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GIVE TOMORROW  
A Voice  
TodayVANCOURIER  
To "The  
Voice"

# The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

APRIL

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

1934

*"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

HOW MANY of us men  
Use more time, thought and energy  
On accumulating wealth  
Than in how to keep or dispose of  
it profitably?

If not, why all the labor  
Just to hold it for a day,  
And self-pity ever after.

THE RICH man asked the philosopher  
why he was a philosopher.  
The philosopher answered, "Be-  
cause you are a rich man."

IN PLAYING the game of life,  
do not be discouraged over a  
poor hand.  
The deck will often be shuffled, and  
and new deals given,  
So play your hand well, and value  
your winnings.

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

## The Science of Religion

What could be more "scientific" than the proper utilization of a mechanism for the purpose for which that mechanism was constructed? It is for this reason that Religion may properly be considered as the most "scientific" of all human pursuits.

### A POINT OF CONCENTRATION

It is simple mob psychology that if we hold up an object or stage a play that will cause a large group of people to gaze upon a common sight, with a commonly shared emotion, that mass-mind will be inseparably united by that wave of feeling, originating a mass-impulse of a strength commensurate with the number of minds contributing to the common thought.

The tendency of every individual is to respond to it in varying degrees of flexibility and obedience. In this alone is an explanation of the astonishing miracle of Christianity, which has held a major portion of mankind in its spell for two thousand years because the Man of Galilee, knowing this law, refused to save His own life, as could so easily have been done; carrying His cross upon a hill before the eyes of all

the world, that both the Hope, and the Reproach of his crucifixion might in a measure, (eliminating the religious viewpoint from the present thesis) tend to so unite the subjective minds, and paralyze the objective minds of those susceptible to His teachings, that His labor in planting those seeds might not be in vain, but so move, motivate and unite individual souls into a supreme effort in a common cause, that the wholesale slaughter of generations has failed to wipe it from the face of the earth; and on the contrary, has strengthened it so that the variations of racial personality are all that have prevented it from devouring all mankind.

This is purely psychological, we might say a purely scientific view of the matter. It is one of the first

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# The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journalette  
of Prevenient Thought

Published Monthly  
By

JOSEPH A. SADONY

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By Joseph A. Sadony

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lation into foreign languages

## OF POSSIBLE INTEREST

Mr William H. Strang, of the Geological Survey located at Casper, Wyoming, has accepted a position with the International Petroleum company (Standard Oil of N.J.) in Peru, S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Strang and the two youngest children leave for Negretos, Peru, early in April. The two older boys will remain in the U.S. to attend school.

Kenneth W. Gobble, as Recorder, announces the formation of Denver Council No. 1 of the I. P. L. Berton T. Gobble will act as chairmain of the presiding Trigon: Mrs. Clara A. Harrison, Premonitor.

## PERSONAL ECHOES

Speaking of Col. W. J. Sanborn of Mount Dora, I asked him to write me something about himself, and will quote from his letter:

"This is going to be some letter and I will work it off by spells. I am not sure that I ever before wrote such a letter as this is going 2B. There I go—and my wife gives me—for doing such things and says 'There's nothing CUTE in doing such things! ! so long as you CAN spell and CAN write in a civilized manner why don't you?' My only reply is that many can so write and I at times put in a bit of variety an' so git outen the beaten path.

"So you want to know who and what I am. I'm mighty small per-taters—I can tell you that in absolute truth. Here goes! I got born wonst in Iowa when there was not a foot of R-R and more of the State was 'Injun Country.' I was small and young then; those two points somewhat overcome—might say OUTGROWN. When came the War of the Rebellion my father became the Surgeon of the 27th Iowa-Vol-Inf't—later Brigade—then Division, and finally Surgeon-in-Chief of the 16th Army Corps—Army of the Cumberland and Army of Tennessee. I was 2 young by far. But I sneaked along and served in 1864. Saw VERY active service—Got a piece of it still in me and will take it along . . .

"In July 1864 a lad out of the 7th Kansas of our brigade was selected by Major General Smith, our commanding officer—in the field—down in Mississippi, as a Scout (spy) We were in the midst of a hard campaign and then had a string of 5 or 6 days fighting. It was then that I first knew Bill Cody—after known as Buffalo Bill and with whom I parted one day in Cleveland, after his show was over and we set in his private tent. We chatted—he was not at all well—was resting on his couch. We said a good bye and I walked out. He called me back. I stepped back and said, 'Did you call me?' Still down on his couch he did not speak—reached out his hand—took mine in his, stroked it with the other hand—patted it—looked me straight in the eye and said gently as a woman's soft voice (so strange-

ly different from his usual voice,) 'Goodbye—Old Comrade! G-O-O-D B-y-e!' Dropped my hand, gave me another look—and we parted, each fullwell knowing what that parting meant. A short time after that, he one day mounted that great dapple grey horse and rode off on the Long-long-Trail. The last letter he read the day he started was a letter from me."

After the War of the Rebellion Col. Sanborn went further west. The country was opening up fast. He "wanted TO SEE"—and he went. He saw something of the tract of land lying from the Missouri River to the Golden Gate. To Buffalo Bill he was Old Comrade. To Capt. Jack (Crawford) (who was Chief of Scouts to General Custer) he was Old Pard. To Wild Bill Hickock he was "a good fellow and a friend." To Joaquin Miller Amigo Mio.

"I used to stop at the WHAT-CHEER house in Frisco," the Col. writes, "and at the AMERICAN EXCHANGE. The latter then the most popular hotel on the Coast. The Old RUSS was no better, but thought it was. I used to know the old BELLA UNION theater when that bewitching LOTTA was the 'Queen of the Foot-lights'—and when miners would toss to her on the stage twenty-dollar-gold-pieces and she'd pick them up and would throw to them a little kiss across the footlights, and the house would roar.

"I was a clerk in the First National Gold Bank of Santa Barbara when the great collapse came in 1873 and Rawlson of the Bank of California committed suicide. Later I was 'in sheep' and other stock in Southern Calif.—was what we called in those days, in Spanis h, a VAQUEROR—somewhat covered by the latter COW-BOY. I have ranged cattle over what is now possibly the best part of Los Angeles and Pasadena. Have put up in Los Angeles at the PICO, which was in those days the Hacienda of the last Mexican Governor, Old Gov. Pico—the same old 'doby' that was his home and with no or mighty few changes.

"On the wall over there between those two book cases hangs my old '6-pop-colt-45.' Beside it are my hand made silver inlaid spurs. My knife that has been warm with hu-



man blood—my horse's bit (once gold-plated)—my horse-hair tying rope that was made for me by a Spainiard—and that coil is my old raw hide RIATA—the same one with which on the Mohave Desert over back of San Beerdeneo one nice Sunday morning in 1875 we hung five hosstheves 'what had ben pesterin us—but they never pestered us no more'—they were an offshoot of the great CHAVES GANG—Chaves I had met—good fellow—if you got him right—and I did—he was a FRIEND—he himself. I had saved his life—but no credit—I did not know it at the time. I drifted back to the States—got a little schooling, not much—not enough to HURT. Went west again—The Dakotas were opening out and the Sioux were moving back across the Missouri River. Crowds coming in, many from the Norse country of Europe—mostly from Norway—thousands from the middle west—Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, etc."

More about Col. Sanborn another time. He writes, "You and I are going to be friends for a long time. I'm going to be 'round here—abouts for some TWENTY YEARS yet to come—and when I leave the Here-&How I know where I'm goin'" (and about this matter he will have something to say.) He claims that he and I are both "Cranks:" "I am a CRANK—and no mistake—and so are you, and so were my old friend Fra Elbertus of East Aurora. I was one of Hubbard's first subscribers to the wonderful little Philistine—and stayed to the last. Another old Crank friend was that chap on the HIGHTS (as he preferred to spell it)—back of Berkeley, across the Bay from Frisco—JOAQUIN MILLER, 'a crank, a big liar, a notorious old Kuss' and one of the sweetest and dearest of men and brothers. None could beat Elbert Hubbard at lying—but a most wonderful man and a more kindly helpful man. We sometimes wonder WHERE they came from and WHERE they go. So many spring from the nowhere and leave none to take their places. I recall at times what a writer said in a write-up of OLD HICKORY—Andrew Jackson—"His mother hatched a large brood—eleven chicks and an EAGLE"—Lord! How we need EAGLES!"

(To be Continued)

## At The Fulcrum



### A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

There can be no accident in a perfectly governed law. A law that can be broken is not a "law," but only a deformed shadow. We live within the true law only when we are not aware of anything else. A man makes use of the vilest oaths only when he has been taught their value as blasphemy. Otherwise, would he waste his breath in saying "Tush!" when he hits the wrong nail?

Great men live to feel the night's apprehension and the day's illumination; hear the knock of purpose and say "Come in!" If you are bereaved, do you think for one moment that your loved one is out of existence? You might as well say an egg has no life, proving it by letting it remain upon a shelf until, a law having been neglected, it undergoes

NO MATTER how good a thing you have,

If you don't appreciate its value, then you haven't got it;

You are but holding it in answer to the prayers of another.

a secondary evolution of fermentation.

But warm it carefully with attention, as would have happened had not the hand of man done otherwise, and see results. For its personality has been recorded by its creator. It knows its own breed and color before the shell bursts. And a man, with all his ingenuity cannot change the color of one feather through itself.

Likewise with loved ones gone before. Give them the warmth of memory, our love, and see results. Are we not all placed within the shell of objectiveness called "acquired knowledge," still opaque to the mysteries that surround us, Do we not, as we become wiser, cause the shell to become more transparent, so that subjectively, we may solve these mysteries, even though we cannot prove them objectively?

Surely the little chick in the shell has no right to deny its Creator and Preserver, the warm body of the mother hen, just because its shell has not yet burst, to transform its close prison into the bright sunshiny world all about it. And even then, it might demand proof again, just as you or I.

There are many things that I have good reason to believe, and many things that I feel that I know, but I do not try to convince anyone against his will. Why call "come in" to a passer-by, when he does not even knock? Might he not be highwayman and rob me of my Ideals? I have searched the world for truth, and after forty years, have found it on my return, under the threshold of my own door. And every man who has truly sought it, has started from the Alpha and completed the circle back to Omega, which are but one and the same; call it the birth of understanding and the death of ignorance.

We all possess a want or an ideal. It is our duty to seek ideal environments, in the making of ourselves. Through the amalgamation of our parents, we have no right to assume that their environments, and laws fit our own. We must be masters of environments, not rooted slaves to precedence.

People as a rule do not think.



They just remember what they have heard—what hits their brain through their ears, and dies out. Let us be honest. How much do we thing per day? Do we place a wad of gum in our mouth, chew it while looking at the contented gentleman enjoying a meal, and imagine while chewing that we are eating that meal?

Thus it is with ninety percent of people who think that they really think. But they only dip the spoon in the consumme, take a sip, drop the rest back again; and when time and age evaporate the soup, adopt the stories they would have us believe, and prove it by the empty kettle, save the remains.

Rather let each deed tell its story, like the respect taught to our children that will establish the truth of our past record.

If you have shaped your own bricks, and no one will believe you, or you accuse another with reasons and doubt of having baked their own bricks, let them show you the clay-hole and mold used, for it will be the record by the hole that is left.

Likewise with everything we have used. If you eat a loaf of bread, ask the baker to let you see the coin that bought it, then the employer who paid it as wages; then what work was done, and what profit to the employer and what that labor brought to others, and how the profits of the employer were spent, and his motives: and soon you will see that everything is recorded pro and con since the first man drank or ate his first mouthful, or breathed his first breath.

**IN ORDER TO BE well-balanced  
a man must be able  
To be as simple as a fool,  
And with the dignity of a wise man;  
As humble as a beggar,  
And with that pride of a conquer-  
ing hero;  
A tender Samaritan, as well as a  
firm judge pronouncing sentence  
upon his own brother.**

## Language, Logic and Life

Continued

The Religion and Theology which comes half-way to meet the inevitable broadening of Science, will not find much to quarrel about. In the intermediate zone between them one is forced at least to recognize the Crucifixion of Christ as the turning-point of Civilization from a psychological point of view. The life and death of the Nazarene was an At-tunement, if not an atonement. It was an externalization in the universal language of Thought, of all that the most devoted disciple believed blindly when there was no Science to tell him that he was not far wrong.

It was literally the "Word" made flesh, the seed of a World-tongue flung into the face of Sodom and Gamorah and Babel, let it take root where it may, as the only possible remedy, if it take effect, for the ailment of "Bio-electrochemical Inversion."

Time and again this has been done through the ages, though it be in less powerful doses. Nevertheless it is the same Seed, of which the world's religions are but the leaves and blossoms, and we have yet to see the Fruit of Universal, Scientific Thought.

The Chemist who knows that by dropping a crystal into a supersaturated solution the whole may be caused to precipitate as if following the example, will grant the mental-chemical significance of an "electro-chemically" powerful and dramatized Idea "dropped" into the super-tension of the mass-mind at a crucial, "supersaturated" point of time.

Scientifically, bio-electrochemical-ly, it is demonstrable that mankind is literally "lost" from its proper destiny (in fulfillment of its Formula) by failure to interlink his units toward the end determined by his construction from a purely mechanistic point of view, and without which he cannot survive and

progress as a specie upon the earth.

The "Experiment," if one chooses to call it such, "of Humanity," under any other condition "won't work," any more than a machine would run if all its parts proceeded in different directions, and refused to function as part of a whole for the purpose intended by its inventor.

The fact that Humanity is "One" in the epoch of any particular Civilization, must be taken into account from every angle and in every zone. To say that we are many members but one Body is but a pre-scientific way of stating that there is one broadcasting station to many receiving sets. To say that "Prophets are subject unto the prophets" is but a pre-scientific way of explaining that if you are or wish to be a prophet, you must tune in to the Prophets. It might further be said that artists are subject unto the Artists, Philosophers to Philosophers, etc. It may be concluded that a genius in any line of human endeavor has simply "tuned in" to the "parent idea," the Zone of Thought, wherein lies the eternal Seed, or Source, or "Word," of that which, when it finds "garments of flesh," produces the "Thing" which is the external evidence and counterpart of the Idea and Word.

The so-called "world-disease" is simply reversed polarity. Its manifestation may be seen in every field, and on every hand. Man's "sin" is little different than the troubles faced daily by chemists and electricians. Man cast a shadow and became its slave. He looked in the mirror and forgot the substance; heard the echo and became deaf to the voice. His compass pointed in the direction of the nearest and most powerful individual magnet, instead of responding to the finer currents which indicate the true North. He zoned himself with the circumference instead of the center



of Life; becoming centrifugal socially, and centripetal individually. He became unselfish in zones governed by the law of self-preservation; and selfish where so doing insulated him from the "spirit of the hive." He became tender outside and cruel inside in zones where unless the reverse be true, cruelty becomes a motive instead of a protecting "hide."

Man became positive when he should be negative; negative when

he should be positive. Many men became effeminate, women masculine. In short, mankind got all its wires tangled up. There were short-circuits, over-heated wires, mass-release of ductless glands beyond all control, collective or individual. Sodom and Gamorah and Babel were all bio-electrochemical failures to properly balance, adjust or utilize the human mechanism; and now the scientist, as well as the prophet is equally able to predict the result.

to the accusation or ambition of others, we will the sooner reach the destination of our own ideals. Let us feel justified in doing what we can do in the best way, with the hope, faith and assurance that when we reach our own, we can not only regain friends lost, but shame them at the lack of confidence, and our achievement,

Each time vice dies, virtue is born. Vice may often be the hard shell of a walnut, protecting the delicate kernel within. Vice is the germ-carrying fly that annoys us so that we will kill it, ignorant of the poison it carries; only of its proud humming, which seals its doom. The moment vice dies, virtue is born, and vice versa.

If a man has habits or vices, he must remember that there are virtues to correspond, if he but seeks them. If he has vices, and knows that there are virtues as the completing pole, he has hope. If he has virtues and realizes the opposing vices, he has caution. He is both the thief and the Judge—the hunter and the game.

But virtue is not virgin when a woman's purity is pride and show; when her fear of shame preserves her from vice to which her heart is attached; and when the refutation of chastity causes her to violate it. Nor should we condemn the question of sex, when it should be a pure interesting study: realizing it to be life itself, awakening life within life, and not merely animal propensities which are but its shadow.

(To be continued)

## SAINTS AND SINNERS

(Continued)

The dividing line between good and evil is not public property for standardization. It is in each man's system as a milestone of his private evolution. Nor is it a fixed point according to his make up. It is the moving locus point of his evolving ideals, such that today's virtues are tomorrow's sins. And if false pride raised him yesterday out of a mud-puddle, today it is false pride, a recognition of things not his own, that causes calamity because he fails to admit openly (as a discipline) his shortcomings. Why harbor a fault, when it is so easy to get rid of it by washing it, and hanging it on the clothes-line for others to see. False pride is the thief, and humility is the officer that comes before the Justice of his Reason, which draws his attention to the true pride which has no fall. For true pride consists of dignity, consideration and silent suffering, in fear of self-pity.

We create vices by the inactivity of Virtues; create indigestion by false appetite; we learn to hate by not learning to love; we become exhausted because we fail to learn how to rest. We endure pain because ignorant of its relief, and the violation of Nature's law. And we fail to realize that over-strength is also a weakness.

We are not asked to be ashamed when we make a mistake. But we should be ashamed if we make the same mistake twice. If we judge others and recognize a fault, the fault is our own or we would not recognize it. Apparently even God made a mistake in making us as

He did, so full of mistakes. But it is our weakness judging. Our strength judges from the viewpoint of power and mastery. Without weakness what could we say of strength?

Let a "weakness" burn itself out by its own kind. Neglect it. Do not even give it a thought, and it will starve for want of attention. The more comparison is made the more will the conscience accuse: and auto-suggestion by the comparison, will color your virtues grey.

After all, what is Sin? What are "Weaknesses"? Why dwell upon strength we have not, and regrets "which might have been"? Why not acquire strength from a new direction and prevent future regrets, if prevention is better than a cure? If we concentrate more upon what we really want instead of listening

## "I Have Been Asked:"

Not long ago I was asked this question: "Is the Soul intelligent in an ignorant body?" In return, I asked what was meant by "Intelligence." Some people think "Intelligence" means "What to Think," an array of details, a memory of a classification of things or supposed facts.

My interpretation of real "Intelligence," is the ability to utilize "Knowledge" by knowing "How to Think." "Intelligence," from this

viewpoint, means "the ability to understand." It means an awareness, even though subconscious, of Causes rather than Effects, of the fundamental realities underneath and behind all the surface details that make up our daily life. From this viewpoint the Soul is Intelligent even if the body or mind be uneducated, or "ignorant:" but it takes development to bring it out. It requires growth in what we call



"Time," under favorable environments.

Favorable environments does not always mean pleasant environments and happiness, for sorrow and pruning are necessary, as in the cultivation of plants; and selection, as in breeding animals: discouraging undesirable qualities, and fertilizing desirable ones.

These thoughts lead one to suppose that in the soul are the same principles and inherent specifications as in plants or animals, tending toward the complete expression of one's self, needing only natural release in a process which "intelligence" may hasten, as a gardener the growth of plants in his hot-house.

The children of men live on. These children give birth to children which are more intelligent than they are. That is to say, their garments more nearly fit the Soul. The glove of the mind has one more finger, or a thinner, more limber covering: still, not so many as the soul. And we cannot reasonably conceive otherwise than that all Soul is from the same Father. The larger this family tree of Life, the nearer to the blossom we come. When at last we reach the blossom, our children have become "Intelligent." We inhale the Spirit and gaze on the Soul. From the Father and Mother which are the roots of the tree, have sprung up the Soul, which is the blossom of the tree. This is the breeding of the Soul; and thus we "labor in the vineyards."

Today we are more Intelligent than a thousand years ago. The more intelligent we are, the more reason we use, the more will-power we possess, and the more extensive the field of memory. Yet civilizations have arisen only to fall again; and this is not hard to understand.

Power destroys itself, and therefore its container, if not strong enough to hold it, or properly harness it. The Laws of Nature are the strands of the harness. To violate any of them is to break a strand, and invite destruction by the Power of Nature seeking outlet through the weakest spot. Moral laws are descriptive of the harness of the Power of Morality, the Power of Balance, which, if not harnessed, will de-

stroy through Immorality by overbalancing the entire mechanism of the body or mind. Likewise with spiritual laws.

Anything ceasing to progress by offering a properly harnessed channel to the specific power symbolized and represented by its specific form and nature, will commence to feed upon itself, which inaugurates the secondary evolution of fermentation which consumes, sorts and purifies the remains to restore the parts to their box in the great Storehouse—which is the only EXTINCTION; a disintegration and dispersion which spells "Oblivion" to an ordered or intelligent assemblage such as a man, a church, or an army. But "What God hath joined together no man can put asunder."

IN BEHOLDING a beautiful, well-kept garden and home, must you have proof of ownership, to believe it inhabited?

Why then do you demand proof of God, in beholding the most beautiful garden on earth - even without a Caretaker in sight?

#### A POINT OF CONCENTRATION

(Continued from page 1)

steps of science toward the understanding of the mechanism of any religion, whereby a Personality, a ceremony, a ritual, a magnificent altar, the soul-stirring vibrations of a great pipe-organ, or the spires of a cathedral or a church, hold the attention and then the reverent susceptibility of the objective minds to unite in a common thought that thereafter motivates them in a given direction and toward a common end: having "tuned in" to and become impregnated by its "seed"—the power of suggestion operated on a grand scale.

And what is there derogatory about this? Why should these facts be suppressed and concealed? Why should they not be known? It is a marvellous thing. Therein lies God's gift to Man. Why should we not study it to achieve yet more marvellous results? Why has damnation ever been upon the head of him who has dared to declare the facts?

Let us consider the religious

angle, avoiding theological variations of creed. Let us consider a beneficent God. Let us consider the Power, whatever it be named, that manifests itself in evolving Life which culminates in a human brain, the blossom of the human plant, whose perfume is THOUGHT: Thoughts, the fruit of that of which it is a seed: a seed of that for which we have no other name but God.

Is it not to be highly desired to be "in tune" with that which thus Creates, rather than that which Destroys? Is not anything which causes this to happen entitled to be called a savior of mankind? Is it not thus evident, even scientifically, that the man known as Jesus of Nazareth is entitled to the role of "Savior" entirely disregarding religious angles of belief, just as a man who has pressed the electric button can hardly avoid being called the man who has turned on the light?

In the panic of a fire, he is the "savior" who can hold the attention of disorganized masses long enough to be responsible for their ordered actions as motivated by example or suggestion. The human being is a mechanism as well as a soul, the most fearfully complicated and delicate mechanism on the face of the earth; that of all mechanisms which requires the highest degree of "Science," and yet precisely where Science is most denied because of the ignorance of men more intent upon upholding their glory in its cloak, than upholding its principles and name.

Organized Religion has been as much at fault as Science. It has resented any attempt at intrusion by Science into its domain. Nor is it to be blamed, considering the calibre and nature of that attempt. Religion has been regarded as practically the antithesis of Science; whereas it is the most "scientific" of all human pursuits, as we shall one day in the coming era all admit, for its sole purpose is in the manipulation and utilization of the most marvellous and complicated mechanism on earth, the Human Mind, of which the body is but the mechanical parts, the roots, the wires and frame-work of a living "radio," which the process of evolution is engaged in perfecting, so that upon the higher level of intuition and intelligence our destiny, whatever it



may be, may be fulfilled.



What could be more "scientific" than the proper utilization of a mechanism for the purpose for which that mechanism was constructed? It is for this reason that Religion may properly be considered as the most "scientific" of all human pursuits. For this reason also, the most "scientific" act performed by man is to "pray," no matter what the garment of his faith; and there is not a man on the face of the earth who does not pray. Yet when man thinks he is praying, it is likely that he is the farthest from prayer. For true prayer is not "asking" for anything. It is a groping of the antennae of the mind and soul, groping in the "Dark of Knowledge" for the wave-length that will tune him in to a Light.

For even as vehicles will one day move about the face of the earth by radio-transmission of power alone, so is the human mind even now animated by a central Broadcasting Station of whatever it be that gives LIFE. And as the vine and flower grope toward their source of life in the Sun, so the human soul "prays," else there is no soul to pray, but only an animal, animated by an intermediate phase of flexibility operated by a reflex system upon the instinctive plane, devoid of conscience and intuition, creating the illusion of a degree of intelligence because directed by the thoughts of others; but totally unable to act or think for itself.

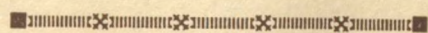
A so-called "Atheist" "prays" if he admires the sunset, losing himself for an instant in which there is an influx of that which he professes to deny, but which demonstrates its existence by his ability both to "admire" and to "deny."

Differences in religion, sects and isms are not to be condemned or ridiculed. Any movement or person who has furnished a point of concentration for a handful of men, is to be commended for having erected a corral for the Night. But at last comes a point when the sheep begin straying from these corrals, and religion begins to lose its hold. What is needed is not to organize something new, not to gather the sheep into a new corral leaving the shepherds without sheep to tend. It is wasted labor building shelters

only to tear them down.

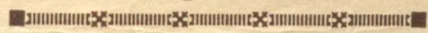
All that the world lacks today, at the pit of confusion and distress, is a point of concentration in keeping with the changing conditions of a new generation: not a thousand points of concentration, as is the case, each looking in a different direction; not One that will form a new faith and deprive existing institutions from fulfilling their useful functions; but one which, being in common with all mankind, may leaven the loaf anew, may be held up without hypocrisy or shame from every altar and pulpit, from every teacher's desk, by every factory superintendent, and at every mother's knee.

And what shall this be? We do not need a new Christ. We need



**IS THE TIME well-spent in your ship in idleness in a safe little harbor while the storm of destruction wages?**

**If you think not, examine the shore for wreckage tomorrow.**



a million, emulating the examples of Christs that have already been and still are. We need to awaken that in every human breast which has heretofore been exemplified in those few who have been stoned and crucified. And we do not need another crucifixion. Certainly we do not need a Sword, to draw us on. Perhaps we need a Prophet; but if so, it is again a reproach of which we should be ashamed, when there is a prophet asleep in every human breast, and the fact that it sleeps is a stain of lascitude, of moral depravity, or of unnecessary ignorance.

What then is that one thing before us all, that we may utilize as a point of concentration to unify our efforts toward a common goal—what, that concerns itself not with petty factions, racial differences, religious creeds of today? What, but TOMORROW—which we cannot see, but we can give it Voice. We can give it our heart and blood to make it as we unite in Willing; nor can such united Willing be wrong under the guidance of principles tested by survival through the ages;

nor can it fail.

It remains to give it Voice and application in universal Education: a kind of education that has not yet been unanimously recognized or tried, for the mental equipment with which to do so has remained until the present generation unrealized: the one phase of education which holds the solution of all the problems that have ever faced mankind: a phase of education impossible of putting into effect until the evolution, and the perfection of the science, of "Prevenient Thought" has gained it sufficiently wide acceptance to establish its importance to the human race.


It would be the death of "Prevenient Education" so to organize it as to make of it a "cult," or a popular brand of "new thought." The danger of this lies in the fact that "Prevenient Education" embodies the "missing link" between Science and Religion, and whereas "Education" is a universal process largely escaping entanglement in religious creed and dogma, "Prevenient Education" is plastic in the hand of him who wields it, to fit his individual beliefs.

Therefore, a program of such vast potentiality and application as Prevenient Education must so clarify itself as to be able to leaven the loaves of existing organizations without incorporating any of the sedimentary colors within itself. Let it be the cultural background of a new era, an undercurrent in common with all; in itself, as free and "unorganized" as Air and Water.

The cause of most wars has been the desire of individuals or groups to conquer and govern. Can we hope to gather Intelligence in the form of Thinkers and Philosophers, to govern the world of Non-thinkers? Perhaps. That was my motive in proposing an "International Prevenience League." But even that is but a stepping-stone. When mankind upon a plane of intelligence is governed by intuition, obeying the laws which proscribe the fulfillment of his evolution, as animals obey a lower phase of those same laws by Instinct: then indeed will mankind go under the microscope of Science as rivalling the still mysterious and astounding co-operation of insects: ants and bees.



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



DON'T YOU THINK that Christ knew the effect of  
His teachings upon the reaction of man's mind?  
Don't you think he knew that men would usurp the true Christianity  
for their own purposes,  
And so expressed Himself that what He said could not be altered for  
him who knows HOW TO THINK?  
Should one who is not a musician steal a melody and change it,  
Could not a real musician place it back into its original song by the  
harmonious position of notes?  
Could not, and did not, Christ realize these things to the end of life by  
his vision and prophecy?  
Does not genius come forth by isolation, and with his own thoughts, to  
teach mastership  
To those who but assume the title by rights of believing they know  
"WHAT to think to be entitled to mastership"?

☒ ☒ ☒

If you are so all-wise, and sure of your wisdom,  
What power is it that holds a five-pound piece of iron to a magnet for  
years  
Without grasping the iron, but only by the touch?  
Calling it "Magnetism" does not answer the question.  
You claim by words and technical phrases, but can you answer whence  
it comes, or whither it goes?  
Where you come from, and where you go?  
Just answer either question, and you have solved the secret of life and  
God.  
If you fail, you are but the hourhand of a clock,  
Believing you are telling the time, but not knowing what turns you,  
Nor when you will stop moving.

