

WINGS OF AQUARIUS

by

Harry J. Gardener



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(MONOGRAPH No. 12)

—By—

HARRY J. GARDENER

SPECIAL ATTENTION

"WINGS OF AQUARIUS" is an Educational and Inspirational Course of Study, especially written and intended for BUDDING INDIVIDUALS.

The beneficial results that you will gain from this Monograph will, of course, be in exact proportion to the enthusiasm and GOOD JUDGMENT with which you employ this information in your daily life and affairs.

Get started first in a small way, never over-exert. Regarding this, you are, of course, your own physician, meta-physician, and counsellor.

The time in which to get started on this marvelous undertaking -- your self-improvement and self-expansion in all the Departments of Life -- is very short; therefore, a very wise individual is he who starts this wonderful work at once, regardless of whatever his present conditions may be.

Continue to increase GRADUALLY -- a little every day. Do this and you will be amazed at the marvels that you will accomplish in a short period of time.

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HARRY J. GARDENER

PREFACE

WINGS OF AQUARIUS is complete in itself. However, by reading through one of the former monographs, entitled WHITE BROTHERHOODS AND BLACK FRATERNITIES, you will get a better setting for the story in WINGS OF AQUARIUS, since the same characters are employed.

Bear in mind, however, that WINGS OF AQUARIUS is not just a story, but a great personal experience for you. Put yourself in the place of the principal character in the narration, and you will find that this monograph contains information which you would not otherwise comprehend. By making yourself the chief character in the narrative, you will actually awaken cells in sections of the brain which have never been used before. Instead of using a small portion of the brain, you will actually utilize it so much that your expanded mentality will give you mental wings.

Just as soon as the mind begins to broaden, and new, wide horizons form, from then on you will be a changed person. Before you are actually through reading this manuscript, you will be bigger, broader, better and taller mentally than ever before.

The information given in WINGS OF AQUARIUS may seem rather simple, but remember that we are just entering a free, easy, simplified, swift-moving age.

The Gentile Dispensation, which lasted 2,520 years and was represented by the sign of Pisces, has come to an end. The New Age, with its marvelous vibrations, is now upon us. Regardless of your condition, age or environment, you can now go forward and do wonderful things that you have always desired so ardently to do. To be enthusiastic is all you need possess for a splendid start.

The Author

Los Angeles
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WINGS OF AQUARIUS

Part One

Near the little village of Casa del Rey on the Pacific Coast, nestled against the mountains that look seaward, John Workman lived. It had been a number of months since Mr. Grayson, Workman's friend and teacher, had waved goodbye to him from the top of the mountain, descending toward the winding coast highway. During the intervening time Workman had faithfully practiced the principles Grayson had given him. But no letters came in Grayson's absence, and Workman grew impatient for word, because now he wanted to go further into the field of constructive living, closer to the core of creation. He spent many hours, while working in his vegetable garden in the little valley just over a mountain from his coast home, thinking about Grayson and his ideas.

One evening, just after sundown, as Workman descended the trail from the mountain top on his way home, he was suddenly filled with the feeling that Grayson was nearby. He got to the winding highway and was within sight of his house when a great car pulled up and stopped near him, and Mr. Grayson called to him! Although John was surprised and delighted, had he been the same man as a year before, he would have been amazed. But even so, he let out a shout of joy and hurried over to the car. Grayson got out to greet him.

"Hello!" Workman called. "I had a feeling I'd see you pretty soon!"

Grayson extended his hand, smiling. "I know," he said. "Well, how are you, anyway?"

Workman expanded. "Very happy. I've made a lot of improvement--but I've been puzzled over a lot of things, too. I'm glad you're back, Mr. Grayson. Come right on over to the house--you don't know how good it is to see you!"

"Well, not this evening," Grayson answered. "I just drove out from the Middle-West, and I've been down toward the southern end of the state--on business. However, I'd like to come over tomorrow and spend the day with you at 'the Hut'."

"Gee, that's great! I'll look for you bright and early here at the house," enthused Workman.

"I'll be here. Now I must get on to my hotel. Goodnight!" They shook hands and Grayson was soon speeding away and was lost to sight on the winding highway. Workman stared after the car for a moment, then with a happy feeling, hurried into the house, in order to tell his family that Grayson had returned. . . .

Directly after breakfast the following morning, there was a vigorous knock at the door, and when Workman opened it, there stood Mr. Grayson, dressed for their hike.

After the two men had crossed the mountain and descended to 'the Hut', Grayson turned to his friend.

"Workman, I suggest, instead of working in the garden today as we've done in the past, we get ourselves comfortable and prepare for a long talk. There are scores of things I want to tell you, and some of them will be issues for you to decide for yourself. Since I'm pressed for time, I must have an answer from you directly, and so I'll try to make everything as clear and concise as possible."

Workman was used to Mr. Grayson's mystical but always definite ideas and ways of broaching a subject, so he settled himself in an armchair with an affirmative nod, and proceeded to listen.

"It's a rather long story," Grayson began. "This past time since I saw you I've been doing a great deal of travelling about--mostly by air. Of course, I told you when I first met you out here last year that I had business interests in the Middle-West and that most of my life has been spent there, working hard and earning money, and that until only a few years ago, I hadn't really begun to live.

"Last year I believed I had progressed a long way, but since then, I have learned so many marvelous things that my position a year ago seems now to be an incredibly ignorant one. I told you how I wanted to do all I could to make life fuller, richer and greater. Well, I've been travelling." Here Grayson paused.

Workman didn't speak for a moment. He had been expecting to hear some vital information. But travelling--was that all Grayson had been doing? It hardly seemed as important as all that to him! "Well, did you like travelling?" was all he could ask.

Grayson smiled his quiet smile again. "You're disappointed, aren't you? No, that wasn't all I did! Remember, there are all kinds of travelling. I went to South America, in the interest of some wheat property I own there. Within that time, I made one of the greatest discoveries I ever hope to make--the greatest discovery any man can make. I learned about myself."

Grayson went on to give details of his travels. While he talked on, Grayson sat for hours enthralled and delighted. Finally Grayson turned his talk from other things directly to Workman and began to explain the real purpose of his visit to Casa del Rey.

"Now, here's my proposition. I have to return to South America, to Buenos Aires, tomorrow by airplane. I want you to come along with me."

Workman grasped the arms of his chair, steadying himself to be sure he had heard correctly. "South America--by airplane? Why--."

"Let me tell you more. First of all, I'll need a chauffeur and companion when I get down to Buenos Aires. I know you once owned a garage in Casa del Rey and sported the first car in town, so I know you can drive and have a knowledge of motors. I may be down there anywhere from three months to a year, and I should like you with me

during that time. All I shall ask of you will be your services when I drive about, and your companionship. Of course, the trip down will be included in the proposition, and the return trip. What do you think of the idea?"

"It's a pretty big thing to talk about," Workman almost gasped, he was so amazed at the fantastic idea of travelling thousands of miles by air. "I've never travelled much, you know. Always stuck around Casa del Rey and in my own state."

"Let me put it this way, Mr. Workman. You want to broaden yourself, don't you?" Grayson asked.

"Of course, I do!" answered Workman. "There's nothing else I want to do more!"

"Well," Grayson replied, "that should settle it. I want you to come with me. After you have explained the situation to your wife, whom I know will understand, you must pack. Your family can get along without you for a time. I want to drive south tomorrow, and then we'll take a plane from the West Coast Airport. From there we'll fly down to Miami, then across to South America, down to Rio de Janeiro, then on to Buenos Aires. We'll stay there for a brief time--and from there--," here Grayson paused, "we'll make for other places."

There was something about the light in his eyes and the fire with which he spoke of South America and its beauties that aroused Workman's imagination to a high pitch. He began to visualize vaguely, laughing, olive-skinned senoritas, dashing gauchos on their ponies, great waving, yellow wheat fields. He was eager for the great journey, although the thought of the trip by air filled him with concern and no small amount of dread.

"If you go with me, you're in for the greatest experience of your life," Grayson told Workman as they began to ascend the trail homeward. "Wonderful things lie ahead of you. It's like spending all your life with yourself, then suddenly, from being a total stranger to yourself, you become your best friend." He smiled as he said this, and Workman then and there determined to go with him, for he felt instinctively that it would be the turning point in his life.

The following day a large roadster rolled into the white and silver air depot. A liveried attendant jumped to open doors, and out stepped Grayson and Workman, fresh from their drive down the Coast. Since it was Workman's initial air journey, he was so overwhelmed that Grayson almost had to lead him about like a little child while last minute preparations for the flight were being made, baggage checked over, telegrams sent. Soon the two men were being directed through the portals out onto the flat landing field, where waited a beautiful silver bird with spread wings--their Miami-bound plane! The motors were idling as they approached, and several men and women had already boarded the craft. A wave of panic swept through Workman at the thought of ascending into the air in the plane before them. But Grayson had been prepared for this, and he touched Workman's arm. Workman was reassured for the moment, and he went forward to enter the

ship.

Slowly the plane moved, sliding forward, rapidly gained speed. The craft rose to its tiptoes, touched the ground ever so slightly, then lifted itself permanently to the blue air. Soon they were flying toward the mountains, while behind them was the city, like a platinum network studded with miniature marble squares. In the ease and comfort of the plane's interior, Workman settled back with a smile. Here was a dream come true! He was no longer afraid. Grayson looked over at him from an opposite seat and smiled in return. How little did Workman know what the smile really meant!

As they whirled southward in the early moonlight that evening, the earth far below them became more verdant, rivers wound themselves between the gentle slopes of green hills, lakes were dim pieces of broken mirrors. . . .

It was six o'clock in the morning when the plane circled around the landing field at Miami. Both Grayson and Workman had slept wonderfully, lulled into dreamless sleep by the throbbing of the motors. After the plane landed, they had breakfast in the modern dining room of the great Miami terminal, and in two hours, they were on their way over Biscayne Bay, in the tremendous, exciting Clipper Ship. This enormous, four-motored plane was the last word in air comfort and beauty. Grayson and Workman had half a compartment to themselves, while before them stretched the lower Americas. . . .

Slowly Miami's skyscrapers disappeared....The picturesque Keys of Florida were scattered beneath their eyes....The brilliant sunlit waters of the Bahamas, where Columbus first cruised....Haiti--the isle of tom-toms, voodoo and mystic rites....They passed over the gorgeously flamboyant valleys of Haiti....Into the port of San Pedro de Macoris, the sugar capital....On to Puerto Rico, land of Ponce de Leon....The plane soared out and over San Juan Harbor. Into the past went the colored roofs of the city....Then came the quaint harbor of St. Croix, Virgin Isles....At last their attention was called to the headlands of the great South American continent as it came upon the horizon....Soon they were gliding over the exquisite harbor of Port of Spain, Trinidad, on the eastern Caribbean....Later there lay before them the jungled coast of Venezuela, the muddy yellow Orinoco. For hours the Clipper Ship sailed over jungles no man had ever seen before the coming of mechanical wings....They saw Para, once proud first city of the black gold--rubber. It was spread like a multi-colored blanket on the banks of the mighty Amazon. Later they viewed the city of Recife in Pernambuco....

Grayson had been telling the awestruck Workman, who was still so stunned by the beauty and majesty of the trip that he could do no more than mutter, how marvelous Rio de Janeiro would be. But when the glorious harbor and city lay below him like a huge canvas, painted into fantastic shapes and designs, he could not believe it....It was not long, then, until they reached Buenos Aires, third largest city in North or South America. Here, amid the bustling traffic and cosmopolitan atmosphere, Workman was thrilled and delighted. It seemed that his mind, which had been settled and stagnant all these years, had come alive with the journey. He was alert, ready for adventure,

for culture and the enthusiasm of a new world.

After a brief and vivid stay in the great city, they were on their way again. The two men, with Workman at the wheel, drove along in the great car over roads that wound in and out of richly fertile country, up over broad, low hills, then down into dark verdant valleys. Finally, they approached the foothills of the Andes. There, through the purple distance, loomed the giant feathers of snow stuck in endless jagged rock peaks. Around the two men were plateaus, high and sunlit. The car rounded a curve in the road, and Grayson asked Workman to stop on the brow of the hill.

"Is your wheat land over this way?" Workman asked eagerly.

"My wheat fields are hundreds of miles behind us, my friend," Grayson informed his surprised companion. "But they aren't important to me at the moment. It is yourself who matters. Look ahead, and upward--see that small speck on the plateau?"

Workman squinted against the late afternoon sun. "Why yes, I do. Looks like a house. What is it?"

"It's our destination," Grayson said. "But we'd better get going if we want to make it before twilight."

So the great car sped forward, up the winding hillroads, until at last, there a few hundred yards before them, stood a beautiful building, large and spacious, a rich garden spot in an almost unbelievably fertile world. Twilight was settling over the valley behind them, and the east was purple. The sun, cut off by the high Andes, left only its last gold in the high blue air as a memory.

The car pulled up to the gates of the wide courtyard and stopped. In wrought-iron letters over the archway Workman saw strange words, apparently the name of this place they were visiting. "What does it mean in English, Mr. Grayson?" he asked his friend.

"It means the Monastery of Aquarius," Grayson replied. "It will be your home for some time to come. Workman, I am happy for you. This is to be the greatest experience of your life."

Through the high gates of the monastery could be seen a luxurious, multi-colored garden of flower beds, spaced with broad flagstone walks. Over the high stone wall that encompassed the entire monastery hung bright-flowered climbing vines and the giant leaves of southern trees, laden with fruit. Gathered about a stone bench in a far corner of the garden was a group of Brothers, dressed in white robes. They were talking quietly among themselves. Workman noticed other Brothers walking about the flagstone paths, some meditating and others reading. The monastery itself had white plaster walls, after the pattern of missions, with a bright red-tiled roof. Upon coming closer, Workman was amazed at the exquisite perfection of architecture, the solidarity and friendliness of the whole place. Between the men and the building, which was nearly a hundred feet away, played a large fountain. Unlike the average religious house, the wide open

doors spelled welcome and radiated an air of immediate friendliness. Several of the Brothers smiled at the two men, and as they reached the entrance steps, the Brother Registrar of the monastery came out to meet them with a friendly smile.

"Mr. Grayson!" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "We're certainly happy to have you back among us again!" Then he turned to Workman and shook hands with him. "And you're the new visitor Mr. Grayson promised to bring to us. Welcome to our home!"

"I'm glad to be here," Workman managed to stammer.

"We'll see to your luggage," the Brother Registrar assured them. "If you'll follow me, I'll show you to your room."

With that, he led Grayson and Workman through the vast entrance hall, across the tiled floors and into the left wing, up a broad staircase to their second floor quarters. After seeing them comfortably in their room, the Brother Registrar left them. On entering, the two men found it to be a roomy, attractive abode, facing due east, with a matchless view of the broad mesas they had traversed that same day. Workman peered out of the huge windows, but the outlines of the hills below were nearly indiscernible in the purple twilight shadows. Upon closer examination, Workman found to his amazement that the room had every modern convenience.

After refreshing themselves with showers and clean linen, the two men sat down to chat for a few minutes.

"I don't understand all this, Mr. Grayson," Workman said. "What is it all for? Why are they so nice to us--as if they were expecting us?"

"They were expecting us," Grayson told him. "Don't worry, my friend. Everything's quite all right. In a few days' time you'll be happier than ever before in your entire life."

At that point there was a gentle knock at the door. A young Brother in immaculate white informed them: "At the sound of the chimes--in about five minutes--dinner will be served in the main dining hall." When the chimes began, Grayson and Workman left their room and entered the hall. A host of other men, all apparently newcomers themselves, joined them from different rooms, and they all proceeded to the great refectory or dining hall. Again Workman was amazed. Never before had he seen such a dining room. It was long and very wide, with cream colored walls and a high, beamed ceiling overhead. Each table was beautifully lit by candelabra. Great full-length windows framed with rich draperies were set in three walls--looked out to the mountains in the west and to the plains on either side. Into the refectory the white-clad members of the Order filed, taking their places at appointed tables along the walls. All were seated facing toward the center of the room, no matter where they were placed. Then, inside of this gigantic U the visitors were ushered to their places at individual tables. Each table accommodated twelve visitors, with a member of the Order seated at either end. Thus, there were fourteen at each table. The principals of the Order, nine

in all, then entered. Everyone stood until they had reached their table, extending across the far end of the refectory, completing the U. A concealed organ played softly while the Brother Superior intoned the thanks offering. Then everyone sat down. Workman enjoyed the simple yet tasteful food immensely, for the journey had whetted his appetite.

It was not long before the Brothers at each table had introduced themselves to their guests, and the meal was begun amid the hum of amiable conversation. Workman, who had been hearing many varied foreign tongues and dialects since he left the States, was delighted that everyone seemed to speak and to understand English here. It was plain, however, that a number of the guests had learned English after they had come to maturity, because these men had marked accents.

The guests at the various tables were served by the novitiates of the Order, wearing green robes. These Brothers seemed most anxious to please, and deemed it a special favor if, when a guest mentioned a liking for some particular food, they could replace the empty dish with a full one.

Workman surveyed the assembly. There were visitors from everywhere amongst the guests. There were Teutonic blonds, olive-skinned visitors from Mediterranean shores, dark-skinned men from the tropics and several Japanese. The congregation of the Brothers in White were also of many nationalities. However, the differences in complexion among them were far less pronounced.

After dinner, the Brother Superior rose at the far end of the room. Among other things, he expressed great delight that so many had been gathered together for the coming session of "study, application and demonstration." He spoke of the pleasure all would derive from working together and preparing themselves for the New Age. After this message of welcome, the Brother Superior pronounced a benediction, and all of the guests were directed to the great drawing room. A huge fireplace, taller than a man, had a freshly kindled fire in it that cast mellow shadows about the room and on the beamed ceiling. After half an hour of pleasant conversation in which newcomers and Brothers were introduced, one of the Brothers who had presented himself as Brother Ottiano took a position on the left of the hearth and began a discourse regarding the educational work they would take up. Workman remembered only the highlights from it--"All who gather here are pioneers of the New Age--many things to be eradicated from each life--many new things to be added in place of them--positively no financial arrangements to be made or worried about while here--each guest taken care of by the monastery during his sojourn--each guest to be called upon to assist with preparation of meals, keeping the building in order, gardening, and other things--."

Then the course of study was outlined, the time it would require--three months. The rules of the Order were enumerated, which were not at all austere, but which must be religiously maintained to the letter. After that the discourse was ended, and the young Brother stepped down to mingle with the guests again. There was another period of conversation and getting acquainted, and Workman began to feel infinitely more at ease with the group. He had overheard various

visitors introducing themselves to one another after the manner of: "Martinelli from Italy"--"Claudel from France"--"Lobero from Spain"--"Yoshida from Japan". So, when he introduced himself after that to other strangers, he said, "Workman from the United States!" and beamed proudly. Gradually, groups began leaving for their respective quarters, and finally Grayson came over to Workman and suggested they retire. So, reluctantly, because he had commenced to be tremendously absorbed in his new surroundings, Workman left the group and went upstairs with Grayson. They had hardly entered the room when Workman turned to Grayson with a question.

"What sort of a place is this, and how long are we going to be here, Mr. Grayson?" he enquired.

Grayson smiled. "It's an educational institution of higher teaching, my friend," he replied. "You're going to be here for three months taking the course. I'll stay here myself for three or four days doing some research work in the library. Then I must return to the world, as I have a great deal of work which mankind must have."

"But I thought you said I was working for you," Workman said confusedly.

"You've been a great help to me, but you'll be a still greater one by staying here. I had you come along as my chauffeur because I knew that if I explained the institution to you, it would seem too utterly fantastic and marvelous to be real."

For a moment Workman was silent. Finally he spoke out: "But can you imagine anyone going to school at my age?"

"Don't give it a thought," Grayson encouraged. "Why, I took this course last year shortly after I left you. And you know I'm lots older than you are. Besides that, I noticed this evening that at least half the guests were as old or older than yourself."

Workman was at a loss for words. At last he said: "Well, Mr. Grayson, since I have complete faith and confidence in you, and since I've already developed a fondness for this place, I know I'll enjoy it. I assure you I'll do my very best to make this rusty old brain absorb all the educational material it's given."

Part Two

Several days were required to register the new students, and Workman was a member of this group of novices. Each one was assigned to various duties for the duration of their sojourn at the monastery. Workman was delighted when he received outside work among the flowers, as well as in the vegetable garden. Everyone was, by this time, feeling completely at home. They had been working and spending their leisure periods together, so all had become acquainted with each other. Each afternoon, a group of ten or twelve of the students was taken on pleasant hikes through the beautiful hill country nearby. Even the old men were given considerable opportunity to get their exercise in this way.

Then the studies started in earnest. The first matter taken up was the subject of Silence. Brother Dominguez explained the importance of silence. He discussed it thoroughly. He informed them that the entire community would observe absolute silence, beginning that very evening at 9:00 p.m. and continuing until 9:00 a.m. each morning. Not a word would be spoken. This rule would continue through the entire study period of nearly three months. After that, another important rule was given. From 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. each day no one would speak unless he had something very worthwhile to say, and then he was only allowed to say it if he expressed himself in the very best language.

And so, that evening at nine, vocal silence went into effect. It was quite amusing the following morning when the novices or students desired to order extra portions of food to see them gesture for it in "Indian sign language".

Even in so short a period as one week, most of the novices had improved wonderfully in speech as well as concentration, due to religious observance of this period of complete silence, to be followed only by their best premeditated utterances, when they wished to speak. During several succeeding days, more information was given and other discussions were held regarding silence.

Next the subject of Relaxation was taken up. It was brought out that the healthy, normal life--both physically and mentally--was a combination of activity followed by relaxation. Brother Romero said that the average person does not know when or how to relax. He maintained that the proper time for relaxation was after activity, but that most folks performed it before. The result was--it led to disorganization and laziness. "Before you attempt to relax," said the Brother, "you must have exposed yourself to either physical or mental activity, or both."

Blanking the mind completely and relaxing every muscle of the body while in a reclining position soon brought marvelous health and body control, Brother Romero said. Sleep in this way could be perfect and dreamless. He then spoke on the occultism of dreamless sleep, and ended the discussion with an illustration of perfect relaxation. An oak table, as long as a couch, was moved to the front of the platform. Brother Romero mounted it, stretched himself full-length upon it with a chair cushion for a pillow. He completely relaxed every body muscle, and in a few moments was sound asleep. One of the other Brothers explained the principle while Brother Romero slept, then awakened him at the end of the discourse. On awakening, Brother Romero stretched himself, yawned, and said with a smile: "Good morning, folks! I didn't talk in my sleep, did I?" A ripple of mirth ran through the audience. "Most audiences sleep in front of their speaker, but here's one speaker who sleeps before his audience!"

In a few days even the habitually nervous men, both young and old, were beginning to master the art of relaxation.

Next, Self-Control while sitting or standing was given. This was more difficult than the average student had anticipated. The first exercise in class consisted of taking a comfortable position in the

large easy chairs and sitting completely quiet for ten minutes. To most of the students, the last half of the ten minutes seemed like an eternity. A hand would dash up and scratch an ear or nose. There was considerable changing of positions, shuffling of feet, a number of coughs and several hearty sighs.

At the end of the ten minutes practically everyone admitted heavy defeat. Brother Michael then explained to them that it was perfectly possible for the Ego to control his own mind and body for any period that he chose, and that until he could do that, he was only a fraction of the being he was intended and destined to be.

One of the students wished to make it understood that he doubted the possibility of anyone's being able to remain quiet, even with a great deal of practice, for the space of a half hour.

Brother Michael replied: "I have something to show you all that will interest you, especially those in the doubting Thomas class."

He quickly drew back a set of curtains and there, seated in two chairs, were two of the Brothers, completely quiescent and looking straight ahead, yet perfectly conscious.

"At midnight last night, those two Brothers, at my request and for your good and enlightenment, took their places here," Brother Michael explained to his interested assembly. "They have not moved since that time. Now, in order to be certain of that, every two hours two watchers went on observation duty. A total of ten have been watching. Will those ten please come forth?"

The ten men lined up in front of the platform and admitted that not once did either of the two Brothers so much as slightly move a muscle.

After that, the ten men took their seats in the audience. The audience was so amazed that it was completely silent.

Brother Michael then remarked. "I believe that this demonstration has been of sufficient duration to convince you that it can be done, and so I shall suggest that the two Brothers now come forward and tell you how they feel."

This they did quickly. "I feel just fine," the first Brother commented.

"I feel just the same," answered the second one. "The ten hours seemed like only a few minutes to me."

The class was then dismissed. The entire group surrounded the two Brothers and began to ply them with direct questions.

At the Monastery of Aquarius, a meatless diet was adhered to at all times. However, the benefits of the use of meat, as well as quality and quantity, were given in lectures.

It almost seemed strange now to the students that anyone would

care for meat. This was due to the wholesomeness of the meals served, and also because of the use of butter, milk, cheese and eggs.

Regardless of who the student happened to be, he was given invaluable first-hand information on the preparation of food in the Monastery kitchen. A discourse was given later to the entire assembly of novices. While speaking, the Brother said in part: "No matter how well-cooked and daintily served food may be, it may act almost as a rank poison, if it has been prepared by persons who heartily dislike their work and hate those whom they serve."

Then he spoke on the process of "reclaiming" the food, or freeing it from malicious magnetism. This was done, he said, by masticating it to a liquid and sending loving thoughts to those who had prepared it. Of course, he informed his audience that only by complete mastication was it possible to secure the "soul" of food, a subtle substance that was of tremendous benefit in securing perfect health and strength.

"If you masticate your food to a liquid," he continued, "you will not overeat, and a normal amount of food, masticated until the 'soul' of it is liberated, puts flesh on those who are underweight and often quickly reduces those who are overweight."

The entire Brotherhood, as well as the novices, was busy from morning until night. Sleep, study, work, recreation filled each of the twenty four hours brimming full.

They were not acquainting themselves with just so many ideas, or memorizing so many principles. They were learning and practicing at the same time. They were actually demonstrating.

Time flew by. The subject for this morning was Desire. "Do you realize," said Brother Ferdinand, "that without desire you couldn't move a muscle? Do you know that your hand could be lying on top of a red-hot stove, and without desire, you could not remove it, no matter how excruciating the pain?"

He continued, "Everything you do is because you desire to do it. But you say I do many things I do not desire to do. How do you account for that?"

"It's like this," said Brother Ferdinand, answering his own question, "the things you do not want to do are so closely associated with the things you desire to do or accomplish, that an extended or projected desire causes you to do them. That, by the way, is the secret of great success. If there is anything that must be done, even though you may despise doing it, closely associate it with some great desire. Then, although you may find you still don't care to do it, the actual dislike for doing it will be gone. Doing things you dislike to do by this simple method--if done with all the zeal and enthusiasm you can arouse--soon makes the most distasteful things actually pleasant. It is often the things we despise doing that are so highly beneficial for us in every way."

Love was a subject that was discussed in every phase by several

members of the White Brotherhood. Animal love, human love and Divine Love were all taken up and completely separated into their natural divisions. In this way, love was shown to be the greatest thing in the world when correctly used. On the other hand, it was the most destructive influence when participated in to any great extent on a plane lower than that on which Divine Love constantly functions. He explained--Brother Jose was lecturing--that human love was identical to animal love, that the human race was now, for the first time, to experience the higher form of love; that Divine Love was so tremendous and powerful that it made animal or human love look puny, sickly and even revolting.

Some interesting information was given on the art of loving everyone, by first ardently loving all those whom it was natural for one to love.

Lectures, talks, demonstrations had been given and participated in abundantly. It was now nearing the end of the course of study. It seemed as though it were only yesterday that they had come to the Monastery for instruction, but it had been almost three months. The thought of leaving was beginning to concern everyone.

But they soon forgot the thought of their early departure when Brother Vincent told them that secretly they had all been observed and were entitled to pass on to the final great step in their course of study and demonstration.

There were still "secret" rooms in the great Monastery which none of the novices had ever entered. This particular morning, Brother Vincent informed them that they were to be given a new practice, and in order to perform it properly, they would have to proceed to a special room. He asked them to follow him in an orderly manner.

Passing down a long hallway, turning the corner and proceeding down another one, they soon came to two enormous heavy doors. Brother Vincent knocked three times, uttering the words, "Keeper of the Mysteries, open wide the Gates!"

"Who demands entrance?" came a stern voice from within.

"I, Brother Vincent, Master of the Novice, demand admittance for myself and my flock."

The doors began to open slowly and when they were wide open, Brother Vincent turned to his followers and said, "Follow me. Enter in."

The room was large, spacious and not at all austere. There were rows of chairs with peculiar arm rests. After each of the novices had seated himself, Brother Vincent stepped onto a platform, raised above the level of the floor, and occupied a chair identical to those on the floor. Heavy velvet curtains behind him and draped in a semi-circle about him, gave the platform the appearance of a throne.

Then Brother Vincent began to speak in his usual calm but interesting manner.

"The first thing I want you to do is to lean back in your chairs and relax," he began. "Now place your arms on the arms of the chair with the palms upward, the same as I am doing. Now make yourselves perfectly comfortable and relax every muscle. Now close your eyes."

In a few minutes Brother Vincent spoke. "Continue as you are, perfectly relaxed, but let each one turn his thoughts to the thing he desires or needs most, and imagine or 'see' it being dropped into his open and upturned palms. It may be spiritual, mental, physical, financial or social. Whatever it is, 'see' it coming into your life through your upturned palms.

"Don't try to feel worthy of that which you desire. If you do, you will receive nothing. Remember, this is a gift."

After fifteen minutes of the 'Practice of the Uprturned Palms' Brother Vincent said, "Let us leave this sacred room quietly, without a word to anyone, proceeding each to his own room to continue this practice until the noonday bell for dinner chimes."

The novices filed out. The heavy doors closed behind them as quietly and mysteriously as they had opened.

Workman proceeded to his room. He was surprised to find that one of the chairs had been removed, and in its place was a chair exactly like the one he had occupied a few minutes previous in the "mystery room". He sat down, made himself comfortable, and with palms upward, started again to receive.

He was amazed to find that it seemed like almost no time had passed until the bell announcing dinner in the great refectory rang.

Part Three

The course of lectures was now completed. Workman took himself aside and performed a kind of inventory or comparison of himself--as he now was against what he had been only three brief months before. In every way he had made great improvements. He felt a tremendous urge to go forth and do things--great things--for others.

That evening at supper in the great refectory, ten or twelve newcomers were present. This was rather unusual, for during the entire three months, no outsiders had visited the Monastery, other than several civil authorities and two or three prospectors of precious metals. Workman asked the Brother in White, seated at the head of the table, who these men were.

"They are last year's students--just returned to participate in the ceremonies marking the end of this particular session of work here at the monastery," he explained.

Everyone became interested at once, and Workman asked: "Oh, is there to be a ceremony making the completion of our studies?"

"Precisely," replied the Brother. "And more than that, these

brothers who have just arrived, as well as other graduated students who will return, and all the lay brothers here wearing the green robe, are to be elevated to the Order of the White Robe. As soon as this is performed, then the novices, which include all of this year's students here, are made Brothers of the Green Robe and will receive their New Names."

The following days were ones of joy, controlled excitement and expectation. Workman had never known that a human being could have so many joys, emotions and thrills at the same time. His joy went beyond bounds one night, while he was preparing for the evening meal. A gentle knock sounded at his door. He opened it, and there stood Grayson, smiling, looking younger than ever, freshly returned from his travels.

They had scarcely greeted each other and sat down to talk when the chimes sounded for the evening meal. That night at dinner, there were still more members present from the previous year's class.

The next day the final contingent of the past year's students arrived. The Brother Superior requested that all of them appear for the evening meal in their ceremonial robes.

Workman was in his room when Grayson came in, dressed in the familiar green robe of the lay brothers.

"Why, Mr. Grayson, I didn't know you actually belonged to this Order," remarked the surprised Workman.

"I suppose I should have told you," replied Grayson, "but I didn't think you would be particularly interested, at least, not until now. By the way, no one who wears the robe of this Order is known by his worldly name. I am not Mr. Grayson, but Brother Barnabas."

The refectory bell sounded and all filed into the great dining hall. Workman and the other novices were the only ones not in the ceremonial robes of either green or white.

Next day, the entire Brotherhood of the Order rehearsed for the evening's ceremonies. That evening was a momentous event for the lay members in green. With elaborate and impressive ceremony, they were invested with the White Habit and were now full-fledged members of the White Brotherhood.

Workman had a strange feeling when his friend Mr. Grayson-- Brother Barnabas--was invested with the White Robe. An emotion welled up in him which seemed to form a great chasm between them. Grayson, sensing this, told him immediately that he must overcome such a thought at once, because there was no separation between them--and that on the next evening when Workman himself would be invested with the Order of the Green Robe, all of that silly separated feeling would pass away. "And so why not forget it NOW?" Grayson suggested.

"All you have to do now is to follow instructions," Grayson explained, "and by tomorrow at this time, you will be a full-fledged member of this illustrious and mystical Order. There is just one

thing of great importance that you must decide upon, and that is your New Name. You have from now until tomorrow evening to decide what it shall be."

The morning was scarcely born when Workman finally decided to sleep. So many exciting thoughts had been racing through his active mind that until then he hadn't desired to sleep. But the moment he decided to do so with the method taught the novices by Brother Romero some weeks previous, he was able to go sound asleep. Daybreak seemed to come almost instantly.

Most of the day was spent in the rehearsal of the novices. Finally, the Master of Ceremonies instructed: "Each of you go to your room and vest yourselves in the habit provided for you."

Workman felt like running, but long ago he had mastered his emotions, and so he walked very calmly. Entering his room, he saw Grayson standing there in his white robes. The latter remarked: "It's the custom of this Order for a Brother in White not only to sponsor a candidate for the Order, but give the first candidate he sponsors his green robe. I understand that this particular robe has been handed down in this manner for more than a century. Nothing pleases me more, Mr. Workman, than to sponsor you and to pass this robe on to you, with the knowledge that soon you, too, will pass it on to another."

That evening everyone was in robes at the appointed hour. The important ceremonies began with the great opening processional of the White Brothers. The mighty organ vibrated through the beautiful procathedral, now softly lighted by innumerable gold-tongued candles. A supreme thrill filled every candidate. Following the Brothers in White came the novices. The Brothers in White took their appointed places, then the novices were seated, and rose in turn to go before the Pontifical Mentor as their names were called. As each stepped forward, it was easy to see that he wore only the simple green robe, minus the cowl and the golden cord.

Finally it was Workman's turn. His name was called. Inwardly he was nervous and excited, but he maintained an outward calm.

"Who sponsors this man for a member of this illustrious Order?" was the challenge.

"I, Brother Barnabas, sponsor this man," came the hearty response from Brother Barnabas--Mr. Grayson.

"What is your New Name?" questioned the Authority.

"Joseph," replied Workman.

Then, with fitting ceremony, the cowl was placed about his neck and the golden cord tied about his waist. Workman was solemnly inducted into the Great Order with these words:

"No longer are you the old man, but the New Man. Old things have passed away. All things are becoming new. You are no longer John

Workman. From now on, you are Brother Joseph, and forever a member of The Brothers of the Great White Order...."

The last of the candidates had been received into the Great Order. The Brother Superior arose to address the Assembly. The bells in the huge tower chimed the hour of midnight. A New Day had just started!

"---Not only have we begun a New Day," the Brother Superior stated, "but we are entering a marvelous New Dispensation. The age known as the Times of the Gentiles has passed. We have already entered the beneficent influences of the grandest age this world has ever known--the Aquarian Age...."

"The Wings of Aquarius are stronger than the most resistant and tenacious metal. They give you the strength and courage for flight. They are as swift as thought; always a thousand times more powerful than any nether world influence that could assail you...."

"The water of Aquarius is flooding the earth. The earth will not be destroyed, but it will be washed pure and clean...."

"No longer will Faith have to go forward alone, now she is accompanied by her bondservant--Works. The two are inseparable, and woe unto him who would accept the one without the other...."

"Go forth now and by faith and works create a new world wherein dwells peace, power, abundance, health, joy, zeal, fervor and righteousness...."

The Brother Superior finished his discourse, and with fitting ceremony, each new member received a staff and a portion of unleavened bread. They stood as they ate. This was to symbolize that, from then on, the entire earth was their home, and that they meant to be constantly in readiness to render aid to mankind wherever the call might be heard.

The great organ thundered forth. It came to a sudden stop. "Go forth with the Good News of the New Day," was the command. The March of Triumph was played as the Brothers of the Order filed out in perfect step to win victories in the New Day.

Part Four

The following day, miles from the monastery, Workman and Grayson entered the town of Mendoza, prepared to board a plane which would carry them across the Andes to the Pacific Coast.

It was still dark--although the eastern sky was losing its intense blue--when the great plane left the airport at Mendoza to cross the Andes. Higher and higher it climbed. The silver wings and steady movement of the ship filled Workman with an elated sense of well-being, in direct contrast to what he had felt before, because now he was an entirely different man.

Soon the two men were looking through the porthole windows at the vast mountains about them. They flew into the gigantic Pass nearly 13,000 feet deep and were soon surrounded by enormous towering walls of rock and snow.

Among the passengers was a padre. When a young lad, pointed down over her shoulder at a tiny chessman of a figure standing on a precipitous cliff, he murmured: "It is the Christ of the Andes." The symbol and promise of eternal peace between Chile and Argentine." The padre closed his eyes and moved his lips in prayer.

Over the staggering white wastelands of snow and ice the plane flew. Fantastic mountains reached up out of the Pass to rub their backs on the top of the sky. Some time later, they emerged from the Pass, after watching the unparalleled pageant beneath them. Soon after, the plane left the higher peaks, descended toward the foothills. Only a few minutes later and it glided onto the landing field at Santiago, Chile, the first lap of their homeward flight over. Behind them were the Andes, impenetrable without mechanical wings. Workman likened the flight to his own life. Had he not been given spiritual wings of Aquarius at the monastery, he could never have surmounted the heights in his own being that had once seemed so formidable.

The following day, at dawn, the plane rose from the Santiago airport and headed due north over Chilean wastelands between the mountains and the coastline. Antofagasta and Arica passed beneath them....They sailed on through bright sun and under white patches of racing clouds....There was Ilo and then Arequipa....Spread below them lay Lima, City of the Ancient Kings. Behind them, over the Andes, lay the ruins of the great Inca civilization, still magnificent, in spite of the conquering Spanish who destroyed most of its fabulous beauties. Next, Talara, the great oil city, where the first American oil wells were sunk....After crossing the great bay, they flew over Guayaquil... Then they were bound for Panama, sailed over the tiny sapphire strip of the Canal, cross-roads of the world....Looking down, they could see where the Americas met, where East and West are finally joined by man's ingenuity....Off to San Salvador....They flew over the green beauties of Costa Rica, saw the clean little city of San Jose, with its white, elaborate buildings gleaming in the sun. Later in the day they passed over Lake Nicaragua, the giant lake filled with fresh water sharks....Against a backdrop of palms, pines, lakes and volcanoes the plane flew on into beautiful Mexico City, proceeding on over lush country to Mazatlan....

Toward sunset they crossed a thin green line, which in geography books, separates the state of Baja California in Old Mexico from Southern California. Soon they were gliding over the myriad lights of the City of the Angels--coming to rest at the end of their long journey at the West Coast Airport.

Grayson and Workman disembarked from the ship, and as they were passing through the gateway into the air depot, a cheerful voice shouted: "Hello, Dad! How d'you do, Mr. Grayson!"

It was Bob Workman, home from college. Mr. Workman was delighted

to see his son and remarked: "Well, Bob, how did you know we were arriving today?"

Mr. Grayson spoke up. "I suppose I should have told you, Mr. Workman, that while we were in Mexico City I telegraphed your wife the time of our arrival."

"That was very nice of you, Mr. Grayson," Workman thanked him. Then, turning to Bob, he said. "How's Mother, anyway?"

"I'm fine, John!" Mrs. Workman laughed, coming up beside him out of the crowd....

The Workmans attempted to persuade Mr. Grayson to return home with them for a restful visit, but he courteously declined the invitation. "My business interests in the Northwest demand my presence there immediately," he stated. "I wish it were possible to stay and see more of you."

After bidding them farewell, Grayson disappeared into the crowd.

Workman's neighbors spent the first few days of his return plying him with questions, to which he readily gave answers. They enquired about crops in South America, the scenery, what the people wore, what food they ate, and all sorts of similar questions. But when Workman began to tell of his teachings, his daughter laughed and chided him.

"Oh, Dad, come now! You don't mean to say there actually was such a monastery!" she exclaimed. "It's utterly fantastic! You must be making it up!" Mrs. Workman also seemed skeptical.

This was Workman's first contact with disbelief since returning to the world.

Reporters from the Casa del Rey Evening Sun and the Ocean County Weekly News came to interview him about his trip. They plied him with questions, too, concerning the geography, peoples, economic conditions and such items about various countries he had passed through, and particularly about the Argentine and Brazil.

"Gentlemen," Workman said after graciously giving two hours of his time to them, "I've told you a tremendous amount about what I saw. But there's something more important I haven't told you about. It's true that I went on the trip because I was invited, and that I saw marvelous country and travelled the entire route by plane, but that isn't the most significant thing. I really went down to South America to study at a monastery in the foothills of the Andes. I spent three months there, learning a vital set of principles that those who are preparing for the New Age need and must have."

Then, in essence, he told the story of his experience to the reporters, who listened at first in awe, then began smiling and exchanging glances, and at last, broke into Workman's narrative, saying they were sorry to have taken so much of his time, and that they would go now. So with that the interview ended.

Later in the week when Workman picked up the Ocean County Weekly News, he ran across the article about himself. He was surprised and chagrined and more than upset to see, that although two columns had been written about the scenery and such, not a single line mentioned his great course of study. The paper did state that he had visited a mystical monastery somewhere in the Andean foothills near Mendoza, but nothing more was said.

Workman waited rather dejectedly until the Casa del Rey Evening Sun arrived that night, hoping they had given his report full space. But it was almost like the other article, except for an obscure paragraph tucked away at the bottom of a column. It read:

"Mr. Workman spent three months taking a course of study at an Argentine monastery. Educationally, he claimed the course contained truths that every human being should possess. He stated that his future work would be the teaching of these ideas."

Workman threw down the paper in disgust. "Here I am a re-youthified man, and they don't even say I look younger!" he said aloud.

At that moment Bob came dashing in. "Why, Dad!" he exclaimed, "you look fifteen years younger!"

Mrs. Workman in an adjoining room overheard the conversation and was not particularly pleased that her husband had thrown off nearly 15 years in his appearance, making her look much the older of the two, when in reality they were practically the same age.

Workman was invited to speak at several places--the Chamber of Commerce, the Womens' Club, at the Sunday afternoon Service at the Community Church. He held his audiences almost spellbound until he began to discuss the Aquarian teachings and practices he had learned at the Monastery. Then almost immediately they began to show signs of boredom. Each time he was puzzled and disappointed at their disinterestedness in these vital New Age principles.

The mail carrier drew up to the Workman mailbox. Mr. Workman hastened down to the highway, thinking perhaps Mr. Grayson had written him. Along with a magazine or two, there was a single letter for Mr. Workman. He hurriedly tore it open and was disappointed to find that it was from a stranger.

The text of it read: "Through the Evening Sun, published in Casa del Rey, we note that you have some interesting information of a mystical or spiritual nature, received in South America. Would you come to Santa Ramona and tell us of your mystical discoveries?"

It ended with: "We have only a small group, but we are willing to divide the offering with you."

Mr. Workman was disappointed that the letter was not from Mr. Grayson. He put it in his pocket. That evening he said to Bob: "Write these people and tell them I'm unable to come over."

Bob read the letter. "Why not go, Dad?" he urged enthusiastically. "I'll take you over in my car, and we'll be there in less than an hour and a half."

Bob drove him over in his car the following Sunday evening, and father and son had a very delightful chat while travelling.

At the meeting Mr. Workman briefly told of the trip to South America and back, then proceeded to discourse on the subjects nearest his heart. His audience sat spellbound. It seemed to them and to Mr. Workman that he had only spoken a very few minutes, when his watch told him he had been talking for more than two hours. At the end of the discussion, his audience gathered around him, shook his hand and told him what a wonderful message he had given them.

For the first time since his return from South America, he felt elated. This was just the entering wedge, so to speak. From then on, there were more demands for speaking engagements than he could possibly take care of. Invitations to conduct classes came to him from everywhere.

After each lecture, people came to him with their problems. There was just no way out of it, and so he finally began to set hours of appointment for interviews.

After Workman's first lectures in Santa Ramona, he travelled from town to town, acquainting people everywhere with their great possibilities and opportunities.

When several months had passed, he returned home, deciding to cover some of the same territory again, in order to determine how helpful he had been.

In each town he had kept a file of the names and addresses of his students, and so it was a simple matter to go back to a town and get in touch quickly with any student or protegee he should choose.

At Santa Ramona, there was a man and wife who had already reached middle age. Both were well-educated, but for some reason or other, the man had 'never gotten anywhere', as his wife expressed it. The husband was as silent as the Sphinx--the wife was so profuse in her verbal expressions, that it constituted what psychologists call "running off at the mouth".

Workman had told them the wife must curtail her speech, while the husband must start talking. He informed them that she was like a bucket of water, without a bucket--water everywhere but useless. The man was like a frozen bucket of water, also without use. He made an agreement with them that the wife could do no more talking than her husband would do. She could equal him word for word, but no more.

The first day, their home was as quiet as a Trappist Monastery. In sheer desperation, she implored her husband to talk. This he did, and now after only three short months, he is a wonderful speaker. When his wife talks now, she really says something worthwhile. Both have been wonderfully improved in health and fortune.

In another city was a railroad engineer who took the complete course. This man had never mastered the art of sleeping in the daytime. But by using the method of lying down, relaxing thoroughly, and then watching the thoughts in his own mind come and go, without giving them the slightest attention, he soon mastered the art of perfect relaxation and sound sleep.

"I've so mastered the art of sleeping that I could even sleep in the rain," he volunteered emphatically. He also said that he is no longer a grouch, that his health has improved, and that he boldly approached railway officials for a higher position. They promised him a daytime run on the Streamline Limited.

There were two old maiden ladies who were so nervous and irritable that they reminded one of a couple of Mexican jumping beans. Workman had, on his former visit to their city, explained to them that they were not masters of themselves--that they couldn't possibly sit still three minutes if their lives depended on it. He explained how two of the Brothers in the South American Monastery had sat perfectly quiet and motionless, yet wide awake and completely alert, for more than ten hours at one time.

This visit to their city was made particularly to see them. Workman was amazed. He had never seen such changes in human beings in so short a time. Instead of re-visiting two jumpy, weazened spinsters as nervous as a bowl of jelly, he found them completely transformed. They were looking fully twenty years younger, each had gained weight, and they had lost all traces of nervousness, self-consciousness and irritability. They were taking a tremendous and enthusiastic interest in helping others, by having already started their own classes, teaching all of the ideas that Workman had taught to them, which of course, delighted Workman, because this was the whole purpose of The Work--getting others to help others.

At another speaking engagement, a man and wife of middle age attended Workman's classes. If this man had not been overly fleshy and his wife woefully thin, they probably never would have made the acquaintance of Mr. Workman. The man was just beyond three hundred pounds, his wife just under ninety-nine.

On his first visit, Mr. Workman told the couple how to eat. To the man he said, "Eat only food that requires complete mastication; masticate your food to a perfect liquid. In this way it will digest perfectly. You will receive all the sixteen food elements, plus the invaluable vitamins. Soon you will not want to overeat at all.

To the wife, he said: "You do the same thing - but eat much more than you desire, in order to expand your stomach to normal."

This the couple did. After three months they no longer looked like a huge pumpkin and a frail bean pole. The man had reduced, gradually, to one hundred-ninety-eight pounds, while his wife had climbed to one hundred thirty-six pounds. Both were changed beings in every imaginable way. Of course, they augmented this practice with the other New Age Principles, thus their splendid results.

In every city, in every class, there were many talented people who were as desireless as an East Indian holy man. Mr. Workman explained that that was the primary reason for their being in poor finances, poor health and unpleasant surroundings. They had very little or no desire to be other than what they were.

"But you all have some great secret desire," he said. "Even if you have to drag this desire out into the open by main strength and proverbial awkwardness. By that I mean--start doing the thing you have always desired to do. Before you know it, you will not only be doing the thing you want to do, but you'll find that on a moment's notice, you can attach necessary things you do not want to do--but which must be done--heartily doing them along with your great desire."

By this simple method, Mr. Workman had folks doing all sorts of interesting things that they had long desired to do but just had never done. They were making their dreams come true. Even in so short a time as three months, some of them had changed over to their desired work and had already "set a river on fire".

One man, years past middle age, had dabbled around in many things, but he'd never really gotten into the thing he liked. He had always wanted to start a newspaper. After a talk with Mr. Workman on his first visit to the city, he did that very thing. He obtained a small second-hand printing press on terms, some used type, hired an old has-been printer, and started up in the garage back of his house.

The venture was a success from the first. When Mr. Workman, after three months, visited the city again, the man had just installed a larger press, had hired another printer. His publication was no longer just a local affair, but promised to be a "national weekly" by the end of the year.

Workman pointed out that everyone has a great desire. Even the Hindu ascetic who seems desireless, has a burning desire to be desireless.

Workman's lecture on love always aroused great interest. The three loves --animal, human and Divine, when separated, one from the other, made things much clearer. He explained how animal love was only a little lower than human love; often, however, it was equally as high, if not higher.

Human love is selfish. "I love you--why don't you love me?" was the attitude of most people. Human love is the opposite pole to hate, and it is a simple matter for it to rush to the direct opposite and kill that which it once loved so ardently.

Divine Love loves with no thought of being loved in return; therefore, it is eternal. As we are already in the New Dispensation, under the ever-increasing influences of the magnificent Aquarius, all animal and human love is due to pass away. Only Divine Love will remain. Therefore, start ardently loving everyone who appeals to you, even if they do not know you. Soon you will find that your ability to love is increasing and at the same time, more and more people are loving you. Love is all-important, because the more abundantly you

love, and send out that love to others, the greater benefit you will derive from this wonderful power.

Wherever Mr. Workman went on his first tour, he explained that a new creature, or one deserving to become new, should take a new name, providing, of course, he felt so inclined.

He explained how all of the members of the White Brotherhood had taken a different name from that which they were named with. Then he told how folks in everyday life could easily take a new given name and soon their individuality and personality would start making splendid changes. He said that if one disliked his present name, then he should search about for one that greatly appealed to him.

On his previous visit to this city, Mr. Workman had interviewed a man who had worked at a great many things--from selling womens' wearing apparel to life insurance. He had never been a success.

This man was not a sissy, but he was inclined to be negative. Years ago his fond parents had named him Percival, and he had always despised the name.

"I always wanted to own a he-man name," the victim told Mr. Workman.

"Then why don't you take one?" Mr. Workman suggested. "Do you care for something like Steve, Pete, Jack or Bill?"

"I always wanted to be called Bill," said the victim of the unpleasant name.

"All right, from now on you're Bill!"

When Workman returned to see this man a few months later, he found that Bill, nee Percival, had soon acquired a job as truck driver; he had been regularly promoted from smaller to larger trucks, until now, in his own language, he was "herdin' around a ten-tonner". He had added weight, become bronzed and muscular, and was actually living. His wife had taken up his insurance business after she had changed her name from Annabelle to Jane, and was doing a larger business than her husband had ever thought of doing.

Everywhere Workman had lectured and taught, he always gave the same set of principles. Of course, some folks needed one principle more than they did the others, but every person needed a portion of each of the ideas brought out, with the possible exception of the taking of a new name.

Certain types of people needed to practice the information given on silence. Practically everyone needed the technique of completely relaxing and sleeping perfectly. Almost no one had ever put forth the slightest effort to control his nerves and muscles.

Very few people, even dietitians know the simple art of eating correctly. The average dietitian, it was pointed out by Mr. Workman, made the vital mistake of trying to determine what was best to eat in-

stead of setting forth first the principle of how to eat.

Mr. Workman found that most folks were not able to control their desires. Desires would come upon them, apparently out of nowhere. These desires were often so strong that the victim would succumb to malicious and malignant desires. Mr. Workman pointed out that these adverse and perverse desires were frequently nothing more than offshoots from good, but continuously suppressed desires. As soon as folks began to act on their main line desires, giving them opportunity for expression, the unworthy or animalistic desires completely passed into oblivion.

Workman said that people were in abject poverty solely because they were laboring under the foolish impression that wealth was unholy. He elucidated that the love of money for money's sake, or for the power money would bring, was the root of all evil. True wealth means a pleasant environment, a nice place to live in, abundance of clothes, one automobile, preferably two, and besides this, sufficient money to live pleasantly and happily--and above all, a worthwhile service to humanity. He explained to them that only a few years ago, when folks all over the U. S. were in the height of what they called prosperity, it was not, in reality, a bit better than abject poverty, when one considered the fact that that so-called prosperity was only one-thirtieth the prosperity that will be experienced in this new Dispensation, when people are not only willing to give abundantly, but are willing to receive in the same way.

The exercise, as given in the monastery with palms upward is tremendously important. While it was put in the course last for emphasis it really should be the first thing practiced.

"Spend as much time at any hour of the day that you can, conveniently and joyfully, sitting in a comfortable, relaxed position with palms turned upward," Workman continued. "At the same time fervently meditate on every good thing that you may desire to have as coming literally and directly into your own hands. Always remember that there are five departments to life--spiritual, mental, physical, financial and social--and that each department must receive abundantly if you are going to enter into the glorious New Aquarian Dispensation. Don't for a moment ever try to feel worthy of that for which you are asking. If you do, you will simply put off the receiving and you'll never be the recipient of a single worthwhile thing. That's what has been the trouble with the old Gentile age out of which we have just passed. Everything had a price on it, and before anyone could receive anything, he felt that he had to be worthy of it by having to pay for it. The Aquarian Dispensation makes you worthy of anything the moment you realize that the things you desire, according to the old standards you are not necessarily worthy of, and therefore when you do receive them, you'll receive them with great joy and thankfulness. The New Dispensation is one of receiving and giving. In order to give abundantly, you must receive abundantly. Make yourself, now, a marvelous channel for the glorious age which mankind has so ardently sought for and looked for, for nearly six millenniums."

FINIS

