

Mind, Inc.

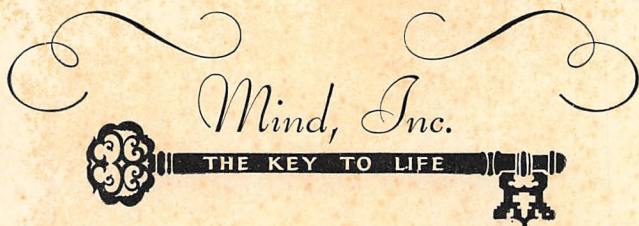
SEPTEMBER 1930



FEATURING

THE LOST WORD OF POWER

PART II



LESSON 3-A

OF THE COURSE IN

THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

“THE LOST WORD OF POWER ”

PART II



VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 3

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Mind, Inc.

Dear Reader:

You remember the story of the ancient fisherman. So poor he could hardly get food enough to keep life in himself and his family, he still had his nets, and every morning he went out to cast them for fish.

One morn, after a storm, he found in his nets a heavy vase of copper, fastened with a leaden seal, upon which was stamped the mark of Solomon.

Sure that at last fortune had come his way, he took his knife, and prised out the stopper. What was his astonishment when, instead of the gold or jewels he had expected,

there issued from the vase a great, black smoke which presently collected and took the form of an enormous genii. Before the fisherman had time to give voice to his wonder, the genie seized him and announced his intention of forthwith destroying him, but by a clever stratagem, the fisherman got him back into the vase, from which he refused to again release him until the genii had promised him not only safety but every good thing of life.

Like most of those ancient legends, this story has back of it a germ of truth, for there is just such a genii shut up in each of us, and all too often we release him only by accident and before we understand how to control him.

The sudden release of uncontrolled power is always a matter of danger. Great bodies of water, great

concentrations of electricity or gas or steam, can become the most efficient servants of man, or his greatest enemies. Let them break loose uncontrolled and the devastation they can wreak is beyond computation. Let them be turned to good purpose, and they earn riches uncounted.

It is much the same with the power that is within you—the power of your nerve centers. Let it break loose in passion or fear or worry, and the devastation it can bring about is beyond computation. Let it be turned into right channels, and there is nothing of good it cannot bring you.

The Scriptures tell us that God breathed into man the Spirit of Life. And Life is God. Therefore God gave to man part of Himself for the Soul of him. That Soul has all

of power, all of resource—in short, it has all the properties of its Father, God, just as the spark of electricity has all the properties of the lightning, or the flame of the match all the properties of a forest fire. Second only to God, it is the most powerful force in the heavens or upon the earth. It can do anything.

But man has lost contact with his soul. He has lost the understanding of its limitless power. He has bottled it in a vase of ignorance and sealed it with the stopper of fear. And he governs his body and his surroundings by the so-called “natural” law of limitation.

Ruled by this law, the imprisoned soul within him proceeds to carry out its conclusions just as dogmatically and certainly as it previously manifested the Law of Life. For the Soul of you is above all things logi-

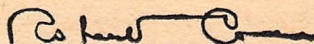
cal. It works out each problem by the rules you give it just as exactly as any adding machine. Assure it that it must be governed by the laws of matter, and it works out the logical chemical reactions in your body just as it would in an animal or a tree, in accordance with natural law.

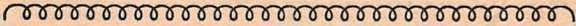
Take away any of its powers, and it cheerfully forgets them entirely. Tell it, in effect, that you no longer have confidence in its ability to eliminate the waste matter from your bowels, and that in the future you are going to depend upon cathartics, and it makes no further effort towards such elimination. Lead it to believe that it has lost control of some limb, and that limb remains lifeless and motionless thereafter. Suggest that your heart action is getting weaker and weaker, and in a little while it ceases to beat.

The Fall of Man was when he let his Soul get the idea that it was subject to these so-called natural laws, rather than to the Law of Life. Jesus came to redeem man from their dominion—to give back to the Soul the life and power which rightfully belong to it. "I came," He said, "that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."

And in Part II of The Lost Word of Power, which follows, we believe you will find some clear, simple methods for making that abundant life manifest.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Robert C. Anderson". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.



LESSON III-A

The Lost Word of Power—Part II

IN CONCLUDING Part I of "The Lost Word of Power," we brought out the fact that it requires 90% of the average locomotive's power to start its train of cars, but only half of 1% to keep it going on a level stretch of track. Using the simile of every one as a locomotive, his work in life the train, we agreed that when we helped anyone to start a train too heavy for him alone, we released 99½% of his powers, and were therefore entitled to a share of that surplus energy.

That is the secret of power as expressed in the Vedas 2,000 years before Christ: "If any two people will unite their psychic forces, they can conquer the world, even though singly they can do nothing." That is the secret of power Jesus gave us: "If two of you shall unite as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven."

"But," I can hear you say, "I've given to charity

all my life. I'm an easy mark for all my friends when they need money, and no panhandler ever passes me by. Yet it's never gotten me a thing. And there is Jones, too, who has always tithed to his Church, and whose name is on the roll of every charitable enterprise. Yet he got caught in the market, and now hasn't a thing. Don't tell *me* giving to charity brings a man any increase."

I am not trying to tell you any such thing. You may give everything you have to the poor, and get no good from it, just as you may put all your money into wildcat stocks, and never get a cent back. Giving is just as much an investment, as picking sound stocks or bonds.

If you were in the business of grub-staking prospectors, hoping thus to come in on half of a great gold mine, you'd be pretty careful of the men you staked, would you not? You'd try to steer clear of lazy, drunken loafers, who were looking merely for a few month's free grub, because you would know that you might spend all your money grub-staking such, yet you'd never get one cent's return.

And you would not put your money into a syndicate organized for the purpose of grub-staking miners, unless you had a lot of confidence in the judgment of the men who were going to hand out the supplies. You'd rather trust your own judgment than leave this to most men, wouldn't you?

Yet when you give to charitable organizations, that is exactly what you are doing—putting your

money into an organization for grub-staking rather than attend to it yourself. And when you give to every panhandler, you have as little chance of returns as if you grub-staked a shiftless, drunken prospector.

You see, it is not the *giving* that counts. It is the INCREASE!

Does that sound selfish? Is it selfish for a farmer to refuse to plant his seed in poor ground, and save it until he finds the right soil? Is it selfish for an engineer to refuse to turn his steam into a broken-down engine, and save it until he can find one capable of developing power?

It does not matter how much money you give—if it fails to *produce*. The man who spends \$100,000 grub-staking prospectors does not get any more out of it than the one who spends \$100—if none of them finds gold. \$10,000 sunk in a dry hole in the oil fields will not add a single star to your crown, here or hereafter, and neither will the same amount wasted on derelicts.

If you want power from your giving, give where it will produce power. Give to someone who is TRYING, pick one who is straining every nerve to do something with what he has, choose one who will add all his own power to what you give him, and make the two carry him over the top.

But above all, remember this—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them:

otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven."

To go back to the simile of the two freight trains, suppose, after you have helped another train over the grade, you or the engineer of it use all your surplus energy to toot your whistle, to tell the world what a fine fellow you are. How much better off are you? You are like the Mississippi steamboat that had to tie up to the bank every time the captain blew the whistle. You have used up all your power. As Jesus put it—

"Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, *they have their reward.*

"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly."

That brings us to the next important point. When you give, give freely, gladly, just as the farmer would be glad to find a new field of virgin soil to plant his seed, or the engineer a new outlet for his power. And look for your reward—NOT to the return of your gift, *but to the resultant power!*

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die," said Jesus, "it abideth alone. *But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

In "The Magnificent Obsession," the people Dr. Hudson helped often tried to pay him back. Invariably he refused to accept it, and when pressed for the reason, his answer was—"Because I've already used it all up myself!"

You can *lend* money, and get 6% or 10% or whatever interest you can get away with. But if you want to increase it—"some thirty, some sixty and some an hundredfold"—you've got to *GIVE* it as completely as the farmer gives his seed to the ground. Once planted, the seed itself is lost to him forever. It is to its *FRUIT* that he looks for his reward. Naturally, after he had eaten of that fruit, Dr. Hudson was not going to accept the return of the seed, even when it could be dug up and given back to him.

But how does all this explain the method of breaking up the shell of wrong conditions, drawing upon the elements about you for the right ones?

When you want to break up anything, the surest way to do it completely is to get at the very heart of it, is it not? Nearest to the heart of almost every man are his possessions. If he will let go of them freely and willingly, he will let go of everything else. When he loses them, he is willing to put his dependence upon God, but as long as he has material possessions to depend upon, he is likely to put more or less of his dependence upon them.

So when conditions become more than you can

bear, when difficulties beset you and obstacles hem you in, when suffering and unhappiness are your portion, and there seems no human way out, start the break-up of the conditions that surround you by GIVING—giving freely and cheerfully—*but giving where it will release power!*

Most people will find it hard to do that. As long as it is merely intellectual effort that is required of them, they will follow. But to *give*—after all the work it took to get together those few possessions—*that's different!* Yet if you will read "The Magnificent Obsession," you will see that such giving works. If you will send for Lessons III and IV of MIND, INC., you will see HOW it worked for George Muller of England, for Lillian Trasher of Asseout, Egypt, for Russell Conwell of Philadelphia, and for nearly fifty members of his congregation. Lest that be construed as making it necessary for you to buy something before you can learn the secret let me give you here the story of D. C. Peck, President of The Peck Spring Company of Plainville, Conn.

"A good many years ago," writes Mr. Peck, "I lived in Chicago, as the representative of a large manufacturing concern in the East. My business yielded a fair income, which enabled me to support a wife and three children."

"My wife however was afflicted with a fibroid tumor and was constantly under the Doctor's care. It was necessary that I make a business trip East,

and upon my return she expected to submit to a surgical operation for its removal.

"One day, while awaiting a train at Waterbury, Conn., I met a man with whom I presently engaged in conversation. He began telling me what was apparently something of great moment to him, of the wonderful healing which his wife had received after being given up to die by physicians, through what he called MIND CURE.

"I listened at first with a laugh up my sleeve, for I thought, he is only a crank and doesn't know what he is talking about. But his sincerity and earnestness finally convinced me that at least he believed in what he was talking about, and learning that he was a prominent business man of Hartford, Conn., I began at last to pay some attention to his story and to give it real thought.

"Before I reached home, I had felt the dawning of a faith that was entirely new to me, which was that the Creator of humanity had not left them orphans, but was just as desirous of helping them through the life he had given, as he had been in his creation of them.

"Reaching my home I told my wife what I had heard and what I felt convinced was a better solution of our trouble than a surgical operation, and was very glad to see that she was also impressed with the thought. Bear in mind this was many years ago and Christian Science and New Thought were almost or entirely unheard of.

"On Monday, she went to her Doctor and told him she would not have the operation, but would trust to her Father in Heaven for healing. He called her a fool and prophesied dire results, but we were unshaken. Without going into further details, let me say that within a week her tumor had disappeared and she became a well woman, after years of invalidism.

"It was to me a wonderful revelation. The idea that God cared for His children and would heal their sicknesses, was about too great for belief, notwithstanding I had read of His willingness and ability to do it many times. I had read of the Christ coming to earth for THAT VERY PURPOSE, but *I didn't believe it meant me!*

"I found that this demonstration had given me something which had been entirely lacking, which was FAITH IN THE UNSEEN FATHER.

"And here comes an apparent contradiction to all the promises. My business, which had been profitable, began to wane. One misfortune after another followed, and at last in sheer desperation I resigned from my Company because I COULD NOT MAKE A LIVING AND SUPPORT MY FAMILY.

"Then followed days of agony and depression, when after showing us most wonderfully the answer to our prayer for healing, God had APPARENTLY deserted us. He was leaving us to starve. I had been so engrossed with the wonderful thought of his healing power that I had gone to the sick wherever

I could find them and told them of the BETTER WAY. But apparently God had deserted us. Why should we be unable to make a living? Why be left to starve in a great city thousands of miles from friends and relatives who might help us?

"I struggled against my fate as valiantly as I could. Day after day I went forth seeking employment. I answered advertisements but without avail. At length I came to a place where I was at my WIT'S END. I could DO NO MORE. At this point I *might* have called for human assistance. But after the wonderful demonstration of DIVINE POWER I had witnessed, I felt that it would be denying that power to do so. And so I promised not to apply to any less a source for help than the Great Giver.

"Instead I closeted myself, telling my wife I would not come forth until I had received an answer to my terrible problem.

"I spent hours searching my Bible for comfort, but comfort seemed to have been withheld.

"At length, very weary and worn, I came to this passage in Ezekiel—'Son of man, behold with thine eyes and hear with thine ears the things which I shall show unto thee, FOR TO THIS INTENT WERT thou brought hither.' This may have been written primarily for Ezekiel, but there came such a wave of emotion to me that the words stood out like fire. It was a MESSAGE TO ME ALONE AT THAT particular time.

"I emerged from my closet a changed man. I had GIVEN UP THE STRUGGLE. Henceforth I was looking for something to *be shown me*. I ceased looking for employment, and wonderful to relate—to worry. Something BIG was to come soon. The little money I had been enabled to save, was soon used, and one morning at breakfast we ate our LAST MEAL. Not a penny to buy our dinner and a wife and three children dependent upon us.

"Yet this is what I said to my wife, and strange to relate, without a particle of depression or doubt. 'I am glad we are brought to this, for now we can prove the truth of God's saying, that He knoweth our needs.'

"Nothing to do but WAIT. No business, no food, no money. Simply sitting there in silence, JUST WAITING.

"About half past eleven, the mail man brought a letter. It was in an unknown superscription. We broke it open and took out a check for \$10.00. A short note accompanied it. 'The LORD DIRECTS me to send you this check, so please thank HIM and not me.'

"Tearfully I handed the check and note to my wife, saying, 'Here is an EARNEST of what our Father is going to do for us.' But ten dollars didn't last forever, although it provided us with a good dinner. Other days were to follow. We tried to find our place in the SCHEME OF THINGS. We were

NOT TO BE IDLE and so we continued to preach the Gospel of Healing and Abundance through faith in the UNSEEN. We went to the hospitals and to homes of the poor, endeavoring to make ourselves of some use.

"It will not be necessary, I am sure, to write a biography of our life for you, but just to say that for seven years thereafter we lived in the city of Chicago and were FED. Our family survived, and TRUE TO OUR RESOLUTION, we never asked help from a human being.

"I gave ALL THAT I HAD TO GIVE, for my experience had already taught me that in order to receive, we must give. And all the promises of support were given me. A miracle, as far as human conception of what it consisted of, happened every day. Money came to me from many UNKNOWN SOURCES. When rent was due and we asked for it, it came. I needed a new overcoat, and asked for it. It soon came, and insofar as I know, no human being had ever heard me express my need of one.

"During this period we certainly had our days of trial. Why not? Every human being must stand the testings. We took many poor, weak ones into our home and FED THEM, and they went forth rejoicing in health. The money to feed them was always provided. But we couldn't show the appearance of abundance. Enough each DAY was ours,

and we were content. We didn't covet riches and had little thought of them.

"At one time we were engaged in selling real estate, which as most dealers know, is at times a precarious occupation. We were greatly in need of funds so we decided to apply to the ONE SOURCE of all good. The following promise was the basis of our application.

"WHATSOEVER THINGS YE DESIRE when ye pray, believe that ye have received them and ye shall have them!

"We do not claim that at the time we understood why we were to claim we had received, for to all appearances we had not, but we decided to be childlike in our faith and abide by the directions. Therefore we made note in our diary about as follows:

"We have this day made our demand upon the higher power for the exact sum of \$400. We need this money for the following purposes:

To pay up a few small bills.

To purchase a stove.

To publish a farm catalog.

We uttered this demand just once. We felt that to reiterate would imply unbelief.

But we did not forget to PRAISE God that we already had the \$400.

We did this simply because we were told in the promise to believe, and chose to obey. Each night upon retiring we religiously uttered praise for some-

thing still invisible to outward sight. But we did more. Closing our eyes we tried to visualize the \$400. We called to mind a small table entirely empty except for a package of bills labelled \$400. They were in denominations of \$100. We could see in our mind's eye the green faces and yellow backs. This visualizing process became a source of great delight, and the REALITY increased continually.

"One evening about three months after making our demand, the phone rang while we were eating supper. Upon answering it, we heard the following, from a man whose farm we had listed some time previously.

"Mr. Peck, I have sold the farm to the party whom you sent to me, and as soon as the deeds are passed I will send you a check for the commission." In about a week his letter came enclosing his check for EXACTLY \$400. Really, it was not so much a surprise as it was joy, that I had once more demonstrated that God's promises are REAL. I entered in my diary: "This day the promise I took has been literally fulfilled, Praise the Lord."

"Scoffers might say, 'There's nothing supernatural or wonderful about this. You are in the Real Estate business, and liable at any unexpected time to make a sale.'

"But the convincing evidence to my mind, was the fact that I had never spent a moment of my time in showing the farm or in making the sale.

I had some months before merely mentioned that I had such a farm, to a prospective buyer who was at the time somewhat uncertain that he wanted such a property.

"The circumstances served to open my eyes to the fact that I really had a rich Father who had said: 'Son thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine.'

"I was encouraged to ask for larger gifts. I was not a property owner, and my business while affording a living, did not enable me to purchase a home of my own. So I asked next for \$2,000, imaging it as I had done with the \$400. When the \$2,000 came, I asked for other things in the same way.

"The results of the faith engendered by these incidents are that at the present time I am rather a large property owner for the small town in which I live, and am President of a successful business built up from a very small amount of capital.

"Our Father has showed us with blessings exactly as He had promised. We have given up entirely thoughts of what we can GET. The important matter is how and what we can GIVE."

Giving releases power, just as breaking up any form of condensed energy releases power. But merely releasing energy is not enough. To get good from it, you must direct that power into some engine where it will turn certain wheels *and bring back greatly increased power to you.*

That is the whole Secret of Power.

To find the Lost Word of Power, we must first define what a "word" is. It is a mental image, is it not? "In the beginning was the Word," says St. John. In the beginning was the mental image.

To give our word power, we must fill out our mental image with whatever elements it needs to give it life. To see how this is done, let us go back again to our single cell. It was surrounded by water, you know, and it drew every element it needed for life from the water around it by absorption. And what it did then, it does now. Every living cell draws the elements it needs for life from the water (or in the case of the higher animals, from the lymph) around it.

But where groups of thousands or millions of cells work together in a single organization, as in the body of any animal, it takes a complicated organism to provide the water and the different elements that must go into it, so mouths and stomachs and hearts and lungs and all the different tubes and passageways had to be evolved. More than that, when it becomes necessary to pick certain elements for food, means had to be found for finding them, so the organism put out "feelers," which presently developed into eyes and ears and hands and feet. But intelligence was required to search for and distinguish the proper elements for food, so nerve centers were formed, with "wires" which came to the surface all over the body and acted like so

many antennae, reporting to the Central nervous system, or the brain.

Those millions of antennae are good for more than the mere *receiving* of impressions from the outside. They are hands that can reach out for what they want. They are the *sending* wires for all the tiny microphones located in your nerve centers, that can broadcast a need, and then gather in each necessary element as it appears.

What was it enabled the crawfish to grow a shell, the bee a sting, the bird its wings? Neither more nor less than the nerve centers of these creatures, broadcasting the need for certain new elements lest thy perish from the earth, then reaching out for them with their thousands of hands. Fear of annihilation had already broken up their dependence upon their old organisms. They knew they could not survive the dangers besetting them with their limited means, so they set their nerve centers vibrating with the appeal to all the powers of the universe for the elements they conceived necessary for life.

Those same means are just as available to you in any crisis today as to those early forms of life. Instead of only two hands, you have millions. Instead of being dependent upon one or two hooks for the "fish" you need from the lymph about you, you have a net capable of catching a million times as many. And the means of using your net have not varied.

1—Break up the shell of circumstances surrounding you. Disclaim it and cast off all dependence upon it.

It is this breaking up that is aimed at in the "affirmations" of the most successful metaphysical religions and the most practical psychologists of today. When a metaphysician repeats—"There is no life, truth, intelligence or substance in matter," what else does he mean than that he is taking his faith out of the form into which his circumstances or body or surroundings have congealed, breaking them up, and asking for a new deal?

For those who feel inclined to scoff, let me say right now—"It works!" And any experienced physician will tell you he has *seen* it work. How does it work?

In the same way it works for the superintendent of a foundry to tell the foreman that a certain casting is no good, he is not going to accept it, and it must be done over. What does the foreman do? Throws that casting into the next heat, fixes his mold more carefully and pours it again.

Your Mind is the Superintendent, your nerve centers are your Foundry Foremen with millions of workers at their command in the tiny antennae that come to the surface all over your body. Whatever mold your Mind gives to them, in that mold the nerve centers cast your circumstances, your surroundings, your body.

But—if you don't like the casting, you can refuse

it, and make your founders melt it down and try again. And it was for this purpose that "affirmations" were first devised.

Because of the efficacy of such affirmations when earnestly and understandingly used, I give you below a "breaking up" affirmation for you to use when limitation and lack, or difficulties and trials, beset you:

"There is no permanence, no reality to any circumstance or condition unlike God—good. For all is Mind and its creations. God never created anything unlike Himself—good. Therefore there can be no reality in (here specify the troublous circumstance or condition) for it is no part of God's child."

It is the negative affirmation—the breaking up of the wrong conditions. That is the first essential. But if you stopped there, the wrong conditions, or others as bad, would soon return. You must replace them with the right model. That comes next.

2—Set your every nerve center at work, drawing to you from the whole universe all the elements necessary to the fulfillment of your desire. But be sure to give them a model in which those new elements can take shape. Form your mold so clearly, so strongly, that you can actually SEE it in your mind's eye.

That is just as important as the breaking up of the old conditions. Unless you provide proper

molds for the new material, you will be like the man Jesus told of, out of whom a devil was driven. When the devil came back, he found the house swept clean and garnished, *but no other occupant there*. So he got him seven other devils more wicked than himself, and took possession. "*And the last state of that man was worse than the first.*"

No use breaking up the old imperfect and unsatisfactory shells, if you are going to let the new materials take the same shapes. You must SEE in your mind's eye that new material flowing to you, you must VISUALIZE it in its perfect shape. Only thus can you "*believe that you receive.*" And only thus can you HAVE it!

You see, you are a cell in the great God-body just as any cell in your body is part of you. You are surrounded by lymph as surely as is every cell in your physical body. That lymph contains all the elements you can possibly need for complete expression, and complete expression means happiness and health and success to the fullest degree.

There are no limitations. God does not fatten certain of us and starve others, any more than you favor certain cells of your body to the detriment of others. If any cell does not get all the nourishment it needs, it is because it is not working—or not working right.

It matters not how great the demand for any element. There is plenty for all. And as fast as the supply is used, more of that element is poured

in by the blood stream. There is never any lack, any limitation. Each cell has only to freely use all it has, in order to absorb as much more of any element as it wants.

The cell's only danger is *not from lack* of nourishment around it, but from *inability to take it in* because of clogged pores and passages. If you have read "The Secret of Youth" in the last copy of MIND, INC., you know that the only reason for sickness and old age is failure on the part of the cells to throw out the used elements, and consequent clogging of the passages so they cannot take in the elements necessary to new life.

It is the shell again—allowing circumstances or conditions to congeal to such a point that you are helpless against them. You have to break them up—and keep breaking them.

In "The Secret of Youth," you were given the way to break up such conditions in the physical body. And in the methods for GIVING outlined earlier in this lesson, are the ways to break them up in the God-body.

When you have followed those rules, you can set the nerve-centers in you seeking and DEMANDING power. Like Randolph in "The Magnificent Obsession", you have fulfilled the conditions. You have only to put yourself in the right frame of mind to receive it. To do that, "enter into your closet," in other words, go where you can be quiet and undisturbed, and when you have shut the door,

repeat the affirmation given above under No. 1, but add to it:

"I am a perfect cell in the great God-body, surrounded by lymph containing every element I need for complete and perfect expression. I am drawing upon that lymph now for every element of life, every ounce of power, every bit of understanding I need to (here put in whatever thing it is you want to accomplish. Then *see it taking form* as you bless it.) I bless it, and baptize it God's own perfect of (whatever it is) in the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost."

Bless that new form as it takes shape in your mental mold, and hold that mold to it (hold the faith, hold the image before your mind's eye) until it hardens so all can see it.

That is The Lost Word of Power—the realization that God has put into you part of Himself, a part with such magnetic power, so many legions of hands, that it can draw to itself from anywhere in the universe whatever elements it needs for a perfect body, for the right environment, for complete expression. And the Secret Name of that part of God in you is the name of your Inner Self—your I AM!

What matter if that I AM be encased in a shell of steel? What matter if it be clothed in rags? It has infinite power to break up wrong conditions,

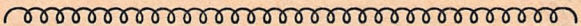
to bring the right ones into being, as the stove founder breaks up old and imperfect castings, mixes them with new iron, melts them down in his furnace and casts them anew into perfect shape.

It is said, you know, that a single violin string, if tuned to the proper pitch, could start such a vibration as would shake down the Brooklyn Bridge. In your nerve centers, you have violin strings capable of far greater power than that. Tuned to the right pitch by the proper outgiving of power, you can multiply your hands by all the millions of antennae that reach out from your nerve centers, you can use them to attract to you any element you need to become—not merely the biggest personage in your town, the most eminent in your line in the country, *but the greatest in any line in the whole world!*

Remember, the God in you is an inseparable part of the only God there is, and all its life, all its power, are devoted entirely to your advancement. Give it the right images with which to work, the right faith to keep it going, and you cannot fail in any undertaking.

“If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them.”

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The Inner Secret or That Something Within

(CONCLUDED)

By "X"

THE THIRD DEGREE

I laid awake that night, unable to sleep by reason of the intense activity of my mind. I was conscious of a gradual clearing-up process under way in my mentality. I employed the process of self-analysis in discriminating between my "I Am I" and my mental and emotional states of consciousness—I had already learned to discriminate between my Self and my body. I saw that the things of personality were but as garments worn by the individual "I Am I." I saw that I might even act the parts of different personalities, in different bodies—but that the "I Am I" playing each and all of these parts would be the same, identical Self.

Toward morning, I dropped into a refreshing sleep, from which I awakened fresh and vigorous and ready to perform the tasks of the day, and to look forward with keen and intense interest to the coming of the evening in which I should receive my "third degree" of the instruction of Colonel Forbes, of Simla. I felt myself in plain sight of the Promised Land—the land toward which my steps had tended for lo! these many days. The end of my quest was in view. The recognition and realization would then be followed by the manifestation of the Something Within. Of this I felt certain.

The day passed rapidly. Although there was an unusually large and heavy accumulation of important work to be performed by me, I found myself manifesting a new and marked efficiency and capacity for performing my tasks.

Evening came, and with a feeling of deep emotion I again knocked at the door of the man who had done so much for me in the days immediately preceding. I was invited to enter, and once more I was seated by the side of the table. There was an expression of even more than the former interest on the Colonel's face—there seemed to have been established between us a bond of common understanding, unexpressed in words but strongly present in feeling and in subconscious rapport.

Gazing at me intently, the Colonel said: "You have unfolded in consciousness even more rapidly

than I had anticipated. I can see now that the Something Within you has long been striving earnestly to bring your consciousness in actual contact with it, and has employed strenuous methods in order to bring you to the time, and conditions in which this might be effected. The confining sheaths of your personality have been stubborn, and your spiritual labor-pains have been great. But, though the price has been great, the reward will be adequate. The rebound from your fall will be as rapid as was the fall.

"You have discovered the real nature of your 'I Am I'—that Something Within—though as yet you are but on the outer edge of the new realm into which this knowledge will carry you. Your Real Self has mounted the throne of your being, and has cast therefrom the pretenders who have sought to occupy it, and you now exercise the power which is rightfully yours. Henceforth, the Something Within will gradually recognize its own rights, and will manifest these in action. It will proceed to cast out the inefficient mental subordinates, and to replace them with those worthy of the retinue of the rightful monarch. You have a great future before you; and the joys of mastery and of attainment will be yours.

"But now," continued the Colonel, "you must receive what I have called your 'third degree'—that stage of your instruction in which you are led to perceive just what this Something Within,

this 'I Am I,' really is in its nature and being. Without this knowledge the individual is apt to be led astray by his new-found power; without it he often tends to attribute to his personal self, the power which really is vested in a much higher part of his being. One must know how to recognize the real gold of his being, else he may be deluded by the glittering imitations which abound in the realm of personality."

"Let us begin at the beginning. The first and last Truth concerning Existence is this: There is present and active a SUPREME PRESENCE-POWER from which all things proceed, and which is the Essence and Substance of the entire World-of-Things. All intelligent human thought reports this conclusion; all awakened intuition sustains and corroborates it.

"Human reason, corroborated by intuition, is able to furnish the following concept of the Supreme Presence-Power, namely: The Presence-Power must be Infinite; it must be Eternal; it must be Unchangeable in its Essence. Moreover, all philosophy worthy of the name holds that it must be SPIRIT, in the sense of being the Essence of Life, and of Consciousness.

"It is very clear that this Infinite Presence-Power must contain within its power everything that is—for there is no place outside of its infinite presence. Thus, you see, this Supreme Power must not only be that from which all things proceed, but

also that in which all things live, and move, and have their being.

“Fix well in your mind this triple conception of the Supreme Presence-Power, viz., (1) its Infinite Presence, in which all things must abide and be contained; (2) its Infinite Power, from which all activities must proceed and flow; and (3) its Infinite Immanence, by reason of which it is present and active in everything that is. If you will hold fast to these three fundamental facts, you cannot go far astray in your thinking on the subject.

“In your former thinking you came to see that there was ‘something about’ persons which gave them special power; this was, of course, this Infinite Something. Later, you saw that many considered this Something to be a ‘something above’ them. Finally, you now have learned that the Something you have sought is that Something Within.

“The ‘something about’ can only be viewed from the outside—you can never get into the actual presence of it, but can only view it from afar. The ‘something above,’ likewise, exists chiefly as an abstract conception in your mind, and is never directly contacted in this way. You may feel inclined to dispute this last fact, but if you will inquire closely of persons of deep and sincere religious experience, you will find that their real conviction arises by reason of an ‘inner experience’

—a conviction of the Divine Presence-Power within themselves, in their 'heart' as they express it.

"The esoteric occult teaching has always been that the Supreme Presence-Power may be immediately contacted by directing the consciousness into the depths of one's own being—there to discover that Something Within. The most profound practical philosophers have taught likewise, though in different terms. The reasoning in both cases proceeds as follows: If there is a Something 'in which we live, and move, and have our being,' and 'from which all things proceed'; and if, as must be, that Something is immanent within the being of each and every one of us; then, logically, that Something must abide as the essence and fundamental substance of the being of the individual, and must be discovered there, if anywhere.

"This experience has led the deep thinkers of the race to hold that the Inner Secret of Being is to be found only in this inner experience of that Something Within. 'Why,' ask they, 'should one seek in outer experience or in the experience of others that which may be found in the direct experience of oneself?' 'Why,' ask they, 'should one seek in distant lands and over strange seas, for the treasure that lies buried in one's own garden?' Say they, 'If this Truth lies everywhere, it lies within myself; and within myself is the only place in which I can find it.'

"Now," said the Colonel, "if you admit that the

Infinite Presence-Power really abides within your own being, where would you expect to find it there—and what must it seem like when you have found it. A little thought will show you that if it is there at all it must abide at the very centre of your individual being—and at the deepest place of your consciousness. Now, then, what do you find when you determinedly explore your consciousness and your being? At the very centre of your being, and at the extreme depths of your consciousness, you find—what? You find this ‘I Am I’—your Real Self—standing as a Central Sun around which whirl the lesser planets of your mental and emotional nature. This is the fixed and final fact within you—this fact of ‘I AM.’

“Now,” said the Colonel, “here is a stage of the journey at which many who tread the path stumble and fall. They sometimes seek to identify that Something Within with the ‘personal self,’ instead of the Real Self—the superficial personality of ‘John Smith, grocer, aged 49 years,’ with the ‘I Am I,’ above-all-personality, which is the individuality. This leads them away from the main road of Realization.

“This, then, is what the ‘I Am I’ really is—a focal point or centre of the Infinite Presence-Power from which all things proceed, and in which we live and move and have our being. The Infinite Presence-Power is expressed through that focal point which is your ‘I Am I’; your understanding

of the 'why and wherefore' of this will increase—but be not over anxious about this, for the understanding follows only upon the heels of the expression and never precedes it. You learn by doing. Your 'I Am I,' as it expresses itself through you, will be much like a person awakening from a deep sleep—perhaps still under the influence of a dream of the night. It will 'find itself' only gradually, so mingled with its waking realities still are the illusions of its dream-state. It will 'come to' only gradually—its attainment of knowledge of itself will be much like the recollection of knowledge previously had by it. Do not perplex yourself concerning the 'just why' of this at this time—you have work before you to do, and increased knowledge will follow the performance of that work.

"And, now," said the Colonel, "I have given you as much as you can mentally digest at this time. I have more to say to you; but this will all come in due time. Desire insistently your unfoldment in consciousness; confidently expect its realization; and determinedly will its attainment. Desire, Faith, and Determination will win the day for you."

With these words, the Colonel rose and indicated that the interview was at an end.—I proceeded to my room and sought my pillow. Shortly after, my transcendental experience began.

I could not be said to be "thinking"—rather did I seem to be Immersed in a world which was all

Idea. In this new world all the things were ideas—the “thoughts were things” therein, in actual fact. My mind was perfectly clear—I was not in a dazed or perplexed state of mind. It seemed to me, rather, that my mind had escaped its former limitations, and had attained infinite transcendental powers. I seemed to have attained the power of thinking with infinite power and with absolute logical accuracy.

Dwelling in this realm of Pure Ideation for a time—I do not know now whether it was but for a moment, or else for hours, so rapt in the experience was I—I then passed into a state of mental and emotional quietude, calmness, and joy. All finite thought seemed stilled. The “I Am I” seemed to be dwelling in the Infinitude of Space, and in the Eternity of Time. This Infinite Space seemed to be filled with a wondrous rosy light, vibrating with an awful intensity and rate of speed. In it, I seemed to be abiding undisturbed and unaffected. I had the conviction that my Self was eternal—that it had always existed and would always exist, in its essential identical being; death or interruption of its life seemed like a laughable impossibility. I seemed to have taken on Infinite and Eternal Life.

Accompanying this conviction, was the realization of what I can describe only as Infinite Wisdom. I seemed to know everything—from the highest Truth to the most trivial fact of experience. There was “no great and no small” to me—all was included in the content of my consciousness and

knowledge. The Riddle of the Ages—the Mystery of Being—were clearly understood by me. But greatest of all this knowledge was the knowledge of my own being—I knew the inner truth that “I Am THAT I Am!”

With this also manifested the consciousness of Infinite Joy, of Absolute Bliss—I seemed to have concentrated and condensed within me the Bliss and Joy, the Happiness and Content, of all time and all places. Yet, I seemed to realize that all this happiness, bliss, joy and content, came from within myself, and not from things external to me.

Looking back at this experience, in the light of my after acquired knowledge and understanding, I now see that in that flash of Illumination—for such it was—I momentarily contacted or “tapped” the transcendental planes of consciousness which the ancient sages described as “Being-Absolute; Wisdom-Absolute; Bliss-Absolute”. It was doubtless largely, or entirely, symbolic; it was very far from being what is popularly known as a “psychic experience”.

I now know this to have been a perfectly natural experience, though a comparatively uncommon one. Many others have undergone it—many others will undergo it. The accounts of its experience tally closely, in the reports of the ages. Yet, be it remembered, many who attain the very highest recognition, realization, and manifestation of that Something Within, have not undergone this experi-

ence. It is merely incidental, and not essential—let there be no mistake about this point.

From the Colonel I learned that the initiation into the new life of the conscious perception of that Something Within consisted of three distinct stages or steps, namely: (1) the stage of Recognition, or the perception of the "I Am I" as that Something Within; (2) the stage of Realization, or the perception of the tremendous fact that that Something Within, the Real Self, or the "I Am I" is the focal point or centre of expression of the Infinite Power from which all things proceed; and (3) the stage of Manifestation, or the actual expression in active everyday life of the presence and power of that Something Within, the Real Self, the "I Am I".

Acting under the Colonel's advice, I began to build up my physical body, and, indeed, this was sadly needed, for my physical instrument had been greatly run down by reason of my general breakdown. He had said: "The physical body is the external instrument of the 'I Am I', and must be made a fitting one in every respect. The body is not a base thing to be reviled as a hindrance to the expression of the spirit, as the ascetics have mistakenly supposed. Rather is it the instrument of the effective expression of the spirit, and it should be perfected, developed, and maintained in health and vigor to that end."

I found that by first fixing in my mind the ideal concept or mental image of the normal functioning

of the organs of the body, and then by forming a strong, definite mental picture of my organs functioning in this way, this being accompanied by a confident expectation of the materialization of my ideal picture, the subconscious mental faculties presiding over the physical functions at once set to work reproducing in actual physical form those pictures which existed in ideal form in my mind. The ideal became real—the ideal picture took on material reality.

I discovered just what constituted a normal, healthy, efficient human body, and I built up a strong, positive, clear, definite mental picture of such a body. Then I proceeded to make my thought take form in action, and to cause my mental states to reproduce themselves in physical form.

The results of these manifestations of the Something Within in and upon my physical body were remarkable. I began to improve rapidly from the very start. In a comparatively short time I had recovered all of my lost ground, and in a little longer time I was in far better health and physical condition than I had ever been before. I had created in my mind the ideal of a strong, healthy, vigorous man, and my subconscious mentality faithfully reproduced this ideal in physical and material form and activity. My business associates remarked the wonderful change and marvelled at it.

They were agreed in the belief that I had found some wonderful physician—and indeed I had.

I am now, at the age of about seventy years, in vigorous health and strength—far better than that of the average healthy man of forty-five. I see no reason for doubting that this will continue to be the case, for I live according to the principles which brought renewed health and vigor to me.

While manifesting physical efficiency, I did not neglect the work of building-up, developing, and unfolding Mental Efficiency.

I started with the conviction that the Intellect was not my “I Am I”, but merely a part of the intricate machinery at the disposal of the latter.

I soon acquired the habit of, first, clearly formulating the question to be answered, or the problem to be solved, in my conscious mind—so that I would know exactly what I wished accomplished. Then I would deliberately drop the proposition or problem through the mental trap-door, into the subconscious workhouse, where the busy workers at once began to analyze and separate it into its constituent parts, then to synthesize them into a new logical arrangement.

Along similar lines, I developed and trained my powers of Memory with a remarkable degree of success. By realizing that the processes of memory are chiefly performed along subconscious lines, and that the subconscious mentality is readily influenced and directed by efficient suggestions and instruction,

I was able to develop a wonderfully efficient memory-machine. I discovered that the memory never really forgets anything once placed in it properly, and that remembrance depends chiefly upon proper methods of indexing and cross-indexing.

The manifestation of that Something Within in the direction of physical and mental efficiency, was accompanied almost from the beginning with a marked improvement in my business affairs. I became aware of the fact that the inner forces which make for success were at work, and that their effects and results were beginning to show themselves.

My increased efficiency, showing itself in an improved grasp upon the business in which I was employed, received favorable attention from those in positions of authority in the concern; as a result I was promoted rapidly.

I conceived an improved selling plan for the distribution of certain merchandise manufactured by the concern. This line for some reasons had "dragged", and finally seemed to be destined to failure, although the goods themselves possessed positive merit. The sales-manager was glad to shift this irksome responsibility to the shoulders of another, and the management felt that as all else had failed there was little to be lost in allowing me to try out my plan. From the start the sales jumped in great leaps and bounds, and as a consequence I was placed at the head of a special depart-

ment in control of these goods and some associated lines. Before very long I had made my department the best paying branch of the business, and I was asked to assume a new position directly under the chief executive.

This was but the beginning. Seeing new opportunities, I planned the enlargement of the plant and the increase of the selling force; this necessitated an increase in the capitalization of the business. The directors had confidence in me, and they agreed to my plans. The enlarged business met with great success, and our concern afterward absorbed several smaller plants in the same line. The corporation became one of the largest in the country, and I was placed at the head of the active management of its extended affairs. I became a national figure in the world of that particular line of business, and began to attract the attention of leading financial powers in the large cities.

There was "something at work" in my affairs—something below the surface of things which seemed to be working in my behalf and to my interests. I remember distinctly once saying to myself: "There seems to be a Something taking a hand in this game, and playing as an invisible partner, backing up my own play, furnishing advantageous leads, and playing trumps in response to my own leads". It seemed that I had a skilled partner in the game, and I soon grew to have confidence in him, and in his desire to help me to win.

The strange thing about the operation of this silent force was that it would sometimes bring about results entirely unexpected by me, and often apparently quite opposed to my desires at that time; but in the end, its way was far the best—sometimes really the only right way. That Something Within sometimes seemed to know, far better than did I, just what was best for the development of the general plan or desire held by me. It would even seem to block my game at times, and to force me to make a move in an entirely different direction from that originally contemplated by me. It would lead, or force, me away from the end I was trying to achieve, and all would seem to be lost. But, lo! sooner or later it would lead me back to that thing, by means of a circuitous route, and success would be mine. When these things happened, sooner or later I was forced to admit that the way chosen and followed by it was really "the only way". That Something Within evidently had perceived dangers and obstacles not apparent to me, and so led me around them. It pursued strange roads and by-paths, but in the end "it got there".

Sometimes, when I became too much inflated with the sense of my own personal powers of perception and judgment, it would literally pick me up by the back of the neck, and then after holding me for a time suspended over the brink of the precipice of Ruin, would gently deposit me in a good safe place, in a new environment—in just the

place (as I afterward saw) in which my best interests would be served, and my deepest hopes and desires would be made possible of realization. My road to success was at times quite a rocky one. At times the setbacks seemed like failures—but later on were seen to be the best things that could possibly have happened at the time.

As time progressed, I gradually made the important discovery that "wealth" is largely a matter of consciousness. Many persons who want money, and who are striving for money, actually tend toward driving it away from them by reason of their tenseness of thought and their failure to realize the "money consciousness". In order to handle millions, one must learn to think in terms of millions. My old friend Harriman once expressed this pregnant truth when he said: "It is just as easy to think and to talk in millions as in single dollars". This wizard of finance, whose feats were regarded by the public as closely approaching those of legerdemain, made this adage one of his cardinal principles of thought and action. He "thought and talked in millions", and his thought took form in action—his mental states took on material form—his ideals became realities.

Many a man is manifesting the same energy of thought, and business sagacity in running a newsstand or a peanut-stand, that others are employing in conducting great enterprises. One thinks in dimes, or in single dollars—the others think in

thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions. There is such a thing as "money consciousness"; I know it to be a fact. Wealth must be created in thought before it may be created in material form. Money must exist in the Ideal, before it appears in the Real.

Another of the important things I learned concerning the powers of that Something Within was that strange course of action proceeding under what has been called "The Law of Attraction". I soon learned that there is a mental power of attraction corresponding to the physical law of gravitation. This law of mental attraction tends to co-ordinate the thoughts and desires of the individual with the external things associated with them.

The Law of Attraction tends to "draw to" the individual the things, persons, or conditions in harmonious relation to his strongest thoughts. Or, quite often, instead of this, it tends to "push" the individual into the conditions, which will tend toward the actualization of his idealizations. It often brings the mountain to Mohammed, but at other times seems to find it easier to push Mohammed to the mountains—the end attained is the same in either case, you see. When that Something Within "gets busy" in "working the Law", then things, persons, and conditions begin to move rapidly.

It often astonished me greatly to note how things and persons would be drawn into my field of attention in response to my thoughts—or how I was

drawn into the field of attention of others in the same way. The persons I needed were drawn to my notice; and I was drawn to the notice of persons who needed me. If I needed additional information concerning a certain subject, then the whole world seemed desirous of pouring such knowledge into my mind. Books, magazines, overheard scraps of conversation, gave me the desired data.

I have picked up a stray magazine, or an old newspaper, and have received just the particular items of knowledge needed, in the same way. The essential idea of one of my most successful plans was first given to me in an item printed in a dirty scrap of old newspaper which I picked up on a seldom-used path through the forest near the place where I was spending a summer vacation.

From my own experience, I am firmly convinced that the remarkable "luck" which is perceived to attend the careers of most of the really successful men and women of all times is in reality not mere "luck" at all, but is rather the operation of natural laws set in operation by means of a conscious or unconscious drawing upon the resources of the Infinite Power from which all things proceed, through the channel of that Something Within.

Moreover, I am quite as firmly convinced that the "upsets" and "downfalls", or the "changes in luck" of individuals who have been remarkably successful up to a certain point, is due to the fact

that these individuals, intoxicated by the success that has come to them, have ceased to depend upon and to draw upon this source of All-Power. Many individuals of this kind seem to lose their sense or intuition which caused them to draw upon this Universal Fount for their guidance and power, and accordingly they become entangled in their own mental machinery and lose their original grasp of the Reality which carried them to their high position.

Carried away by Success, many persons lose their intuitive faith in that "Something" which inspired them in the beginning. They begin to smile at their old ideas, and say to themselves, "What a wonderful person I am"!

The truly wise man escapes this common mistake. Never for a moment does he forget that in POWER is to be found the source and fount of all his dynamic Personal Power. He manifests a true "humility"—not the negative, counterfeit humility which generally is given that title, but the true humility of the Finite facing the Infinite. He feels that humility which prompts him to give grateful thanks to "the powers that be" for making possible his success.

The individual who "knows just what he wants"; who "wants it hard enough"; who confidently expects it; and who insistently and persistently determines and demands to have it; such a one is quite willing to "pay the price". He is not deluded by

the counterfeits of life, which are offered him as substitutes for the real things. He knows the value of that which he wants, and which he is determined to get; and he is quite willing to pay the full price demanded for it by the Law of Compensation. He makes a bargain with Destiny, and he demands that it be lived up to by both sides. Only the best is good enough for him—he refuses to accept less from Life—he knows that he is paying, and must pay for this, and he is quite content. This is the difference between the Superman and the ordinary run of men.

Looking back over the history of Creation, as such is revealed to us in the records of the earth, we see that the Creative Power is evolving ideas, which it seeks to actualize in material form—mounting from lower to higher in the course of evolution. Looking at the processes manifested in the solar systems around us, it would seem that the same law governs the creation of the worlds. Everywhere this Creative Evolution is underway.

It would seem that in Man this Creative Process has reached a new stage. Here, alone in the world of living things as known to us, is found a creature which is able to exercise Creative Power on its own account—to reproduce, as a microcosm, the creative work of the Whole which is the macrocosm. Man, it would seem has been creating his environment, principally along unconscious or subconscious lines.

He has met with some degree of success, and with a large share of failures.

Now, it seems, Man is in the stage of evolution into the condition or plane of the Superman. He is beginning to recognize the real nature of his Something Within; and also to realize its essential identity with the Infinite Power from which it has proceeded, and of which it is the focal point—to realize the consciousness of "I Am THAT I Am". With the dawn of this new consciousness comes the knowledge of the innate and inherent power of conscious creation of environment on the part of the awakened individuality. The personal "Me" being superimposed by that "Something Within"—the individual begins to play an active part in the general process of Creative Evolution.

Man's part in the creative work seems to be chiefly (1) the furnishing of the ideals or mental pictures of that which he desires to become actualized in material objective form; (2) to focus the other powers of his mental being, i. e., his Desire, his Faith, his Will, toward the work of actualization, so that his whole being becomes, as it were, crystallized in the form of the Ideal to be realized in actualization; and (3) to open the entire channels of his individual being to the inflow of the Creative Forces of the Infinite Power, which will pour through him with the end of actualizing themselves in objective, material form.

* * * * *

This, is the Inner Secret, the discovery that "I Am THAT I Am". This is the recognition and the realization, upon the heels of which the manifestation of Success and Personal Power follows. This is the Magic Key, the Magic Wand, the Magic Touchstone, the Philosophers' Stone, which men have sought for in the past ages. This is the Universal Solvent, the Alkahest, of the ancient alchemists. This is the Ultimate Truth, "which when known all becomes known". This is "That Something", for which you have been seeking in the past. This is that, ye seekers, to the possessor of which "all things shall be added".

* * * * *

Take this little seed of Truth which has herein been presented to you. Afford it hospitable lodgment in your mind and soul. Let the sun of your intuition shed its kindly rays upon it. Water it with the warm rains of your interested thought and attention. Give its roots room in which to spread and to plunge still deeper into the soil of your mentality. Confidently expect the appearance of its shoots above the surface; these to be followed by its leaves, its blossoms, its fruit.

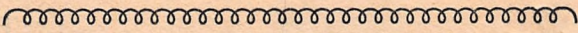
Here is the prophecy: "In the degree that you recognize the Truth in thought; in the degree that you realize the Truth in feeling; in that combined degree will you be able to manifest the Truth in will-action."

The individual who enters into the recognition, realization, and manifestation of the Something Within passes from the Plane of Effects to the Plane of Causes; he is no longer a mere Creature, but becomes an actual Creator. He moves from the negative pole of Causation to its positive pole. He ceases to be a Slave of Circumstances and Environment; he becomes a Master of Circumstances and Environment. The Finer Forces of Nature are subconsciously and superconsciously set to work in his behalf. He expresses all that is within himself, and he attracts to himself that outside of himself which tends toward his successful expression of that Something Within.

Will you be a Creature, or a Creator; an Effect or a Cause; a Slave or a Master? Which shall it be?

“Lord of a thousand worlds, I AM;
I’ve reigned since Time began;
And night and day, in cyclic sway,
Pass by while their deeds I scan.
Yea, Time shall cease ere I find release,
For I AM the Soul of Man!”

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The Word Fulfilled

D. C. PECK

"Behold the days come . . . of a famine in the land, not of bread but of hearing the word of the Lord."
Amos 8:11.

THIS prophecy does not state, there will be no word of God in the land, but the famine is in not hearing it. You may be an incessant bible reader, but if you read without understanding, you do not hear what is being said and therefore you are suffering from the famine.

Let us take the 30th chapter of Isaiah for our measuring rod, and see if we do not come under the ban.

ISAIAH 30:1-3. Woe to the rebellious children saith the Lord, that take council but not of me. That cover with a covering but not of my spirit that they may add sin to sin. That walk to go down into Egypt, and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh and to trust in the shadow of Egypt. Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion.

To whom was Isaiah repeating this woe? Possibly we have thought he was warning the Israelitish Nation only, and that there is no warning to us contained in his word. If that is our belief, we are missing a most valuable lesson.

Those who take council but not of the Lord are called rebellious children. They cover with a covering but not of God's spirit. They walk to go down into Egypt, but do not ask at God's mouth. Do not let us take this lightly, but instead ask ourselves if we can be counted among these rebellious children. Possibly we may recall that sickness last summer. We were very ill and hurriedly called the best doctor in town. We hadn't thought to ask if he was a Christian doctor, one who never diagnosed or prescribed for a case without asking guidance from on high. Possibly we had forgotten the statement, "I am the Lord that healeth thee" or this, "Who forgiveth all our iniquities and who healeth all our diseases."

We do not go to our Doctor to get our iniquities forgiven, because we doubt his ability to forgive, why do we go to him to heal our diseases. If the Lord states that he does both, why do we balk at trusting him to heal our diseases, but ask him to forgive our iniquities.

Let us not beat about the bush. We are before the Judge of the whole earth, and our paltry excuses will avail us nothing. We have indeed taken council but not of God. We have laid ourselves liable

to the woe which Isaiah pronounced upon all who thus violated divine law. This woe accounts for the poverty, the sickness and affliction under which the entire human race is suffering today.

But we may ask, did we not recover from our illness? And why should we not rejoice and thank the good Doctor for his remedies which aided us or brought it about? Consider this statement: "Ye have found the life of thine hand and thou wast not grieved". Why should we grieve? Because we have violated a Divine command. We have taken council but not of God.

Going down into Egypt means going to the world for help, instead of looking to the only real source which is above. Egypt in the Bible corresponds to natural science. There is nothing wrong about natural science, if we do not abrogate to ourselves the prerogative of our Father Creator.

That which we call natural science has produced many wonderful improvements and has done much to lighten the labor of humanity, only the praise has not been accorded the real Giver of these blessings.

"Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above? From the Father of lights in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning." This being true, (our Father of lights) is the one wholly responsible for all our modern inventions and conveniences, and he has given them through whatever minds have been prepared to bring them into use.

Let us read verses 8-12. Now go, write it before them in a table and note it in a book, that it may be for the time to come for ever and ever. That this is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord. Which say to the seers, see not, and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits. Get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the holy one of Israel to cease from before us: Wherefore thus saith the holy one of Israel, because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon.

Perhaps we indignantly deny that we despise the word. Do we not attend church to hear the word of God read and preached. Have we not Bibles in our home, and have we not read them on occasions?

We despise the word when we do not search out the law with the view to obedience of it. When we do not heed the advice it gives us. We are told not to put our trust in man or to lean on the arm of flesh. But this is done universally. The law advises us not to borrow. But when in need it is our universal practice. Those who obey this law are to be a nation who will not borrow but will lend to those nations who are not advanced. Obedience to this law will make us strong, within ourselves and there will thereafter be no need of borrowing.

Verses 13, 14. Therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach. And he shall break it as the breaking of the potters vessel, that is broken in pieces; he shall not spare: so that there shall not be found in the bursting of it a

sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit.

Undoubtedly we have not looked upon these unbeliefs as iniquity. But the condition of humanity at the present day is proof that the statements made through Isaiah the prophet are being literally fulfilled. It possibly hadn't occurred to us that our unbelief was much of a sin. But it is that which prevents our entering into our rich inheritance happiness and prosperity.

Verses 15, 17. For thus saith the Lord God, the holy one of Israel. In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength: and ye would not. But ye said no; for we will flee upon horses; therefore shall ye flee: and We will ride upon the swift, therefore shall they that pursue you be swift. One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one; at the rebuke of five shall ye flee: till ye be left as beacon upon the top of the mountain, and as an ensign on a hill.

Our custom has been to flee from trouble in any form, as quickly as possible. We are taken suddenly ill. We fly for the Doctor. We are in financial difficulties, we fly to some human being for relief, we borrow if we can to relieve our distress. We are threatened with a lawsuit, we fly to a lawyer.

But we are told that while the thousands of us fly from supposed danger in any form, there will be an occasional believer who will accept the word of the Father. There will be a beacon upon a

mountain. A mountain means in scripture a high spiritual state. A state of belief that will prevent them from running from supposed danger. An ensign upon a hill is also one who does not remain in the valley of natural unbelief. These two individuals alone remain unmoved. *Note the result.*

Verse 18. And therefore will the Lord wait that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you: For the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for him.

Have you ever waited for Him in time of danger? Then you have received this blessing.

Verse 19. For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: Thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it he will answer thee.

Probably we have offered a great many petitions that have remained unanswered.

Verses 20-21. And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers. And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left.

Every human being is seeking happiness, success, prosperity, and here is the absolute assurance that it may be found. We have sought it in our own way, and have discovered ourselves on the

wrong road. We have failed to demonstrate happiness. Some of us have demonstrated wealth and a measure of what the world calls success, but wealth and worldly success, have failed to bring happiness.

Verse 22. Ye shall defile also the covering of thy graven images of silver, and the ornament of thy molten images of gold thou shalt cast them away.

When we have really seen that silver and gold cannot buy happiness it will no longer remain in our desires. It will no longer be worshipped, and we will surely know that we have made idols of it. This will require a large measure of faith, but eventually we must all acquire it, for it is the faith of Christ, and listen to the joy which follows. Prosperity of this character is unalloyed.

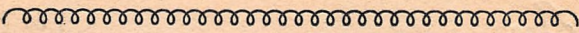
Verses 23-25. Then shall he give the rain of thy seed, that thou shalt sow the ground withal; and bread of the increase of the earth, and it shall be fat and plenteous: in that day shall thy cattle feed in large pastures. The oxen also and the young asses that ear the ground, shall eat clean provender, which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the fan. And there shall be upon every high mountain, and upon every high hill, rivers and streams of waters in the day of the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall.

Here is the prophecy of the joy and happiness that will surely follow the acts of faith, that leads to the abandonment of every material help. The TOWERS of safety, into which we flee for safety in times of trouble, the silver and the gold that

we have idolized must utterly fall and become of NO ACCOUNT, before we know the safety that is to be found in trusting entirely to the spiritual.

When we have utterly disavowed in our minds any belief in the potency of material help, and have turned utterly to the Invisible for all our needs, we shall behold the light of a day which has long been foretold.

Verse 26. Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound.



Heaven

BASIL KING

"'Matter,' as psychologically minded philosophers at last began to point out, is merely a substance we ourselves have invented to account for our sensations. We see, we touch, we hear, we smell, and by a brilliant synthetic effort of imagination we put together all these sensations and picture to ourselves 'matter' as being the source of them. Science itself is now purging 'matter' of its complicated metaphysical properties. . . . So that 'matter' becomes almost as 'ethereal' as 'spirit,' and indeed scarcely distinguishable from 'spirit.'"

—Havelock Ellis: *The Dance of Life*.

IT HAD now become apparent that the ship was going down. Ronalds himself had thought so from the minute of running up the companionway. The cant of the steps was ominous. It couldn't fling you forward nor tip you backward, according as the stairway turned, unless the big steamer was sinking by the bow.

Those less experienced had laughed at this; but Ronalds, who wore nothing but a dressing gown

flung over his pajamas, hurried back to his cabin to change to his day clothing, buckle on a life preserver, and put in his pockets anything of value. On returning to the glass-inclosed Deck A he found a little group of his intimates discussing possibilities with more misgiving than they had been willing to admit at first. Those who had no life preservers dashed to their cabins to get them. Women appeared among the men. Officers rushing about no longer cared to conceal their anxiety. When the order was given to prepare the lifeboats the danger was clear to everyone.

Nevertheless, there were reassuring conditions. The sea was calm; the night clear. The wireless was sending out all over the northern ocean the calls of a ship in distress. Even if she were to sink she couldn't sink so quickly that a steamer or two would not arrive in time. There would be discomfort, there might be peril and some suffering; but the days of great disasters at sea could be considered as of the past.

And yet when the last lifeboat, bearing the women and children, had been rowed away, a strange sense of helplessness in space came over those who remained on board. With few exceptions, chiefly wives who refused to leave their husbands, these were men. They gathered in groups, or by twos and threes, heartening themselves and one another by predicting the speedy arrival of succor, or in fancying that lights were appearing over the

horizon. That a ship so huge, so strong, so knowingly constructed, so richly fitted up, could go down in a placid sea, just because an iceberg had grazed her side, defied the probabilities. They had nothing to do but wait calmly till another liner, perhaps half a dozen liners, came racing to their aid.

She was listing badly to port. You could see, every quarter of an hour, that she listed more. Every quarter of an hour you had to move a little farther aft because of the sinking of the bow. Each time you moved aft it was a little harder, more of a tug uphill. With the list to port and the rising of the stern, merely to keep the footing became difficult. Most of them kept it, however; and if anyone staggered or slipped there was a forced or a feeble laugh. The laugh sounding out of place, like laughter in a church or by a dying bed, it was hushed quickly.

Ronalds found it easiest to light a cigarette, to talk to those about him in low tones, to consider what to do if the worse came to the worst. Not that the worse *would* come to the worst, but *if* it did! There was no harm in thinking if you could think without panic, and of panic there was no sign. There had been none from the first. Among those who had now climbed to the boat deck, Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, there would be none at all. It showed the value of the years of unconscious discipline to which most men submit themselves that there could be this tranquillity.

It was the quiet that made the whole thing incredible. The ship lay as still as a dead behemoth, rocked with a gentle rocking by a sea which but gently heaved. The sky was a scattering of stars on deepest violet. There was no wind, only a pure icy air that cleansed the lungs. After the bustle and confusion of getting the women and children away the silence was like that within a vacuum.

Ronalds moved farther aft, not for safety, but to be alone. Other men talked of sticking together, of keeping one another company. They would do this and that; they would aim thus and so. It would be every man for himself, of course; but for the minute, while they stood there conversing as if in a club and smoking cigarettes, each man sought a friend.

With Ronalds it was not so. Having but come to the spot to which he had long thought of coming, face to face with death, he preferred to stand there consciously. He would save himself if he could; but if he couldn't save himself he must collect his thoughts, he must be clear in his mind as to what he was looking forward to. He had tried all his life not to shirk this consideration nor be afraid of it. Accepting much in traditional teaching, he also accepted his common sense. He must have a few minutes in which to weave the two more closely as a whole. He must sum up the concepts to which he had given in his heart the name of God.

A few minutes earlier he had heard a clergyman among the passengers declare that this accident proved God's power of outwitting man. Man had been building bigger and bigger ships, ships that would stand the strain of storm and sea and collision, and still make port; and, lo! on a cloudless night, in a peaceful ocean, at the touch of a frozen finger, man's pride had been humbled. It was a reason, the clergyman said, for abasing oneself before an Almighty which could so easily shatter human hopes.

Simple men, with little or no power of thinking for themselves, drew their cigarettes from their lips and bowed their heads in awe. They were reminded of catastrophic things in the Old Testament, where it was said that Jehovah smote unexpectedly, and smote hard. Their thoughts went back to the many ways in which they must have angered this God, or ignored Him, seeking hurriedly to propitiate Him now by some muttering of desperate prayer.

To Ronalds all this was futile; it was a little like blasphemy. He must acquit God of this master crime, or he must renounce Him. Off by himself, bracing his feet against the starboard gunwale, as the ship canted more and more to port, he did his best to rally his intelligence against mumbo-jumbo superstitions and monstrosities. In this he was helped by the stillness, the immensity, the infinitude of the stars.

Hanging to the rail, some one crept toward him. When he came near enough Ronalds recognized him as a man he had taken to be a card sharper. All over the ship there were notices bidding passengers beware of this type of individual. Ronalds had crossed the ocean so often that he thought he could recognize one of them at sight. With this man his intercourse had been brief. Two or three times in the smoking room the fellow had asked him to take a hand at poker or bridge; two or three times Ronalds had declined. No other words had passed between them. Why the man should seek him out at this supreme moment Ronalds had no idea. On approaching him the card sharper took the tone of indifference to danger the more terrified tried to assume.

"Well, what do you think of the chances?"

Ronalds gazed off to seaward. "Depends on how long we can keep afloat."

"Then what do you think of that?"

"I don't know. She seems to be settling pretty steadily."

"You don't think she'll heel over, do you?"

"I try not to. I'm not very ship wise. I'm in the same fix as yourself."

"I wonder."

Ronalds turned from his contemplation of the sea to the big figure at his side. A soft cap pulled down at a rakish angle hid most of the face, except for a heavy mustache of the black suggesting dye.

An ulster over a life preserver was bulky and grotesque, of course, but not more so than the occasion warranted.

"What do you mean by that?" Ronalds questioned. "Why do you say 'I wonder'?"

The gambler tried to laugh. "Oh, there's fixes and fixes! You may go down with the ship, just the same as me, but—but the big fix might be afterward."

"As to that, I suppose, we can only wait and see."

The man's motive revealed itself. "Ain't there nothin' we can do beforehand?"

Ronalds reflected. "Would you like me to say what I think, or do you just want to be bucked up?"

It was the other's turn to reflect. "I suppose I want to be bucked up."

"Well, then, I'm afraid I can't do it."

"Then do the other thing. Say what you think."

"I'm not sure that I care to do that. Why don't you go to the parson over there? He's supposed to know."

"Been to him. Says that if I put my trust in the blood of Jesus my sins will be washed away, and if we duck under I'll go to Heaven."

"And doesn't that buck you up?"

"It might if I could do it. But how in thunder am I goin' to put my trust in the blood of Jesus right off the bat like this? Do you think I can

repent of my sins just because the bloomin' ship's goin' down?"

"No, I don't believe you can; which seems to answer your question as to whether there's anything we can do beforehand. I don't think there is—as late as this. It doesn't seem to me that we can accomplish much by squeezing out prayers we shouldn't say if we could do anything else, or in pumping up trust in what we haven't trusted to already."

"But don't you trust to nothin'?" asked the card sharper.

Ronalds considered how best to express himself.

"Yes, I trust to a great big general principle."

"That doesn't seem much to me."

"It's much to me. I can understand being saved on principle better than I can being saved by charms or incantations."

"I don't get you. What I want is somethin' some one'll tell me to do. I want the trick taken on this side, so as I'll be safe if I have to go over to the other."

"And there I can't help you. The only thing I see is that what I'm worth on this side I shall be worth on that, perhaps with something plus."

"But when you ain't worth nothin'?"

"Oh, every man's worth something! You can't have lived to be forty—I take it that that's about your age—without having value of some sort."

"But what'd give me any value?"

"Wouldn't it be, in a general way, whatever little good you've ever tried to do?"

"But if you ain't ever tried to do any?"

"Oh, but you must have! I don't mean that you've ever started out to preach the Gospel, or visit the sick, or rake in the wicked from off the streets; but everything must count. Just to have been decent in the common everyday ways—to your father and mother—to your wife and kids, if you've got them—to anybody at all—to have been honest in your job—means something. It may not mean a whole lot; but it makes a beginning."

"What's the good of a beginning when here we may be at the end?"

"That's where I think you're wrong. We've only got to the continuation. And there's where my big principle comes in. This part of life has seemed pretty good to me, otherwise I shouldn't cling to it; so why can't I expect the next to be the same?"

The card sharper spoke only after a minute or two of pensiveness. "You've got somethin' to your credit. I'll be hanged if I can think of anything to mine. I never had a father or a mother that I can remember. I was brought up by an old skin-flint of an uncle on a farm. He did nothin' but lambaste me if I wasn't up before dawn and out in all weathers. He wouldn't let me have no schoolin', or proper clothes, nor nothin'. I was always swearin' I'd run away. I'd 'a' done it if it hadn't

been for a little crippled girl I'd got fond of and that lived on the next farm. She wa'n't more than nine or ten when I was a whale of a feller about eighteen. Well, that young one clung to me, and me—I was crazy about the little kid. I'd go miles to get her a plaything, and anything I knew how to do I'd learn her. Quick! My Lord! she'd learn before you could teach her. And then one day she up and died. After that it wa'n't very long before I lighted out. On the way to New York I hauled in forty dollars from a farmer I'd got into a game of poker with. Always played a good hand of poker, and that seemed to start me. . . ." He stopped abruptly, seizing Ronalds by the arm. "Say, did you hear that funny noise? Like a big gulp it was. I bet she's dipped her nose so low that the water's struck the bridge."

As a matter of fact, it was what had happened. With a lurch she went down forward; the stern shot higher up. At the same time she shivered through her frame as if agony had struck her. Something had occurred which might mean the end. In spite of his poise, terror gripped Ronalds at the heart. Was the big test coming now?

Then a shout arose. "My God! Look! Look! Look!"

Over the bridge came the water. It came in a huge billow, caused by the sudden displacement, chasing along the deck. Some who had been farthest forward were caught and swept away. Those

who escaped rushed up the steep slant, crowding about Ronalds and his companion. The water came on like a twisting dragon, seeking to swallow them. They could only press farther and farther away from it, backing to the cross-rail, whence they looked down to the second-class deck below.

To the second-class deck below a mass of human beings was surging from every deck below that. In the dim light Ronalds could discern neither men nor women; he could only hear cries, moans, shrieks, and sobs that were meant to be prayers. The relative silence of those on his own deck was scarcely less heartrending, since anguish had seized on them all.

They began jumping overboard, now from one deck, now from another. Screams and shouts rose from the water.

"Don't do that till there's nothing else to do," Ronalds advised the card sharper, who gripped him by the arm.

The man pleaded, in a weak voice like a whine: "You'll not leave me. Promise me you'll not leave me."

"Not unless I'm swept away from you. Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke. But if you swim I can grab hold of you."

"If you do that, you must do it like this. You mustn't get your arms around me, or you'll pull me down and go with me yourself."

He was still explaining to him what to do and what not to do when, like a monster turning in its sleep, the ship careened over on her port side, leaving the starboard exposed almost to the keel.

The rest was simple. They sprang up on the iron flank because there was no help for it. Within a few seconds three or four hundred men were pushing one another down that shelving expanse, as it might have been down the slant of a beach for a plunge into the breakers. The walk was slippery but not difficult. There was no time to unlace boots. As each man ahead of them touched the water he struck into it.

Everything had to be done quickly, since terrible rumblings beneath their feet told them that the boilers were being torn from their seatings, while the crashing and smashing of all articles that could break, crockeryware and furniture, as they fell from their places, made a sound such as human ears have rarely listened to.

Even then the card sharper tried to brace himself with jocosity. "God! I wish there was an island near here! I believe I could swim to it—me that can't swim a stroke!—if it was a mile away."

"I'd be satisfied with a rock," Ronalds returned briefly; and then they were in the water.

They were hardly aware of the cold; they were no more than subconsciously aware of the horrors around them. Ronald's efforts to keep afloat, with this dead weight hanging on to him, took all his

mental power. He swam straight away from the ship, fearing suction if she went down, but otherwise he had no objective. The boats were by this time too far away, and overloaded as it was. If he had any thought in his mind, it was of keeping on the surface till the sinking of the ship might bring them some bit of wreckage big enough to cling to. As yet he had seen no more than a chair or two, and these were seized by men more exhausted than himself. The card sharper did as he was told, moaning now and then, as if with an obsession: "O, God! if there was an island! O, God! if there was a rock!"

Ronalds swam and swam and swam.

With fatigue came some knowledge of what was happening about them. From time to time he found himself obliged to deflect his course to avoid bodies floating with face downward, or steer clear of swimmers growing spent. Through the starlight a dark object would sometimes seem to rise in front of them. "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" the card sharper would hail, till the water he swallowed choked him. "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" would be echoed from many another throat, despair in the very accents. Now and then would come a weary, "O, my God!" as some one who had struggled hitherto gave up the further attempt. Now and then there was a gurgle, as some one went down finally.

Ronalds swam and swam and swam.

There was no way of estimating time. He might have been swimming for minutes; it might have been for hours. His mind had apparently stopped working. A moment came when he seemed to wake from sleep or to rouse from unconsciousness. There was certainly a gap in his mental processes, like that of which he had been aware after taking an anæsthetic. He was still swimming, however; he could still feel the hands of the card sharper on his shoulders.

But something had happened. It was as if he had got his second wind. If it was not his second wind, he had grown accustomed to the water. It was no longer icy. There were no more bodies floating about. He heard no more cries. Neither was it so dark, in that dawn seemed to be breaking. His sensations were delicious, if you had to find a word for them. He might be drowning. He had heard that drowning was sometimes accompanied by a blissful drowsiness. This might be it. It might easily have been it except for the fact that he felt no drowsiness and that he swam on the surface with an even over-arm stroke.

Then, he didn't know how, his foot touched bottom.

"Man," he cried to the fellow clinging to his shoulders, "here's land!"

The gambler slipped to his own feet. "By God! I didn't know there was any land around here!"

Ronalds was now standing up, the sea lapping

him. "There it is! It's a rock! We're close on it! It must be a rock that's never been discovered in the Atlantic. We've swum straight up to it."

But the card sharper hung back. "I don't like it. It's too black and steep. We'll be dashed to pieces if we try to land on it."

Ronalds tried to reason. "Why, no, old chap, it isn't black and steep! It comes down to the sea quite gently. There are no breakers ——"

The other man howled. "No breakers! You must be a fool! They're curling up all over it."

"Those aren't breakers. They're ledges of white flowers. We must be in the Gulf Stream. You can feel for yourself that the water's growing warm."

"I'm freezing. No, I'm boiling. I'm boiling and freezing at the same time. You won't get me up there."

"But you can't stay here. It's the only land there is. Come along. I'll steer you."

They waded. Ronalds found it easy wading, whatever current there was helping him along. The card sharper lost his footing, tumbling on his face. When Ronalds helped him up he tumbled promptly again, spluttering and cursing.

"You wanted a rock," Ronalds tried to rally him. "Now that you've got it you don't like it. All the same, we're lucky to find it here. I suppose it will be crowded with survivors."

It was not crowded with survivors; it was not, so far as Ronalds could judge in the dimness of

dawn, occupied at all. Strong and soft, both steep and shelving, welcoming, protective, magical at once, it rose like a pinnacle in mid-Atlantic, in the lane of all the liners, and yet was charted on no map. He would have thought himself dreaming had he not been sure that he was wide awake. The gambler, too, was wide awake, shivering and gibbering at dangers which Ronalds didn't see.

Having come where the water was only knee-deep, he found it clear like the waters of the tropics, with a bottom of gold-colored sand. He was standing to look at the vegetation which ran to the rock's peak, green and feathery like that of Tahiti, when the gambler struggled backward with a shriek.

"Keep away! Keep away! Look at that big black python wriggling down the gully! It's making for us straight."

Ronalds was obliged to laugh. "That's not a python. It's a pretty little stream running through a grove of fern trees. You're jumpy. Let's get ashore. I'm sure we shall find some sort of fruit to eat."

Though the beach was of gold-colored sand, firm as a floor and velvety as a carpet, the gambler hopped on it as if it was on fire. It was all Ronalds could do to keep him from running back into the water. There were minutes in which he might have let him go if the man himself had dared to do anything alone.

In the sheltered nooks of the rock Ronalds found what he expected, apples ripe on their trees, grapes ripe on their vines. But the card sharper wouldn't touch them. They were poisonous! He preferred to starve to death, since starvation was slower than poison as a process. Again and again he cried out that in eating Ronalds must be mad.

"I'm not mad; but I shouldn't wonder if I were in a trance. It's all too wonderful. I can't imagine where we are. Just look at the light. It's broad day now; but where's the sun? It hasn't risen. I don't see any sign that it's going to rise. Let's work round to the other side of the rock. We might find something there that would explain things. It's possible that this doesn't stand alone, but that it belongs to a chain of islands."

The terrified man refused. He saw nothing but perils. He wished he had never left the ship. To have gone down in her would have been better. When he had prayed for an island he hadn't imagined this kind of nightmare nest.

Ronalds dragged him along. He thought the fellow's mind had been unhinged by what he had seen in the night. A little rest would set him up again. In the meantime they must explore the resources of the spot on which they had found at least a temporary refuge.

There were not paths, but to Ronalds the ascent was easy. There was always a ledge to help him up, or a supple tree to cling to if he seemed in

danger of slipping. The best he could do for his companion was to pull him after himself. Being a few feet in advance, Ronalds was the first to turn the corner of the rock, standing erect and lifting his arms, as he cried:

"There! Just as I thought! This is the first stage of our salvation."

The gambler crept up on his hands and knees, peeping round the shoulder of the rock, his eyes on a level with Ronalds's feet.

"What's all the fuss about? Where's the first stage of our salvation? I don't see anything but fog."

"Don't you see that town? Don't you see those towers, those people?"

The unhappy fellow groaned. Besides being on this pinnacle of fears, his sole companion was a madman. He followed him only for the reason that he could do nothing else. They made their way downward, almost to the water's edge, Ronalds in growing wonder. When they could go no farther they dropped to a seat on a ledge which the one declared to be a breeding place of squirming things, and the other saw bright with flowers.

Ronalds's eyes strained toward the town on the other side of the strait. It was a bright town, populous, active, beautifully placed, but not quite like any town he had ever seen before. There were houses, gardens, vehicles, ships in the harbor, boats

on the bay—all the familiar things—and yet familiar with a difference. It was the difference that attracted him more than the familiarity.

The other man saw nothing. As Ronalds gave him descriptions his only response was, "Fog—fog! —I can't see anything but fog."

In order to descry, to try to understand, Ronalds said no more. The gambler, too, fell silent, with the silence of misery. It was long before the former said in a tone of some relief:

"Do you know—I think they see us."

The other man only moaned. In this visionary chap he had no confidence. Ronalds went on again.

"They're certainly looking this way. See! It's those people on the shore, near what looks like a park." And then he cried out in astonishment: "Why—why—man! I see my father—who's been dead these twenty years! And he was an old man—while this is a man in the prime of life—only—only—it *is* my father!"

"All right! All right!" the other grumbled. "It's your father. Hope I shan't see mine. Wouldn't know him if I did."

There was another cry of astonishment. "But—but—my father's coming over. He's—I *must* be crazy! He's walking on the water!"

And then the father was there—up on the rock—sitting beside his son on the ledge of fern and flower. Without greeting or any form of welcome, he met at once the amazement in Ronalds's mind.

"You see," he said, as if they had been talking a long time, "it's chiefly a matter of understanding. Our conditions Over Here are not very different from what they were Over There. It's only that being released from the prison of the five senses we get the free use of our minds. It's because I *know* that I'm able to walk on the water, not because I'm more gifted than when I didn't know."

Now that they were together, Ronalds had little recollection that there had ever been a separation. He found himself discussing the question as they had been in the habit of discussing questions when he was a boy.

"Because you know what?"

"Because I know now what physical science was trying to tell me in the earth-phase—that matter is not the primal element—that the basic constituent of everything is force. Few people still in the earth-phase grasp that any more than I did. Most of them jeer at it—or never heard of it at all."

"I'm one of those who've never heard of it."

"Oh no, you're not! You simply didn't draw conclusions from the scientific discoveries talked of all around you. Even when I was in that stage men of science were making the veil of matter thin. Now they've practically blown it away, and yet earth-people pay no attention. When they do pay attention they'll learn that death is the greatest of their myths."

His hand and caught him, saying: 'O thou of little faith! Why did you doubt?' "

"You see"—the father continued to smile—"our Great One knew that even in the earth-phase His body was one of Power, at the command of Mind. So long as Peter knew it, too, *Peter walked on the water*. That's the point of the whole incident. It was only when he grew afraid that he began to sink. Jesus said to Peter 'Come!' " He held out both his hands. "I say, *Come!*—to you."

So on the water in which he had drowned in the old phase Ronalds found himself walking in the new one.

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danger of slipping. The best he could do for his companion was to pull him after himself. Being a few feet in advance, Ronalds was the first to turn the corner of the rock, standing erect and lifting his arms, as he cried:

"There! Just as I thought! This is the first stage of our salvation."

The gambler crept up on his hands and knees, peeping round the shoulder of the rock, his eyes on a level with Ronalds's feet.

"What's all the fuss about? Where's the first stage of our salvation? I don't see anything but fog."

"Don't you see that town? Don't you see those towers, those people?"

The unhappy fellow groaned. Besides being on this pinnacle of fears, his sole companion was a madman. He followed him only for the reason that he could do nothing else. They made their way downward, almost to the water's edge, Ronalds in growing wonder. When they could go no farther they dropped to a seat on a ledge which the one declared to be a breeding place of squirming things, and the other saw bright with flowers.

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Ronalds, who didn't find it strange to be talking like this with his dead father, answered with force, "I don't see how you can call it a myth, when we've all got to die."

"We've all got to see it differently from the way in which we *have* seen it. Even Over Here we have our misconceptions from which we have to work away. The degree of our working away is the measure of our progress. When we have learned all that this stage has to teach us, we move on to another, and to other stages after that."

Ronalds broke in hurriedly: "What do you mean by Over Here? Over—where?"

The father smiled. "I mean nothing local. The local frame of mind, in which objects are ruled by a sense of place, is one we have to overcome. Because you haven't overcome it yet I use the words you can understand. Strictly speaking, there's no Over Here and Over There; there are only states of mind. From one state of mind to another we have to go on by degrees. If you don't understand where you are it's because your mind isn't yet adjusted."

Ronalds showed his perplexity. "I think I know where I am. This is a rock in the Atlantic, isn't it? And that's a town on an island."

"They're that for you."

"But aren't they that for everyone?"

He answered indirectly: "One of the first things earth-people have to learn is the mind's power of

having what it wants. If they knew it—if they could only be persuaded of the fact—earth-life would be happier. For example, you wanted a rock; you've got a rock."

"But it's a real rock, isn't it?"

"It's like everything else that exists. It's real to each in the way in which he apprehends it. I see it as a medium in which I can meet you. To me it's a medium rather than a place. To this poor lad it's the haunt of fear, because fear is all he's fitted himself for. To you it's better than that, because on the whole your expectations have been right. Don't you see? In the earth-phase we thought ourselves the slaves of the material; in this we know that we're its masters. We don't have to pray that what we need will be given us, nor do we have to go without it. We take it. When we want it, it appears. That's the beginning of our release from the domination of the senses. Having everything we need is not the aim of our desires. It's only the starting point of our development."

Ronalds turned toward the gambler, who was huddled on the ground in an attitude of wretchedness.

"This man hasn't everything he needs."

"He has everything he can understand. It's understanding that counts. It determines our happiness or our misery. It's our creative force. We always get in the new phase what we've prepared ourselves for in the former one. You've prepared

yourself for *this*; he's prepared himself for *that*. It would be useless to give him what he isn't able to receive."

"And will he never be able—?"

"The principle of the universe is progress. From where he is he must go forward; but being so little adapted he can't go forward without suffering. More easily than he, you can begin here where you left off there—"

Ronalds asked the question which had been urging itself for some time past. "So I *have* left off there! I wasn't saved, after all."

"You mean that you couldn't keep to your old point of view as to your body. That's what it comes to. A minute arrived when you were in the water—I'm speaking in your terms of course—at which you found that your old concept of a body wouldn't serve your purpose any longer. But the mind is quick. It can always shift instantly to a new point of view. Seeing that your old point of view wouldn't work, your mind took on a new one, more nearly approximate to Truth. Getting nearer to Truth you got nearer to Power, and getting nearer to Power you got nearer to the thing you wanted, which at that minute was a rock. You found your rock and climbed up on it. It was all, just then, that you could do."

Ronalds was still more puzzled. "But I've got a body much like the one I've always had."

"That is, your present state of mind is not so

very different from your former one. But isn't that natural? You couldn't be expected to change a great deal in what we used to call a few hours. Earth-people always think that they must come Over Here through some terrific convulsion. But you've seen for yourself how easy it is. Over Here we're quicker to seize new facts. Earth-people reject new facts till they're forced upon them, and they can't help themselves. Think of what the earth-man's body is composed of. I speak only from the point of view of earth-science. That it's made of flesh and blood and bone is only the surface mistake of the senses. Flesh and blood and bone can be analyzed back to what's been called the electron; and what is the electron? Isn't it only another name for Power? Power is the natural clothing of the mind even in the earth-phase. The error of earth-people is in translating power into impotence. Power being lavished upon them, their own minds turn it into flesh and blood and bone. Earth-science *knows* that even in the earth-stage the body is made of energy—that it's spiritual more than it is material. And yet in spite of that knowledge the earth-mind clings to its concepts of disease and helplessness."

Ronalds was curious. "I didn't know I'd come Over Here. At what exact minute did I come?"

"The minute when you came Over Here—in other words, the minute when you died—was that at which you dropped the old concept of a body

too feeble to be of use to you, and took on that of one which would meet your needs."

"And shan't I see my mother?—And my little sister who came Over Here as a baby?"

The father rose. "I'll take you to them now."

Once more Ronalds turned to the card sharper, crouched in silent woe.

"But I don't like to leave *him*. It would hardly be kind. He'll be all alone."

"Oh no, he won't be! He'll have better companionship than yours and mine. You must remember that in this phase no one is ever overlooked or forgotten. Someone's love—his father's—his mother's—I don't know whose—has been following him all his life. It isn't going to forsake him now."

But Ronalds was still reluctant. "He's clung to me right up to this. I don't like to desert him. He's so awfully afraid."

"You're quite right in that. We understand all those loyalties. They call us. We respond. And that we do respond to them—see!"

What Ronalds saw was the gambler slowly rising to his feet. His hands were stretched out as if in timid, trembling welcome. Joy, terror, and amazement played across his face in turn.

"It's—it's my little lame girl—only she's not lame any more! She's running to me—running to me—running to me—through the *fog*!"

"He'll be all right now, even though he has a long hard way ahead of him. This is some one

who's been specially on the watch for him. It's probably some one to whom he has been good. We all have them. They make our coming over, which, as a rule, is easy enough in any case, much more lovely. Now we'd better go and find your mother."

In the short descent to the water's edge Ronalds seemed to glide as if a little above the ground. And yet when his father went out on the water he recoiled.

"You can have a boat"—the father smiled back at him, holding out his hand—"but you might as well do it now. You can, you know. Let me repeat something you've heard often."

Ronalds knew the words, and yet as he heard them recited in a voice like the murmur of deep waters, they came with unsuspected meanings:

"Towards daybreak He went to them, walking over the waves. When the disciples saw Him walking over the waves they were greatly alarmed. 'It is a spirit,' they exclaimed, and cried out in terror. But Jesus spoke to them at once: 'There is no danger. It is I. Do not be afraid.' 'Master,' answered Peter, 'if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water!' Jesus said, 'Come!' Then Peter climbed down from the boat, and walked on the water. But when he felt the wind he grew frightened. Beginning to sink, he cried out, 'Master, save me!' Instantly Jesus stretched out

His hand and caught him, saying: 'O thou of little faith! Why did you doubt?' "

"You see"—the father continued to smile—"our Great One knew that even in the earth-phase His body was one of Power, at the command of Mind. So long as Peter knew it, too, *Peter walked on the water*. That's the point of the whole incident. It was only when he grew afraid that he began to sink. Jesus said to Peter 'Come!' " He held out both his hands. "I say, *Come!*—to you."

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Mind Centre

MRS. JAMES MADISON BASS
Chief Counsellor

We Acknowledge and Proclaim:
THE KINGDOM of HEAVEN AT HAND—
HERE AND NOW.

ON ACCOUNT of the changing order of world conditions which are evidenced on every hand, it is of great importance that the enlightened ones shall stand firm against the seeming power of evil which would deceive even the very elect. Truth grasped and demonstrated by the many will by the sheer force of numbers become established in our spiritual, social, and economic life.

Let our Centres work together for the manifestation of right and harmonious conditions in our world affairs, that the Kingdom may be established in the hearts and lives of all.

Here is a thought for you to work upon.

The prevailing, persistent, continuous discouragement, fear, and feeling of bondage is the great Dragon, that old serpent that deceiveth the whole world. This false belief has mesmerized us into the illusion that there is something wrong with economic conditions. We must break this spell—expose the lie and cast it into the bottomless pit of nothingness, that it shall deceive the nations no more.

There is only One Mind, and this Mind comprises all Life, Truth, Love, Power, Intelligence. Now All Intelligence can't be cognizant of lack—lack of abundance, lack of work or lack of anything. Lack therefore is not reality, it is illusion, false belief, the opposite of Intelligence, which is ignorance. Then ignorance is the *lie* of *lack* and *the father of it*.

Let us just take up this false sense and fight it out. We may have to wrestle all night, as Jacob did, but we shall prevail and with the breaking of the dawn we shall see the Light of Truth and this is the Abundant Prosperity—the “All that the Father hath is mine.”

Here is the remedy.

The first thing that we must do, is to drop the whole false problem of poverty, and enter into the “Secret place of the Most High.” Here no evil can enter. All doubt, fear, lack and inharmony of any kind that seem to prevail in the material senses

are left without. We close the door. Now let us relax—Be still—and know. I am alone with

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN”

Here all is harmony, peace, joy and power.

I open my Self to the leadings of the Spirit only.

God is all Life, all Truth, all Intelligence, all Abundance and all Love.

“One God, the Father, of whom we are all things, and we in Him”; “Who is above all, and through all, and in you all.”

“Ye are the temple of God and His Spirit dwelleth in you.”

“I am in the Father and the Father in me.”

Now declare this.

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof.” I am a child of God.

“ALL THAT THE FATHER HATH IS MINE.”

We glorify God in our Spirit, in our Body and in our Environment, which are God’s.

We thank thee Father that we *have* received *abundantly* and that we are now channels for the distribution of this infinite, great abundance of Our Father, to whom be glory and honor forever.

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I want other average men to gamble



2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb.

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