

The

# PHILOSOPHER'S

A Monthly  
Magazine

# STONE

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April 1944

If you are interested, a complete file of Dr. Mystery's articles will be invaluable to you. They will be continued. The language and form of expression used are as originally given and may at first be difficult to understand. However, they cannot be changed without altering their meaning.



*The*  
**PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

RUTH B. DROWN, *Owner and Publisher*

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# *The Divine or Higher Mind*

Dr. Mystery



told you that you had been following delusions; that you had been wandering away; that you had mistaken idea of what would bring to your life a great fulfillment; that you had been worshipping at shrines that were not for Divine attainment; you had been striving to create the future by destroying results from your past. I told you that you must learn how to create results in the future that would be satisfactory to you. Let go what are already results from the past and let go the darkness that you have been so accustomed to. If you ignore; if you let go of it; if you replace it with understanding it falls away. If you bring into a dark place a light, you need not bar the darkness out of the room; it will disappear if your light is sufficient. And so will all the results of your past thinking if you now think aright. All of these things will be finished when you bring your creative powers to bear upon the future instead of these results—as if results created results. If you think aright today, the results tomorrow will be right. If you think truth—abide in truth—express truth; if you are truly radiating a Divine future today,

I have no doubt for your future. I know it will be harmonious, and as you project truth, devotion to truth, devotion to beauty—some mighty truth which is beautiful—if you can hold your mind in touch with your creative center, with your factory of causes, you will turn forth into the future results that will satisfy you, that are harmonious; that are bountiful; that are sufficient. Just think that you even today and yesterday had many lessons that prove to us how bountiful Nature is; that in spite of the innane wandering before—those days when you never thought of producing in the eternal, (the real creative atmosphere)—results on the visible plane; think that these results came out of the most accidental causes; you caused things because your nature made you cause them; you caused some good things and some that were not good. Your nature was such as to cause some good things, though many of your thoughts were poor, governed by doubt, by ignorance. In spite of all that contamination with discord, with ignorance, you did produce some good. But what if through all these years you are living by your light? What if you were living by truth? What if you were pouring forth your loving nature? What if these natural attributes of your nature were in full play so that they and only they were expressing through your being? Think by today—by tomorrow—by this time,—the results would have been harmony; would have been joy. But when you think of all the unintelligent, drifting, and wandering, on the part of your mind—of your creator



—of your Divine Mind, the creator of your destiny—your moulder, your Divine Consciousness, can only grow through organizing of motive, of purpose, the recognition of your ordained mission, to organize, to individualize life, to uplift it, to express more and more of it—is it any wonder, do you think, that the thoughtlessness of these past years; the headlessness of them the lack of devotion to the Divine, and the fear and trembling,—that you have not accomplished more?

Is it and wonder that you have sickness, poverty, ugliness, and disturbing conditions, because it is only the result of the discord of the mental factory of the past. You didn't design your thought aright and if you continue to be heedless in your designs, so will the results be discordant and inharonious.

I talked to you so much of the need of consciously, of daily and hourly, conceiving ideals, worshipping at the shrine of your ideals, Live them, live by them; identify yourself with them; *be* those ideals. I have urged you to the necessity of this; I have urged you to the necessity of so placing yourself at one with this Divine image of your Divine Being that you think through it, that you act through it, that it is the motive of your whole life. It is to acquire a more perfect expression of life, more harmony, more love; more strength; more of all the attributes of your being which are expressing themselves; are, in other words, practicing themselves; are being utilized by your Divine Nature daily and hourly. Such individualization of spiritual force, of life, becomes irresistible; it can

be no other than a success, and the harmony that will result from such a poise, such an At-one-ment, can hardly be described.

I spoke in one class of the need of thinking in the Divine Mind. This to you is an unlearned language; it is to you an unlearned life; you are away from home you have left your divine center; you have forgotten your native tongue. Express patience; express health, express native power, native beauty, native accord with all the harmony of the great symphony of life. You are out of tune; you are in discord. If I could but lead you back to peace and have your being in tune with the divine attributes of your nature. How well pleased you are with yourself when you speak from your Divine Nature noble, uplifting and inspiring words! How well pleased you are with yourself; how at home you feel, when you have comforted some sufferer! What delight you feel when you have been able to supply a great want to another!

You are souls, and you recognize that I am speaking to you, souls, and there is no other than your Divine Nature that can live eternally to encompass the whole expression of the individualized, perfect Divine Being, created in the image and likeness of your Divine Creator. If you are aiming towards the realization of this divine fulfillment, you will project out of the infinity all, from the minutest to the most infinite completeness of an individualized conscious entity—a being aiming towards divinity.

You have but a little life when you have but little



of good expressing through you. But you grow in your greatness according to the increase of your consciousness.

I have one of the most beautiful lessons to give to you; it is the thought of beauty—what it means to life. Harmony is beauty; all the symbols of life are beautiful. All the symbols of life must be harmonious in the blending of colors, in the grace of our minds, in the purity and clearness, in the sweetness of tone, in the delicacy of expression of all phases. We are refined by high, increasingly refined vibrations and we find by coarse, limited consciousness, awkwardness and discord and ugliness.

Souls, you should express through every atom of your being Divine Life; you should express harmony; you should express such love of your nature, of your Divine Nature and through harmonizing beauty. One of your chief attributes is tact. In truth, these attributes are the results of tact or grace. The results are pleasing to lives with whom you come in contact. If there are some of you who create criticism, condemnation, however, in the hearts of your associates who have not risen above those feelings,—if you create misunderstanding, you have not gained the poise of the even flow of Divine spirit. Grace and harmony and beauty are expressions of true living. I would appeal to you, lives, to live divinely beautiful expressions of life, to be always artistic according to your sense of the beautiful. You can better afford to do without than to have things in your life that are discordant to

you; you can better do without than take into your life something foreign and discordant, that you do not recognize as something that fits in harmoniously to your life.

Create in your life something better for others to follow; be so tactful, so gracious, so successful, that others will wish to know the secret of your success. Environ your life with such beauty that others will find it attractive and admire it. It may be but little, but what you have bring in accord with you and become such that you give it a personality, an individuality, that your individuality pervades it; that others feel something of an impulse to be of value in the world; something they would not waste; something they would not neglect; they would not procrastinate. So live that your life becomes such an irresistible magnet that others want to become like you; so live that nothing but love outflows from your being; nothing but ability to meet every need out-pictures from you.

If you have heeded this course of lessons; if you have consecrated yourself to your Divine Consciousness to the fulfillment of your Divine Consciousness, to living in the factory of your life; if you have done this, you understand me. Think not of the effect but sow, and the effect will be inevitable, and others will follow you. Lift yourself so up and poise yourself so positively, that all men will be drawn unto you that others will be lifted up to you and through you. So live that the aim of your life is for more life; the



results will surely follow. Think not of the results.

When you find one in limitation, in prejudice, in darkness, do not stop with that appearance; do not stop with that effect. Raise then to your conscious poise, and from your kingdom speak to that soul; call to that soul; say to that soul "Come up higher". Do not go by the effect of that, by the reflection, by the merely discordant expression, the effect of appearance; do not judge them by that. You know the spark is there which needs unfolding; but above all else, it demands to feel sympathetic accord between you and it. Say to that soul that no matter how it seems, the day breaks into darkness; say to it: "I recognize you; I see you there. When I can serve you call upon me; when you want me I am ready to help and with all I have." But from that same soul that will respond, that will follow you to the end, would come opposition by your criticism, by your condemnation of the way it is doing now, by your increasing the darkness. But call to it; let it come out to you. It will meet affinity of purpose, evolution, growth, expansion of purpose, and it will feel and express that purpose when you call from your soul center to its soul center.

I spoke in the corresponding lessons of beauty that we should cultivate. It would be a great pleasure to feel that there was a society organized for the cultivation of Divine Grace;- that- your- motive- in- coming together was to express in increasing meas-

ure your divine attributes on the plane of effect.

Justice can only be known in the future by being preconceived beforehand mentally. No results come without conception of them; nothing can be both without it has been conceived; nothing can be produced in the future visibility that has not been conceived of astrally or mentally. Nothing that belongs to eternal time, nothing that is substantial, can be produced through anything short of the divine creative center. Everything attained, everything perfect is perfect forever, for it is the ultimate end of all things, of all creation, to attain to perfection. When the perfect is reached it is at one with the universal perfect and cannot come out of the perfect again. Bnt things discordant have to be righted over and over and over again until they chime true; and once true, forever true. When you once do othing; when it is once Divine Truth to you, it is ever truth to you. and what you have attained only adds to the great sum total of the ultimate whole, of the ultimate complete. What you have once gained, once utilized, is within you; it is your possession; you always have access to it. While you may forget; you may pull down your blinds; you may shut out your light at times, yet your Divine Center is at home with you, and forever will be. You have grown larger according to your increased understanding; increased consciousness. Never can you warp smaller; you can only evolve larger and larger.

You who know that no things are useless, that no



things can be that have not with them a lesson and blessing, if you can but see and utilizeit—you know that things are for a purpose, that things are for an end, you know that you should seek to see the good lesson from them. Good results from what you call accident, which grows far less frequent when you live in tune with your nature. You must strive so to accident, which grow far less frequent when you live in tune with your nature. You must strive to so beautify every expression of your life that contact with other lives could never be thought of lightly because you wish to recognize them, to believe the best of them. This is necessary for you if you would attain the highest and best and greatest out of life; that you should seek to know the hidden meaning of all things and until you know it, to take for granted that all things are working together for your good by Divine Law. When you can understand it; when you have understood it, you will be able to recognize it. But until you can recognize it, take it for granted Have faith in the outworking of your Divine Nature; have faith in its getting in tune with itself; have faith that it will vibrate more successfully; that you at your center are the center of the whole universe and that you at the center of your being are a magnet for all you lack to make you whole. All you have you do not need to get, but all you lack you must have—it is the law of eternity. All you have not you have to get. And so when you say: "I am a positive irresistible magnet, drawing to me all things

I need for my full expression," you are speaking truth  
So when you say you do not understand what this is  
for, but you do know that only your good can come  
to you, you are speaking truth.

Let your faith play; let your hope prevail; let this  
trust in your good and this identity with your good  
prevail and all harmony result, and all bountiful  
supply result; all health; all strength, all the good  
your life needs will be yours.

Beauty must be sought, for beauty is the first  
symbol of harmony. Discord is not beautiful and  
pain is not productive of beauty; its results are not  
beautiful. Any misunderstanding, criticism, or in-  
harmony are not results of beauty. You want to be  
a lover of beauty, to be an expresser of beauty, to  
judge the value of things by their beauty,.      fl

O souls, you can recognize beauty in things you  
never thought beautiful, and can recognize an ugly  
void in things you have paid such a price for. You  
can recognize that there is no beauty in them now  
for you; that you do not need them and that you en-  
cumber yourself with them. It is not productive of  
growth, of expansion, of elevation; it grows ugly if  
indulged in; if kept over. Flush out your being of  
all limitations, of all prejudice, of all fear, of all  
anger; all of these things you have no further use for  
You have use for quite their opposite; you have use  
for the creative, for the harmonizing, for the pro-  
ductive; not for the destructive. You have use for  
all these beautiful expressions of life.



All that you can conceive of as belonging to the ideal state is not only sufficient but super-abundant. Then do not put limitations upon yourself. Do not say "I fear that I may not be provided for tomorrow". Do not send out thoughts creative of contraction. Send out all your thoughts of faith in abundance, generosity and grace in abundance, expecting all you want and knowing you can get all that is needed. Generate these thoughts in the creative realm of your consciousness that produces such effects of plenty in the future. Do not fear that you are going to lose today; do not fear that you may not be able to meet your obligations for so do you warp your opportunity of meeting them in the future.

And so in the lesser things of life, have them beautiful; have them pure; be artistic; develop fine delicacy of color; fine vibrations. You can be dainty; you can be delicate; you can have your ideals so beautiful; you can have the atmosphere fragrant about you. Let me call to you to make this realm, this plane of your expression, ideal; beautify it; let everything signify something; let nothing be worthless; let everything be vital.

Be a king in your kingdom; rule, be a monarch; do not be a subject. You are king; So, beautify your expression. Be gallant; be gracious; let your motive be exalted and let your expression of your motive never fall short of a true expression of it. If your motives are good, if your ideals are good your movements are then towards the ideal. Always put forth

your best; always express your best; always idealize. How pleased you are with yourself, how at home, how harmonious, what satisfaction you do get, when you have done your best; when you have created and not destroyed, when you have truthfully represented and not misrepresented, and when you have represented your nature truthfully, admirably; when you have glorified yourself by your very outpicturing! I would have a race of beings here so poised in the graces of Divine Consciousness that they never give that which is not needed; they never misunderstand nor misrepresent. I would have a race living by all the lessons I have so far given you and that you can follow yourselves.

All the attributes of your nature express themselves through your life, and remember that beauty and harmony are principles; that you cannot have harmony without producing beauty; you cannot have beauty without producing harmony, and that harmony is the aim of existence—to bring harmony out of chaos, to bring harmony out of disorder, to organize things that are disorganized, to harmonize things that are yet discordant. Discord is an imperfect state, while harmony is Divine. Live the ideal life; live ideal expression; express with beautiful words, with your gracious manner, with the high motives of your Divine Nature, your beautiful Nature.

—o—

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.—Confucius



# Unnecessary Noise

Norman Douglas

## DEAFNESS—A Way Out

Such is today's noise that it has made the wisely-deaf thankful for deafness. I am deaf—and glad of it," says Everett Robbins (Liberty). We can hear the things worth hearing and shut out the waste—which is most of the noise—Who has not wished that he could stop the noise around him? If you are deaf, you can do so at will."

Thomas Edison, the great inventive genius was deaf; and—though capable of inventing most any kind of hearing devise was not interested therein. Infact, so necessary is quietude for the work of genius—for deep thought and contemplation—Mr. Edison refused to wear ear phones and considered his deafness a blessing rather than a handicap.

In questioning a number of deaf persons, we found many that—if able to regain the sense of hearing—would pause for a decision. While far-sighted inventors have devised ear-plugs, sound stoppers, and semi-silencers, these will cause headache and dizziness ere shutting out today's volumned NOISE! In truth, what must it be when genius fain would sacrifice the godly gift of hearing to escape it? Not that deafness is de-

sirable—for the sound of a human voice is requisite, music and song are needs for the soul—while there is the call and coo of birds and the laughter of children. But with NOISE unleashed as it is today—and the noise-crazed filling asylums—deafness serves as a safeguard.

How might the heavy vibrations of today's noise effect the sensitivity of Helen Kellar—were she not deaf? In reading that Mozart was receptive to the lightest vibration or sound wave, we are not surprised that he was blessed with deafness! Or that Beethoven realized his greatest compositions after becoming *stone deaf*; or that Fredrick Smetana was deaf while composing his Grand Prize Opera "Libusa"—not to mention Ernest Elmo Calkins and others—though deprived of the sense of hearing—were not endangered mentally with noise.

As for genius with normal hearing, there is no escape—and no consideration, for instance (and we quote:) "Noise compelled John Masefield, poet laureate, to give up his beautiful and beloved home at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, where he had lived and worked for many years. Numerous planes in a new airfield near Boar's Hill made such noise that. . ." we leave the rest to your imagination. At that time, however, Adelia Rogers Saint Johns wrote, "Well, I suppose it is more important for folks to get from one place to another in a hurry than it is for John Masefield to write another 'Widow of By Street'.



Probably be just too silly to say: 'Look, we can't build an airfield here because a great poet, a mighty singer a man whose winged words will bring glory to his land and future generations, has his peaceful and happy home hearby. . .'

True, now that Mars is a power and his thundering voice is dinned in the dark of army rifle, the burst of shell and the roar of cannon, who is it that would take issue with King Noise? And yet, take poetry, song and music from the soldier and he is deprived of a sword and shield most needed. Verily, we have Alexander "The Great" bemoaning the fact that he had no Homer to carry or "wing" him into battle—or to immortalize him in song thereafter. Also—and notwithstanding the fact that Mars is the foe of peace and stillness, with nerve-wrecked and shell-shocked soldiers returning,, it might behoove us to do something about the unnecessary honking of car horns, the blowing of whistles, clanging of street car gongs, the screech of siren, backfire of truck, motor-cycles and jallopy—all *unnecessar*ys as we shall prove

What price freedom is it that must tolerate the following:—Mr. and Mrs. Ruthless, working in town, and leaving home at six a. m., garage their dog for the day. Far be it from us to attempt depiction of the ungodly racket raised throughout the day by this imprisoned animal—although the yelping, moaning, barking and crying is uch that nearby "dog-lovers" pray for "dog-poisoners." While such a dog would be

better off dead, such people should not be licensed in dog. But this is a free country and when these people return—near midnight—they free their dog. Being in the dark garage all day, he now diversions in baying at the moon or street lights, Howbeit, relief from this (after-midnight) noise is sometimes realized when the Ruthless' decide to garage again him: Mrs. Ruthless yelling him homeward—while Mr. Ruthless only whistles and claps his hands. Such is the (after midnight) disturbance created by this couple and their dog that nearby real estate suffers.

As for disturbing the peace? With RACKET privileged as it is, what *would* one have to do to be penalized for "Disturbing The Peace?" In the name of Eternal Stillness, with night-noise permitted to the "open exhaust of motorcycle" and the backfire of truck," it would be safe to step into the street any hour after midnight and empty a machine gun at the stars.

As for "Radio Racket"—such needs be treated in a separate article—or rather, a VOLUME. In fact several inventors having contributed to possibilities ellected in todays radio claim that, had they been able to foresee the effect and the racket wrought, they would have kept their ideas secret; for it is the enlightened, the sentient and genius that suffer most from VOLUME NOISE!—as anti-noise campaigns and tests have proven. While we have a number of such at hand, here is one recently sent to Collier's



by Roy A. Harwood of New York City, "Sound-conditioning studies show that noise causing a 5 percent decrease in the output of manual workers will cause a 30 percent decrease in the efficiency of executives. "

#### DENSITY and SENSITIVITY

Density, being immune to sound vibrations, noise has little effect on the denser and lower forms of life. The nearer vegetable life is to the density of the mineral world, the less sensitive it is to sound waves; the closer the animal is to the vegetable world, the less is it effected with sound, and the closer man is to the animal, the less is he disturbed with noise. If the heavy sound waves or vibrations from today's noise fail to disturb the average mind, what must be the average in Mental Evolution? For regardless of one's social prestige, ethical standard, monetary position or job, immunity to sound (noise) is denseness personified! "There are people, it is true," writes Schopenhauer, "Nay, a great many people who smile at such things, because they are not sensitive to noise; but they are just the very people who are not sensitive to discussion, or thought, or poetry, or art—in a word, to any kind of intellectual influence. The reason of it is that the tissue of their brain cells is of a very rough and coarse nature. On the other hand noise is a torture to intellectual people. In the biographies of almost all genius or great writers, or wherever else their personal utterances are recorded, I find complaints about it; in the life of Kank, Goethe,

Lichtenberg, Jean Paul—in fact, if it should happen that any writer, poet or philosopher, has omitted to express himself on the matter, it is only for want of an opportunity.”

Genius, being rare, is rarely considered. As the Mineral Realm is more vast than the Vegetable World and the latter more vast than the Animal Kingdom—and the Animal Realm—both of land and sea—more vast and plentiful than the Human, the Human Kingdom is more copious than is the World of Genius—or that which has become one with the Mental and Spiritual Realms. Hence, we repeat, genius—or the more sensitive mind, being rare today, is rarely considered. While it needs quietude for effective work, we—amidst noise—indifferently tolerate conditions destructive to the more sensitive (and most needed) minds. Nor does this speak in favor of those within whose power it is to ACT and effect a cure. For—verily, we find Kings and Rulers of yore strongly opposed to anything interfering with the work of genius. King Francis The First is historied for the consideration (and valuation) shown Leonardo: and what this genius left posterity is unbelievable—although Ripley, in a Believe It or Not, attempts to depict a part thereof. When a nobleman complained—to Henry The Eight, of rude treatment by Holbein, Henry turned away, saying, “I tell you, my lord, of seven peasants I can make as many lords; but of *seven* lords I could not make *one* Holbein!” When—



during work on the Vatican—a certain cardinal took issue with Michelangelo and asked the pope to force the issue, his roliness said, “While I have the power to make cardinals—only God can make Michelangelo” And although the fore-going examples bespeak a constructiveness buried with the centuries, as far back as the days of Zoroaster and the early Fire Worshipers we find genius given every consideration—in truth, do we not find a Sultan giving the Persian Poet, Omar Khayyam, (The Tent Maker) a setup in his palace where he might—in quietude—study, write, contemplate and acquire a knowledge of astronomy? So that, in a paraphrase, of a verse from his Rubaiyat we might timely say,

Away from NOISE and RACKET—Man—be free!

With QUIETUDE thy friend—Oh, Come with me  
And in some shelter form the “HUBBUB THRONG”

Make game of *That*—that makes as much of *Thee*!

Verily, without the sensitivity of genius, delicacy of form would fall from art; rhyme and rhythm would depart from verse and song; studios, libraries and museums would be empty; music, lost to wild Boreas—while the composition, the concert and the symphony would be soulless—yes, and Science, Itself, would be the pawn of Chance. Knowing this and the effect of NOISE on the more sentient minds, knowing that many of the noise-crazed in our asylums were once valued workers, we either tolerate or support NOISE in all its forms. Here, in part, is a (Reader's) letter

published in a popular magazine:—That the people might become more war-minded, why not a 'NOISE CAMPAIGN' where dawn is met with the blowing of sirens, the clanging of gongs, ringing of bells and the 'ZOOM'! of a few salutes from our big coast guns—and where twilight is snuffed with the same. Apart from the fact that our Nation was founded upon the quiet deeds of silent doers, suggestions for more noise connotes that all of the NOISE-CRAZED are not in confinement. Howbeit, let the noise zealot know that ere we reach the age of reason, the drum, the whistle and the horn appeased us most; while an infants small brain must have the baby-bells and rattle, the density of the jungle savage is aroused with the war cry and loud din of TOM-TOMS!

If, as we know, a singer can shatter a wine glass with the sounding of certain volumed notes, what must be the daily toll in Nerve Force shattered by our volumed NOISE?—especially among the sentient, for even the dullest creature can stand but so much RACKET! there being cases where caged animals have been crazed therewith. At hand is a case—and we quote: "Recently a bear that had lived with its mate for eight years in the Munciple Zoo was made insane by the constant noise of a radio—lately installed nearby. With no escape from the racket, the bear went mad and killed its mate . . ."

When such dull-nerved creatures can be thus effected with noise, what must be the mental torture suffered by genius and the more sentient minds.

*Continued in next issue*



## *The Universal Prayer*

*From Alexander Pope's—An Essay On Man*

“Father of all! in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And binding Nature fast in Fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives:  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earths contracted span  
Thy goodness led me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by thy breath;  
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:  
All else beneath the sun,



Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let Thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all being raise;  
Al nature's incense rise!"

—o—

"GOLDEN RULES (My Conscientions Self.) Keep  
to your principles in prosperity as well as in adversity.  
Be firm in faith through life's tests and trials.  
Guard the secret of friends as your most sacred  
trust.

Observe constancy in love.

Break not your word of honor whatever may befall.

Meet the world with smiles in all conditions of life.

When you possess something, think of the one who  
does not possess it.

Uuhold your honour at any cost.

Hold your ideal high in all circumstances.

Do not neglect those who depend upon you.

*By Inayat Khan*

—o—

The next great task of humanity is not deliverance  
by the Sword, but deliverance From the Sword.

—David Lloyd George

—o—

Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in  
few wants.—*Epicurus*.

## *Inter-Relation of Color and Sound*

Marie Harlowe Pulley

In Berlin in an operation on a man's brain the auditory and visual nerves were severed and twisted, and the man thereafter saw sound and heard color. A red object sounded a deep bass tone to him, and during the playing of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony the man saw green meadows of waving corn. In Italy, Prof. Lombroso treated a hysterical woman patient who was able to read with the tips of her ears, and who was dazzled when a bright light was thrown on the ears.

Modern Science declares that light (color) and sound are one and the same thing—a vibration. Theremin of Russia has invented a machine which expressed music and correlated light waves simultaneously. Helen Keller, blind and deaf girl, has been trained to sense sound through colors.

Nature teaches many lessons in the proper employment of colors, which, like other vibrations, may be used for healing. In the first place, Nature uses color to facilitate propagation of the species. Bees and insects are attracted by colored flowers, and thus the pollen is distributed. In the animal kingdom the resplendent male of the species attracts the female with his brilliant colors. On a hot summer



day, Nature paints her picture with cool, soothing colors, the green foliage, and the blue of sky and sea.

Modern science further declares that color is a series of light vibrations. Light, sunlight, is known as a white light, but in reality it contains all the colors produced by breaking this white light into various wave lengths or vibrations or colors. Being a series of light vibrations, color is never inherent in an object, but is simply a reflection of varied light waves. Any object, of the greatest brilliance and hue, taken into a dark room shows that there is no inherent source of light in the object; it immediately becomes dark like all its surroundings.

With the correlation of spiritual and physical laws—"As above so below", an understanding of the harmonies of physical colors should suggest use with the spiritual. The first harmony of color is in the opposite color on a circle as yellow and purple. Analogous or related colors are also harmonious, as for instance, yellow-green, green and blue-green. A third harmony is of balanced colors, evenly placed around the color circle as for instance orange, green and purple-blue. Another harmony of color is produced by the various hues of one color, as for example, maroon, red and pink. Yet another harmony is produced by a dominant tone of color. The pure white Light of Spirit may fill the dark space, the rose of love may do its healing work, or the yellow of Intellect may wisely adjust the inharmony.

Colors, like musical sounds, may be used in healing with no reference to their esthetic artistic value, as they affect people differently. Men, for instance, prefer the cool colors with blue leading all others, while most women prefer the warm colors, with red the favorite. Babies like red best, followed by blue, white and green. Manufacturers of toys have long ago discovered that juvenile minds like red toys. The stronger colors appeal more to savage peoples, and emigrants from the less cultured parts of the world like highly-colored articles. The primitive Indian's blanket is most colorful, but the cultured, refined mind of the Oriental produces rugs of subdued tones.

The sub-conscious effect of color must also be considered in the use of color vibration in healing. From earliest childhood different individuals associate different colors with certain experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant. Many persons too, are color blind, some without realizing it. Many persons see colors as only a series of light and darker grays.

The fundamental law of the healing White Light of Spirit is, however, that it is All-Powerful to lighten and harmonize every human limitation and darkness.

—o—

Our life is simply what our thoughts make it.

*Marcus Aurelius.*

—o—

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

—Michael Angelo



## *Resignation*

*Norman Douglas*

A small stream, traveling toward the Greater Sea, encountered a rock. And the rock (fixed in its nature) stubbornly exclaimed, "I refuse to give way or yield. Attempt to pass me and my rough brow will break you into helpless drops."

And the stream replied, "I have no desire to pass you. I would resign myself to your nature and become one with you."

And the stream sang its song in small ripples that gently embraced the rough surface of the rock.

And—as long eons passed—the stream became a lake; and the rock lay as a pebble in its depth.

And the lake, cool and tranquil, spake unto the pebble: "Companion what has become of thy size and roughness?"

And the pebble answered, "Have I not striven to reduce myself to smoothness and quality?"

And—as long eons passed—the lake became a sea; and the pebble a grain of sand.

And the grain of sand wondered: What has become of the little stream? Have I reduced it to nothingness? No longer do I feel the closeness of its silvery girdle.

And the sea rocked to-and-fro in majestic silence.

And—as long eons passed, the grain of sand became a pearl in the heart of an oyster. And in its joy exclaimed, “Now would the little stream envy me: for I have touched Realization and gleam as a priceless jewel in the heart of a Sea Goddess.”

And the sea—now an ocean of power and depth, mused in rhythm understood only by oceans:— “What was once my greatest obstacle is now a treasured part of me—a pearl; but may I never be moved to tell my pearl the difference between Realization and Crystallization—nor the distinction between a *Goddess* and an oyster.”

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