

THE NAUTILUS.

A Journal of Practical Ideality. The Organ of no School, bound by no Creed. "Consistency" and "Conformity" clipped from its vocabulary. Growth and usefulness, Good and Joy of all, its object.

Learn of the little nautilus how to sail.—POPE.

*Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Hoimes' "The Nautilus."*

VOL. I. } MONTHLY, }
Fifty Cents a Year. }

APRIL, 1899.

ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE, } No. 6.
555 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon. }

FREEDOM.

I care not who were vicious back of me,
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.
My will is greater than heredity;
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice
May be reflections from a race that was;
But this I know, and, knowing it, rejoice:
I am myself, a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.
Am I not stronger than a mortal vice
That crawls the length of some ancestral
tree? Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Lesson V.

The Uncreate is not Wisdom; it is not understanding.

It is dumb, blind, formless, will-less, ignorant, Energy.

It is the potential of all things; just as Niagara is the POTENTIAL of all the electric lights, street-railways and manufactories the United States will ever need.

God and Niagara are, relatively speaking, equally ignorant.

INTELLIGENCE is a matter of CONSCIOUSNESS. The word means IN-TOLD; FORMED IN.

Niagara and God, the Uncreate, both "happened, i. e., UNCONSCIOUSLY, swirled and boiled and did a lot of things (and do yet) without knowing WHAT they were doing.

They made little "eddies," as I showed you in the last lesson.

And where these little "eddies" are formed, in God, or Niagara, God and Niagara are CONSCIOUS.

As much of God as is IN one of these little eddies in Him (or It), wants to keep it eddying.

By the action of the remainder of God, as yet unconsciousness, upon these little eddies, they grow, and grow, into more consciousness; with more and more complex motions, producing more and more complex consciousness.

This is the process of FORMING intelligence.

We might kneel and, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, beseech God, the Uncreate, to do something for us—beseech until we died.

He, or It, would answer us just as Niagara would under similar circumstances—by rushing on blindly, dumbly, ignorantly, as if we had not besought.

The only way to get anything you want is to understand God, the Uncreate, and use him. Just as we are understanding Niagara and using it—and making it answer our prayers.

God is Good, but He is good for no-thing.

It takes God and you, or God and me, to be good for something.

God is asleep. We must waken Him to activity.

He is Almighty Energy. But he needs direction.

The sons of men are the Board of Directors. We study the situation. We look over what has been done and, behold, it does not satisfy.

We see room for great improvement. We desire to improve.

Having besought loudly and long, without result, we at last have wakened to the Truth that if anything is improved we shall have to improve it.

We have also besought EACH OTHER to improve present evils. And, behold, each has failed us.

We are constrained, each for himself, to see what he can do to better conditions.

So each for himself has rushed wildly up and down trying to reform everybody else—and failed.

There is just one thing left to try; each for HIMSELF must tap the source of power for that wherewith to improve HIMSELF—the only thing over which he may hope to have power.

Why, as each seeks to perfect HIMSELF, the Whole will be perfected. Of course! How stupid not to think of that before! But we are learning.

So each man for himself studies the Create, sees the shortcomings, projects an Ideal; goes into the Silence where the exhaustless Energy free to all flows unceasingly, and there APPROPRIATES as much of God as he desires with which to manifest his Idea.

Man and God are ONE. Without man, the Son, God would be blind, formless, ignorant always.

Without God, the soundless reservoir of Energy, man would have no source of power, and be unable to grow.

But man is, and God is, and Man and God are alright!

THE LOVE LIFE.

Love is the joy of life. THE SENSATION of love is the joy of life. The sensation of loving is THE REWARD of the lover.

The true lover receives a great many perquisites, such as the love and the gifts of others, but the grand reward of the lover is the sensation of loving.

He LIVES upon the reward, while he would starve to death upon all the perquisites in the world.

You need only recall some experience in your own life when somebody heaped upon you favors that you didn't want, to realize the deadness of the perquisites alone.

And you have only to remember some tiny

baby you have loved—a baby who could n't reward you at all—to realize in a moment that the REAL reward of the lover is the SENSATION, the joy, of loving.

Now, do you know that the ONLY thing worth living for is the sensation of love? If I had to lose the sensation of love now and there were no way of renewing it, I'd go jump in the river. If I waked up in another incarnation; still minus the sensation of love, I'd do it over again.

Of course that is all nonsense, you know. An ENTIRE absence of the sensation of love IS death. In other words, it is the sensation of love in some form that holds the body together.

There is no excuse in the world for not having the joy of life, the sensation of loving, ever and increasingly with you.

That means all life and no death to the body. It is the fulfilling of the promise, "With long life will I (God or Love) SATISFY him and show him my salvation."

"Salvation from what? Salvation from every "evil," i. e., UNPLEASANT SENSATION.

The increasing sensation of love is what the Man of Nazareth referred to as the "life more abundant."

"His aim was to help others to more love, more life. I, too, am come that ye might have life and life more abundant.

Jesus proved what he taught. I too am proving what I teach.

And from the depths of my own deep, deep, experience I say unto you there is only ONE THING necessary—to love; only ONE LIFE—love; only one joy—love.

And it is FREE to every soul who walks the earth.

Love sensation is the "pearl of great price"—the one desirable thing, altogether lovely.

Love is not only the one priceless thing, but it is attainable—with its own reward and all its perquisites.

To him who WILL HAVE IT.

But he has to pay the price; he cannot escape that.

The price to be paid is the LETTING GO of everything and everybody.

Let go anger, malice, resentment, revenge.

Let go father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends.

Let go the creed, the church, the Bible.

Let go preachers, teachers, doctors.

Let go science and drugs.

Let go all your preconceived ideas; all that has been told you; all you learned in school; all you have read; all your duties.

Let go yourself.

Let go.

When you have LET GO, you will rest for a time; you need rest after HANGING ON so long. It was hard work.

spent simply in threading the labyrinth of mortal thought.

You are free to wander there if you will, but it is a hard road in which to gain experience.

And you are not NEEDED there—there are others.

Well, Sweetheart I didn't intend a long lecture on money when I asked you to help me. But I have expressed myself.

I am working out this problem and proving it as I go.

I have gone far enough to KNOW that I am right.

Come into conjunction with my thought and I will help you.

And you will help me with your thoughts and subscriptions.

United we stand—SUCCESS!

A LETTER AND AN ANSWER.

February 15, 1899.

"Well Sweetheart, you too are a darling. Many, many thanks for what you did for me. Ever so many seeming ruts have disappeared from present vision. Praise Good. Glory to the every-where-present good, in which we all live, move and have our being. I in thee, thou in me, they all in us. All perfect in One. 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, for I and the Father are One.' Why do we not always remember it? May be you do. If you do, I wish you'd tell me how you 'got there.' I'll send stamp, please write me again. I am feeling very much better than when I wrote you last, and I am getting upon my feet (understanding) again after the seeming ruts are put behind me. Nautilus is fine, and will help to bless the nations.

I AM yours in truth, X.

We all have a way of perceiving a truth for a time, then losing sight of it again. When we think we are hopelessly backslidden, some little thing—a line, a talk, a treatment—brings it home to us more clearly than ever. Again and again it appears and disappears, but AT LAST IT COMES TO STAY!

All truth plays hide and seek with us like that.

Do you remember when it was your turn to be "It," if you ran "hunting" wildly all around, the others "got in free?" When you moved a discreet distance away from "base" and watched warily and ready to fly at an instant bobbing of some red ribbon around a corner, you quickly graduated from the neuter?

So in the search for Truth. She who runs to and fro seeking help from others, but hinders herself. SHE WHO KEEPS STILL AND WATCHES GETS WHAT SHE WANTS. There! I've told you a secret that will keep you from sending me any more dollar bills! The joke is on me this time! But there are plenty more that won't "get in free!"

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I took for granted that I Am several dozen sizes larger than anybody else who ever lived! When I don't FEEL that way, I stick to it anyhow. The truth bobs in and out of my consciousness, and I keep saying, "I see you!"—even when it's a fib. Just as we did when children. And Truth falls into the trap just as our small playmates did! For truth is simple, you know! He can't be tricky! Life is too funny for anything, Sweetheart!

You are "there" all the time. Don't you let Truth fool you into sitting down and wailing because you can't find him! Keep your eye peeled! He'll give it up and come to stay by-and-by, if he hasn't already.

—"Do the next thing."

—"Good news, but of course you are expecting it."

—"Victory! The smoking habit is broken at last. I am free, thanks to your word."

—"Glory to God in the highest—which is the top of the head."—K. M.

—"The day after I got your letter I felt so much better. Just felt like singing all the time."

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—PUT your love into whatever you are doing, no matter what your FEELINGS may be. By and by it will stay put, and then you will FEEL loving all the time. That is joy—the joy of living.

—"The Nautilus not only teaches you how to 'get there,' but it makes you SEE THAT YOU ARE ALREADY THERE! In this respect it is worth more to you than all the philosophies extant.

—You can never actualize your ideal anywhere but in the PRESENT. Do the best you know NOW, and for the space of that Now you will have actualized the ideal. A succession of Nows so utilized constitutes an ideal life actualized.

—"Your kind and life giving message duly received; also The Nautilus sailed into port and our hearts at the same time. May you live forever and I am sure you will, for there is room for you and need of you too. I am better every way."

—"I read a little account of you and The Nautilus in 'Christian.' Immediately I felt I must subscribe for The Nautilus, and thereby come into nearer touch in the Great Law of Love-Magnetism pervading all things and peoples. Our Will is Us, Our Love is Us and Us only. These wonderful God-given principles are infectious."

—Here is Vol. 1, No. 1, of "Positive Thought," published at New York by Hugh O. Pentecost. I am quite well acquainted with Hugh through his articles in Freedom, and I like him. He does not write a column or two before he makes up his mind what to say. He gets straight to the point, and a well tempered point at that—a good-tempered point.

—Jesus Christ was not only the Son of God, but he was God himself. YOU are not only the Son of God, but you are God himself. Jesus KNEW his Godship. You don't more than half believe in yours. That is the only difference between Jesus and you. Jesus was conceited in the fullest sense. You ought to be, and will be when you have learned a little more.

—I am having my curiosity cultivated since I began to be an editor. "Das Wort," the German metaphysical magazine, is one of my exchanges and I can only read German in words of one syllable! I spied "The Nautilus" in an

item in one issue. I hope it was something good, but, alas! I cannot tell. Is there some one who wants a position as interpreter on The Nautilus staff?

—People often write to me, "God help you in your noble work." Sweetheart, YOU are God. You can help me with your loving thought and your subscription money. One is just as necessary to the maintainance of this paper as the other in this day and generation. It won't always be so, but we are not living then; we are living NOW. So I say, "God, help me NOW with love and dollars!" And He does."

—Some of the timid ones want to know if I am a Free Lover. Sweetheart, YES, I AM a Free Lover—a radical Free Lover. But I am NOT a free luster. I Am a long way ahead of that. God is Free Love. I Am the EXPRESSED (pressed, or formed out of) image of God. Therefore I Am a Free Lover. You are the same. The only difference between us is that I KNOW IT, and some of you still have it to learn.

—"A Search for Freedom," by Helen Wilman, is intensely interesting from first to last; the story of a search that ends in Success. A mighty individuality speaks through its pages and says to all other individuals, "Come up higher—there is room at the top!" The travail of environment and the birth into consciousness of the "Invincible I," are wonderfully illustrated in this unadorned tale of Helen Wilman's own life.

—"I have been gaining for 10 days past and have obtained an appetite for food. Can eat three times a day. I called you as you proposed. I heard a triumphant song, not words, but the song. I listened intently but there was no change—the same glad triumphant song. I said it is WELL with me. I had wakeful nights. I thought of you. It was always the same glad triumphant song. I think you are set to music in the spheres."

—"I want to say that of all the New Thought journals I receive, none are so full of life and vigor as yours. I opine this is because you put so much of yourself into it, so much of your real, vital, loving self. I have read some of your articles over and over, and drawn fresh inspiration with each reading. Don't give up the use of capitals to express emphasis. They certainly add to the LIFE of your paper, and I for one enjoy them."—W. E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

—"Phrenopathy or Rational Mind Cure," by Chas. W. Close, is one of the most scientific and easily understood statements of the new thought which I have read. Dr. Close has all the technical knowledge—as attested by a goodly share of the alphabet trailed after his name—to enable him to reach the understanding of M. D.'s and D. D.'s as well as that of layman. And he has the Ideas. "Phrenopathy" is distinctly practical—just the sort of book to help the new Science chick to break the shell of old beliefs.

—"A Mother" wants me to attack Theosophy. She entertains the illusion that it is a great "evil." There is NO evil, dear heart, and fighting would only feed it if there were. Theosophy, like everything else, is a partial statement of truth. As the individual grows he assimilates the truth contained in any creed and sloughs off the error as a snake its skin. LET him grow, mother. Let him alone. Live your own loving self, do your best, and you will have

You will sleep much and peacefully. You may wonder why you are so dull.

Never mind. Love forces are working in you to restore exhausted energies. You will soon begin to waken to new life—to Love life.

Soon you will rouse up and DESIRE something. Desire is conscious Love.

Now, because you are free; because you are no longer strained with hanging on, you can ENJOY the desired thing.

Having LET GO all things, you are not harassed with trying to reconcile the desired thing with all the other things you have had or heard of in the past.

You simply enjoy the desired thing, the ONE thing in the Present.

Thus for the first time you experience the pure sensation of love—FREE love. Free from the dead bodies you were dragging around.

To practice LETTING GO and living in a DESIRED present is to cultivate the sensation of loving.

You can make any act a desirable act by CHOOSING to desire it.

Thus it is practicable to live always with the sensation of Love—the joy of life.

QUICK HEALING.

Speaking of Henry Wood reminds me of my first quick demonstration over disease in myself.

About four or five years ago there was to be a concert one night in the town where I lived, and I was to sing. It was a swell affair for that place, and the program with my name upon it was to sing. I imagine my disaster when I would sing. Hours before the concert I was with a cold. So bad I could scarcely speak. I was rebellious and I could not feel that "all is good."

About ten o'clock it occurred to me to try to overcome it. I met the suggestion with the FACT that I had tried many times and never succeeded in overcoming quickly.

But the suggestion recurred and finally I stopped in the midst of sweeping and sat down, with very little faith, to try.

I had been reading Henry Wood's "Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography." In the back of this book are a number of sentences, each one of which is printed in very large type on a full page—thoughts to be photographed. Upon the opposite page is a short exposition of the idea.

I ran the leaves through my fingers and my attention was attracted by the full page, "PAIN IS FRIENDLY,"—which didn't agree at all with my feelings.

Nevertheless I was held by the idea—which I had seen for a long time with the intellect, but had never felt to be true.

I read carefully the exposition and then sat for twenty minutes or more with my eyes fixed upon "PAIN IS FRIENDLY."

When I arose the cold was still there in all its glory. "Just what I expected," I remarked aloud—to try my voice.

Then I gave it up and went at the sweeping again, intent upon making up for "lost time."

I forgot it completely for about an hour. Then I was reminded again, and, behold, the cold had disappeared! I sang as intended and was in better voice than ever before.

Now, I tell you all this to illustrate two things. First, it is THE WORD that heals, NOT the faith. I had not a shade of faith. The faculty of caution bade me try it, lest I feel

condemned afterward for not making the effort. I sent forth The Word, and The Word healed me. I have healed many a patient since who had no faith himself and for whom I had no faith. I simply sent out persistently my Word and it accomplished that whereunto I sent it. As it ALWAYS will.

Second, after I sent out the Word I FORGOT MYSELF. This gave the Word opportunity to affect me. Had I been idle that day and sat disconsolately brooding over the situation all those disconsolate thoughts would have been sent into my body—a "treatment" FOR disease. The Word would have had that much more to overcome. Being the OMNIPOTENT Word, it would have succeeded, but it would have taken more time.

I am persuaded that these two points I have illustrated are the ONLY hindrances to quick healing.

Anybody who will send out his Word through thick and thin will be healed.

Anybody who will set his mind upon something else besides his own ill feelings makes the conditions for quick healing.

Anybody who practices faithfully NEVER FAILS to accomplish.

ATTENTION, FRIENDS.

Will you help me to increase the circulation of The Nautilus by sending me subscriptions? For every four subscriptions sent me, with the full price of fifty cents each, I will send you a year's subscription free, and mailed to any address.

For eight subscriptions, accompanied by the full price, I will send you two years' subscription free, to any address; or one year's subscription and a month's treatment.

My one all-absorbing desire is to spread the truth as it comes to me, clear and direct. In order to do this in this day and age MONEY IS AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY. I MUST HAVE IT.

I am attracting it. My own is coming to me in ever increasing volume. Friends, will you help the tide to rise?

The Nautilus can no more live without money than it can live without an editor.

The editor can no more be a power for good without the reader's love than an engine without steam is a power for locomotion.

The more subscribers I have the more power will I have for Good.

I am not afraid of losing subscribers after once getting them. The whole world hungers and thirsts after love. And I LOVE—mightily and increasingly. I Am Love. Therefore do I draw love unto me—that I may radiate it again in ever increasing power.

In order to attract Love I must first attract ATTENTION.

You can help me. You love me through The Nautilus I KNOW, BECAUSE I love you, and The Nautilus expresses my love.

Will you EXPRESS your love by helping as I suggest, and thus increase my love radiation, of which you are hourly receiving?

Love is useless EXCEPT it be expressed. We are all trying to express it. Intelligence or the degree of intelligence which we have gained governs our choice of means by which to express love.

As intelligence grows we realize that love may be expressed in ALL THINGS; that all people and things are linked in an endless chain—a chain no stronger than its weakest link.

The weakest link to-day is the money link—BECAUSE we are only just learning to express Love in it.

FEAR and the IDEA OF EVIL have been incarnated in money heretofore—a "necessary evil."

Only here and there a man has seen the GOODNESS of money and BECAUSE he saw the goodness there he called it to him.

He was wiser than we who prate of wisdom—on that one point. But he was not wise enough to USE the money he attracted to EXPRESS LOVE.

Because WE have LOVED GOOD and called money hard names, we have not in times past attracted it.

Those who love money have attracted it away from those who have hated it, or dubbed it a "necessary evil."

That is the financial problem of to-day, with its true cause.

And the cure is indicated. We who have hated must learn to love that which we have hated. We must QUIT calling names and begin to respect "the money power."

Do you see the outcome? As we learn to love money with the WHOLE heart (that does not mean to love nothing else but money—it means to turn ALL the love upon whatsoever the hand findeth to do, each thing in its turn, as the sun turns ALL its light upon the earth each day)—as we learn to LOVE money whole-heartedly, instead of gazing longingly at it with one eye while the other eye has a cast toward heaven, we shall begin to ATTRACT it.

The man with the biggest love for anything attracts the most of it.

As we love money over the fear—we have been on the fence a long time—and love All Good, we begin to love it and attract it. Thus we are approaching the whole race an equilibrium of attracting power.

In the meantime we are all—the whole human race—learning to express love in all media of expression.

As we approach nearer that time of equilibrium, paper money—simply RECEIPTS for labor—will supersede gold and silver as currency. Eventually all currency will be done away with. I doubt not there are those upon the earth to-day who will see this prophecy fulfilled.

Sweetheart, do you see the forces at work which will make visible the New Dispensation? The time foretold by every prophet since the world began, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and the earth blossom as a rose?

The money lesson is the lesson of to-day. We cannot shirk in the school of life. Necessity is our teacher. To the rebellious he is Stern Necessity. To the willing student he is kind and loving ever.

The money link is the weak link in the endless chain of expression.

Let us bend our loving thought force upon the particular bit of that link with which we are indissolubly connected, and strengthen it.

We cannot ignore it much longer—necessity compels.

Nor can we work it out at odd moments.

We must turn for a time the WHOLE MIND AND WILL upon the lesson—upon our own individual lesson.

Time spent in decrying the money power as it is, or in devising ways of CIRCUMVENTING the man who has attracted money, is time

spent simply in threading the labyrinth of mortal thought.

You are free to wander there if you will, but it is a hard road in which to gain experience.

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item in one issue. I hope it was something good, but, alas! I cannot tell. Is there some one who wants a position as interpreter on The Nautilus staff?

—People often write to me, "God help you in your noble work." Sweetheart, YOU are God. You can help me with your loving thought and your subscription money. One is just as necessary to the maintenance of this paper as the other in this day and generation. It won't always be so, but we are not living then; we are living NOW. So I say, "God, help me NOW with love and dollars!" And He does."

—Some of the timid ones want to know if I am a Free Lover. Sweetheart, YES, I AM a Free Lover—a radical Free Lover. But I am NOT a free luster. I Am a long way ahead of that. God is Free Love. I Am the EXPRESSED (pressed, or formed out of) image of God. Therefore I Am a Free Lover. You are the same. The only difference between us is that I KNOW IT, and some of you still have it to learn.

—"A Search for Freedom," by Helen Wilmans, is intensely interesting from first to last; the story of a search that ends in Success. A mighty individuality speaks through its pages and says to all other individuals, "Come up higher—there is room at the top!" The travail of environment and the birth into consciousness of the "Invincible I," are wonderfully illustrated in this unadorned tale of Helen Wilman's own life.

—"I have been gaining for 10 days past and have obtained an appetite for food. Can eat three times a day. I called you as you proposed. I heard a triumphant song, not words, but the song. I listened intently but there was no change—the same glad triumphant song. I said it is WELL with me. I had wakeful nights. I thought of you. It was always the same glad triumphant song. I think you are set to music in the spheres."

—"I want to say that of all the New Thought journals I receive, none are so full of life and vigor as yours. I opine this is because you put so much of yourself into it, so much of your real, vital, loving self. I have read some of your articles over and over, and drawn fresh inspiration with each reading. Don't give up the use of capitals to express emphasis. They certainly add to the LIFE of your paper, and I for one enjoy them."—W. E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

—"Phrenopathy or Rational Mind Cure," by Chas. W. Close, is one of the most scientific and easily understood statements of the new thought which I have read. Dr. Close has all the technical knowledge—as attested by a goodly share of the alphabet trailed after his name—to enable him to reach the understanding of M. D.'s and D. D.'s as well as that of layman. And he has the Ideas. "Phrenopathy" is distinctly practical—just the sort of book to help the new Science chick to break the shell of old beliefs.

—"A Mother" wants me to attack Theosophy. She entertains the illusion that it is a great "evil." There is NO evil, dear heart, and fighting would only feed it if there were. Theosophy, like everything else, is a partial statement of truth. As the individual grows he assimilates the truth contained in any creed and sloughs off the error as a snake its skin. LET him grow, mother. Let him alone. Live your own loving self, do your best, and you will have

done ALL one human being can do to help another grow. "I, if I be lifted up, will DRAW all men unto me." The fault is in the Individual, not in the creed.

—"Victor Serenus," by Henry Wood, is a story of the Pauline era which everybody ought to read. The title itself is a beautiful thought to take into the silence—a "Serene Victor." A Victor to whom victory is habitual, natural. There is no suggestion of a sudden spurt of victory only half expected, a flushed face and panting breath—and re-action. There is STEADY PURPOSE in that name—the goal in the Unseen—the vicissitudes of little moment—success certain. The New Thought in the Pauline setting seems at first incongruous but it grows natural as we progress and gives us a rational explanation of the miracles of those days. "Victor Serenus" is a book for the scholar as well as for the beginner in mental science.

—"Sweetheart, this has been my pet name for children always. My own and others that are lovely—and they all are when we see the right side of them—but you are the first who has called me that, and I thank you and return the compliment. When your letter came there was such a wave of love came with it that the sorrest spot in my stomach felt so soothed that I laughed for a long time and was happy all night. My eyes had been dry for a long time and granulated. They have been better since, and my right hand which has rheumatism, gets into things without stopping to think whether it will be hurt."

"I seemed to get a glimpse of the great truth in reading the first copies of The Nautilus, but 'twas seen only dimly as through a rift in the clouds of mental darkness, which soon closed again. But now—thanks to you—the mental atmosphere is clearer, for I'm surely reveling in the shoreless field of the new thought.

—I said in the February issue of The Nautilus, "I Am the Word; without me was not anything made that was made; without me will nothing ever be made." And I heard some of my readers gasp. Now listen to Hugh O. Pentecost's version of the same idea.

"There is nothing higher or greater than myself. 'I and my Father are one.' I said that nineteen centuries ago, but men comprehended it not. I make the stones cohere, the trees grow, the animals move. I form my body out of myself. I wrote 'The Iliad,' and 'Hamlet,' and 'The Song of Myself.' All poems, histories, plays, operas and Bibles, come from me. I built the pyramids, the first steam engine, and all battleships. The sun is my handy-work, and all planets and moon. I stave off care, disease, old age, and death. There is but one power, and I am that power. If these are hard sayings, read them again. If they merely amuse you, if they irritate you, if they savor of vanity, self-conceit, arrogance, they are not written for you."

—"Dear Friend: I have received No. 4 of your new and very clean publication, "The Nautilus," I do not mean clean as the eye sees it, but clean in thought and brilliantly new. No old time phrases mouldy with superstition, cloud its pages as means to make yourself understood and withal to prove yourself right. Such is and must be the new thought method—rising above the dead past into the new Now! * * * * * Ideals and thought expressions must change or no progress is made. Making a fetich of idols has been the great mistake of Christendom, and has kept the race in religious darkness and ignorant of the truths pertaining to the most essential things of spiritual growth. A school boy at ten who would persist in studying his up-to-date lessons over and over would always be a scholar of ten. Thus it is

with the church boy. Though a man, he utterly refuses to take another lesson, and remains tethered at the threshold of life."—H. A. Bradbury, Norway, Maine.

—I know what that "hanging on" is like. Take a good look at what you are "hanging on" to, then deliberately LET GO and take a tumble. You will only tumble UP, and find infinity before you; and behind you—an outgrown shell. There is NOTHING to fear. Just ACT as if your beautiful theories are true and you will mighty soon be a stranger to fear. Of course I know that all the caution and check-reining are necessary up to a certain point. They are the SHELL that gives us shape, or individuality. Don't you see, Sweetheart, all the check-reining, the "duty" work, the repression, keep us from being a "mush of concession" to environment? Keeps the SHELL fish from being a JELLY fish. The shell keeps him straight until he has time to develop a BACK-BONE—an individuality. When that has developed, along comes somebody or something (a Nautilus perhaps), that wakes him up! Then he leaves his shell "by life's unresting sea" and STANDS ALONE—a FREE MAN!

—Are you afraid of anything? The only way to banish a fear is to face it fairly and squarely and look it out of countenance. Nothing can come to you but good. No good can come to you except you attract it. Then whatever comes to you comes because you call it. You may have called in ignorance and you don't want the thing you have called. But it will come in spite of everything. "As ye have sown so shall ye reap." Now, what is the wise thing to do under the circumstances? Sit down and cry? Stand up and fight? Lie down and submit? No! Do the BEST you can under the circumstances, and TRUST your thinking and doing the best to CHANGE the circumstances in due time. That is the wise course, is it not? Then be wise. Paste this item in your hat and read it three times a day for a self-treatment. You will soon quit crying like a weak man; contending as the fool who is "ever struggling like a swimmer against the tide;" or submitting like a dead man. Instead, you will keep your eye on the Ideal, follow the line of the least resistance, and eventually thread the labyrinth of "mortal thought" and come out into a "large place." No Selah.

Dear Madam:

Kindly accept my thanks for the sample copies of The Nautilus which I received to-day. I have as yet read only a portion of the first paper, but that settles it. I must have your paper, and I wish it complete. So please kindly inform me if you can supply all back numbers. * * * * * I need not tell you—you have been told over and over, and even if you have not, YOU KNOW—that your little paper is a great paper. Yes, it is simply superb. It is the best I have ever seen in the line of Mental Science papers, and I have seen a great many. I need not wish you success or good-speed. It is yours and forevermore. I consider myself most fortunate in being aware of its existence. But such a bright light could not be hid under a bushel. It would burn the obstruction and shed its light from continent to continent.

Yours Sincerely,

AUGUST HAMILTON.

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Respectfully,
J. M. ENGLISH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March, 1896, at Daytona, Florida.
C. M. BINGHAM, Jr.,
Notary Public.

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