

The

# PHILOSOPHER'S

A Monthly  
Magazine

# STONE

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August--Sept. 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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# SILENCE

Dr. Mystery



THE advanced thought of today is urging for the development of all, perfect expression on all planes; it is urging for the fulfillment of desire, it is urging for satisfaction more complete than any age has granted to this race. It is urging reconciliation, perfect harmony between all parts included in the whole, universal unity, at-one-ment, harmony, and co-operation. Upon a sudden impulse, out of years and years of practice, of habit, that has been inconsistent, disconnected, unreasoning, we suddenly find ourselves projecting a desire for a more reasonable, a more harmoniously reaped harvest. We do not at once relate ourselves to all parts of this harvest which we wish to reap from. We relate ourselves out perhaps in the mental or perhaps off in the external, in the material or the financial, or we relate ourselves sometimes in the physical and leave out the other planes. We find so many of these students of advanced thought making special effort along certain lines to the exclusion of others. This was more

the case in ages gone by, when specific development was invited, when the conscience knew no other demand from the high self than to specialize only, but today the rounding out of character, the development of symmetrical man, the attempt to develop perfect poise, perfect equilibrium, has brought the demand for consistency that the age never before felt the necessity of, and it costs a price higher to be neglectful of any part, than ever before. There were ages when the neglect or abuse or the crucifixion of the body perhaps might pass excused on the spiritual or mental planes, because it was misunderstood, although on the plane on which it was active it paid the penalty, paid the full price, its shock to the physical organization and on the mental, the mind suffered according to its misuses of its attributes and powers. But today through education every opportunity is being granted to the great majority of this race and people to realize that symmetrical development is necessary, to realize that to know one thing alone is not sufficient, that you must be equipped, that education must have a great many aspects, must have many phases, many expressions. Versatility is demanded today as never before and when we do not cultivate this versatility we find all about us beings who do cultivate it, and this is the return of one who cultivated that which you do not cultivate, it makes them positive to your negative. Therefore

you are subject while they are master. And the unrest, the dissatisfaction of the beings who continually attempt to compete with someone else, to excel something that someone else does rather than to excel what they have been doing, has resulted in these leapings of chasms, these habits of trying to do the things and to introduce effects which we have not grown up to. Trying to reap harvest immediately after sowing seeds instead of doing the necessary and natural ripening, for the natural season for fulfillment of that which we have sown. The beings who have lived in this unbalanced idea of competing with other souls (Instead of this competing with their former lives and excelling that which they have been before, or living out from where they find themselves, to express a little further, a little more and little more.) They see someone else who is expressing far along the path, and they immediately covet the fruits they see that one gather, and at once they declare, "I conceive that far, now I must have it, harvest it, for I mentally desired and conceived it." That being in thus attempting to leap this chasm in this way, forgets to say to himself, "What was the process through which that one conceived and tilled and reaped the harvest of his sowing?" He simply sees the person and the harvest, and wants to grasp the like harvest. Thus he finds himself unbalancing? and continuing? at a place? . . . , leaning over precipices,

and doesn't understand why it is continually the case? It is because he has not turned his mind inward, because he has not said to himself again and again "What do I need next, what do I need now, what next is the stepping stone, what next is the act or the thought or the conception for my consistent on-going and evolution and progress", instead of wanting to leap all of these intermediate steps. Instead of wanting to *earn*, he simply wants to *possess*.

This has come about in the awakening consciousness of the multitude of beings who are coming into a larger knowledge of the power of thought and desire different aspects or qualities of thought; they are playing with fire, handling weapons which are of mighty power and capacity, but they do not quite understand that capacity, and they do not quite understand the use they might make of them, and they are prematurely longing just for the harvests, and joying more in the idea of harvest than in the idea of the round season of sowing and tilling and of approaching the fulfillment. There are so many beings that have come out of the old custom of living in the world of mere effects, never comprehending that effects are always the result of causes, that, as they suddenly glance back into the causation and realize the potency of this great unmanifest, this great sub-self, this great storehouse of that undemonstrated, unmanifested consciousness, as they suddenly glimpse

that power of causation and see, out of the world of effects, harvests, as they call them, they try suddenly to bring these two together without approaching them through the silence which I earlier spoke to you of, the silence of contemplation, of comprehension, of understanding, of relating the two; and we know the chaotic effect of combining notes that do not relate at once; they are all in the great scale, they are all in the great cord, but one out of place, out of order; they seem chaotic, they bring confusion. And some of the extremely enthusiastic and impulsive minds, immediately when they bring conditions together,—two notes that should have been bridged together, they call it discord, and they condemn the whole because it has not brought out the order they expected.

So many people who have entered into the generating of faith, the inducing of faith, and who have dared to stand out in their divinity and move forward and feel their way onward and forward and upward, at times cry out and they rail against the seeming non-relating of their past and their results; and so in the physical planes and in the intellectual planes and on all the planes we find a great many of soulful being at times crying out against what seems injustice, saying, "I have done all, well, so far as I knew how; yet have I not harvested the results I expected." You are a lawful being. Perfect law and order is this universe, is God. God cannot move out of His

law; you cannot move out of this law; you cannot move out of the law of your being; you are at one with God, you are at once, indivisible, with God. Seek this relationship, but seek it in stillness, not in complaint, not in railing, not in objective observations that seem to you to express only discord and inharmony. But you will find there is harmony where there seems to be discord, there is relationship where it seems to be absent, it is there, it is for you to find it and harvest it through stillness, through silence, through contemplation and with question. Knock and the door will be opened. You who feel sometimes you are left up to the eleventh hour in suspense and uncertainty, and do not even know or feel that the twelfth will bring fulfillment, be still, enter into the silence; instead of rushing out into discordant tones and voices and railings, draw back into the stillness, into the silence of your being and find yourself. There alone will you get the answer, into harmony into accord, not out in discussion or out in complaint, but close within yourselves. Waste, scatter, decry no more, but listen to the still small Voice within that can only be found through silence, through stillness, through expectation, through faith, through trusting it, through belief that it can make itself heard, through silence alone to realization.

*Will you ask questions now?*

*A voice:* When this silence ends in going to sleep,



what do you do? So often when you try to go into the silence you find you have gone to sleep.

*Teacher:* Sleep is one aspect of manifestation of mind, excellent but it should be when you solicit it, when you choose it; just as action should be by your command, by your permission, and as voicing or speaking should be by your permission, stillness or silence should be maintained if you choose it. So when you enter into the silence I should consider it a very interesting place. If very interesting, you are not likely to become diverted while you are deeply interested; and interest can be induced, just as other actions of mind can be induced. So we would always advise you to be master under all circumstances, in all situations, just as we advise people to refuse to acknowledge, to permit, to endure sleeplessness when they wish to be asleep, so we would say to reject sleep when you wish to be awake. And when you speak of the silence—I do not feel that voice—that lips of others can ever tell you what silence means in all of its ramifications. We speak of silence as prayer, as expectation, as devotion, as intense desire, or abandonment of consecration. You can bring yourselves into silence and with all of its characters and through all its expressions, you find different aspects of this stillness. Choose what you wish. When you want an answer to a question, a great problem, you still yourself, you ask for an answer to your

question, and you are still; not intense, not still with expectation that is not impatient at all, but just still with your interest upon the subject in hand, expecting calmly, serenely a reply. When you enter into the silence for the cure of a disorder, of a discord, of an inharmony, that is thrusting itself upon you, or a gaping wound that is before your vision, you enter into the silence to project, to impress a vision of wholeness where there was imperfection, you enter into the silence actively, you enter into it consciously, definitely, with definite purpose; not to have it answer you or to grant you an answer such as it will, but to have it answer as you dictate to it to answer; to have it respond as you order it to respond, and express what you have declared it should express. You command the answer in one case, you wait for the evolution of an answer in the other case; you wait for a not yet answered thing or question to call out, by correspondence or by demand, a relation which is an answer, in one case. In the other case it may be reform or re-organization or re-adjustment of a thing that has been expressed, that has been manifest, but you rearrange it. For instance, a disorderly organization; it is not that you are creating a new organization necessarily, but you are calling into order that which was, that which is, that which must be, and you are calling it to answer to your demand, to your exaction as to what it should express.

So there are many phrases and expressions of this silence that if you begin to contemplate them I doubt very much if you will drift into sleep unless you ordered sleep as one of the subjects and one of the phrases that you wished to experience.

I wish to impress upon your minds that day or night you should neither sleep nor wake until you order your sleeping and waking. I believe that the time will come when your lives will be led under your own orders through and through; when you will go to sleep by your will and you will impress your order as to the time to waken. That this is true in the soul consciousness today we know, but the correspondences that are brought clear out to the intellect, clear out to the physical functioning, are not sufficiently related up through consciousness to make them always seem to fulfill the order of their being.

*A voice:* How can you reconcile these two thoughts: That we are masters of our destiny; and at the same time, "Thy will be done, not mine?"

Very readily, when we realize that there is but one mind. "Mine" is a word that is adapted to express an acquisition, a possession, Not I am, but Mine, is something I have, not I. You see, "I and my father are one," but mine, my things, my possessions, my money, my notion, these things were the finite, the lesser. God is still evolving, still manipulating, and with His manipulations He holds them under His

control, to His order, to fulfill His order. But when we say "Thy will, not mine be done." when we live at one with Divine Mind, things, objects are under rule. I am not to be ruled by my "mine,"—the things that are mine,—but I Am to rule. Thou art to rule mine and me. Thou art to rule, but Thou and I are one, therefore we rule mine.

There are no real contradictions in all of this great system. The supremacy of mind, the oneness of mind, the perfect law and order of being, the universal wholeness; that is just, that is the perfect law and order, but there is a limited interpretation of this which is like the modern conveniences and comforts of your life,—the things which seem to you wholly new, they are not new, they have ever been but have never been recognized, they have never been called utility. The things invented today are not new thoughts. They have been in the elements of the universe always, and they are evolved unto utility by a recognition of them by these kings, by these rulers, these beings who are to hold dominion. We express what seems to us new thoughts; we feel that it has newly been created. It is only the expression the manifestation of what has ever been.

*I feel you must have many questions.*

I strongly teach temperance and consistency in this, that it is wise to meditate upon ourselves, upon our position, upon where we stand. It is well to ask

what steps should next be taken, instead of plunging blindly and impatiently forward. It is well to live the life with constant question on the lips, expectation, inquiry for question is natural to you beings, (evolving consciousness,) and these attitudes of mind and aspects of these attribute in manifestations should be recognized by you more, they should be induced by you more, they should be dealt with, they should be consciously handled more. You study the technique of different manifestations, but of your minds, of your characters, of your characteristics, of your dispositions, you take for granted, you accept what comes, what manifests. You receive them as inevitable conditions: you do not inquire, you do not say "I need more of this quality, to balance up," and the time will come when you will systematically drill yourselves upon these different qualities that are not yet under definite and perfect control by you. You have seemed neglectful of these different attitudes of mind, these different attributes, these different expressions of being: you have been heedless and have not recognized them, although they are awaiting your government over them, your control, your training, your inducing, your directing: and they will wait and wait on forever unless you do call them, for they can respond to no touch but yours, these qualities, these dispositions of these attributes of being. I always say your natures are divine, but your dispositions

vary, in the way you dispose of your nature, the way you dispose of these qualities, the way you dispose of these attributes and potentialities and possibilities. You all see that everyone is manifesting, but in various stages of action or manifestation. So we say to you, become conquerors. To become rulers you have to be systematic, you have to be observant, you have to induce, to cultivate, to intensely desire, you have to intentionally believe in, you have to intentionally trust to your strength, you have to produce these different conditions in larger measure than they have ever been before, by the recognition of them, by the cultivation of them and by the inducing of them. You will not find them something that will flow out into expression unless you express them. You address your parcels when you send them forth through the country to their destination, but you do not always address yourself to the goal you wish to arrive at; you do not always direct your disposition or your purpose toward a definite goal at all. You allow this fringe-like action, this holding of yourselves indefinitely, purposelessly, disconnectedly, and then wonder why results are not symmetrical, harmonious, full notes, full tones, full chord. You wonder, but it is not strange. It is the result of causes.

*Voice*:—I said that our dispositions are not divine.

*Teacher*:—They are divine, all things are divine. There is nothing but God Divine, and out of God all

things that are, are created. They are divine. Do you think a perfect chord produced upon a musical instrument is more divine intrinsically, in nature, because it is struck in harmony and produces congenial tones to your senses, than those same notes struck in some other way? They are from the same source, and are the same. The product, the expression, is chaos:order seems not to be expressed, but order is latent, order is there, order is within, is potential, and it can be manifested. Out of the very chaos, out of the very confusion, out of what you call ignorance and sin is being evolved, sinless, wise, God-like beings. Out through the same channels of early discord, for through the same channels widened and widened, is to pour the symphony of perfect accord.

Your dispositions are divine, what there is of them. They are learning by all of these processes to come into order, to come into at-one-ment, into the full fruition of recognizing the oneness of all things.

\* \* \*

Nothing can be destroyed (in its essence) both matter and spirit, as such (essence) are eternal and indestructible; but their individualized of special combination are not unless the will that rules them so wills.

Man is God thinking; elsewhere all creation is God working.

## *The Astral World*

Marie Harlowe Pulley

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home!"

Some people say that we should live in one world at a time, but it is impossible for us to close our eyes to other worlds. Nightly and daily we see sun, stars, planets,—other worlds. In reality, there is no "other" world, for all worlds so interpenetrate that they are in absolute one. Many people who emerge into the astral world through death find it so nearly like the earth plane of consciousness that they do not realize for a long time that they have gone through the change called death. A contact recently with an astral entity who had been dead for more than twenty-five years revealed that he had no knowledge of the change of death which he had experienced. He chided a grown woman for being in such a strange



place, still considering her the small child which she was at the time of his passing from the earth plane. In sleep man lives on other planes of consciousness, astral, etc. and yet returns to the physical earth plane.

No person is so gross or so material that he can avoid leading a double life, including an activity in spirit. Every person has both a visible and an invisible life. Persons living in the physical plane are as much "spirit" as they ever will be after they have shed the physical body. Thus astral entities are no more "spirits" than when they existed on the earth plane. Spirit is in all, on whatever plane they manifest outwardly, and all are thus "spirit." On the unseen side of life, the life principle is chiefly active for it animates the physical frame from this invisible part of life.

If a man lose an arm or leg, he is not less an entity, a man. If he lose a whole body through the chemicalization of death, he is not less. Paul said, "Whether in the body or out of the body, we have the same mind." In sleep and in trance the physical senses are merely held in abeyance. Death is the (permanent) abeyance of the physical senses. Spirit is therefore a substance of many forms, though unchanged in primitive essence; one of its manifestations may be as different from another as vapor differs from its

solid—and one matter may be either solid, liquid, or gas, as for instance steam, water, and ice.

In the oldest and most esoteric occult teachings seven planes of being or manifestation are considered. Matter, or earth, is the lowest or most crystallized, most consolidated form. The second plane is that of Forces. The third plane is the Astral, the fourth the Mental. The fifth, sixth and seventh are high spiritual planes not yet fully understood by finite minds. It is to be carefully noted that planes and not places are designed! The spiritualization of man is the expansion of his consciousness to be conscious on all planes of being, not merely to “go” to them. As the radio waves interpenetrate space, so do the various spiritual vibrations of the various spiritual planes.

Thus there is a physical counterpart of everything in the astral, and an astral counterpart of everything in the physical. All interpenetrates. Hermes taught this in his law, “As above so below; as below, so above.” A recent contact with a woman departing the physical life to astral planes revealed her packing the astral counter-part of her clothes and personal belongings preparatory to making the “journey”. Another, a man, was busily engaged in taking with him the astral counterparts of some several thousand beloved books.

This blending of man's senses has been noted by

the material scientist, Richet. He calls the blending of the action of the five physical senses the sixth sense. Materialism is, of course, loathe to believe in this extension of consciousness into other planes of being or consciousness, yet they do not disbelieve in the law of gravity because they do not see it, nor in the electrical energy although it too is invisible.

The words "astral world" means "starry" and stars are luminous bodies which give light themselves. "Star" is an Anglo-Saxon word which means "to steer to move". Certainly the inner life or senses do just this. Incidentally, the material composing huge, far-off stars such as hydrogen, sodium, calcium, iron and magnesium, are also found within the human body. Verily, "as above, so below."

The medical theory of cell growth through attraction of the molecules of matter may be extended to include molecules of spirit, for in reality spirit and matter are but the opposite poles of the same energy. Death's power is over material atoms only, or the grossest manifestation of spirit. Only the material (so-called) atoms disintegrate in death. Man is furnished with several coats of skin-bodies. "And the Lord God clothed them with coats of skin." The real Fall of Man as it is given allegorically in the Bible is merely the condensation of spirit essence into spirit matter, or the descent of the spiritual into the physical manifestation.

In physical science it is declared that an atom is indestructible in force or energy. In occult science, psychometry has long been proof of the indestructibility of matter-spirit substance. The Catholic Church may not be far wrong in contending that the actual parts or atoms of the body of Jesus are re-assembled in the Eucharist.

Paul said, "I die daily." Disobeying natural and physical laws causes physical death. When mankind shall have learned, and will use, what is learned, it will be possible to live indefinitely in one body throughout long ages. As it is re-birth and re-incarnation are only to serve to bring mankind into the field of experience necessary to soul growth until they shall learn that the constant "going in and coming out" is unnecessary. That is the overcoming of death,—not merely to go by the laws of being and growth into an intermediate plane, the astral or "heaven" world.

Much misunderstanding and skepticism of communication between the physical and astral planes is due to a lack of understanding of the plane of mental force which is situated between the physical and the lower astral planes. There is this plane of mental force or thought activity which is not yet the astral plane, the abode of the people minus their physical bodies. Psychical research proves without a doubt that disembodied spirits do thus live, but in

psychical research cases have baffled the investigators again and again in that while the cases under investigation were not of spirit communication they nevertheless were not of plain faking either.

Sub-human entities exist on this intermediary plane which the Theosophists call elementals—the Sylphs, Undines of the Rosicrucian philosophy. In the currents of psychic and odic force physical phenomena is manifested by either the embodied or disembodied—the embodied manifesting the phenomena with the help of these sub-human entities.

For instance, the power or force of Will plays a big, but little understood, part in the demonstration of physical phenomena. Power is the property of all beings, for there is but one Power in the universe, manifesting in various forms. It is erroneous for mediums to state that they are developing, or have developed their “powers.” There is only one Power in the Universe, which may be used in various and devious ways. Mankind does not have power. Through its mind mankind is Power.

The (perverted) will is found manifesting in opposition and skepticism, which neutralizes the power of expression of the Good. Because of the presence of strong skeptics even the Master Jesus “could do no mighty works in that town because of their unbelief.

If a man were going to reside for a time in a foreign country, he would likely prepare himself in

several ways for the journey, including the learning of the language beforehand. The student of Spiritual Science must expand his consciousness to live in all planes and realms of being, and the first preparation necessary is to learn as much as possible about those realms of being rather than the physical with which he is most familiar. If a man changes his climate, he changes likewise his type of food, clothing, shelter, and so on. The student of Spiritual Science will also set himself about taking the bodily changes necessary for this wider abode in other realms by so spiritualizing mind and body that they may harmonize vibrationally with these states of expanded consciousness.

\* \* \*

#### “LIFE'S PATH”

If your path be strewn with roses,  
And in it a thorn or two;  
And you think the thorns are large ones,  
Because they ARE but a few;  
Think of one who always loved you,  
As a friend you'll find Still TRUE,  
If your path be strewn with thorns,  
And the roses but a few.

Ruth B. Drown

## *The Power of Poetry*

Norman M. Douglas

*"Let me write a nation's songs and I don't care who writes its laws."*

A century has passed since Victor Hugo said, "Many people—and especially stockbrokers, lawyers and bankers—feel that poetry is passing away:" and while this noted French poet and dramatist speaks in defense thereof, such is the might of Muse—such the immortal power of her sisters Calliope, Clio, Erato, Thalia and Euterpe, they need no defending. True, even in this day we find logicians, mathematicians and scientists that think poetry has gone the way of the Minstrel Boy and Street Singer. But "The Minstrel Boy to war has gone" while the street singer graces the microphone.

*"The poetic genius is the true Man!  
And if anything is greater than God seen in the sun,  
It is God seen in Homer."*

The Seer, The Sight and The Seen are One—call it The Holy Trinity, term it Mind Essence or noun it GOD, if we are not in tune therewith or blind thereto, and cannot see or feel anything in poetry, then—

for us, poetry is not dead or passing away—it has yet to be born!

“I find I cannot live without poetry”—cries Keats —“without Eternal Poetry;—half the day will not do”

With poetry the power it is today, has been, and shall ever be, imagine finding this: “There was a time when poetry was taken quite seriously; a time when the poet Laureate was crowned with a laurel wreath and entertained at court with high honors. But in that remote day it would have been unwise to have ignored or discouraged the influence of poetry: for the bards and singers often helped to give birth to heroes because of the enthusiasm their ballads and poems excited.”

While the foregoing comes from the pen of a writer -financier and banker—and here before us is an article dealing lightly with Homer, Dante and John Milton because they were unable to work problems in higher “math”—it shall not be our purpose herein to belittle the mathematician, logician or banker—although bankers might try to write and pass bad poems, just let a poet try to write or pass a bad check

The pretension that poetry is dying recalls James Hinton’s reply to a friend having remarked: “Music is dying out. In truth—and at the best, what is music but repetition?” Hinton said, “The time will come when a Man shall arise whose feeling will be, not ‘*All* music has been written, ‘but ‘*No* music has been



written!"

To assume that poetry is passing is as though one would say, "Helios, the God of dawn, no longer paints the purity of morning; Day, itself, has lost the zest of being—gone is the tenderness of twilights and the beauty of sunset; spring has lost its urge—its newness and freshness—where is the color and fragrance of the rose. . . .?" To infer the death of Muse is to be a stranger to the Symphony, to be deaf to the laughter of children, the song of the lark, the linnet's warble and the nightingale's serenade. Verily it is as though one would say, "The maiden has renounced love and romance; Man has lost his strength and valor; Woman is no longer patient, courageous and true—the Firmament of the heavens no longer declares the majesty of the sky in the peal of thunder and the flash of lightening." But—while "The Minstrel Boy to war is gone and in the ranks of death you'll find him" his muse and song shall ever laugh at Death.

Is it not remarkable that as far back as we can trace enlightened man we find the Chinese sage of pre-Confucian days teaching: "Know then that Tao, Poetry and Love are one and the same *Thusness*"?—while here is a gem from the early Persians:—

*"I besought Muses 'How long shalt thou be with us—  
Spring and Summer leave—Winter dies;  
The sun sets and yon silvery moon doth wane?"*

*'I? she laughed, 'Shall be for aye—  
Forever and anon!"*

Hence, if—as William Blake wrote—"The poetic genius is the true Man" and we have such a genius as Keats confessing: "I find I cannot live without poetry"—we leave the power and the importance thereof to your imagination.

Though science may help us attain the physical, social and material things in life, it can do little more, for it deals with the concrete forms and objects of the outer world and is, at best, the gathered knowledge of men. As for philosophy, it can take us little farther than the realms of the mind. But if the spirit is to effulge, the poet needs must be; and when poetry fails to lift men from the animal realms or lacks the power to move the human unto the spiritual, then must Muse string her lyre with Apollo's golden hair and with music fan to flame the seeming dead embers of stardust in the Soul:—for know that

*"Orpheus' lute was strung with poets sinews,  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. . . ."*

Such is the power of poetry, Historians may tell us that Longfellow's conception of Miles Standish—and the gruff, bluff old captain's courage to face bullets, yet could not face a woman—is untrue; and that. . . . But alas! Miles Standish, like Paul Revere and others

was unknown and dead to history until Longfellow gave him immortality in his poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and such is the power and influence thereof, the old soldier-captain has attained greater and wider fame through Longfellow's song than through anything he did in the way of captainship, exploration or colonizing. As for Paul Revere:—

"Since Revere now occupies so lofty an eminence," writes Virginius Dabney, "it seems natural to assume that his ride caused him at once to take his place as one of the most potent patriots of his day. It is also reasonable to suppose that the memory of one so illustrious was fittingly honored in the years following his death. Yet neither assumption is justified by the facts. The fame enjoyed by the Messenger of the Revolution during his lifetime was in no sense comparable to that in which he basks today, and within a few years of his demise in 1818 he had been almost completely forgotten. The average American of the middle of the last century knew little more respecting the life of Paul Revere than that of Bildad The Shuhite. What is the explanation of this astounding fact? Were our ancestors of the fifties insensible to the prowess of the Bostonian? The answer lies in the fact that Yongfellow's 'Paul Revere's Ride' had not then been published. That popular nursery jingle first saw the light in 1863 and through it the majority of the inhabitants of the United States heard Paul Revere's

name for the first time. From an obscure and virtually forgotten figure it transformed him almost at once into a revolutionary star of the first magnitude. Even Goss is willing to concede that "his famous ride . . . remained-unsung, if not unhonored, for eighty-three years, or until Longfellow made it the text for his Landlord's Tale in the Wayside Inn." While Mr. Gettemy declares that "Today his name is a household word made so, in great measure, by the Muse of Longfellow." In truth challenging Time, poets are:

*"They who catch the clouds in sonnets,  
they who snare the wind in odes,  
Weaving star-shine into lyrics, songs to  
light our destined roads,  
Blossom-scene and tint transmuting  
into sweet, enduring rhyme,—  
Poets are they who build beauty  
out of words that challenge Time."*

*Continued in next issue*

\* \* \*

## SHOULD WE FEAR DEATH?

*Sir Oliver Lodge*

It is no use fearing what is inevitable. The object of fear is to enable you to avoid calamities. You may fear illness, you may fear war, you may fear accidents and take precautions against them. But death is the natural termination of our association with matter,

and many people are glad to terminate that association when the time comes.

Humanity has always had an instinctive dread of going out of existence and ceasing to be. But that is because they are dreading the unknown and the impossible. That contingency will never arise: hence dread of it is foolish.

When people are better informed as to the conditions under which they possess the privilege of existence, they will concentrate on using their opportunities to the utmost, and taking the adventures through which they have to pass in their stride, with the assured faith that the conditions under which they came into the world and under which they leave it are beyond their control and are in the hands of a power far above their scope and understanding, a power which the beauty and adaptation of the world has led the thoughtful ones to perceive is full of wisdom and beneficence.

In that faith we can proceed happily toward what we are sometimes inclined to think of as an end, but which we will find is a new beginning.

*From—Fellowship Messenger—July 1944*

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So long as science, religion, and philosophy find no common ground, human efforts can never be coordinated to the perfection of the race. —Manly P. Hall

## *Two Golden Days*

Robert F. Burdette

There are two Golden Days in the week upon which and about which I never worry—two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with its cares and frets; and all its pains and aches; all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought, I cannot unsay a word that I said. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrows is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweetest waters out of the bitterest desert. The Love that can turn weeping into laughter; that can give beauty for ashes; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of day that is gone, I have nothing to do with Yesterday. It was mine—it is God's!

And the other day that I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and

poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond my mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds—but it will rise.

Until then, the same love and patience that held Yesterday, holds Tomorrow. Save for the Star of Hope that gleams forever on the brow of Tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of Today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the Infinite Love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow is God's day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but One Day in the week—Today! Any man can fight the battles of Today. Any woman can carry the burdens of but One Day. Any man can resist the temptations of Today. O, friends, it is only when we wilfully add the burden of those two awful eternities—Yesterday and Tomorrow—such burdens as only the Mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened Yesterday, and dread of what Tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's Days, Leave them with Him!

Therefore, I think and I do, and I journey but One

Day at a time. That is the easy way. That is Man's Day. Dutifully I run my course and work my appointed task on that Day of ours. (God, the All-Mighty and the All-Loving takes care of Yesterday and Tomorrow.

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O star on the breast of the river!  
O marvel of bloom and grace!  
Did you fall right down from heaven,  
Out of the sweetest place?  
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,  
Your heart is steeped in the sun:  
Did you grow in the golden city,  
My pure and radiant one!"

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;  
None gave me my saintly white;  
It slowly grew from the darkness,  
Down in the dreary night:  
From the ooze of the silent river  
I won my glory and grace,  
White souls fall not, O, my poet,  
They rise—to the sweetest place.

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Jacob Boehme speaks of the human soul as being a seedling growing upward through the material nature of man in quest of light. —Manly P. Hall



## *A Prayer*

God of common sense, I give Thee thanks for the heavy blows of pain that drive me back from perilous ways into the harmony with the laws of my being; for stinging whips of hunger and cold that urge to bitter striving and glorious achievement; for steepness and roughness of the way and staunch virtues gained by climbing over jagged rocks of hardship and stumbling through dark and pathless sloughs of discouragement; for the acid blight of failure that has burned out of me all thought of easy victory and has toughened my sinews for fiercer battles and greater triumphs; for mistakes I have made, and the priceless lessons I have learned from them; for disillusion and disappointments that have cleared my vision and spurred my desire; for strong appetites and passions and the power they give when under pressure and control; for my imperfections that give me a keen delight in striving toward perfection. God of common-good and human-brotherhood, I give Thee thanks for the weaknesses and failings of my neighbors and the joy of lending a helping hand; for my own shortcomings, sorrows and loneliness that give me a deeper sympathy for others; for ingratitude and misunderstanding and the gladness of service without other reward than self-expression.

Newcomb

## *The Image*

As the germ within the acorn  
slowly grows into the tree,  
So within each Souls is planted  
the image, Lord, of Thee.  
As the rose, the tree, the Lily  
push upward through the sod,  
So each soul through contemplation  
grows more like Thee, dear God.

Justicia Edna Mason

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Consider your responsibility sacred.  
Do nothing which will make your conscience feel  
guilty.  
Do not look down on one who looks up to you.  
Judge not another by your own law.  
Prove trustworthy in every dealing.  
Speak not against others in their absence.  
Do not reproach others, making them firm in their  
faults.  
In work that you must accomplish, do not spare  
yourself.  
Render your services faithfully to all who require  
them.  
Seek not profit by putting someone in straits.  
Never harm another for your own benefit.

—from the *Vadan of Inayat Khan*