

BROTHERHOOD

Fatherhood Motherhood Childhood

GODHOOD

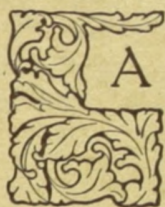


"Nothing Human
Is Alien to Us."

JANUARY, 1916

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR



BROTHERHOOD

Ad never faileth: but
whether there be
newspapers, they shall fail;
whether there be bill-boards,
they shall cease; whether there
be advertising agencies, thy
long-green shall
vanish away.



(Extract from the Epistle of the Apostle Ad,
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FOR THE YEAR 1916

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Assured*

Permit us to call your attention to the corresponding page in last month's issue, and then to inform you that most of those whose names appeared thereon have already assured us of their acceptance of our invitation to write for *Brotherhood*, and the mails bring from the others messages of love and promises of aid.

*Brotherhood
of the
Future*

We promise none too much when we assure you that *Brotherhood* will give you, from month to month, the world's very best matter, from its greatest minds, during the present year. You cannot afford to miss any issue for many times the year's subscription.

*Criticism
Invited*

Do not hesitate to give us your constructive criticism, your sincere commendation, your IMMEDIATE SUBSCRIPTION — they will help us, bless you, and bring a Happy New Year to all.

Read the "WONDER STORY" in February BROTHERHOOD, by Lida A. Churchill. Not since Jesus touched the eyes of "Blind Bartimeaus" has the world heard such a story.

BROTHERHOOD

*Published monthly in the interests of ONE BROTHERHOOD,
Indivisible, All-Inclusive, Eternal.*

ELLART NELSON, Editor

Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1916

No. 2.

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Published by

BROTHERHOOD PUBLISHING CO.

427 South Olive St.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the
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3.—Education of Mary
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Early Education of John
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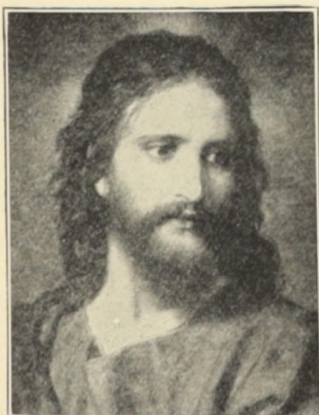
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A Christmas Scene of 1915



HIS year the Christmas Bells again told the sweet story of the Birth of a Child. The child heard it in the streets, and joined its human-wide harmony. The mother heard it as she sang to her babe, and her voice swelled the universal symphony. The soldier heard it, out there on the bleak battlefields, and his heart was steeped in kindness and his mind mellowed toward all mankind,—and longed for Peace. The bereaved-one heard it, in the still chamber of its loneliness, and One, like unto the Son of God, pointed to the Birth of Man as the symbol also of his resurrection,—and joy mixed with the pain of parting.

The story of this Christmas-Birth is a prophesy of the Race, because in it is symbolized the ideal for which every heart yearns. In it we see the Divine perfection, blossoming-out in human life. In it we have the surest evidence of the *divine destiny of every*

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man. In this "Immaculate Conception" we have, not only the *hope* that man has some mysterious interest in its occurrence, as taught by our orthodox brothers, but *know we have the indisputable, scientific proof of its demonstration*, there, in that Judean laboratory, and that the common heritage of every child of man is to, some day, be born *like that*. Without fully realizing it, it is this fact that enables the mother and the prospective mother to look forward with joy to the unfolding of the new life now manifesting in them. The Christmas Story is the story of the *sacredness of Life*. Life is sacred; therefore, Birth must be sacred, because birth is the *point* at which Life manifests Itself. This we learn, not because it was Jesus who is said to have been born there at that time, but because his teachings are the teachings of a Master, and because that Master was born, applied himself, and overcame, till he became fit to be The Christ, and his Christine teachings reveal the truth of the ONE LIFE, and the sacredness of that LIFE, *in all Its manifestations*. This is the true doctrine of the "Immaculate Conception," which, when "lifted up, will draw all men unto" Mastery,—*regardless of birth-conditions*.

But, as the bells pealed-out their story this year, it seemed to me that they *tolled*, as they told it. Could any alloy of earth mix itself with the joy-notes of those Birth-Bells? Well, *you* shall be the judge, dear reader, as your mind is again drawn to that shameless and shocking story, which ran, serially, through most of our "Great Dailies" the past few weeks; read by thousands, perhaps by millions of men, women and children in our boasted, present-day civilization, without a con-

viction, a trial, or even an arrest of the "hero-character" in the title-roll of what, until then, has been called "*murder*" in the world. I refer to the killing of a helpless baby, and to the very extraordinary incidents surrounding the whole affair.

There was the usual setting that attends the birth of Man, in our cosmopolitan cities of the present time. The usual physician was in attendance. The usual routine of procedure was gone through,—but suddenly a most *unusual* turn was given these common-place affairs.

The "Doctor," very learnedly looks upon this helpless little visitor and says: (in effect) "It is an *imbecile* baby. It is *incurable* of its imbecility. It will be a *menace* to society if it be permitted to live. In the interests of *science*, society, and humanity *it should be permitted to die.*" The voice of *humanity* rose up against this arbitrary decree of death, but it was stifled. The voices of thousands of Helen Kellers, *who had passed through the same experiences*, cried out; but they were stilled. The feeble voice of Professional Honor piped its protest; but it was quelled and buried under sordid greed and selfish ambition, for on the horizon loomed the "sensation" of syndicated stories of the case, with much profit to the writer; loomed the escape from obscurity; loomed the lime-light, and the lionizing—but not the long, and patient, and scientific treatment of the little Brother; *and the Bollinger baby died.* And the story was written. And people read it. And the lights burned in the Cafes, and in the Churches. And the Bollinger-baby was denied his part in the Birth-Bells' music and in the benefits that

True Science has to offer, on this planet, at this time.

But, the "Great Dailies" told us another story. The story of the arrest, the trial, and the *conviction* of two men in New York City. Both representative, American citizens (not "hyphenated") of peaceful demeanor and pleasant personalities. Judged by their friends and followers of many years and many thousands; by their many hours of unselfish labors every day, and by the number of "incurable" cases they have been instrumental in healing, one would say they were quite sane men, and safe for sufferers to consult. The "Charge" was "*Practicing Medicine Without a License.*"

We regret to learn that our brother who killed our brother, the baby, has since been reprimanded by the American Medical Association,—not for murder; it was *because he advertised.*

These convicted, New York men, could have built-up the deficient brain cells of that little Bollinger-brother and with him blessed the world! It is true, the "Great Dailies" would not have had a "Christmas Sensation" had the New York men been called to attend the Bollinger birth. They know the True Science as set forth in that wonderful story of the "Immaculate Conception,"—not the Roman Version, nor the Protestant Version: *they know the CHRIST VERSION, and that HEALS.*

This whirligig called "Civilization" is, after all, only the Cosmic Chrysalis from which the New Race is slowly but surely extricating its newest form of Being.

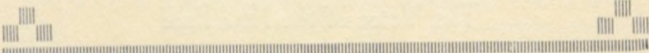
The Voice of the New Race

Out from the greed-world
Of hoarding in vain,
Where nothing can blend
One life with another;
Out from the hate-world
Of doubt and disdain,
I call you, My Friend,
My Kinsman, My Brother!
Out from its turmoil!
Out from its slave-toil!
Now in its re-coil—
Now, now, being slain.

Out from the force-world
Where Brothers now fight,
And shed each their blood
That some Princeling be pleased!
Out from the cant-world
Whose death-dealing blight
In human-wide flood
Fills the earth with diseased!
Rise with the New Race!
Come! Take your own place!
Gird on your Love-Face
And shine with its Light!

Into the Love-World
With garlands of gold—
Made precious with tears
Of wife or of mother;
Into the Real-World
Yourself to behold
Freed from all fears—
A World-loving Brother!
Will you join with me
And send this World-Plea,
Till Earth is Brotherly
With Brotherhood Souled?

—Ellart Nelson.



Noon and Midnight Mountain Messages

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Written Specially for
BROTHERHOOD

▼

THE letter N, at the beginning of the word NOON in the title of this, my latest Mountain Message, was written in a large astronomical observatory on the summit of Mount Lowe, one peak of the Sierra Madre Range of Mountains in Los Angeles County, in Southern California, U.S.A., on December 17, 1915, at exact astronomical noon. This is near the close of my 47th year of almost daily writing for papers, journals and magazines, of many kinds and subjects, and also books. But at no period in all these years, has the impulse to write messages been stronger; not even at instant of midnight. During my 15 years' directorship of this summit observatory, I have commenced messages, at exact astronomical midnight. This without exception, under the title Mountain Messages. But at sunrise today, there came an impresison, new to me, that I must write a message at noon. This, strong at sunrise, has been growing, so now, at noon, I am writing. The subjects presenting themselves are so numerous and impressive, each worthy of giving to the world, that it is hard to select. For each subject now coming, seemingly from afar, to this summit rising into the message cur-

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rent around the earth, would require an entire magazine—the "BROTHERHOOD"—to elucidate.

MY ENVIRONMENT

To those who have not followed my almost daily publications, it may be well to attempt to describe my supremely beautiful surroundings, within which I am now writing; and attempt to convey to the reader's mind some faint concept of the conditions around and about. This description must be a mere attempt. No words I am able to combine can hope to describe either environment or condition. First, I must write two perfect sentences. The Sun of California, and the Sky of California. The glorious sun is now riding high over a hundred sentinel peaks and summits standing in majesty around this peak upon which stands the great white building and its white dome. Nearly vertical solar rays are now reaching to the very deeps of the canyons, that on the right, on the west, being in depth 1600, and that just under the eastern window, 670 feet; in the dome room, the thermometer at 80 degrees F., while the mountain air is ever so pure, so free from all dust of the troubled world below, and all traces of vapors, that I cannot tell how pure, how balmy, how invigorating it all is, now, here, 3420 feet above the sea. And indeed, the sky is blue, and so pure that it seems to be let down from a realm or world where wrong and woe enter not. There! I turned to look through my eastern opened window across the canyon's mouth to the row of summits constituting my wondrous astronomical horizon. And then I turned to look from the southern window, upon that area cut out of real para-

dise, Southern California. For 900 square miles of orange and lemon, fig and apricot, prune and almond tree orchards are spread out as a field, a fairy plane of ever living green. And the lovely cypress hedges for hundreds of miles mark out the boundaries of orchards, while countless eucalyptus trees from Australia, urged by a faint ocean breeze, are at this moment waving love signals to all whose minds are attuned to Love Divine. The immense cities of Los Angeles the beautiful, and Pasadena the very "Crown of the Valley," are standing in artistic beauty, with the mighty Pacific Ocean in the background. Amid these scenes of exquisite beauty, peace, sweet peace, I am now writing rapidly. Stop a moment, dear reader, and think of the wonderful word peace. And then the total absence of all sound. Silence and solitude reign. The reader may never have been in a place where stillness was absolute. Yes, here is the place to write—peace, harmony Divine, beauty and silence. How good it all is: the half I am unable to tell. For years, before coming up here, arriving on August 11, 1900, I had always written on astronomy, mathematics, electricity and the other physical, rigid material sciences. But the exquisite harmonical beauty and loveliness of this simply wonderful spot, impressed me before the end of a year that there surely is another universe beside the vast universe of matter. For many years I had used a telescope viewing the sky of night from observatories situated on plains less than 300 feet above sea-level—always enveloped in the layer of dust surrounding the earth. I loved the stars in view of these telescopes. Some power much higher than

I led me up here to this enchanted place where air and sky are pure. Stop again, please, to think of the very wonderful word—pure. Then I began to look in the great 16-inch equatorial astronomical telescope in pure air. I had not seen even the fringe of the hem of the garment of the material universe before. I was, as it were, suddenly transported from a dim world below to a bright supernal world above. For the first time, I saw the wonders of night perspective: the summits appear to stand among the very stars; and one imagines he can reach the stars almost, but the nearest is 25,500,000,000,000 miles away. And then, the amazing splendor of rising of celestial bodies out of stone peaks. So pure is the air that the edge of the ring of Saturn can be seen rising out of a lightning scared mountain peak of rock. But I had never seen a star before until it was at least 6 degrees above the horizon. This exquisite beauty of planets, stars, the moon and sun, at exact rising was a revelation to me. And now, at the beginning of my sixteenth year in this mountain observatory, the rising of stars from peaks is as impressive to mind and sense as at first.

THE MAGNIFICENT UNSEEN UNIVERSE

Invisible, the telescope and spectroscope are both important. But the reader may rest assured that there is a vast Mind Universe also. I can prove that the distance from the centre of the earth to that of the sun is 92,882,000 miles; and that hydrogen is incandescent in the sun, and in many other suns; and there by proven mathematics and by proven spectrum analysis. All are forced to admit the demonstrations as proof; but how

prove, to any physical perception, how demonstrate materially with proof that there is a Universe of Mind? Mathematics, the telespectroscope, the telemicrometer, the new ultra-ultra-violet energy microscope; the retort and balance, all fail in proving the existence of a mental universe outside of the brain in a living organism. But in recent years there have been presented to researchers into this vast labyrinth of Nature, series upon series of proofs of the existence of a Mind—a Mental Universe. The longtime readers of this literature know all of the minute details of these extended series, so I will not recount them here.

But Mind exists outside of brain tissue. And Mind is expressing in the form or state of personalities. These have displayed every trait and faculty so far detected by mentalists within the phase or manifestation of Mind called human. And the reader may as well admit this set scientific fact now.

This is my noon message to the seething, tossing and turbulent sea of troubled humanity warring on plains far below this peaceful summit.

During January we join in the following affirmative Class Though at twelve, noon, and nine, evening, each day.

<i>I AM Vibrant Energy and Intelligence. I Will that Every Cell in My Being Now Cast Out All Fear. I Rejoice in My Estate. I AM at Peace.</i>
--



CHARITY

By REYNOLD E. BLIGHT

Minister Church of the People, Los Angeles

▼

CHARITY is one of the greatest words in the English language. It has been debased by mean associations and it is time that we redeemed it. In these days of selfishness and materialism, charity is a virtue that should be cultivated.

The man who limits his charity to occasional contributions to a box of relief and feels he has done his full duty, utterly fails to understand the deeper significance of the virtue. The cruel and haughty grandee tossing a coin to a beggar does as much as he. Unfortunately the word "charity" has been degraded from its original meaning and now is synonymous with the mere giving of alms, that specious philanthropy by which the pharisee condones his wrong-doing or flatters his spiritual vanity.

Real charity springs from love; the word used by Paul in his great hymn, when he said, "The greatest of these is charity."

From this viewpoint the relief given to a needy brother and his family is not charity. Such assistance is a brotherly duty; no, rather a brotherly privilege. It is an opportunity for a loving ministry. No credit should attach to a man because he helped his brother's necessity. Did he fail to do so, he would be worse than

an infidel. Only a small soul is satisfied with the giving of a few coins, or a few hours of service.

True, the word is often on our lips, but oh, so seldom in our hearts. Doctor Parkhurst spoke truly when he said, "almost any man is richer in his vocabulary than he is in his affections."

Charity is love in action. The sun shines because its heart is afire, and so pours out its creative splendor, overflowing space and enwrapping the worlds with life and light.

This love is no sickly emotion indulging in sentimental tears and wordy platitudes. It is Livingstone in the interior of Africa; it is Damien on the leper's isle; it is Maud Booth in the states' prisons; it is ten thousand lesser men and women in the crowded but inconspicuous ways of life where sorrow, sin and death struggle with human souls. It is heroic; it is divine.

Love of this character, stronger than steel, as resistless as ocean's tides, comes from a profound understanding of human nature and its divine possibilities, and understands a brother better than he knows himself. Saul saw himself as a seeker of asses, Samuel saw in him the King of Israel.

The eye of love penetrates the outer coverings of sensuality and ignorance and sees the soul of the brother as the true man he wants to be and essentially is.

No one of us but would esteem it a privilege to serve a king, and brotherly affection idealizes the brother until, even as the genius of the sculptor releases the angel imprisoned in the block of rough marble, so the love of a brother awakens the kingly soul that sleeps

in every man, and rejoices in rendering royal service.

How shall I serve?

Is my brother needy? Not only my purse, but my words of sympathetic encouragement are his. A kindly word aptly spoken may do more to retrieve fallen fortunes than credit at the bank.

Is my brother ignorant? I hold no feeling of contempt but I must lead him gently along the paths of enlightenment to the light.

Does my brother hold prejudices that narrow his vision and make harsh his judgments? I cannot overcome prejudice with argument, but I may destroy the icy barriers of his bigotry by the warmth of my own broad sympathies, as the spring beats down the battlements of winter.

Do vicious habits hold my brother in thralldom and enclain his nobler aspirations and achievements? Then by wise counsel and kindly example I will seek to cut these Cords of wrong desire that he may be free.

Do doubts assail my brother and is he in danger of losing his foothold on the eternal truths of morality? Then my own strong faith will uphold him, as the eagle's pinions upbear her young.

Does the tongue of slander seek to do his reputation hurt? Then I will be a Greatheart, and my sword will quickly be unsheathed to defend his good name against the scandalmonger, the ingrate and the false friend.

And should he fall and lose his place among the worthy and of good repute, he is my brother still, and

the yearning of my heart's great love will not cease until he is restored to the fellowship of good men and true.

Summing up: charity is the giving of one's self,—the only worship acceptable to God.

Thus spake the Holy One to Sir Launfal:

“Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.”

HARMONY

By

THEODORA BORGLUM

THE nineteenth century has passed and with it have passed old ideals, old ideas, old customs—

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

The process of disintegration is going on to give way to greater things. The law of individualism, each man for himself, is becoming more and more rampant. It is not so long ago that nations stood out prominently and we thought of England, France, Germany as progressing along the lines of art, science and philosophy. Now we see nation grappling with nation fighting for—home, honor, country. Nobody knows why, but it is a fight which will go to the bitter end. Nation will rend nation and the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century will be gone. The coun-

tries of Europe have failed. Has the fair United States failed? With the arrogance of Americans we say it has not. But shall it fail? That is for us, the citizens of the United States to decide and we must decide quickly. We may not wait, but must be up and doing. And there is only one way and that is by understanding what harmony is and by making it a very part of ourselves.

When harmony is mentioned it compels one to think of many things—a “concord of sweet sounds,” the “music of the spheres,” and the peace of the world and of ourselves. The harmony in music stills the riot within the soul, brings the “peace that passeth understanding,” and inspires us to accomplish what we have only dreamed, urges us to fight for home and country. The “music of the spheres” is heard by the finely attuned ear and is realized by those of us who do not yet hear as we gaze into the starlit night, and know that each brightness of the heavens has its particular work to do, and is doing it in harmony with all the other stars. The peace of the world and of ourselves causes all to move without friction to accomplish what we will.

Harmony is peace and peace is power. It is a breaking away from the old disintegrating sheep-following condition of most men, and it is standing for the truth within ourselves for and with all others. In order to have harmony we must have the will power to stay separate and alone—not the selfish individualism that demands, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” but the interdependent individualism that is so strongly self-reliant

that, while it stands firmly alone, it reaches out a helping hand to all that may need it.

In helping others we must needs remember that the first essential is to be so strong within ourselves that our assistance will be of value. To discover wherein we are strong and wherein we are weak, it is well to consider the Greek dictum, "Know thyself." We must look well within ourselves with the clear critical eye that we use toward one whom we must judge. Let us examine well our souls, our minds and see our weakness and our strength. It is so easy to find the mote in our brother's eye, but it is not equally easy to find the beam in our own. Is it not because of the beam we see the mote? We look across the waters at the warring nations and cry, "Peace! Let us have peace at any cost!" Have you and I peace and harmony within ourselves or are we also at war?

Since we have discovered that, "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," let us see what sort of thoughts we are thinking so we may find out how much harmony we have within. Then we may talk of harmony for others.

Are we worried, anxious, fearful about what the next hour, day, week or month holds for us? Are we constantly telling our supposed troubles to our neighbor who is equally anxious to empty his upon us? Does the least little thing that happens make us irritated and angry, or are we so well-poised that nothing ruffles the calmness of our being? Are we swayed continually by one emotion after another or have we found the center poise of ourselves so we are unmoved by the worries, troubles and tribulations that arise? Are

we always knowing what is good for another to think and to do when we are not obeying our own mandate? It is a good custom to "examine our conscience" at the close of the day, to see in what ways we have erred and in what we have bettered the previous day.

It is becoming well poised within the very center of our being that will make us meet the affairs of the day with a smile on our face, and peace and harmony within our hearts. It is this harmony that we desire, the harmony that keeps us sweet and loving, that sends forth such a radiance within our own home, that there is no friction, no quarrel, no unhappiness. It is this harmony that makes us capable of helping our friends and neighbors, that takes us into the various industries and duties of the city, the state and the country, and makes us a power for good. And it is only this harmony that makes us stand as strong, radiant individuals, individuals who are so self-reliant that we can reach out the helping hand to others, the hand that draws up the weakling. It is realizing this harmony within ourselves that makes us know that the command of Jesus, "Love God above all things, and love thy neighbor as thyself," is a great scientific statement and will bring to us, to our brothers, to our country and to the warring nations peace, the peace and harmony that will endure.

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BROTHERHOOD

Healing of Peter Pearson

WHEN the world first heard the startling story of the instant "Healing of Sam Leek," the multitude scoffed; certain doubted, and a few rejoiced. Sam Leek had been one of the most brilliant of journalists; had become one of the most pitiable of "gutter-snipes," but was now restored to his right mind, to his family and to his profession. Many years have elapsed since that day, but Sam Leek still remains "healed" and the story of it has compassed the earth; has stimulated faith, and has redeemed other derelicts of drink that were considered equally hopeless—and we are glad!

Intoxicating drink has been a heartless scourge to our western races since its commercialization, yet there was not a day since its introduction into the channels of trade that it could not have been *voted* out of existence. Another, and far more terrible adversary of the races looms on the horizon of *every* life; *threatens* every individual, and has actually laid its withering hand upon four-fifths of our western humanity. Men call this monster "TUBERCULOSIS," "CONSUMP-

TION," "THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE" and by many other names that have sent pallor to the cheek and terror to the heart. Medical science has sought to cope with it and has resorted to change of environment, of climate, of diet, of clothing, and many other methods, besides medication, but it has as yet gained no appreciable ground against the steady encroachment of this "Grim Reaper." No branch of physical science has been able to stay its hand; no assembly of citizens can vote it out of existence, and no individual will, *per se*, can put it under its feet. Is there a remedy? Hark!

Peter Pearson, a young man of about average intelligence, physique, morals and circumstances, fell a victim to this relentless enemy several years ago, and though he fought it by every means known to medical science, the disease grew more and more deeply seated until about two years ago his family loaded him on the train and sent him to Los Angeles where he might take the "Fresh Air Cure" more comfortably. Here he placed himself under the care of the most eminent specialists and physicians. He tried every modern method for arresting the ravages of the disease without avail. He grew weaker and more emaciated from day to day; *slowly, but steadily losing ground*. He lived in a cottage where he did his own cooking and housework. He there provided himself with the sort of foods, ventilation, sun-baths, exercise, and every form of aid suggestable. He became so weak and frail in body eventually that it required the greatest effort to walk ever so short a distance. His housework became burdensome and taxing to his failing strength. He tried

"Christian Science," "Mental Science," "Divine Science," "Home of Truth" healers, and every mode and method of suggestive therapeutics to be found practiced in this city of occult thought. He read every helpful work on the subject of self-healing and mental therapeutics to be had. He mastered the *mental theory of healing*, yet every day his tissues wasted, and the cell-structure of his body gradually but surely broke down and crumbled. It was a heroic struggle, *but it was a losing fight.*

On Sunday, July 4, 1915, the writer delivered the first of a series of discourses in Blanchard Symphony Hall in this city, on "THE SOUL'S EXPANDING VISION." At the close of that service Peter Pearson, weak and almost fleshless; eyes opaque; cheeks sunken and livid with the hectic flush of devouring fever; breath poisonous with the ashes of his rapidly consuming body, and a voice scarcely audible, came to me and gasped-out his story of hoping against hope, asking if I thought there was aid for him in this present life. I talked with him for half an hour and asked him to see me later. One week thereafter Pearson came into my office. He said the Monday following his talk with me had been the best day he had experienced in two years. That he had proceeded to attend some matters down town. Feeling so well, he encountered a scale and concluded he would mount it and note how much he had gained in weight. *The scales registered less than ever before*, and his hopes went tumbling. His courage oozed. He tried to assure himself it was foolish to feel that way, that it did not matter if he *weighed* only one pound,

so long as he *felt* well. It was no use. He nearly passed-out of his body, he said, because of this last seeming failure, and had had the hardest struggle of his life during the past six days. We talked together for something like two hours that day. I sent Peter Pearson home to *practice the presence of God*. After a time he ceased saying there was "No use" and I could see by the new light in the eyes and by the straightening of the bent spine, that Peter Pearson had made the contact with the GREAT UNIVERSAL LIFE PRINCIPLE, and that he was, indeed, "*Transformed, by the renewing of his mind.*"

One week following that interview Peter Pearson again entered my office, but this time a completely transformed being. His breath, which till then had been almost unbearable, was now sweet and pure as the breath of a child. His skin, which has been bloched and burning, was now normal in color and cool to the touch, with the pink generally diffused throughout. He walked without his cane and without the halting, shambling gait of the week before. His handshake was firm and confident, and his voice was vibrant with victory as he recounted to me the story of those wonderful days since I had last talked with him.

Weeks elapsed. I was then delivering a symposium of talks on "THE CHARACTER OF JESUS" at the Sunday morning services. On that particular morning my theme was "Jesus, the Messenger." Pearson sat in his accustomed place, and at the conclusion of the service came to me and said he had concluded to return home, as he felt that he, also, was a Messenger of the Good, and like Jesus, had really risen from the dead.

I encouraged him in his resolve, and on the following Tuesday I saw the last of my good friend Pearson as he lightly swung off the rear platform of a moving street car, nimbly sprang upon the high curb, and disappeared around the corner in a mass of hurrying humanity,—*a perfectly well man.*

That was four months ago. I have had two letters from my friend, in both of which he rejoiced in his perfect recovery. He traveled from Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon, on a lumber steamer. Encountered very rough weather. Never experienced an unpleasant moment. Traveled several hundred miles by rail and reached his folks feeling good and strong. Busied himself in telling the story to those who saw him leave, ready for the Undertaker, and who now see him in normal health. Tuberculosis can not be "voted" out; resolutely out; fed out; aired out; clothed out; washed out or medicated out. It will no more out by denying the reality of the body, than the spot would out on the fair hand of Lady Macbeth. *There must come a blending of the inner, with the outer.* There must first be the recognition of the Divine Life within each individual, which is the Imminent God, and that this God can be called forth by the individual WILL to manifest in its perfection in the outer Man,—the fleshly body. When the Inner Man, who is ever untouched by disease or limitation or fear, but who resides eternally in its environment of LIFE, and a Life becoming more and more abundant, is called into the outer-consciousness by the Will of the individual; then that Universal Life Force becomes mixed with the cell-structure of the physical man and health permeates the whole mass.

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