

MASTERY

An Esoteric Magazine
Edited by Orlando Edgar Miller Ph.D.

"There is but ONE victory worth the struggle; there is but ONE world to conquer: the victory over SELF; the World WITHIN."

SEPTEMBER 1921 **PRICE 25c**

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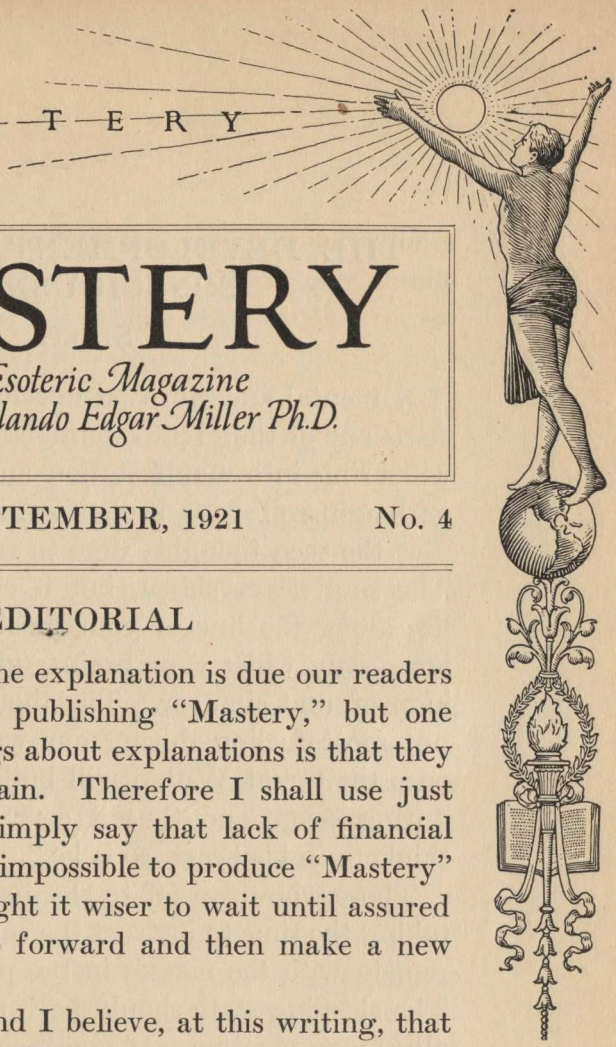
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ORLANDO EDGAR MILLER, PH.D. . . . Editor
N. B.—All unsigned articles by the editor
LILLIAN GRANVILLE WHITE . Associate Editor

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VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1921 NO. 4

EDITORIAL

I PRESUME some explanation is due our readers for the delay in publishing "Mastery," but one of the peculiar things about explanations is that they usually fail to explain. Therefore I shall use just sufficient space to simply say that lack of financial support has made it impossible to produce "Mastery" regularly, so I thought it wiser to wait until assured of our ability to go forward and then make a new start.

So here we are, and I believe, at this writing, that the little magazine will make its appearance regularly hereafter. If each of our readers will do what he or she can to enlarge the circulation, it will help very materially in enlarging the size of the magazine. I should like to double the size of each issue in order to quicker place before you many things, that I believe will be interesting and helpful. Each subscriber will receive the full quota of twelve numbers.

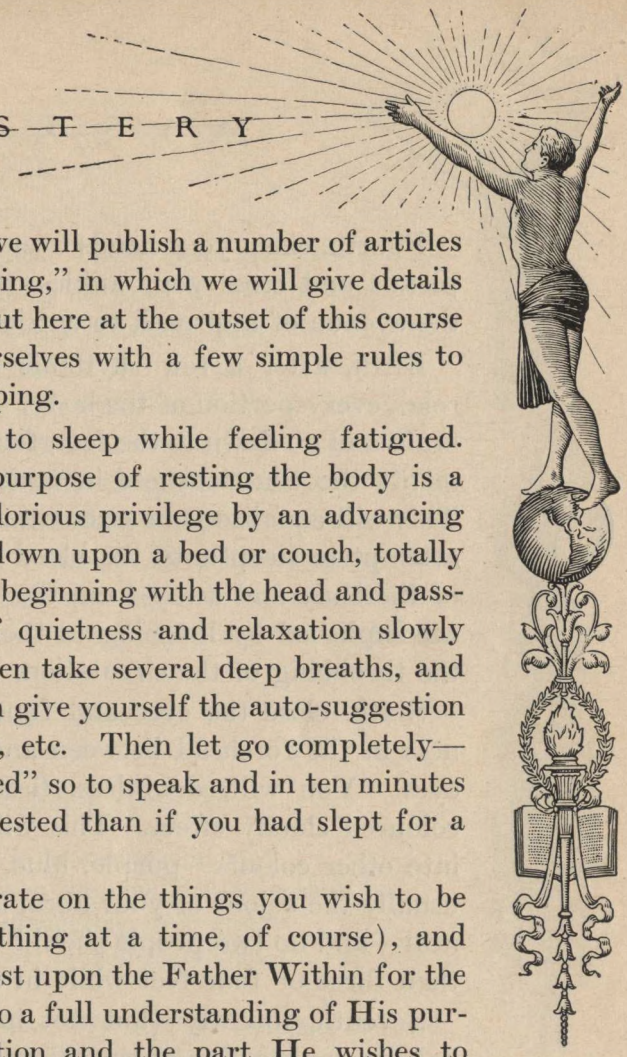


THE DEVELOPMENT OF COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Sleep.

IN mental and spiritual development proper sleep is one of the great essentials. The Great Within will bring into manifestation any desire, aspiration, or longing of your soul, if you are in earnest and give the seed thoughts time to fructify during sleep. The soul never sleeps, but it can reconstruct your life along the line of your most ardent desires and ideas only while your brain and body are quiescent in profound slumber. The thoughts into which we put most feeling during our waking hours are the ones the Great Within will build into our character during sleep, and thus it comes to be that "as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Those who drop off to sleep at night without first taking the time to instruct the subconscious mind will remain with the masses in the purely physical class. The sleeping state should be very positive, it is usually most negative. If our "reins are to instruct us in the night season" and if we are to prevent enemies from sowing tares among the wheat while we sleep, we must take the time to properly instruct the subconscious before going to sleep—to make it positive, so that it will attract only those thoughts in the mental atmosphere about us in harmony with our vibrations, and then master the art of sleeping properly.



At another time we will publish a number of articles on "Scientific Sleeping," in which we will give details and reasons why; but here at the outset of this course we will content ourselves with a few simple rules to be observed in sleeping.

First, never go to sleep while feeling fatigued. Sleeping for the purpose of resting the body is a prostitution of a glorious privilege by an advancing soul. If tired, lie down upon a bed or couch, totally relax every muscle, beginning with the head and passing the thought of quietness and relaxation slowly down the body. Then take several deep breaths, and with each inhalation give yourself the auto-suggestion of strength, power, etc. Then let go completely—"fall through the bed" so to speak and in ten minutes you will be more rested than if you had slept for a week.

Second, concentrate on the things you wish to be and achieve (one thing at a time, of course), and make definite request upon the Father Within for the wisdom necessary to a full understanding of His purpose in your creation and the part He wishes to accomplish through you.

Third, lie always upon your back, with your head to the north in harmony with the magnetic currents going through the earth (south of the equator, head to the south). A small pocket compass will be found useful if travelling—if the bed needs rearranging, it can be easily replaced in the morning.

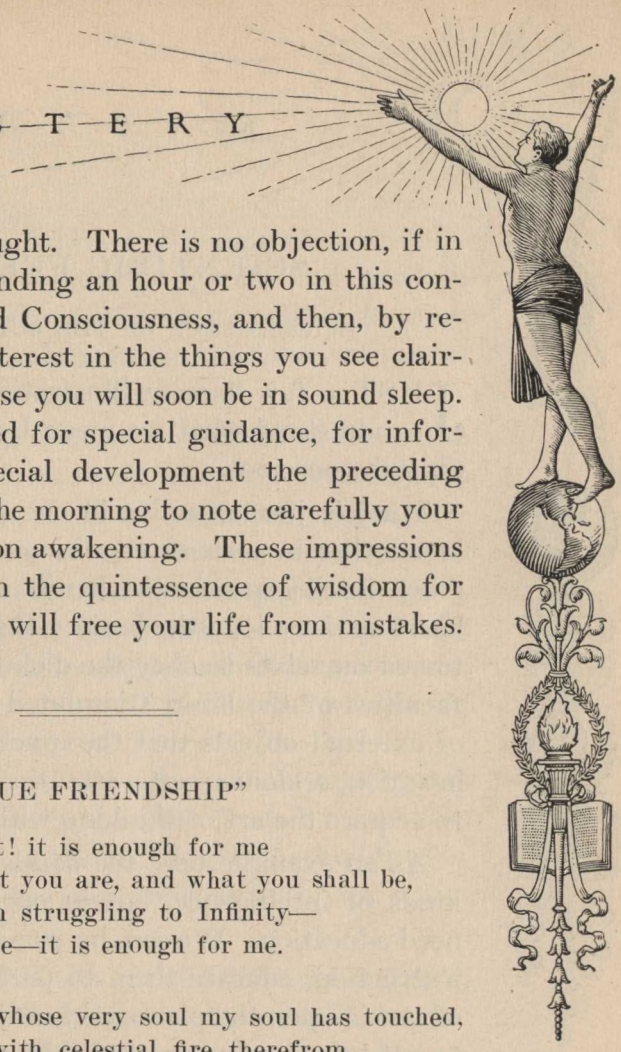


Fourth, clasp your hands over your chest or solar-plexus and cross your ankles (this aids in closing the avenue of approach to outside mental currents).

Fifth, after a few rhythmic breaths, completely relax every portion of the body. Beginning with the brain and go down to the feet, focusing for a few moments the consciousness in each part of the body. This will equalize your circulation. You must never attempt to sleep until the blood is in the lower part of the body and away from the brain. This will be accomplished by listening in the feet until you feel the throbbing of the circulation.

Sixth, close the eyes and function the consciousness in the forehead between and a little above the eyes. You will, doubtless, first notice a creamy-coloured cloudy effect. This will probably dissolve into other colours—purple, blue, green, yellow, etc., usually the colour of your aura, if no other person is near—and no two people should be nearer each other than three or four feet while in sleep.

Seventh, intently (but not intensely) watch the kaleidoscopic action of the colours to the exclusion of all other thoughts, until you lose consciousness in slumber. You may, before getting soundly asleep, get into the subconscious or "dream" state and may witness some scenes that you would like to remember. If so, rouse yourself and record the outlines in a book that you will have at hand for that purpose; unless recorded at once the vision or "dream" will fade from



your conscious thought. There is no objection, if in good health, to spending an hour or two in this condition of Continued Consciousness, and then, by relinquishing your interest in the things you see clairvoyantly or otherwise you will soon be in sound sleep.

If you have asked for special guidance, for information, or for special development the preceding night, it is well in the morning to note carefully your first impression upon awakening. These impressions in time will contain the quintessence of wisdom for your guidance, and will free your life from mistakes.

"TRUE FRIENDSHIP"

That you exist! it is enough for me
I know you what you are, and what you shall be,
Our souls both struggling to Infinity—
Just that you are—it is enough for me.

My Friend! whose very soul my soul has touched,
And quivering with celestial fire therefrom,
Throbs upward, Godward, to that world "To Be,"
That you exist—it is enough for me.

And when our souls and spirits are set free
And wander into Dawn from out the night,
That you are there—it is enough for me,
For I shall know you in the Realms of Light.

—Gwendolyn Davies.



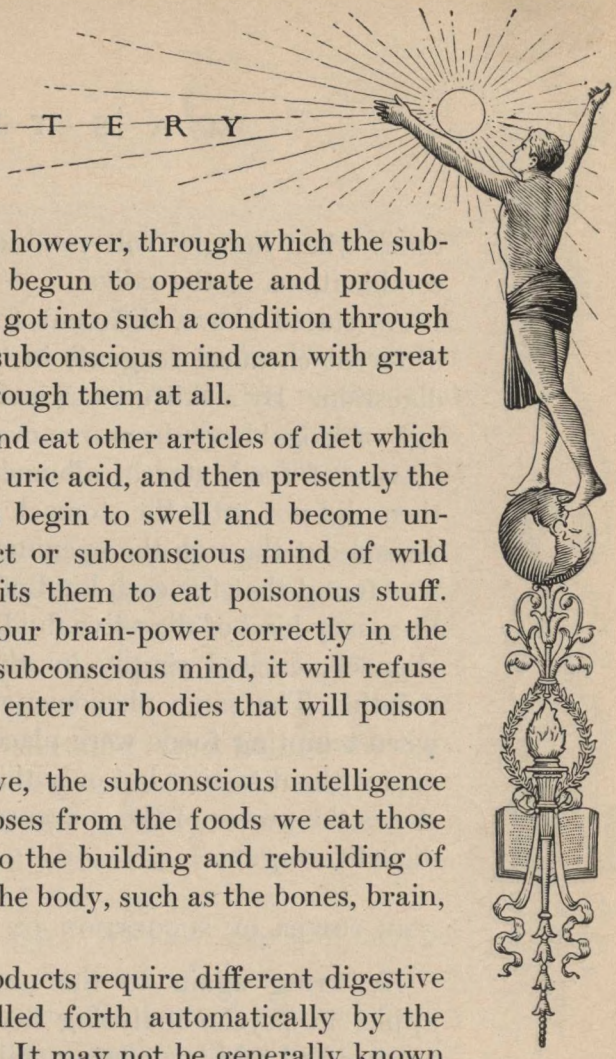
SCIENTIFIC FEEDING

INTELLIGENCE OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

JUST a few homely illustrations to enable us to understand what we mean by the intelligence of the subsconscious.

Mind is just as active in one part of the body as in another in normal conditions. There is just as much intelligence in the hands or feet, or liver, or heart as there is in the brain. But we have so accustomed ourselves to obey the dictates of the reasoning faculties of the brain stimulated by the observation of external objects that the inner voice of the mind, intuition, seldom arrests attention and we have failed to acquire the art of thinking with the whole mind.

As an example take the hands. They have many kinds of intelligence, but in our present state they need education. We can, by perseverance and proper instruction, educate them to perform difficult pieces of music upon the piano, and in time the music seems to get into the fingers, and they seem to perform the most soulful music without any attention on the part of the objective intellect. When our very souls perform through our hands they produce the music of genius, but if our hands are still under the dominance of our brain, and only play those notes which the brain cognizes, the music is purely mechanical and is without soul.

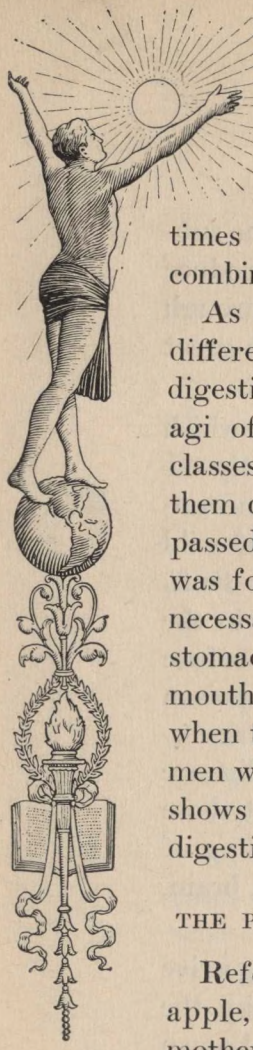


These same hands, however, through which the subconscious mind has begun to operate and produce soulful music, can be got into such a condition through wrong diet that the subconscious mind can with great difficulty operate through them at all.

We drink coffee and eat other articles of diet which clog the system with uric acid, and then presently the joints of the fingers begin to swell and become unwieldy. The instinct or subconscious mind of wild animals never permits them to eat poisonous stuff. When we shall use our brain-power correctly in the re-education of the subconscious mind, it will refuse to allow anything to enter our bodies that will poison or clog.

As remarked above, the subconscious intelligence within each cell chooses from the foods we eat those elements necessary to the building and rebuilding of the various parts of the body, such as the bones, brain, hair, skin, etc.

Different food products require different digestive fluids, which are called forth automatically by the subsconscious mind. It may not be generally known that one's mouth "waters" in three different ways, but the fact is that the salivary glands produce different chemical combinations upon the introduction of different kinds of foods, such as carbohydrates, fats, albumens, etc. It is not even necessary to introduce these foods into the mouth to cause the saliva to flow; simply to think about different foods at different



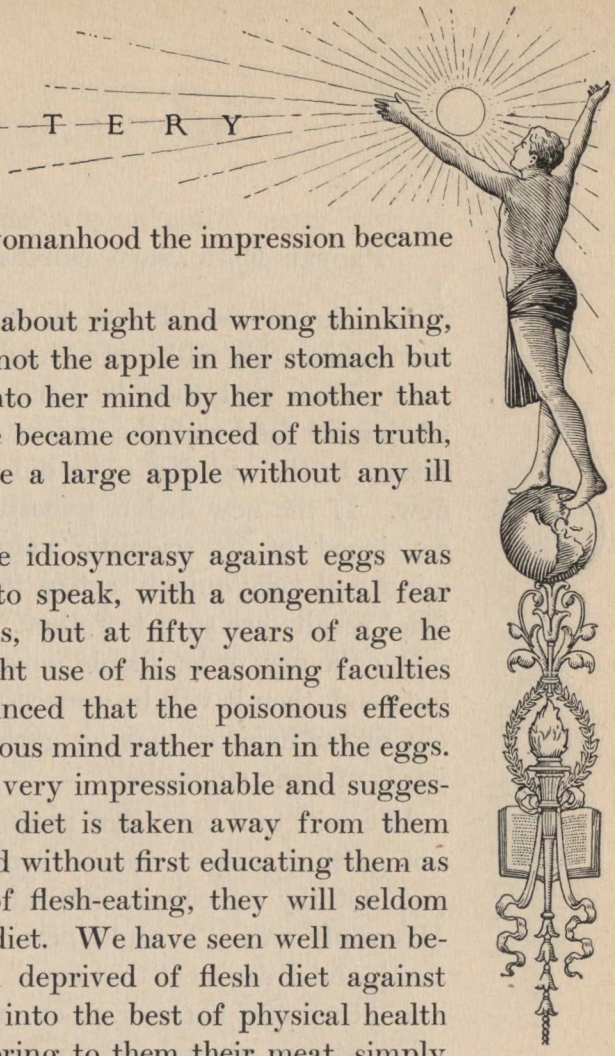
times when hungry will produce different chemical combinations in the saliva.

As stated above, different food products require different chemical reagents in the stomach for their digestion. By a skilfull surgical operation the esophagi of dogs have been removed and the different classes of food, starch, albumens, fats, etc., fed to them did not enter the stomach after mastication but passed out through the opening in the throat, and it was found that for each kind of food a different and necessary kind of digestive fluid was produced by the stomach, excited simply by the mastication in the mouth. The same phenomenon has been observed when tempting foods were placed in sight of hungry men without tasting but only thinking of them. This shows the power of the subconscious mind within the digestive organs.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION ON THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

Referring again to the nurse poisoned by the apple, in psycho-analyzing her we found that her mother had told her when a child that she should not eat some choice apples, which were intended for another purpose, and that if she did eat them they would make her sick.

Children are more subject to suggestions, if possible, than their elders, and after eating the apple she became very sick. This left an impression in the child's mind that gradually sank into her subconsciousness,

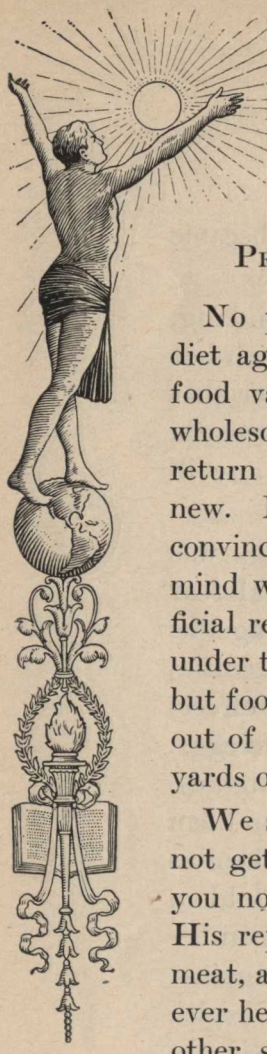


and as she grew to womanhood the impression became fixed.

In talking to her about right and wrong thinking, she saw that it was not the apple in her stomach but the falsehood put into her mind by her mother that was poisonous. She became convinced of this truth, and immediately ate a large apple without any ill results.

The man with the idiosyncrasy against eggs was "birth-marked," so to speak, with a congenital fear of their harmfulness, but at fifty years of age he learned to make right use of his reasoning faculties and was soon convinced that the poisonous effects were in his subconscious mind rather than in the eggs. Invalids are usually very impressionable and suggestible, and if a flesh diet is taken away from them against their will and without first educating them as to the bad effects of flesh-eating, they will seldom thrive on any other diet. We have seen well men become invalids, when deprived of flesh diet against their wills, who got into the best of physical health temporarily by restoring to them their meat, simply because their subconscious mind had been educated to believe that meat was essential to their welfare.

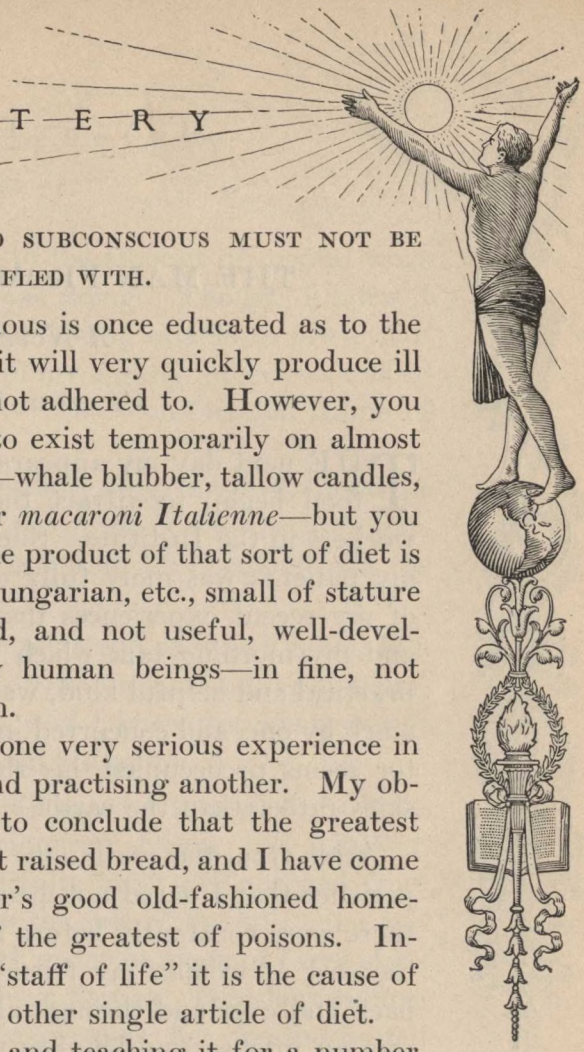
We are led, therefore, to believe that education is the great essential in correcting the diet of the individual or the nation.



Proper Education the First Essential.

No person should ever be forced to change his diet against his will. He should be taught proper food values and then be persuaded to try simple, wholesome food with the understanding that he could return to the old diet if he did not thrive upon the new. If the new diet is scientific, and his reason is convinced of its scientific value, the subconscious mind will very quickly act in the matter, and beneficial results are sure to follow. Of course, children under the new order should never be fed on anything but food, then it will be unnecessary to educate them out of the habit of making garbage-cans and graveyards of their stomachs.

We said to a very thin patient one day, who was not getting proper results from his diet, "Why do you not try uncooked, natural foods for a while?" His reply was, "I could never get strong without meat, and I can't eat that raw." We asked him if he ever heard of a horse or an ox, or an elephant or any other strong animal eating meat in order to gain strength? This question set him thinking, and within a short time he decided to try the natural diet, with the result that he gained 32 lb. in weight within a period of five weeks, and the added flesh was firm and normal.

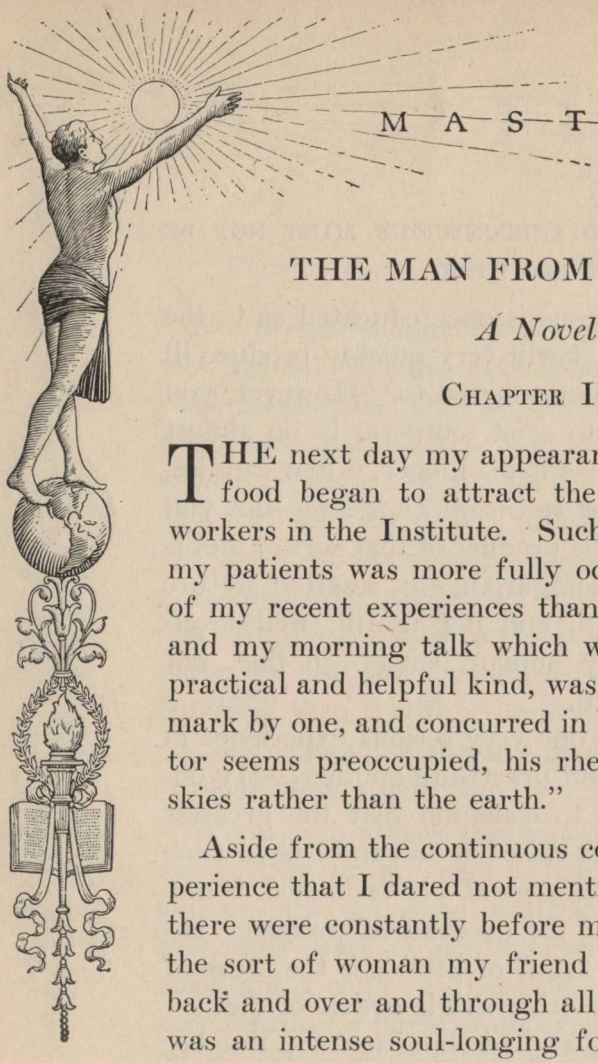


A PROPERLY EDUCATED SUBCONSCIOUS MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH.

When the subconscious is once educated as to the value of natural food it will very quickly produce ill results if that diet is not adhered to. However, you can educate yourself to exist temporarily on almost any sort of provender—whale blubber, tallow candles, Hungarian goulash, or *macaroni Italienne*—but you must remember that the product of that sort of diet is the Esquimaux, the Hungarian, etc., small of stature and prematurely aged, and not useful, well-developed, normal, healthy human beings—in fine, not *éditions de luxe* of man.

The writer has had one very serious experience in preaching one thing and practising another. My observation has led me to conclude that the greatest cause of asthma is yeast raised bread, and I have come to know that "mother's good old-fashioned home-made bread" is one of the greatest of poisons. Instead of its being the "staff of life" it is the cause of more disease than any other single article of diet.

After believing this and teaching it for a number of years I was once so situated for three months that I could get no satisfactory food and was compelled to live largely on bread. At the end of that period I was suffering intensely from a very aggravated case of asthma, when preceding that time I had scarcely known what ill-health meant. I gave up bread, the asthma left. Since then I have made it a part of my business to put the baker out of his business.



THE MAN FROM THE SUN

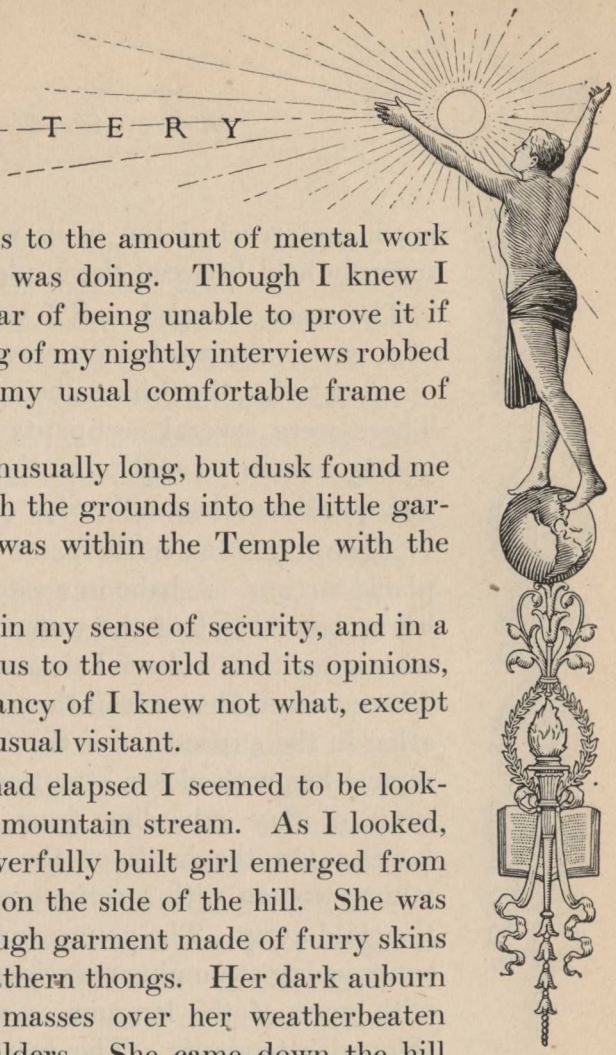
A Novel

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day my appearance and my refusal of food began to attract the attention of my co-workers in the Institute. Such time as I devoted to my patients was more fully occupied with thoughts of my recent experiences than with their condition, and my morning talk which was usually of a most practical and helpful kind, was the subject of the remark by one, and concurred in by several, "The Doctor seems preoccupied, his rhetoric was that of the skies rather than the earth."

Aside from the continuous consciousness of an experience that I dared not mention to a human being, there were constantly before me various concepts of the sort of woman my friend had in mind. Then, back and over and through all these thoughts, there was an intense soul-longing for another glimpse of the cosmic world.

The doubts of the preceding days had given way to an unearthly certainty that the experiences were real, only too real, but that the bare mention of them to my associates would cause them to be apprehensive of my mental condition. For some time past little remarks had been dropped that indicated an under-



current of anxiety as to the amount of mental work and concentration I was doing. Though I knew I was sane, yet the fear of being unable to prove it if anyone got an inkling of my nightly interviews robbed me just a little of my usual comfortable frame of mind.

The day seemed unusually long, but dusk found me stealing back through the grounds into the little garden, and quickly I was within the Temple with the door locked.

I was soon serene in my sense of security, and in a few moments oblivious to the world and its opinions, happy in the expectancy of I knew not what, except the certainty of my usual visitant.

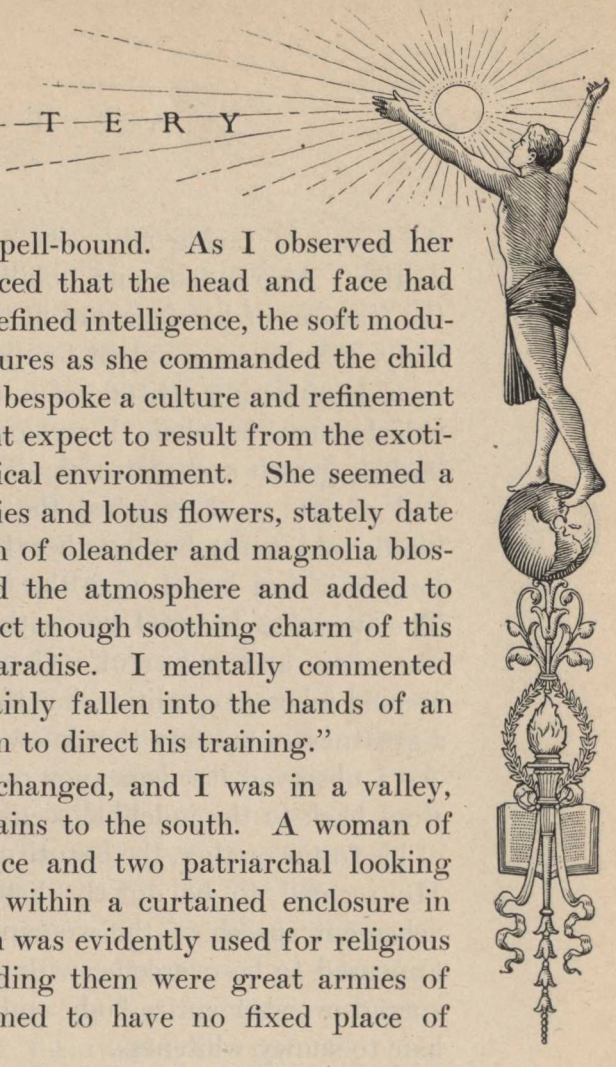
After some time had elapsed I seemed to be looking into a torrential mountain stream. As I looked, a strong-limbed, powerfully built girl emerged from the mouth of a cave on the side of the hill. She was partially clad in a rough garment made of furry skins tied together with leathern thongs. Her dark auburn hair hung in great masses over her weatherbeaten though shapely shoulders. She came down the hill to the stream, waded into the water a few paces and stood motionless. I then noticed in each hand a circular contrivance with a frame of bent wood, woven with thongs of skin not dissimilar to a modern tennis racket. Her dark blue eyes were gazing intently into the rushing waters about her limbs. Suddenly she made a very swift dive with both arms straight-



ened, and reached the bank with a good sized fish securely held between the implements in her hands.

The scene changed, and I was seated on the floor of a cave. Suspended on a wooden spit over some burning twigs, the fish was being prepared for eating. There were several occupants of the cave, but the young woman seemed to be the ruling spirit, and no one questioned her authority.

Again the scene shifted, and I was by the side of a placid stream. A babe in a pitch-covered basket was being carried out of the water by a sweet-faced girl with a wealth of auburn hair and large dark blue eyes. There was an alertness in the glance, and a determination in the expression of the face that caused me to regard her with closer attention. She was clad in a tunic of flax extending from her shoulders to her knees. On the bank of the river stood a stately young woman with a retinue of attendants to carry the child away. The young woman had just finished her morning swimming exercises and looked refreshed, with none of the languor so apparent in her dark skinned attendants. The morning was very warm and the light filmy tunic that covered the body of the princess revealed the outlines of a form that artists can sometimes conceive of in imagination, but are rarely met with in actual life. A mass of golden brown hair, all dishevelled and waving gently in the soft morning breeze only served to add to the attractiveness of this strikingly beautiful woman whose



presence held me spell-bound. As I observed her more closely I noticed that the head and face had every indication of refined intelligence, the soft modulated voice and gestures as she commanded the child to be brought to her bespoke a culture and refinement that an idealist might expect to result from the exotically beautiful tropical environment. She seemed a part of the water lilies and lotus flowers, stately date palms and profusion of oleander and magnolia blossoms that perfumed the atmosphere and added to the intoxicating effect though soothing charm of this literal garden of paradise. I mentally commented "this child has certainly fallen into the hands of an angel in human form to direct his training."

Again the scene changed, and I was in a valley, with rugged mountains to the south. A woman of commanding presence and two patriarchal looking men were standing within a curtained enclosure in front of a tent which was evidently used for religious purposes. Surrounding them were great armies of humanity, who seemed to have no fixed place of abode.

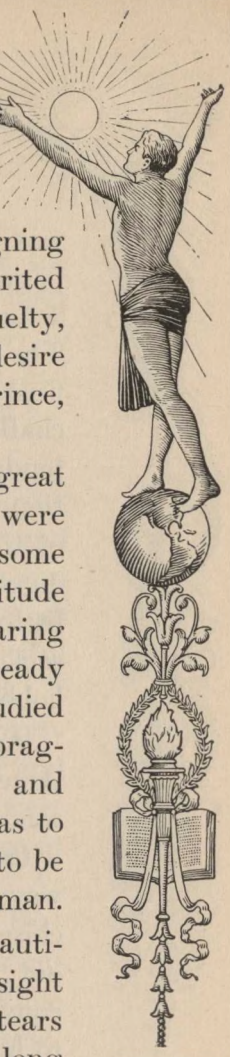
The scene was impressive in the extreme. Enveloping the tabernacle was a cloud of mist that seemed to emanate from it very much as smoke from a chimney.

In the woman I recognized the girl at the river, grown old. The look of determination had deepened into an expression of sternness and power, evidently



the result of facing adversity and overcoming difficulties. A grandeur and nobility, apparent both in the features of her face and in the movements of her body, were to some extent temporarily overshadowed by a domineering attitude of mind toward one of the elderly men, in whom I recognized the babe in the basket, grown and matured. The first impression I had of him as I watched the three was that of a kindly old man; but another look showed that the long hair and beard were the only evidence of age. The face was bronzed but without a line; the form was erect and powerful. Gentleness and serenity seemed inherent qualities, but they were the result of a greatness, a mastery that knew itself to be invincible. As I observed his demeanor my mind involuntarily went back to the indelible scene in my own memory of his foster mother, the beautiful intelligent princess. He seemed to be quietly listening to the rather vehement speech of the woman, when suddenly she appeared to be overcome with a deathly pallor that spread over her entire body and instantly turned her hair to snowy whiteness.

Again the scene changed. I seemed to be in Rome. Within a palatial court I saw a handsome Roman matron of great culture and intelligence with dignified bearing. By her side stood a most ineffably beautiful young woman, an adopted daughter. Nobleness characterized every feature of her finely modelled face. Two men were suing for her hand in marriage, one a



nobleman's son, the other a prince of the reigning family. I read her thoughts. She had an inherited desire to rule with some of the old savage cruelty, despite her many graces and virtues; and this desire finally caused her to make the choice of the prince, though she cared most for the nobleman's son.

Again the scene changed. I was seated in a great amphitheatre, overlooking an arena in which were huddled a score or more of men and women, some with abject fear on their faces, others in the attitude of prayer; while one young man of noble bearing seemed to walk erect, always on the alert and ready for any emergency that might arise. As I studied his features I saw that there was nothing of the braggart about him. He was intellectual, strong, and refined, but absolutely without care or anxiety as to his present situation; his only concern seeming to be that without resistance he meet his fate like a man.

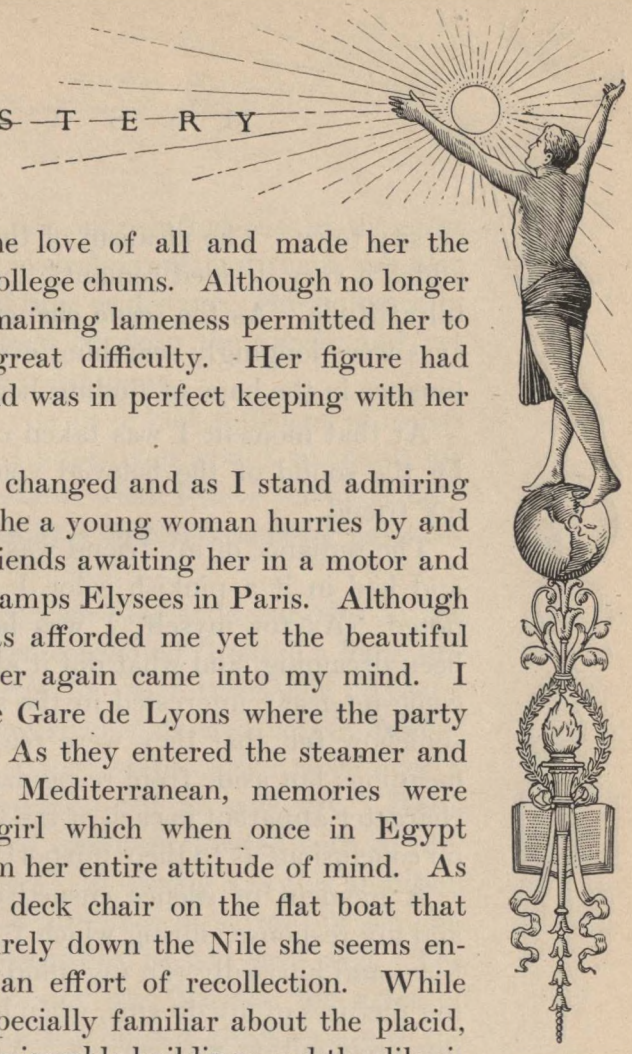
On my right I saw the young prince and his beautiful bride, now Emperor and Empress. At first sight of the crouching victims her face blanched, and tears of sympathy forced themselves through the long lashes, but when the lions, gaunt and hungry, entered the arena her attention was attracted to the young, powerfully built Christian quietly walking about the enclosure. His alertness, coupled with his dignified unconcern, was mistaken by the Empress for defiance. A second glance, and she recognized her rejected lover who, it appears, had accepted Christianity, and



was now about to pay the penalty decreed by the pagan authorities. She at once concluded that the defiance was intended as a personal affront to herself. The sympathetic look was quickly displaced with the flushed appearance of one whose authority had been challenged. She spoke to the Emperor, and an attendant was called. After a few moments' conversation the attendant left, and soon reappeared at one of the entrances of the arena with a number of soldiers, who seized the young martyr, and meeting with little or no resistance they incased his legs in a strong sack and fastened it tightly about his waist. Thus hobbled, he was left to the mercy of the lions.

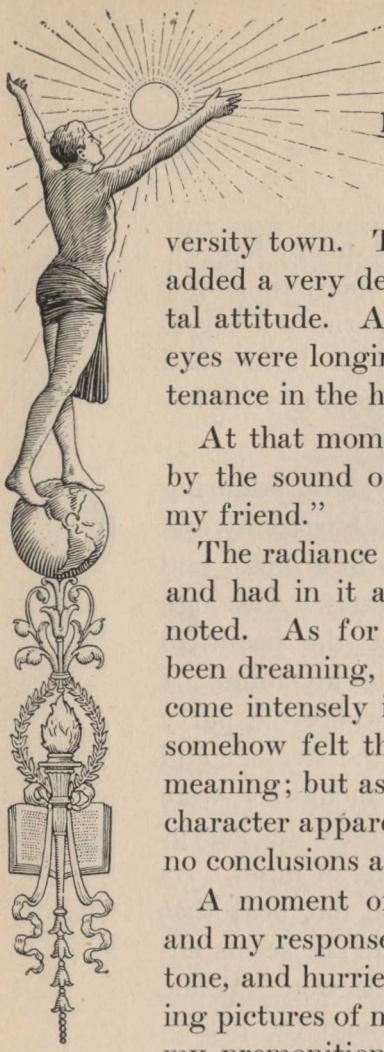
Again the scene changed, and I was in a modern American city. In a comfortable home my attention was attracted to the features of a most beautiful child, with great lustrous dark blue eyes and a wealth of wavy dark auburn hair. Every feature was as if chiseled by a master sculptor. My very soul cried out "A model child!" She was lying upon a bed, convalescing from a prolonged illness due to injury to her spine and hips caused by some rough, careless boys who had pushed her down a flight of stone stairs at school. After convalescence she was an invalid for years, requiring support to go about.

Again the scene changed, and I found myself on the campus of a great university. My model child had grown to womanhood. Her brilliant mind easily carried off the class honours, and her beautiful char-



acter compelled the love of all and made her the leader among her college chums. Although no longer needing aid her remaining lameness permitted her to walk about with great difficulty. Her figure had developed fully, and was in perfect keeping with her beautiful face.

The scene again changed and as I stand admiring the Arc de Triomphe a young woman hurries by and joins a party of friends awaiting her in a motor and drives down the Champs Elysees in Paris. Although only a glimpse was afforded me yet the beautiful princess at the river again came into my mind. I followed her to the Gare de Lyons where the party booked for Cairo. As they entered the steamer and started across the Mediterranean, memories were awakened in the girl which when once in Egypt seemed to transform her entire attitude of mind. As she lounges in the deck chair on the flat boat that works its way leisurely down the Nile she seems entirely absorbed in an effort of recollection. While there is nothing especially familiar about the placid, muddy waters, the miserable buildings and the dilapidated appearances of her surroundings yet she has a most absorbingly strange feeling of being at home and is lost in a vain effort to identify the landmarks. Her soul goes out in longing for the fruition of a great dream of passionate love that is a veritable part of herself and which she has cherished from early girlhood days in her American home in a Western uni-



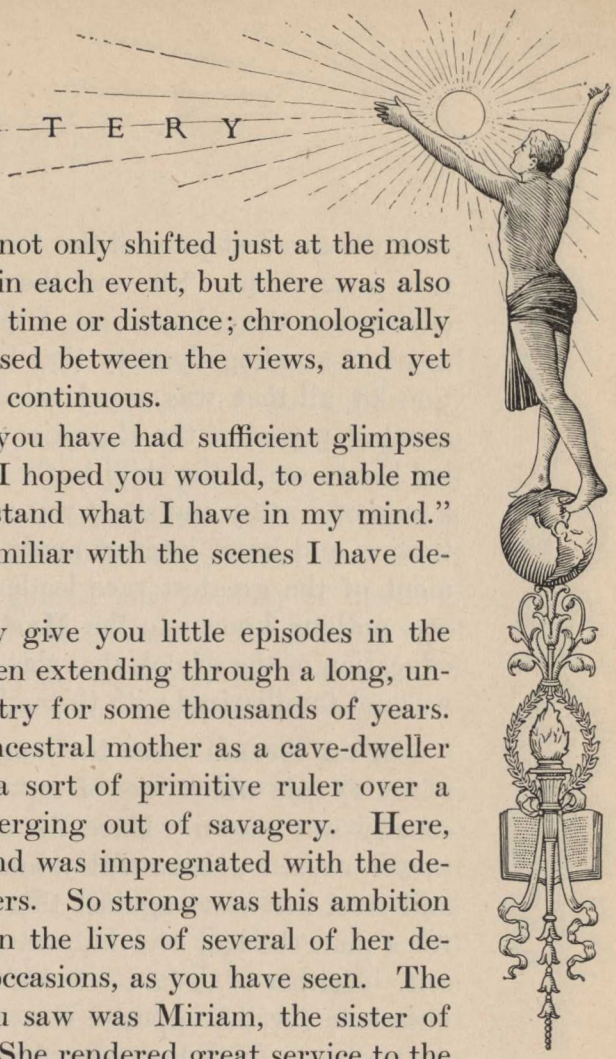
versity town. The idealism of this love memory has added a very decided romantic tendency to her mental attitude. As the scene changed her soulful blue eyes were longingly searching every masculine countenance in the hope of finding her Ideal Lover.

At that moment I was taken out of the condition by the sound of the beloved voice with its "Peace, my friend."

The radiance of my friend was unusually brilliant, and had in it a pinkish color I had not previously noted. As for myself, I was bewildered. Had I been dreaming, and what did it all mean? I had become intensely interested in the shifting scenes, and somehow felt that they were real, or at least had a meaning; but aside from recognizing similar traits of character apparent in each of the women I could form no conclusions as to their purport.

A moment of silence ensued after his salutation and my response, during which I noted the new color tone, and hurriedly ran my mind's eye over the moving pictures of my dreams, when he remarked, "Well, my premonition was correct. You have been viewing some of the history of the past in the making."

"I shall certainly be very grateful to you if you can give me an explanation of this evening's experiences." I then explained to him as best I could how I had been impressed by what appeared like a cinematographic change of pictures, excepting that I seemed to be in the scenes myself as well as an on-



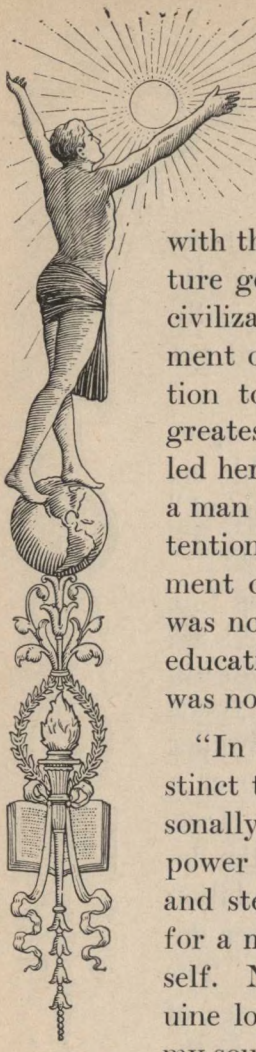
looker. The scenes not only shifted just at the most interesting moment in each event, but there was also an utter disregard of time or distance; chronologically great intervals elapsed between the views, and yet they appeared to be continuous.

"Yes," he said, "you have had sufficient glimpses of certain events as I hoped you would, to enable me to make you understand what I have in my mind."

"You are then familiar with the scenes I have described?"

"Perfectly. They give you little episodes in the lives of several women extending through a long, unbroken line of ancestry for some thousands of years. You first met the ancestral mother as a cave-dweller in the Stone Age, a sort of primitive ruler over a small tribe just emerging out of savagery. Here, the subconscious mind was impregnated with the desire to rule over others. So strong was this ambition that it reappeared in the lives of several of her descendants on other occasions, as you have seen. The next descendant you saw was Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron. She rendered great service to the race as the early protector of, and later as co-worker with, her brother. But the conquering of adversity revived and intensified the inherited predisposition to rule, and at a crucial period she marred what had otherwise been a noble career.

"It was at this point you saw for the first time the ancestral mother of the woman whose life is fraught



with the greatest possibilities for the present and future generations. She was the flower of an ancient civilization, the culmination of the culture and refinement of a ruling dynasty that had been the inspiration to all that was psychical and spiritual in the greatest period of the Egyptian race. Her intuition led her to see in the child in the pitch-covered basket a man of destiny and she it was who with personal attention and heart interest made possible the unfoldment of the greatest race leader in history. There was nothing known to the Mystics of Egypt or the education of the schools that this coming world leader was not familiarized with through her loving interest.

"In the Roman scene the manifestation of the instinct to rule which was of most interest to me personally was shown. Here the inherited craving for power caused a beautiful woman to turn her back and steel her heart against the only passionate love for a man she had ever known. That man was myself. Neither of us had ever before experienced genuine love for the opposite sex. I recognized in her my soulmate. She had never loved another. My disappointment in failing to secure her hand in marriage caused me to idealize my love, and hearing of a new religion, based entirely upon the conception of God as love, a loving Father, I cheerfully embraced it. The Master said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' One of His disciples, whose life and teachings had a great influence upon my life,



wrote, 'If we love one another God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.'

"My love for the Princess was so pure that it completely changed my life. I loved everything and everybody, and the consciousness of the indwelling Father—Spirit of Love—was so overmastering that from that moment I have seen God everywhere and in everything. A few years later, when Christians were tortured and killed for their belief and secret organization I had gained such mastery of the body that I knew I could leave it without suffering, if to continue physical existence demanded resistance of any kind; hence my alertness, noticed by you, to be ready to change the vibration at the right moment. The only regret I experienced at leaving the earth, as I then realized, for all time, was occasioned by the suffering I knew would follow the act of cruelty on the part of her I loved. The laws of cause and effect are so delicately adjusted and so absolute in life that I was painfully certain that retribution would overtake her then, and that if she had offspring she would send down through the stream of life a dangerous current."

"You mean to imply that the mistakes and errors of parents are visited upon the offspring for many generations?"

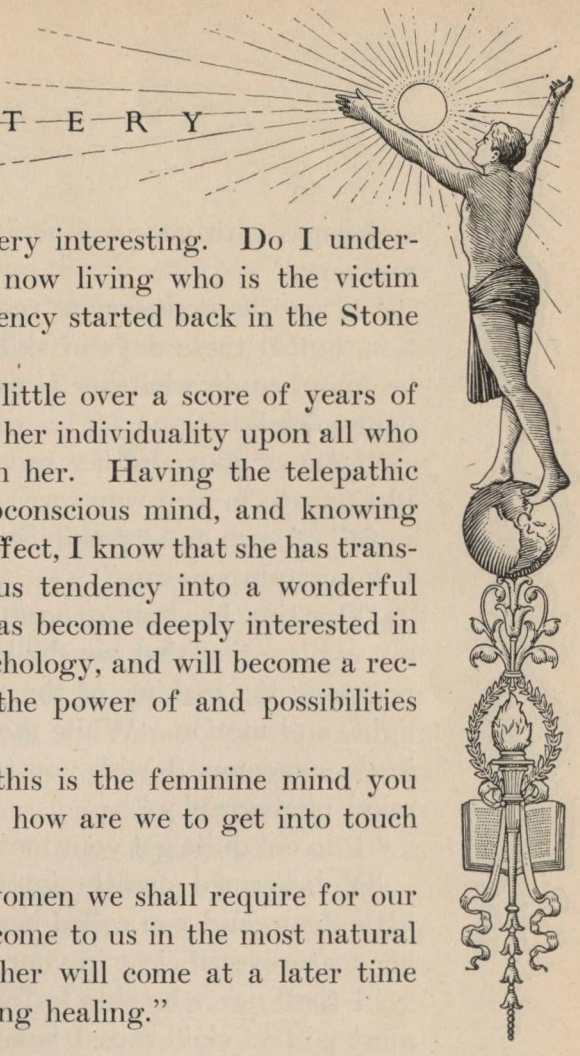
"Yes; what you call nature is nothing but the subconscious memories of what our ancestors did and thought. The subconscious mind carries within itself not only the memories of the thought and action of



our ancestors, but also the power to construct our bodies and our characters along lines of deepest impressions. With each strong or vital character these traits are deepened and given fresh impetus until they end in a catastrophe or something occurs in the life of an offspring that alters the predisposed current of thought and turns it into other channels. After that day in the amphitheatre the memory of the sight of the body of the only man she had ever loved, hobbled as it was at her command, being lacerated by the ravenous lions, caused such a feeling of remorse that the auto-suggestion to the subconscious mind planted the seed thoughts that later produced the defective body in the beautiful child you saw."

"Nearly two thousand years is a long time hence for the memory to reassert itself. Is this the operation of what we call the law of Karma?"

"Time is not with memory. There is only one power in the universe that can alter memory or its action upon the individual in any line of descent, and that power resides in each individual. He can forget if he wills. Only when he wills to blot a thought out of the book of remembrance does it cease to operate in his life, or that of his offspring. He can use the power to forget only when love becomes the overmastering, ruling passion of his life. Then love fulfils all law. Adverse thoughts cease to operate through the subconscious. You will doubtless discern from what I have said an answer to your query about Karma."



"This is certainly very interesting. Do I understand that the girl is now living who is the victim of a subconscious tendency started back in the Stone Age?"

"Yes, she is only a little over a score of years of age, but has impressed her individuality upon all who come into contact with her. Having the telepathic power to read her subconscious mind, and knowing the laws of cause and effect, I know that she has transmuted this subconscious tendency into a wonderful power for good, and has become deeply interested in the new science of psychology, and will become a recognized authority on the power of and possibilities of the human mind."

"If by any chance this is the feminine mind you require for your work, how are we to get into touch with her?"

"She is one of the women we shall require for our purpose, and she will come to us in the most natural way possible. The other will come at a later time and like this one seeking healing."

"May I ask how?"

"While physicians regard her physical condition incurable, yet she has always entertained a secret hope that some day her limbs would be as untrammelled as those of her associates. Now she knows the power of the subconscious mind to rebuild the body along the lines of auto-suggestion and the law of visualization. She had heard of your interest along these lines



and hopes with your co-operation to hasten her final recovery."

"It may be necessary to resort to a delicate operation, but in these days of skillful surgeons, one will be found to do whatever is necessary to supplement your work."

"I am at your and her service. It will be a great pleasure to in any way serve a woman whose life is so full of such great possibilities. What I cannot do I am certain you can."

"Our time has been so occupied by your recital and my explanation that we shall be compelled to again postpone the making of the sketch to explain heat, light, and motion. While the pictures are yet vivid in your memory I wish you to try an experiment in mind photography."

"I do not quite get your meaning."

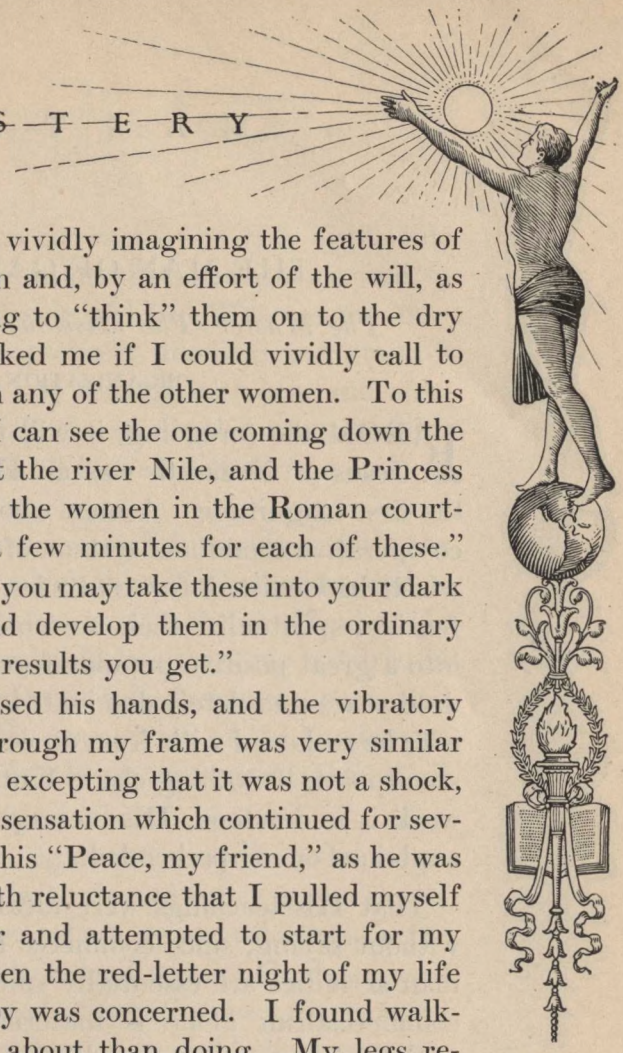
"You seemed greatly impressed by the sight of little Jean, and you called her the model child. Are her features still clear in your mind?"

"I shall never be able to forget that face; it is the most perfect child face I have ever seen."

"Well, then, compose yourself and try to image her face in your brain, functioning your consciousness at the hair line on your forehead between your eyes. Take this dry plate between the palms of your hands and hold it against your left temple."

The dry plate was wrapped in red glazed paper.

We sat probably five minutes in perfect silence, with the dry plate over and just above my left temple,



I, in the meantime, vividly imagining the features of the child I had seen and, by an effort of the will, as he instructed, trying to "think" them on to the dry plate. He then asked me if I could vividly call to mind the features in any of the other women. To this I replied "I think I can see the one coming down the hill; also the girl at the river Nile, and the Princess with the child, and the women in the Roman courtyard. So we sat a few minutes for each of these."

"Now," he said, "you may take these into your dark room tomorrow and develop them in the ordinary way, and see what results you get."

With this he raised his hands, and the vibratory current that ran through my frame was very similar to an electric shock, excepting that it was not a shock, but a most soothing sensation which continued for several moments after his "Peace, my friend," as he was leaving. It was with reluctance that I pulled myself up out of the chair and attempted to start for my room. This had been the red-letter night of my life so far as ecstatic joy was concerned. I found walking easier to think about than doing. My legs refused to obey my directions. My face was flushed, my head hot, and my feet cold. Evidently the effort to visualize the photographs had drawn the blood to the upper part of my body. I sat down again, and by running my thought and consciousness gently down my legs to my feet, soon had my circulation equalized and, with the dry plates carefully wrapped, I started for my room, and was soon asleep.



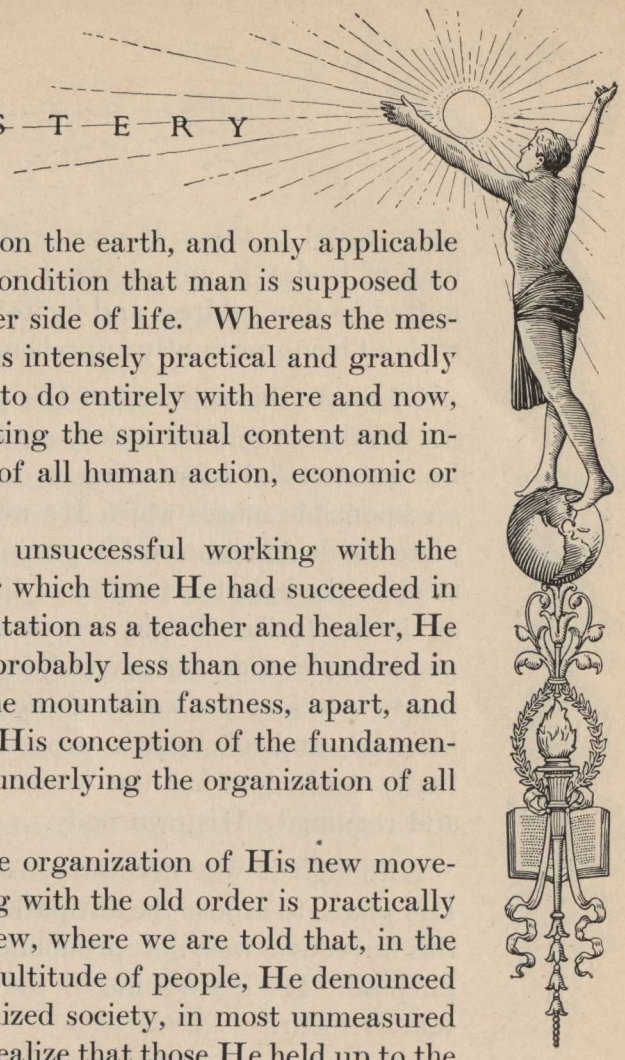
THE MAN OF GALILEE

The Master, The Mission, The Message

ORGANIZATION

FROM the foregoing, it will readily be seen that Jesus of Nazareth was an Economic Leader of the first magnitude. A man who could reorganize a co-operative communal system, of freemen and slaves, which had existed for centuries, purely on the defensive; spiritualize their movement and galvanize it into a great positive popular force that in three hundred years completely dominated the Roman Empire, is to be reckoned with from an economic and political standpoint, if nothing else! Until this phase of His work is understood, His message can in no sense be explained or comprehended.

That His teachings were ideal and spiritual goes without saying, since commerce is Holy and all human activities are essentially spiritual. Competitive commercialism alone is materialistic, unclean and anti-Christian. The appalling misunderstanding of His message, however, is due to the fact that the moment the Roman Overlords got access to the Christian archives, their Esoteric teaching and much of the evidence of their economic history were destroyed. Without this data, the purposely mistranslation we know as the New Testament account of His life and teaching seems to be an impractical thing for organ-



ized society here upon the earth, and only applicable to some perfected condition that man is supposed to arrive at on the other side of life. Whereas the message in its entirety is intensely practical and grandly economical. It has to do entirely with here and now, and consists in putting the spiritual content and intent into and back of all human action, economic or otherwise.

After a year of unsuccessful working with the master class, during which time He had succeeded in gaining a great reputation as a teacher and healer, He took His disciples, probably less than one hundred in number, off into the mountain fastness, apart, and there gave to them His conception of the fundamental basic principles underlying the organization of all human society.

Then followed the organization of His new movement. His breaking with the old order is practically described by Matthew, where we are told that, in the presence of a vast multitude of people, He denounced the leaders of organized society, in most unmeasured terms. When you realize that those He held up to the scorn of the populace were made up exclusively of the Blue Book and Social Register crowd, and were the most highly respected and respectable people in the community, the audacity of the attack will be more apparent.

Literature does not contain a phillipic pronounced against the ruling class of any ancient or modern so-



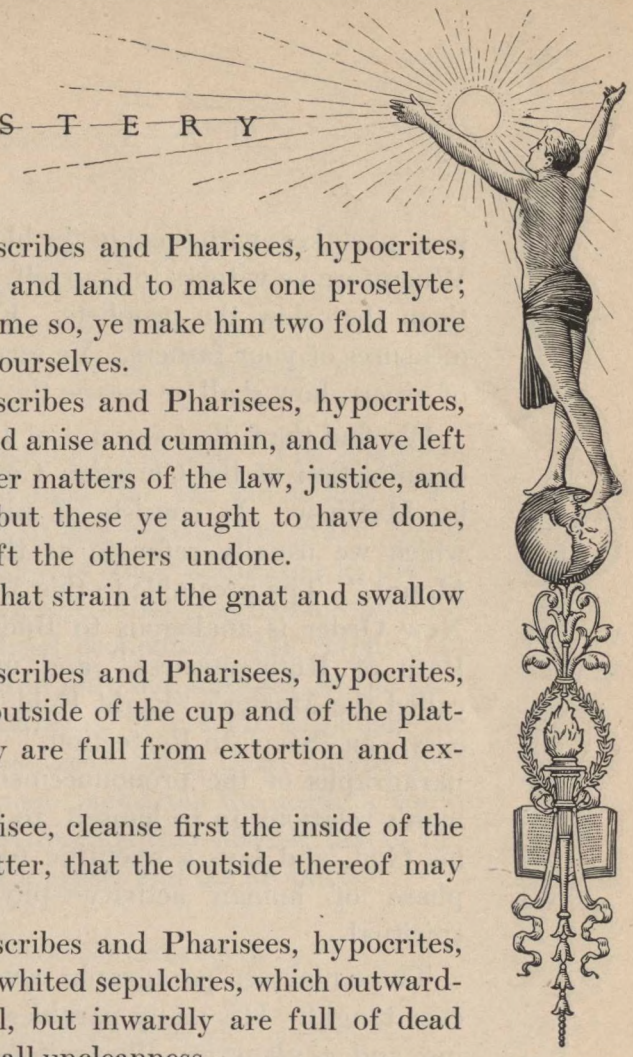
ciety, equal to this. It goes without saying that no man of to-day in any civilized nation, would be permitted to thus address and incite a throng of people, without being promptly apprehended and imprisoned.

Of course this was part of His plan, for if He could not arraign organized society against Him, He would be unsuccessful in securing a death certificate from a responsible source which He would require to complete the demonstration He proposed making in order to show the indestructability of life. He might have, as do the Indian Yogis, remained in a state of suspended animation and revived, but this, in time would fail to convince the world of the great truth that He believed, and afterwards proved, that man can actually undergo what the world recognizes as death and reanimate His own body.

Although it was necessary, for the fulfillment of His plans, to arouse the antipathy of the ruling class, this invective was not pronounced wholly for that purpose. Here are some of the things He publicly said of them:

"Yea, they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with their finger.

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter.



. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him two fold more a son of hell than yourselves.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and faith: but these ye aught to have done, and not to have left the others undone.

Ye blind guides that strain at the gnat and swallow the camel.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess.

Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

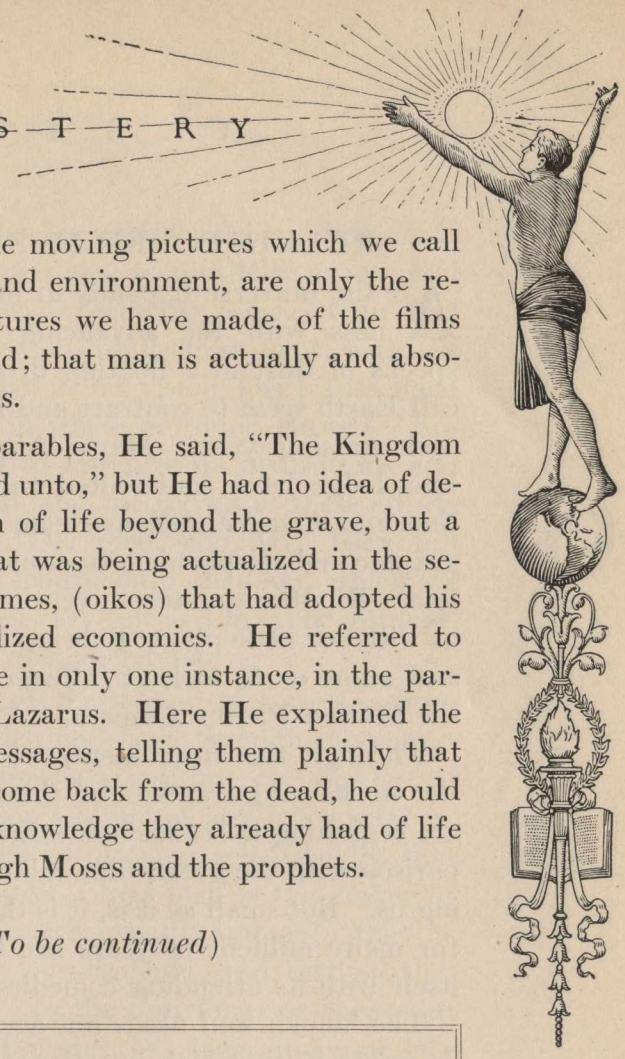
Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous. And say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we should not have



been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye witness to yourself, that ye are sons of them that slew the prophets. Fill ye up then the measures of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye offsprings of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?"

We find the fullest account of His Concept for the organization of the Christian Commonwealth, given by Matthew. It consists of nineteen paragraphs, which we usually refer to as the "Sermon on the Mount." The preamble to this Magna Charta of the New Order is analogous to Buddha's "Eight Fold Path of Righteousness," and might very well be called the Master's "Eight Fold Path of Righteousness," or "Steps to Perfection." The other eighteen paragraphs of the pronouncement have to do with man's relationship to himself, to his neighbor and to his God, and lays a scientific foundation for every phase of human activity—physical, mental and spiritual.

These nineteen paragraphs cover all the things He ever taught. His many parables were only elucidating and explanatory illustrations of these nineteen paragraphs and of how the Christian democracy, calling themselves "Basileia Ton Ouranon," the Kingdom of Heaven, treated the various problems of life. They looked upon man and his environment as an outcropping of an inner or spiritual cause or condition, and therefore, the master was always insisting that the "Kingdom"—(Basileia, or place of direction)



was within; that the moving pictures which we call our circumstances and environment, are only the reflections of the pictures we have made, of the films within our own mind; that man is actually and absolutely what he thinks.

In his frequent parables, He said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto," but He had no idea of describing a condition of life beyond the grave, but a condition of life that was being actualized in the secret co-operative homes, (oikos) that had adopted his method of spiritualized economics. He referred to the other side of life in only one instance, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. Here He explained the futility of spirit messages, telling them plainly that though one was to come back from the dead, he could add nothing to the knowledge they already had of life and its living, through Moses and the prophets.

(*To be continued*)

The practice of giving soul to all thought; all life and all action will not only give us the power to do better and greater things, but will steadily build up greatness in our own minds and character.

—LARSON.

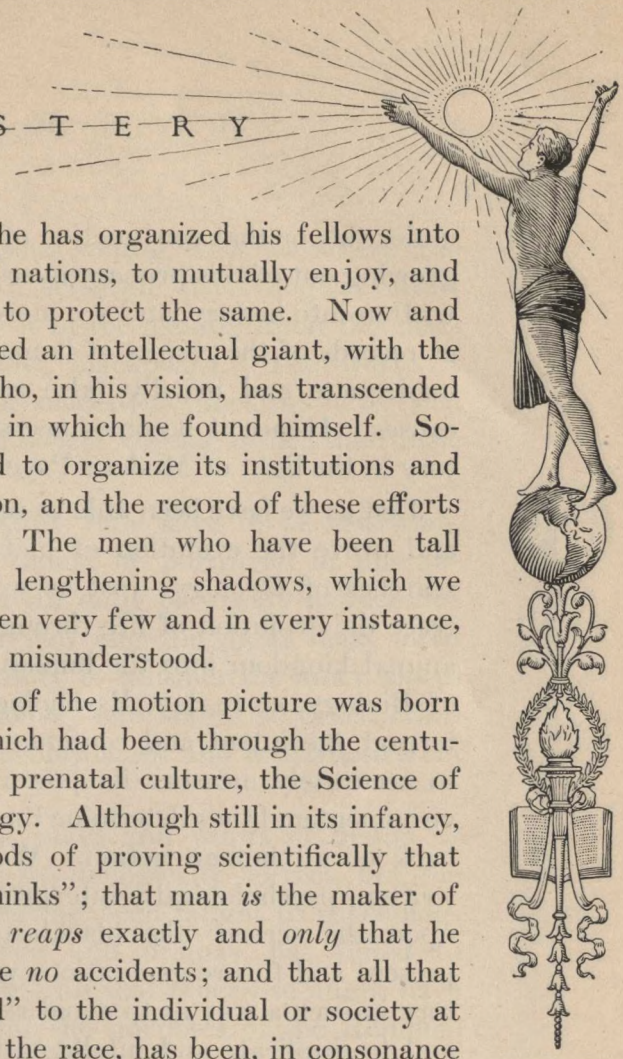


RELLIMEO FILM SYNDICATE

AS the universe expands in human conscientiousness with the advancing centuries, the few specks of dust in a floating drop of water that we call Earth seem to contract and become smaller with each passing year. Many things in our growing knowledge have contributed to the obliteration of time and distance, such as steam transportation, telegraphic and telephonic communication, and the wireless. But the greatest invention yet to familiarize us with our little planet to bring its back yard around and allow us to look at it from our front porch, is the Motion Picture Camera.

Through this instrument, we have looked at all the nooks and crannies of this physical earth and are beginning to realize how infinitesimal it is in comparison with the great, illimitable universe surrounding us. But small as it is, it is the stage upon which, for many millions of years life has been expressing itself with its attending comedies and tragedies.

The human soul needs not a vast expanse of land or water upon which to enlarge or dwarf itself, or in which to incubate its ideals that may bring into perview the entire universe. Man has been long on this planet working out the problems of Supreme Intelligence, and has been striving to find the source of his being and to express himself. In so doing, he has organized religious systems and developed architectural craft in constructing shrines and temples in



which to worship; he has organized his fellows into tribes, societies and nations, to mutually enjoy, and armies with which to protect the same. Now and then he has produced an intellectual giant, with the soul of a genius; who, in his vision, has transcended the time and space in which he found himself. Society has attempted to organize its institutions and ideals after his vision, and the record of these efforts constitute history. The men who have been tall enough to cast the lengthening shadows, which we call history, have been very few and in every instance, have been woefully misunderstood.

With the advent of the motion picture was born the new science, which had been through the centuries undergoing its prenatal culture, the Science of Sciences—Psychology. Although still in its infancy, it has found methods of proving scientifically that "Man *is* what he thinks"; that man *is* the maker of his fate; that man *reaps* exactly and *only* that he sows; that there are *no* accidents; and that all that has ever "happened" to the individual or society at any one time, or to the race, has been, in consonance with exact law, the outgrowth of what he has thought, or said, or done.

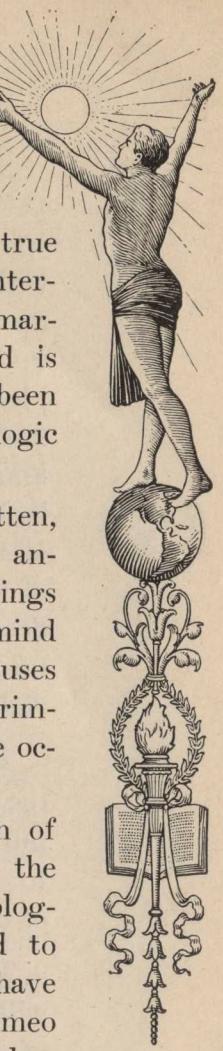
In the past, the religious animal called man, has attributed all his successes and disasters to a pleased or angry God or Gods, or in his superstition, has imagined himself the football of fate and his successes or failures due to fortuitous or accidental birth,



under this or that conjunction of planets. The facts growing out of this primary misconception, have been written into history, and are more or less dependable as records of the results of human effort, but totally inadequate and usually false as to the underlying causes. Hence it becomes necessary to rewrite history in the light of Modern Psychology.

Just as we have been able to reconstruct the planet and prove the evolution of matter through the researches of Geology; just as we have been able to trace the evolution of life through the vegetable and animal kingdom into the human, through the study of Biology, so to-day, Psychology enables us to interpret the intent and content of the human mind, to accurately measure its power of reaction to environment and thus determine the predisposing causes back of all human action. With history thus rewritten, psychologically interpreted, and then placed upon the screen—the blackboard of to-morrow—present and future generations will learn to read history in such a way as to avoid repeating its blunders and to duplicate and intelligently augment its successes.

With this idea in view, the founders of the Rellimeo Film Syndicate have felt that there was a great opportunity for usefullness, not yet attempted by Motion Picture producers. Thus one of the great purposes of the organization will be to rewrite history in its tragedies and dramas; staging them, as far as



possible in their original setting, with characters true to life, always with scientific psychological interpretation, and show it in the making upon this marvellous eighth wonder blackboard. The world is an eye and the most successful educators have been those who employed object lessons, rather than logic or memorizing.

Not only will history thus have to be rewritten, but current events should be portrayed in this analytical way, so that the daily or weekly happenings may be psychoanalysed, and the great mass mind be given an opportunity to consider the inner causes back of the revolutionary and tragic, so called criminal, as well as the evolutionary and constructive occurances of to-day.

Many of the best plays and works of fiction of the past have been psychologically correct, but the western mind, not having been taught to psychologically interpret novels and dramas, has failed to profit by the great lessons that otherwise might have been gained. One of the purposes of the Rellimeo Film Syndicate will be to dramatize these great classics in literature and works of fiction, with the view of emphasizing the lesson needed by this western world, namely, "We reap what we sow." It can thus be of service in raising the standard of moral responsibility.

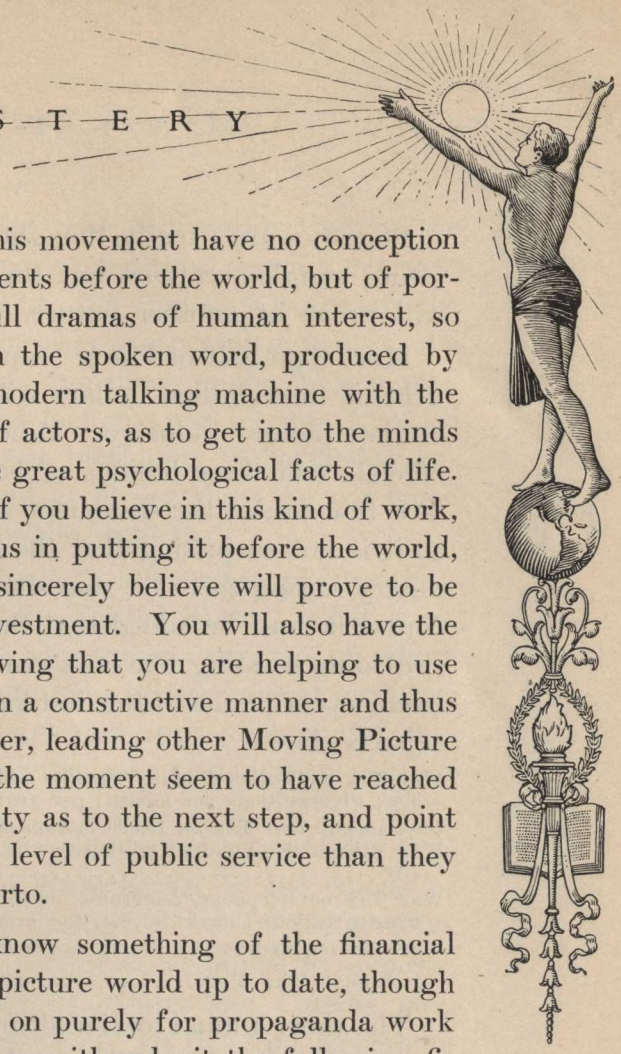
The message that I am, in a limited way, giving the world to-day, is simply a restatement of the



spiritual and economic truths that were so potent with the early Christians. With a population made up almost entirely of freedmen and slaves, they built up an economic organization, so powerful as to completely dominate the Roman Empire in less than 300 years. After Constantine was compelled to acknowledge their supremecy, skillful scholars and religion zealots deflected the "here and now" teachings of this greatest of all leaders of men, into a system of "hereafter, get ready to die," theology which has done more than any other predisposing cause, to retard civilization and place us in the present unenviable position we now occupy.

The philosophy of the Man of Galilee solves all the problems of the human soul; and another of the purposes of the Rellimeo Film Syndicate will be to film scenarios, portraying this panacea for all of the existing evils, difficulties and trials of mankind.

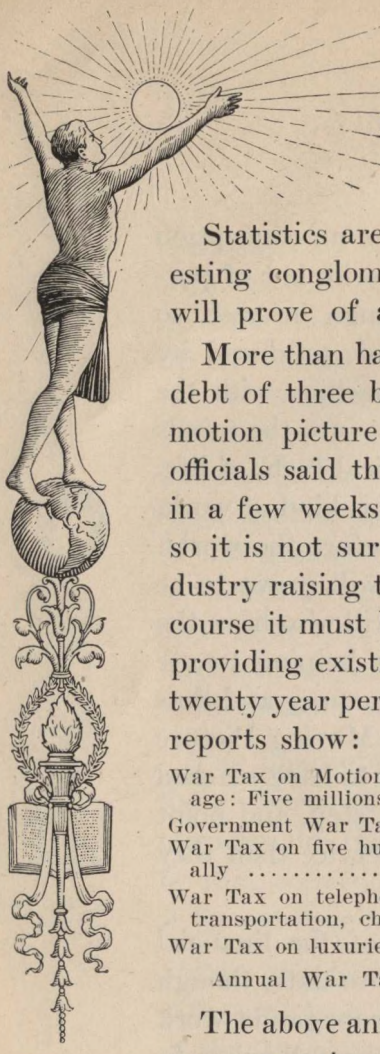
Two things are self evident; first, the world is willing to look at pictures; second, the restatement of the Psychology of the Nazarene by the writer draws over one hundred thousand people each month, and nearly as many more turned away for lack of room. We believe that this last fact shows that the world is ready, eager and longing for the message, and will be grateful when it is put before them in a comprehensive way, so that he who sits may see and understand.



The leaders of this movement have no conception of putting preachments before the world, but of portraying live, soulfull dramas of human interest, so interpreted through the spoken word, produced by co-ordinating the modern talking machine with the facial expressions of actors, as to get into the minds of the onlookers the great psychological facts of life.

You are invited, if you believe in this kind of work, to co-operate with us in putting it before the world, on a basis that we sincerely believe will prove to be a very profitable investment. You will also have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping to use this new invention in a constructive manner and thus become a torch bearer, leading other Moving Picture producers, who, at the moment seem to have reached a crisis of uncertainty as to the next step, and point the way to a higher level of public service than they have rendered hitherto.

That you may know something of the financial side of the moving picture world up to date, though very largely carried on purely for propaganda work or amusement, we herewith submit the following financial statement. The things that have been done in the past with this great educational force in the hands of uneducated people, and with no interest in it aside from the purely commercial, are simply a very meagre foretaste and prophecy of what can be done when the great race consciousness is awakened to the educational possibilities outlined above.



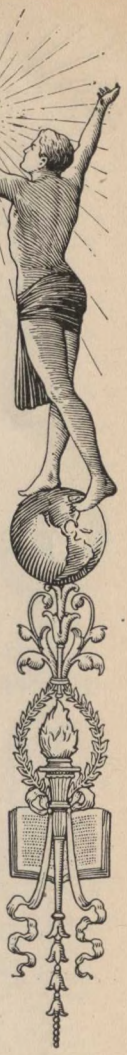
MASTERY

Statistics are usually thought of as cold, uninteresting conglomerations but the few set down here will prove of another nature.

More than half of Uncle Sam's first Liberty Loan debt of three billion dollars will be paid off by the motion picture industry. When our government's officials said three billions of bonds were to be sold in a few weeks, the statement staggered the people, so it is not surprising that the statement of one industry raising this vast sum should cause doubt. Of course it must be added that the sum will be raised, providing existing tax laws remain the same for the twenty year period of the first loan. Internal revenue reports show:

War Tax on Motion Picture Theatre admissions to average: Five millions per month; per year	$60,000,000
Government War Tax on 15,000 motion picture theatres	3,000,000
War Tax on five hundred million feet of film used annually	4,000,000
War Tax on telephone, telegrams, mail, express, freight, transportation, chemicals, etc. for production	2,000,000
War Tax on luxuries, by people of the industry	6,000,000
Annual War Tax	$75,000,000

The above annual total multiplied by twenty brings an aggregate of a billion and a half. That total does not include many other payments made by film people to Uncle Sam, no classification having been made by the government, respecting income or excess profit taxes. Conservative estimates lead to the conclusion that totals of all sums paid to the government by people of the industry would more than double the figures given above.

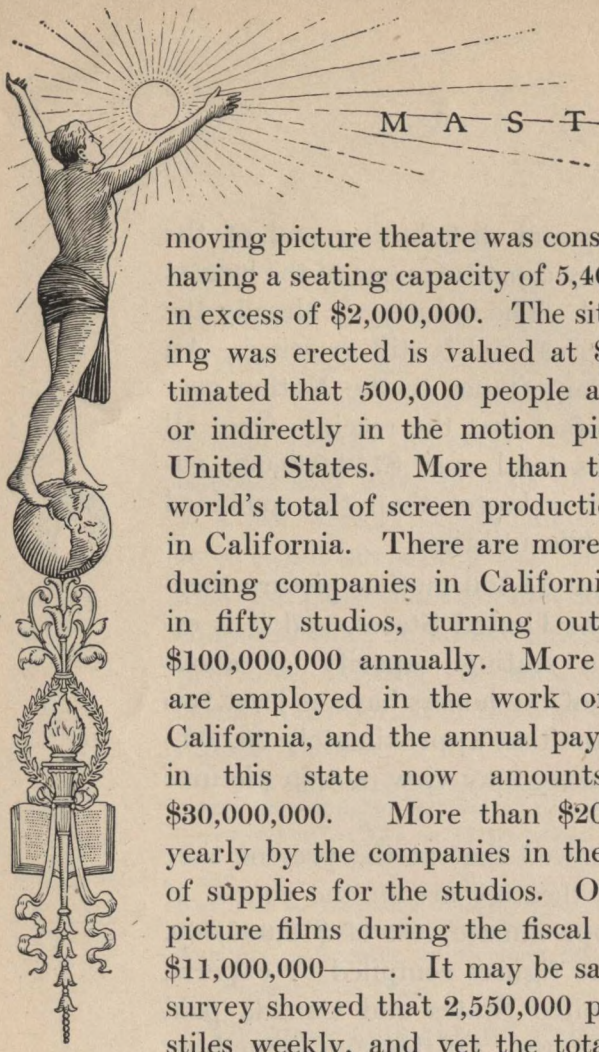


The manufacturing and distributing end of the Motion Picture industry constitutes one of the largest businesses in the world. The industry is already the fourth largest in America, and is still growing. An idea of its economic importance to the Nation may be gathered from the fact that the receipts from all phases of the business total over $750,000,000 annually, which amount is larger than the combined income of all our public utilities.

There are now about 15,500 motion picture theatres in operation in the United States, and it is estimated they have a seating capacity of about 10,000,000. As most of the houses have at least two shows a day, this means that approximately 20,000,000 people in this country may view motion pictures daily.

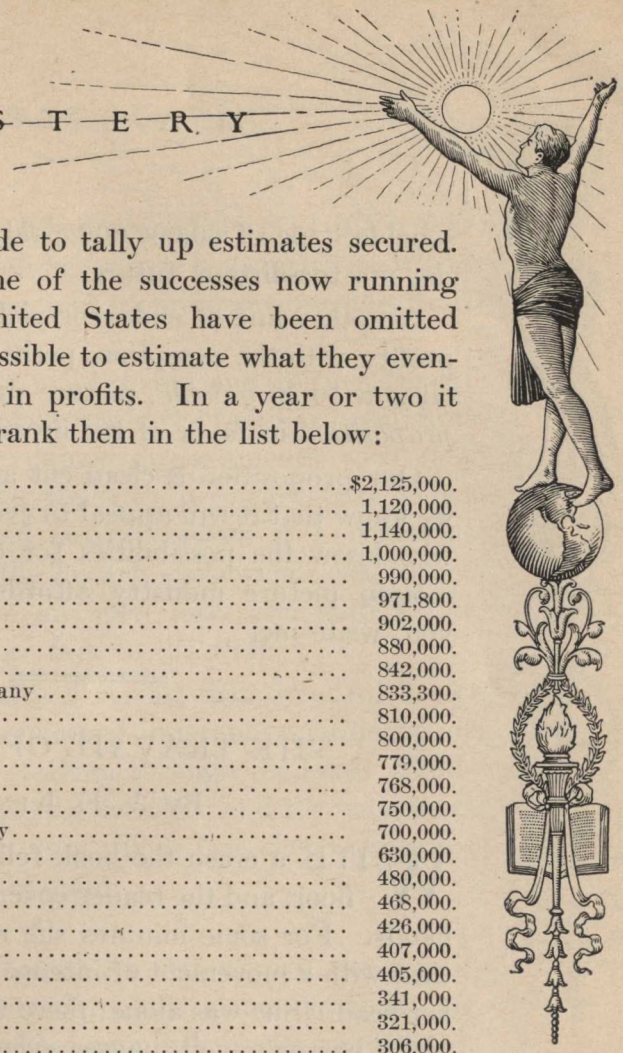
A recent survey showed that at the present time more than 1200 new theatres are in the course of construction at an approximate cost of $72,000,000. Last year according to figures compiled by experts, the people of the United States and Canada paid $700,000,000 to see pictures. Of this sum, something like $75,000,000 went to the producers.

As instances of the large amounts of money invested in motion picture ventures, it is only necessary to recall one of the largest and newest studios recently constructed in Greater New York was completed at a cost of $2,500,000; only a few months previous to the completion of this studio, an immense



moving picture theatre was constructed in New York, having a seating capacity of 5,400 people, and costing in excess of $2,000,000. The site on which this building was erected is valued at $3,000,000. It is estimated that 500,000 people are interested directly or indirectly in the motion picture business in the United States. More than three quarters of the world's total of screen productions are now produced in California. There are more than a hundred producing companies in California, and these operate in fifty studios, turning out pictures valued at $100,000,000 annually. More than 50,000 persons are employed in the work of film production in California, and the annual payroll of the companies in this state now amounts to approximately $30,000,000. More than $20,000,000 is paid out yearly by the companies in the purchase and rental of supplies for the studios. Our exports of motion picture films during the fiscal year of 1920 totaled $11,000,000——. It may be said that a five months' survey showed that 2,550,000 passed Chicago's turnstiles weekly, and yet the total population of that city is not over 3,000,000.

The following "batting averages" of great money making photo plays have been compiled carefully as possible from various sources. While some of the producers may have exaggerated their profits a trifle, and some plays probably have increased their earnings considerably within the recent months, yet an earnest



effort has been made to tally up estimates secured. From this list, some of the successes now running throughout the United States have been omitted because it was impossible to estimate what they eventually would make in profits. In a year or two it may be possible to rank them in the list below:

The Birth of a Nation	$2,125,000.
The Miracle Man	1,120,000.
A Dog's Life	1,140,000.
Traffic in Souls	1,000,000.
Male and Female	990,000.
Why Change Your Wife	971,800.
Tarzan of the Apes	902,000.
Shoulder Arms	880,000.
Daddy Long Legs	842,000.
My Four Years in Germany	833,300.
The Beast of Berlin	810,000.
Broken Blossoms	800,000.
The Heart of Humanity	779,000.
Civilization	768,000.
A Daughter of the Gods	750,000.
When the Clouds Roll By	700,000.
Cabiria	630,000.
Neptune's Daughter	480,000.
Mickey	468,000.
Eyes of Youth	426,000.
The Right to Happiness	407,000.
The Romance of Tarzan	405,000.
Blind Husbands	341,000.
Enlighten Thy Daughter	321,000.
The Turn of the Road	306,000.
Where are my Children	300,000.
Quo Vadis	210,000.

Such figures explain film prosperity. More people go to see motion pictures than are interested in all other forms of sport and amusements combined. Everything else dwindles into insignificance compared to 6,370,000,000 paid admissions annually, or almost 20,000,000 paid admissions daily, with a rea-



sonable hope of 60,000,000 paid admissions daily in the not-too-distant future.

No other line of endeavor yields such tremendous profits, with the exception, perhaps, of oil, but where oil is a 50-50 *gamble,* picture production is a 90-10 *proposition* in favor of the investor.

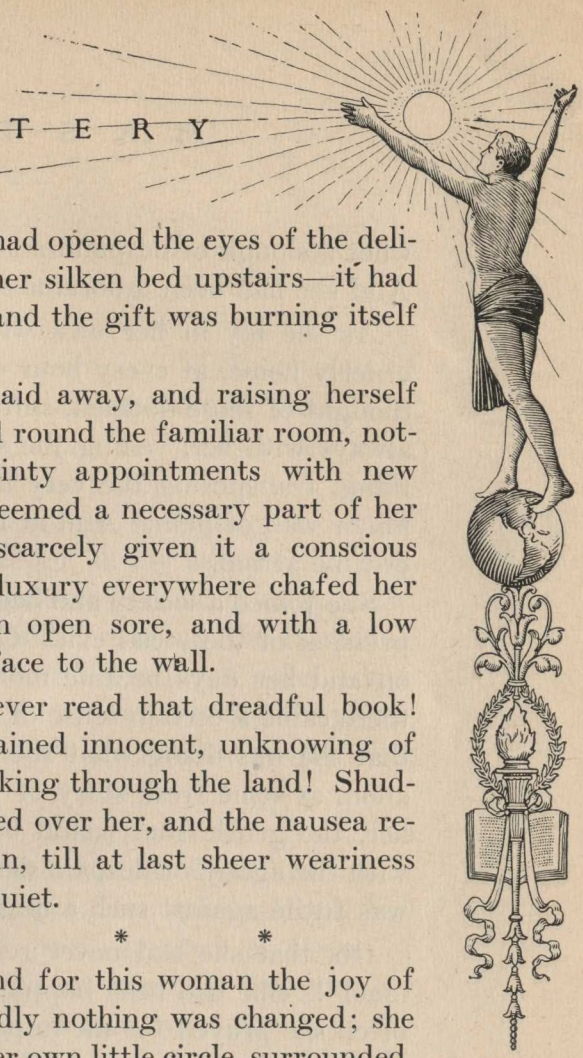
Our proposition is clean cut and conservative and we know that it will appeal to every man and woman who know the possibilities for enormous profit the motion picture industry affords. If this interests you, write me.

THE TRAVAIL OF A SOUL.

By A. E. KENT.

WITH a crash the book fell unheeded upon the floor, and the reader covered her face with her hands. For some minutes she remained motionless, then with a movement of intense weariness she raised her head. She was alone; there was no one to see the blank horror, revolt, nausea even, which blazed from her eyes as her white lips moved, making no sound—but a moment later the grip of a merciless imagination relaxed, and she fell fainting to the ground.

Presently they found her there; and afterwards, a man entering the empty drawing-room picked up the book, glanced at the title, and, with a muttered imprecation, threw it into the heart of the fire. But it



had served its end—it had opened the eyes of the delicate woman lying on her silken bed upstairs—it had given her knowledge, and the gift was burning itself into her very soul.

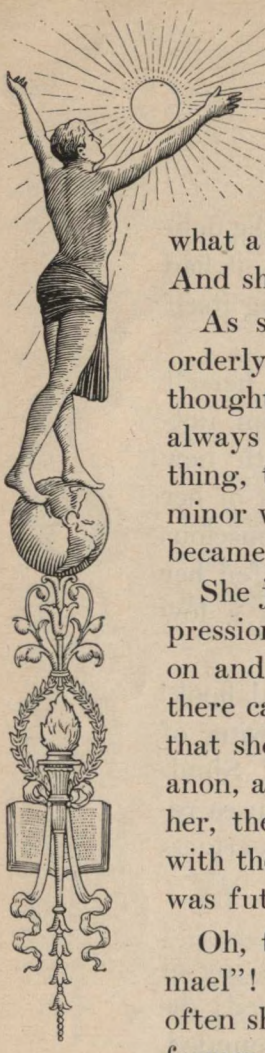
She had sent the maid away, and raising herself upon her elbow, looked round the familiar room, noting the charming, dainty appointments with new eyes. It had always seemed a necessary part of her world, and she had scarcely given it a conscious thought, but now the luxury everywhere chafed her wounded spirit like an open sore, and with a low moan she turned her face to the wall.

Oh, that she had never read that dreadful book! Oh, that she had remained innocent, unknowing of this fearful Thing stalking through the land! Shudder after shudder passed over her, and the nausea returned again and again, till at last sheer weariness brought a measure of quiet.

* * * *

The days passed, and for this woman the joy of life had fled. Outwardly nothing was changed; she was still the centre of her own little circle, surrounded, sheltered, admired: but inwardly there had been a great upheaval, sweeping away her peace, for she had eaten of the tree of knowledge.

And now—her quiet happy hours, her gentle, well-ordered life seemed to be sin itself. For was it not sin to live like that, heedless of the thousands of her sisters who had "gone under"? God! what mire,



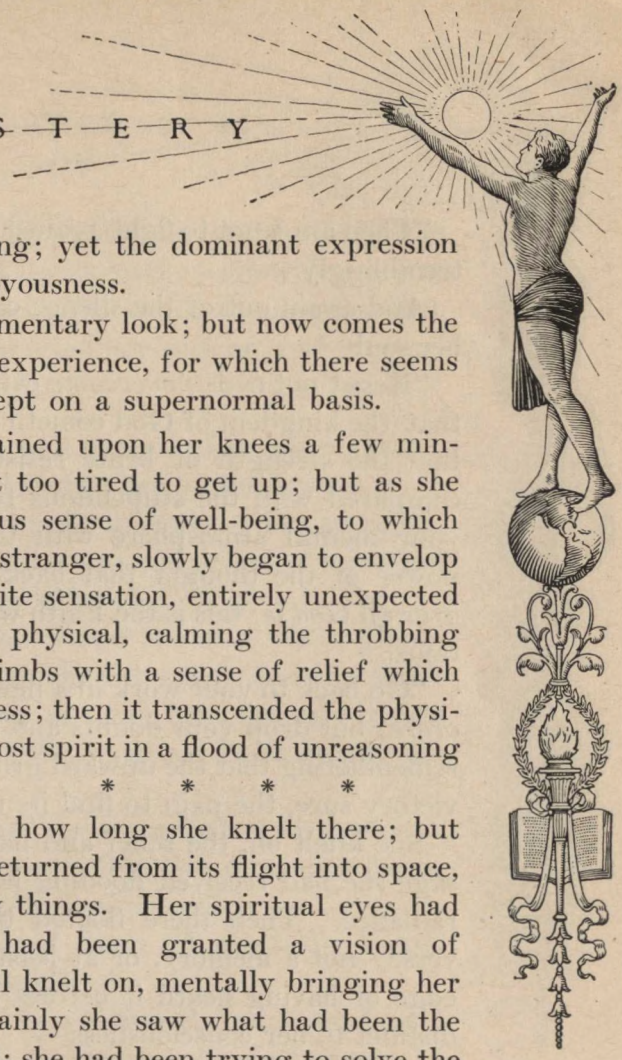
what a slough of despond reached to her very doors! And she had been ignorant—

As she lay in her own white bed or guided her orderly home, at every hour of the day or night the thought of those doomed, suffering sister women was always with her, veiling the sun, embittering everything, transposing the very music of Nature into a minor wail of pain. And at last, inevitably, thought became action.

She joined a society and began to work for the suppression of the social evil. Gradually, as time went on and her days became more and more strenuous, there came a certain sense of relief in the knowledge that she was doing what she could. Then ever and anon, as some fresh story of peculiar horror reached her, the gentle soul would be lacerated afresh, and with the agony of despair she would cry that all toil was futile against such a mighty force of evil.

Oh, that she had never read "Daughters of Ishmael"! She had been happier before she knew; and often she prayed for the impossible—a return to her former ignorance, when life had seemed clean and joyful.

But the lesson was not completed. There came a day when, weary and sick at heart, she wandered into St. Paul's Cathedral, and knelt down mechanically in the nave. As she did so, an elderly man sitting near turned and glanced at her, revealing a strong face of great spiritual beauty. Every line denoted



power—and suffering; yet the dominant expression was one of pure joyousness.

It was only a momentary look; but now comes the strange part of the experience, for which there seems no explanation except on a supernormal basis.

The woman remained upon her knees a few minutes, feeling almost too tired to get up; but as she knelt there a curious sense of well-being, to which she had long been a stranger, slowly began to envelop her. It was a definite sensation, entirely unexpected and at first purely physical, calming the throbbing brows and aching limbs with a sense of relief which was in itself happiness; then it transcended the physical, bathing her inmost spirit in a flood of unreasoning peace and joy— * * * *

She never knew how long she knelt there; but presently her soul returned from its flight into space, having learnt many things. Her spiritual eyes had been opened—she had been granted a vision of Truth—and she still knelt on, mentally bringing her life into focus. Plainly she saw what had been the cause of the discord; she had been trying to solve the riddle of the universe, to reform the world, unaided, forgetting that results were not her business, that at the heart of all is—God.

"But the pain, the sin of the world?" she murmured, almost ashamed of the strange peace which enveloped her.

The answer came, "At its heart—God."



"Then am I not to fight against the evil?" she asked tremblingly.

And again out of the silence came this message to her soul—

"Resist not evil—'*overcome* evil with good.' Know that 'the kingdom of God cometh not with violence'—that the strength of brute resistance is as nothing compared with the stupendous force of Love. Fill your mental atmosphere with the mighty dynamic power of the thought that back, and through, and over all *God is;* this is the Faith which removes mountains.

"Go back to your work in a new spirit. *Labore est orare;* but drop your doubts and fears here and now, remembering that the upward growth is *ordained,* the victory sure, the pain to find its ultimate in joy."

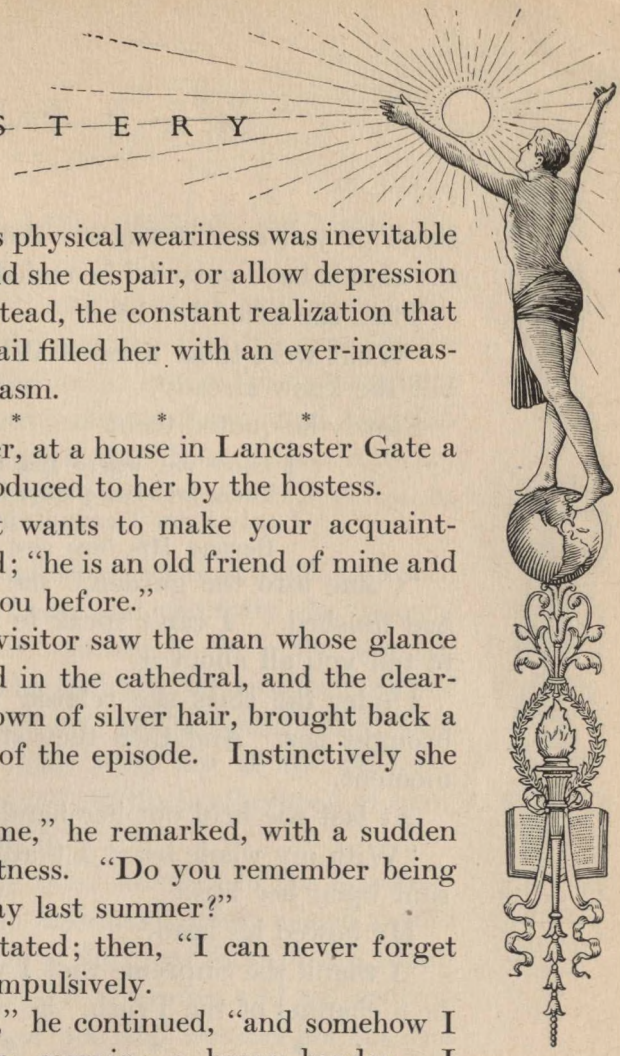
She knelt on, the relief and happiness of the message she had received flooding her whole being with radiance. Then there floated through her mind a verse—not a memory, or at least she had no knowledge of having heard it before—but each word was distinct to her consciousness—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

* * * *

Softly the man whom she had noticed left his seat, and passing down the nave, was lost to sight; she herself knelt on, oblivious of everything but the marvellous peace which had descended upon her.

In the days which followed she returned to her



work, and sometimes physical weariness was inevitable—but never again did she despair, or allow depression to overcome her; instead, the constant realization that the truth *must* prevail filled her with an ever-increasing joy and enthusiasm.

* * * *

Some months later, at a house in Lancaster Gate a gentleman was introduced to her by the hostess.

"Mr. Staplehurst wants to make your acquaintance," the latter said; "he is an old friend of mine and thinks he has met you before."

Looking up, the visitor saw the man whose glance she had encountered in the cathedral, and the clear-cut face, with its crown of silver hair, brought back a vivid remembrance of the episode. Instinctively she held out her hand.

"Yes, it is the same," he remarked, with a sudden smile of great sweetness. "Do you remember being in St. Paul's one day last summer?"

Startled, she hesitated; then, "I can never forget it!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"I saw you there," he continued, "and somehow I knew that you were carrying a heavy burden. I prayed that it might pass, that wisdom and happiness might be given you—for the trouble in your face stirred me strangely—and then a few lines of Whittier's occurred to me with the wish that you could realize their glorious assurance. Forgive me," he added, as she did not speak, "this is a curious way of starting an acquaintance; but the little episode made quite a strong impression upon me, so that I cannot



think of you as a stranger. And I am glad to see the clouds have passed," he ended gently.

Then she lifted her head.

"What were those lines of Whittier's?" she asked, but she knew already.

Slowly he quoted them—

> "'I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care.'"

"Come into the garden," she exclaimed when he had finished. "I can't speak in this crowd. I want to tell you all about it."

Under the stars she related what that hour had brought her. And then they stood in silence for a moment.

At last she held out her hands.

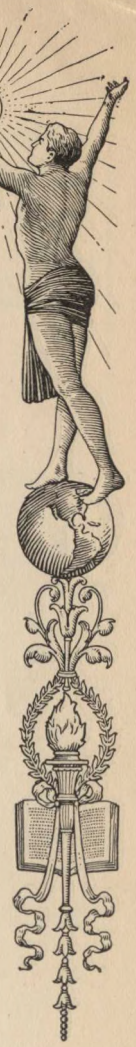
"With my whole heart I thank you," she said, her soul upon her lips.

He bowed his head.

"I thank the Supreme that I was found worthy to be a channel of the Truth," he replied.

* * * *

The weeks flew by, and, following always the inward Light, this woman developed the Knowledge, Strength, and Power latent within us all. She did not desert the noble band of workers in the cause she had at heart; but, released from the bondage of fears and doubts, filled with the faith that back and through and over all *is God,* that which had been a heart-breaking struggle became a triumphant service—a



glad life-work of dispelling shadows, and *letting* the Light shine.

As day by day the Truth revealed itself more fully, she saw the root of the matter—that the cure for the sin and sickness of the world lay in the development of the Christ-consciousness in the individual, that Divine Essence buried, no matter how deeply, in every human soul, latent under even unnameable evil, *i. e.*, ignorance.

The next point was to pass on that which had been committed to her. Long and carefully she thought the matter out; what was she to do? She saw the necessity for remedial legislation, the establishment of decent housing conditions, and a living wage—but unerringly she saw also what lay at the centre—ignorance of the true self, of the brotherhood of man, of the unity of all life.

So she devoted her chief energies to the establishment of classes in the different schools, which should educate girls and boys in the great facts of life, inculcating self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control. Gradually by means of pen and lectures her theories became known, and were tried experimentally—then Parliament took the matter up and the classes became universal. Education at last had begun at the beginning, and was destined to proceed along more advanced lines in the science of life, unveiling the true self-consciousness, culminating with the glorious realization of the kingdom of God within.

And as the light came, the darkness fled.

* * * *



M A S T E R Y

Forty years later. Two young, fair women sat in a garden in the South of England, discussing a faded old book which lay upon the grass.

"I turned it out of a chest upstairs," the taller girl was saying: "it gives a good idea of life forty years ago, my mother says."

"And what was life forty years ago?" her companion asked dreamily.

"It seems we have made a great advance," was the reply. "There were dark places upon the earth in those days—men and women literally preying upon one another in their ignorance of the unity of life. Speaking generally, spiritual unfoldment was entirely neglected, the bulk of education being simply materialistic."

The younger girl sat up suddenly. "Did they not teach the 'science of living'?" she asked.

"Apparently not," was the reply. "Fancy—most people knew nothing of the development of the inner powers; self-mastery as everywhere taught and practised now, was almost unknown; and as for the Brotherhood of Man, they seemed not to realize it at all! The kingdom of God must have seemed far off in those days," she added in a lower tone.

There was a long pause. "Let us be thankful for our knowledge," the younger girl exclaimed; and neither recognized in the soft breeze which momentarily surrounded them the caress of a gentle spirit who on this plane had become a Light-bearer.

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