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SAM E. FOULDS, Editor and Publisher
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NOW

(Founded in 1900 by Henry Harrison Brown)

SAM E. FOULDS, Editor

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To Readers of NOW Magazine,

Dear Reader:—

Do you recall one of those rare moments in life when the veil is lifted for a moment, when a breath of inspiration comes like a flash, when the future seems to be suddenly illuminated, when you feel a mastery stealing into hand and brain, when you see yourself as you really are, see the things you might do, the things you can do, when forces too deep for expression, too subtle for thought, take possession of you, and then as you look back on the world again, you find it different, something has come into your life—you know not what, but you know it was something very real?

Winning victories is a matter of morale, of consciousness, of mind. Would you bring into your life, more money, get the money consciousness; more power, get the power consciousness; more health, get the health consciousness; more happiness, get the happiness consciousness. Live the spirit of these things until they become yours by right. It will then become impossible to keep them from you. The things of the world are fluid to a power within man by which he rules them.

You need not acquire this power. You already have it. But you want to understand it; you want to use it; you want to control it; you want to impregnate yourself with it, so that you can go forward and carry the world before you.

And what is this world that you would carry before you? It is no dead pile of stones and timber; it is a living thing! It is made up of the beating hearts of humanity and the indescribable harmony of the myriad souls of men, now strong and impregnable, anon weak and vacillating.

It is evident that it requires understanding to work with material of this description; it is not work for the ordinary builder.

If you, too, would go aloft, into the heights, where all that you ever dared to think or hope is but a shadow of the dazzling reality, you may do so. Upon receipt of your name and address, I will send you a copy of a book by Mr. Bernard Guilbert Guernsey, the celebrated New Thought author and literary critic. It will afford the inspiration which will put you in harmony with all that is best in life, and as you come into harmony with these things, you make them your own, you relate with them, you attract them to you. The book is sent without cost or obligation of any kind, yet many who have received it say that it is by far the most important thing which has ever come into their lives.

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C. Franklin Leavitt, M. D.Suite 736, 14 W. Washington St.
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Where are you? *Where are you going?* A **Mental Inventory** is always a good thing, at the beginning of the New Year. Take a good look at yourself—first at the man or woman you are **Now**—then at the man or woman you would **Like** to be. A big difference, isn't there?

The difference, for many of you, between a body which is a burden to carry around and a body which radiates **Health and Vitality!** For others, the difference between being chronically worried and depressed and becoming perfect **Confident and Poised!** The difference between inefficiency and **Power**; sadness and **Joy**; defeat and **Victory!** The difference between a **False** and your **True** self.

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THE HUMAN BODY IS A CHEMICAL COMPOSITION of 14 elements (iron, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphorus, sulphur, etc.) and if one of these elements is lacking, disease sets in. Our civilized diet is deprived of most of these mineral elements and for this reason American people are subject to scores of maladies. The daily soup, meat, potato, white bread, pie, coffee diet produces an oversupply of starches, fats and proteins, and an undersupply of the most important blood and nerve building mineral salts. This wrong diet brings about "AUTO-INTOXICATION" and a great "DEFICIENCY OF THE CONSTITUENT PARTS IN BLOOD AND TISSUES." These two disturbances are the underlying causes of nearly all ailments and diseases, beginning with constipation, digestive, kidney, liver, nerve, heart, skin and throat troubles, and ending with apoplexy, hardening of the veins, and premature death. Eliminate the accumulated poisons and supply the lacking mineral salts and nearly all constituent ailments and diseases will disappear like snow in March.

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MY OWN STORY.

This morning the bells all rang, and the rain poured down in torrents.

The well dressed crowd, with Bibles, hymn books and umbrellas
Walked rapidly out of the present, and back to the middle ages.
I felt so contented at home, so in tune with what I saw round
me,

That I lingered in league with it all, and waited to see what
would happen.

The clouds broke, the sun shone, and birds sang freely and
sweetly—

The grass took more green, and sweet violets sent forth more
sweetness;

The trees preached, (bright buds was the text), of near coming
spring time;

The rain-swollen brook sang an anthem, and an old meadow-
lark led the choir.

The mossy fence drank the rain, then steamed itself dry in the
sunshine;

Each thing, great and small, from within told its own perfect
story.

I listened amazed, where's mine? I have never yet told it:
A rough little breeze said: "Begin where the bells rang this
morning."

No, no, that's not mine, 'twas once mine, but I've lost it forever;
No, it never was mine, 'twas reflected to me from without me.

Yes, I have a story, 'tis mine, and why shall I not tell it?

The birds and the frogs all speak with royal assurance;

The horse neighs, the ox lows, the cat mews, each his own
pleasure;

The earthworm, the ant and the cricket, each acts his own
thought;

Moses and Plato, Jesus and Paul, each told the story God gave
him:—

Then I'll stand upright and tell mine, because it's the one God
gave me.

My story is short, but 'tis true, and I beg you all to hear it—

There's a law at the heart of all things, that begets and repro-
duces,

The heart of this law, the product above the producer,

The soul of this heart, its upward reach to the Eternal—

Religion, morality, true art, all high purpose, is the voice of this
law.

BENJAMIN F. BONNELL.

FEAR A NECESSARY FACTOR IN ANIMAL EVOLUTION AND HUMAN UNFOLDMENT.

I am often asked by letter and in classes, this question: "Why do I not succeed better in my demonstrations of Truth?" and I can always answer: "You hold some fear over yourself."

We often succeed in demonstrations and are gratified; and suddenly we find some obstacle that bars our progress. Then, too often, we become discouraged. But a true understanding will give us stronger faith; for all these obstacles are but the evidence that Truth is striking deeper into our lives. It has gone down till it has reached a deeper underlying stratum of fear. Our past has been filled with fears, and all our subconscious life has been controlled by them; and wrought thus into our automatic, unconscious life expression, they control us until we, by conscious effort, change these fear expressions to those of faith.

Beliefs accepted unconsciously in childhood control manhood's expression until they are consciously changed; just as the beliefs wrought into our lives through heredity control us until we overcome them by conscious mental action.

Never a wave upon an ancient geological beach but modified that beach. Never a drop of dew upon the field of grass but leaves its effects upon the crop. In like manner never an error, or a fear, that has not had its effect in moulding the sympathetic nervous system through which life acts automatically, in shaping nerve cells, and secreting its own grey matter. These nerves permanently perpetuate themselves until destroyed by inactivity, and others take their places. As long as I hold a belief, or once accept a fear, so long as that belief or fear lasts it creates the organism in which it may manifest.

Thus, like rootlets of plants, these fear cells draw life and express activity. Our whole being is permeated with these fibers. They grow and act side by side

with those we consciously, and through choice, create.

The evolution of Individuality consists in the constantly increasing area in which one controls the expression of his life. This is accomplished only by constantly going deeper into the strata of experience, and changing unconscious into conscious action.

This process must continue until not only has one changed all the conditions built into his consciousness by experience, but also has changed all those with which he was born; all those stored in his subconscious life.

He must work back through parental heredity, natural heredity and even race heredity, to the One Original Substance; and from this, the starting point, live as pure spirit, uncontrolled by any thought or experience save those which he has voluntarily made his own, thus becoming a pure expression of the One! a perfected individuality! This seems to me to be the scientific understanding of Nirvana. It is perfect Realization. Jesus stands as the type, for he lived, thought and acted, as the Father.

As Truth takes deeper hold on consciousness, we come nearer to this realization. As we unfold into consciousness of that which we are, as the One, we shall bring to the surface all the past accretions of experience and overcome them. Not only those of our own, but since I am at birth the result in my heredity of organism and the sub-conscious of race-experience, I am to feel and to recognize these, and either to accept as my own or to reject as not desired, the results of every man's experience as embodied in me, from the arboreal man to my present parents. Backward to the One goes consciousness through the unconscious till by making it consciousness and overcoming all, and voluntarily choosing from all that which he desires to perpetuate, he can truly say "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." He will live as the One, and the One will express Itself consciously through him, as it has heretofore expressed Itself through Him subconsciously. Thus the promise of humanity is that it shall evolve into conscious Divinity. The scientist told us long ago that albumen con-

tained the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life. Metaphysics now adds its affirmation that the smallest division of what is called matter contains the promise and the potency of all celestial life.

"Know thyself" is the command, given to man alone. "Be thyself" is the universal command which all things save man obey. Man, alone, is the slave of error, the hypocrite of fear. Animals are the creatures of fear, but are ever honest and truthful. Man, alone, lies—man, alone, has the ability to lie. This ability lies in the faculty that makes him man, i. e., the power to choose, to consciously direct his life. And that he may learn himself, may know himself, he must perforce live and choose first under his animal propensities; and the dominant control of animal life is Fear. Each animal species is prey of others, and only those live in this struggle who are best fitted, under conditions, to live. Natural selection of necessity develops fear in those which survive.

Recently I put a mass of frog spawn in a glass globe filled with water. Thousands of tadpoles hatched, but the weakest soon began to die and thus continued till only four are now alive and doing well. Nature is truly "red on tooth and claw" and well can we ask and reply with Tennyson:

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature sends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of a single life,
That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod;
I stretch lame hands of faith and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of All.

"Her secret meaning" is what we are after, and it is found not only in these dead seeds and these single lives of which she is so careless, but also in those "stepping stones of their dead selves" upon which "men rise to higher things." And we have the answer:—It is the

unfolding of human consciousness to a perception of its own divinity.

Thus is fear the dominant factor in the preservation of the brute or animal life. Fear is born in the necessity of selection from the mass of those best fitted to perpetuate the species.

And here we have also an answer to those who, as vegetarians and anti-vivisectionists, argue against the cruelty of killing. If man is cruel, then God and Nature—or God *or* Nature—is cruel in killing nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of my tadpoles. As long as man is part of nature, he will kill. He kills when he drinks water, or eats fruits, or nuts, or grains, for besides animalculae and bacteria there is the vegetable germ with as much life as his own. Let such persons argue and act from the debasing effect and the retarding of the development upon themselves of those who kill; upon the injury to the killer in destruction of sympathy, in the debasing of tastes, and the razing of nobler ideals—and I am one with them. It is cruel to humanity to torture animals and kill, but to kill is seemingly what nature has as her “secret meaning” in making animals so prolific.

The blue jays on our ranch have become so prolific that they destroy the nests of the warblers and fly-catchers and we must kill them off from necessity. This is not cruel to jays nor to man. Nature alone tells me—he who kills wantonly, he who kills for pleasure, who kills for merely intellectual development, kills his own fine nature, and dies proportionally in spirit.

Fear is, therefore, a necessary factor in the evolution of life. Only as a person overcomes the animal from which he sprang and out of which he is unfolding the human, is fear eliminated from his thought, and in its place has he that of which fear is the antithesis—Faith. Faith is the reality—Fear is its absence.

Animals fear. Man trusts. As fast as a person outgrows animal conditions and the conditions of primeval man, as fast as a person becomes human, Faith is de-

veloped. He stretches, at first, "lame hands," but ultimately he no longer stretches hands to any Lord outside himself, but by becoming conscious of his unity with Divinity, he has no longer need even of faith, for he IS all that in which he once put his trust.

Thus fear is, while we live as animals, our best friend. It was born in the sense of self-protection. But as fast as we come to live as an I AM; as soul; as spirit; as God, fear gives place to Faith.

As an illustration of the fact stated at the beginning of this article, that behind all illness lurks a fear, I will mention this:

A lady came to me saying that she had been in New Thought for several years, had been able to demonstrate over many ills, but she had gone from San Francisco to one of the river valleys; there people suffered with malaria and she was taken down with fever and ague.

"Now, Mr. Brown, why was it? I had not been thinking of ague, and when others had it I said, 'I shall not have it'; but I did."

"Where did you live before you came to California?" I asked.

"In Illinois," she replied, and added: "We all had fever and ague there and came to California to get away from it. And I have not had it nor thought of it for the ten years we have lived here, till I went to L—."

"Plain enough!" said I. "You ran away because you feared. That fear built its cells of expression in your body. They remained there because you did not overcome them, or create others of faith in their stead. As doctors say, there was in them a predisposition to ague. You went where the suggestion of ague was before you. This fed these subconscious tendencies and they manifested. Rightly viewed it was good, for it brought to the surface conditions you must outgrow. Had you by an intelligent faith purified your blood of all fear germs you would not have taken ague. But, by running away from Illinois, you simply delayed expression of that fear by removing from yourself external suggestions. Re-

member, any fear thought is a seed in the body, needing only the proper suggestion to bring it forth as a plant. You must by affirmation of purification and by fearlessness, destroy all possibility of these fear germs sprouting, by refusing to recognize any suggestion of their existence."

HENRY HARRISON BROWN.

THE DEMONSTRATION OF YOUTH.

Part 2.

I suppose in reality that this article should have been titled "The Demonstration of Youthfulness." It is the spirit of youthfulness that we are dealing with—not youth in the proper sense of the term itself. The causes of old age were given in a general manner last month. In this I propose to deal with the subject more in detail.

Old age is both a physical and mental manifestation. We are all living under mental conditions that are the result of the race thought. It is hard to root out of our inner consciousness the racial-thought of original sin. We are inclined, in spite of our philosophical conceptions and new beliefs, to be influenced with the old thought of the vileness of man's origin. Instinctively it is natural for us (under the race thought) to hold this unnatural ideal in our conscious minds. This is also true in regard to the thought of old age. Man has always grown old. The body of man after it has reached maturity has always disintegrated. This thought to us has become instinctive. The inner mind of man, the mind that IS power always responds to the conscious thought of the individual. When we hold to this race thought of the gradual breaking down of the body we are at the same time creating mental pictures in the conscious mind, and the inner mind of power responds to them and, with absolute faithfulness, builds a body that is an

exact replica of these pictures. Remember that it is a law of man's being—that the inner mind must respond to the picture-thoughts that are created in the conscious mind. This to me is the fundamental cause of the breaking down of the physical shortly after maturity is reached. We are convinced that this must be—that it is a law of nature, and we think, plan and act from this instinctive thought.

We all know old men and women that are really youthful in spirit. You will observe that when such is true of an individual there is first of all to be noticed in that one, an intense interest in life. He or she will always prove to be a man or woman who is keenly interested in the affairs of the world. When you come in touch with a man or woman who is old in reality you will find, first of all, that all interest in the world as it is in the present is lost. He or she is living in the past—there is no future outlook, they are convinced that their work here (and personal usefulness) is over. The youthful in spirit are always engaged in useful service—they realize that they are needed in the world and that the world needs them. In other words, they fit into the scheme of things. The truly old have mentally lost their place in life.

When this thought of old age has swamped the consciousness and mind of man, he begins to loose the use of his body. He fails to exercise and his will is taken off the body entirely. Through lack of use the body rusts. The joints grow stiff. The stomach and bowels fail to perform their natural functions. Everything about the man mental and physical is tending towards dissolution.

In the new thought scheme of things we are prone to pay scant attention to the physical. Read the various books upon health that have been written during the last forty years, from Evans to present day writers, and in them you will find a fine disregard of the physical aspects of life and living. All these books contain wonderful teachings that have been applied by thousands.

But such vital subjects as dieting or bathing are not even mentioned. It is the same with books written upon Success—usually work is given but small mention.

I have said that I thought that the fundamental reason as to why we grow old in spirit is that we are not any of us enough in love with life and living. I also state that at the same time we are digging our own graves with our teeth. We eat too much and generally of the wrong kind of food. New Thought people generally pay but little attention to diet, and also the M. D. is a "rara avis" who pays proper attention to this subject. Bread, pie, cake, extreme amounts of sugar, and starches of all kind eaten in excess, are also the cause of the physical breaking down of mankind. To expect to be healed in New Thought or Divine Science and continue our unwise physical life is foolishness. True, the force of will may for a time enable you to apparently overcome conditions even while you continue this mode of living, but the time comes when payment must be made. The payment is made by the body refusing to continue to function under such conditions. Once T. DeWitt Talmadge said, "Many a man is trying to accomplish by prayer that which can only be done by a correct diet." A mighty wise observation. This is not at all belittling mental power. It is the simple recognition of both mind and body.

How am I to begin to realize youthfulness? First of all, recognize that Mind is creative. That there is but one Mind, and that this Mind is in you. The One Mind never grows old, or diminishes in its expression of Power. Pay attention to this vital thought from Henry Thomas Hamblin's book, "Within You Is the Power":

The state or condition or attitude of a man's mind is the form upon which his body, his life, and his circumstances are moulded. There is no getting away from this startling, and, to some, awful fact, because it is absolutely and scientifically true. Thought is Mind in Motion. It is a spiritual force of intense potency. It is a force that is greater than all other forces, it is the force before which all things become flux.

With thought build in the imagination the body you desire to see manifested. Trust the Mind that is in you.

Then from the physical point of view use the body every day. Buy a good book on physical culture, begin to exercise those portions of the body that are stiff or inactive; when you exercise, place your mind upon them, see them supple and strong. Direct the mind-power to these parts of the body.

Study your dietary. Get rid of constipation and stomach trouble. If you eat too much, cut down the amount of food used. You will at once feel better, and probably the affirmations that have failed you in the past will have real effect in your life and living. Youthfulness and its successful demonstration depends upon these three conditions: The Realization of the One Mind Within as Power to be Thought Directed; The Continued and Proper Use of and Cleanliness of the Body; Right Diet and Controlled Appetite. If these conditions are supplied the body will remain strong and vigorous until it is no longer needed for physical expression.

When the right time comes you will "lay it down with a will," knowing that you are an Unfolding Soul and pass on to Higher and Greater Things.

SAM E. FOULDS.

WHY NOT SMILE?

The ludicrous has its place in the universe. It is not a human invention, but one of the divine ideas illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys. Curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then call them blessed.

There are not a few, who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gaiety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the streets not infrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless, chilling look of recognition—something as if he were one of heaven's ancestors, come down to doom. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it.

—O. W. Holmes.

HOW A SALESMAN MAY BUILD SUCCESS WITHIN HIMSELF.

(Copyrighted)

Part I.

The sole purpose of these articles is to put down on paper, for the benefit of salesmen, those principles of success building which have "worked" in the lives of notable men.

They have not been evolved out of my own brain, but they are the boiled-down essence of the best thought on this subject, by the best minds in their exact words.

Those people whose thoughts we value highest are not solely theorists.

The men whose thoughts are here condensed are those who have been "on the firing line", and who have "stood the gaff." They have achieved.

After that, they have attempted to impart to their friends some of the causes for their successful achievements.

Don't Lie to Yourself.

I had a very interesting interview with a young chap today. The reason that it was so interesting was that we really came into intimate mental contact—one of those things that only too rarely happen in one's lifetime.

We got together for a purpose, that of trying to find out why this young chap had hitherto been unsuccessful.

It was all extremely friendly, but in order to achieve results it was necessary that we should both be very frank with each other.

So we went at it, hammer and tongs.

I went over various phases of his past conduct, probing for the underlying reasons or causes.

Now, mind you, I was not going after him in a spirit of condemnation.

What I wanted to do was to be of real assistance to him. But the funny thing was that, on whatever phase of his activity we touched, he always had the best excuse in the world as to why he had not accomplished anything.

They were beautiful, those excuses! And I caught myself wondering, as I probed deeper and deeper into his mind, whether those excuses of his were not of a very much higher grade than his accomplishments.

So, all of a sudden, the answer flashed over me.

He had devoted his talents to the making of excuses!

Having invented a good excuse for failure, he never considered it necessary to go any further.

Believing that I was on the right track at last, I went after him along this line, trying to draw out from him at least one acknowledgment as to where he had been at fault in his past actions. But he never gave in.

He always had a splendid excuse in answer to any question as to why he had not done this, or why he had not done that.

There was no longer the slightest shadow of a doubt in my mind. So then I spoke plainly.

Said I, "Have you ever noticed that your tendency is to always try to get the better of your opponent in an argument, no matter what methods you use?"

"Why, no," said he. "It is true that I like to win in an argument, but I do not think that I use unfair means to win."

"Now think, can you remember of any time when you ever acknowledged to your opponent that you were wrong in an argument?"

"No," said he, "I don't believe that I can remember such a time."

"Well," said I, "if you will go back over your whole life you will probably find that you have always tried to come out on top, in an argument or anything else.

"You never would acknowledge that you were wrong. And that very refusal to acknowledge yourself wrong has developed within yourself the excuse habit.

"In all of our conversation this morning, the most interesting things that you have said were the very clever excuses which you have given.

"I want you to try to remember of some time when your boss came along and found fault with some of your work.

"Did you say to him, 'I am very sorry for that mistake, and I will try to do better next time'?"

"No, I don't remember of any time when I said that. I always told him the reason why I was not to blame."

"You had a good excuse, in other words."

"Yes, I always wanted my boss to think well of me."

"Now I want you to sit real quiet, while I talk to you. Clear your mind of all former impressions. We are trying to get at the reasons why you have not succeeded."

"If you are not willing to have me talk plainly to you, you have certainly wasted your time in coming here."

"Have I your permission to talk plainly, no matter how much it hurts?"

"You bet your life," said he.

"Well, the reason is very plain to me. It is due to that desire of yours to always come out on top, regardless."

"You were that way when a boy, when you would do anything to win a point."

"You are that way now; you still will do anything to win in an argument."

"But you don't seem to think that there is any higher standard than 'to come out on top, no matter how.'"

"It is this standard of yours, or we may call it your ideal, which is to blame for your failure."

"To put it vulgarly, you feel that if you can 'get by with it,' everything is all right, no matter what you do."

"You show this in your undue desire to win in an argument, and you also show it in the excuse habit which you have cultivated."

"EXCUSE HABIT. You've said that before. Exactly what do you mean?"

"I mean that, no matter what you do, no matter in how much of a hole you get, you always have the most wonderful excuse—and you almost always think you 'get by with it.'"

"Well, the reason that I have those excuses is that I don't want to be put in the wrong."

"Yes, but if you were put in the wrong, it would probably be better for you. If you would only acknowledge

that you were wrong, if you would only face the facts as they are, instead of giving excuses, the chances are that you would buck up and do better.

"But you have gotten so in the habit of trying to 'get by' with your very wonderful excuses, that you think you have accomplished something when you have invented an excuse.

"Whom does this excuse fool? Do you imagine that it draws the wool over the eyes of your employer?

"What does he pay you for, for results—or excuses?

"Your employer is not interested in your ingenuity and skill in inventing excuses. He would far rather have you expend that ingenuity and skill upon accomplishing results.

"It would seem to me that you have started out with the wrong goal or ideal. You want to think you are on top, no matter what methods you use.

"Suppose you change your ideal.

"When you start out to accomplish something just make up your mind that you are going to do it right, that nothing else counts—but that if you don't do it right, you are going to acknowledge your fault.

"In that way the acknowledgment of your fault will be the stepping stone to achieving better results in the future.

"As it is, because of your false ideal, you are constantly lying to yourself. You are like the man who transfers dollars from one pocket to another and says that he is richer by the transaction. You are intellectually dishonest."

"Why," said he, in a grieved tone of voice, "I never thought you would say that of me. I have always tried to treat everybody fairly and squarely. I don't think there is anyone that can say that I have treated them dishonestly."

"I will grant all of that. But the trouble is that you are intellectually dishonest with yourself. In order to satisfy yourself regarding a past action, you think that all you have to do is to invent an excuse.

"But the trouble is that the excuse does not excuse.

"Every excuse that you invent weakens you that much more.

"You don't think straight. The thing for you to do is to face the facts.

"When you start out on a job, make up your mind what you are going to accomplish. Then do it. The purpose of starting on the job is not to invent an excuse. It is to achieve results."

* * * * *

Have you ever chatted with an expert criminologist?

If you haven't, you have a treat in store for you. He will certainly have many interesting things to tell you.

And his most surprising statement will be that criminals in most cases are not deliberately bad. They usually start out with a good excuse. They keep on manufacturing good excuses—until they are caught. It is the difference between manufacturing an excuse and trying to live up to a definite standard of achievement.

Let us take the bank clerk, hard-working, conscientious, with a reputation beyond reproach. The time comes when he is pretty hard pressed for funds. The birth of their last baby has made an invalid of the wife, so that the only way to save her is to give her the most expert medical attention—which costs money.

And so one day the temptation comes to him to take a few hundred dollars out of the thousands which are constantly passing through his hands every day. Of course he doesn't intend to steal them—he is going to put that money back in just a few days. He is just going to borrow it. And he has a good excuse—his wife certainly needs the attention which this money could purchase! And for many years he has served his firm faithfully!

Now could anybody have a better excuse than that! And yet the trouble is that, while it is very good as an excuse, it is still merely an excuse.

If that poor bank clerk would look at it from the standpoint of right and wrong solely, he wouldn't bor-

row" that money. The chances are that, if he were to make the proper explanation to his superior, he would be able to legitimately borrow the money necessary to bring his wife back to health.

But he doesn't do that. He salves his conscience with the excuse that he has a perfect right to take that money because he is certainly going to return it—and no one could have more provocation than he!

* * * * *

The habit of making excuses does not make a salesman a criminal, but it does very much handicap him in achieving success.

He should ask himself this question as he starts out on the pathway of difficult sales achievement:

"What is it that I am starting out to accomplish? Is it my purpose in life to always be able to have a good excuse, or is it my purpose to do something—to get there—to achieve?"

When you come to analyze it, this excuse habit is really pitiful. It is lying to yourself in order to gain the approbation of yourself. The habit, once formed, grows upon one until he allows excuses to himself to take the place of achievement.

It often happens that a man who was a big success as a subordinate member of an organization fails miserably when he starts into business for himself. Why?

The reason is that he lacked the gumption to be his own taskmaster. When he was working under someone, he did his work faithfully and efficiently; but when he started in business for himself—was left to his own devices—he didn't have sufficient character to lay out for himself a program and *insist* upon his carrying it out.

The reason that the salesman's job is so hard is because he spends most of his time and energy without direct supervision. If he wishes to succeed, therefore, he must be his own stern taskmaster.

For this reason it is absolutely necessary not to allow yourselves to get into the excuse habit.

Just consider that you are employing yourself.

Do not accept for one moment the excuses you are tempted to make.

Don't be tempted to say to yourself, "Oh, well, I guess that was done just as well as possible. That sale just couldn't be accomplished, that is all."

At the end of the day, strike a balance between successful accomplishments and failures. See how much ahead you are.

Determine the reasons for the failures. Then "do it better next time."

In this way you will be using today's failures as stepping stones for the successes of tomorrow.

It is just a question of what you start out to accomplish.

If you start out to please yourself by inventing excuses, do not be surprised or grieved if the world pays you in excuses.

If you start out to accomplish results, do not stop until you have achieved those results. If you do not succeed, acknowledge it. Then you will do better next time.

But the habit of accepting excuses in lieu of results is the cause of mediocre success or failure.

AUSTIN A. BREED.

NEW THOUGHT NEWS.

It is with pleasure that NOW Magazine announces that James Edgerton was again elected to the high office of President of The International New Thought Alliance at the Convention held in Denver in July. From all accounts the Convention must have been one of the most successful and harmonious ever held in the history of the movement. It is to be hoped that conditions will so arrange themselves that the Editor of NOW can attend next year.

Dr. Miller's Herald of Psychology acknowledged the co-operation and assistance rendered by Mr. Waugh and the members of the San Francisco Club of Applied Psychology. Harry Gaze in his magazine endorsed the work of Mr. Waugh and urged all his readers to attend the meetings of the San Francisco Club.

SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS.

Its Methods and Practices.

Part 1.

Suggestive Therapeutics is a system of healing and teaching based on the scientific application of Suggestion and Concentration. We shall consider Suggestive Therapeutics somewhat in detail, because it explains the underlying principle of all systems of healing. In fact, the principle of Suggestion is so intermingled with everything which has to do with human existence that it is impossible fully to consider any problem without taking it into account. Suggestion and Concentration form the bulwark of all metaphysical systems of teaching. Without Suggestion there can be no aid imparted from one person to another, and without Concentration there can be no demonstration of Power.

Suggestion is best defined as anything which stimulates the Mind, Emotions or Consciousness to action. It is the only means, or medium, of making an impression on the Mind. Consequently every word a person speaks, everything a person sees, feels or thinks, is a Suggestion. In view of this wide scope of application, it will be seen that there is no other way to reach the Mind or stir it to action. Recognizing this fact, the next step is to learn to wield Suggestion intelligently toward constructive and useful ends.

Suggestion is not only an art, it is a science. So immense is this field that it would require volumes to adequately cover it. There are, however, certain general rules, or laws, which are definite and simple. These laws explain the working of Suggestion and clearly show the cause of success and failure, of health and of disease, of personal efficiency or lack of it, of happiness and friends and of the opposite attraction. Researches in Psychology have shown that there is a stratum of intelligence and of magnetic radiation just beneath the threshold of the average person's consciousness, which is All Powerful in creating the conditions of human life.

The scientific use of Suggestion is the best way, if not the only way, to reach this Inner Potency and bring it into subserviency to the Personal Will.

Many Kinds of Suggestion.—We have said that anything may become a Suggestion. Any object, thought or feeling, experience or condition, acts as a Suggestion the moment it is perceived or even contemplated by the Mind. Thus, Suggestion is infinitely varied and endless. To reduce the operation of this principle to a practical study, we consider Suggestion under two classes: first, Suggestion which arises from environment; second, that which evolves in one's own Mind. This latter is called Auto-suggestion. Thus the terms applied to these separate phases are External Suggestion and Auto-suggestion.

It will be seen that Suggestion applies not only to things physical, but also to things spiritual. The mental and spiritual realms are as potent in the operation of this law as physical environment, and as one's own Mind. Intuition, imagination, telepathy and dreams are fertile sources of Subconscious Stimuli or Suggestion. The chemical processes and cell action of one's own body contribute to the constant and endless influx of Suggestion into the Subconscious stream of Mind Substance. Every Suggestion creates an impression or thought form in the Subconscious. These thought forms are the atoms of Mind, or Mind Food, out of which the soul, one's spiritual life, is builded.

Psychic and Sensory.—Suggestion and Auto-suggestion may each be divided into two divisions, namely: Psychic and Sensory Suggestion. The former may be through one's own thinking and Will, imagination and spiritual vision; or from some other mind through telepathy or thought transference. While the latter, Sensory Suggestion, would be through any or all of the five senses: seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling. In Sensory Suggestion the senses are sometimes invoked by reflex action through the emotions and physical conditions of the body, which thus give rise to feeling and thought.

It is important to distinguish between Psychic Suggestion and Sensory Suggestion; also between Auto-suggestion and External Stimulus. This is particularly necessary in making a study of one's own thought processes.

Psychic or Mental Suggestion plays a much larger part in the life and actions of people than we are prone to admit. There are people who are so sensitive to thoughts and etheric vibrations that they respond just like a wireless instrument. If they were trained to interpret their promptings intelligently such Sensitives would become very valuable to the world. As a rule these people fight against the Psychic activity of their mind and usually become non-sensitive, dense and opaque like other people. Some cause a Mental and Emotional complex by their resistance and land themselves in the insane asylum or have nervous prostration. Others go through life known as "queer." Our advice is: harness your Psychic forces, learn to use your Sensitive Nature intelligently, and you will rise head and shoulders above the world about you.

Voluntary or Involuntary.—Suggestion may be Voluntary or Involuntary. Voluntary Suggestion arises from an act of the Will, from desire, from habit mind or from intentional situations, or by direct efforts to impress one's own Consciousness. Involuntary Suggestion comprises the impulses which enter the arena of Consciousness against one's Will and desire. All impulses which impel us to do things contrary to our better judgment are Involuntary. These suggestions may work directly on the Will and pervert one's real desire; thus a person may momentarily think he wants to do the very thing he knows full well he shouldn't do. Involuntary Suggestion may arise from environment, from our own habit mind and predominant impressions or from the thoughts and actions of other people.

Environment constantly gives forth Involuntary Suggestions. But we may arrest the Mind's action and enter judgment on these entering impressions, admitting

into the record of the mind only such impressions as are desirable. All other impressions will be laid away on the shelves of the Subconscious storehouse of memory never to be brought into action unless intentionally recalled. It is this ability to select and decide on the impressions which enter our Inner Consciousness that makes us free moral beings. Ability to dictate to one's own Mind the ideas which shall become active in the Subconscious is the key to all attainment, health, happiness and success.

Direct and Indirect.—In order for your Suggestions to carry the proper influence they should be made constructive and helpful. When the Mind is impressed with an absolute conviction, it will act accordingly. There are those who will accept Direct Suggestion act upon it immediately; others accept it, but will not act on it for a time. Then there are those who will not accept Direct Suggestion, not even from their own Mind; with these the Indirect method must be employed. To get these people to do what you wish, it is necessary to talk of your proposition casually, and in a way that they come to feel that they are the ones who are advancing the idea. Some people are so mulish and stubborn that they will not be driven or even led. But when Suggestion is placed in a way to stir the egotism it will bring reaction favorable to your proposition; thus, by allowing them to apparently run things, it will be found that they are the easiest of all to handle. Then there is the opposite type who are so "wishy washy" that they will do what anyone suggests, or at least promise to, but are never reliable because any other person who comes along with a counter-suggestion leads them into other paths. Between the amenable and the stubborn types there are many grades of suggestibility. There is no such thing as an absolutely unsuggestible person.

DR. WM. FRANKLIN KELLEY.

THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY.

(Ninth In a Series on the Lord's Prayer)

It seems fitting that the Lord's Prayer should end as it began, with the acknowledgment of God as the Totality of Being.

In reality all the power there is is the Living Spirit Almighty; man can do nothing for himself when he thinks only of himself; God consciousness includes, and is, all the consciousness there is. God the invisible King is more than a sounding phrase to every devout thinker. There is a Third and Silent Party to every transaction. There is That which sees without eyes and hears without ears.

Prayer thus becomes the awareness of the Eternal, it is the perception of the Unseen. In previous articles in this series we have called it: "The Science of the Fourth Dimension," but even this term admits a limitation. In reality it is non-dimensional, for "time and space are not God, but creations of God." To refer to prayer as a "mode of motion" is unscientific and misleading.

If God is all in all He is eternal Stillness; a great Silence bathes the soul as we approach the Secret place of the most High. He who believes will not make haste nor will he ever take anxious thought.

Prayer is Omnipresence, the acceptance of the timeless. Recently I read of a star so far distant that light traveling at the rate of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles per second would take over forty years to reach the earth. The mind staggers before such figures but the soul plays with them, and faith cries, "I embrace it all." "I am even now there," whispers the soul, that mirrors the eternal in its great depths and visions the limitless creations of God.

Man's highest thought of God never has, and never can, measure the eternal but it constitutes self revelation. Your highest thought of God is not the measure of God

but the measure of your own hitherto unknown capacity. Startling revelation yet crowned with Glory ineffable! What wonder that Whitman exclaims, "I am larger than I thought."

The Soul shares the eternity and the nature of God, all else is shadow. Without this passport perception of truth, could Jesus ever have told us to be perfect as Our Father in Heaven is perfect? It is the Metaphysics of the Absolute and before its tremendous significance words fail.

Says Whitman, "When I attempt to speak the highest, I cannot, I become as one dumb."

Emerson says, "It enlarges the soul to a new infinitude on every side." I prefer, however, the great Bible words: "Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, forever, amen." How the words thrill. We burn and are not consumed. Great reservoirs of power are revealed. The hitherto shadowy becomes real. Our intuition holds sway, we enter the realm of Ideas and know the higher values.

The kingdom of the soul! Truly each candidate can say as Jesus said to the boasting Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world," and yet my kingdom is of power and of glory. It represents satisfaction and completeness. There is no power against it. When Pilate boasted to Jesus that he had power either to condemn or release him, Jesus quietly reminded Pilate that his power was not original but derived. This was the poise of faith. All students of the deeper mysteries are aware that by the simple power of the Word Jesus could have released himself in spite of Pilate and all the armed legions of Rome. His real words were, "You could do nothing against me without my consent." Time and again when the enemies of Jesus tried to take him it is said, "He passed through their midst and no man laid hands on him."

The Disciples of Jesus, knowing he possessed high occult power, wanted him to call fire from Heaven. When Peter tried to defend Jesus with his sword, Jesus told

him that if he wanted defense he could call legions of angels.

His words of power, "The son of man has power to lay down his life and power to take it up again," would have been an idle boast without the demonstration of the victory of life over death. It is the goal of utmost attainment and belongs only to the Kingdom of Love.

The God conscious soul is forever unmovable. Today we are witnessing its workings in miracles of healing and direct inspiration. The vision of the Eternal is upon us. The kingdom of heaven is forever at hand. The soul knows only the soul. Spirit answers to spirit. Deep calls to deep.

Beloved of God, deeply do I pray for you that your soul may catch the vision of this Truth. That hereafter God will no longer be a mere name but a Living Presence forever accessible. That you may realize that your highest thought of God is but the measure of your present capacity to do and to be. Whoever you are, listen, beloved, to my vision of you. Hear and your soul shall live. Yea, verily, you shall put on power as a garment. You are the king of love; you are the creator of destiny. Your body is a temple of delight. The substance of your body is God-substance. You are free from the illusion of sin, sickness and death. Your kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. The Real You is forever invisible to mortal eye. Changelessly shall you pass through change. You shall never see death. You laugh at dissolution, and with mind on the Eternal you are alive forever more.

With heart full of the love of God I think of you, and say, Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, forever. Amen.

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

The Editor of NOW lectures every Sunday eve at 8 p. m., 589 Haight St. The readers and subscribers are invited to these meetings. Come and get acquainted.

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO SUCCESS.

No less than four persons who have read the Little Journeys Into Success, which I have written for our NOW, the little wonder magazine we all love, have spoken to me regarding the articles. One big newspaper reprinted the story of the soldier who came back into his own, of course giving NOW full credit for it, and then that blessed newspaperman asked me to write for him A Little Journey Into Success. All these people have hinted that it would be a good thing for me to write about my own precious little miracle making journey. So here it is, along with two other journeys to make an article.

Of course, almost every one who has heard about me at all knows that I was once blind. Blind from the age of 3 until somewhere about 13 or 15, when an operation restored the sight in one eye, so that I could see objects and, with very strong glasses, read a little—learn to read and to actually read. The right eye had no sight in it, so all the learned authorities claimed. A second, or rather the third operation (the second accomplished nothing), gave me a little more sight, and this remained with me until I was some twenty-three or four years of age when, after a great sorrow and much crying, the eyesight was all gone again. I was totally blind.

Worse than blind, for I had three children to support and came from a family which knew little or nothing about practical work of any kind. I was practically destitute but I of all persons learned early in life that God literally does not take one thing away from you except to make room for something better. Having nearly all my life learned to depend upon the tone of the voice and the feel of the physical and spiritual presence, I developed what I now know to be true clairvoyant powers. I have always fought shy of that word, though, because of its misinterpretation by so many well meaning persons. To me clairvoyance means just clear seeing, or seeing clear and without physical effort or aid. For

years I supported my little family by use of this gift. Then I went to a great Brahmin for treatment and this great man taught me what clairvoyance is and how to use it practically at any and all times. I am leaving out a great deal, how I was taken into the mountains to the sacred retreat, and there lived in a dark room, and everything that does not bear directly upon the Journey out of darkness into light.

The treatment was something as follows: There was placed over my eyes nine folds of bandages, the outer bandage being black oiled silk. These bandages were removed each day and the eyes bathed with clear cold water. I was taught that all was spirit and that I was merely a channel through whom spirit operated, moved, used intelligence and strength, and that the eye was a lens through which the spirit looked out upon the world. If the lens was clean and fitted the spirit, then sight would be known and enjoyed through the use of those lenses. I was told that the lens, physical eyes, could only be fitted to the spirit by my understanding of the relation of spirit to matter, and then it was impressed upon my understanding that Matter was Merely Spirit Made Tangibly Manifest. My eyes were a visible and tangible spirit manifestation. Then to see with the eyes, the other spiritual manifestations, I had merely to realize that the manifestations were there all the time and if need be I could see this physical, or tangible manifestation, even though there were no such thing as a physical organ called an eye, but that I would never realize the allness of spirit until I had actually proven by my efforts that this was a truth.

This was the teaching, now came the practice. Each day after bathing the eyes in clear cold water, the Great Master would cause the bandage to be removed and then he would put me "through the paces," so to speak. He would sometimes come into the dark room carrying a flower in his hands. At first he used a flower with a strong fragrance. (Note carefully now the purpose of this.) The suggestion would be given my inner mind

that such a flower was in the room, because being familiar with its fragrance I could smell the flower. I had known that flower once when I could see a little. Memory played an important part. Mentally I saw a vision of the flower, noted its size, shape and color. The Master would question me closely about all this, compelling me to go back into the storehouse of memory and recall every minute detail about that flower. Mind was at work in me, drawing that flower into closer and closer relation to me with every effort to bring back to memory the faintest little lining, tint of color, delicacy of perfume. Until in imagination I could say, "The flower is dry and the sun shining hotly upon it; because the fragrance is "sort of flat" I have to bend close to inhale it." Again, "It is early morning, the dew is upon the flower, how boldly it sends out its gracious fragrance in greeting to God's beautiful world." Or I would say, "Some one has crushed the flower, its fragrance is fading fast."

Now we who have practiced any one degree of mentalization long at a time know that soon will come to us another phase of the practice and it possibly will be that of seeing mentally. I had not practiced describing this flower from memory and locating its position and distance from me by the physical sense of smell, before I began to mentally see that flower, and soon this mental phase gave way to what I termed spiritual seeing, and you will possibly call it spiritual seeing until, like myself, you come to know precisely what true spiritual seeing is.

Now came the next step in the work. The Master would bring in two or more of the same flowers and again I would be required to determine how many, where and how far away those flowers were from me, by the use of the sense of smell, and, too, gradually that growing sense of mental seeing. This practice was continued until I could without any hesitation tell how many flowers there were and how far away, whether fresh or rather dry or wet with rain or dew. By this time I was always conscious of the mental seeing. Now came a hard-

er test. The Master at times would stand close to the flowers when questioning me and again he would hold the flowers in his right or left hand, and in describing the location and distance I had to also say if the master was near the flowers or if he had them in his left or his right hand. It was about this time that I tried guessing when a little fatigued or weary of the effort to mentally see. At such times the flowers would be taken away and I left to live my memory over again regarding them. Another test given me would be to count the blossoms, and woe betide me if I resorted to guesswork. But I must be honest with you and with myself, until then I had actually thought that the metal vision I got of the flowers was a sort of hallucination and tried to avoid it. At last in great distress I told the Master of this fear. He was deeply touched and told me that this phase of mental seeing was just what he was trying to develop in me and that, when I got the perfect use of the mental faculty of seeing, the physical lens would become adjusted to the spiritual use. These were not his exact words but I have transposed his wording to meet your better understanding. At last the great day came. No matter how the Master changed the flowers, how many he added or took away, I could not be tripped up. I no longer guessed. I saw mentally and was always correct. During my test period the kind of flowers or fruit or other objects had been changed many times. He not always used the same flower or other object to give the instruction. Then a large darning needle was brought to me. With the ninefold of bandage over the eyes I was required to see mentally that material needle and to thread it. This took a long time. Perhaps two weeks daily practice. When I could thread the large needle a smaller one was brought and so on down the line until I came to an ordinary needle. Pomegranates would be brought into the room, placed all around me and I would be instructed to locate each one. Tell how far away they were and where placed on the floor or high over the door. Then I was required (a dif-

ficult work) to look within a pomegranate and count the seed. This a physical eye cannot do, as you well know, and I must not guess. No, I must, with the power of mind, wash away every atom of the flesh of the pomegranate and leave the seed bare and thus, with the mental photographic camera, locate and count those seed. After which the Master would cut open the pomegranate and compare my count with his own. Then the day came when at last the bandages were removed and the eyeballs, instead of being as hard as marbles, were found to be soft and velvety as they should be (it was Glaucoma which affected the eye), but I often laugh in these days when I recall that I felt lost without my bandages. If the seeing became a little difficult I wanted to fly immediately to the protective bandage as you would now fly to the glass lens. I am now classed with those who have gone a few furlongs past middle age. I see quite well. Notice the qualification. I can still thread a needle without glasses, read and write without them, though I do use glasses as a sort of comfort in long continued close work. I never wear them for anything else and am not much put out if they be not handy when I think I need them. My only difficulty is in measuring distance. Close work is all right but I could never (at least this was a belief) ride a bicycle because the curb had a sort of way of being only a few inches away from my wheel when I thought it was at least two feet away. Likewise I don't believe they would give me a license to drive an automobile. But there are plenty who can drive a car for me and I do not miss much by that.

The other Little Journey is a financial one. As I have said in another place, I am very, very firm in my faith that God never takes one thing away except to make room for something better. I had come back from darkness into light, had been getting along remarkably well, when something happened (never mind what it was) to sweep the last dollar away from me. It was a good many dollars, too, which were swept away in that whirlwind of mistakes. I had been both practicing and teaching New

Thought and Practical Christianity. I wrote quite a little and had always loved the study of the Bible. No novel ever held my attention like that grand old book could. I came to my last dollar. My rent was due and I had not had anything to eat for at least twenty-four hours. I had sold the last piece of jewelry I owned. Sold even most of my clothes, from the sale of which the one dollar was all that remained. I pondered nearly a half day as to what I should do with that dollar. You know that I teach that you must plant your seed in the ground before they can grow and bring forth their increase for you. I never have and don't think I ever will wish to have anything given me. We who know the law dearly love to pay for what we get, because we know that in so doing we are planting the seeds that are certain to grow and bring forth a multiplication of their kind. So I plant my coin whenever I get a chance to do so. Well, as I say, I pondered a half day before I could make up my mind what was best to do with that dollar. Then I said to myself, "Agnes Mae, haven't you got the grit to put to the test the thing that you take people's money to teach them?" And I answered, "I have. I'll do it." So I went over to a drugstore nearby and I got the druggist to change my dollar into dimes. Then—oh, I was hungry—I saw a bottle of milk in a delicatessen window and I did not even try to resist the temptation, but I took a dime of my ten dimes and I bought a small glass of milk and a brown roll of bread, and I ate and drank. Then Wisdom told me why I had yielded to that temptation. Said she: "Agnes Mae, you've got to have strength for what you are going to do. You are now refreshed with your glass of milk and bun and now you are going out into God's own beautiful world and make a 'Money Garden.' You know that there are lots of beggars in Little Old New York. They stand along the street and hold out their hands. Child, some of those men and women are blind. You are going to give every one a dime as long as those nine dimes last."

And so away I went walking down Broadway and

over on to Fifth Avenue with my little hoard of silver dimes, dropping one into the palm or tin cup of a beggar whenever I passed one. At last I had just two dimes left, and I walked four blocks before I met another beggar. This time it was two, an old blind man and his wife trudging along together. By this time I was growing quite weary. The fuel of the glass of milk and one roll was burned out and Agnes Mae was getting mighty weak (notice I say mighty weak). I began unconsciously to repeat to myself portions of the Service of the Lord's Supper. I was so wrapped up in what I was doing that I did not notice that I was thinking out loud. When I reached these two beggars the woman held out her little tin cup and I dropped the two dimes in, saying as I did so, "This is my body broken for you." Oh, what was happening? Before I knew what I was doing that blessed woman had me in her arms and she was crying. "Say those words over again lady. I used to live in Ohio, where we went to church every Sunday morning. It was the Disciples church and the minister always served the Lord's Supper and he always used those words. Now we have come away off here, and, oh lady, whatever is the matter with you?" I awakened to find myself in my own home, where they had brought me. The two dear old beggars. The man was truly blind, but you know that it is often said that the beggars are not always as poor as they appear. Indeed, some of them are quite well off. These people were, I know. They had brought me home, after finding my address in my handbag and nothing more of any worth. We had a grand feed, bought and cooked by that dear woman, and it was these two dear, dear friends who paid for the publication of my first little leaflets and gave me money to advertise my work. They are now living in their home town in Ohio. They take and read all the New Thought books and magazines but are faithful in their Sunday morning attendance at the Disciples church, where they say a little prayer for me with each returning communion service.

AGNES MAE GLASGOW.

THE SILENCE IN YOU

We hear a great deal these days about going into the Silence. The books and articles on this subject seem to be written largely by people who either do not know what the Silence is like, or else are unable to state what they mean. Anyway, you get no where by reading much of what is written.

As Luther Burbank is credited with saying, 60 per cent, or more, of this matter is hardly worth reading. It is not New Thought—it is too studied. New Thought announces the “presence of the Soul,” as Emerson says, and is best taught by this sage, Helen Wilmans, and Walt Whitman. Many lesser lights are merely a disease, it seems, for “know ye not that you must carry your happiness with you, or you find it not?” “Explanations only confuse me,” says Tolstoy, and “The length of the discourse measures the distance between the speaker and the hearer,” says the Concord philosopher. “Not stagnation, not growth, not change, not amelioration, but God,” says Burnell. Therefore, I shall not attempt to tell you how to go into the Silence, nor how to get out, but to drop a few hints, if I may, of how to get the Silence into you, and then you will not be so anxious about how to “concentrate,” especially when no concentration is at all necessary. I think, tho, that in order that the so-called “concentration” may be entirely dispensed with you should arrive at “The Dark Tower,” and have a whirl with the little old man in gray. This will “wise you up” as to just who you are, and where you are, and what your mission is.

What we see at Emerson with his eternal smile and confidence is so much of the Silence, or Kingdom of God within, and the same is true of Henry Harrison Brown, and William Morris Nichols, three of a kind, out of whom shone the Glory Presence of a silvery blue vibration. This is life in abundance, the Over-soul ‘inhabiting the lonely, the pure, and the simple, and humble.’

And now, if I may, I would like to tell the experiences of a friend of mine close at hand, of how the Silence came into him: When he was about seven years old he had a "lovely" case of the measles and was "flat on his back" with the ugly attack when all of a sudden he realized that the room was filled chuck full of an Ocean of Being surging and sizzling and flooding everything, it seemed. It was of a silvery hue, and was so dense you could not see three feet from you. This Silence was inside and out, and he was healed of his red spots, and has never forgotten the experience.

Another experience was not long ago one evening when he came in feeling fatigued. He sat down in the hotel parlor where he was staying and started a treatment for himself. Suddenly he felt his weariness all dissipated and himself in a very quiet and happy and delicious mood, and looking around the room saw a Sea of Life, oh so chemically pure and lovely, vibrating thru-out the room. Nobody moved or spoke a word, but just sat perfectly still, the Lovely Presence being so satisfying and exhilarating. After, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, this man, after scintillating this way with the Spirit so long, got up and went out to the desk in the lobby and indicated he wanted his key, and the clerk said to him, "Did you ever see such a quiet night? Why, it is just like a morgue in here!" and the guest nodded and smiled understandingly. Another was of a friend who went into a barber shop, and the Silence came into him and filled the place, and the men just looked at each other and moved about without speaking a word.

And here is from J. Wm. Lloyd telling how you fell under this blessed spell, giving: "Hope at dawn, strength at noontide, peace at sunset, and sweetness all night long."

The way to get the Silence into you is to "Be still and know that I AM God," for the Silence in you is metaphysical, it is mind, it is an Ocean of Bliss, cramming the hour with Living Light, shining from all distant worlds.

Ponder this: I have lost my personal consciousness and am looking down on things, and besides this "Compress eternity into a moment, and expand a moment into eternity," and get submerged in the healing waters spoken of by Ezekiel, if you want to get the Silence into you and keep It there.

CHAS. MATT. BERKHEIMER.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF TRUTH.

Part 1.

The greatest theme that has impressed the mind of man in all the centuries has been that of Truth. The one persistent and single aspiration of the human mind has been the search for Truth. To the casual student of human history this statement would seem an absurdity. To the careful student of human history it is recognized as an historical truism.

Is man the child of circumstance, or the maker of it? Is he but a small particle on the vast ocean of existence shifted hither and thither by the billows that move from shore to shore? Or has he learned the mastery of the elements and become himself a triumphant guide of the tides?

To him who imagines that man is a mere incident in existence; that he came whence he knows not, and goeth whither he knoweth not; who imagines that man possesses not either the conception or the possibility of self-control and self-development; to such an one, I say, the statement that man has ever been a searcher after Truth seems like an absurdity.

But I shall attempt to show you that because of man's very weaknesses and errors, he has even therefore been the votary of Truth; and notwithstanding his sufferings, his delusions, his makeshifts and defeats, he has ever adored but one God, however variously named, and worshipped in but one temple, and that the temple of Truth. However, that you may understand my meaning you must first know what I mean by the Truth. I am free

to admit that nothing has constituted a more constant storm-center in human thought than the very problem I am now contemplating.

"What is Truth?" has echoed down the corridors of time, the unanswered quest of man. "What is Truth" has been asked by every philosopher who has ventured to contemplate the possibilities of the universe. "What is Truth?" has been asked but unanswered by the stony lips of the Sphinx; tauntingly proclaimed by the insolence of Pilate, and jeered at by those who despaired of an ultimate solution.

I do not pretend to answer that which has been the despair of others. I can but give you my own conception of what Truth is, as I believe history unfolds it, and let you see that notwithstanding all the seeming errors of mankind, their persistent search and endeavor has been toward this one goal.

What, then, is Truth? Should I ask my readers to give me an answer, perhaps the answers would be as varied as the individuals constituting it. Therefore, I am forced to stand upon my own platform; and because I believe a man becomes himself only when he fearlessly pursues the guidance of his own personal convictions, I do not hesitate to obey them.

Only is man a man, or woman a woman, when he wears the crown of independence, and by the shield of consistency protects himself against the arrows of the ignorant. I declare that when we learn neither Bibles nor gods, courts nor creeds, parties nor powers can grant us that which we require for our larger development; that there is no final deliverance of the Truth ever yet the world has heard, or shall; but that each of us must discover what is Truth for himself alone, even though the world jeer at it as folly and absurdity; only then I insist is man in the path of progress.

Therefore, I shall simply attempt to show what I believe history has revealed as Truth; and when I have attempted this, I shall then undertake to show you that though the eyes of men have ever been blinded in all the

centuries, they have unwittingly discerned the Truth to be one and the same everywhere.

In simple language, then, Truth is the expression of Nature's laws. I do not know that you will see the point. It may be that the statement is so simple, so apparently superficial, that it will strike you as an absurdity. I repeat, Truth is the expression of Nature's laws. How long have we understood Nature? Who among us, today, knows her? And yet, I insist that Truth is arrived at only as we attend to the forces of the universe and understand how to appropriate and utilize them in human life.

Recall that this world is full of unseen forces. We may denominate them physical or metaphysical, material or immaterial, according to the bias of our training; but forget not that knowledge has come to man always and only as he has compelled the invisible to manifest itself in visible form. We have arrived at knowledge only as we have penetrated the vistas of the universe and compelled the invisible gods, so to speak, to come forth in visible forms as manifest realities.

Remember, incarnation is a truth, but not the vulgar truth sometimes proclaimed by dogmatic theorists.

The universe itself is an incarnation! It is the incarnation of potent and invisible forces, which everywhere inhere in and reveal themselves in the activity of the cosmic spheres. The sun, the moon, the stars, all, indeed, are incarnations, not of imaginary deities as once the ignorant supposed, but of indwelling forces which forever reveal themselves in the activities of these planes. Nor, indeed, are the forces themselves distinguishable from the spheres; the latter being but the visible expression of what primarily is invisible.

Let me illustrate. This whole world is surcharged with a force that you and I have learned to regard as but a commonplace. We call the force electricity. But, before Franklin, even before those famed philosophers of ancient Thales, had come to a knowledge of it, was not electricity already a fact in nature? Was it not already in the world before they discovered and utilized

it? Has not the universe been eternally the same as it now is? Surely God created nothing but for the moment. Surely electricity was not made for the moment merely to arouse the scientific curiosity of a Gilbert or a Franklin—a momentary plaything to tickle the fancy of scientific research!

Nevertheless, though electricity had always existed as a force in nature, not until it was snatched by the violent and defiant hand of man, and made manifest in its physical relations to human utility and requirement, was it realized as a permanent howbeit invisible element of the universe.

And now remember that just as these philosophers stole from the bosom of the invisible the secret of this potent energy that it might be utilized in the running of your trolleys, in the spreading of intelligence throughout the world, in connecting continents and bringing vast masses of humanity together as one people; so are we to utilize all the potent and still invisible forces incarnate in the entire universe. Remember that all those scientific achievements had been unheard of had not first some daring scientist conceived that such forces existed or stumbled upon them, and then set himself to work in the manufacture of mechanical instruments which should become the agencies to steal from the invisible the powers that were not yet revealed to the common eyes of man.

Now, what has been done in the physical may likewise be done in the spiritual world; for in fact we are more invisible than we are visible. Remember that when you and I say we know each other, in fact we know each other but very little; for we know only our bodies, we discern but our external senses; feel but physical contacts; recognize but our objective personalities; yet these things are not you; nor am I but these external features. You cannot tell by the configuration of my body, or by the lineaments and contour of my countenance, or by the color of my eyes, who I am or what I may be. You must needs know the inner, the unrevealed, the invisible man, before you can know the character which the visible

form embodies. You must know the unseen forces which are playing upon the individual character before you can determine what that character in reality is or may become.

Hence, as nature is primarily invisible, I say that Truth is the expression of nature's laws (that is, her self-revelation in manifest phenomena) and what we call error is but man's misinterpretation of nature's powers, expressed in her laws.

Man is the maker of errors. Nature is the universal exemplar of Truth. Let me again remind you, my friends, that unless we understand nature we understand nothing. But when I employ the term nature, I use it in its broadest and most comprehensive sense.

We usually suppose that that only is nature which is manifest to us in the stars, and suns and moons, and in all the wonders of the planetary spheres. We call that nature only which we behold in the growth of flowers, in the waving grass, and all the marvels of the world in which we live; but again I tell you, by way of a reminder, that there is an invisible universe as well as a visible, and when we speak of nature, we mean to refer to the entire continuity of the Infinite, visible and invisible, manifested and unmanifested.

The visible world in which we live is surrounded, we may well believe, by a spiritual photosphere,—a photosphere of invisible energy—and until we learn the quality and character, the prophecy and possibility of this all-compassing energy, we know but little of nature. It is by some contended that science, which purports to be so very matter-of-fact, relates wholly to the so-called world of material substance. But the truth is that your practical physical scientist is today more concerned with invisible than he is with visible substance. If you converse with a careful scientist he will tell you that the profoundest scientist does not pretend to know the nature of matter in its last analysis; that he is aware it is resolvable into more energy or forces; and that, moreover, force is a quality of nature which is not really impris-

oned in the thing we call matter, but that it merely manifests itself through matter by the exercise of inherent energy, by the evolution of one primary principle.

Study whatever may confront you—the flower, the leaf, the clod at your feet, the mountain height—those things are really but the manifestation of a protean power which temporarily reveals itself in the fleeting form before you. Nothing is stable; nothing is fixed. You may dissolve the mountain into the wind-swept dust; you may again dissolve the dust into its primary chemical elements; you may dissipate those chemical elements into the impalpable atmosphere of space, and what have you really accomplished? You have but sent back to their primary source those momentary forms which are indeed but palpitating forces held temporarily in the grip of slower rates of vibration.

It was an ancient prophet who declared that the things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are not seen are eternal. This is indeed the dictum today not only of religion but likewise of the exact physical sciences. You may not clearly see this unless you have carefully studied the subject; but I fearlessly assert that there is not in all the world an unprejudiced scientist who will not admit that the most serious problems in all the sciences are those which relate rather to the forces we call invisible than with the apparent material substances of the phenomenal world.

For a moment let us now digress to the subject of religion. I know of no battle ground which has been drenched with more blood than this; I know that no alleged truth has more thoroughly twisted and confused the human mind than that which claims to be religion. Today we live in an age of advancement, progress, intellectual defiance and scientific certitude; and there be, therefore, those who aver that the days of religion are no more; that it is now but a fossil, a nightmare of antiquity, the faded dream of a forgotten past.

HENRY FRANK.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT, by Henry Thomas Hamblin. 2d Edition. Published by The Science of Thought Institute, Bosham House, Chichester, England. Price 1 shilling.

The readers of NOW need no introduction to Henry Thomas Hamblin. His articles during the past year speak both for his style and message. This book of nine chapters gives nine new thought lessons of great value. They are captioned as follows: Thought the Cause of All Action, Thought the Cause of All Evil, Thought the Cause of Success or Failure; of Prosperity or Poverty, Thought the Cause of Health or Sickness. The Creative Power of Thought. The Law of Vibration. Thought the Builder of Our Future, Mind Domination and its Destructive Effects. The Way of Escape and the Path of Victory.

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S. E. F.

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