



JULY Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A. 1934

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

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

# "WAR"

We don't kill a horse to make him obey. We don't kill a dog or a child. But we go out to kill the individuals of a nation to make it subservient, because we are not big enough to make our enemies our footstool in the right way.

If we go back far enough, we may easily find how wars begin: sometimes by a selfish misunderstanding of religious or spiritual sentiments; sometimes by a self-ordained, self-glorified man in power, who may have been born a madman or a fool, to believe himself more than the faculties God gave him.

women not as brave as men? And with all, they suffer more. Whose hearts are broken in disputes and strife before a war? Whose tears flow most, and are forgotten after the armistice? Surely not the dead sons, the tired fathers . . .

Why not judge such men at their point of death, to prove up their assertions and failures of life? Why force our heroes to show their hand by making martyrs out of them? Why not encourage normal, good free thought of expression for the common good of humanity, by crushing and starving the sin of mistakes and evil by nursing and encouraging those things which we absolutely know to be good after long experience that history teaches?

Are these things not food for thought in times of peace to influence us at the brinks of graves? Surely such thoughts will build up a defence so powerful, supported by truth, sincerity and love, that no army would dare attack where women would carry the powder to the cannons, and take from the dying hand of a husband the rifle in defence of his country.

And if there is to be war, let us also consult the brave mother who gave birth to cannon-fodder. Are

If fight we must, then let it be for the supremacy of noble men, or die as a country unworthy to live in. If we are not worth saving, we are worth dying for it: not wounding only, to carry a scar of hatred that brands our children with revenge

## GIVE IT A THOUGHT

If conscientious men could give their frank cooperation without being influenced, we soon would have one of the finest races on earth, barring none, in matters moral, commercial and spiritual. Rivers would not be polluted, diverted or misused; honest opinion not adulterated, truth not commercialized to cover it by selfish motives; but all things individualized, labeled, and marked with a price tag according to valuation.

Each nation has a jig-saw puzzle. Some take more interest in their neighbor's puzzle than in their own. Often after bloody wars, they draw their tables close together, and because of the argument of strength, they tip their table and mix up all the blocks. And because they have to find their own, they call it a "depression," a curse from God, when it was their own curse of selfish neglect and blindness. And even after they have found most of the individual blocks, they will prepare for another war because of the last missing block: a promise made during lost hope and despair.

# The Whisper

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## POLICY

*Prevenient Education.*

*International and Inter-organiza-  
tional Understanding and Intellectual  
Cooperation.*

*Ethical, Educational, Non-political,  
Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union  
of Science and Religion.*

and bitterness.

So let us dig deep into the ground and find the shell that holds the seed of the poison tree, and we will find its identity, as we would if we sought the origin of useless war.

Therefore, if it be a battle, let it be one of absolute worthiness. Cut the arm above the gangrene infection, to insure the permanency of the result. Let our children have no toys of fire-arms when they symbolize death: rather, tools of life and protection. If a man knows right and wrong, it is his sin of omission in his judgement.

# CONCENTRATION



Members of several groups in this and other countries have reported to me the results of certain exercises in concentration which they have been told, by one set of teachings or another, to practice. My frank opinion has been requested regarding this kind of exercise and the matter of "Concentration" in general.

Bear in mind that the word "Concentration" covers a vast area. There are many members but one body; many methods, but one result. There are many methods of concentration, auto-suggestion, self-hypnosis, that may create all that is promised by the teachers who urge their practice.

Consider, for example, some of the adepts of India. I have had among them a friend who admitted that in order to exist, he concentrated upon the inner self, realizing the inevitability of the nation's decline. That's all he had to do. He could become rigid and be buried for long periods of time. No American would do this. He has too many opportunities to live at ease.

This adept would sit for hours and concentrate upon certain subjects. This often affected those sitting by, so that they too saw what he was concentrating upon; a matter of thought-transference originated by auto-suggestion. He would, for instance, sit at the edge of a plain and concentrate upon the horizon until a spec would appear, which he "willed" to be a horse. He would watch it for hours until it came closer and closer, "materializing" itself (so far as he was concerned) until it passed by, then "dematerializing" itself back into a spec again at the opposite horizon. He made himself believe the reality of his own creation, denying everything else. Here again is self-hypnosis.

Many of us have "heard" the last words of the dying miles away. The subconscious mind sensed the thought, which was impinged upon the consciousness, which naturally can vibrate the inner ear by its momentum, so that we think we heard it from the outside. This I

can demonstrate and prove absolutely, having done so many times. Several thousand prophecies which I have made and verified in studying these things have involved this phenomena, constituting absolute experience which entitles me to an understanding of how the mind functions in this regard.

Nearly all of the many cases in which I have described or predicted catastrophes such as wrecks or the sinking of ships have resulted from my imagining that I "heard" the cries of distress. If the call of a single soul in distress can make itself known to my mind, as has been the case a countless number of times, it would be surprising if I were not occasionally made aware of the fact when scores or hundreds of souls face death under the same condition in the same hour, thus amplifying the thought by the number involved.

As a case in point take the morning, a number of years ago, when eight of us were gathered at breakfast. Something turned my mind to the direction of Hudson Bay, Canada. All at once I seemed to hear a sound as of about three hundred men and women calling for help. Estimating the locality of such a thought is often difficult. It seemed to come from quite a distance East of me, near Newfoundland. I saw a ship sinking, (not visually, but BACK of the eyes, as when one imagines something.) I expressed all this to those who were with me, who made a record of it. Next day the report came out that the Empress of Ireland sank. It was the "human radio broadcasting" of the men and women on board that I sensed, and which caused the experience. I have thousands of such cases on file, and they occur every day. Whether or not the details be spectacular, as in the case of wrecks, sinking ships, fires, collapsing mines, etc., the same phenomena is demonstrated and further verified, be it only in the fact that I am aware in this manner of happiness or unhappiness, discord or hidden tragedies in the homes of my friends. Of

these things the "public" has never been aware, for I cannot afford to court publicity, nor have I the time for idle curiosity seekers.

As for the many forms of "brain-noises" which have been reported to me by students of "Concentration," let me say frankly that these practices may be very dangerous, and I consider them as among the religious follies that are dangerous to reason, logic and the seeking of truths. Of this also I have much evidence by the many who have become fanatical in believing themselves "gods," not having the brain capacity to see both sides of the fence.

Man, as long as he exists here must use his feet upon solid ground as an anchor. And if his head cannot reach the clouds, his thoughts may. But as long as he is subject to the laws of Nature, he must obey them, or give up that body of human flesh, the constituents of which are the gifts of Nature.

If you have not a wire strand you cannot transmit electricity. If you have no tongue, you cannot express your thoughts. If I had no paper and ink, you would not be reading these lines. But many "isms" and teachings forget these things, trying to live in the abstract and forgetting the footstool of God.

—Give it a Thought—

You say you have no ambition, no energy to do things. Why not change your gasoline? If your machine is O. K. you will have pep. And if your bearings are loose, have a mechanic, (the doctor) tighten them and show you how to adjust your carburetor, and you will forge ahead of your old-time self in this age of machinery.

It would be well for those of you who have always had your health to visit the hospital and observe those in pain. Then, if you are in pain, observe the healthy, happy people. It may awaken a preventative, an understanding, obedience to the laws that advocate contentment to both before the end of the journey.

## At The Fulcrum



### A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

Why cannot more men utilize the gifts they really possess, but which they do not seem to realize are in their possession? Why carry the newly felled trees to be made into lumber, when beasts of burden would gladly carry them for a cast-off meal? Why all the spiritual confusion throughout the world, when there is no discord where truth exists?

Happiness and understanding can only come of truth, as good comes only from good. If there be discord, unhappiness, privation, unnecessary sacrifices, then there is a serpent in paradise, that can only come from untruth, from discord and imitation. What else is there to think, or to think with, if we have not evidence that in the birth of things there lies the revelation. And why do not more of those who preach the gospel, preach it for the sake of the meaning, and not the beautiful words? Why not make everything simple, and not paint the human body gaudy colors to lead us from our path in search of the heart itself, the motive, the principle of truth and love?

Why borrow the wealth of earth,

Gold; the silk of caterpillars, the fragrant odors of vegetation to blind man's senses, to prevent him from seeking the real truth? Why should man deprive himself of the joy in the doing? Why depend upon another's warehouse to take care of one's wages when we all have a warehouse of our own, which will not deprive us of our rent, of the taxes and interest? These are some of the thoughts a man will think, who desires to become master of his own destiny, in partnership with a God whom he respects and loves and worships, but whom he does not fear. These are some of the questions a man will ask himself who is not content to be a sheep among millions, the blind following the blind, whither they know not; yet each possesses a little compass of his own, but which he does not use

Can an altar boy or a servant of the king be trusted in the king's place in his absence? Can one depend upon the tongue of a philosopher in expressing truths he has found, if he be hungry, or possess a passion or impulse? Do we not often accept what we ourselves consider 100%, first because we are honest; second, because we have respect for the giver, and are blind long enough to become deaf to the voice of our own Intuition?

How long will men go on sacrificing for unknown gods when the Great God directs everything within our heart? He lets us get bumped so we may know what NOT to do again. Then when comes depression, He gives us courage to forget what we should not remember. The bump we got was a vaccination to that depression which would have destroyed us. God is like a good Father just out of sight, watching His boy travel through a Jungle, with pride and with a powerful rifle ready to protect him from enemies.

Why can we not believe the truth in its simple form, and make no mistake? Why must we cover with paint given us by envious neighbors? Why need we go to contaminated wells of others to drink when our own well runs cool and pure? When God gave us our mental lunch basket of eternal food, why do we neglect it and purchase food that ferments within twenty-four hours, but for which we must pay, which is our neglect and blindness to the food

we already have . . . .

Things are all wrong until they are made right; and many of us finally answer when the door of death is opened and we are told to disrobe. Then it is that we find a pocket of which we were unaware; and within that pocket the Holy Scripture; but in our trunks a lot of human rubbish—words, words, words, to confuse, to bind and to deafen; a loud brass band trying to destroy the simple melodies of life and love . . . .

In His own good time, God will establish a Universal Constitution to eliminate the radical and to perpetuate His subjects. It is only through sorrow, pain and death that the ignorant will seek, knock and ask. For there is limitation and doubt in the mind of the ignorant; and still they must go on. But in the fear of annihilation, they will taste of that eternal food. And similar to "Jack Frost" (which is the motive power which opens the door of a walnut so that it may escape and grow), so does the Hand of Death, which we sometimes misjudge as cold and cruel, shatter the prison walls of our animal cage and let us see the sunlight that reflects all color and music. Are we not so pleased at the beautiful color of the sunset that we transfer its seven prismatic colors into the seven notes of music by humming a melody expressing our contentment?

How easy and simple it is to find the truth, and where it comes from—God—when one dares to become deaf, dumb and blind in the midst of the multitude, and enter the Human Breast, which is the "Monastery" where there is an altar, the Human Heart, in which lives the spark of God, that soul in a castle made of bone; the little village of brain cells in that house not built with human hands, where stands the "Many Mansions" of which men inspired by God have often spoken; and where is recorded even the memory when God said "Let there be Light"—and there was Light. But the mortality of man seeks it outside, in the artificial, the shadow, the imitation, expecting to plant seeds outside of his yard on his neighbor's land. Then when he picks the fruit, he is called a thief.

Next to Greatness is to befriend it.

## There Goes A Man

(Continued)

Sitting in my car again, by the side of the road, watching men pass by . . . .

There goes a man who is swallowing his anger that was generated by a mistake. He is sure to find that he lost more by the impulse than had he smiled and let it go at that . . . .

There goes a man inclined to be arrogant and vain. He stops his mental growth, though he be an ignorant wise man. He takes himself as a model to improve that which he does not possess, and which his vanity prevents him from realizing . . . .

There goes a man who knows nothing. He has as good a chance to win the race of life as his neighbor who knows everything. The former has just eaten his breakfast; the latter, his supper . . . .

There goes a man who gorges himself habitually. He loses the flavor of everything he eats. His companion drinks himself to sleep. He pays the price for an article he has lost . . . . The man who gratifies every impulse is like a boy who piece-meals and knows not real hunger, nor the lack of a good square meal.

Here comes a man who can smile at intellectual humor. He can laugh at the dance of Death . . . .

He smiles at his enemy's sarcasm. This not only sharpens his own sword, but dulls the edge of his tormentor's who strives to awaken false pride at the expense of this man's downfall . . . .

There goes a man who has patience and forbearance. He has the assurance of consummating all his ambitions. If he has not the faith, so surely will it be born, and with it the sunlight of his joy . . . .

There goes a man who makes a companion of himself. He never becomes lonesome. He may discuss his own faults, and praise his virtues. He has found a garden of food to fill his own basket. For, as the hermit and the philosopher, he too has found that twin companion.

There goes a man who has traveled and gathered knowledge and experience. He can subsist upon it and be happy in reflection, though in solitude; while one who has been idle in aspiration, passive in acquiring experience, will be hungry even though surrounded by the most appetizing food . . . .

There goes a man who is discontented. He is physically unwell. Perhaps a disappointment has weakened his bodily functions, for Nature adjusts all sorrow very rapidly. Likewise a weakened function may produce a sorrow, just as sorrow may produce the weakness. Why not investigate and see how fair God's law of Nature really is, if we but give it that thought He gave us to use as a companion to the law of bodily reflex . . . .

There goes a man who is able to do much, but neglects himself. He is not worth that which he is capable of doing. He represents a dog in the manger of his own barn.

Here comes one who sings his own praise. He is trying to convince the world that he has what he is still looking for. He who praises himself thinks he has discovered something new, just because he found a few broken eggshells. The man who really makes the great discovery of life, feels so insignificant and ashamed to express his helplessness in the part his will takes in the scheme of things already predestined . . . .

There goes a man who really knows. He finds it a waste of time to convince by words or advertisement; for if others cannot be convinced by example in silence, they are not ready to receive anything. For they but look at your menu only to please you, and not to eat the food . . . .

There goes a man who continually builds mansions only to find the first storm level them. He will by his mistakes eventually build one that will resist all elements save that upon which its foundation rests . . . .

There goes a man who lives just-

ly. He will have eyes and ears that see coming calamities, and hear answers before questions are asked. For nothing comes without some

warning, if we but listen to our faults as well as our magnified virtues that we welcome by praise . . .

working relationship with God.

In a four-page bulletin I embodied the substance of my personal view of the matter, indicating that it was neither possible nor just to answer "Yes" or "No" to the question as stated. I might have answered "Yes" or "No" to convicts in such manner as to satisfy them, but not myself in all honesty of experience.

There are some gentlemen among crooks, and crooks among gentlemen; some morons among ministers, which the court proves; and some truly good ministers among supposed morons. It is that law of balance, ever in evidence. Some are condemned innocently, and some who are guilty wear the crown (though it does not fit) of Virtue. Hence I cannot very well say "No", realizing the few good in the City of Gomorrah; or "Yes" to the few crooks among the many trustful, as has been proved in past history with its inquisition that need not be dug up with its stench in the name of a cruel God.

If you think in terms of War, you will destroy thoughts of Peace. If you use as much energy in arbitration and reason for peace and harmony as you do in the production of keen-edged steel, powder and poison gas, you will not have use for justified murder in shackling the blind made so by a false sense of self-sacrifice and defence.

Would you stretch out your hand to a poison viper; would you arbitrate; or would you demand that it be killed? And would you reason that there are millions more hidden that would rise up in bitter hatred, demanding all your time and efficiency, weakening your forces elsewhere; and then in all your desperation call on and blame the unknown God?

God gave man a part of Himself, so man might learn to create and understand the law of distribution as a worthy seed to perpetuate His greatness and glory, even through the means of the earth's lowest elements, fertilizing each unit and wresting from it its power and efficiency to create from many a complete whole.

Thus far man has succeeded, but has in part failed to place the glory he has taken from all the chemicals

## Human-Radio Review

Was it only imagination in the minds of men that caused them to write such books as "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea," "Flying among the Clouds," etc. at a time when it was impossible to do so? These things are all done today, and much more that is now considered fanciful will still be done. Was it not intuition, prevision, awakened by imagination?

As Arthur Brisbane has so well written in referring to great generals of the past: "Before they can do things, men imagine them; then talk and write about them. Ultimately they are done. Imagination starts it."

I am in doubt as to the sincerity of some leaders and seekers for truth: by their indifference in their private search, by their neglect in practicing what they preach, and by their not producing some specimen of their system that can be planted and perpetuated.

Show a man a picture of a most beautiful woman and you have created some hope, at least to the amount that reflects from him, or some hidden pride that is awakened by its likeness in that beauty.

If Nature offers you life, it considers you fit; giving hope and confidence, even in a drought; knowing your limitations to exist. Likewise your mental make-up that does know the length of your days, if you would but consult it, you would need no prophet to tell you all these things, unfolding what you shall unfold.

Should there be any secret in the number of leaves in a cabbage, if one counted them while they grew? If the number of marbles in a box is known, need one count from one to the number, or from the number backward to one, as proof? So in

drought or floods, you may know that there is life taken care of by life itself, that will not neglect itself, as doubt would have us believe.

Do we not all from childhood climb over the mountains of experience? Some of us reach but foothills, nevertheless there comes our greatest height, backed up by enthusiasm. That is the time to accept the opportunity to get set, make a time exposure and use it as the theme of facts, while you are yet in your prime, strong enough to finish, to set, to develop and print the picture of your Ideals at the greatest height and strength.

Then you may with safety glide down back into the valley; but you will always behold your flag flying in the breeze because you dare to believe what you thought was best, the facts believed when you were at your best to do so, not after old age and blindness sets in.

No one has yet taken his best pictures possible in the dark with artificial flashlight and make-believe, when the real belief was so free to take and to give. So let your sons and daughters climb. Be proud of their new discoveries. Let them prove what they believe, as you once did, but dared not broadcast it.

Every now and then I still receive some reaction regarding my answer of some time ago to the prisoners' question as submitted by James F. Wright of Detroit, founder and director of the "Pathfinders of America." It seems that a definite answer of "Yes" or "No" was expected to the question addressed to the various clergymen as to whether, considering the various points they brought up, we feel deep down in our soul that the Christian religion has established an understandable

of earth, building machines as slaves more powerful than an army of men, so that he may have more time to admit from whence came that unknown ambition to progress and evolve toward that Perfection from whence pride, dignity and understanding emanate.



The other day I wondered why it was that the robin, bluebird and rooster have not changed their tune since I was a boy. Is it the lack of imagination and reason, or because they ever shall be what they sing.

Man, of all creation, sings the song of his soul, and can mimic mechanically all the voices of beasts and birds. His imitation attests to his inherent creation which imagination liberates, reason directs, and logic approves by the power of that eternal spirit that perpetuates the growth within the seel, and the notes of the robin or rooster.

A man's song may change, but his characteristics he takes to his grave, though they be modified or accentuated. Were it not for the union of soul and spirit between man and wife, their future progeny would all sing the song of their parents. But herein is where the progress of evolution is hastened; and why man and woman are the highest type of animals, nearing Godhood.



By the way, you will worry all your life if you take little things too seriously. Remember, it's not the one brick alone that constitutes the shape of the building. It's the building that counts, which constitutes a City; and cities, a nation. So don't worry over the kind of wood you have with which to fry your eggs for breakfast. See that the egg is fresh as long as you have a flame under it.



I find so many men and women with digestive disturbances who treat the body by drugs that but stifle the voice of symptoms, when as a matter of fact, fear, apprehension and anger should be treated instead.

Has your tooth ever stopped aching at the door of a dentist? And why? Have you ever become nauseated at the sight of a telegram of death? And why. Just study

your imagination a little, and you may believe the above more easily. Your brain is the headquarters of the president of your united organs. So do your reasoning and talking at the capitol of the country of your body.



Man will continue to invent new(?) discoveries until every organ and gland of the human body has been duplicated or symbolized. Then, and then only, will he seek the best methods of making use of them; for he can then invent no more of his hidden reflections.

He has the keen eyes to see millions of miles of distance, and to see objects so small that no living thing can behold them. He has arms in the wings of a plane, and feet in the wheels of his automobile to outrun any living thing.

He will invent the chemical scent, as he has the ear which amplifies what nothing living can hear. And thus will man go on through his entire body, inventing what he sees within himself. Next he will discover what God intended that he should do with his mechanical shadow of his own body.

Why the speed to annihilate time; the sight, to observe more keenly; the hearing, to hear silent sermons in rock; and the ability to follow the scent of those gone before? Why can it not be, should it not be, as it will be?



Why will men organize lodges, societies, clubs, religions, if not as landmarks of that unity of men; a framework, a skeleton, a castle or log cabin, in order that the soul, the principle of love, may dwell there, as in your fountain pen which holds ink to be used to record the expression of the mind?

As all lodges exemplify some great epoch of the past, to help in seeking Why, they have originated a shorthand record, interpreted by the sincerity in seeking for truth. The landmarks of rituals are the blazed trail to the temple of worship, whether it be made of stone or human flesh.

The seeking moderates the human passions, quickens the heart to sense the hieroglyphics recorded from one wise man or philosopher

to another in the next generation, until the loose strands of the life-line be once more braided as one thought, one aim, one love in the universe. Though many interpretations, there is but one meaning, one purpose, one God. So listen not to the sound expressed by a foreign tongue, but its meaning only; whether the word be spelled Good, God or Love. The thought is one.

## THE LANGUAGE OF IMPULSE



This question has been raised: "What is the Language of Impulse, and how does it function?"

Without pretending to answer this question in a few words, when a volume might easily be devoted to the subject merely as an introduction, we might express a few suggestive thoughts for those sincere enough and studious enough to work things out in their own mind.

Instinct is an impulse of physical self-preservation; but Intuition is an impulse expressing WHY that self-preservation, for what purpose, and how to perpetuate according to the intent of the Creator of all functions.

Instinct is an expression of the animal; Intuition, the truth of the soul. Instinct is the cohesion of the oil that flows up the wick; the wick is the skeleton or chemical of earth; the oil, the spirit of animal; but the light, the soul of God.

The wick is the framework; the oil, the activity which in itself is the skeleton of the soul liberated by the light. Each possesses an impulse; the skeleton or wick as a support, the oil, activity, to travel, to be absorbed as a human body. But the impulse which is the inner, unselfish eternal fact is the impulse of perfection. For after all, it is God Himself; for the sun created the chemicals; then the sun entered into the oil and fats, climbed to the heights of the wick and manifested its light once again, to help the sun heat up the world of darkness in its absence.

The impulse of Intuition is to broadcast the light, the warmth of God. The impulse of the rich is to accumulate wealth. The impulse of the poor, contentment. The impulse of the middle class, happiness.

But the impulse of the philosopher, Wisdom; for he has found knowledge which is but the expression of the artificial, a flowing river of mud and debris. But having found the river, he rose upward to its source, where he found a pure and unadulterated spring oozing out of the breast of mother earth. And there he has found what his impulses directed him to: Wisdom, purity, to drink and be cleansed from the waters of human knowledge.

It is tempting to go into details, carrying this subject into Prophecy. A man does not dig in the solid rock for forty years without having confidence in what he's digging for, unless he be a fool. And a fool of forty years is a good example to others what to avoid. So in both ways he has wages coming for forty years, as an example of continuity—be it for something, or for nothing.

### DEPRESSED?

Whenever you feel depressed, study the condition and you may often find that your body's ailments got in their work first, backfiring, as it were; or because of an overload, the musket kicked back too much.

Just use your mental energy and force your thought to realize the fact, and demand the body to obey your will by enthusiasm and ambition to accumulate those things which give you a Want, looking ahead for bigger things, with greater interest and enthusiasm, thus overcoming the growth of desperation which would enslave you unto self-pity. This will rescue all your past ambition from failure just because you believe there is no hope; the belief originating from that ship of depression where your will has let go of the tiller, and the ship pulls in the wind. Just select a port and see how quickly your ship will sail on to its destiny. Make this test and see for yourself.

We've heard and said enough about "depression," but wonder how many realize its function at a time of declining faith. Depressions awaken hope, be it only for a relief from depression. The habit of hoping, no matter what be hoped for, gives birth to faith. Depressions give men hope, causing them to pray, that they may once more have faith.

## MIRACLES



God creates miracles before we are born; but we are led to them, and then call them "miracles". A man senses that Nature is about to burst a volcano. He gathers together his more ignorant enemies for a "demonstration" of super-natural powers. He raises his hands in time for Nature's destructive display, and it becomes a "miracle" that was to be. This is also "Prevenience".

Throughout history there are records of "miracles", and in every case, especially those which cannot be doubted, knowing the well-authenticated facts, the answer is the same. There was a "miracle" indeed, but no miracle was "performed". The "miracle" in every case was a human mind sensitive enough or clever enough to "foresee". A student of astronomy today, knowing the date of an eclipse of the sun, could go to an ignorant tribe and say, "I shall darken the earth before your eyes and prove that I am your master."

But this is not remarkable to us, for familiarity has bred contempt. It does not astonish us that it is possible to know the exact hour of an eclipse of the moon or sun. The Human mind is still a "mystery", hence still a "miracle", but that too will become an everyday affair, by knowledge and understanding, and will be taken as a matter of course.

We are electrical dynamos. The nerves are the wires which carry the impulse. The blood in the arteries is the iron core which induces the magnetism which we call love, or attraction.

Our ambition is the voltage of pressure; our endurance the rheostat, and the soul within us the engineer or master. Everything depends upon the use that we make of this dynamo.

And surely one master engineer can read the indicator, voltage and amperes of any other mechanism. It is easy to understand when one has mastered these little "mysteries". But the uninitiated cannot under-

stand even the power of electricity. The source is still a mystery. Wireless telegraphy proved still less comprehensible to the world at large; and even in the face of its general usage, its evolution to the radio was generally considered an impossible dream.

And yet, today, as I have so often pointed out, we have the radio. It is regarded with little more emotion than the telephone, and still it is, or was, a "miracle".

People marvel at the possibilities of sensing thoughts in the air, but they will play with radios, hearing music a thousand miles away. Is not the mind which created this radio, greater than the radio which is but a creation or one possibility of its power? As often as I have asked this question of so-called scientists, who doubt the susceptibility of the mind, I have yet to receive a satisfactory answer. Either Yes, or No, commits them to results like an undertow which carries them into deeper water than is comfortable for their peace of mind.

We can conceive of nothing that has not its seed, reflection or possibility within ourselves. Every "machine" in existence is fundamentally a stiff and crude exteriorization of some part of the human make-up, some combination of muscles, some faculty of body or mind.

The radio is but the outward echo of one facet of the Human Mind. As the radio develops we will not only hear but see, as can the sensitized mind, with its amplifier, the "Imagination".

Man, with all his ingenuity and constructiveness can discover nothing new. He merely conforms with a law already in existence for centuries. His sensibility of mind has but absorbed the radiance of existing truth, and this seems to astonish those less informed.

**CONTROL YOUR WANT** instead of your ambition.

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

## "SPARKS"



I believe we must first feed and clothe a man who comes searching for the word of God: for one must satisfy and still the Voice of the Beast first, whether it be shackled or fed to sleep. Then we may sow the spiritual seed which will take care of itself in time, muffling and strangling the animal propensities.

We all must admit that a great fire started by a spark first; and regardless how small that spark might have been, it was the TRUTH of fire that made way for greater truths, or there could not be a flame now.

It matters not whether the flame originated through a storm blowing down a tree to rub against another without the hand of man, or whether it was a man rubbing a piece of wood against another, having seen what the tree produced, through Reason, the first seed of Intelligence: that Reason, the body in which lives Intuition, as our spirit of life lives in a human body, and the soul of God in

a spiritual body.

However, the flame is there which reason governs. And if it does, it may warm its body, cook its food, shape steel, so that man may evolve into greater comfort, with more time to think. But if he has no Reason, then the fire will be master and destroy him and his work.

Such is truth. The spark ignites to understanding; and once man lights the taper upon the altar of his heart, it burns forever, holding that little taper above the parchment of his memory, his good and evil deeds, two points of the triangle. The third point shall be the Judgement that gives credit, and is called conscience, the inevitable proof of an independent God. Three shall be in one; just as the father and mother represent right and wrong, and the proof shall be in the child who will act the impulse hidden within the heart of its parents.