



MARCH APRIL

Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A.

1935

It is the Thought for Tomorrow that Shapes Great Nations: not Brute Force.

“Give Tomorrow a Voice Today.”  
 “Prevent Rather than Cure.”  
 “Let us shape Tomorrow’s Generation rather than patch up Yesterday’s mistakes.”

**GIVE IT A THOUGHT**

**GOOD FRIDAY:**

The day Christ gave up his life  
 That we all might live in his love.  
 For only by His death  
 Could he explain the secrets of life.

**EASTER:**

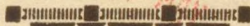
The birthday of immortality,  
 The day of the resurrection of hope  
 and faith.

MARCH: The Waken-  
 ing Month.  
 Sometimes the Spring  
 seems slow to waken  
 . . . and so do we;  
 But let us waken with  
 the Spring, not lag  
 behind.

APRIL: Nature wakes  
 in tears of joy that  
 cleanse and baptize  
 its newborn soul.  
 He who hears not the  
 Voice of Nature  
 Hears not the Voice  
 of God.

**The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY**

**“The Missing Third”**



A friend of mine, short-cutting through lumber country toward an Indian Reservation, was told to follow the “right hand peggy line” which he would find at the old fork hidden in the underbrush just beyond a deserted camp. This would lead to a sink-hole halfway over the stretch in which a well had been sunk. It was the only chance for water in the section.

Relying on this he did not fill his canteen with water from the small lake at his last camp, because the water was stagnant. It did not occur to him that there might be three “peggy” lines from the overgrown fork. He discovered and followed the right-hand one of the left-hand two. This was the middle trail. It petered out in dense underbrush and he got lost, nearly thirsting to death—the price we all pay in life for similar failure to realize that there is no dilemma without a “third way out”.

Throughout life, where things are not as they should be, we will sooner or later stumble over “The Missing Third”. Man embodies phenomena comparable to a three-cylinder engine, and wonders what is wrong when he limps along on two. He takes his physical spark-plug apart, when does his mental spark-plug, when

both are O. K. It never seems to occur to him that his spiritual spark-plug of intuition is fouled, short-circuited, all smoked over. Have you ever tried to support a camera with less than three legs of a tripod?

Man is a triune being, but one-third of the average man’s mind is still asleep. He may have glimmers, but he lacks the rounded viewpoint of “Prevenience,” which is the third way out.

Dualism, while involving a fundamental truth on the material plane, leads astray by engendering the common error of regarding as separate things that which is inseparable, or opposite poles of the same thing. It is impossible to separate the north and south poles of a magnet. The attempt to do so either destroys both or produces two magnets, each with a north pole and a south pole. Heat and cold, big and small, good and bad, are but different degrees of the same “thing,” introducing the law of Relativity and Time, which in no way separates things, as the human mind is apt to suppose.

There are in reality no definite slices of life which we can count out like cards, saying this is Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Yester-



## The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journalette  
of Preventive Thought

By  
JOSEPH A. SADONY

Forerunner to the  
VOICE OF TOMORROW  
Official Organ for  
The International Preventive League



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By Joseph A. Sadony

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### COMING ARTICLES

"The Art of Competition"

By  
Wayne King

Our good friend Mr. King has not only given the world a type of music that will never be forgotten, but because of his philosophical understanding, has controlled and improved the lives of more people than will ever be realized. The above article contains much food for thought, and gives a view on "competition" that is seen only by those who have a "wide range of vision".

"A Universal Language of Thought"

By  
Joseph A. Sadony

Demonstrates the psychological requirements of a world tongue.

day, Today and Tomorrow, one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. The boy is not a different "thing" than the man. The egg and the hen are inseparable, not only from the hatching of the egg to the growth of the hen, but the chain unbroken, though the link invisible, from the hen to the egg of the next generation.

The answer to the question as to which came first, the egg or the hen, is "neither." What came first is that "missing third" which is the common origin of both, and which encompasses and includes both, as the magnet, the beginning and the end, the north and south pole of the same thing.

To himself man still remains a mystery because the solution lies back of his own eyes where is hid and protected the seed of his own identity as neither "body" nor "mind," but that missing third which includes and explains them both as atoms of a trijunctional phenomena which is daily illustrated before his eyes in the body of Nature, the unseen "Intelligence" which he sees manifest therein, naming it "God," and in the meeting, fusing-point of these two in human life. A single God, and yet triune, with an aspect of Creation, an aspect of Preservation, and an aspect of Transformation.

In dualism lies the confusion and

### THE SHADOW OF A GOD

If you have a casting, there must have been a mold, even though destroyed. A designer drew that pattern, the cabinet maker made it, or the moulder poured it, and you possess that result, your body with its individuality stamped upon your character.

Who designed you or the children you gave birth to without your efforts save the union that produced the complete pattern involuntarily without your designs save love or discord?

Can you say that alcohol is perishable because it evaporates from out of our sight or senses? The senses are limited materially and are responsible as to the understanding of spirit. If our reason needs material evidence (which constitutes reason and logic), how can one discern that which is not material in its passing (evaporation)?

ignorance of the mind of man. Tracing the evolution of civilization and psychology, we see the pendulum of progress swinging back and forth between simplicity and complexity, monism and dualism. Man seems slow to suspect, swinging at the end of this pendulum of "Time," that if he ascended that mental radius to the apex of the triangle he would find that eternity of mortality which constitutes "Time." He would find the point where motion ceases and where motion is born, where the universe can be, indeed is, encompassed and contained on the head of a pin. If you doubt it, consider the future forest in the seed, and all that mankind has ever achieved or ever will achieve, within the confines of a cell or group of cells in his brain.

Science is "getting warm," as the children say. It has been "warm" several times; but, as the victim in "Blind Man's Buff" approaches the object of search only to walk away again, ignorant that an inch more would have captured the prize. This is proof that intuition is drugged or still sleeping, for repeated tests prove that intuition closes the gap of that "inch" to the solution of any problem, in a single stroke, by the same law that causes a steel bar to close the gap to a magnet when it is brought to the meridian of the magnet's field.

Cannot our soul, which constitutes our thought and action, evaporate from that body or matter which it saturated into character or constituted according to the chemical reaction of that body? If coarse, primitive results; if fine, the result is culture and a clear concept of things.

The soul in its saturation can only ring the bell or pitch according to that metal, its shape and capacity to express that harmonious or discordant element of its component parts or character, like the sun's reflection (echo) from a diamond (carbon). Still, lamp-black is carbon, but no sun reflects from it. Is the sun any different in its saturation of the two elements? Likewise the God that manifests Himself in the body of a saint or a sinner, diamond or coal, the believer or unbeliever. Which shall judge, but truth itself?

What is there within you that condemns through conscience, abhors decay, repulses ugliness or filth, protects the innocent or loved ones—



if not a superior identity of reflex which manifests itself by the higher thought of self-preservation without logical reason of right or wrong, but action and result of a higher cause of morals already established and under which we are holden to perpetuate the belief in immortality as we perpetuate that mortal matter to be saturated by that soul we believe in without evidence because we use it as a machine uses the steam or gas which propels the steel (and not the steel the steam).

Is it so difficult to believe those sacred words, "I shall rise again"? Even the apple falling to the earth might say to the tall trees, with pride, "Laugh at my downfall. I shall rise again to smite you." Then it gives up its life. Its seeds take root and flourish into a large apple tree to destroy those around it, to produce the blossoms of prophecy that the apple made.

Do we not rise again in our children? Do not men like Washington, Lincoln and even the Unknown Soldier rise again in memory to perpetuate their principles and morals? Then what are the words of the scriptures if not the saturation of a Christ, the shadow of a God?

**TOMORROW'S TOMORROW**



Tomorrow's tomorrow shall fashion  
a voice  
To speak for the lowly today  
Expressing our dreams as the common choice  
Of those who pass this way.  
We proffer our all for the child of now  
And the child whom tomorrow will know,  
A thought and a prayer and a solemn vow  
Of good from the seed we sow;  
With more of a reaching in man and man  
Aloft on a soaring wing  
And more of right in the human span  
In God, our King.

- Irl Morse.



**A PERSONAL EDITORIAL**

It is time that a "Psychology" was presented by one who possesses and uses the mechanism (and all its faculties) with which psychology should deal. That this has not been done is self-evident. We need only examine the tons of books on the subject to discover that either the most important faculties and vital possibilities of the human brain and nervous system are ignored entirely (not even mentioned, as a matter of fact, in "standard, orthodox works"); or, if mentioned, then disposed of or theorized about by men who fail either to disprove or demonstrate its phenomena.

They fail in this either because they have stunted, or not as yet awakened the faculty (or federation of faculties) within the mind which gives rise to the various phases of its crowning phenomena of Intuition. This involves what we have long foreshadowed as the future science of "Eductive Thought," the "missing third" of the triad of which the other two (Inductive and Deductive Thought) have long been established in niches of scientific dignity or honor as thought-pro-

esses.

Nature and history furnish abundant evidence that it is unwise to attempt to crystalize an idea too soon. As with the egg cracked open before its incubation has been completed, the chick within dies un-matured. A genius may foresee and prophesy the invention of an improved flying machine, being aware of the principles that must and will govern its construction, but if he attempt to materialize it too soon (before the metal of sufficient combined lightness and strength, for instance, has been discovered), the machine will collapse and be deemed a failure. Thus the epoch will be deprived of an achievement that must wait another cycle for a mind less hasty and more wise.

The philosophy of inspired or intuitive men has ever embodied the foregleams of future sciences, but to endeavor to corral them prematurely into "systems" before the mind of man as a whole, or the nation interested, has completed the incubation of the epoch, is to retard development perhaps many hundreds of years.

History reveals the evidence that material and spiritual, scientific and religious (or philosophical) periods of fertility come in "waves" or cycles, repeating themselves in spirit though not in details of dress. Indeed this is exemplified by the creative power of all Nature from vegetation to man. These crests of the waves produce new generations of progeny in vegetable and animal life. In the cultural life of man they produce renaissances, or revivals of enthusiasm along certain lines. The interim is stagnant; more accurately, it is recuperative. It is creating internally rather than externally, preparing for the next external creative effort. Every human capacity has its "dark ages" of rest and recuperation, be it "cloudy days" for an individual man, the sterile seasons of plants and animals, or centuries of inactivity in the human race. For the same reason, and by the same law, nature sleeps in winter and man sleeps at night.

In the first century or two after the period of spiritual fertility which conceived Christianity, the minds of men stirred with the new pregnancy. But they were not so wise as the



Man of Nazareth who exemplified and encompassed its meaning, yet was content to plant that seed in the minds of men by symbols and parables of simple truths. His words shall yet, after another thousand years, be remembered and recognized as the corner-stones of a permanent structure of knowledge and wisdom which both science and religion have meanwhile been trying (is it in vain?) to build by artificial efforts rather than to realize it by submission to its natural growth. Indeed, we speak of the "Birth" of Christianity two thousand years ago, when that was but its conception, the planting of the seed which has placed the world of man in confinement ever since. The Child has still to be born. Is the World War, with its subsequent depression and universal struggle, symptomatic of the labor pains of that momentous Birth?

These other men of vision fell into the fatal mechanistic error of "Fixity." They endeavored to establish "systems" both in science and religion, to which we owe the present measure of our ignorance. The great physician, Galen, rode the crest of the wave of the second century. He captured the foregleams and essences of future sciences, both of mind and body. He foreshadowed if he did not foresee "The Nerve Age," upon the threshold of which we now stand. Being now possessed of the instruments as well as the requisite preliminary and contributory experience to do so, the outstanding discoveries in science will be in the field suspected by Galen two thousand years before. His error was the attempt to harness them by the inadequate preliminary knowledge, instruments and terminology of his day. The very degree of unification by which his influence dominated the day, and the very perfection of his system, we now realize retarded the development of the medical profession for the next fourteen centuries. For during this time few would accept anything contrary to Galen. Hence the human mind was sterile to any further advance. And the establishment of religious and philosophical "systems" offers a parallel story. The flexibility is destroyed; and only where there is flexibility is there "Life."

## The Lord's Prayer



Did you ever realize that in the act of prayer, supplication or meditation, you are tuning in to the great possibility that will open your eyes to realities?

If you are idle for want of some subject to think of, just say the Lord's prayer very slowly, and analyze each paragraph. It will keep you busy for a lifetime to analyze its truth from every viewpoint, each phase of life and emotion.

Note how the trend of your thought has created a transformation, providing your deductions are sincere. That will convince you of the power of the Lord's prayer, and why its branches bear fruit and protect you from the heat of the sun's rays today, with its roots buried in the heart of its Creator—that touch of eternal things.

The Lord's Prayer is a subtle, condensed sermon which covers all the laws of spiritual evolution laid down by Philosophers as the Key and path to the superman-god: a language which the soul understands. By habit it awakens our animal understanding of precepts—the channel by which we may reach the great sea of Eternity, and the God of Perfection. Let us consider it, phrase by phrase.

**Our Father**—awakens the son within us, to realize apprenticeship and deny egoism out of place. It inspires respect and obedience to a made law.

**Who art in Heaven**—the gold clasp of God, the foundation which holds the monument of Glory, the walls, the throne. "Our Father who art in Heaven" teaches us to question our origin, seeking in a new Hope to find Faith through science.

**Hallowed be Thy Name**—teaches reverence and respect for an Elder Brother, for Holiness, and for the abstract where more truth exists than in consciousness. It teaches respect for any leader chosen, and consideration for an inferior.

**Thy Kingdom come**; holds the les-

son of destiny, goal, purpose, hope, faith and reward. It leads us to strive for a haven.

**Thy Will be done**; engenders Stoical respect for the law, acceptance of the unknown law of cause and effect: the law of compensation. It awakens a God-head of obedience, the sense of our inferiority and weakness, a greater will than ours which may create our likeness, but not ourselves.

**On earth, as it is in Heaven**—means in our personal environments, (conscience); in our own shadowy opinion as in the real truth of life. This thought instills new laurels, suggests substance and shadows. Things of earth, the law of earth, animals and plants, represent His will that we may through His law give birth; but the law of earth cannot prevent death.

**Give us this day our Daily Bread**.—gives us ambition to fulfill, to deliver our duty to humanity, and to provide food and defense of loved ones. It means to beautify Nature, to labor for health through activity, to bridle our passions. It reminds us of taxes due to, and to preserve the house of the soul.

**Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us**.—Forgive us our sins, faults, mistakes and selfishness, just as we expect others to do for us. This teaches equality and humbleness. Do unto others as you would be done by. Make no law you would break yourself. Good for evil as an example.

**THE LORD'S PRAYER** is a key to any door that leads to any city, castle or chamber of security, love or happiness. It was made by Him who designed the sanctity of love, the safety and security of faith; the lock without a key - being the key itself.



To break is to mend.

Lead us not into temptation;— teaches us to be cautious, not to cross swords with strangers, and not to gamble with the last loaf of bread. Test not our strength in idle curiosity. It is a reminder that the sins of others may be our own. Let not your selfish gratification to excess injure others or yourself.

But deliver us from all evil;— Deliver us from those who would injure us by our own neglect. This is a supplication. Ask and ye shall receive. You would not ask unless you be hungry and in need of food. By this time you have given birth to the soul's expression to its Maker.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory;— You have now convinced your animal of God's superiority by your soul's recognition. It has awakened for a moment its Identity with the Creator, and its sense of obedience to its superior, as the fallen fruit by gravity to the foundation of its own parent. For God is the power that gave us this prayer, this solution of all problems: from the illiterate, a ladder to climb to the wise; from the wise, to descend to help the weak.

Forever and Ever.—expresses a consciousness of the frailty of life, the conception of Eternity, the inevitable; as it was in the beginning, and shall be, made one until North and South poles of the magnet be one: Day and Night—the eternal twilight of doubt unto Understanding.

Thus, in the Lord's Prayer is a mental recipe how to bake the Bread of Everlasting Life.

Just a little longer, and you can listen To the wonderful music of a Spring twilight: the tree-toads, the frogs, a reed birth or two; smelling the lilacs. Then you will see that we cannot so readily condemn the cold blizzards of two or three months before.

Nature symbolizes Simplicity in her wild flowers. The Greatest Truth, the Greatest Power, the Sweetest Thing, is Simplicity, that wears no clothing, needs no support, is as clear as a diamond and as transparent. It tells you everything in existence, and still is entirely silent. Therefore try not to look for Wisdom at the horizon of things, but seek it at your very door.

## "The Wind Bloweth"

Further Tribute to Death

By  
Joseph Sadony

"..... That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

— Jesus of Nazareth.

Loved ones of several friends of mine have gone ahead on their "Long Journey" this winter. It is a subject near to my heart, for my deepest desire has always been to leave some tangible proof of Immortality behind me before I pass away: to the sluggard, evidence; to those of reason my experience of the many proofs of a "power" which, were mankind to understand it, might be one link more toward that end which has been sought for ages.

What irony, what a human tragedy, that the most important study of life should be so neglected as that of our passing on, or the grounds for doubt as to immortality. It is the greatest ingratitude and insult to that Architect who gave man consciousness or logical, demonstrable reason with which to believe the truth. But by a fear of annihilation he refuses to think of death because the refusal is apprehension of the mortal opinion, that shadow of the soul which is mortal and must give up its chemicals like a beautiful, vain woman who regrets losing her jewels and silk that enhance her beauty the more.

She forgets that beauty is but temporary, but character and personality permanent, as long as thought or memory exist. Why can we not believe this fact? We say we remember nothing before our birth, or we could remember the experience of our forefathers. Have we really tried to remember before we were born? I have; and have; and can prove it. And if I can also go back years in the life of a stranger and tell him what was in the memory of his father, and prove it,

is it not evidence that my "consciousness" "exists" before I was born, to have made a part of its memory things that occurred in the lives of others before I was born?

This is food for thought. And if I foresee the death of a friend which is to occur five years after I myself have passed on, and it comes to pass, then I must still have "lived" after I am dead, to have seen that death come to pass. That this is possible, I can only offer the evidence that I have continually foreseen deaths of others, from a few days to several years in advance. Therefore what gives me a keener vision than my eyes, senses, reason or logic? If I but predict one fact correctly before it comes to pass, then it was not just a "guess," providing there was no evidence of its coming to pass. And in this is my only justification for accumulating the evidence not of one but of many thousands of predictions which I have made in the building of that bridge of evidence undeniable as to the truths I have devoted my life to prove.

If this be true, see how little man knows of "death," and how uselessly he suffers for want of light. When man awakens to the fact that Time is like a "road," that it is a "direction" in which one may travel, back (into the past) and forth (into the future), that neither past nor future are "out of existence," but co-existent, then he will comprehend the utterance of Jesus, "Before Abraham was, I am," and how coming events cast their shadows before. Then the thought of Immortality takes on a new light. The utter impossibility of "death" becomes apparent, save in the sense that the



child we once were is "dead," never to return, but to live always in memory; and are we not here now to speak of it, and remember it? Then what has "died"? And what is Death?

Did not our grandparents wait expectantly for our parents to be born, our parents for us, and we for our children, and so on? Then our grandparents pass on waiting for loved ones to be born "over there," just as it was here. Is not the bridge supported on both ends, like birth and death, or mortality and immortality? How else can there be that passing? Would not the unseen land be overflowing, as anything in existence would, were it not for that God of Transformation who again passes the identity of human thought to the God of a new Creation, and He to the God of Preservation of that identity that possesses self-consciousness to have created his likeness in his children, as God created His likeness in a Christ or in men: He in us, or we in Him, one selfsame spirit of wisdom and love?

How else can it be? If I offer a theory, whence came that theory? Have not all our new inventions come from theories at first ridiculed or considered "senseless" if not incomprehensible? What gives us our thinking ability? Why do we question anything, if there be not an answer to it? If I question life after death, there must be an answer to it, according to the concept of my desire to know. And because we fail to hear an answer, is it because there is no answer, or are we too deaf to hear it? Prophets and masters from the time of Moses have heard it, and they did not lie or deceive. Then why not question our lack of study and penetrating power of mental vision to see the truth? Do we not half die every night that we sleep, or every time we go under an anaesthetic? Do we question that, or by force of habit just take it for granted? Vegetation sleeps each winter. Caterpillars weave their death-shroud, entirely losing their character, personality, memory (?) and identity: still become more perfect, powerful and beautiful. Why? Are we not surrounded with evidence? But what do we do with it, for our enlightenment or peace of mind?

## II

Continuing a few thoughts on Immortality: A child loses its identity when it comes matured, with apparent sensation; and we lose our babies when they grow into man-

hood. But where is the line of demarkation? Where the line of "life" and "death," birth to life? There is none, not any more than at sunrise and sunset. We call it twilight and dawn. That does not answer the problem. A rosary is made of beads linked together. Human beings are beads linked from God to Adam, and onward to the other unseen, immortal support of that bridge of human flesh to the spiritual identity.

One cannot walk up a ladder unless it rests on a solid foundation, resting against a solid object, the two supports. There are two ends to all things mortal. But there are no ends except to the concept of man's blind opinion. There was no beginning just because we were born and knew nothing of the past. Then how can there be an end, if we pass on?

Even supposing a loved one would lose his identity after passing on, and could not remember us, where can be the loss when we consider that we too would lose our memory when we pass on. Then from whence can we speculate on immortality with a mortal viewpoint? We can only reason with what mental material we possess, no further. Then if we have not yet seen America, we can only picture it by foreign scenes, not at all as it really is. Likewise in the case of the man most mortally wise, he least can see the facts of immortality because he is most "foreign," more than one who has imagination without that material knowledge.

God gave man living toys of Nature to play with, thus learning our trade for humanity so we may all love one another and prosper. Did that great Toymaker fail to believe His tops would spin? Did He believe that birds would not sing, and that men would fail to worship their Maker, for having given them not only temporary life, but a part of Him, an interest, a recognition of Himself that makes men everlasting? If God created anything, and He be immortal, how can it be anything else than what he is Himself? Can evil come of good? Then how can a beginning come from immortality that has no beginning, neither an end?

Can a fool not dispute with the

philosopher as to the law of gravity, on seeing the ocean for the first time, replying to the learned men, "Your figures of 3 and 1 may be 4 to you, because of the weight of water; but my 2 and 2, as a fool, is also 4. See those dense clouds up in the sky. Well, what keeps that water from the gravitational pull? It is carried over land for miles, then comes down in a cloudburst and levels everything. Thus you wise men reckon your way, satisfied; and I, a fool my way, also satisfied: until we near the real truth by casting aside the swollen mortal body of acquired, accumulated knowledge as it is, like the fat, important caterpillar, to go to sleep and then learn the real truth with faculties that are as immortal as our present ones are mortal, the reflection of sensation, impulse, lights and shadows, only stimulated by certain vibrations of sound and light." So what is the answer?

The answer is, "Who among us has the time to study that which teachers fail to discover? And if they do, what use can one make of it, at a profit? Death may be a long way off. It stays but a moment. So why care?"—and so on. That is man's answer.

Do you suppose that the individuality of your loved one is annihilated just because there is no longer a visible body? Is the perfume of a rose out of existence just because we cannot smell it any more? Or is it the fault of our poor olfactory nerves? Is the train out of existence because we can no longer see it? A telescope will convince us otherwise. Let us use our gift from God, which is hidden in the heart and intuition and imagination of man, and we still can sense our loved ones if necessary.

"Ask and ye shall receive" was uttered from whence our loved ones have gone. The voice came from there, and there is the answer. If a man mortify the flesh he may see with a clearer vision. If he pollutes his blood with sin, his optic nerve will register only licentiousness, for that is what he possesses with which to see.

Think these things over and see what a beautiful thought remains when you have done so. For one must expect to use spiritual prob-



abilities to learn of spiritual possibilities: first by hope (probabilities); faith (possibilities); and truth (absolute facts). Has the hope in the

seed faith in the coming blossom's prophecy of the fruit of life within the seeds multiplied by the one dual seed planted?

## Language, Logic and Life

### "Eductive Thought"

Science has fondly believed and founded its progress mainly upon a law which decrees that by inductive reasoning she shall build up from the known to the unknown, without a gap. This is not only impossible, but it may be proven that her own greatest progress has been due to secret violation of this, her own edict.

Her greatest minds have always leaped into the Unknown on wings of "Eductive thought," and then come (at times sneaking shamefacedly) back to build the ladder of logic or experiment else they be burned at a mental stake today even as they were burned on piles of real brushwood in past ages.

Few have dared to confess that first "illogical," woefully unscientific, yet astonishingly accurate intuition or "leap of the imagination" which captured, (or did it merely receive?) the briefly glimpsed vision that later harnessed elements or became a "scientific thought."

Here is an eductive thought which I have spent thirty years in verifying: The past is the memory of the body or mind. The future is the Memory of the Soul.

The present moment is the fulcrum between the past and the future—that moment of activity that records the flow of the pen. That which has been, become a memory, now flows as the ink: active until it drops. Then it too is but a "memory," having recorded that which once, and but for a moment, was the fulcrum of our life.

The future is the "memory" of the soul. Whenever the soul succeeds in expressing itself, it is prophetic. The soul's sense of consciousness so far as we are concerned in this life is that fusion of all the senses, that

synthetic and instantaneous comprehension which has been termed, (not altogether clearly or fittingly) "Intuition." When the soul speaks, therefore, it is literally the "Voice of Tomorrow," as I have been able to prove to many others as well as myself, not alone by making prophecies which have come to pass, but by awakening the souls of others to those fleeting "memories" which have never "happened" but which later come to pass.

The soul is that which perpetuates itself. It is the life and fertility of the seed. It is that which no longer exists in the grain of wheat that has been boiled. It is that which has produced wheat from the seed of wheat for millions of years, instead of branching off into rye or barley. Are not the future generations all contained in the grain we plant today? This potentiality in man is the memory of his soul, which is the future rather than the past. And this brings us face to face with the mystery of "Time" and "Eternity," that the past and the future are not "out of existence," but the forward and backward of another direction, a fourth dimension. In this thought we can understand the strange utterance of Jesus, "Before Abraham was, I AM." We can understand also the reality of the future to the prophets; and in this, as I shall continue to demonstrate, is indisputable evidence which science cannot refute, of the immortality of the human soul.

As a word, Intuition does not in itself suggest, as all words should, its proper relationship in the trinity of ideas where it belongs. Intuition is to soul what instinct is to body (or animal), and what the senses are to that sentiment spirit which re-

acts to the material world in everyday life. If instinct is the cumulative, birth-endowed or developed physical reflex which governs physical reaction by the wisdom of past experiences, (individual or ancestral), intuition is spiritual reflex governing human action, if we allow, by the wisdom of future ends.

An instinctive person is motivated by the past. He does what he does, and reacts as he reacts, because of "Yesterday." An intuitive person is motivated by "Tomorrow." What he does today is the effect rather than the cause of what is going to happen. The end, the future reality which is at present but a mental seed, indistinguishable to most, (in some, manifesting as desire), is the direct cause of the present actions which bring about its own fulfillment in the world of "matter" or events.

"Today", for such a person is not the effect of yesterday, but of Tomorrow. Today was the cause of yesterday; tomorrow the cause of today, rather than vice versa. And between instinct and intuition, (Yesterday and Tomorrow), is the intellect which reacts to and deals with the present. Instinct is the voice of the animal; intellect of the man, and intuition of Deity through that spark of Itself which is the individual human soul.

Intuition has been from the dawn of history, is today, and will continue to be the faculty of "Revelation," the means of communion with the Creative power, the Central Charging Station, the literal Father of our soul, which is entitled to be referred to as "Him" if we dignify ourselves, the offspring, by the pronoun which implies Intelligence, (Memory, Volition and Understanding). And who is to say that the roots are not the blossoms, or that a personal God is not a universal one? Whether or not we call Him "God" is not so vital as the fact. And "Prayer" is the name we have given blindly to the incubatory exercise of this organ of consciousness, this infant Omniscience of our divine apprenticeship, the soul, to which the spirit of individual personality is the egg-shell, and Nature the brooding, clucking Hen that encompasses our incubation until we hatch and throw off our shell—an act which men call "Death," but which is the only justification for all that preceded it.



\* G \* I \* V \* E \* I \* T \* \* A \* \* T \* H \* O \* U \* G \* H \* T \* \*

**T**he painter takes his colors from the earth  
To crystalize the sunset that he sees.

Musicians take a reed, a little air  
To recreate the music of the breeze.

A sculptor grasps some clay and with his hands  
He fashions forms of beauty that will not die.

God takes an egg, a little heat, some worms  
And lo! a bird is singing in the sky.

The poet takes some words, a little ink  
Creates a universe inside a clod.

God takes the clod, and by the soul within  
Transforms a Man into another God.

