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## in The Nautilus

**Y**OU may appear to be a dismal failure, but in spite of that I repeat that success is yours, now at this very moment. In fact—you are success, for the reason that you have climbed the long and difficult path of Evolution from the one-celled organism to the many-celled human.

You have scaled many mountain peaks in your journey and descended into many valleys. What you call failure now is only one of the valleys in your ascending progress.

Life itself is a success. Life, wherever it finds expression, in so far as it expresses itself at all, is to that extent a success. For what is success? It is the accomplishment that crowns effort of any kind in any direction.

And so I say again: The very fact that you have come up through the process of Evolution to the place where you now stand proves you to be a success. If you are down in a valley just now, what matters it? You are soon to climb another hill. A few depressions here and there are nothing to him whose present valley is a height compared to the hill-top farther down in the range.

Did that ever occur to you, my disheartened friend? If not, let it occur to you right now.

Today you are a success so far as you have gone, but you have not gone far enough.

Brace up and press onward and upward, knowing that however weak, however imperfect you may seem to yourself, and to others, still you are in reality a success. If you could look back into your unconscious life where it began as a tiny bit of protoplasm, and see what you have been through in your ascent, what you have had to contend with, and what you have overcome, you could better judge of your success.

For my part I do not believe in failure. There may be stoppage or hindrance on the way to success, or motion may be discontinued in some one direction, but that does not mean failure by any means.

Was it failure when Hawthorne lost a position with a fixed salary and thus found time to write that great book, "The Scarlet Letter?" Hawthorne himself thought it the worst moment of his life, but his far-seeing wife knew better. She said to him: "You have

always wanted time to write a book. The time has come. I have a little money laid up that will support us until the book is written."

So Hawthorne wrote his book, and many others, to the delight of the world, and his own financial benefit—but he never would have known that success had he not met first with failure, had he not descended into the valley in order to climb the adjacent hill.

Hawthorne was fortunate in having a good wife at his elbow to suggest another channel for his interrupted force to flow into. You may not have a good angel at your elbow, but you have one within who will guide you into the new and better path.

No matter how sick, how weak, how wretched you may be at this very moment, listen to the angel within, and you will take up your journey again and become what you wish to be.

Do not say: "I am old and life is nearly over. There is no use in attempting anything at this late hour." Do not compare yourself to a flower withering on the stalk or a leaf falling from the tree. These are not true symbols of your life, for the real flower never withers, and the real leaf never falls. They only discard their external envelopes. The real thing, whether it be flower, leaf or man, always and forever IS.

When once you get the true idea of yourself as substantial, permanent, self-existent, indestructible being, you will know there can be no real failure, for all failure is intended to point the way to success.

Someone writes me saying: "Life is too hard for me. Things are not going smoothly." My answering thought is: Who wants things to go smoothly? I do not, for is there not a charm in adjusting by your own effort warring circumstances to your liking? Does it not develop resource, open up chambers in the mind, clear out brain cells and promote healthy activity, both mental and physical? I am sure it does.

If one were only sure of power sufficient to cope successfully with all obstacles, one would enter the fray with colors flying. But when obstacles rise up and look immense and threatening, as they have a way of doing, then one shrinks down powerless, and is beaten without even a struggle. There is a certain condition of the physical atmosphere in which self looks small and fied far beyond their natural proportions, and there is a corresponding condition of the mental atmosphere in which self looks small and weak while environment looms large and forbidding. This is a matter of mental state, and can be reversed so that self looks large and powerful while environment turns passive and unresisting.

It all depends upon what you think about yourself. If you see yourself as a worm out of the dust, in the dust you will crawl. If you see yourself as a god and wish to ride, Emerson says that "Every chip and stem will bud and shoot out winged feet to carry you."

Nothing can shut you away from ultimate success, but something can hold you back from it for a time, and that something is your low estimate of yourself and your enfolding powers. The low estimate is not the true one. It is a hypnotic spell cast upon your mind by your inherited false beliefs. The truth about yourself shall set you free.

You are a Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians. They have twisted tiny cords of false belief about your giant muscles and left you bound and helpless, not realizing that you could break those fragile threads like cobwebs.