

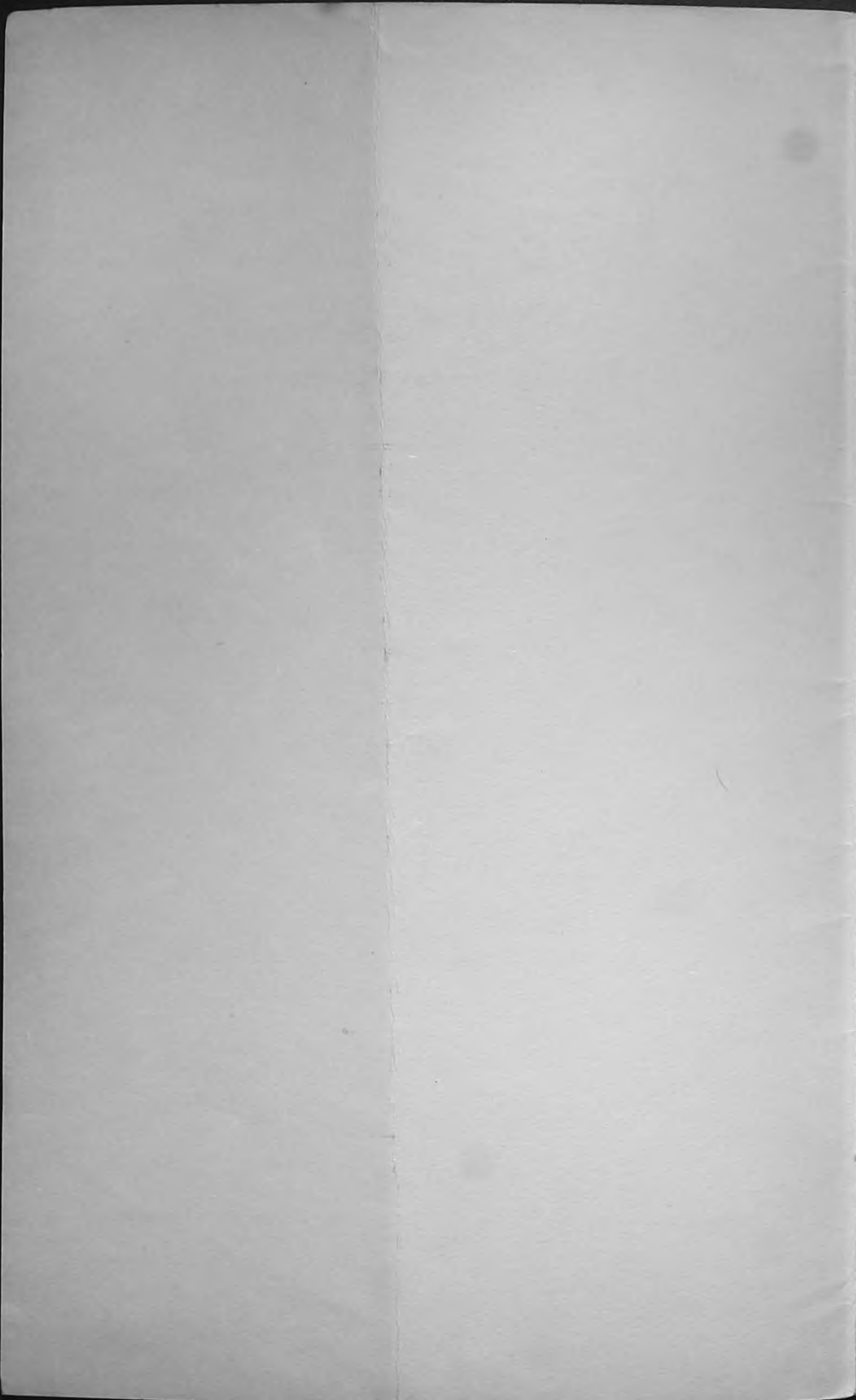
THE
SEEKER
MAGAZINE



QUARTERLY

APRIL, 1940

ONE SHILLING



THE SEEKER

Official Organ of The Seekers and The
Harmony Prayer Circles.

Vol. 1, No. 11.

QUARTERLY.

April, 1940.

All communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to
H.P.C., Addington Park, West Malling, Kent.

Subscription Rates - 4/6 yearly (including postage).

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Editor B. A. Simpson.*

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by the Editor.

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Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
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11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30
11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0
2.30/3.0		2.30/3.0		2.30/3.0
3.0/3.30	3.0/3.30	3.0/3.30		3.0/3.30
3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	
5.0/5.30	5.0/5.30			
	6.30/7.0		6.30/7.0	6.30/7.0
			7.0/7.30	7.0/7.30
		7.30/8.0	7.30/8.0	7.30/8.0
		8.0/8.30		

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THE RESURRECTION.

“ DR. LASCELLES.”

Christ has risen! It is so many years ago that God's triumph was given to the world in the resurrection of the Christ, but yet Christ's memory is kept green in the Christian churches wherever they may be. Few people can grasp the drama of that story—few people can get to grips with the realisation of that Resurrection. In a few words I will try to bring to your minds what that Life held, and what Christ taught.

Christ's teaching was distinctly a way of life. He showed people the right path by which to walk towards the place He named the Kingdom of Heaven; and by His own example He lived the life that He knew was the right life to lead to that Kingdom of Heaven. In Christ's time the Jews were uneasy under Roman rule. From the midst of the people there arose a man who was called John, who preached and prepared the way for Jesus. Jesus was baptised and during His baptism the Holy Ghost descended on Him in the shape of a dove, and He was ensouled by a great spirit. He had made His own body—the temple of His own spirit—so pure and so holy that it was possible for that spirit from on high—that great spirit, that great Christ—to ensoul Him.

Then let us see what happened. He went out into the highways and byways of Jerusalem; He stood by the shores of the Sea of Galilee; He laid hands on the people and He healed them. The dead rose, and He preached about a God that was a God of love. He was the heretic of all heretics, the arch-heretic of His day: the people followed Him and some loved Him. Sometimes the crowds pressed close to Him; people ran up to Him asking for His blessing. Many people eyed Him with fear, and some through lack of understanding, with awe and wonder. He had twelve followers—the inner circle—twelve apostles. They denied Him, one betrayed Him—only one went to the Cross when the priestcraft had Him crucified.

Then we come to the drama of His death. Hung on a cross like a common felon, deserted by all His disciples but one—and that one sorrowing mostly for a lost cause and least for a lost Saviour! The bottom had gone out of their faith. He who had done so much, He who had healed and performed so many miracles; He who had walked through the crowds in the Temple and none dared touch Him; He who had driven the money changers out of the temple by the force of His personality—how could He be so derided, so laughed at, so scourged—like a common criminal on the Cross.

Many had deserted Him long before His crucifixion. There were only eleven left that would go anywhere near Him, and one of them had betrayed Him. None of those that followed Him or listened to His word would dare say a word in His favour. Only the women really loved Him. It was the end. They started to pick holes in His teaching, they had wonderment about His healing. They doubted it. I suppose they found excuses for why the people got better; if they had known anything about hypnotism or mesmerism in those days they would have said it was hypnotism or mesmerism or suggestive therapy, anything but the real thing—that the power of God passed through the hands of the man Jesus, who held the soul of Christ in the temple of His body.

Yes, it was a long while ago. The people of the Church have got so used to it, it doesn't hold anything much in their minds, it doesn't stir their souls now. It is like something sensational that happened last year or the year before. The newspapers daren't print it, it is stale news. Yet during these Easter days there are people who remember, who look upon it as the only wonder that ever did happen, the only spiritual wonder. They say: "Yes, that happened two thousand years ago. It may be right, I believe it is. Well, I am going to Church to celebrate it, but oh, it is so long ago, so long ago. Of course it could not happen to-day. It does not happen."

No, it doesn't happen in the same way, but the dead do come back—though not as a resurrected Christ. Looking back to those times we see the drabness and the greyness of Calvary. We see the body being taken from the Cross, lifted by common hands; by those who even spat on it; and it was handed over to be put into a tomb—and then perhaps forgotten. Supposing that had been all, that had been the end? Some historian would find a book, perhaps written by one of the Romans of that time, which would record that an impostor had gulled the people into the belief that He could heal the sick, had preached in the streets of Jerusalem, and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and had caused a great stir amongst the people. He tried to make Himself a king, He tried to create a revolution, and so they crucified Him as a common thief and He is buried and dead. Those who had followed Him deserted Him. Would there be Christianity? No! No! There would have been nobody to teach or to write the story of His life. He would have lost His importance; He would have been finished. His disciples would have gone back to their nets. Luke no doubt would have taken up his doctoring. Thomas perhaps would still have been a writer of philosophy. Paul would still have made his tents—but there would be no Christianity.

But after the shadow of the Cross there was a bright day, the third day. Just think what it meant! It is very much like human life. You get into the throes of despair, everything seems wrong, the things that you are interested in seem as though they are breaking up. Life seems pretty hopeless. You are getting old and you feel useless—there is nothing much left to do. Then a third day comes to you, and you see more clearly. You find that there is still work for you to do, you find perhaps that some word that you have uttered in kindness has changed the life of a friend. You find the things that were hopeless are now full of hope, and perhaps what you considered was so important to your life gets its right value, and you see it not as important, but perhaps very secondary to the real life and the real things that matter in life.

So you all have a third day. The disciples had that. I can just imagine how that cry rang through the streets of Jerusalem. Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Christ is risen! I can see how they would be mocked while they were crying: Christ is risen! People would say: "Poor fools, of course nobody ever rises from the dead. What nonsense!" But He did; He had! We know He had to show them the holes in His hands and feet which the nails had pierced; and that Thomas had to put his fingers into the hole in His side before he would believe; then Thomas believed, and he went out with the others crying: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen! The greatest thing that has happened in the history of the world has happened to us, has happened in this City."

Did ever sun rise with greater glory than the rising of that Christ! Did ever light shine more strongly on the world than it did when He walked amongst those that He had loved! And into the hearts of the disciples the truth entered for the first time. All His miracles, all His teachings, all the love that He had given them, did not count compared with their Lord alive again. But the seed had been set even in the hearts of those men that denied Him, and it flowered as He walked among them after death; and all the little petty matters, all the little jealousies that they had, all the envy, all the untruthfulness, all the vanity that was in their souls, was swept out by that great happening—Christ had risen!

I can see how they hurried from place to place, to all those who had known Him, or who had shown any love for Him; how they went about the City crying: "Christ has risen! Christ has risen!" How they collected into that great hall, hundreds of them who had followed Him, how they told what He had said; how many of them who were in that hall had seen him and spoke amongst each other: "Christ is risen! Christ is risen! There is no death!"



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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE EDITOR.

ANNIVERSARY DAY.

On Whit-Saturday, the 11th May, we celebrate the seventh anniversary of the opening of Addington Park as the Headquarters of The Seekers.

A service will be held in the Cloister Garden at 2-30, after which a talk on the progress of the work will be given by Mr. C. A. Simpson.

For the convenience of members and friends who would like to visit Addington on this day a coach will leave 29, Queen's Gate, at 10-30 a.m., and will return from Addington at 6-30 p.m. The return fare is 5/-.

Seats in the coach should be booked in advance, before 4th May, by notifying the Secretary, 29, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

DR. LASCELLES ADDRESSES.

Dr. Lascelles gives an address approximately every other Wednesday. The dates of these addresses may be obtained from The Secretary, 29, Queen's Gate.

THE CLINIC.

Patients requiring treatment should make appointments by applying to the Secretary, 29, Queen's Gate.



PRAYER.

AN OPPORTUNITY OF SERVICE.

The opportunity to help a number of the sick and heavy laden, both materially and spiritually, occurs many times a day, both at 29, Queen's Gate, S.W.7., and at Addington Park, in Kent. These people are in need of your help. Will you please give it to them? All you have to do is to take part in one of the Harmony Prayer Circles; they take but half-an-hour of your time, a half-hour during which you will be assisting maybe as many as eighty people.

If you are able to give your time regularly to this work, so much the better, but even if you are only able to manage one half-hour in your lifetime, that help will be greatly appreciated. A list of the prayer circle times of Queen's Gate and Addington Park is printed below and on page 4.

LIST OF CIRCLES HELD AT ADDINGTON

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
10.0/10.30	10.0/10.30	10.0/10.30	10.0/10.30	10.0/10.30	5.30/6.0
12.30/1.0	12.30/1.0	12.30/1.0	12.30/1.0	12.30/1.0	
2.45/3.15	2.45/3.15		2.45/3.15	2.45/3.15	
		5.0/5.30	5.0/5.30		
5.30/6.0	5.30/6.0	5.30/6.0	5.30/6.0	5.30/6.0	
6.0/6.30					Sunday
7.0/7.30	7.0/7.30				6.0/6.30
7.30/8.0					6.30/7.0
8.0/8.30	8.0/8.30		8.0/8.30		
8.15/8.45		8.15/8.45			
					8.30/9.0
				9.0/9.30	9.0/9.30

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10.30/11.0	10.30/11.0	10.30/11.0	10.30/11.0	10.30/11.0
11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30	11.0/11.30
11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0	11.30/12.0
2.30/3.0		2.30/3.0		2.30/3.0
3.0/3.30	3.0/3.30	3.0/3.30		3.0/3.30
3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	3.30/4.0	
5.0/5.30	5.0/5.30			
	6.30/7.0		6.30/7.0	6.30/7.0
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How all these spiritualist seances, these trance addresses, and such things fade into insignificance when you think of what happened on that Easter Day. How little we can do, how much we would if we could! But if you believe that Christ rose and walked the streets, and talked and showed those fishermen where to throw their nets, and that He was just as He was; if you believe that well, need you fear death? Wasn't that the great sign that God gave to the world that men live on? Don't you agree?

Among the histories of all the religions of the world—good, indifferent, and some bad—that event stands out of greater importance than any other. How can your hearts be troubled and your footsteps be weary when you know that there is a living Christ; that He who loved so much is still loving? Why is there fear in your hearts when you can lift up your hand and point towards the Heaven where He dwells, knowing that the speech of your soul passes to His, and He understands; and in the greatness and fullness of His love He is living yet, ready to help, ready to guide, as He did then.

Christ lives to-day, and millions upon millions of those who have loved Him since are still living, for none ever dies. How can anyone not have faith in God if they believe that Christ rose? For it was not Christ that rose on His own, it was God who sent Christ to rise. As He died on the Cross, He cried out: "Lord, Lord, why dost Thou forsake me now?" It was as though God had not only forsaken Him, but had forsaken all those that believed in Him and loved Him. It is a terrible thing for people to lose their faith. It is difficult and very hard for people to get faith, it is a catastrophe to lose it. It is the most precious thing you have—and they had lost theirs! It was not God only forsaking Him on the Cross, it was as though God had forsaken all those that He had loved.

But God had not forsaken them, the hand of God was held out towards the dead Christ, taking His spirit. God just spoke these words. "Wait! Go back and let them see that you are still alive!" And so He did! And so He did! We have nothing more to teach. I can perhaps, by what knowledge I may have, lead you and guide you. I can perhaps unravel some of the mysteries, but I can do little. But if I can bring into your souls that one great truth, that one great reality, that God stood by the side of the Cross of Jesus Christ and took His hand and said: "Wait!"—and that His body was materialised again, and He was clothed again in the flesh; that He walked after death with those that loved Him, I have nothing more to teach.

If Christ lived, you must know that you all live; and if into your hearts I can bring a little of the love that He has given

to me, through the love that I have for you, my time has not been wasted. If I can just lift from your souls the sins of jealousy, envy and uncharitableness, something more has been done. If I can change your lives, and lead you through the power of my speech, or in whatever way God may give me to guide you through the power of my love, I shall know that I have taken you perhaps just one step nearer to His wonderful Kingdom of Heaven.

BOOKS BY "DR. LASCELLES"

The new cheap editions of

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and

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The two first books of talks by "Dr. Lascelles" may be obtained from:—

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ADDINGTON PARK, WEST MALLING, KENT.

West Malling 2214.



This House, with its spacious reception rooms and comfortable bedrooms, offers great attraction to those seeking a peaceful holiday in ideal surroundings.

It is kept as far as possible on the lines of a gentleman's country house, and is essentially not a road house. There are many acres of park land, beautiful gardens, a hard tennis court and a putting green.

Addington Park is within easy reach of London (27 miles), Maidstone, Tunbridge Wells, Canterbury and the South Coast. There are many places of historic interest in the neighbourhood, and for those interested in archaeology there are Neolithic stones in the Park, and others of note within walking distance.

Please write to the Secretary for brochure and tariff.

THE RHYTHM OF EVENTS.

R. E. LEE.

"He is wise indeed who studies the subtle rhythm of events and learns to act accordingly."

We live in a materialistic age when the super-normal is (often justifiably) suspect. The cynic has said, "Blessed is he who believes in nothing, for he shall not suffer deception," and there are many who would feel the bitterness of the remark to be not without reason. Even those of us who are fortunate in the possession of the faculty of Faith are prone to find it falter when our brother is bombed and our sister fears lest worse befall. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

There is a subtle cure for this state of mind, which the Chinese were the first to describe as "Wu-Wei," the literal translation of which is "non-striving." It would serve no useful purpose to discuss Wu-Wei in its esoteric (intuitional) aspect, although its nature may be hinted at in the phrase "intelligent action without motive," or, as a Chinese commentator has described it, "the purposeful performance of an action purposeless." In the exoteric, or intellectual field, however, it is reflected as the policy of conquering by submission rather than by violence, by patience and skill rather than by brute force. We sit loose to life like the cowboy rather than encased in armour like St. George. We show our superior control of circumstances by leading our donkey with a carrot rather than coercing him with a push. We practise Jui-Jitsu in preference to "All-in" wrestling. We wait for the tide rather than push our barge off the mud by more cumbersome means. Looking out on the nations at war we no longer pray "Give peace in our time, oh Lord," but "Give peace in Thy good time, oh Lord."

The familiar phenomena of Nature afford a good example of the working of this process. In the rhythm of the seasons, of growth, of maturity and decay, we see a patient inexorable force which it is not wise to endeavour to arrest, expedite or change. There is a right time and place for all things, and harmony in our hearts will prevail when as the right man we do the right thing at the right time.

First of all, what is the distinguishing mark of the right man? The right man must know, among other things, how to mind his own business. He must know that there is danger in another's duty. He must have his heart full of compassion for the suffering life with which he is surrounded, but he must

watch and pray for the signal from within before he tries to put, what he considers wrong, right.

Come with me into the garden, the park, or the countryside. See the orderly perfection of Nature as she produces her perfect works of art, the buds and the birds and all that is. Examine this crocus and know that we have nothing to teach the Maker. Look on the misery around, and out of that sordid soil see the white flower of spirituality evolving. But look not on that fair lily with the prejudiced eyes of your human nature, for spiritual things must be spiritually discerned. Use the inner faculty of perception that is born of God's nature, which is equally yours, and you will not spoil your appreciation of the Bloom by revulsion at the Soil, though it be fertilised by Soot and Manure. Like a true gardener you will tend the soil, but you will not loathe it, for you will know that, like all else in Nature, it has its rightful place.

Come with me still further and regard this stagnant pool, with rank water and mud that is offensive, emblem of all that is foul and obscene. But already you have forgotten the pool, you are lost in admiration at the beauty of the water-lily resting serene and unsoiled on the surface, roots in filth and petals in sun. A strange emotion stirs you at the feel of a Presence that points in silence at His work, and imbues you by His grace with something of His understanding. The opposites of beauty and ugliness are resolved in a higher aspect of beauty, that is one with truth and goodness. It is the principle of the Trinity in operation. It is the religious experience, and before the effect is lost cast your thoughts where you will and know that the soil on which they rest, be it never so sordid, is hallowed ground.

As we accept the fact of evil in this way we become increasingly competent to deal with it. That is to say, we cease to use our limited intelligence on the subject, we wait for guidance from within. This prevents us rushing in like fools where angels fear to tread, and enables the Law to be accomplished; it permits of God's will being done.

One aspect of this Law may be expressed in the terms that every problem carries within itself the seeds of its own solution. The seeds, however, require to be carefully tended, or they die. Careful attention implies putting them in the Father's care, and then acting as the Spirit moves.

Let me give a concrete example, typical of the times. The man who is temperamentally a conscientious objector is "called up," and is thereby faced with the problem, to fight or not to fight. He knows war to be evil, yet he thinks it may be his duty to take part in it. He is undecided, and while only anxious to do the right thing, he cannot make up his mind which way his real duty lies.

It is only natural that the problem should occur because the factors involved, in common with all factors in all similar problems, lie far below the surface of consciousness. The present is merely a slice of eternity, and the man at the moment is the expression of age-long evolution. What he does now is the fruit of all that has gone before, and his attitude will show the degree of his spiritual maturity. If he be truly wise he will realise that spiritual problems transcend the intellectual plane, and cannot be resolved by any process of ideation. He will leave the solution in the hands of his Maker, and act according to the circumstance of the moment.

Superficially this sounds delightfully vague, but actually it is intensely practical. By letting go all personal interference he permits the forces of impersonal nature to come into their own, and their voice is harmony.

Words cannot convey the truth of the above. Only experience brings spiritual realisation. In the case of our objector he should realise that God's ways are not his ways, nor are God's thoughts his thoughts. He should know that "evil is to him who evil thinks." Let him then think less and pray more. Let him humbly and reverently say "Thy will be done," and drink the cup, be it on the battlefield if circumstance leads him to that particular cross. Above all, let him not be deceived, God is not mocked, and all things, consciously or unconsciously, work together for that higher good that is above the man-made distinction of the Pairs of Opposites.

He who has so relinquished the separate discrimination of the personal self is now ready to do the right thing, and the right thing is the job that comes to hand, provided it be his own job. Better far one's own duty imperfectly done than that of someone else well done. Again be not deceived, opportunities for service will not be lacking to him who deliberately refrains from officious interference in another's affairs, and with each opportunity will come the inner voice which, with ever-increasing clearness, will give the awaited signal, "This is your cup, drink it."

By thus awaiting the signal the third requisite, that of doing the right thing at the right time, will be complied with. The baby who is taught to walk before its strength is sufficiently developed suffers deformity. Innumerable analogies of the need for doing things at the right time will present themselves on a moment's thought, but in each case it is necessary to know the true facts before the appropriate time can be determined. Sometimes it is simple, as when the milk is boiling over and we know it is time to turn out the gas. Here we know what to do and how to do it, but when human passions boil over we no longer are in a position to judge of what action is indicated, for the

fires that light them are deep buried in the Unconscious. So with all problems affecting human nature, we are playing with fire when we attempt to deal with them by our own limited understanding, and try to force the issues by agitated insistence on a solution in line with our own desires. Results are likely to be as damnable as those incurred by the death penalty, or as futile as the war that is made to end war. Only God knows best, and He deals with problems in a way that is as mysterious as it is effective. They simply disappear, in the sense that they lose their urgency and finally their very self-nature; the problem is a problem no longer.

Even so may we deal with the problem of our own self-nature. Here we are on the threshold of Mystery, and the approach, even as the experience, must be individual.

I pause for long minutes, pen in hand. How shall I take you further, those of you who care to come? Yet I can but try. May this meditation be blessed . . .

Eyes closed and body relaxed. Whose body? Mine perhaps, but is the hair on the head mine? When the barber cuts it I feel no loss. Similarly when the gardener trims my hedge I feel no loss. As with the hair, so with the hedge, mine yet not mine.

When I feel pain is it my pain? Perhaps, but even so the pain felt by my child is felt equally by me. Were she at the other side of the world her pain would be my pain, and her joy my joy. A while ago I saw a dog run over, and the hurt was mine own. Who then am I? I open my eyes and follow the curve of my arm to where it ends at the finger-tips, but as the eyes close again my inner gaze wanders on and encompasses the arm of the chair and then the room and the town, country, world, universe, and I know that I AM. The sin and shame of the world is my sin and shame, and the glory of the sunset and sacrifice is my glory. Peace ineffable pervades my being because though I am the all, yet I am "not this, not this." As space pervades objects, so I pervade phenomena, one with them though not identified. The shouts of the warriors and the complaints of my personal self merge into a mighty harmony and I know I AM THAT. Yet the goal is still "not this, not this." The harmony turns to praise, and the praise to ecstasy, and the ecstasy to peace, utter and profound. Silence reigns, a Silence which is the synthesis of all sound. A Light shines which is not of the world. What can I say . . . what *can* I say . . . ?

A little figure steals into the room, embarrassed at finding me so still. "It's all right, Daddy," she says, "it's only me."

I turn and regard her attentively. "Darling," I correct her, "it is I."

THE HARMONY PRAYER CIRCLES.

The infinite power of prayer is being proved daily, year in, year out, by some thousands of people who are linking up with The Harmony Prayer Circles.

Letters are constantly pouring in to our office telling of cures of medically incurable diseases, of the alleviation of pain, of sanity restored, of material help being obtained, of lives being changed.

Prayer—the only true panacea—can answer all your problems, whether they be of health, or of a spiritual, or of a material nature. We are firmly convinced that no one in need can fail to obtain help through prayer; that is, if it is approached in the right way. Many times each day in small chapels, set aside and consecrated for this work, short half-hour services are held for the sick and heavy laden. Simple, appropriate prayers are said for those being prayed for—about eighty people at each service. These services are called circles because the people taking part in them—not more than six at each service—sit around an altar.

At the same time that a circle is being held, the people who are being prayed for at that particular circle, say the same prayers in the privacy of their own homes. This procedure we term linking. It is not essential that patients should link themselves, this can be done for them by their relatives or friends.

This is the method of approach that we advocate and use. We do not, however, claim it is the only way or approach. All we claim is that it is an effective one, as the reports printed below show.

For convenience of our readers an application form is enclosed with each magazine.

As this work is supported entirely by voluntary donations no financial responsibility is undertaken by joining the prayer circles.

A booklet describing this work more fully will be sent on application to Mrs. M. A. Simpson, H.P.C., Addington Park, West Malling, Kent.

DO YOU NEED HELP ?

If you are in need of help please write to us. If you know others who need help tell them of our work, or send us their names and addresses so that we can post them particulars of the Harmony Prayer Circles.

PNEUMONIA. INTERNAL TROUBLE.

"You will be glad to know that the miracle has happened, and the baby is now out of danger. He now weighs nine pounds four ounces, I am told."

TUBERCULOSIS.

"A year ago Mr. M. asked help from 'The Seekers' on my behalf. I was desperately ill at the time. How can I thank you all? My recovery has been miraculous. At the best, by human standards, I could only have hoped to live the circumscribed life of an invalid. But I am racing towards complete recovery. It means so much to me to live an active life for I have many duties and interests. My last X-ray examination showed a tubercular lesion in each lung—HEALED.

"God bless you and thank you all, from the bottom of my heart."

INTERNAL BLEEDING DUE TO A FALL. HAS HAD SEVERAL OPERATIONS WITHOUT SUCCESS.

"In all the 25 years I have known him, I have never seen him better—it is a marvellous recovery and a wonder to us all."

TUBERCULOSIS.

"I have great news for you—a fortnight ago I attended the Sanatorium for my treatment, only to be told the lung is fully expanded and no more treatment necessary.

"I was given an X-ray which was quite clear, no evidence of disease anywhere. I would like to describe my feelings, but it is almost impossible, I am elated yet humble to think I, ordinary me, am the subject of a miracle; that it is a miracle one cannot doubt.

"Just before Christmas I was down for re-admission to the Sanatorium—an X-ray revealed trouble on the lung which was being treated.

"Words are so inadequate when one wants to say thank you for being alive. I owe my life to God, but how you have eased the struggle."

EPILEPTIC FITS.

"I am thankful to say our little girl is very much better, and has only had one attack since linking; and that was three months ago."

B.-COLI INFECTION OF KIDNEY.

" I am very pleased to say that I am quite well now, having been completely cured of my kidney trouble."

ISCHIORECTAL ABSCESS.

" My sister, whom I had entered on the Circle of Prayer, writes to say that her ischiorectal abscess, which discharged continually for two years, is perfectly healed."

SPIRITUAL UPLIFTMENT. VERY ILL FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

" My friend has so greatly improved in health and spirits that I could hardly realise she was the same person when I saw her after a parting of six months."

NERVOUS DISORDER. BEDFAST. DOCTORS CANNOT DIAGNOSE.

" I am so glad to be able to tell you that my friend has made a splendid recovery, and is now back at her school—and also renewing many of her gracious activities. She appears to be rid of her mysterious complaint of nerves, and her normal brightness has returned. I always feel towards your circle an immense staying power, not just something for when we desparately need help, but a something that is always there. I do want to thank you so very much."

RHEUMATISM AND HEART TROUBLE. MATERIAL NEEDS.

" Words fail to express my gratitude sufficiently to God and our Beloved Master for all the blessings we have received since our names have been on the Friday Prayer Circle. My aged mother has not been so well for many years, in fact, this winter she has not had bronchitis and been compelled often to sit up all night for fear she would choke. She even goes to bed later, and sleeps peacefully all night. We realise spiritual upliftment has been given us, also all our material needs have been supplied."

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.

" I feel so grateful to your Prayer Circle. My rheumatism has completely vanished. Just a miracle! "

PROTECTION FROM UNPLEASANT VISIONS.

" She is completely cured of her trouble, and I'm sure is happier than she's ever been in her life, and very much helped in every way."

MENTAL TROUBLE—IN MENTAL HOME.

“ I am very pleased to say that I have got her here as my maid. It is a wonderful cure. She has been in the Home for more than two years. Now she is quite normal and a wonderful person.”

PREGNANCY. SERIOUSLY ILL.

“ This case created great interest amongst the medical profession, as it is said that the majority would have considered her condition hopeless, and not worth while operating. You can imagine how grateful we all are to you and the Circle, and the dear friends on the other side. It was such a comfort to me to be able to send you an S.O.S. when she became ill so suddenly.”

HEALTH.

“ I am writing to ask you to take off D's name from the Circle. I am very pleased to be able to say that she seemed very fit when I saw her, and is so much calmer. She looks ten years younger, and has lost the strained appearance she used to have.”

BRONCHI ECTASIS.

“ As you know, my case before your linking was very, very hopeless, and expert surgeons had arranged the most serious operation in surgery.

“ After this they decided that the operation was not necessary, and that I could be treated as an out-patient. So imagine my amazement and joy in November when what seemed a miracle happened, the Head Surgeon told me that I am so improved I need not attend hospital at all.”

THE BANISHMENT OF FEAR.

(Concluded from page 32.)

So the first lesson I would give to the fearful is to feel that there is a Father guiding them and looking after them and cherishing them, and I would always keep that thought in mind, until gradually the soul built up the positive vibrations of courage and dampens down the negative vibration of fear. And as fear goes faith grows, and the God that is in you develops in your life. Where disharmony reigns, peace comes, and something of His Kingdom of Heaven.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

“ DR. LASCELLES.”

I am taking the first line of the most beautiful Psalm ever written: “ The Lord is my Shepherd ”—and I am treating it, not as I have treated it before, but taking that line from the rest of the Psalm; and trying to show you how God is the Shepherd of the World. “ I shall not want.” God is the universal Provider of all that is needful in life—the universal Provider for the whole of the Universe.

Your hearts should not be weighed down by the troubles that beset the World to-day, they should be uplifted, knowing that you have such a friend; One who will guide you and guard you through the whole of life on this earth, through these test periods through which you all have to pass; bringing you eventually into the fold of the family to which you belong, back into peace and happiness; back into the power that will enable you to do work that is so worth while—work that will eventually aid to form the new World out of the wreck of the old.

But there is something that we have to do—there is something that it is necessary for us to do. We have to keep in the fold. There are many wolves outside the fold ready to devour us, but as long as we keep within the sight of that Shepherd, keep within His love and within the power that He has over us life will change and happiness, which all men seek, will be found.

Let us see in what direction we are liable to wander. Let us imagine that we are in a fold, that each has his or her own individuality, and that there is great temptation to wander. There is a curiosity that comes to us to know what is outside the fold. We think that perhaps the grass will be greener and the feeding will be better. We can hardly believe that within that fold happiness really lies, because we are all of us born with peculiarities towards sin. Then, entering into the fold come temptations and difficulties to lead us astray; and it is with these difficulties and with these temptations that I am dealing now; so that the shepherding of the Lord may come in all its fullness to you, who need Him so very much at this time in the World's history. I want you to realise that it is true that God does shepherd the Universe, and while you remain in His fold and believe in Him and love Him, He will guard you and love you—you have nothing to fear. Ah, fear! The wolves approach the fold, and there is a stampede, and those that are afraid rush away into unknown depths of despair and are liable to become

engulfed in the misery that fear has made. What a tremendous lot there is to be afraid of to-day! Think of all the things of which you can be, and no doubt are, afraid. You are afraid of losing the wherewithal that makes for the comfort that you have been used to in the past. You are afraid of being maimed or of losing your lives.

You are afraid of hearing of the sorrows and the distress of others who are suffering during these times. You are afraid, if you have children, for your children; and those of you who have children as friends or the children of near relations, you are afraid for them. You are afraid of being hurt in body and in soul. Sufficient unto you is the day, but the awfulness of tomorrow is always looming up, making the day desolate through fear. So you are liable to run away from the fold, to hide yourself somewhere else, where you think there may be protection.

God seems so remote and unreal, and you are utterly alone. You cling on to the things that are around you with clutching hands, as if they are the only suitable things that are left, afraid all the time that these things may be taken away. It is not good to have fear, for a frightened sheep may stampede the whole field. Fear is a most insidious thing, for it enters into the hearts of all that come near it. So you are afraid. But the Shepherd says that you shall not want; and all these things that you are afraid of losing, the Shepherd promises that you shall keep and you shall have; or if you don't have those particular things you will have the equivalent that will make for your happiness. How true it all is if you could only believe it—how you would just simply take the mantle of fear that darkens your countenance, hiding it from the sight of God, and throw it away and say: "I trust God, what does it matter? I can face up to life with the surety that His promise will be kept. I am not afraid."

There are people that have the natural fear of losing their lives. They are young, there is so much more in the World for them to know and to see, they have not touched yet what they consider is happiness. They have so much to develop, so much they want to do. And there is a war! Against all the inclinations they may have in their own hearts they have to fight. They are ordered to go, and they have to face the distress and difficulties and the horrors that they have mostly engendered in their own minds. They are a little afraid, afraid of the Unknown; but God is a Shepherd, you need have no fear. Believe in Him and love Him, and He will protect and guard you. He has not put you in the flesh just to have that flesh destroyed, and brought back to Him. Not at all! You need not be afraid.

It is all the little niggling fears that come into life that seem so big, that seem to loom so large; but surely if you believe that the Lord is your Shepherd, and that you shall not want, there is nothing of which to be afraid. Either He keeps His promise or there is no God; and if you take the World's history, you find that those who have really loved Him, who have really depended on Him, and who have allowed their souls to be guarded and guided by Him, in the history of such people it is proved how true it is that He guarded and guided them, and will guard and guide you.

Then there are sheep that will wander out into unknown places, and because they want to be a little bit better than the rest of the flock, they consider themselves superior. They are vain and selfish. It does not matter about the rest as long as they stand alright themselves. They have no real tie towards the rest of humanity, they are possessive, and hold on to the world's possessions. They do not really love God, they cannot; they love themselves too well, they have none to spare for Him. Do they find all things added to them, or do they always feel a thirst and a hunger for something else? You know that they are always hungry and always thirsty. They have no real happiness.

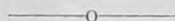
They are always searching for something that will give them more power, they always want to have the plaudits of their own little world, they want to assert themselves, and they feel that the rest of the sheep are trying to push them out of the way and trying to get from them their place in the fold. So in time they cease to be happy where they are, and go away seeking new places—only to find that in those places they cannot find the sweet manna from Heaven with which God feeds them, but that they are places where there is only stone and bare rocks, and the light that shines from God ceases to shine in their hearts. They are in the land of despair.

All these temptations that beset one are ways apart from God. Why not accept Him, why not cease being what you are and be what God would have you be. I am not all that God would have me be, but I am not foolish enough to stray away; I know how God looks after me, as I know how God will look after you.

Pray to Him often, and when you pray, pray to Him as Christ prayed, as to a father. Get into your souls the reality of the Fatherhood of God, a Father who is a Shepherd—a Father who has the fatherhood and the motherhood of the World; who knows you, who sees you, who is longing to guide you in the right path, who is longing to keep you in His fold—a Father with a heart big enough to take the whole of the World, and the

whole of the Universe into it, a Father who is just and strong—who can smile at beauty and can weep at ugliness.

In remembering that, and in feeling that, and in praying, knowing that that is so, let the fullness of His love enter into your hearts. Throw off all these silly shackles. Get away from all these temptations. Breathe His Godly air into your lungs as you throw off the mantle of fear. Go forward, telling others, helping others, and by the example of your life show to others what God really means to you. It is true. Happiness is not only just around the corner, it can be right here in this place. Peace in a warring World that is beyond anything you have ever dreamed of can be here.



BOOK REVIEW.

“ THREE FAMOUS MYSTICS.”

“ Saint Martin,” by A. E. Waite, D.Litt.,

“ Jacob Boehme,” by W. P. Swainson,

“ Swedenborg,” by W. P. Swainson.

Rider 192 p.p., 5/- net.

This book is the last in a series dealing with the lives of famous alchemists, occultists and mystics.

Mr. A. E. Waite has written a scholarly account of his chosen subject, which will no doubt be of considerable interest to those interested in the historical and biographical side of mysticism, but which the general reader may find somewhat tedious. In short, an account which makes up in erudition what it lacks in what we may describe as “ box-office appeal.”

Mr. W. P. Swainson, on the other hand, while falling somewhat short of his distinguished colleague as regards style, is yet more calculated to hold the interest of the average reader of this magazine, dealing as he does with the ideas and visions of the two mystics, Boehme and Swedenborg, in a popular manner.

The book is admirably suited to those requiring an introduction to the persons of the three mystics prior to taking up a serious study of their works,

"The Seekers"

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THE CHALLENGE OF CHRIST.

By ARTHUR LAMSLEY.

These are days when it is well to get away for a few hours upon some far hill-top, or upon some secluded cliff-rock, facing seawards, on a lonely coast, and, in the calm stillness of unfettered space, think deep about the things that matter, and those which, moreover, will help to re-create this war-broken, utterly weary world.

Cloistered, high up and far away from fevered city life, between hill and sea, breathing deep of virgin air, soothed by the fretful, sun-splashed breeze, feeling, in one fleeting moment, the nearness and farness of the blue heaven, one's vision of world-things becomes suddenly clear, intensified, made alive by its feeding upon the vastness of space. It is in this silence that great things are born, made new, appearing first as thoughts floating out of some intelligent void.

One's mind moves slowly at first; then, as it gains contact with healing nature, eyes are opened by the sudden uprush of subliminal consciousness within ourselves, and in a twinkling we are confronted with a right perspective of the state of the world and the muddled affairs of mankind.

From this hiding-place in the clouds we see the breaking up of much that we have been used to look upon as permanent, and in its place a definite unrest, warlike and destructive, has set in amongst all peoples. Society is in a state of chaotic uncertainty, thrones and governments, material symbols of stability, have tottered and fallen. False pride and arrogance has been thrust into a welter of blood and tears, and even now carries on its ignorant masquerade by clinging to the darkness of black hatred. At first sight all seems to be buried 'neath the curse of destruction. Yet this very destruction is the hope of mankind—it is the challenge of Christ.

It is a destruction of form only, those forms which fitted the pre-war order of things, and their breaking is significant of a great change which has set in. It is another repetition of the well-known words: "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." The task of this generation is to build new forms suited to the new age in which we live.

As we look beyond the mere physical it is destruction of illusion only. None of the real things, the great sentiments and virtues, essential to mankind's well-being, are destroyed, but only those false barriers, hideous trenches, wrong thoughts,

selfish habits, that war against the soul. This process of change must mean a time of pain. As all life is one in Christ, so this destructive spirit is paramount amongst all nations. In the past there has been a refusal to admit this unity of humanity. Nations, like individuals, have thought of themselves only as separate entities, not part of a great human whole. This persistent untruth brought in the end its own destruction.

Now we live in days of travail, of great possibility of spiritual advancement, of new birth, when a wonderful opportunity is being given to accept the challenge of Christ. What is this challenge? In the stillness of your hill-top throne listen a moment! Deep in human consciousness lies hidden an inherent recognition of the tremendous fact that all men are brethren.

This fact is observable at present, as it has been in times past, when humanity has been faced with grave danger and there has been need of common action. False distinctions of nation, class, creed or colour, pale before the greater human love which binds all mankind. It is so to-day. A new conception of mankind is awake, born of the challenge of Christ, and making for brotherhood. This understanding of man's nobility must of necessity liberate forces of destruction that must shatter the false barriers which separate him from his spiritual heritage.

One by one the old false gods of creed and self-worship are being destroyed. From this hill-top we can see that the opposing forces to destruction cannot answer the challenge of Christ, nor can they accept the test of Christianity. It is a mighty battle. Never before in the history of modern man has there been such a war waged in the cause of the Christ. Never before have so many signs of victory been seen in the upward trend of man's thought. Never has destruction done its work better, for the idols it is knocking down were barriers to the coming of God.

In all progressive thought, indications are not lacking to prove that, at last, we are beginning to realise the answer to the old prophet Malachi's potent query, "Have we not all one father?" Harmonious human relationships can only be enjoyed in proportion as we recognise that God is the Father of us all.

It is the challenge of Christ which compels men to recognise each other as brethren. When this challenge becomes part of the conscious life of mankind then we shall have the day of His coming—springing up from within the heart of man.

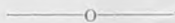
But our hill-top vision shows there is much to be done. It is in no spirit of foolish optimism that we leave the watch-tower and mix again with the life of the city, but in one of chastened faith. A renewed faith which is at once practical optimism, and capable of being demonstrated in the everyday

life of the world. In the crowded streets we see the same feud of rich and poor, the same injustice seems to parade unchecked, the same hypocrisy seems to be rampant, stunting the reign of good: in the outer world, nation is still against nation, people against people, but above all these cries louder and more insistent, there is to be heard the challenge of Christ, the loud, fearless protest of righteous indignation on the part of Christian men and women. Their protest is being heard. From far and wide comes the answering echo, from the ends of the earth comes the assurance of His gentle cry: "I . . . I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." Christ in the hearts of zealous men and women of every nation is giving the challenge, taking the offensive, and His righteous destruction is afoot.

Understanding of the greater needs of mankind comes in like proportion as we accept the challenge. We are enabled to see these needs in everyday life, both nationally and internationally, and commence to right wrongs in the spirit of friendship. A clarified vision sees brotherhood a fact in life, an answer to the challenge of Christ.

"Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
 For where love dwells, the peace of God is there:
 To worship rightly is to love each other;
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

A.T.L.



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THE BANISHMENT OF FEAR.

“ DR. LASCELLES.”

Man does his best to view the shape of the more important things in life logically. In my opinion, death is as important—if not more important—than life; but let us say that death is as important as life. All religions deal with a way of life, so that death should be as perfect as life can make it. In the eastern religions—and, of course, in the Christian religion—all kinds of cruelty were committed, and human sacrifices were made to appease the gods; not only that they might make life more easy for those who committed those cruelties and sacrifices, but that the gods would see that those that committed them would have special favours given to them in a heaven of which they knew nothing. That, of course, is ignorance.

The main idea in the minds of men was that if one can only attract as many of one's own fellows as possible to one's own belief, then one is doing a great favour to the gods, who will grant great favours in return. So we have the persecution of the heretics, the burning of witches, and the horrible sacrifices of early Hinduism. We have the Mahomedan ideas of either conversion or death, and so on. If you read carefully into these religions you do not find that the teachers ask for these sacrifices—these always come afterwards. Most of those teachers abhor cruelty, but cruelty followed because death was important, most important to those early religious. Their place after death was sought after with great fervour.

Well, we have gone a little beyond that—not very far, but a little further. I suppose you would say, looking at this war from a non-religious point of view, that this war is because man wants something from his neighbour. It boils down to that. It may be power he needs, it may be land. It may be wealth. Man in the mass wishes to have the thing that belongs to his neighbour, and this his neighbour resists, and his resistance takes the form of war. Most wars in the past had a religious basis, and nearly all of them were religious wars. They took their neighbour's land and killed as many of their neighbours as they could, while they held up the crucifix. Their enemies were heathens, and they felt they ought to be taught to love Christ. So they took their land and then tried to convert them to their religion: that was the excuse they made for taking the land. Religion has always been used for war purposes up to within a hundred years ago. Death is important to man, and yet men do not want to know very much about it. They are rather

afraid of it for two reasons, one is that it is unproved and unknown, and, secondly, if they get their deserts it is going to be very uncomfortable. There may be a third reason, and yet those who have the third reason do not seem to be so much afraid.

That reason may be that they do not believe that the dead live, they believe they are completely blotted out. That may be a fear that is engendered in the young, but you do not find that fear in older people, people who have had experience of life. They would much sooner face a blotting out than the consequences of retribution for their deeds on earth. The interest of the average person in God is not very great. Many of the priests do not understand the meaning of all the ritual of the Church, and very few of the congregation do; so the ritual of which you do not understand the meaning becomes nothing but a kind of pantomimic play-acting, there is no soul, no depth in it. People may find it affects their sense of beauty, but it does not bring them nearer to God.

Then if you take out from your religion all the ritual, you have something that is bitterly cold, something that has no warmth in it. As a Mahommedan in the flesh said to me: "Your Christ is so cold." What did he mean by that? He had been enquiring into Christianity through the hands of a Nonconformist missionary, and he felt that Christ was so cold, there was no warmth in it. Ritual certainly gives warmth to religion, but does it bring you any nearer to God, does it make you any more interested in Him? Is it not a fact that some High Church people are more interested in the colour and sound of things on the material plane than they are interested in God?

If you make Christ cold, does not that take away from your interest in Him? I think it does. Really there is not much interest in Christ or God in the Christianity of to-day. I do not see how there can be, there is too much taken for granted, there is so little fact and so much theory. People know very well that in reading the New Testament they cull from it great literary beauty, and if they follow its teaching they become supermen and women; but mostly in reading the New Testament the average person says: "Well, of course it cannot be done, you cannot live in this world and follow that teaching and still exist; it is quite impossible, it is like trying to follow in the footsteps of the hero of a fairy story, it is outside human experience, and it is no good following it in part, we must follow it as a whole." They will not take any particular part of the teaching to follow, they must follow it as a whole—and that is impossible. So they do not trouble very much about it, they take the rather simple and easy way, if they are religious, and leave that to their clergyman. That is what he is paid for; that is what he has

taken holy orders to do. It is his job, so they put their spiritual lives into the hands of a priest of the Church, and they do very very little about it themselves. Instead of the clergy of the Church being leaders of the people, they are the props of State; and the people take them as props on which to lean, that their spiritual lives may be looked after. They put their spiritual lives in what they consider very good hands, and beyond that, their interest is finished. God really does not mean much to the average man.

There are some—I dare say you have met quite a number of them—who can look you straight in the face and tell you that of course they believe in God, and they believe in Christ. If you ask them why, I think you will find that they will start to stutter a bit, and find some great difficulty in answering you, but they know they do. They believe in God, because something outside themselves tells me it is true. Those people are really interested in God, they may try and explain the reason why they believe in Him by the material beauties in His Universe, but there is something more. It would not matter what religion those people belonged to, they would still believe in God; they would not believe in Him because they happened to be Baptists or Wesleyans, or members of the Church of England, or Roman Catholics. They have something that makes them believe, something that makes them certain. It is as though they have taken so much interest in God that God has taken an interest in them, and that interest has given them what you call faith. If you ask them if they believe in life after death, they look upon you as someone to be pitied because of your lack of faith. They cannot understand why you do not; it is as though they are talking to somebody who has some sense missing. It is like trying to explain the scent of a rose to a man who has never had any sense of smell. It is like trying to explain a sunset to a person who has been born blind. They know it, they can always tell it, but they cannot explain it.

Now, has religion given those particular people this faith? Supposing these people had been born to parents who were atheistic, and supposing they had been kept entirely away from all religion. If they had been taught nothing, would they still have faith in God? Would they still believe that they would live after death? I can answer that question with conviction. They would seek to know, they would find something in nature that would satisfy the seeking spirit, they would not be satisfied until the God that was in them had communicated with the God that was without. Christ was the first seeker in your religious belief. He stepped out of His carpenter's shop, dissatisfied with the Jewish religion, dissatisfied with the priestcraft of the temples of His own land. He stepped out to look for God—there is no

doubt about that—but He knew God lived; He knew God was His Father in heaven. The Jewish religion did not teach Him that God was in Heaven, and that God was His Father, or that God was love. Christ went seeking a long way; He went into other countries. He studied other religious views, He learnt a great deal about the mysticism of Persia, and He learnt still more about Egypt. From about the age of fifteen to the age of thirty He was seeking. He was just such a one as the Seekers after truth who really know God, and I suppose the one who has no faith would say: "Well, aren't they lucky? I wish I could have faith like that."

If you look into the eyes of these people that have this faith—and I know you have met them—you notice that there is something else, courage. Now what comes first, courage or faith? I would say without a doubt that faith comes first. All people have the grain of faith in their souls, there is no doubt about that. You cannot be born of God and have nothing of God in you; you are part of His creation, and so you must have something of God in you—and God surely is faith, and faith is God, and faith is the development of God in the soul. Most people have a very hungry God in their souls, a God that needs feeding to grow; and the food is love, selflessness, the right kind of humility. It wants something more than food; it wants that inner strength that only courage can give. Yes, your friends with the religious outlook on life that have so much faith that they are not afraid, those people had the same faith as you have.

It is in them as it is in you, but maybe and more than likely your faith is dimmed because of your lack of courage. Develop your courage and your faith will shine through. And what do I mean by this word Courage. "Be not afraid and know that I am God." Be not afraid! You see, Fear is not a sin, but it is a thing that in the mind of man brings forth great pity for those who see it. I am more sorry for the people that are afraid than I am for those who have diseased bodies, for fear is one of the worst diseases of the mind. Fear shuts you out from so much that you might have, fear dims the eyes, so that the beauty of God's creation is closed from sight. So fear, as I say, shuts away faith; but the faith is still there, the interest in God may not be active, but it is still static in the soul. It is because the people of the early religions were so afraid that they used the methods of cruelty that they did use; for if they had had no fear, they would have been kind.

Is there any panacea for fear? One comes up against such great difficulties when dealing with that particular disease of the soul, of the mind. It is an easy thing to diagnose, but it is a most difficult thing to cure. We must find a way of curing

it; it is so insidious. Fear locks up faith. One cannot say have faith and you will not be afraid, because you have to release fear before faith comes. Is there a way out; is there any hope for those that are afraid? Yes, I am sure there is, I know there is. Most people are more afraid of life than they are afraid of death. Those who are afraid of death can keep death in the background. You have met those people who will not talk about death, they will never go to a funeral, they are afraid of death, but they can keep it in the background. Life is full enough to dim the very idea of death.

Maybe they go through many years like that, but what about those that are afraid of life? Life is all around them, it is so real, so ever present. There are so many complications, so many things that might happen, and the things that might happen are more fearful than the things that do happen. The imagination is so sensitive—so terribly sensitive. The catastrophes that happen to their neighbours are almost brought into the orbit of their own family lives, and you will very often find that the people who love intensely have the most fear. They love so intensely that they are afraid for those they love. That is how fear starts, and would I have them love less, so that they would fear less? No; certainly not!

We have to find another way out, and I think there is a way out. Get sufficient people afraid of a disease and it will be pretty sure to grow. It seems that fear is a vibration, it has an etheric condition, and the sensitivity of the mind of man is played on, not harmoniously, but by the vibrations of this fear. So we get back to the vibratory theory, and how one can create positive vibrations acting against the negative vibrations of fear. One positive vibration is belief. Belief in anything is positive, belief in prayer is positive, but you very often find that the one who has fear says: "Oh, if only such and such a thing could happen?" Why is it so important that such and such a thing should happen? They say they would then have faith, but my answer to that is that what they are really seeking is such and such a thing to happen so that they shall have no fear. Faith is a secondary consideration, fear is the primary. The way to get rid of fear is to have positive thought, on all things. As I say, believe in prayer. Have positive thought about God. Christ tried to teach His disciples and His followers what I am trying to teach you now. They were very afraid, and He tried to teach them about God, He tried to make God very real to them, someone they could turn to for help. So Christ spoke of God as a Father, as a kind person; one to go to when one was afraid—not a God that would punish one for being afraid, but one who would act just as a father would act.

(Concluded on page 18.)