

# ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS  
FEAR IS NOT

APRIL, 1915

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# ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

Spirit of Truth, Torchbearer of Light, Love and Peace, devoted to the Human uplift and the Science of the Soul. Standing for truth in all things for the brotherhood of man and for good government, including equal citizenship for all intelligent people regardless of sex.

## BE ONE OF US

To be an Aletheian signifies that you are endeavoring to be **one** in the harmonious whole, an active unit in the great Kosmos. The Aletheian is not the organ of a secret order, but a promulgator of the Free Truth. Its outer members are those who desire to be helped. Its inner circle those who are giving help to the world. There are no dues, salaried officers, or paid promoters. Your subscription fee of One Dollar a year makes you a member. Your own understanding and effort decides as to whether you are the outer or the "inner circle." The Aletheian was founded as a magazine in direct obedience to the voice of the Master. Its work is carried on through the same guidance. Its slogan is "Where truth is, fear is not." Its one command is "Love thy neighbor as thyself. Aspire, Serve, Attain."

WE desire your help. We help YOU whether you desire it or not. Send your dollar today and speed the work, your work and ours.

Address Frances A. Head, Publisher, The Aletheian Magazine, 18 Huntington Avenue.

**O**N Sunday evening, April fourth, the Aletheian Assembly will be held in the banquet hall of the Hotel Brunswick, promptly at 7.45 o'clock. Our Editor, Aletheia Head, will speak on Ancient and Modern Religions, and their relation to Truth. Half an hour will be devoted to answering questions through inspiration. Miss Alice Holbrook, vocal soloist, and Mr. Lawrence Rogers, violinist, will have charge of the music. You and all friends are invited to attend. Voluntary contributions in aid of our work.





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### "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU."

In the center of every storm exists a perfect calm! The tempest-tossed soul lives in the circumference of the storm. Every gust of trouble sways him, the drought of deprivation withers him, the icy breath of misfortune chills and represses him. He is buffeted by the gale, blinded by the blizzard, chilled by the frost and shaken by the tempest. His weak, shambling feet slip upon their insecure footing. He is torn, disheveled, bruised and beaten, because he is at the surface of the storm! STRIVE LESS TO GET INTO HEAVEN AND MORE TO GET HEAVEN INTO YOU!  
STELLA STUART.



# THE ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME IV No. 3

APRIL, 1915

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A

PSYCHOLOGY  
ETHICS

PHILOSOPHY  
VERSE

Written in the Spirit of Truth

DEVOTED TO THE UPLIFT OF ALL BEINGS, BROTHERHOOD AND  
THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

EDITED BY ALETHEIA

PUBLISHED AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

## THE WORD

“In the beginning was the word and the word was  
with God and the Word was God.”



**T**HE WORD—Almighty Logos—sounding in  
the souls of men, with all thy beauty and  
power; vehicle of Truth, bearer of light, in-  
spirer of great deeds; penetrate my inmost  
consciousness and still the clamor of the world  
without: speeding on vibrant waves of light  
illumine every shrouded soul, bursting the  
bonds of superstition and dogma! Ceaselessly, O Mighty Word,  
sound thy mandate in the souls of Men “Love Ye One Another!”  
Beating in unison with the great heart of Life, instill Love  
throughout the World.

O Mighty Word, tear down the barriers built by men and  
lead us to thine inner sanctuary, the open temple of the soul  
whose columns fair, in every clime, in every race, in every langu-  
age bear thy name, TRUTH—this is thine “Unknown Name,”  
this is the “Lost Word.”

Arise, go forth, O Word, sunder every hampering cord, fill  
the world with Love of Truth. Teach man to know and love his  
fellow-man, lead lost wayfarers into the paths of Light. Pour  
forth thy power, O Word, until the Universe cries out:

**SLAY NO MORE,—PEACE, BE STILL.**

—Aletheia.

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## SPIRIT OF TRUTH



Spirit of Truth through Jesus spoke,  
Lighting the world with love,  
Spirit of Man the body broke,  
Love's sacrifice to prove.  
Spirit of Truth arisen is,  
Spirit of Love Divine,  
Calling the seeking soul of man,  
Calling to thee and thine.

Come O, ye loved ones,  
Come ye bright angels,  
Singing the heavenly strain,  
Voicing the message,  
Whispering the counsel,  
Voicing the word divine,  
Leading to love again.  
Peace to the soul ye bring,  
"On, to the goal," we sing,  
Spirit divine!

Spirit of man with error fraught,  
Wakens from darkest night,  
Spirit of Love through Jesus taught,  
Flooding the world with light,  
Spirit of Truth received is,  
Welcomed the love divine,  
Speaking to souls in brother-love,  
Calling to me and mine;

Come O ye loved ones,  
Come ye bright angels,  
Singing the heavenly strain,  
Voicing the message,  
Whispering the counsel,  
Voicing the word divine,  
Leading to Love again.  
Peace to the soul ye bring,  
"On, to the goal," we sing,  
Spirit Divine!

—ALETHEIA.





# THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

BY ALETHEIA

**B**EFORE the infant Earth, and embryo in the World-Matrix, was conceived, thou wert, O Soul; and when the chains of new-born worlds shall wax and wane, to their primeval mist returning, thou still a Being shall persist, serene, imperishable, Divine. Aspire, Serve, Attain!

**T**RUTH is the absolute center of the Life-Divine; the well-spring of life-giving force, the spirit essence that feeds the Light of the world. When one has found Truth he joyfully sells all else that he hath in order that he may be free to bear Her beacon light through the crowded marts of the world; for there Truth's face is oftentimes hidden beneath the mask of error and superstition. The Truth-bearer lifts the mask, unveils the mystery of Life and turns upon the "Hidden" the ever Radiant Light.

DO YOU hear with your ears, or with your understanding? If we listen well, we will gain illumination from words that are oftentimes beyond ordinary comprehension. If we hear faintly and see through a glass darkly we distort Truth. Through our own darkness, we fail to perceive light. If we are wearing "blindness" of prejudice and pessimism, we deliberately shut out the light of Universal truth, seeing a few things dimly through our restricted vision. If we impartially and optimistically look "out" submitting the full vision to the inner light, we then perceive all things in the Radiant Light of truth.

The world is full of men and women who are seeking light on the path, and as demand regulates supply in the material, so aspiration opens the door of supply in the spiritual. As the world progresses more and more along the lines of development of the higher self, peace and power permeate the universe. In the awakening of soul consciousness the individual becomes a center radiating peace, poise and harmony to those within his immediate environment. Soul consciousness, the power of the individual, the supremacy of the ego awakens in man his own kingship, and a recognition of the kingship of others; thus true fellowship, the brotherhood of man, will become a verity.

If mastery be attained, be assured that such a Master will recognize the rights of all humanity, will reach out in loving fellowship to his fellowman that he, too, may gain the open door of that consciousness which is the great liberator.



**I**N the science of the soul we endeavor to bring our normal consciousness into complete harmony with both the subconscious and the superconscious states of being. As psychology is taught in our colleges today, its inner meaning is apparently lost sight of and generally ignored. The psychology of a Meunsterberg, dealing with the subjective and the hypnotic cannot properly be classified as psychology at all, for the Greek word Psyche, the soul, and ology, knowledge or science of, can mean only the science of the soul. We look upon the hypnotic and subjective states of consciousness as destructive, a menace to soul development.

We use the word "psychic power" as power of the soul to receive inspirationally by direct contact with the superconscious mind of the individual. This oversoul or superior spiritual self, through self mastery, gains a power to penetrate eteherian realms, to hold converse with immortals, and to demonstrate the fact that it is a part of the God consciousness.

The sensitive, and each human brain is sensitive, receives its impressions from all sources in that degree to which environment and education lead. In the higher thought the student is taught to define soul-consciousness and learns that through the cultivation of the higher will, he becomes absolutely immune to hypnotic suggestions and to the adverse influences emanating from the subconscious mind. It is the higher self that is guardian of the consciousness. This higher self is the invincible I. In seeking this soul center one finds that he is in tune with the Infinite; that infinite consciousness opens the doors of a vast understanding, universal love, and assurance. When one has entered into soul consciousness, the well-meaning advice of clamoring friends will fall upon deaf ears, deaf to the outer, but vibrantly awake to the inner voice that is, and should be, the only mentor.

Persons who are scarcely conscious of the higher vibrations through which mortal consciousness enters the immortal, will sometimes advise one to "obey his first impressions." What are impressions? What are our first impressions? The first impressions are the direct inspirations penetrating the conscious mind through its upreach or aspirations toward the Infinite. The soul aspires, attains, but attains only through obedience to these inspirations. This is the service through which the truthseeker follows the light on the path and attains to the heights beyond.



# ERE SLEEP COMES DOWN TO SOOTHE THE WEARY EYES

By Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

ERE sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,  
Which all the day with ceaseless care have sought  
The magic gold which from the seeker flies ;

Ere dreams put on the gown and cap of thought,  
And make the waking world a world of lies,—

Of lies most palpable, uncouth, forlorn,  
That say life's full of aches and tears and sighs,—

Oh, how with more than dreams the soul is torn,  
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,

How all the griefs and heartaches we have known  
Come up like pois'nous vapors that arise

From some base witch's caldron, when the crone,  
To work some potent spell, her magic plies.

The past which held its share of bitter pain,  
Whose ghost we prayed that Time might exercise,

Comes up, is lived and suffered o'er again.  
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,

What phantoms fill the dimly lighted room ;  
What ghostly shades in awe-creating guise

Are bodied forth within the teeming gloom.

What echoes faint of sad and soul-sick cries,

And pangs of vague inexplicable pain

That pay the spirit's ceaseless enterprise,

Come thronging through the chambers of the brain,  
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,

Where ranges forth the spirit far and free?  
Through what strange realms and unfamiliar skies

Tends her far course to lands of mystery?

To lands unspeakable—beyond surmise,

Where shapes unknowable to being spring,

Till, faint of wing, the Fancy fails and dies

Much wearied with the spirit's journeying,  
Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.



Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes,  
 How questioneth the soul that other soul,—  
 The inner sense which neither cheats nor lies,  
 But self exposes unto self, a scroll  
 Full writ with all life's acts unwise or wise,  
 In characters indelible and known;  
 So, trembling with the shock of sad surprise,  
 The soul doth view its awful self alone,  
 Ere sleep comes down to soothe the weary eyes.

When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes,  
 The last dear sleep whose soft embrace is balm,  
 And whom sad sorrow teaches us to prize  
 For kissing all our passions into calm,  
 Ah, then, no more we heed the sad world's cries,  
 Or seek to probe th'eternal mystery,  
 Or fret our souls at long withheld replies,  
 At glooms through which our visions cannot see  
 When sleep comes down to seal the weary eyes.

## SMILES

Opportunity knocks always at the front door of life, grasp her hand with a smile then you will find Failure has skulked out by the back way. Smile at the departure, Smile!

If you cannot forget the faults of your friends there are no smiles in your soul. Forgive, forget, and Smile!

Smiles are the outgoing rays of the indwelling sun of Joy. If there is sunshine in your soul you will smile, smile, smile!

He who remembers only the shortcomings of his associates has neither truth, nor love, nor God in his soul.

"The smile is mightier than the grouch."

—Lawrence W. Rogers

The Spirit of Truth is the incandescent illuminating the soul, lighting the path upward and onward.



## THE CAT'S PAW

(Continued)

A narrative of startling facts, dealing with certain psychological phases of the business world and prophetic visions that became a wonderful factor involving a notable group of people.

"The Cat's Paw" deals with a woman in the hands of certain "Literary Philistines," and demonstrates that even the wheels of Justice may become a "cat's paw" in the hands of unscrupulous individuals.

This great serial is being published exclusively in the *Aletheian Magazine*, and later will be brought out in book form.

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AT four o'clock in the afternoon the Matron spoke to Fanny, arousing her from one of those deep periods of silence, fraught with the inner counsel that had become a part of her life during the past few months. She had to speak the second time before she succeeded in gaining the attention of her prisoner. With a sigh, Fanny came back to earth as the Matron said:

"That man from the Herald is here. Don't you let him get away without giving you every scrap of paper that he took from you. I don't like that bulldog jaw of his, nor his shifty eyes. I am surprised that a woman of your remarkable perceptions should have been fooled by him for a minute. Ssh, he's here now—"

The man entered. His face was crimson with rage and vindictiveness. He tried to argue, but Fanny would not listen. The man kept up a rapid fire of conversation in a loud, threatening voice common to those who attempt by browbeating, deceit and bombast to further a low order of hypnotic power. But the period of silence had completely restored Fanny's equilibrium. She simply said:

"I do not wish you to talk to me, but to return everything I gave you, and we will check up the pieces one by one."

With a look of baffled rage, he was forced to obey. He turned to go, but Fanny said:

"Wait. You have kept the most important of all, the Smalley letter, which is my proof that my mail was opened in Wasgood's office without my knowledge or consent."

"That letter hasn't any bearing on the case,"—began the Herald man,—

"I don't wish to discuss the matter with you, but I want the letter" replied Fanny.

The man took the letter from an inner pocket, and laid it reluctantly in her hands. He took his hat and as he passed out of the door said:



"That's the only damn bit of evidence you've got against Wasgood!"

Fanny smiled at his self-contradiction, too thankful to have her papers restored to make further comment.

Her sleep that night was peaceful and refreshing. The morning of her trial dawned; she was ready for it, filled with a consciousness of her divine protection. Over and over again through her mind rang the words of the Master, received in her extremity; "Peace, be still. Where truth is, fear is not."

The Matron said to her: "Come now, it is nearly nine o'clock, and I am going with you." As they left the house of detention, Fanny shrank at the sight of a long black vehicle. The Matron laid a reassuring arm upon her hand, and said:

"Don't mind, I am going to get right inside with you. You're not the first innocent person that has taken a ride in the old Black Maria!"

With her natural instinct as a writer and a student of life, Fanny found herself minutely examining the vehicle. They stopped at the First Precinct; a prisoner was taken into the van, a colored woman. Fanny could not but contrast her own sense of security with the evident dread and misery upon the face of the poor unfortunate. As they were about to be led into court, a man came to the door of the van and said to Fanny:

"Here, you come with me." The Matron, in shocked amazement, cried:

"What! Oh, no, that can't be right. What are you taking her up there for?" Why, it's this colored woman that you want."

No, it ain't," said the man gruffly, "this is the one I want. That's the orders."

The evident amazement and distress of the Matron impressed Fanny. Her brain as instantly grasped the idea that she was being deliberately taken to a part of the prison, prior to trial, to which she should not be sent, and that the excuse would be offered later that there was a mistake in the identity of the two prisoners. She said very quietly:

"I am Mrs. Fanny Heath. I want you to be very sure of my name before you take me anywhere that you should not."

The man looked at her with an evil leer, and said: "Go along, keep your mouth shut."

He forced her up what seemed to her interminable flights of



stairs; at the top a door was unlocked, and she was thrust into a foul, ill-smelling room in which there were several Negro women. Fanny recoiled at the stench, shrinking in horror from their degraded faces, and clutched the warden by the sleeve. "Why do you put me in here?" she cried, "these are Negro prisoners! Is there no place for white women?"

The man laughed; his breath was reeking with liquor. He pushed her back and tried to shake off her grasp, as he deliberately chucked her under the chin, saying:

"This is where you belong. Say, Lizzie, what are you in for?"

Fanny grasped his coat lapel, and said "Wait, wait, what do you think that emblem that you wear stands for? How dare you wear a Masonic emblem! You who are supposed to protect the honor and virtue of women are insulting the granddaughter of a Grand Master of the Scottish Rite. You are a Shriner, and your oath—if it means anything—obligates you to protect me." She clutched his hand, for in his surprise at her words, the man stood irresolutely. Fanny found herself pressing his hand with a peculiar grip that some interior consciousness told her was a sign that he dared not ignore. "By that grip" she said, "I demand that you take me from this room, and place me somewhere, anywhere, where the air is at least clean."

"There is no other place" the man replied.

"Out there on the steps" she pleaded.

"I can't," the man replied. "I'd lose my job."

"Well, take me where you are. At least you're a white man."

"Do you want to go in where the cages for the men are?" he asked.

"Anywhere, rather than that awful room." she said, as he allowed her to step into the corridor.

It was curiosity rather than sympathy he felt. His amazement increased as she said:

"I will read for you the emblem that you wear, both its outer meaning, of which you have some knowledge, and its inner meaning that you and others like you have never even grasped, much less put into practice."

As Fanny rapidly explained the symbol to him, the man's half sneering, half curious expression changed to one of deep thought, almost fear: "Who are you, what are you," he said. "How do you come by this knowledge?"



"I am a psychic, a soul seer," she responded. "My mind comes into direct contact with those Masters of Wisdom who are aiding me and who are giving me what I need to know day by day, and I know that I shall overcome even this attempt to brand me as a criminal or as an imposter, or what not."

As he opened the door leading into the corridor, Fanny glimpsed a large room in which were a number of cages; yes, here in great iron cages were human animals such as she had never looked upon; had scarcely realized existed.

"Who are these." "What are they here for?" she cried.

"These are the murderers' cages" he responded.

"Murder?" she repeated.

"Yes, and other desperate crimes," the man replied.

The first cage fixed her attention. Inside was a strapping Negro man, and chained to his wrist was a white boy, a mere stripling, a blue-eyed youth, whose timid face expressed both innocence and fear. As she glanced at his clay-stained shoes, all self-consciousness left her, and it seemed as if the Master entered into her being, animating her voice, permeating her consciousness. With an almost imperious gesture, she flung aside the detaining arm of the warden. With glowing eyes and fluent tongue she found herself speaking to the prisoners. In some inexplicable way, she had attained the Christ consciousness. As, it is said, the Master preached to the souls in torment, so this frail woman found a voice to counsel and comfort those in these terrible cages.

She turned first to the boy, saying:

"You have not committed a murder. You have committed no crime. Yet you have been kept here for three weeks to force you to confess to something you never did. I can see what happened. You were driving a brewery wagon. You were sent out to drive and collect, which is against the law. You went in to collect a bill. Your team became frightened and ran away. You were not even on the wagon when the accident occurred. The people who owned the brewery, through the assistance of nefarious lawyers, are frightening you; holding you here to prevent you from telling the truth, which would throw the blame upon them and involve them in a heavy suit for damages. You have not been able to get in touch with any of your friends. No one has spoken a kind word to you until this moment. After my own trial is over, I will take your case to the Masons."



The warden interjected: "The Masons, what do you mean?"

"To the real" she replied. "Not those outer, speculative Masons who neither know the law of brotherhood, nor practice it,—such as yourself."

The man seemed to shrink from her, and the boy, with tears streaming down his face, said:

'Oh, lady, lady, its true.'" It was all just as you have said. I didn't do anything wrong, I didn't steal, but when the team ran away, I left the receipted bill inside without getting the money, and if I don't say I was on the team, the Company threatened to arrest me for stealing the amount of that bill. Day after day they bring me here saying that I am to be tried and day after day they send me back without a trial. My mother doesn't know whether I am living or dead."

"Insist upon a hearing, and tell your story to the judge. Remember that where truth is, fear is not, and you will be protected."

From cage to cage she went, exhorting, admonishing, rebuking, comforting. There was not a dry eye among the prisoners; innocent and guilty alike admitted all her statements to be true. Different attaches of the court came and went. She was conscious of different faces looking in the door, scanning her with wide-eyed amazement. She paid no attention to the voices admonishing her to be quiet. When she was told that she would be punished for her temerity, she merely replied:

"I have done nothing to warrant my own arrest. I didn't ask to be brought here, but while I am here, I shall do the work that is given me to do, and no power short of death can stop my voice."

She scarcely realized the flight of time until a man came and asked for her: saying "It is time now for your trial." It was the first thought that she had given to her own case for two hours and a half.

As she descended the steps, the weariness of the morning was gone. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the stone. All feelings of indignity, disgrace, or the cruelty of her persecution was merged in an infinite calm as she entered the trial room. The words rang in her soul: "Lo, I am with you always," and "The gates of hell shall not prevail!"

(To be continued)



## WOMEN AND WORLD PEACE

**T**HE perfect government must be an equal union. Equal rights, privileges, opportunities and equal efforts exercised by all citizens regardless of sex. Purity and equity are the forerunners of peace. Love points man to a higher ideal and forces him to keep pace with his mate, woman, in seeking the common goal. The goddesses of Wisdom, Love, Purity and Victory have ever been symbolized in feminine form. The gods of Force, Strength, Power and Swiftmess, symbolized as masculine. Mythology teaches us that a union of these masculine and feminine attributes produced the human race. Every child of Earth possesses some of these transcendent qualities. All must unite to produce transcendent results for humanity.

In our council chambers must Wisdom unite with Force, Love with Strength, Purity with Power, and Victory with Swiftmess shall follow Truth's beacon light into one vast commonwealth where Justice shall clasp hands with Mercy to crown the world in Peace.

—Aletheia.

## THE REAL COST OF WAR

**T**HE diversion of the energies and skill of half a dozen nations turned from useful and productive industry into an organized body of millions of men whose orders are to lay waste and destroy; the draft upon the strength and endurance of women; the orphanage of children; the destruction of life on such a scale that Governments are drafting women as "war brides," spreading broadcast the slogan "breed before you die," degrading the noblest ideals of parenthood to the rearing of children for slaughter; the serious suggestion that polygamous marriage may be encouraged at the close of the war in order to replenish its ravages—these things, in all their elemental savagery, reveal the true cost of war. It is a reversion of civilization to barbarism.

Back of every big Army and Navy appropriation bill is the organized power of private interest, pressing for larger appropriations, for more battleships, more armor plate, more powder, more rifles, more machine guns, a larger standing Army, a bigger Navy; because there follows in the wake of such legislation fat Army contracts, with attendant opportunity for graft and easy money.

It devolves upon the peoples of the world who are not in this conflict, who can still exercise a calm and dispassionate judgment,



to confer together and strive, and strive again and yet again, as the unbiased friend of each of the belligerents, to bring about a cessation of hostilities through offers of mediation.

Mediation has well been called "applied brotherhood."

—Senator Robert La Follette.

### WHEN WOMAN GOES TO WAR

**W**HEN was there a generation since boys were born that women did not go to war? Never a bayonet lunged into the breast of the soldier that had not already cooled its hot wrath in the heart of a mother. While the soldier has fought through one battle, the mother has wandered over a score of slaughter fields, looking for his mangled body. He sings and plays the rough games of out-door men, in camp for a month, and then goes out to fight one skirmish. But every day and night of the thirty the mother has waked through a hundred alarms that never were. She has watched on the lonely picket post. She has paced the sentry beat before his tent. She has prayed beside him while he slept. The throbs of her heart have been the beads of her rosary. If a mother should write her story of the war she would pluck a white hair from her temple and dip the living stylus into the chalice of her tears to write the diary of the days upon her heart.

Robert J. Burdette.

### THE MOTHER

By Marie Blymyer

**B**EHOLD a slave upon a throne; her hands are bound;  
 Tho' heavy fetters bind her limbs, her head is crowned.  
 Her wide far-seeing eyes brood o'er the earth;  
 She counts the soldiers of the world, she gave each birth  
 Of all the sailors on the seas, there is not one  
 But lay upon her breast a loved son.  
 Each toiler in the mills, those the mines hide,  
 The laughing schoolgirl and the fettered bride,  
 The countless prostitutes, by man beguiled,  
 Each lay within her arms a loved child—  
 And yet she may not make their wrongs her care,  
 She is not free to make the world more fair!  
 She sits with haunted eyes which visions see,  
 An alien in an alien land where man alone is free!

—The Woman's Home Journal.



## SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL OF TRUTH

**W**OULD YOU become an author? Write something each day, if it be only a few lines of comment upon your daily life; Would you become a painter? Then, try your colors at least once each day. Would you become a singer? Let no day pass with mute lips. Plan, contrive, practice concentrate upon all that you would be, if only for one hour out of the twenty-four, but first consecrate your life to what you would attain.

**L**ET US accomplish one task at a time without fretting about how much we have to do. The time and vitality wasted in worrying about our work beforehand is greater than that consumed in the actual labor. If our intentions are good, we will carry them unto swift fulfilling.

The A-B-C of self-mastery is to conquer the small faults and self-indulgences one by one. By that time we are ready to attack the big evils in our lives they will no longer be formidable, for our spirits will have grown strong enough to render to our conscious minds an unbiased verdict with the soul as the judge. The once-feared evil will be disbarred from practice. Let us search our own eyes for the motes, lest with distorted vision we gain the illusion of a beam in our neighbor's.

Confession of "sin" to a fellow-being is but a plea for sympathy, excuse and further license. The first acknowledgment of error to our own souls, polishes the windows of understanding. The same error repeated, then smokes the glass of consciousness and if long continued shuts out the soul's view completely.

None of us ever suffer from any circumstances that we have not encouraged in one way or another. This is the most difficult lesson of life to learn. Once mastered, it is a potent power against every evil.

Sectarianism leaves one floundering in a sea of theory through which the Spirit of Truth is constantly emitting rays like those from the lighthouse on a storm-tossed night. If we follow the Light we will at last reach the shores of wisdom and understanding.

Truth only, can inspire the man to grasp his opportunity and to know the hour when it strikes.

—Aletheia.



Ⓜ Thou, Illimitable Voice, bear forth the **word** uncontaminated by worldly-wisdom, self-seeking or desire for earthly gain!

Man, thou too, art illimitable and thy Life truly beginneth with the casting off of the earth garment. Rejoice when the Spirit is set free and fear not the darkness that does presage the greater dawn. Out of the illimitable wert thou created and of the illimitable art thou. Cast out fear and go forth into the Unknown with joyful anticipation.

**A**S each one looks within and steadfastly endeavors to build himself up to the higher consciousness of his own soul, his whole being expands with the dignity of his understanding. Such souls have not time for idle comment, argument or criticism. They are busy with the great work, opening the doors of the higher consciousness, leading and striving at the same time, developing self through their efforts for humanity, gaining illumination for their own higher being through the steadfast effort to let their light shine. Be assured that no light is manifest to mankind that has not filled with radiance the entire being of him who would manifest that light unto others.

### GUIDANCE

Tho' all the world its' contumely bestow  
 Upon the head that falters in the race;  
 Tho' failure be large writ upon the brow  
 Not so the Father will the message trace,—  
 The patient effort He alone doth know.

False friends may shun the outstretched hand,  
 And scornfully its' every plea deride  
 Time's hour-glass pours out life's shining sand  
 And to the end the faithful shall abide,  
 While God doth grasp the weary toilers hand.

Tho' every effort, futile seeming, die,  
 And mortals measure all thy toil as vain,  
 The Changeless Father hears thy every cry  
 And bids the "Onward, to the task" again!  
 Love leadeth thee beyond the barriers high.

—Aletheia.



## “LIGHT ON THE PATH: SAID MY HEART TO ME”

“This is a good old world,” said my heart to me the other day. “There are so many folk who are really trying to do generously big things for their kind. And there are so many ways in which **you** can help your fellow-travelers—if you will. This, you know, is the time o’ year to get the helpful habit established. And once that habit becomes fixed your life will be infinitely bigger and better.”

“But what can I do?” I asked, “I have such heavy burdens; and **Life** is such a long and weary thing.”

Something warm and cheerful—something strong, stirred my **Heart**, making me feel a wee bit ashamed, as it replied,

“Your trials are no bigger than you allow them to be. And the less you think about them, and the more you seek to lessen the burdens and trials of others, the lighter will be the load you must carry. It is the law of **Life** that the helping hand, extended to another, lessens the burden of the helper.” I felt the **Heart of Me** smile as it continued,

“It is to be your pleasure to be a helper of humankind, if you will. And this you can do: You can speak the word for the faint-hearted. You can smile into the hearts of the weary and soothe the pain of those who suffer. Then, be patient with the weak and faltering, for their weakness may be no more than a mere pause in their life journey—a moment’s abstraction.

Then,” and here the message became thrillingly alive, “you might realize you, too are only human, and being human should be kind.”

—Will J. Erwood in “The Radiant Life.”

## THEN 'Twill BE DAY

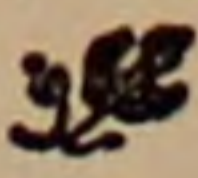
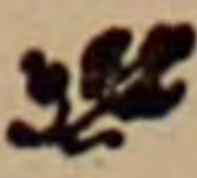
Angel of Peace, a message I pray—  
Afar in the East the morning star glows  
The world is yet sleeping, is dawn on the way?  
The snow lieth deep on the grave of the rose,  
Angel of Hope, how near is the day?

When a man over men no longer holds sway—  
Then shall the sword a ploughshare become.  
When the heart of a despot has learned how to pray,  
When the wide world is shared as humanity’s home  
Then 'twill be day, child, then 'twill be day!

—Aletheia.



# Truth

**F**ROM *The* AGES  
OH TRUTH,  
From *The* Ages  
long past hath man sought  
thee. In the future to come  
will he seek. In visions of  
light God hath wrought to  
unfold all the wisdom of  
sage *and* of seer. Look  
then with the eyes of the  
soul, oh my brother, look  
deep with the far-seeing  
soul. All the sorrow *and*  
sinning the world would  
uncover shall fade by the  
light of the radiant soul!  
*The* spirit illumines, the  
soul holds the light, the  
mortal the torch bearer is.  
Inexpressible privilege, to  
carry the light; Oh won-  
drous guerdon, to so cheer  
the world! Who tells you  
that suffering is bitter,  
knows not the joy of wak-  
ing to strength through  
trial. Love *and* be loved  
oh Children of Earth. Love  
*and* give love. For this thou  
wer't born, to follow thine  
All-Highest Light.  

—ALETHEIA.

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