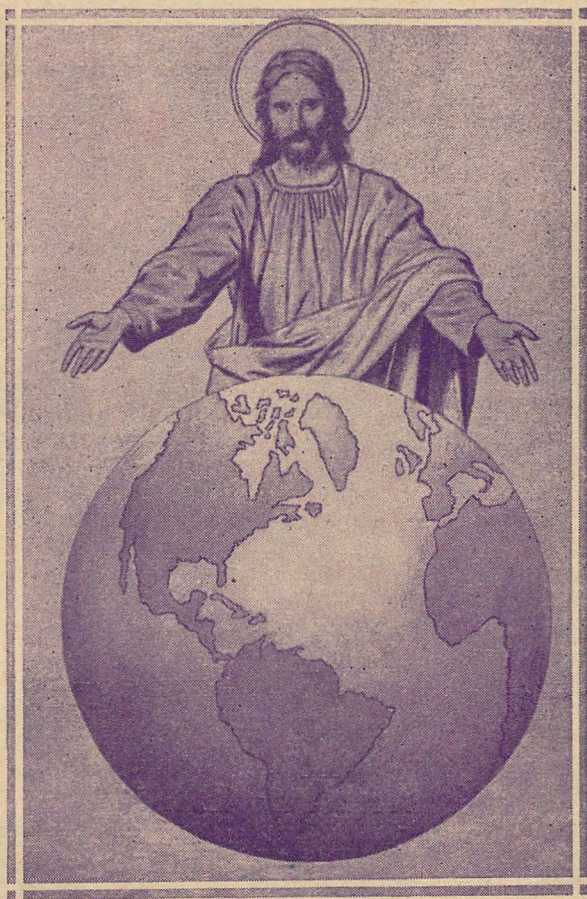


THE AQUARIAN AGE



“LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER”

Published by the Aquarian Ministry, Santa Barbara, Calif.

THE AQUARIAN AGE

LOUISE B. BROWNELL, *Editor*

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THE AQUARIAN MINISTRY

This is a Christ Ministry-at-Large, founded by George B. Brownell and Louise B. Brownell in 1918, for healing and teaching along Metaphysical lines. It is a religious, non-sectarian, non-profit organization, largely supported by free-will offerings.

The word "Aquarian" is taken from Aquarius, the Sign of the Zodiac now influencing mankind. The symbol for this sign (since time immemorial) has been an Ancient with a pitcher pouring water upon the earth. Water has always been used as a symbol for Spirit, and this design signifies "the outpouring of Spirit upon all flesh," prophesied in Scriptures as covering the next 2,000 years. "And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together." The Aquarian Age ushers in a Golden Age—a higher revelation of God. This new dispensation stands for co-operation and brotherhood; healing by spiritual means; progress and illumination through love and service; and benevolent and constructive thinking and living. The Aquarian Ministry is giving voice and action to this New Spirit. It is one of the many channels dedicated to the ushering in of the promised Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

BELIEVE the intelligent and consistent practice of the Christian faith can solve any personal problem. This conviction is based on hundreds of modern people who have passed through our conference rooms in a church at the heart of New York City. People must be taught to realize that in faith they have a mechanism and power by which they can actually live victorious, happy and successful lives. —Norman Vincent Peale, D.D.



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A Prayer for Universal Good

(Many people all over the world are joining with us daily in offering up this prayer to God to help bring about the Kingdom of the Christ on earth. Will you join us?)

WE PRAY that the Spirit of Divine Love and Brotherhood may enter the hearts of the people of every country of the earth; that God may send such a Spiritual Power down upon us that it will awaken every soul to the value of spiritual things, and the value of creative effort without competition, greed, fear or jealousy of any other person or nation.

Dissolve, O God, these qualities from the mind of the races, for with them will vanish poverty, war, crime, incompetency and waste.

May every person on earth be filled now with a spiritual zeal and unswerving purpose to spend his time and resources for constructive work in the world, to bring about universal peace and brotherhood. Thus shall Divine Love be established and God's kingdom reign on earth.

For You

The things you loved I have not laid away
 To molder in the darkness, year by year;
 The songs you sang, the books you read each day
 Are all about me, intimate and dear.

I do not keep your chair a thing apart,
 Lonely and empty—desolate to view—
 But if one comes a-weary, sick at heart—
 I seat him there and comfort him—for you.

I do not go apart in grief and weep,
 For I have known your tenderness and care.
 Such memories are joys, that we may keep
 And so I pray for those whose lives are bare.

I may not daily go and scatter flowers
 Where you are sleeping neath the sun and dew,—
 But if one lies in pain through weary hours,
 I send the flowers there, dear heart,—for you.

Life claims our best, You would not have me waste
 A single day in selfish idle woe.
 I fancy that I hear you bid me haste
 Lest I should sadly falter as I go.

Perchance so much that now seems incomplete
 Was left for me in my poor way to do,
 And I shall love to tell you—when we meet—
 That I have done your errands, dear, for you.

This poem may be obtained from E. Joyce Hillis,
 1124 La Veta Terrace, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Power of Visualization

GEORGE B. BROWNELL

THE ability to visualize clearly is a great power in achievement. On the spiritual or higher planes everything is created by thought-power and visualization. "God-thought (visualized) and the Universe was wrought."

As so often said, Man is the offspring of God. All the attributes and powers of the Godhead are potentially in each one and must be brought out and expanded through use. We are all gods in the making. This may seem like a far-fetched statement, but we must remember that the earth plane is only the kindergarten where the primary unfoldments take place.

On the spiritual plane one of the first things taught children who passed out early in life, is how to visualize.

Members in meditation groups have been able to see clearly an object that one of the members, who could visualize clearly, held in mind.

This is how the Rope Trick of India is done. We know an English woman who had lived in India since she was one year old. I asked her one day if she had seen this rope trick performed, and she said yes, and went on to say that the fakirs often appear at a social gathering and offer to perform this trick for small recompense for the amusement of the guests.

The fakir will arrange the group in a circle (or semi-circle) and sit in the middle with a rope before him. In a little while the rope will stand on end and a small Hindu boy will run into the circle and climb the rope then disappear. The fakir will call for the boy to come down and when he does not respond will himself climb the rope and bring him down. The boy will then disappear again in the crowd.

This trick is performed with variations, sometimes with certain aspects not pleasant to view.

The interesting thing about it all is that the members of the group will swear that what they saw was real, as real as anything could be, but really nothing happened. There was no Hindu boy, the rope never moved, and the fakir never budged

from his position. It was all done by induced imagination or visualization. A kodak picture taken any time during the performance would show only the Hindu fakir sitting quietly in meditation.

If one in the group had moved back out of his mental influence, the whole performance would have disappeared and he would only see the Hindu sitting there. Moving back again into the circle he would see what the others saw. These Hindus have practiced such experiments of illusion for so long that they have perfected their "art" if it can be called that. It all goes to prove how one mind can influence another mind by suggestion and visualization.

We know of a group that sits once a week and blesses each member of the group, and then takes up others outside the group known to be in difficulties or in need of healing. It visualizes them as perfect, visualizes the White Light of the Christ Presence about the one being treated, and many claims have been met.

First they took up the problem of one member of the group and worked on that until it was solved, and then worked upon another's difficulty, and so on until all were helped. Then they began working on those outside the group among their friends and acquaintances.

By focusing and lifting their minds together to the Christ plane of blessing, wonderful healings were accomplished.

This creates harmony and unity, as essential to all Divine Work.

Those who emulate the Christ life and whose minds are filled with visions of the Perfect life, dispense blessings to all no matter where they go. The Radiance of their Spirit is so charged with healing potencies that it makes its impress on the auras of those passing by.

Visualizing the White Light of the Christ Presence about you builds that Light into your Aura. Visualizing the Christ Presence attunes you to His sphere of divine helpfulness and quickens the vibrations you feel from His realm of Love and Power. Health, strength and all-good comes in proportion to one's faith in the Omnipresent Love and Power of God. That Power cannot fail

as long as we positively believe in its Presence sustaining our effort.

There are two phases in all spiritual healing—*what you do* to hold and project the power, also what is done from unseen sources to help you; for there are always greater souls in the Invisible and also those on this plane they can impress who are willing to help you when you create sufficient harmony and poise to attract them, and when your love and sympathy is going out to others to heal and encourage them.

When tired, if you will lie down and imagine (visualize) yourself strong and vital, and will sustain the picture for a while, you will actually feel an increase of strength—an influx of vitality. You can always recharge your depleted batteries in this way. "Let the weak say, *I am strong*," said Joel, the prophet. *Visualize strength and feel it also*, for feeling is even a greater healing power than thought.

When you discover how this law works you will not wonder why people become sick, and stay sick, when they are continually holding reverse pictures of ill-health and weakness and even rehearsing these conditions to others. Often a genial doctor will heal a patient by telling him he will give him something that will knock the condition out. Often people are healed just by the cheerful and hopeful picture the doctor inspired in the mind of the patient. They were healed before they started taking the medicine. One can actually develop and enlarge muscles without exercising them by merely imagining strong muscles and thinking strength into them. Picturing yourself mentally going through various exercises will develop your body as an athlete develops his by strenuous movements.

If you are melancholy, gloomy, depressed, *imagine* yourself just the opposite, happy, radiant, joyful. Recall former happy occasions and try to feel the joy you then experienced. If you will persist in this awhile you will be surprised how your mental outlook will change, your attitude brighten, your depression lift.

Remember that without your mind and spirit, your body is helpless, a mass of inert matter. It was your spirit that moulded it into shape and gave life to all the parts. Your parents merely gave you the initial start.

We are not saying that these practices are easy. What great

accomplishment is? No worth-while goal is ever reached in a single bound. These creative powers are potentially in all, more or less developed. Christ was a master of these powers and even had control of the forces of Nature, so that they did His bidding. This is the goal of attainment for all, for Christ came as an example to show us what we could do with our God-given powers.

So many people have come to us through the years who seemed to have conditions that had developed quickly, but upon questioning them almost invariably some great mental shock or strain preceded their illness. Sometimes it was loss of money through speculation, or the foreclosure of a mortgage and loss of home, death of husband, wife or child, or husband or wife proving unfaithful or cold. In another case a mother was living with a married son whose wife died and the woman he later married and took into the home upset the former harmony. She so disturbed the mother's mental composure that physical difficulties began manifesting immediately which resulted in an operation. The causes are galore.

When such things happen, to worry about them is to make them worse. The thing I would advise would be to place the problem in the hands of God, or to use an expression so often used today, and so appropriate, "Leave it lovingly in the hands of the Father."

Then lean hard upon His love and Presence to do its perfect work. If you can carry out this program you will win out, for something will happen to right matters. God has a thousand solutions to every problem, but we neglect to take our problems to Him, and go the way of the world that leads to defeat.

Another thing that one can do is invaluable and that is to bless every factor involved. In the case of investment, bless those involved in the loss. Bless the money lost, that it may do good somewhere. In the case of loss of property, bless it and the mortgagor, and the one who got it at auction, bless all, and do not feel any animosity or hate, for if you do you will lose out. And in the case of the newly imported wife, bless her, bless the home for peace, keep on blessing, and so keep God working in and through you.

"All men on earth are merely one great family divided into many branches."—Bandeau

"Joy Cometh in the Morning"

LOUISE B. BROWNELL

"Joy cometh in the morning." This is a good thought to remember and to make come true. Cultivate a joyous nature, one full of enthusiasm and appreciation for the countless blessings of life and it will bring incalculable good to you. Why not get up at least a half hour earlier in the morning and dedicate the day to God? It will start your day with an uplifting vibration and influence all your actions. Some one said of this first hour, "It is the rudder of the day."

How long is it since you have seen a sunrise, or noticed how nature rejoices when the sun, God's great gift to man, appears above the dark horizon of the night, and sheds its first rays on the waking earth?

Most of us, and especially if our sleeping rooms have an easterly exposure, are awakened at sunrise, so why not get up, at least during the longer days of the year, to rejoice with nature in her growing and most productive season?

Sit down near an open window (as I am now sitting) and praise God for all the beauty and growth He has again brought into being, and (if possible) listen to the birds trilling their joy to the morning sun and the glory of a new-born world.

Some of us envy the birds, their joy and freedom, and their apparently easy lives. If one watches their habits closely, however, many lessons can be learned from these feathered friends. In the mating season, which here in California usually lasts most of the summer for they raise several broods, they are busy from sunrise to sunset. First they secure a place for their nests, where their offspring will be protected from enemies. Then they are busy from morning until night building their nests and rearing their broods. The male is especially busy, seeking food not only for himself but for the mother bird and later their offspring.

How many human husbands and wives are as zealous in displaying their joy and in inciting courage in the hearts of their family? The father bird seeks food all day, singing his heart out in paeans of joy into half the night, ever watchful and pro-

tective, ever on the lookout for enemies, which are many, including cats, dogs, road-runners, hawks, bluejays and sometimes even snakes—being eternally on the watch, yet somehow he never forgets to sing, praising God continually. The birds do not seem to have time to worry. I wonder if this is not the secret of their happy, joyous and apparently carefree lives.

One thing stands out clearly in bird life. One never sees them die of old age, or so-called "natural" causes—it is always by accident, or their inability to evade their enemies.

Cultivate the habit of singing in the morning. It is surprising how it lifts one's heart and makes everything seem brighter. A husband or wife who sings in the bathtub, or while dressing, is never grouchy or disgruntled at breakfast time. Everyone, including the children, hurrying to get off to school, get a happier and healthier start for the day. Those who cultivate this habit will find the day happier and more productive of good, for more creative ideas are impressed on those who keep an undisturbed mind and get the right start in the morning. Early morning impressions seem to color the whole day.

I have always been thankful that I had a singing father. Many the time I was awakened by his morning song, sung out most lustily: "Beautiful morning calm and clear, dawn of a better hope."

No matter how many troubles you have, nor how bad the night has been, be thankful that you have the wonderful privilege of bringing joy in the morning to all your household, and in doing this you will build it more enduringly into your own life.

What a vast number of things we all have to be glad about in our daily lives. Poor indeed is the man or woman who can find nothing to rejoice over when God has placed us in a world of endless wonders and beauties, with infinite horizons to explore.

But how often during the day do we remember to voice our appreciation of our Father's blessings? If you do this more often you may be amazed at the magic consequences. Surely you will soon begin to view life through rosier glasses.

Beginning the day right by starting to be joyous before breakfast, at a later hour we can be glad for some book perhaps that has come to our attention, exalted our spirit and possibly eased

some problem, or for contact with some friend who has brought a happy interlude.

In another hour we can be glad and thankful that God has given us eyes to see the beauty all around us; ears to hear the cheery voices of friends or children, or some inspired speaker, or the voice of God as he speaks to us through all Nature, when we keep ourselves alerted to His presence.

He has placed us among wonderful people, all trying to express Him in various ways and many of whom may be just waiting our word or recognition and appreciation to express Him more completely, and more pleasingly to us, and to inspire them to greater expression and creation.

Perhaps one of the best ways to make gladness and thankfulness a ritual in our lives, is by our own example to awaken just one child or adult daily to a larger appreciation of the gift of life with its many beauties and opportunities and to encourage him to walk the joyous path with us.

Ten Boys Prayed

W. H. LEATHEM

LEUTENANT Roger Fenton had a lump in his throat when he said good-bye to his boys. There they were in a bunch on the station platform, the ten wayward lads into whom he had sought to instill the fear of God on Tuesday evenings in winter, and with whom he had rambled and played cricket every Sunday afternoon in summer. Boys of fourteen to seventeen are a tough proposition, and though Fenton would answer for their bowling and batting he wasn't over sanguine about their religion. But they had filled a big place in his lonely life in the dull little country town, and now he had to leave them and lose them. For the great call had reached him; he bore the King's commission, and in his heart of hearts he had the feeling that he would never come back.

Now the chaff and the parting words of good luck were over, and the train was panting to be off. "Boys," he cried suddenly,

"I want you to do something for me, something hard." "Anything you like, sir," they answered eagerly. But their faces fell when they heard their teacher's word. "Look here," he said, "it's this. You'll meet in the old place every Tuesday evening for a few minutes and pray for me that I may do my duty, and, if it please God, that I may come back to you all. And I'll pray for you at the same time even if I'm in the thick of battle. Is it a bargain?"

I wish you could have seen the dismay on those ten faces. It was any odds on their blurting out a shamefaced refusal, but Ted Harper, their acknowledged chief, pulled himself together just in time, and called out as the train began to move: "We'll do it, sir. I don't know how well we'll manage it, but we'll do our best. We'll not go back on you."

As Fenton sank into his corner he was aware of the mocking looks of his brother officers. "I say," said one of them, "you don't really think those chaps are going to hold a prayer-meeting for you every week, and if they did you can't believe it would stop an enemy's bullet or turn an enemy's shell. It is all very well to be pious, but that's a bit too thick." Fenton flushed, but he took it in good part. "Prayer's a big bit of our religion," he said, "and I've a notion these prayers will help me. Anyhow I'm sure my lads will do their part. Where Ted Harper leads, they follow."

And sure enough the boys did their part. It was fine to see them starting out in the wrong direction, and twisting and doubling through the crooked lanes till they worked around to the Mission Hall, and then in with a rush and a scuttle, that as few as possible might see. The doings of the Fenton crowd, as they were known locally, were the talk of the town in those first days after Roger departed. Would they meet? Would they keep it up? Would they bear the ridicule of the other boys of their own age? And how in the world would they pray?

Time answered all these questions except the last. They met, they continued to meet, they faced ridicule like heroes. But how did they pray? That mystery was as deep and insoluble as before, for whatever awful oath of secrecy bound them to silence not a whisper of the doings of those Tuesday evenings was divulged to the outside world.

I was the only one who ever knew, and I found out by chance. Ted Harper had borrowed "Fights for the Flag" from me, and when I got it back there was a soiled piece of paper in it with something written in Ted's ungainly hand. I thought he had been copying a passage, and, anxious to see what had struck him, I opened the sheet out and read these words: "O God, it's a hard business praying. But Roger made me promise. And you know how decent he's been to me and the crowd. Listen to us now, and excuse the wrong words, and bring him back safe. And, O God, make him the bravest soldier that ever was, and give him the V. C. That's what we all want for him. And don't let the war be long, for Christ's sake. Amen."

I felt a good deal ashamed of myself when I came to the end of this artless prayer. I had got their secret. I could see them kneeling round the Mission forms, two or three with crumpled papers in their hands. They were unutterably shy of religious expression, and to read was their only chance. The boys on whom the fatal lot fell the previous Tuesday were bound to appear with their written devotions a week later. This war has given us back the supernatural, but no miracle seems more wonderful to me than those ten lads and their ill-written prayers. And, remember, that liturgical service lasted six months, and never a break in the Tuesday meeting. What a grand thing a boy's heart is, when you capture its loyalty and its affection!

It was a black day when the news came. The local Territorials had advanced too far on the wing of a great offensive, and had been almost annihilated. The few survivors had dug themselves in, and held on till that bitter Tuesday faded into darkness and night. When relief came, one man was left alive. He was wounded in four places, but he was still loading and firing, and he wept when they picked him up and carried him away for first aid. The solitary hero, absolutely the only survivor of our local regiment, was Lieutenant Roger Fenton, V.C.

When his wounds were healed and the King had done the needful bit of decoration, we got him home. We did not make the fuss they did in some places. Our disaster was too awful, and the pathos of that solitary survivor too piercing. But some of us were at the station, and there in the front row were the

ten men of prayer. Poor Roger quite broke down when he saw them. And he could find no words to thank them. But he wrung their hands till they winced with pain of that iron grip.

That night I got a chance to talk with him alone. He was too modest to tell me anything of his own great exploit. But there was evidently something he wanted to say, and it was as if he didn't know how to begin. At last he said, "I have a story to tell you that not one in fifty would listen to. That Tuesday evening when I was left alone, and had given up all hope, I remembered it was the hour of the old meeting, and I kept my promise and prayed for the boys of my class. Then everything around me faded from my mind, and I saw the dear lads in the Mission Room at prayer. I don't mean that I went back in memory. I knew with absolute certainty that I was there invisible in that night's meeting. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say, but there I was watching and listening."

"How wonderful!" I said.

"That's not all, there's something stranger still," he went on. "They were kneeling on the floor, and Ted Harper was reading a prayer, and when it was done they said 'Amen' as with one voice. I counted to see if they were all there. I got ten right enough, but I did not stop there. I counted again, and this is the odd thing—*there were eleven of them!* In my dream or vision or trance, call it what you will, I was vaguely troubled by this unexpected number. I saw the ten troupe out in their old familiar way, and I turned back to find the eleventh, *The Commander in White*, and to speak to Him. I felt His presence still and was glad of it, for the trouble and perplexity were all gone and in their place a great expectation. I seemed to know the very place where he had been kneeling, and I hurried forward. But there was nothing to be seen, nothing but the well-remembered text staring down at me from the wall—'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' I remembered no more, till I found myself in the base hospital. But of course I knew then how I had been saved, and what my boys had done for me."

"It makes a man feel strange to have his life given back to him like that; it's as if God would expect a great deal in return. But there's a stronger feeling in my heart. I believe the lads got

their answer not for my sake but for their own. Think what it means to them. They've got their feet now on the rock of prayer. They know the truth of God. I'm not sure, but I don't think I'll ever tell them that I saw Christ in their midst. They know it in their own way, and perhaps their own way is best."

And as he said it, I saw that Lieutenant Roger Fenton was prouder of his boys than of his Victoria Cross.

(From *THE COMRADE IN WHITE* by W. H. Leathem. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

The Way of Healing

CLARE CAMERON

WHEN there is a healing to be accomplished, we tend to think of a process that is applied by some external means. Not necessarily material, but by the projection of a positive helpful thought, or a gesture of love and compassion towards the one who is distressed, whether that distress be of the body, mind or soul. We do this out of habit, because we have been bred so long in the belief that a bottle of medicine, a powder or a pill will effect a cure. As we progress in our understanding, we know how partial and ultimately ineffective it is to treat only the body. Yet in attempting to heal the distorted mind or thwarted heart we often continue to use the same methods. They are less crude and obvious, and a step in the right direction, but none the less remain external forms of therapy, in that they are sent from *us* to *another*.

Does this seem strange to you, after all that you have read on the subject?" You have been told to do this very thing in so many text books.

Let us look at it in another way. It has been said that problems are never solved on their own level, but are outgrown, that is, transcended. To send out a positive helpful thought or a gesture of love towards another's problems while we are still entangled in our own is to attempt to solve them on their own level, which for the time being is *our* level. It is the higher equivalent of the bottle of medicine. Then is our gesture useless? No. A

positive thought or breath of love is always of great value in that it not only helps the one who receives but the one who gives. At the same time, this is why sometimes we appear able to achieve so little, and so slowly, because of this working on the same level. It is even a popular figure of speech—to do “our level best.”

We can do better. When we have set ourselves free, we can set others free. As we grow into a higher and wider state of consciousness where problems are either left behind, change their nature, or dwindle into insignificance, and certainly no longer frustrate and torment us, so we shall lift up others into the same realizations.

For all life is one. The nearer we are in spirit to another, through love, through understanding, through response to his need, the more he participates in our habitual state of consciousness. As we have risen up, so he rises up. Not because we have called him. But because there is that in him which recognizes and responds to the life and truth of that higher consciousness. And it is there that he is healed. Because he understands. Because he realizes. Not necessarily with his mind, but with that faith which is the interior knowledge of the spirit.

In confidence your family doctor will tell you that it is always Nature who heals. Medicine is given either to comply with the patient's expectancy, and so provide a sympathetic channel along which the doctor can reach his patient, or to assist and not to take the place of Nature's own wisdom. He touches the fringe of the truth. For when Nature is left alone to redeem the laws that man has broken, she can work in peace.

But man is not only flesh, but a living soul. Nature can respond much more swiftly when fired and strengthened by the knowledge of the spirit, which works not only with her, but within her. For spirit exalts nature, lifts her up out of the gross to the fine, out of the cumbersome and limiting and darkened to the pure airs of freedom, radiance and illumination, out of that which *appears* separate into unity.

The knowledge of the spirit is in that higher consciousness, where already exists a state of wholeness. This is why problems are transcended, and hence re-solved, when we arrive there.

Problems are symptoms of conflict, uncertainty, division, of being pulled in different directions at once, i.e., not whole.

But if we can let them go, and rise up; if we can be passive, that is, surrendered to circumstances on the lower levels while being dynamically positive on the higher, we shall know what to do because on that higher level we are inevitably and *wholly* illumined. Further, we shall be at peace, for to be whole means just that.

Then we shall not find it so necessary to send out the positive thought or the breath of love, from *us* to *another*. How can there be division, of you and me, of this and that, of that which is pleasant and that which is unpleasant, in a state of wholeness where all life is known to be one? Where we do not see it in fragments, and hence distorted, giving rise thereby to 'picking and choosing,' but as a harmonious whole where pain and joy blend with one another as beautifully as the minor and major in a symphony. That which you know while in that consciousness your friend or relative will share. The air that passes through you he will breathe. The health of body, mind and spirit which is yours in those moments or hours of freedom and realization will touch him also.

While you love him. For you cannot even arrive at that state of consciousness until you love your neighbour not as much as, but *as* yourself. No selfish wish, curiosity, or thirst for 'attainment' will take you there. But only love. Love for God, and love for man. That is the ladder, with its upper rungs in the serene spheres and its lower in the ignorance where man still suffers, by which you will travel to that state of consciousness.

For love longs to serve, to forget its own needs (actually it has none, since love is perpetually sustained and fulfilled from within itself). Because there is no self-assertion, which is always limiting, love is boundlessly and gloriously free to purify the heart, to illumine the mind, to make the body swift and strong and light and beautiful. For it has its being in the Love of God, from which that higher state of consciousness emanates. And this is why to sojourn in it is to heal from it. This is why we have to come to feel at home in it so that we may lift others up into it, out of their chaos into its harmony, out of darkness and

loneliness and separation into light and at-one-ment, out of dis-ease into the blessed ease of the healed soul.

From that high sweet place God ever calls us. When we come into it, by putting our wills entirely and continuously into His Will, we do not have to strive and struggle to help those we love. It is done, through us, not by us. In joy, peace and realization. For we have our being in these qualities.

Then we know why the Master said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Thy faith hath made thee whole." Or, in modern terminology, problems are never solved on their own level, but are transcended.

(From "THE RALLY," 104 Great Russell St., London, WCI, England)

The Real Purpose of Living

MABEL PEARSON SCHMIDT

IT IS OFTEN difficult today to turn men's minds from preconceived notions. Voices still cry in the wilderness of mistaken ideas. The encouraging thing is that "one with God is a majority." Why not try it and see? A whole panorama of thrilling achievement unfolds before the eyes of the man who dares work with this conviction in his heart. We can still lift up our eyes to the hills, from whence cometh our help. We can still study the orderly movements of the stars and with a little imagination hear their celestial harmony. We can still walk with Nature in the orderly progress of the seasons, the beauty of dawn and sunset, the riotous colors of gardens and plains, the majestic sweep of prairies, mountains, pines and sea. The ability to lose one's soul in beauty opens the consciousness to that universe where finer vibrations permit keener realization of truth.

We must lose ourselves to find Ourselves, lose the conception that we are weak and limited, pawns for forces over which we have no control. After all, death is the greatest bugbear in the lives of most people. We make such an unnecessary horror of that universal experience. It is, in truth, "the greatest adventure that life offers." If then the thing we most fear is our greatest adventure, what is there to dread? Nothing, except the consequences of our own mistaken ignorance!

Fortunately we are not rushed in our evolution until we are ready to take it. Most of us have to grow slowly. We learn a step at a time, especially when we are young and weak. Such must be protected until they are able to bear the buffets, the slings and arrows. In reality such harsh treatment is our greatest good. The gold must be refined in the furnace until no dross remains. The pure gold of Spirit, lustrous beyond compare! For this we chose the torment called life. Not until we have been tested, tried, and purified as by fire can we reach our goal. The quivering lute of the soul must catch the celestial harmony before it can become attuned to the mighty orchestra of creation.

The wheel turns as the water rushes under it and out to sea. There is no going back. Familiar landmarks are left behind. Loved faces disappear into the mist which we try so earnestly to penetrate. Some day we too, shall follow. While we are here, however, we must meet situations as they arise, knowing that the current of our Fate carries us ever onward to the mighty ocean.

If that passing is to be serene and tranquil in the golden sunset of unshaken Faith, we must here and now analyze the real purpose of life and our place therein. If we could, many of us would fight our way through to a retreat, hidden high in mountain passes, where we might escape the turmoil of the dusty plains. Most of us find this impossible. We have been placed in the thick of the fight and there we must remain. "A safe lodging and a night's repose" can come only when our work is done.

However disillusioned and heartbroken we may be, we must press on to the knowledge of our real Self. It has played many parts in the drama of life, probably identifying itself with each. No wonder it is weary unto death. It needs to learn that each part is only a temporary expression, that the Soul remains aloof, a spectator in the scheme of things. We pick ourselves up and go on, regardless of "the bludgeoning of chance." If we are wise we do not weep. The adventure will be glorious in spite of the odds. Thus we grow into heroic stature as Fate continues to test us while the Wheel of the Law revolves.

(From "GOD'S COUNTRY." Publishers John Felsberg Inc., 80 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.)

Blessings in Disguise

GEORGE B. BROWNELL

HOW MUCH we owe to obstructions we meet on life's path, that alter our faith, take us out of old ruts, open up new areas of brain cells, without which we would have gone on in the old rut and made little progress.

Several years ago we published an article by a man who lost his fortune in the Wall Street crash. He nearly went insane. One day he picked up a Bible, which he had not opened for years, and read the Sermon on the Mount. He got something intangible from it, something of a subtle flow of vitality, and so he went on reading some of it each day. The more he read the calmer he became and he finally gained poise and consolation and he felt grateful for the discovery and the value of this interruption which suddenly blocked the direction in which he was going, and but for which he might have died in ignorance, trusting in his wealth and security, awakening only to discover his great spiritual loss and poverty.

I met a woman once whose husband was the head of a large manufacturing firm. She was formerly a society woman in New York City, leading a sort of butterfly existence, and probably would have continued in that life had not something happened that jarred her out of her useless life. I later heard her speak on a New Thought platform and she had charm, poise, personality, a fine ability as a speaker. What had arrested her from continuing in the high social swirl, was the death of her son. She had almost lost her mind in grief.

One day while she was sitting quietly in her room, he appeared to her and gave her an entirely new viewpoint of life and its purposes, death, etc., and told her to read philosophy and New Thought literature. At the time I met her she had read over five hundred books on this higher thought, carrying out his request.

This experience took her out of her butterfly experience into a new world of helpfulness to others.

Many pass through a seemingly tragic experience only later to realize that it was a blessing in disguise.

Why Do We Say Possibly?

WALTER C. LANYON

AND Jesus said to the father of the "possessed" child, "How long has he been like this?" And the father answered, "From a little child . . . but if you *possibly* can, have compassion on us, help us."

And Jesus answered and said: "Why do you say POSSIBLY?"

Does that question mean anything to you? Do you hear or see anything in the answer? Something which should make your heart leap with joy? The perpetual surprise expressed by Jesus that people still doubted the power of the Presence to set aside the congealed human thought—"Why do you say Possibly?"—it is terrific when you stop for a moment and contemplate this answer of Jesus. Just reading it over does nothing—pause a moment and let it penetrate through that darkened state of mentality which continually is wondering whether or not the power "can possibly" heal its condition. Why do you say Possibly? Isn't it thrilling? More and more we enter into a secret conspiracy with Jesus against the *set* condition in our lives. That peculiar pet problem which has been there so long—"since he was a child," as it were.

Suddenly it is as though you actually heard the Voice of Jesus speaking to you about your "maniac" child—the Human mind—and standing directly in front of you asking you that same question, "Why do you say Possibly?"

God is the doer of the "impossible"—and that cannot be measured, or handled with the human thought, for it cannot glimpse what the "Impossible" is. Do you see why Jesus frequently left the limited carpenter consciousness and entered into the Permanent Identity and became One with God? Do you begin to understand what He meant when He said, "I will ask My Father"—and "The Father hearing in secret *shall* declare it from the housetops"—not maybe or perhaps what you tell the Father—whatsoever you can find in this God-Power in secret *shall* be declared from the housetops of manifestation.

When a thing becomes "impossible" it is then "possible" to

God. If it is impossible to you it is because you have utilized every bit of human wisdom you have in an attempt to move it, and at last you have come to the Extremity of human thought. It is then that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity"—when man is at his wits' end he is then in a position where the God-Power can do the "impossible," because that is the Nature of God—the Doer of the Impossible. But many people arrive at their *extremity* and still hold on or die "kicking against the pricks"—fighting the appearances which they think are real and true.

When a situation in the human picture is immovable, or a condition impregnable, there is a way of entering into this secret conspiracy with Jesus to come through it all, and that too without the "smell of fire" on your garments. It is not going to be a fight, though you may pass through what seems a confusion of things—"yet shall it not come nigh thee"—yea, even though "ten thousand fall at thy right hand." You are beginning to see that the ways of God are past finding out—the manner and means through which this new Light is to come to earth is not in the understanding of man but is in the care of God. Nothing is impossible to God. He has the WAY "ye know not of" but it is the "Way" of Salvation.

Ways and means of manifestation are entirely out of our hands. We are not concerned how the Signs will come into manifestation, only with the fact that they will—and in the most unexpected way, since it is perpetually the unexpected that happens. Stop looking for a sign—stop looking for a fulfillment—for all of these things are already done and completed in God and are only awaiting your recognition, to come forth into manifestation.

Why will you say, "If you possibly can" to this magnificent Power? Don't you yet recognize that it *can* take place because it *has already taken place* in the Life of your perfect Identity? Parallel with this Lovely Divine Destiny, you are traveling along in the muck of human fate, which you have brought upon yourself by tasting of the Fruit of the Garden of Eden, whereby you decided that you, too, could be a creator and vie with God. All you have created is a hypnosis of evil, and this has continued to function in the place of evil ever since. When

you awake to this beautiful truth you will Ascend to the Father Consciousness or the Permanent Identity, and instantly appropriate the status of Destiny there functioning. The world says you have had a perfect demonstration or an instantaneous demonstration, but you have merely blended yourself with the finished thing. Jesus always said "It is done"—is consummated—completed.

There is something wonderful in this entering into a secret conspiracy with Jesus Christ—it is filled with inspiration which no man will ever tell you and which you cannot read in books—and yet you will know. You are in league with LIGHT—all argument is gone—you begin to KNOW God.

As you begin to understand the difference between the "impossible" and the "possible" in its true interpretation, you will be taken up to the level of consciousness where you will be allowed actually to see the disintegration of the hard, fast pictures of the human consciousness, and how it is that the Love of God actually melts the frozen human thought and transforms it into Light.

"Believest thou that I am able to do this unto you?"—Answer me. Do you—you, the reader, and for yourself alone? Do you believe—do you? Is the mist thinning and the "If you possibly can" melting out in the glorious revelation of "My Lord and My God?" Do you, begin to understand a little?

(From "I CAME" by Walter C. Lanyon, Kellaway-Ide Co., Publishers)



PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

Think of God as your personal Father. Converse with Him just as you like. Speak to Him as you would if talking to a close friend.

St. Augustine used this prayer in his illumined life: "MAKE ME TO BE WHAT I CANNOT BE, AND DO WHAT I CANNOT DO."

This is the prayer that accepts God as being able to do the impossible for you. When in doubt any time in your life as to what procedure is best, turn to the Self within and reverently, prayerfully say: "BELOVED CHRIST WHO DWELLS WITHIN ME, REVEAL THE WAY AND HELP ME NOW IN MY NEED, and keep repeating this magic formula until the answer comes to you. Through this prayer people lost in the woods have been led out on the highway, and keys dropped in the underbrush have been found, the party being led to the exact spot.

Wounded—But Not in Battle

J. BERNARD WALKER

IN THE Aquarian Age Magazine for Nov.-Dec. 1945, Mr. Brownell had an article on Thanksgiving. In it he said: "Let us all pray that there never will be another war, and the best and most sincere prayer we can offer is to "Love one another."

Many of us have seen wounded men (and women) not only in battle but in ordinary walks of life—some physically, some mentally and some spiritually.

Each of us has been guilty of inflicting some of these wounds on our friends, and even loved ones, sometimes by not doing a little deed of kindness or by doing something we should not have done.

Lack of thought for the other person's feelings, by forgetting the Golden Rule and using words of sarcasm, meanness or insinuation all cause an enormous casualty list. It is much more difficult to heal these casualties than those wounded in battle—because some of these wounds go far deeper—even into the very souls of many of them.

In that same article on Thanksgiving Mr. Brownell also said "Bless every one you meet, Bless the whole world. Develop the love habit. It will bring you great joy, and will help in making a better world. But above all, be thankful and grateful for the blessing that cometh down from the great Father above us."

The Aquarian Age we are now entering stands for Love and Brotherhood, Unselfishness and Co-operation, Constructiveness and Spiritual Healing. The Ministry has always given word and action to this new age and the Golden Rule, therefore, it behooves us to practice it. So from now on, let us try to avoid wounding others; instead, let us bless them and see only good in them.

Do unto them as we would have them do unto us, and thus help bring into manifestation the Brotherhood of Man.

Interruptions

MARGARET C. ROBINSON

HAVE YOU ever stopped to consider what a drab colorless existence this world would be if there were no Interruptions? Imagine getting started on a good job of worrying and never having an Interruption—why before long you would have used up the entire capacity of the universe to worry! What a horrible thing to do when worrying is all that some souls can do, and you would have deprived them of their only avenue of Experience!

Interruptions are definitely a good thing, if it were not for them nothing would ever be different.

They tell us that beyond our atmosphere there is only darkness between us and the sun—whatever it is that leaves the sun and spans 95 million miles in eight minutes does not show up as anything that we can perceive until the air breaks it up, Interrupts it, so to speak, and makes light; then this light travels on to us and striking the solid objects of the earth is Interrupted again, making warmth and heat—only Interruptions make light and power available to us.

A change of pace and re-direction of the Attention is essential—we are not unidirectional creatures. We live on many planes and derive experience from all manifestations. Let us remember that nothing comes to our Attention which is not essential to our growth.

It is not good to grow all in one direction. Lopsidedness may be picturesque for a tree or a windswept mountain, but it is a disaster for a Soul.

Even the Bible with its extreme law of conversational conversation—"Let thy speech be yea yea and nay nay," allows of an alternative.

Take all of experience. Rest assured that the "everything" that "happens to me" is a merciful deliverance from a death of boredom.

So when the acids present themselves lap up a little of them too, to liven up the monotony of your alkalines. Remember even the acids come within the province of God's bounty.

When the telephone rings in the midst of profound Meditation on the beauties of the Cosmos remember that the telephone and the person on the other end of the wire are both rare jewels in the cosmic setting, and a bit of contemplation about their part in the Scheme-of-Things might be very profitable.

Let yourself be Interrupted, pay somebody to Interrupt you if necessary, until that fine day when you can flow gracefully from one thought-direction to another, with no discomfort or disrupted sense of change. When this time comes Interruptions will have served their day, and silently, like Arabs, they will quietly steal away.

—Selected

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A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW

I do my duty and enjoy myself where I am; I do my job and pass on to another. I am going to live forever; in a thousand years from now I shall still be alive and active somewhere; in a hundred thousand years still alive and active somewhere else; and so the events of today have only the importance that belongs to today. Always the best is yet to be. Always the future will be better than the present or the past because I am ever growing and progressing, and I am an immortal soul. I am the master of my fate. I greet the unknown with a cheer, and press forward joyously, exulting in the great adventure.

Armed with this philosophy, and really understanding its power, you have nothing to fear in life or death—because God is All—and God is Good.

—Emmet Fox

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THE COLOR WITHIN

MARGARET ROSE ANDREASSEN

It isn't the shade of the outer skin
That makes a man or mars
For many a man of colored flesh
Is worthy to span the stars.

God does not look at the shade of the skin
He looks at the heart of His child;
For He knows its the color he is within
That proclaims him pure or defiled!

Commemorating Your Natal Day

The following original poem was sent to the editor on her natal day by our old friend John Willis Ring, who has been delighting us with his inspirations these many years. His idea is so fine I am sharing it, as some of you also might like to send it as a birthday greeting to your friends. Through a long lifetime of service to humanity, and loving labor in the Vineyard, the author has sown seeds which inspired many to rededication of their lives to a more fruitful service.

THIS IS YOUR NEW YEAR!

JOHN WILLIS RING

SAY YOU ARE YOUNG!

Upon this Anniversary of Your Natal Day!
Young as compared with the Aeons thru which
You passed to be Here. Young as compared with the
Ages thru which You shall pass, ever ascending The-
Spiral-Way leading Onward and Upward.

SAY YOU ARE OLD!

So Old that, thru Age and Experience, the Value of
Your Life is increased, somewhat as the Value of
Old Coins, Old Stamps, Old Furniture is increased.
So Old that, like the Competent Connoisseur,
You Know and Choose the Best.

SAY YOU ARE RICH!

Rich in Your Consciousness of Direct Kinship with All-Good.
Rich in Faith, in Hope, in Courage, in Patience, in Love.
Rich in Your Understanding of Life, of Life's Purpose, of
Life's Endless Unfoldment.

NOW ARE ALL THINGS MADE NEW!

You enter upon Your New Year Joyously!
Freighted with Fruitage of the Past;
While the Future, Fragrant with the
Promise of Fulfillment, invitingly awaits You.

Autumn

AGAIN the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" is with us. Once more the words of Jeremiah ring true: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended." Yet "nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail." For now, as Ernest Whitney reminds us, we behold the glory of the year.

Nature presents a pageant of colour, brilliant and mature. The sun shines limpidly upon the scarlet of the wild cherry against the background of English landscape freshly washed by rain. Russet brown are the woods and purple the heather. The hedgerows are like long sentences, punctuated by beechwoods, crimson and orange. Never is Nature more moving than on an October day with autumn arrayed in all her robes. It was as he regarded the splendour of such a scene that Linnaeus declared: "I saw the Lord passing by."

Chaucer said that Nature is "the Vicar of Almighty God" and Thomas Browne described Nature as "the Art of God."

Why should we be sad at the approach of autumn, as "the leaves flush beneath the kiss of early frost"? After the warmth of summer the nights are growing chill and the fires are being lit, but why feel depressed by the decay? Can you not see the promise of new life in each falling leaf and bud of dew? Spring comes again.

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And autumn garner to the end of time.

I trust in God—the right shall be the right,
And other than the wrong, while He endure.

So Nature justifies Browning's faith. And our's.

But on the Continent of Europe and in lands far away there are those for whom autumn's promise of winter will bring tears and terror. To them the darkening skies may appear as the very Angel of Death. Let us be swift to do all we can to help the homeless and outcast, remembering that: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done

it unto Me." We cannot all cross the water to minister to them in their distress, but we can all send out our prayers and our heart-love constantly on their behalf. Each one of us can visit them in spirit and say:

Why fear the night? Why shrink from death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and Man.
And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
And He is there.

This autumn may those who sit in darkness see a great light. May they see the Lord passing by. May they know themselves to be not children of the streets, but sons and daughters of the Most High, entitled to His protecting love. May they realize with Francis Thompson (himself once destitute and homeless) that:

From sky to sod,
The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

—S.S.

(From "BLUE PRINT," B.C.M. *Blueprint*, W.C.I., London)

WORSHIP

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

—John Greenleaf Whittier

"Just A Moment"

EVANGELINE SPURLOCK

HOW MUCH meaning is crowded into the expression, "Just a moment"! The significance it carries is beyond the grasp of finite intelligence. Birth, death and all that transpires between these two important events in our lives revolve around that infant of the majesty of time, "Just a moment."

We begin our lives on that tiny pinpoint of time that goes to make up the countless ages that antedated our birth and the countless ages that follow our passing.

Thousands of moments describe the effort of the infant to grasp and hold with its visual sense that element of existence called light, and suddenly the whole world looks back at the babe in "Just a moment" of time. The gigantic task is accomplished, and the babe begins to focus its sight.

Thus as infants we begin our journey on the path of evolution, and every step we take is marked by the milestones of time called "Just moments." What we do with these precious pearls so quickly lost, so impossible to regain, depends entirely on the growing individual, around which these moments are circling.

It takes only seconds to register on the mind impressions made by the five senses, and how and when we arrive at our destinations depends on how we interpret the impressions and the use to which we put the knowledge which represents efforts circumscribed by "Just moments."

Worlds, nations, civilizations, and peoples rise and fall by these milestones of time, and the magnitude of the cycles they describe hinges on just what is done in the split seconds that slip silently by.

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You may know for a certainty that if your work is becoming uninteresting, so are you; for work is an inanimate thing and can be made lively and interesting only by injecting yourself into it. Your job is only as big as you are. — George C. Hubbs.

Healing at a Distance

"He sent His Word and healed them." Ps. 107:20

No matter what method of healing is used, it is always the Spirit that does the work. The healer is but an instrument whose life is dedicated to Divine Service, so raising his consciousness that he can be used as a channel by the Spirit to help others.

No healer can guarantee results for as much depends on the faith of the patient as on the healer. Even the Christ with His mighty consciousness could not heal in certain localities because of unbelief. (Matt. 13:58)

Offerings for our Special Healing Service have always been made as flexible as possible to meet varying needs and conditions. If you need healing, or help on any problem, send your blessed offering and our Group of Consecrated Healers will pray with you and give you as generous a service as possible. Many have been blessed and helped.

Because of the continually increasing calls for personal intensive treatments (where more time is required) it is suggested that those desiring this service send a minimum gift of \$10.00 monthly (or \$3.00 per week) toward the support and spread of the Ministry work. For our other healing services see pages 31 and 32.

Important: Always give full name and address of patient, also needs. If need is urgent send telegram and follow with letter and offering, giving details and length of time treatment is desired.

* * * * *

HEALING TESTIMONIALS

Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark 5:10.

WASH.—My baby was two months old the other day and is a fine healthy boy. The doctor could not understand how I got through the night when he was born, without convulsions and a stroke. He said he never expected the baby to come as it was so early. So you see you saved my life. I felt better after this baby than any I ever had. While two other mothers in our room in the hospital lay packed in ice suffering and complaining, I got along fine and did not suffer. The work you do is wonderful. Thank you again. —L.W.

WISCONSIN, Word comes today from my mother stating that the house has been rented at the price she asked for it, and to reliable people. Thank you for your fine help and cooperation. May I tell you that everything we have ever asked through you has come, bringing many other blessings with it. God bless you and may your help continue to all of those that need and ask for it.—G. A.

ILL.—I am writing to let you know of the wonderful cure of asthma. It is completely gone, thanks to your wonderful treatment. May God continue to bless you, and many, many thanks for the cure.—Mrs.K.C.

MO.—I am coming again for help. The last time I called for spiritual strength you certainly lifted a load from my heart. I now feel that God is with me all the time, guiding my every move.—A. C. R.

PENNA.—Am quite well again. Was I sick when I wrote to you, but there was a great change in a day's time. The difference in my mouth and tongue was a miracle and I got hungry and ate supper. I had not eaten anything for four days. I saw the White Light of the Christ Presence by my side several times. Thanking you and God for the healing.—L.E.F.

The Blessing League

WIS.—I don't remember how long ago I became a member of your Blessing League, but I do know that your silent help, the fine articles in your magazine, helped me to keep up my courage, stimulated my faith and keeps me ever courageous to keep on trying to perform my mission on earth. Had you known my inner thoughts and complexes of 20 years ago you'd feel happy that you had such a great part in getting me started on the Path. I have always felt exceedingly grateful to you all, even more than I can express in writing, or a material way, and there hasn't been a day that I haven't thought of you and asked the dear Lord to bless you abundantly in all ways.—J.H.A.

OHIO—I wish to renew my membership in the League. I have been blessed in many different ways since joining, as I have continued prosperity and health. Money has been coming to me from various sources, and have also received a check for an amount which was due me for several years and which I hardly expected to receive. I feel very grateful to you. —W.H.L.

N.J.—Some time ago I joined the Mutual Blessing League, and I want you to know that I have been successful in all that I attempted to do. The trouble I was having with the woman was removed, and all is peaceful now. I have also married recently, and am very happy. I want to ask you to continue my membership. —E.L.J.

IOWA, Will you kindly enroll me in your Mutual Blessing League for another two months. A week or so ago I had word from my brother saying he had been discharged by his doctor, and according to the doctor his recovery has been "astounding". I want to thank you again for your prayers for him for I feel that that is what pulled him through. What wonderful things the Power of God will do for us if we would only let it. —E. K.

The Mutual Blessing League

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My Name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." John 16:24.

"Again I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father in Heaven." Matt. 18:19.

This Mutual Blessing League is composed of several hundred consecrated members, meeting with us in Spirit each day between 9 and 10 A. M. (or if more convenient during their regular silence hour) to bless each other with God's Divine Prosperity, which includes health, happiness, abundance, progress, and freedom from all binding and limiting conditions.

A group of healers at this Center unite each morning with you (for two months) in blessing all the members. Each member is treated individually.

We are trying to fulfill the Christ Law by giving of our time and substance in spreading the Christ teachings in the world. He commanded His followers to preach the Gospel (the Glad Tidings of the Kingdom) in all the world, and referred to the wonderful signs that would follow those who believed. "Love is the fulfilment of the law," and we have the wonderful promise, "Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

We invite you to join with us in this blessing hour, and to help us spread the Christ Message of Truth (the higher interpretation) by sending \$3.00 for three subscriptions to *The Aquarian Age* to be sent to names you furnish. (One of these subscriptions may go to you if you wish). Magazines will be sent anonymously to your friends if you so request, or dues may be sent to our Free-literature Fund and we will send out free subscriptions (or sample copies) to help spread the saving Truth in the world.

This is a non-profit service, the magazine and correspondence costing more than the fee asked. The daily treatments are given absolutely free.

Prove the Law, referred to so many times in the Scriptures—"Give and ye shall receive" by becoming a consecrated link in this Golden Chain of Blessing.

In this way the Light is going into the highways and byways of life and touching many souls who otherwise would not be reached.

Thousands of letters from members tell of remarkable healings and financial blessings, and we know all who join in the right spirit, desiring the good of others (as well as their own) will evoke a Divine Blessing, and become a channel through which the needed blessings will flow not only to them, but through them to others.

Speak the Word for each other's good, in the consciousness that God is blessing through you, and have faith in God's promise that the work is being done. "Ye shall decree a thing and it shall be established unto you and the light shall shine upon thy ways."

Realization and Healing Service

This Study Course is keyed to help you especially in your spiritual unfoldment and soul awakening. The fee is only \$2.00 a month and covers daily, individual treatments for your needs and four Lessons in Truth (one to be used each week).

Ministers of all beliefs, lawyers, nurses, teachers, business and professional heads, together with students in all walks of life, have taken this service and thousands of grateful letters tell of splendid benefits received—materially and spiritually.

The Course covers a year's study and treatments. There are 52 lessons, four of which are sent each month. Sent this way, you have time to ponder them and absorb their spiritual potencies. No Truth is of value unless lived. Service can be discontinued and resumed at any time.

4 Lessons in Truth with one month's daily treatments....\$2.00

6 Months' Lessons and Treatments (paid in advance)....\$10.00

4 Lessons in consecutive order (without treatments).... .50

Since the Aquarian Ministry work is based on the Christ teachings and spirit, we ask those who join this service to bless all other members and all humanitarian movements in the world. Humanity is fast learning that we all have the Power to project our thoughts through the ethers to bless and lift others.

The Titles of the Lessons are as follows:

1. The Voice of the Soul. 2. Where There Is No Vision the People Perish
3. The Body Beautiful. 4. The Path of Progression. 5. The Conscious Breath.
6. Spiritual Vision and the Power of the Word. 7. Our Great Responsibility. 8. As Thy Days So Shall Thy Strength Be. 9. Mental House Cleaning. 10. Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me. 11. Let Your Light Shine. 12. I Invite My Soul
13. The Silence Hour. 14. Color Vibrations. 15. The Keeper of the Temple
16. One Method of Healing. 17. A Statement of the Truth of Being. 18. Various Methods of Unfoldment. Part I. 19. Various Methods of Unfoldment. Part II
20. Various Methods of Unfoldment. Part III. 21. Your Part in The Aquarian Age
22. Love Is the Fulfilling of the Law. 23. Do the Work and Ye Shall Have the Power. 24. A Morning Prayer. 25. Mind—Conscious and Subconscious. 26. Create! Create! Create!!! 27. The Law of Agreement. 28. The Two Voices. 29. Freedom
30. Thought and Labor. 31. The School of Life. 32. Faith. 33. My Thought Children. 34. In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him and He Shall Direct Thy Paths
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