner planes of consciousness had taught me that my thoughts rapidly became realities in my consciousness so I fully realized that I must guard my thoughts and desires. I knew that my every feeling, emotion, belief or disbelief, tended strongly to become external in the world of mind. Here I was in the very midst of that world.

The living, vital energy, spirit substance of the universe was all about me, I in its midst, and it subject to my command. Not only subject but waiting at high tension, as it were; to grab every opportunity to come actively into expression through any thought form I chanced to create. While thus engaged in review of mental principles and divine law the terrific speed of my travel had plunged me into the very midst of the cloud. Here the sense of travel ceased and I began to wander around, walking in the air, climbing over billows seeking a clear vision.

An occasional idea or thought trend would become fixed in my attention and begin producing phantoms in the mist. I felt within me that this was not the path to spiritual reality. Surely one must have clear vision and be in the broad daylight to find truth; this had become a fixed conviction in my consciousness. The principle proved to be a safe guide. Shortly the mist began to lift and much to my surprise I found myself as it were on a high mountain. It was so realistic that I could not convince myself whether it was physical or spiritual. But

anyhow I was glad to again get my feet on solid ground.

For fully an hour I wandered around over the rocks trying desperately to peer out through the mist so as to get my bearings and decide what to do. In my anxiety and intensity I found myself suggesting, affirming, denying, praying, meditating, and raving all at the same time, or at least trying to do so. In trying to clear away the mist by such action I was fighting the very thing that was my salvation. I have since discovered that the mist was necessary to keep me from destroying myself by my intense emotional perversities. The situation was saved by help from the invisible.

I tried every method and form of suggestion I had ever known, I concentrated intensely. Everything failed. Then I decided just to sit down and stay right there and wait until things cleared up. This is what I should have done in the first place. My trying to clear away the mist by my own power nearly resulted in dissipation of my mental force and kept me out of the kingdom. By my ranting I had lost my poise and power. I was getting decentered, out of tune and out of touch with the spirit. I knew the law of the silence and should have had sense enough to work with the law instead of against it. No sooner had I sat down and let go than a great and overwhelming calm settled over me. It was a complete merging in nature about me.

The silence in which I found myself was superb and supreme. The environment was, in itself, a masterpiece of stillness. I had been the only disturbing influence. Now that I also was still God could work his marvels of making the invisible become manifest. From out of the depths of space about me I heard a soft, sweet and resonant voice. I looked around but could not tell even the direction from whence it came. The voice seemed familiar but was carried to my consciousness on such a high vibration that it intermingled with my own thought waves and I failed to get the meaning of the words. Undoubtedly the voice had come from a plane of consciousness infinitely above me. I was startled, I was puzzled,



I was getting nervous if not actually afraid. Then in my consciousness or about me, I couldn't tell which, there seemed to be a definite presence. The voice and presence had filled me with mingled emotions. But I soon became positive that there was an intelligence playing in my consciousness and about me other than my own. It was a friend I was sure because it filled me with overwhelming joy as though I was about to meet someone whom I loved dearly but had not seen for a long time.

My emotions and speculations became so wrought up that my thought vibrations were causing reaction in the physical and I felt myself being drawn forcibly back into the body. There I was at the very threshold of heaven, ready to make a complete demonstration of spirit communion but was losing the connection. I knew that I had to do something and do it quick, or I would fall back into that body as foolishly as it came near falling on the flooring at the beginning of the demonstration. I was losing the opportunity of my life and knew it. To make a personal demonstration of immortality and conscious contact with the spirit world was my heart's desire. And here right on the threshold of success I was failing because of the omission of some simple principle. I must not fail! Just as I was losing myself in the storm of these emotions a ray of light burst in upon me as a sunbeam through a tiny crack into a dark room. With a supreme effort of will I grasped and held it in utter desperation, crying: "For God's sake help me, I'm sinking."

The ray of light proved my salvation. As I held it in that death-like grip of a drowning man a new connection was established between me and the spirit. The voice again spoke, coming to me over that ray of light as over a telephone, words of definite command which I shall never forget, it said: "Be still." I immediately obeyed. I stilled my emotions and much to my joy found myself again on the mountain top with the mist nearly cleared away. My full powers of reason were again at my command. I saw what a chump I had been. I had forgotten the great law in which all metaphysical and psychological

teaching centers, the Law of the Silence.

"Well," I muttered to myself, "thank heavens I had sense enough to stick to first principles and accept the light. The clairvoyance which I was now gaining convinced me that I was across the Great Divide. I was within hailing distance of the promised land. While I was thus pondering and trying to tabulate well in my mind all these things so that I would be able to explain psychic processes to my students when I should again return to the earth plane, a great consciousness opened up before me and I found myself wandering off into the infinite past of cosmic creations. I was about to lose my bearings on the mountain in this meditative review of planetary relations, when a soft warm hand touched my forehead and a voice said: "Look about you and see the wonders of world life on this planet."

I looked up and found that the mist had cleared away. It was a beautiful day. The sky was blue and clear. I was nearly at the top of a high mountain, where I could look out over a great valley. Noticing a huge oak tree a few steps to my right which offered shade and a better view of the valley I walked over to it and perched myself on a protruding limb near the ground and took a long look at the most beautiful and wonderful landscape dotted with shrubbery and habitations that I had ever seen. Such a situation is irresistible to men of my temperament, in fact to most anyone, I had to give way to meditation and feelings of ecstasy.

In allowing myself to drift with the tide of thought I noticed that each new premise threw the valley into a new setting. Scenes changed repeatedly, following as nearly as possible the trend of my mind. The whole of life seemed to be at my beck and call. Scenes from ages past, pertaining to myself and others and to world events, passed before me as in a pictorial review in a modern movie show. But it was infinitely more real, action, color and form being perfect. Anything I wished was instantly enacted there before me in this wonderful valley, the valley of dreams.

In my ecstasy and supreme satisfaction at this magnificent display of psychic phenomena, all for my benefit as it seemed, I had quite forgotten the fact that I had specified a personal presence in human form away back there in the first stage of my journey. But the spirit is not so forgetful. Seed had been sown. A command had been given, and given in the subconscious where thoughts are things and become the causes of actions which produce reality. The suggestion had been made according to the law of the soul and a mental body like my own was building before me. Right out of the invisible or remnants of the mist, a force seemed to emanate and center in a whorl of wind and there appeared within arm's length from my side the angel of my dreams. The one person in all the world whom I cared most to see and should have chosen had I thought it wise to specify a particular individual when making my call for personal guidance. She was a beautiful young girl whom I had known and loved in earth life, but who had been dead, so called, for several years.

It goes without saying that greetings were quite informal. In fact intensely human and wonderful. I shall never forget the intense elation and supreme joy of that meeting nor shall I forget the resolution which possessed me after she uttered her first sentence. "Kelley dear," she said, as she threw her arms around my neck. "why in the world don't don't you concentrate once in awhile. I have been trying to get in touch with you for months. Oh, I am so glad you have paid me a real visit." You can imagine how I felt when she explained that she had been with me all the time through the experiment trying to help me. She said she had come many times trying to gain recognition, and was always ready to help me in anything I wanted to do, but I paid no attention to her. I just brushed her aside as though she were merely a thought form of my imagination. I was too filled with emotion and self condemnation to answer. I just slipped my arms around her waist and told her to "forget it." True to her sex, a kiss and a few words of love

settled the argument. But I stormed and raved within myself with indignation at my spiritual stupidity and mental laziness. I resolved then and there with all the powers of my being to spend at least a few minutes in concentration every day of my life.

On awaking I found that I had been absent from the body over nineteen hours, to be exact from 3:15 p. m. to 10:30 a. m. the following day. My body had been resting quite as easily as could be expected half inclining in a big chair. I felt like I had just returned from a long journey, glad to get back home but full of fond memories of that wonderful trip.

DR. WM. FRANKLIN KELLEY.

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#### YOUTH AND AGE.

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If we look into the eyes of the youngest person, we sometimes discover that here is one who knows already what you would go about with much pains to teach him; there is that in him which is the ancestor of all around him: which fact the Indian Vedas express when they say, "He that can discriminate is the father of his father." And in our old British legends of Arthur and the Round Table, his friend and counsellor, Merlin the Wise, is a babe found exposed in a basket by the riverside; and, though an infant of only a few days, speaks articulately to those who discover him, tells his name and history, and presently foretells the fate of the bystanders. Wherever there is power, there is age. Don't be deceived by dimples and curls. I tell you that babe is a 1000 years old.—*From 'Essay on Old Age' by R. W. Emerson.*

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#### SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

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Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
 Healthy, free, the world before me,  
 The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,  
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

—*Walt Whitman (1819-1892).*

**THE VICTORIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS.**

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I celebrate myself, and sing myself,  
And what I assume, you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

—*Walt Whitman.*

Before one may solve a problem intelligently, he must become conversant with the factors involved in it. The fundamentals in the problem of the Victorious Consciousness are the Universe, the Law and the Self.

The Universe is a vast storehouse containing everything that man may possibly imagine, all at his beck and call, inviting appropriation and increasing with use; all of this subject to eternal and immutable Law, which identifies cause with result and guarantees their indissoluble relationship; while the Self represents an Eternal Soul vested with full power to determine the cause which shall be presented to the Law and on which it shall act.

Man furnishes that upon which the Law shall operate; knowing the result desired when he sets in motion the cause to which it is allied, with infinite logic the Law works out exactly that for which he plans. Man creates exactly as does the Infinite by acting in accord with Infinite Law; and he either attracts that which is already manifest or creates from that which has not yet taken form.

While fundamentally the Law is spiritual, its manifestation is physical, with thought as the connecting link. Man thinks, intellectually and emotionally, consciously and subconsciously; and harmonizing with the mental and spiritual laws, he attracts to himself both from the seen and the unseen.

On the distinctively physical realm, man is comparatively impotent. On that plane, he can neither control the elements, overcome the wild animals, nor oppose successfully other beings of greater physical power. "Brute strength" is an unsafe reliance, and no man who regards the physical as the realm of cause may maintain the victorious consciousness.

Only he who realizes that the realm of spirit is fundamental, while thought dominates the plane of causation, may be a continuous victor and control, or harmonize persistently with, his ever-changing environment. Why?

Man is a magnet and attracts to himself the circumstances that he requires for greater soul unfoldment. As a magnet, he attracts only that which he demands, and attraction is ever mutual. He is able always to meet that which comes to him, for he has called it, it seeks him, in answer to his demand, and it is prepared and disposed to take his orders.

Circumstances accept one at his own valuation. They will "eat out of one's hand" or they will bark and bite "as 'tis their nature to"; they will obey or command, according to the tendency one imparts to them.

In the deeper realization of truth one places a rosy interpretation on every circumstance of life, and he sees royal promise in conditions that may be appalling to others. If there is anything that suggests fear, he "accepts the dare" and does that which he fears to do. He faces the seeming enemy, and with love in his heart dissolves apparent opposition and conquers fear.

A firm alliance with the basic truth entrenches one in power and authority, and that truth is the undying and unquenchable fire of Divine Good that inheres at the heart of all that is and exists. In this spiritual realization and with this mental consciousness, one builds his structure of life on a firm and enduring foundation.

When one accepts seemingly adverse conditions as competitive tests of endurance, interprets apparent obstacles as expected opportunities, and looks beneath the evident discord of environment to its essential harmony, then one realizes that at every turn he is greeted by friends only; and with the awakening of this realization the masks of appearance are laid aside and everywhere smiling faces are disclosed.

Each person and thing wears a mask and seeks to deceive; not only to deceive others, but itself as well; that

is the motive of one's affirmations and denials, each endeavors to persuade himself and others that he is different from what he seems to be. The never-ending problem of life is to penetrate the masks that surround us on all sides; that is why we study physiognomy, astrology, palmistry, numerology, etc. We dissolve the masks of others to the degree that we realize the truth behind our own mask.

Throughout the ages we have busied ourselves in continuous mask-making, and we have builded into our lives so many things that are not so that most of our time is taken up in discarding our traditional and conventional misconceptions of life. Our various masks of ignorance—of prejudice and superstition—seem ridiculous, absurd, hideous, or monstrous to the penetrating consciousness.

Man must be conscious of his power or he loses faith in himself. He is disposed to regard himself as a pigmy struggling against a giant, for he tends constantly to look at environment through the wrong end of the glass and to magnify its power of resisting him. If man was destined to struggle eternally against the Universe, his plight would indeed be a desperate one. But the Universe is not inimical to man, nor need he struggle against it, or fight it, or oppose it.

Man knows the Universe only as his consciousness awakens to it, and every problem it presents to him may be met within himself. Man's struggle is always with himself and his own past creations. These sometimes offer a stout resistance, but the fundamental solution of all problems is internal rather than external. Man conquers the Universe through self-conquest.

The Victorious Consciousness comes into play on the mental plane when one realizes the fundamentals of life's problems, and by harmonious and correlated intellectual and emotional activity constitutes himself a magnet saturated with vital power. He has then acquired a sense of right proportion and relation and has converted the avenue that leads to him into the line of least resistance.

What he requires finds its way to him because it is easier to do this than to go elsewhere.

In its higher aspects, the Victorious Consciousness expresses the I AM realization. It identifies the Self with the Supreme Intelligence, recognizes that it is an avenue of expression for divine power, and secures possession through spiritual realization rather than mental consciousness.

On the spiritual plane, the Victorious Consciousness knows that it already possesses, and so does not stoop to supplication; its existence is a constant prayer of thanksgiving; it is sought for rather than the seeker; and it expresses its realization as does Walt Whitman: Henceforth I ask not good fortune—I myself am good fortune.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

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#### DEATH, THE LEVELER.

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(Marcus Aurelius, Roman emperor, born A. D. 121, was venerated in his own time as a model of virtue and benevolence. His thoughts or meditations, as they are called, are read today, after nearly 2000 years, by a vastly larger audience than comprised his whole empire. The paragraph quoted below displays the calm temper of the stoic philosophy.)

Think continually how many physicians are dead after often contracting their eyebrows over the sick; and how many astrologers after predicting with great pretensions the deaths of others; and how many philosophers after endless discourses on death or immortality; how many heroes after killing thousands; and how many tyrants who have used their power over men's lives with terrible insolence, as if they were immortal. Add to the reckoning all whom thou hast known, one after another. One man after burying another has been laid out dead, and another buries him; and all this in a short time. To conclude, always observe how ephemeral and worthless human things are, and what was yesterday a little mucus, tomorrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass then through this little space of time conformably to nature, and end the journey in content, as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.



## MAN'S GREATEST DISCOVERY.

The Bible is in many respects as modern as the daily newspaper. The Book of Job, which has been called the "Epic of the Inner Life," corresponds perfectly with our modern idea; and the startling question of Eliphaz, "Are the consolations of God small with thee?" rings in our ears, demanding from us an answer sincere. Perhaps no other question could stir us out of our complacent indifference.

Col. Ingersoll once said that to the average American George Washington was but a steel engraving. He might have said with even greater truthfulness that to many a professed Christian God is not even as much as that. He is a name rather than a reality.

How few there are who find God a sweet enveloping thought, an abiding presence, to whom they can look for information, guidance and protection in every hour of need. The fault is not in the people but rather in their religious training, for God has been pictured as an absolute monarch sitting outside His universe, a prince of autocrats, demanding love without being lovable.

There is, nor can be no consolation in the thought of such a God. Here and there an honest, fearless thinker like Omar Khayyam dares to express his honest thought concerning such a God.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted pleasure, under pain  
Of everlasting penalties, if broke!

O Thou, who Man of baser earth did make  
And e'en with Paradise devised the Snake!  
For all the sin wherewith the face of Man  
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give and take!

Such, I say, must be the attitude of every loving, cosmic heart toward the mental abstraction man has created to act as scarecrow to the human race. The thought of such a God can never be health to our flesh nor gladness to our bones.

But when our eyes turn inward and we locate God where Jesus located him, as "the Father that dwelleth in me," and we perceive that the Word is nigh us, even in our mouth, that the reality of the universe is in our consciousness then it is that we can say, "How dear, how soothing to man is the thought of God."

In fact, I would say that the discovery of God's dwelling place is Man's Greatest Discovery, and constitutes his crowning glory. To know that I am in the Father and the Father is in me is the great At-one-ment in which heaven is realized. It is the cosmic vision and the abiding reality. It is the secret of strength, and the foundation of happiness. It is the poise of faith, and the assurance of victory. It is the hope of the prophets and the realization of the Christ. It is the way of illumination and the ultimate of human attainment. The soul that this thought inhabits asks nothing of time, and even in the midst of trials and tribulations seemingly insurmountable, endures as seeing Him who is invisible.

There are no other words so pregnant with power as these sublime words of Jesus. "The Father that dwelleth in me," and herein lies a great secret in relation to the use of words. When we realize that as there is only one God, so there is only one man, that we are members one of another, then it is the words born of the realization of God in the Silence of one soul become the property of every child of God to use for their own inner illumination. In this sense Jesus is indeed the Wayshower.

Let those who hunger and thirst after righteousness take any one of the Gospels and underline the pronoun I as used by Jesus, and then notice what he places after it. Knowing that man may be at conscious oneness with God, Jesus always identifies himself with the divine. His stirring command, "Be ye imitators of God," was exemplified in his own conduct and in his own use of words. He refused to measure himself by any other standard or to acknowledge that any former priest or prophet could be nearer to God than he was. Gladly he

acknowledged that former teachers had known God but he would not be confined to their revelations. Having discovered God in his own consciousness he relied on direct inspiration or on "the Father that dwelleth in me."

He revered the writings of the men who spoke from their own God-center, but had an almost pitying contempt for the blind leaders of the blind who thought they could find God in the Scriptures. "Search the Scriptures for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me," he said to the scribes and pharisees whose boast was in their understanding of other men's revelation.

The scribe and the pharisee is ever with us. They are forever that class of persons who know God at second-hand and through some leader's revelation. They delight in method and formulas, they stone the prophets and build monuments to their memories.

Jesus was not of this class. He refused to accept second-hand information, or to give formulas for others to use. He did not send his disciples out to read from the Scriptures but from the tablets of their own hearts. He told them that the Spirit of Truth was theirs for counsel and enlightenment. To the inquiring ones he said, "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall say."

Blessed indeed is every true word in every book that continually points to this abiding reality, deep, deep in every human soul. How comforting are the words that open the way to let this fountain of perennial wisdom become manifest.

Truly we slumber on the brink of power. In our blindness we speak of ourselves as limited and inconsequential, when in reality we are strong with the strength and wise with the wisdom of God. When unity is attained and we know that "I and the Father are one" we realize that the Truth about God is the Truth about that "Seed of Perfection" of which Whitman writes, "None born but it is born."

The Seed of Perfection is the Spirit in man that gave understanding to the young Elihu in the Book of Job.

It is the "Inner Light" of the Quakers and the God-center in us all. The awareness of this center of Power is the burden of the Prophet's message. Whoever realizes this Truth forever speaks as one having authority. It depends not on the number of believers, for the soul that hears the Voice Celestial though standing alone in the midst of hostile enemies, still sings the song of love and faith.

Those who long for that day of the Lord, wherein they shall see and know as God, should begin by realizing the counsel given of old in the School of the Prophets, "Be still and know that I am God."

No man will ever be deceived who habitually recognizes the All-knowing One within. The morning mail has just brought me a letter from an unknown man asking for funds. I quietly rest a moment and realize: "The Spirit of the Almighty within me giveth me understanding." All I see is darkness: and all I feel is deception.

I am asked, "Can you tell me the mental cause of my mother's condition?" Again I recognize the Spirit, and swift comes the answer, "Fear hath torment."

Again: "The doctor says there is no hope." I listen and the answer comes, "She shall not die but live. Let God be true and every man a liar."

These are but minor instances of the working of the Power that is closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet, the Wise Silence, the Universal Beauty that forever saith: "In all thy ways acknowledge me and I will bring it to pass."

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

This communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he enjoyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.—*Bacon*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be assured those will be thy worst enemies, not to whom thou hast done evil, but who have done evil to thee. And those will be thy best friends, not to whom thou hast done good, but who have done good to thee.—*Lavater*.

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**THE GIFT OF INSPIRATION.**

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When dealing with this gift of Inspiration I want to emphasize the fact that we are dealing with the supply itself; so that I have no hesitation in asking you to look at the question of the law or rule under which this supply works.

We recognize the reign of law under which nature always works, and we have now to consider the question of the inter-laws which are so far as present day knowledge serves us, three in number, being

- (A) The Law of Harmony
- (B) The Law of Beauty
- (C) The Law of Attraction

and here again we have vast food for reflection, discussion, and investigation: suffice it, however, that for purposes of this article we must be most intimately concerned with Harmony and Attraction.

What may be Harmony to one of my readers may be a horrible discord to me—what appeals intensely to my soul may be rejected by yours without a moment's hesitation. For instance, I am giving you here the thoughts which come to me by the gift of Inspiration: as to whether they will appeal to every individual who reads them I am candidly not very concerned, because I know full well that in some minds, some souls, and some people I cannot fail to find and strike a cord of Harmony which shall enable us to meet in the very best meaning of the word.

We are forever surrounded by this interlaw of Harmony. When we breathe "in step" we are in Harmony with motion, and when we breathe discordantly out of step and out of time, our life force being not only misused but misplaced, eventually negative and inharmonious, as a result of which we become discordant not only in ourselves but also in the divine music of creation.

You see my point. Having received our power or quota of power the action of infinite principle is modified or emphasized by our attitude of mind and consequent action.

Thus our desire becomes a living thought and is transferred by us back to the universal life principle, one of the features of which is reaction. Our desire—a living thought—is the signal and what we thus call for comes back to us very much in the same way as a sound comes to us in the shape of an echo through the ether. True prayer furnishes us with desire or aspiration—the soul breathing out after something—and as a natural sequence its answer is an inbreathing, brought about by the law of Attraction.

And here it is that we recognize the beauty of discrimination as to the powers of man to instruct or request. Recognizing his inherent right to instruct his own subconscious he never confuses that right of instruction with his other right of request to the Universal which no one has the power to instruct.

Whatever is possible for a sane mind to conceive or wish for, it is possible for that mind to obtain.

The first step is the recognition of its possibility.

The next our reception of the law from the Oversoul, and the third or last our conception through conscious or subconscious mentation or thought.

Exactly what happens is this. We remove our desires from the isolated, unexplained, and seemingly impossible into the realm of the ascertained and known; we plant its living seed in our Souls and reap its fruits in intelligent results.

And in this connection I want to say a special word to women, to remind them of the subtlety of their organism: to realize their finer make-up and therefore greater ease of access to nature's finer forces. True, they have their troubles some of which are quite foreign to us men, but on the other hand they have their equivalent—a finer access to the higher laws of nature. Do we sufficiently understand today the words of George Evans when he talks of

Humble women: Fighting fearful odds,  
Not where steel and bullets rattle  
And the squadrons race,  
But in the grim unending battle  
Of the Commonplace.

PHILIP O'BRYEN HOARE.

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