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# Joy

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RED ROSE PRESS  
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SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

## RESURGO!

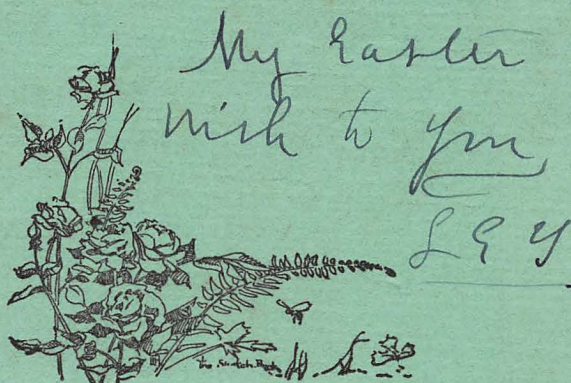


Out of myriads of doubts  
and fears,

Out of mistakes and  
showers of tears—

O may my Soul like a Lillie  
bloom:

Resurrect white and radiant  
from Life's darkest tomb.





# ABOUT MY BOOK

## Illumination and Love

### FORE WORDS

TRUTH is simple. Clear as running water in the sunshine. Easy to know. Yet, like children playing "cat's cradle" with a bit of string, many minds like to make Truth complex and confusing, so that souls seeking Truth—the truth that frees from all limitations, and liberating, is happiness—are often led perplexed into morasses and jungles where, weary and lost, they sigh for help.

Once, at a summer-nite's camp-fire talk on a hill-top amongst live oaks, little lanterns were hung along paths to show the way to the evening rendezvous. So, in expressing Truth, I like to use apt illustrations—little stories and similies—which are like lanterns on the seeker's path, making it easy and pleasant to find liberation and happiness. "Light on the path."

And Truth-seekers should travel "light" (no "excess baggage"), as well as by the Light on Love's way of Illumination.

My passion is to express Truth simply, clearly, briefly, lovingly. Intuitively, openly to the soul, rather than thru the thickets of the intellect. As freely as a rose blossoms for you. This is why I call my prints "red rose petals."\*

\*A few of the 40 different petals. Love-gifts.

The idea is that all who receive shall broadcast them to others—they are living words; living words are born in love and borne by love to others—this makes you a member of the Red Rose Fellowship.

Tho some of the selections in my book may be familiar to a few, let's consider that there are 1,750,000,000 others in the world, and Christmas comes every day, and recollect that they are new and inspiring to some friend o' yours or wayfarer whom you may bless as you pass this book on.

#### A GIFT FOR GIVERS

For 'tis a love-gift. Dew-o'-the-heart for a waft of appreciation. A joy-response to all who send a bit of cheer and help—an extra for each in our Joy Band of Blessing—anyone who does a kind deed daily. This is why I invited my friends to share in issuing it. How could I do any other way? Yes, I have credit and, doing my own printing and binding, could get paper and materials and sell enuf copies to pay costs and then make a profit. "Business." But I have quit commercialism. Forsaken it for love's way. 'Cause I've a vision of the happy day coming when all will vie to give, instead of to get—"come-givers," rather than "go-getters"—and business will be to bless, not profiteer. So, seeing this ideal, I must help make it real. Must be sincere. Must be true to myself, else be sick—neurosis, or a weakling with all sorts



of ills. For, if one aspires, and does not act; if one glimpses the Sublime, and is not sublimated; if one loves and does not give, becoming a stagnant scummy pool of deadliness, one Judases himself, and, horror of horrors! degenerates into that awful thing—mere mediocrity—awful, because every soul is potentially glorious!

#### LIVING THE IDEAL TO MAKE IT REAL

Ah! yes, it is an achievement to be sincere—such a long, long effort to slough off all the encrustations and inner complexes we have inherited and acquired since babyhood. Living in a world preaching “brotherhood,” and ever preparing for war; prating glibly the Golden Rule in all churches for centuries while daily exploiting one another; even almost universal hypocrisy aroused to cheer Lindy and peoples palpitant with a vision of goodness and truth and beauty, then slumping back into slumber, just awake enuf to wallow again in crime and lies and ugliness. A sick world—almost on the verge of insanity, and another tragic world war!

So one must live his ideal to make it real, to be sane and well—to save himself from the curse of the unpardonable sin of self-betrayal. Therefore, while crowds are racing for will-o'-wisp felicities of the future, I sidestep, pausing serenely, just to live say fifty years ahead of our time, and anticipate the Happy Day to come by drawing the Future into the Present and, like an immortal, blend both into the eternal NOW.

*Ariel.*



HERE's a postscript to the "Fore Words" about my beautiful book "Illumination and Love." I want to send you one—if you wish for it—a gift, extra—to the next 400 friends who join our Joy Band of Blessing; (see back cover) and in offering it

I sing a song of happiness  
For friends so good and true;  
Then dream myself a fairy ship  
And sail o'er seas of joy to You.

Your welcoming appreciation  
Blossoms into inspiration.

To love and live—  
And live to give—  
And so be free—  
O, so happy!

Doing a wonderful work,  
In a wonderful way,  
Giving wonderful things  
For wonderful pay—  
The coin that rings  
In Heaven.

This gift of "Illumination and Love" to our Joy Band is instead of separate Lessons and will be supplemented by personal letters in response to questions helpful to the spiritual unfoldment and material welfare of its readers—and I hope, Joy friend, you'll be one.

*Ariel.*



# A Word-weavers Reverie



riend o' Mine—my typewriter is the harp of my heart, and my printing press is the orchestra of my troubadour soul. I sing a love song to you—twanging the words here with my fingers nimble—to tell you how the Supreme Lover of the universe, plucking music from the Silence and broadcasting in myriad-voiced melody, trills and thrills thru me—pressing out of me the Spirit of Inspiration. And this living Love I word-weave, like poesy, into a love-letter-book; and then again my hands, in service with heart and head, set the types and run the press to make a token—like a pansy speaking for God—a message of Illumination and Love for many souls—to make your solo of appreciation the key-note for a chorus of others to sing with us.

\* \* \*

## *From a Canadian friend:*

"Your letters are like wine to the soul—inimitable things inimitably said."

## *From Australia:*

"Your 'redrose petals' have that rare charm — like a whiff of ozone sweeping thru a musty parlor, or the apple-blossoms of Whitsunday, or a ringing, rippling laugh which make one tiptoe to see an unfettered soul."

## *From San Diego:*

"Your letters have an impersonal intimacy which inspires me while they also fascinate others."

*Every Ariel message has a true and beautiful thought.*

# The Yankee



THE YANKEE lay at anchor  
Tucked in among the reeds  
In the quaint harbor of Essectown  
That to the river leads.

A schooner-yacht, once worthy  
She'd been, with neat white sails.  
But years have passed—she's broken now—  
Still she can tell great tales.

The winter comes—the summer—  
Always they find her there  
Slapping her sides against the marsh  
A picture of despair.

About this yacht there lurked romance.  
So once a friend and I,  
Determined to know her secret thoughts,  
Scrambled aboard to spy.

We climbed that hulking vessel  
All splinters and brown rust.  
"The hatch is locked! Then break her down!"  
In us was that which must.

Her hatch we pried and hammered  
Until we pushed it so  
We found that we could slip down in  
And make our way below.

In contrast to the picture  
Which met our eyes above



The interior of this schooner  
Was fresh as youthful love.

True — something there was in it  
Bespeaking of that word;  
For instantly one knew that here  
The breath of romance stirred.

We found a faded picture  
Of a young blue-eyed girl.  
Oh, what a wealth of mystery  
To us would soon unfurl.

Her eyes were dark and lovely  
And luminous to see.  
A soul, too sad, shone from those eyes  
As open as the sea.

To see her was to ponder.  
One would expect to find  
Some beauty rare within that hull  
Estranged from all its kind.

As beauty filled this vessel  
All barnacled and gray,  
So beauty shone from out those eyes  
We gazed upon that day.

We prowled about the galley,  
Ransacked we nooks and drawers,  
We even pried old hatches up  
Cut in the cabin floors.

The romance still remainèd  
That shone in those deep eyes  
Which spoke of men who sought and failed,  
Of many fatal sighs.

Pressing against a panel  
Its movement made me start—  
Behold! a creaking—then a thud!  
The panel flew apart!

There, resting on a table  
With ribbon deftly tied,  
Lay a large stack of letters; and  
That girl's soul dwelt inside.

\* \* \* \*

I read her name—Virginia—  
An only child, we found,  
Lived on the Yankee with her Dad  
Cruising Long Island Sound.

Their home was New York City.  
These two had won great fame—  
Her beauty and his affluence  
Together made their name.

They had sailed from Georgia  
Down to the coast of Maine—  
At every port the Yankee touched  
Her hand was sought again.

A handsome youth from Boston  
Had caught and won at last  
The love of dark Virginia—  
Her lot in life was cast.

This youth and blue-eyed maiden  
Wrote letters every day.  
The Yankee claspt them to her breast  
Still sweeping on her way.



And as I read those letters  
A tear dropped on the page—  
They told a story deep with love  
Now grown to yellow age.

I knew there'd be some reason—  
That presently I'd find  
What put the soul in those huge eyes  
That were so soft—so kind.

For that fair girl had suffered,  
And on I read until  
Coming upon a black edged note  
My heart became quite still.

\* \* \*

The Yankee looked her proudest  
Now heeling well to lee  
When her owner "played the market"  
Failing desperately.

And he, who loved this maiden,  
Was not an honest lad;  
And when he learned their tragedy  
Her life through him grew sad.

Though letters that she wrote him  
Were returned to her unread  
She kept her faith—still hoping much—  
E'en though her brave heart bled.

Too soon this lovely dream-girl  
Slipped far away in sleep.  
All that is left to tell of her  
Are these sad notes I keep.

That is why eyes so gentle  
Looked wistfully at me.  
A heart was broken on that yacht  
While sailing out to sea.

I crushed the black edged letters,  
And pressed them to my heart.  
I thought of her—and many more—  
Who play just such a part.

But death holds peace for many  
Who find not joy on earth.  
They leave all care to go beyond  
Where life can know new birth.

The Yankee sheltered romance,  
Sorrowful but true,  
For years we've kept within our hearts  
Which only we two knew.

\* \* \*

The Yankee made the channel,  
Cruised past the inner light,  
With lowered sail and fallen pride  
Till Essex came in sight.

And there she found her shelter,  
And there she rests today  
Slapping her sides against the marsh  
No more to take her way.

Deserted and so lonely,  
I go to see her still  
Slipping down through the broken hatch  
Feeling her deathlike chill.



For all is dead and silent--  
One broken heart as well--  
The heart which lived within that child  
Where tragedy befell.

\* \* \*

Ah, Yankee, you were broken  
By sorrow and by pain.  
Can I not buy your stolid hull  
And take you out again?

We'll sail the seas together  
Forgetting all the strife  
That was our lot, somehow, to draw  
In this vague weary life.

All rigged anew I'll own you.  
We'll leave the old world behind.  
Over the highways of the seas  
Our carefree way we'll wind.

Since you and I are Yankees  
We'll fight for life today.  
No one again shall ever steal  
The souls of us away!

We'll go through life together.  
Success we shall assume.  
Who says you shall not feel again  
Your creaking weathered boom!

Life is too short to spend it  
Feasting on woe and pain.  
Scrape off your hull and sail with me  
Down to the sea again!

# Ariel's Letter

*Living in the glory of God—  
God gloriously lives in us.*

*Technocracy was a foregleam—a rainbow revelation—like an Angel came, paused,  
and passed above to report in Heaven: "Folks 'most ready for the Dawn of Plenty."*

Dear Friends—Last June I prophesied: ‘Franklin D. Roosevelt will ride into Washington on a great tidal wave of protest’, and 18 months ago I wrote: ‘I anticipate the Unknown One who is to come forth and flame humanity with a passion to now carry on the work of our Nation’s Destiny. The new Man of Power to apply real engineering to the Big Business of Living—not the satrap of billionaire buccaneers. O God! how I’d like to be a torch, tho tiny, to fire Love Triumphant! To illumine and direct impassioned human emotion for everyone’s more abundant life! Think of the surging moments of heroic liberation—leaping the human race forward! Maybe, soon, a tidal wave—not of destruction, but with the turbinized-electric power of a thousand Niagaras—may come to bless; and think again how, like the invisible wind, a tornado of blessing—the Spirit of the Almighty may come to fell injustice and lift Nobility high—Love aroused to passion righteousness on earth—instead of another whirlwind of horror that made a shambles of Europe. Ah, let us prepare ready for the Leader when he comes.



our President. And what inspires U.S., as a baptism of the Holy Spirit, is the union of People and President in fellowship for our Social Salvation. In his inaugural address he sternly told the Big Business Buccaneers, that they had "scuttled the Ship and were sneaking away with the gold"—thus throwing down the gauntlet to the BBB that he don't bid for their support, and at the same time, like a real leader, he called all the People to stand with him for a New Deal. And we, enmasse, have joyously rallied to him. And I am sure that history will someday write that Franklin Roosevelt, like Washington and Lincoln, will be ever beloved in the hearts of his countrymen and women.

How little we deemed that the trained and astute politician would become a great Statesman. A splendid, consecrated Headman of his nation. We knew that the NEED had arrived, and we all sensed the imminent DANGER of o'ershadowing rebellion and tragedy; and just because of this need and this danger, there was the OPPORTUNITY for wonderful Leadership. And here was Roosevelt—to become a man of destiny if he felt the need, realized the danger, and, with Vision, grasped the opportunity. The hour struck, and he accepted the People's trust. For our Joy Band, I say: God bless you! President Roosevelt.

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# THE FERN LEAF

Fern Myra Rossman, 571 Capital Ave. N.W., Battle Creek, Mich.

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## THE CROCUS



Brave little crocus,  
Blooming alone—  
You're so courageous,  
Dear have you grown.

You know God's sunshine  
Soon will appear,  
Banishing cloud line,  
Shaming my fear.

Glad little faces,  
Cheering my heart,  
Humble your places,  
Lovely your art.

*Fern Myra Rossman.*





---

# THRU THE PALINGS

Lady Jane, 704 Post Bldg., Battle Creek, Michigan.

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## TODAY



walked the earth  
With God today,  
Hand in hand—  
The way was short,  
The time well spent;  
Divine Love was shed  
on me;  
What a gain,  
The light to see.  
A treasure rare,  
Ever waiting for me.

*Lady Jane.*





LIVING in the glory of God,  
God gloriously lives in us.

*Ariel.*



FATHER of us all—

Who livest in the worlds above—

May Thy Name be holy among  
men—



May Thy Kingdom come—

Thy great work be complete,

As with Thee, so on earth—

Satisfy day by day our material  
needs—

Forgive us our offenses even as

We forgive offenses against our-  
selves—

Try us not beyond our strength—

And deliver us from all that is  
evil.

And to Thee be the Kingdom—

And the Glory—

And the Honor—

Forever and forever—

Amen!

*Harold Lloyd Fraser.*



## THE VOICE OF THE HEART

Mayflower, Red Rose Way, Santa Barbara, California.

### What the Master Revealed to Me

**H**ow prodigal is the Soul in its wanderings — seeking, ever seeking to find satisfaction—roaming over waste arid places, stumbling into marshes of emotion and bogs of doubt; well-nigh inextricably engulfed therein; struggling along, carrying great burdens of possessions, beneath which it staggers as tho drunken. Pitching a tent now here, now there, knowing not its goal; seeking, ever seeking treasure, dragging heavily o'er the deserts, hobbling on, ever on, crying out, "I thirst!" passion parched, "I thirst!" ever seeking in the wrong direction, following the call of the senses, now here, now there pursuing a will o' the wisp—maybe false friend or lover or ambition — tramping, tramping down a calf-path trail, onward thru the thicket and vast groves, on thru forests o'er-grown with brambles of annoyances and great vines of prejudices growing in lavish confusion, chopping down many a tree to clear the way and make possible the ongoing—sometimes meeting and greeting other seekers, each one speaking a different language or dialect—no one quite understanding the other—each one a traveller knowing not whither his journey's end, all seeking, seeking

the hidden treasure of some El Dorado. Plodding on and sinking down footsore to rest—falling asleep with heaviness of soul and body, darkness descends and robbers stealing upon him unawares, even as the night, they wrest his poor possessions from him, and when he resists them, they beat and wound him, leaving him there alone to die. The stars keep watch and send their radiance of compassion unto him and to all mankind. A traveling Samaritan, led by their light, stands tenderly above him, dresses his wounds, and camps with him until he is restored again; and then they wander on once more, following the onflow of a trick-stream, winding like a silver thread adown the mountain side.

Each Soul tires and sickens in its quest after gold, and is wounded by treacherous foes. Then the good Shepherd hears the moan of the Soul who fain would return to its home—realizing at last the futility of its quest, it gladly and obediently follows where He leadeth. Patiently the Soul pursues the Silver Thread of Truth which gradually expands to a clear running Stream. Persistently the Soul journeys onward, tho it thinks it is now all alone. It follows wheresoe'r the Streamlet leadeth, knowing not that it is watched by the Eye of Love. Making its way over boulders and chasms, still following the wake of the Silver Stream, which ever deepening, floweth with increased force,



at length leading into a widening channel, becomes merged with the swift flowing River. The intuitions of Truth faithfully followed lead into its Source and prove to the Soul its identity, for they merge with the Crystal River of Truth.

Here do we find Unity in diversity, for from all directions cometh man to Truth to be immersed therein; by whatsoever pathway men seek God, even so will they merge with Him. Every morning at Dawn they visit the Sacred River—so do we in our meditation come to the Waters of Life. Sometimes we come a circuitous way, following for a while o'er rocks a trickling stream which gradually widens till it finally joins the flowing River. Each one brings his or her own pitcher—maybe of china or glass, but mostly of metal, that matters not so long as it be clean—to receive the life-giving water.

Those who come earliest must needs rejoice in the upliftment of Dawn's matins of Beauty, sung both in silent colors unspeakable, and by the birds joyous flute-notes. Then is outbreathed to man the Blessing of the Day. Happy are they who keep tuned to its consciousness, for it is spread a Communion Feast from God to man.

Variously do they find refreshment at the River. Some wash their faces, bathing their eyes, as tho they fain would see more clearly. Some cleanse their ears, that they may hear distinctly. Some wash their hands, as tho to

get rid of impurities and start afresh. Others immerse therein, as tho they would fain find complete purification in His Life—the pure Stream which flows from on high; some in complete consecration plunge therein as tho to renounce all, and become filled with God's Life. Each one receives according to his or her needs—to the measure of one's faith and demands.

The water is of the same quality whether held in a pitcher of crimson glass, common clay, or silver of dainty shape—but we prefer it most of all from a vessel of crystal clear polished glass. O may our minds just so be kept as clear and bright and clean and polished, that we may reflect Thy Light and never obstruct it from others; being as pure in our form of presenting it as the Holy Life-giving Water. Let us be ready to accept the Water of Life—the Truth—as graciously and thankfully from a “common” colored pitcher as from the cultured polished silver, or e'en from the clear crystal glass pitcher of Holy Ones or Saints; for sometimes the bearer maybe but a little child, a negro, a “half-breed,” or brown skin brother or sister—so long as they bear the draught of Truth, of what account the pitcher which carries it.

Oftimes the River is so tranquil that it reflects the shady Willows and the “Tree of Life” that gracefully bends over it, making by their lacy shadows a fairyland picture. White and grey doves nestle in the trees,



cooing softly their lays of peace. Stately Swans, white as the purest clouds mirrored from above, float on its calm bosom, typical of the poise of Souls who long to become one with the River's purity—majestic like those who can maintain their Peace and Poise; who have built in these qualities as habits under all circumstances and trials. Each one lingers there, first to be Purified, then to receive some special blessing—each may draw as they will, for out of purity is established calmness, and within its depths is reflected the Christ—who will baptize, not merely with Water, which is typical of emotion, or Soul, but by the risen Sun (Son) which lighteth everyone—"that Light which never shone on land nor sea"—the Perfect Light which is at once Truth and Love—Wisdom clothed in beauty—God's Spirit—Light-Fire which animates, and is the Life of every World—of you as well as me. For at the Water of Truth, *which each must drink to live*—we find beneath all outward differences of form, creed, caste, or color, the Life of God which ensouls and animates and makes us One. Unity which exists fundamentally, despite all appearances of outward diversity.

O Master, may I ever be like the swift running River which seeks the Sea:

So may my love thoughts flow to Thee;  
May I lose my Self in ecstasy—my Will,  
Like the River, become merged in Thee.

## WHAT THE MASTER JESUS

Taught me in Visions, Thoughts and Words—my Daily Rosary. It means everything to me in my Spiritual unfoldment, and intended equally for you, as I am but a messenger of glad tidings.

It is my Love offering—I send this 36 page book on your request and offering as God prompts you. Mayflower, 2136 Redrose Way, Santa Barbara, Calif.

## CHEER YOUR FRIENDS

Ariel and Mayflower's Easter Cards

Garden of Lillies, booklet 10c

The Inner Trail - 10c

There Is No Death 5c

Sunshine and Roses 25c

The Serene Life - 25c

Extra copy free of last two. Order now

HELP us by telling your friends of our little white house on the hill in Los Angeles. Scenic view; 4 rooms, simply furnished, water, gas, electricity; 15 minutes to car-line and stores, only \$12.50 a month. 4195 Ranons Ave., near York Blvd. and Verdugo. Key at Wilson's, 3958 Verdugo Road, or phone.



## The Joy Band of Blessing

*"I saw a new heaven and a new earth,  
for the former things are passed away."*

**T**he idea of this Fellowship is that we are each to be the minister of a little parish of friends (maybe unknown to them), sending blessings to them (good wishes and true thoughts) and serving them in loving-kindness whenever opportunity offers; and these in turn are to become pastors to their groups, and those become ministers of yet other little flocks, and so on until we have the whole world one big parish—an invisible church—blessing one another with the Spirit of Christ.

This will create conditions of universal goodwill, welcoming the coming Leader, and so charge the social consciousness of humanity with the positive thought of *Soul and Social Welfare*, that, at the psychological moment, it will need but the given *Word*, like touch of an electric button, to transmit this charged, enlightened, ready Goodwill, powerfully, practically, and transform all poverty and misery, as easy and inevitably as dawn follows night, into prosperity and happiness for everyone.

*"Not by might, nor by money, but by  
My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."*

No sect or cult — simply give a Red Rose Petal daily to someone, and send a monthly offering according to heart-urge and means.

Bless and be blessed.

# RED ROSE PETALS

(PRINTS)

## OF ILLUMINATION AND LOVE

THE BOOK by W. H. Harvey	224 pages	- -	25c
Book of Joy by <i>Ariel and Mayflower</i>	.	.	\$1.
Illumination and Love <i>Ariel's book</i>	.	.	\$1.
Singing Souls, gift book, by <i>Ariel and friends</i>			\$1.
Nature's Brotherhood book by Saladin	.	.	\$1.
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Human Kodaks	25c	Ariel Life Lesson	20c
The Law of Life	Ariel's new Life Lesson De Luxe Booklet, postpaid, 10c		

*Selections amounting to \$1.25 for \$1.*

Water-colored. Stamp offerings accepted. These prices merely suggestive, send price, or any offering, or read and return petals, freely.

*For Personal Life Letter—send love-offering.*

RED ROSE SERVICE

2136 Red Rose Way

Santa Barbara, Calif.



# Joy! Abundance! Joy!

## BLESS AND BE BLESSED

Join the Joy Band of Blessing: "If two of you shall agree as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father." Matt. 18:19.

- (1) Send for the monthly series of Life Lessons (with monthly offering—  
What the Spirit prompts.)
- (2) This makes you one of a group of 100 who daily speak the Word of Plenty for one another; (new groups forming)
- (3) Ariel and Mayflower treat each one of the Band daily thru the month for health and wealth, during Morn Meditation.
- (4) A Personal Letter responding to your need or request.
- (5) A Joy booklet and Petals of love and illumination sent free to members to give blessings to their friends.

Send offering monthly with brief report of progress to date.

*Ariel and Mayflower, 2136 Redrose Way, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

# NOW

STAND WITH ROOSEVELT AND A NEW DEAL  
Every Public Utility a Federal Service like the Postoffice

WHIP MONEY-CHANGERS OUT of the TEMPLE  
One Government Bank --- a Branch in every Postoffice

A RED, WHITE, OR BLUE CHECK BOOK,  
according to grade of service to every adult U.S. citizen  
who does his or her daily quota of social work.

# NOW

Ariel, 2136 Redrose Way,  
Santa Barbara, California