

...The...  
**Self Superlative.**

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Series—  
New Age  
Mysticism.



By  
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*Author of The Power Thought Manuals for Beginners.*



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*To  
My Father  
and  
Mother.*

AMERICAN TO VINDI  
AGAL PA. ROMA BO JA

Then shall the dawning of  
the Greater New Time  
show forth rose-tinted with  
Spiritual Love, when THE  
MAJESTY OF MAN'S HIGH  
CHOICE SHALL REST UPON  
HIS TRUE SELF WITHIN.

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## FOREWORD.

Man no longer attains to or toward. In the majesty of his High Choice, he seats himself either on the throne of Power, or on the footstool of subjection.

The mysticism of the ages rings with the note of the possible indwelling of illuminant mental powers, which exceed the comprehension of the common consciousness. But the mysticism of the ages often utilized methods of strife, struggle, and denial in its attainment.

The new age comes as one of peace, and mysticism, gladdened by resultant tranquillity and optimism, finds itself able to employ gentler means for accomplishment. The newer psychology discovers that a primal effect of common consciousness is that of choice. Indeed, it seems that all the faculties of the objective mind are embraced in this one

term, for our common thinking consists but of perception, selection, acceptance, rejection—in one word, Choice.

The Greater Consciousness and its powers are with man, and always have been with him, but out of his God-given independence he must choose to accept and use them. This choice must be sunk deep into the seas of the Universal Consciousness. Its pearls lie deep.

These pages are presented in the hope that they may be an encouraging revelation of some of these Inner Riches. And running through the text will be found a thread of method as to their attainment by the deepening of choice in its exercise of love and appreciation directed toward the Indwelling Resplendent Self.

That this little book may help to fix the Choice of the Devout, at this time when is beginning the rise of the wave of a newer, freer mysticism, is the prayer of  
The Author.

## THE SELF SUPERLATIVE.



### I.

#### THE EVER CREATIVE SELF.

OUT from the nowhere came Life. It was nowhere, to be alone, so the Great One made company of Himself for Himself. Godhood resolved Itself into Parts, and by the Law of that First Act, the Parts resolve themselves into like Parts, and so Creation was, and existence is, and so Creation and existence are and ever will be, for what the One has done shall not and cannot be undone, and so the doing is and ever shall be Life-building.

Each act of every Soul gives life, and the act of each Soul gives life to

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that Soul and to others. To give Life, the Law of the First Act of the First One is, that from the nowhere Somewhere shall be, when a Soul shall commune with itself, for in that somewhere it shall find Itself knowingly.

He who takes thought of the things of life grants Life. If he shall have the Powers of Life, he shall do this act of thought in full consciousness, knowing the manner of its doing. This is Creation; this is Life; and this is knowledge of, and wisdom concerning, Life.

If we would live, then, we have but to know that each act brings life. If we are to live in full possession of our life-giving powers at all times, we must know that we are not single, separate, or apart from the Whole, from the totality of things. Not to be

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apart from is to be actually One. Man is, within himself, and of himself, the entirety—the Whole. He is All. If he refuses to believe this, then in belief he refuses much, for he denies not only his Source, but himself. Should a giant deny his strength, and lie idle, he would wither, but still he would be gigantic. Should a fish deny to itself the swimming, it still would float. So, though man deny his Godhood, his limitlessness, his grandeur, his perfection, yet he is all these things.

But man sleeps.

Man, before whom all things are possible, to whom nothing in all the worlds can be denied, who stands not apart from the ends of Creation, would stand apart from himself. In this is the sinning; there is no other sin. In this lies the wrong. All else is right.

Because of this is he fallen, for in truth he is on the heights — and he sleeps. When will man arouse himself? For no other can arouse him. When will he be that which he is? When, when will he *will to be* that which he is?

When this sleeper shall awaken — glories shall be as the dawn, the skies shall brighten, the horizon disappear. Worlds shall he hold in his hand. All, the universal All, will be near. When the sleeper shall awaken he will find himself everywhere, and during all time. He will have no need to play with the pictures of the times which came and went. He will not care for the places which were, are, or will be. Why should he? Being all these things, he would be more, and being all these things he takes thought, and ever will

take thought, to be more. The sleeper awake, is God.

The sleeper asleep is man in limitation's spell. Under that spell he is content. Freed from it, and in his greatest glory, he would be *more* than content. This is why life is. This is why life is not.

He that stretches forth his hand shall find, and even the withered hand shall find the manner of stretching forth. What hindrance is there, what let is there? All is granted, but much is refused acceptance. Why weep you who sleep? None weeps whose eyes are open, unless it be from the greatness of the Light. None smiles that sleeps, unless it be from dreams, themselves often reality denied.

With skies illumined, with hearts of men laid bare, with minds secretless,

with Souls bending to the warmth of Love, with all these things to have if awake—man sleeps or drowns. The blandishments of earth are upon him as a lethargy, the sensations of flesh are with him a drug. In his sleep he smiles content, in his lack of such sleep he groans, when there is no rest except in wakefulness to the everlasting bliss of Self knowledge.

So the dreamer dreams, and toys with the things of his dream-state. So, being not awake, he knows not of life. To awaken suddenly from these slumbers would purchase disturb, for who, upon awakening, is not confused, mystified, puzzled? And so he sinks back again to mumble, and to murmur against a sleep which he will not throw off. Life is incomprehensible to him, because he does not see Life. Life is a thing to

be avoided, shunned, scorned, spurned because it is sleep instead of life. Only the instinct, the impulse, the voice of the calling wakefulness remains of all his heritage. He would have more of the good things, but he would have them of the substance of dreams. He would have happiness, but his happiness must be of the kind that drowns, dulls, deadens.

When will the sleeper awake?

When the life of creative possibilities, of far-seeing faculties, and of self possession, is freed from these damnations of flesh dominant, of passions prominent, of desires earthward borne; when, together with the illusory vapourings of their making, these things, which cross the dulled mind as fumes from the pits of the utterly lost, are scorned,—then shall man be truly aroused to his own.

To rouse ourselves and gird on the mantle of purity and purpose, is to have forthwith the things of all eternity and endless space. To step forth with the true Self, listening to its behests, is to us all Creation only content in creating. The First Act has not been completed. The last act is not begun. Creation was and is, and creation ever will be, but only he who is awake, shall have the things of immortal ken, —he who sleeps, of sin.

What is right, and what is not right? Will the morals of a nation weigh in truth, as man shall come to know Truth? No, the morals of a nation are for that nation. The morals of the Higher Life are of the Higher Life. It is right to be awake, keen, alive to the realities of life, those qualities which last and endure, as

character, will, and wisdom. Then will the course of fellowship run smooth. Right and wrong between men will discriminate of itself. Then will mortal love without lust? Then will wisdom protect Love in the eyes of the criticaster. All will recognise Truth, no matter how Truth stands forth.

The basest among mankind sees the Higher Light in each act which is of Truth unadulterated. It behoves the doer to cleanse his acts within himself. All else is folly. How can he purify his fellows, being himself unclean? To live truly awake within the realms of Self, is to know the delights possible to all other selves. One shall find these great things when one earnestly seeks them. So the Masters will be with us, for the Masters seek those who seek themselves. So the love of angels

will be with us, for they cannot love those who refuse indwelling. To dwell with the Great is to be Great. To be Great, is to dwell with the Self.

To be on good terms with Self, effort to that end only is required. Is such effort toil? Is it an effort of unattainable magnitude? Why be appalled at its contemplation? Are you not convinced? Do you then know yourself? How shall you know of things else, lacking the knowledge of Self.

To seek Self acquaintanceship, one must pause, stop short the trend of one's mortal life. To stop is to be quiet, to rest, to cease resistance. Pit self 'gainst nothing. Then you are turned within.

At first you may not know the great realm of the Within. You may

not hear its sweet music, or feel its delights. You are a timid stranger in the streets of Life. Its mansions you do not enter. Being one taught to fear, you hesitate. Being one from the land of hatred, malice, envy, you know not love, happiness or joy, and not knowing these things, you pass them by, even in the streets of the Great Life. In lordly majesty of personality you refuse the Kingship of Impersonality. You refuse to share with, and hence to be with, the things of Life. You hold to the sleep-state, fearing the awakening. Being not of Love, you fear it, and will not be convinced that you are not of it, so proud are you of the small possessions of a life of mortality which you would spurn, yet to which you cling.

Can you not be settled, agreed

within yourself, on this one question? Which will you have? The Greater Life to which this mortal life shall be subject, or will you half hold to this and half see the other?

To be awake to the realities of the Great Soul within one's being, is simply to still the whirl of mortal activities. Step aside; sit down as to a pleasure, knowing that a repast of Soul food awaits you. Have the faith of the possible, have the conviction of the possibilities of Self. Know that to rest keenly alive to this, is to experience All. Seek it as you would seek treasure on earth, ask that this time and this strength be granted as you would ask for life itself. Be not denied more than you would be denied mortal substance. For it is All, all these things. Wanting the things of earth, seek Self and have

them. We have what we can appreciate. Learn to appreciate the true noble Self. Within that Self you have the things of nobility.

Learn these simple truths, and have all Truth and all things. Such consciousness is the Creative Consciousness, and you are the Creator Now.

## II.

### THE MAJESTY OF CHOICE.

THE wondrous potentiality of love is known only to those who love eternal verities, and such love must demonstrate through the medium of association. The associate whether sentient or insentient is not chosen by chance. The High Affinity of Accord in mutual recognition sways each to the other.

It is what we recognize in life that makes us and makes our lives. We do not possess different things. Not to one is given and to the other denied, but the wheel of chance turns the forces and the faces of life before us, and we each turn that wheel. (And so choosing, selecting, and rejecting, we do not go through life, but we make life.)

✓ Man's one, man's eternal prerogative is this limitless capacity of choice. He calls it fate when he is unconscious of its existence as a thing at his disposal. He calls it luck when it is a thing undefinable to him. He calls it pleasure when it brings good, and he calls it sorrow when it brings evil, but whatever it brings, he is the bringer—he had first to choose.

How did he choose? Where?  
When?

Could one choose unknowingly?  
One could choose unknowingly when one received unknowingly. As you receive, so do you give. You bring toward yourself the things of life without knowledge, and you receive the things of life without knowledge. You know as much of the one as you do of the other.

On a day, distant or near, but past, a scene unfolded to mortal eye. The eye of the mind took unto itself certain details from that scene. The mind selected, it chose, and memory accented that choice, just as the eye of mind accented it. The physical eye did naught but see, the mental eye saw and reflected, then chose, while memory of deeper realm obeyed. The Soul made use of this, thus to it attracted, and upon it built a grain of love. The Spirit Within stamped its approval, for Spirit approves man's acts, and every act, for in Spirit all is always well. And so the builder builded his loves, his days, and his days build him, for having chosen of a kind, that kind is his. Knowing a kind, he is that kind. And so the Artificer of Being plies his trade, and so life is what we choose to make it.

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This freedom of choice is ever with us, in littlest to greatest things. Being what we have already chosen, why sicken at heart or in body, for we have still to choose? The Limitless attends. One sees evil and one sees good. Why quibble? All is here. See what you will. Be what you will.

If you are subject to certain things and they claim you as theirs, know that you have inverted the Law. You have lost the Law. You are lost. For only such are the lost souls. When will you know truth as Truth is? When will you know the paramount importance of will? When will you know that human virtue is relative, that Spiritual virtue is inclusive, and that the Soul life of deep feeling, interest, and concern is swung midway between these—a ship upon the broadest

expanse, steered by its own delights. If the lesser things of life attract, and their shores are visited, balmy beaches beckon silently, not because their breezes waft less laden with the perfume of life's flowers, not because the nectar of their fruits is less sweet, but because the helmsman's finer sense of discrimination has been dulled by the clamour for grosser physical evidence. If, on the voyage of life, we are to choose the ports of everlasting beauty where grows health-giving verdure, we must train the eye of mind to see through the mists of matter, the haze of self-deceit, the fog of denial, and port our ship Being on the stately shores of spiritual things which endure.

Deliberately we choose of the things that are, those which decay, which do not last, and which we know cannot

last, and holding these in our strong hand destiny, watch them slip from our grasp, dissolved by the tears of our sorrow at their departure. Neither tears, nor non-lasting quality, need be, except of our making.

So shall the things of earth be taken from us, so shall the toys of our child-like choosing be broken, so shall the heart throb, and the mortal sob in anguish of his making, until he shall reach the stature of spiritual manhood and choose the invisible things that endure. Or, better, choose the Power of Choice, choose the Power of Understanding, opening the mental eye to softer beauties than those of dimension in matter bound, seeing things of space. Expanse vast and Being his abode, his nature enlarged, he passes by the glitter of gold to bask in the direct sunlight of

the vaultless heavens of immensity, unshamed, content not with the reflected light which impinges upon materiality, before the untrained eye to delight the untrained mind of groping man. So the mind of man must be trained to choose. Choice is the key to the freedom of the City of Life. Know ye how to choose.

Living in the immensity of things, we think we are in but a part of them. We would choose of the things we see, when the unseen is alone of value. We would own houses when we should have mansions, if choice were unlimited. To unfetter choice, to raise it to Powers and Possibilities, to give it sway in upper realms of conscience is to move to and live in mansions. Minions willingly serve such choosers. To choose well, is to be chosen. The hands that move the

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skies would lay finger tip on the head of such a chooser, and he would cease all halting and hesitancy on his way through things and the place of things. And likewise the lame and the halt would move free at his touch. We are instruments, provided we make use of instruments. We are as sod covering the dead and carpeting the living, when we fail as instruments in using the things at our disposal.

First shall the mortal self be subject to the Spiritual Self. When this inner relationship is established, union with the Forces on High is accomplished. To be at one with Self, is to be at one with the Powers Above. Selfishness is the subjection of the Higher to the lower. Spirituality is the submission of the lower nature to the Higher. To do this within the realm of one's own being, is

to effect it throughout the Universe. So the seer sees. So the sage knows.

Life's Source is love—a love for the new, a love for the different. So out of the Self, difference came, and to love the new and the different is to know Self. One cannot escape Self, no matter how far outward they may throw the lines of thought, or yearning, or desire. But why desire, when we already have? Why not attain the consciousness of these possessions? All is but Consciousness. Some have much, and some have little. The marvel is, that choice determines the amount of this Consciousness that shall be one's life, including the planes of life and the things of the planes of life. Choice is the word by which we conjure the magic of a Marvellous Life. Shall it be the choice of man as mortal, with the self-imposed limitations of the mortal, or

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shall it be the Choice of the Spirit in man which knows no limitations? Or, better, shall it ever and ever create by demonstrating with Spirit and Mortal in their proper happy union? Wishing well our life, as we know life and live it, is wished upon us, each the witch or wizard of his destiny.

There is no magic but Choice. The wand of Self points to space, and lo! it becomes filled with wondrous gems of life. Diamonds of Purity glisten, Pearls of Great Price gleam, Sapphires of the deeper blue of Immensity shine forth. With these the magician bedecks himself in raiment beyond price, for Purity alone is diamond, and Peace pearl, while the True Vision is the sapphire blue beyond.

Who has these Gems, has all wealth, and the manner of choosing is the magic of it. Such is true magic. So the

magician transmutes the riches of earth into the riches of Life, and so he knows life to be, and so life is—everlasting.

May the magic of the touch of this Choice be upon you and yours.

### III.

#### THE MYSTICAL WILL.

MYSTICISM is born of man's love of the truly majestic. It is as the flowers of life, the fragrance of whose wondrous awe delights the multitude. Mere contemplation of it lulls the primitive folk. Its blossoms visioned in the poet's realm, and glowing life-like on the artist's canvas, are the blossoms which but herald the appearance of a luscious, rich and varied fruit—a fruit which is a True Food that nourishes. The fruit of mysticism is the veritable manna of man. It reaches all in their wilderness. To those who do not understand, because like babes they cannot understand, this manna falls mysteriously

from the heavens, supplying food in time of famished despair. But unto those who do not understand, because they will not understand, and who, contemptuous, pass its showered blessings by, along with many other flowers of life which bloom and fade unnoticed round them—unto such as these, its fruits oftentimes decay beneath their feet. For such as these—the wilful who reject—are unclean, and would wallow mired in the muck of good things unappreciated. Nature is not wanton, and will not produce for disuse. Her fine economy, in aspects high or low, seeks ever but to serve the live and the quick with fruits prolific, and if man will not garner the rich harvest of her fields, swine shall have. Thus living things of lower order evolve to man's estate, and thus may it be possible to

man that his high estate may, for a time, be lost. Unto man's every sense and every faculty appeal is made, save to his Will. The freedom of its choice is held sacred to him who doth possess.

And thus we pass through the vineyards, the orchards and the fields of life, heedful or unheedful, mindful or unmindful, with rich supply for Body, Mind, Soul, and Spirit or leanly lacking it. And all because we will not, or because we cannot see—because we cannot pluck, partake, assimilate and grow in the sunshine and the showers of the fields, and in both the light and the darkened places of the heavens—those finer places of life above the fields.

In two realms man lives, both patterned close alike, but in only one of these is the pattern fashioned;

the other copies. If man lives the so-called natural life, his spiritual life is but its replica. You shall judge the spiritual life of such an one by his material acts. But if man lives of the Spirit and for the Spirit, you shall judge not, for he is past the judgment of man. His mortal acts will be unquestionable.

The natural man lives in the judgment of self. He wonders ever concerning the morrow. The Spiritual man lives in the judgment of God. To-morrow?—there is none. For him God is to-morrow, because God is to-day.

The mystic is he who unites these two, the natural and the Spiritual life. There is magic in his strength and power, just in measure as his mortal life is clean, quick and vital in service.

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His magic is that of purpose and of usefulness, making for more life eternal both for him and his, and for all those whom he may touch, and ever in exact proportion to his devout love of truth in unselfish guise.

So great is this power of one who possesses the fulness of every mortal sense, and who shall subject those senses to that soulful feeling of unselfish devotion which rises undefined and undefinable within, that the magic of his hand-touch seen or of his thought-touch unseen, brings true life, while ever more life and more happiness follow it.

Song, picture, poetry, and the praise of nations tell of this magic. Legions upon legions of men have marched through the ages in quest of its secret—this secret which is written so clearly

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in letters of life across its skies, whether seen or unseen.

The magician's wand is placed with-  
in our hand, and with it we conjure  
little, or we conjure not at all. Some  
of us there be who labour through a toil-  
some life, this magic wand but serving  
as a staunch staff on which to lean.  
Others there be, to whom it seems but  
as a heavy load of poor firewood under  
which they groan throughout a chill  
night, staggering on beneath it, that  
they may protect their soon-aged bones,  
worn because of bearing such a load.  
Like favoured fairies are those whom  
this wand guides through the sunlight-  
flowered fields of life, while like crippled  
dooms and despairs personified are they  
who bear it ever with them, yet know  
naught of its power. Each is supported ✓  
by, or subject to, his choice. Such is

the majesty of choice in its fulfilment. Such is the utter obedience of choice to the Chooser—to that Chooser who is the thinker—the Self, yourself, myself, every self. If we suffer, it is because we choose to suffer. As we live, so we choose to live.

Then why such dwarfed and hampered lives as these?

Because we choose unknowingly.

By self-inflicted ignorance we suffer, in order that a Self-achieved wisdom may be acquired. On spiritual planes in evolutions past, we—the most ignorant of us—were wise. Sitting upon the seat of achievement perfected, we longed for more of life and wisdom, and life and wisdom are but one. Seeking this greater growth we sallied forth, in obedience to the High Will of that time and place, and reached down to dwell within

the lower realms and lower parts of self. This we did that we might purge, clean and overcome the stubborn things of that self, and dispel the darkness thereof with the light from that High Resting Place.

But it is the power of a greater Will than the merely mortal one already earned, which could mission us to so worthy a task—a task which that greater Will itself could easily fulfil, but which it, in gentle wisdom, gave to us to do. And this task is one which, no matter what it may be in appearance here, can give only pleasure to the real Self within.

Then why fear?

For one reason, and one only. This lower man, the man of world life and world time only, the man of a day, the natural man, knows not the real, the true Man Within, the Mystical Man, who

cannot by words be expressed, being so much greater than words, and the things of words.

The fact is, man is not wholly himself. Wholeness and holiness are one. His consciousness is limited; he knows but half of life. Cheated by the things of objective sense, by the world of appearances, he doubts the Inner Life, and finally denies its existence. Being creator of his own concepts, and, as individual, determining the things which he shall sense, feel, have and be, and yet doubting and denying this power—this one faculty, which is the mother of all faculties—he strips himself to a narrowed consciousness, wherefrom but small view of life is to be had, and bemoans his fate, not knowing it is self-imposed.

How can men see, when they will not first believe? Who would turn his eyes

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where nothing apparently exists? He who desires to pierce the false gloom beyond mortal sight, has but to train the eye away from the things that glitter. Then may he see the true light that ever shines effulgent within. Some there be who, blinded by the sheen of gold and wordly things, acquire possessions. But they may not live. Some, again, are not even awake to the beauties of mere mortal life, and these are truly impoverished. But they who live true to the Higher Realities, wealth and lasting abundance are theirs; their life, in fact and plainest truth, encompasses, contains, absorbs, appropriates, and *is* all of these things in a grand harmony united.

We should not live to have, but we should live to *be* the things, all things, of life. All things of life are but a part of the true mystic, hence his

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mastery. The true mystic does not toil to have, he does not even reach forth to obtain. He simply is, that which is necessary for fulfilment. He *is*, and to be is a state of consciousness. The whole of life is to have the full, the complete consciousness—a consciousness not bounded by things seen. Man, in his true estate, must not merely sense the things of life, but he must both feel and be them, for such is the omnipresence of Godhood—man's inheritance.

This state of being follows thought and meditation. It is immediate in answer to sincerity of thought-effort, be that effort slow hope, or swift trained aspiration—be it prayer, or an abiding faith that shows in it consideration for others. The ways to the attainment of this state are many, but there is no

Soul who shall seek simple acquaintanceship with Self, or who shall cultivate good terms with Self in peaceful moments, who shall not succeed to revelations of a realm, within which are beauty and grandeur beyond the pen of poet, or the brush of painter—a realm which, in substance and in strength, is greater than the labour of man or the might of peoples.

A state of being in which one contemplates the absolute, meditates upon possibilities, seeks the forces of life by a means more direct than mere physical sensation, this is the Way. Its attainment is its own reward, and who knows of limitations in such achievement? Whence come all knowledge and such life as we have, save by this route, though one may pursue it laboriously and another peacefully?

Man groans and woman travails, that a more complete life may be, when the lost Peace reclaimed is all of life. This reclamation is regeneration.

To halt at times and places midst things good and bad, and in quiet to seek things of worth is to cultivate strength of Soul, and to place it in the true home mansioned everywhere. Such is the simplicity of the way to the All. Some render its pursuit into manners and means, and term it science; some would deny to have, and so become ascetics: some would dream and visualize, and thus poets be; but to live, just to live in simplicity upon conscientious terms with Self—that is to be, and that is to be All things. Who dares to do this, enters the Will of the Universe, and with it builds and rebuilds. No measure of distances will limit his life. No poet

will really sing of it. He and his will bring life to all things that are called dead, even though these be shrouded in matter's garb, for such shall quicken. Such a life brings glory to the low, and greater glory to the High.

Why strive to have, when *we can be* ?

If we are to walk without stumbling, we must select a clear pathway and walk in the light. The light which shines on the road to higher things is Peace Within. All see clearly by this light when it shines, but all do not let it shine forth. Such will stumble ; some will fall. Like other light, this Peace Within dispels darkness. In life we suit the light to places, in Spirit we suit places to the light. That the Peace Light may shine within, one must suit the outer life to it. Jesus did not say "You are a great light, shine forth," but he did say in effect "A

Great Light shall illumine you, prepare the way." God is the Light, while we, all of us, are the Way. The Self, the Way, will be clear and clean if we maintain Peace, and it will so remain during the time that we maintain Peace. There is no other way. Progress in life, advancement through life, no matter in which of its numerous departments, are achieved only during times of peace.

Some of us surrender our Peace to others. Such surrender their life, for life is progress. Some of us appropriate and take the peace of others. Such take life, for inharmony is the only death. Some would cheat time, but time is Peace. There is no other time ; all else is void. Some would hurry, as if Peace could be hurried ; it bides its time, being time. So Peace attends us constantly, and is a thing which is the very Light of Life.

But do we oppose Peace? Walls shut out light, and some of us are walls, while others of us are walled in by obstacles of place. What place? The place in which we have put ourselves. The place of discontent, the place of self-pity, the place of darkened intolerance, whose curtains we ourselves have drawn. All else but such fearsome vacancies in our character receives the Light, and in its warmth and splendour grows.

To be filled with light is to be filled with Peace. Peace is the light on the Way. Those who abide in Peace are truly the Elect, they bask in the rays of the Inner Sun. By this Sun of Life is the Way lighted to Consciousness of God. To open the Self wide to this Sun is to Will the Greater Life.

#### IV.

#### THE SUPREMACY OF THE WITHIN.

So simple is the psychology of Life, that it—this mind science of being—should be read by him who runs. Sorrowfully we must admit the opposite fact to be true. Being mind, we know *not* mind. What could stand closer to man than himself? What is man, if he is not his mind? The fact is, that man takes himself so seriously, that he fears above all things, even to study the great near subject—Self. He masters the elements. He wrests vast and precious treasures from the deepest recesses of the earth. He seeks inert matter in hidden places. By the most laborious, tedious, minute, patient and absurd research, hidden substances are

sought and found. Nature's profoundest secrets are revealed by him—by him who stands, himself and to himself, the deepest, the most impossible, unfathomable, mystifiable Secret of the Universe.

The Gods above know that man is the only unattained thing, the only unsolved thing to man, and the Gods know why. The majesty of man's choice has not fallen to himself. Man, with his great freedom to know and to do, has not sought to know man. He has been too busy. It is "the shoemaker's family" that "goes without shoes." It is the genus man, that of all the intelligences, no matter where throughout the Universe spread—in realms higher or lower—that knows least of man. To his shame he stands abashed, confounded in his own presence. Though an artificer, a researcher, a student

profound, he is to himself—a fool. God help him! God is helping him! Once again the wheel of time has brought man to The Path, for man now stands in his own presence, and stands there inquiringly.

No matter what man may know, or what he may not know, whether his knowledge be of Truth or of falsity, when he once faces himself with a look of real inquiry, then shall the foundations of God's planned structure manifest be shaken. For then, will man not only know himself as he is, but he will make himself more than he is, and in that making, God Himself will grow, if growth there be. For when man faces self resolute, God smiles glorified. In such happiness alone is God glorified.

Knowledge, man's knowledge of himself, wisdom, man-consciousness, God-

consciousness, all these things are but means to happiness—happiness which is harmony, and God knows not the iniquity of inharmony. Man smiles and gladdens, God is glorified. And when man smiles because he has learned of himself, or when man can smile knowing himself, then, man is saved. Such is the salvation doctrine of the optimist who is true.

Note the psychology of it. The mind wheel of this manifestation, is the universal wheel of life. So true is the instinct of man on its scent of truth, that it refuses happiness to those who do not see themselves as they are. If man does not see and know himself to be his own Saviour, his own God, his own salvation, himself his own kingdom, himself the ruler, the ruled, and himself even the possessor of that kingdom—if he will not see this, he

cannot be happy, neither is he, nor was he ever. The token of his vision, his acceptance, his mastery, his Godliness—for these are all one—is his ability to be content with his ever-present degree of happiness—his portion of harmony.

So man having looked without, and found things rather than contentment, is about to look within, and search for contentment there. He will find his every need within.

It must be understood that the Within is not a place, so much as a method. We seek to contact certain things, we wish to bring about definite situations and relationships. We are tired of working with our hands manipulating substances, for we gather toil and struggle instead of those conditions we so much desire. It is more life, and the things which contribute to a hap-

pier and fuller life that we wish instead of toil. The light that caused the dawning of this truth in man's mind was the same ray of intelligence that caused him to face himself. For when he is content to look for happiness directly, instead of through the outer things which he believed made for happiness, he finds the Source to be himself. And he also finds that that which procures happiness is not of things seen, is not of hands or builded machines, but rather tools of thought,—states of mind, conditions of being. In short, he finds that knowledge can be applied immediately through the medium of thought; that mind does not need the link of matter in the chain between cause and effect; and that of higher potency and more directness is the maintenance of thoughts to which

has been added this chiefest quality—*belief in their potency of themselves*. We have come to the point where we allow the power-to-do to rest within the thought substance itself, rather than resting that power intrinsically in matter. True, we expect many of life's good things to come through the medium of matter, and to be matter, but why say that only material things can bring material things? There is this more refined way—this higher method of greater potency.

This higher thought potency is not of the common consciousness, except as the common consciousness feeds it with a supply of faith, reliance, and deepened belief and understanding. This subjective Will of higher potency, notwithstanding its great power, needs the co-operation of common consciousness,

but needs co-operation *only*. Let common consciousness stop there, and not assume prerogatives which are not its own. Common consciousness may elect, may choose, may be the instigator, but we should hold to this fact:—that a subjective will and mentality deeper than it, does the work of man—all the work—and that it moves in the duty of fulfilling man's needs all the time, requiring only the co-operation of common-mind choice, that choice being raised high enough to remain strictly within the limits of choosing.

It is a psychological fact that common consciousness can select and command *only*. And command is but intensified selection. Let a part of those commands be, that its commands be fulfilled. Let the manner of their fulfilling rest with the deeper powers

within where fulfilment is enthroned. To put each thing and each effort in its place, and to keep it where it belongs is to be scientific; and to do this in our thinking act is to use true mental science. Above all, let us not forget when using these practices, highly and wisely, to demand from within the wisdom of life, and the manner of its expression. First seek the Way.

Our trouble is, that we question the thought forces which work in the deeper realms, far more than we endeavour to use them. Would it not be wiser, to make our life effort along the lines of deeper mentality, checking up its results according to common-sense methods, rather than to deny? If this thing of reliance upon the deeper Self Within fail of fruition, could not final rejection—if its rejection be found necessary—

E

follow experience much more reasonably than it could follow dumb denial? Do we commit ourselves to an irrefutable course, when we say the Doer of All Things is Within the Deeper Realm-Self of each of us? Perhaps so, but not unless It serves, and we choose that service.

So the newer psychologist constructs with these principles. He has found that Mind brings results into his life, through channels and by ways and means not clearly defined; that people and things are affected in ways to his advantage and theirs; that material substance, and particularly the body, is built, changed and altered; that the conditions of the body, of the mind, and of life, in its every department, are traceable in their changes, variations, growth and relationship to the thoughts,

the feelings, the beliefs, and the mental *attitude* of the thinker; and that the work of adjustment in all the departments of the material and expressed life follows the conditions of individual inner adjustment; that, in fact, sentiments, aspirations, choice, mental commands and desires are inter-locked and co-related to health, happiness and physical conditions, including environment and events.

Why should this Unity between inner-man and outer-man not exist? What is there that disputes the implication that the hidden life Within is related intimately and closely to the life of expression without?

Our new attitude toward Life and Self is, that we have come to see the worth of these Inner powers. Without denying the value of material applica-

tion to material things, we have found a greater value in the application of Inner powers to material things, touching and controlling those Inner powers by controlling our ideas, desires, and thoughts, while at the same time raising them to the measure of their majesty in our belief. In short, we have become content to let the God Within do our work as well as the God without, and we have found and proven that the God Within stands ready and willing, and that It can do, and does do for us chiefly because we *recognize* it. The outer common-conscious mind gives recognition. It need do no more, but it must do this. Success will be in the degree of such recognition.

Having given ourselves the benefit of this doubt, being willing to trust something of our time and effort to this

method of moving life forces in our favour, we take our stand in a Greater Unity of the outer and Inner being, and seek to establish a systematic and helpful relationship between this common every-day consciousness of choice and selection, and the deeper subjective Consciousness of Power and of First and Practical and All-embracing Principles.

The thorough whole-hearted recognition and acceptance of the possibilities of such a method, in sufficient degree to make serious endeavour to use it, are of themselves of sufficient potency to produce results.

After admitting the basic possibilities of the subjective channel through which to conquer life, the next important step is to maintain that belief, and to nourish it long enough to experiment with it to the fullest. No

matter what practical methods may be used in its application, whether suggestion, the Silence Sitzings, or High Meditation, a consciousness of this basic truth is to be ever increased and maintained. All effort is ineffective when this recognition of the Inner Power is not maintained. Finally there comes the conviction of experience, of things done, and a peculiarly distinctive consciousness which recognizes this truth, and the ways and methods of its fulfilment. So again, this conviction, based upon these facts, must be the principal thing sought.

Training for subjective thought manipulation is of and in itself automatic, and gathers momentum with each effort. The effort itself leads to the fulfilment of the effort, and to the end sought by it, and to the Way of its

understanding. Everything is encompassed by it—belief in Self, the inner Self and outer self. Honest effort, giving much of life's duties to a Higher Part of Being is the way and all the things of the Way.

## V.

### THE MASTER CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHENCE come knowledge and all wisdom ?

From the source whence man came. And from that source comes health. From it comes all life, and everything pertaining to life. If we have not enough of health, enough of knowledge, enough of life, or enough of the things pertaining to life, it is because we have lost relationship with the Source of Life ?

How shall we seek to re-establish such relationship ?

Shall we, in all good sense, seek to establish the relationship with the Source of Things, by maintaining and coming into closer physical or outer

contact with physical and outer things, and by excluding all possible means of affecting a relationship with First Causes in a more direct and intimate manner ?

To do this, would be to deny every power, capacity, possibility, faculty or function of man, except those which are physical and dimensional. No more than we can deny the physical itself, can we deny the non-physical. So long as the unattached can be cognized or contemplated, so long as the ideal can even be imagined, so long as the non-I, the measureless, fathomless, infinite man, can by any possible effort of mentality be even so much as sought for—just so long will these wordless things have their place and worth in life, and be of an especial worth to each life. So great, and so important are these things.

of non-dimension, so far are they from void, that we unconsciously class them as First Cause. They belong with that class and kind of things which we seek to know as Life itself, and which we conversationally so describe and name.

Why should we not draw nearer to these things of which we talk, and with which we walk? And why not do so as intimately as possible? Do the facts which we have already established and accepted regarding life in any phase whatever tell us, or in any way indicate, that things either of great refinement, or of so-called abstraction, are without power, potency or worth? Do not these things, on the contrary, indicate and stand for stability and power? And if they be of source, why are they not of conclusion?

Is it true that man has no faculties or senses of perception, except those which deal with objects and things expressed on this one plane of life, to the exclusion of all others? To lose for him higher sensibilities and perception of inner things, would be to render him bereft of the greater gifts of life. He would be without ideality, and being without ideality would be without art, and being without art and genius—for art is genius—he would not, for he could not, advance.

The crucial test of the truths and the values of these two extremes of life, the outer and the inner, as well as the application of their worth, lie in the application of the one to the other, in establishing a harmonious Unity between them, each for the other.

How is this relationship to be established, and who is to do it? Man on the one hand, and the very Source of Things on the other. Both. And in this, each are to be accredited equal.

When the outer, physical, mortal or personal self, in any or all of these phases can grant importance to this Inner man, in such way that he may recognize it to any degree whatever; when he can give it a place, some place in his consideration, and know that there is something of himself other than the mere personal self—then that man is to that degree of such recognition actually, directly and immediately, dealing with the very Source of Life. He then reaches life's foundation, and builds himself and his portion of life securely upon it. He dips into the fountain springs of health, happiness,

and life everlasting. He drinks of the Wine of Life. He becomes the Master Chemist, dealing with the components of life, by formula of thought and of aspiration, and in such wisdom, does he compound this alchemy — this all-chemistry, of life. Yes, not only of his life, but of yours and mine. There is no less than this for man in his individual life. There could be no more, in the great Causative and Universal Life.

When, oh man, will you believe? When will you accept yourself? You, who would be so little, you, who are so great!

The Sources Within, stand ready and willing, and man without, stands in lack of faith unprepared. “Go, prepare thyself!”

Seeking more life, and knowing that life consists of things which are of

strength and purity, and that from Within these things come outward to expression through the finer forces, that they outwork through an unseen substance akin to mind-stuff, do we turn to the strength within, to that which we know is pure within us, and to the mind force which is a part of us? No. Because we expect all this to be with us of itself. And it is. But the recognition of this lies with the common mortal consciousness, and this consciousness is prone to believe that it lacks many things which it does not lack.

It, this mortal mind, lacks time. It is too busy with its troubles and the things of the world, and resides in the outer rim of things. It, this daily consciousness of ours, allows itself to be fooled by cheap appearances, and, in turn, cheats itself out of the Con-

sciousness of its birthright. It has time for the conquest of the lesser things, but no time for Union with the Inner and the Greater.

It lacks training, and it lacks the habit of even making effort towards thinking of the infinite things of Peace, Freedom, and Wisdom. For it has been trained to think of the products of these higher conceptions only. In truth, it lacks belief, interest, understanding and mastery, only because of indifference. We have the habit of the indifference of the ages upon us.

When we find that the "good enough" of the past, is utterly insufficient in this present time, we know not which way or where to turn, for we know not ourselves. We are, in these great present times, in a position where each must stand for himself with

God, and we know neither ourselves nor God. We have leaned upon the minds of others, until we cannot walk alone, and we know not how to walk with God. It is a lack of acquaintanceship. We are not acquainted with the Powers that are of us, and within us.

These Powers Within, being in themselves intelligent, readily respond to the slightest advance upon the part of the commonest consciousness. We wrongly think that we do not know, but those of us who have made the slightest advance towards the realms within, have felt a response definite and helpful. We do see, and we actually know, and rewards come to us; yet even then, we often pass along unmindful.

The proposition of the new teaching is, that we each must take heed of the beauties within and near the Self.

Accept each good thing, *as* good. Place value upon that within which is of value, according to the individual idea of value. Nourish by word, by act, by meditation, that which is best within, for each has *an indescribable best within*, and that best is *the starting point* for each. This recognizable Best Within is the Place of starting; the Self, the path; the thing we are to obtain, is Perfection; the time is *now*; the manner of the life's pilgrimage is the seeking, knowing, doing, in the daylight of the Inner Sun Consciousness. Thus, does the pilgrim become the Master on the Way.

The fundamental of self-mastery, and of the mastery of life, and of all the things of life, whatever they are, or wherever they may be, is this recognition of such good and power as

F

may be recognizable within. And to recognize it as having within itself, as a component part, the element of mastery,—the recognition that good can master things and ourself for us. When we have reached this stage of consciousness, we have passed from the mere intellectual man to the dynamic or Power Man.

The birth of human or man-consciousness takes place at the time when he recognizes the thinking act, or the function of thought, as a function of some value, and seeks to make use of it in kind. All grades below man, including the animal, although they think, do not know that the thinking act is a distinct thing. They live and move, without taking thought of thought *as* thought. The recognition of thought, in addition to the use of it

as a function, brought man to the stature of intellectuality.

Intellectual intelligence may tend toward mastership, but it is not mastership. Intelligence in the animal may evolve toward intellectuality, but it assuredly is not intellectuality.

After recognizing thought function to be valuable as such, the next step of man's evolution is to recognize thought as a dynamic power,—a power to contact, and a power with which to move and construct. The power to use thought as a force capable of producing conditions in life, and consequently life itself, is fundamentally dependent upon this recognition. This power is produced by the mere effort to use such power, and experience proves its worth.

Thought is not so much a force to

construct through vibrant contact, as the thinking act is a function which extends and determines the range and place of consciousness. We do not think in order to construct forces which do our bidding alone, but the thinking act actually determines the kind, and the amount of our life. It limits, fixes, or broadens our consciousness. Man is that of which he is conscious. His being is bounded by his consciousness. He is no greater than his consciousness, nor is he less. He has refused heretofore to use the things which he could think of. He has dared to think of things, and then to say that they were beyond his reach. Like a foolish child, he lays the thought-hand upon a so-called distant thing, and at the same time denies that he is touching it. He is numb to the true, higher, newer sense

of thought. He is exercising but a part of the thinking act.

Mastership means to come into the full possession of the thought-wielding act.

We ask, how comes it, that we do not know that this thought-contact-consciousness is a usable part of our being. Why is it, that we cannot use the things we think of actually as our own, if in truth they are our own? Because we are not with the full truth of ourselves. We have the power, but we have not accepted the knowledge of that power. A monkey has the ability to throw wood on a fire before which he sits for needed warmth, but he has not the consciousness of this ability, so the fire goes out, and he, perhaps, suffers. The reason that we do not have the consciousness of thought-

contact, while having the power of it, is that our sense of separation, the sense of the separateness of things, is dominant. Man is dominated by those ideas to which he gives importance. We are creatures of dominant ideas. While our ideas dominate us, we, in our turn, make and build these ideas. We must take advantage of this law of inner domination, and emphasize only those ideas that shall raise us above ourselves—above the very self who selects or creates the ideas. The thinker must choose good company in his thought world. Thus does man climb, and thus will he attain the thought-contact-consciousness, wherein that which he thinks of is, or at least can be made, actually his to use practically. He cannot do this, so long as he believes thoughts to be things separate and

apart from his own being, or from the Universal Being, even though he may contact them.

This is the spiritual element of thought—this consciousness, this faith, this faculty which knows no separate-ness. It is the element which the new man is supplying to the age, and the element which he must use.

The inclusion of this property in the thinking act, does not violate that of distinctiveness. An arm is no less an arm because it is joined to and is a part of the body. In truth, one can think of nothing as standing distinct, separate, or alone. Nor does this so bind us that our thought conceptions become a confused mass. True, clear conception contains both of these seemingly contradictory elements—the distinct and the united, unison without uniformity.

## VI.

### CLOTHED IN THE REGAL NOW.

All-seeing is the eye of Truth, all-knowing the perfect mind. And the perfect mind is the truthful mind. So true is the perfect mind, that it contemplates the universe as a unit, its parts a harmony—a tune revealed in music, music being but tones in assembly. So perfect is the true mind, that the workings of all expanse are brought to lie within its grasp, as a timepiece within the hand.

Truth depends upon the mind's perfection. The perfection of mind depends upon its Truth. Truth is, and mind is, but are the mind of man and Truth one? How shall this union be effected? How shall the marriage of

mortal mind with infinite truth be brought about? When mortal mind shall take upon itself qualities of the Infinite, then shall the bride approach. What time give you to the contemplation of the Infinite? What time give you to meditation upon the Limitless? Would you woo the maiden of bounteous truth with deceit? Would you approach perfection with imperfection? Can you think unbound, unconfined? If so, you can think unconfounded. Can you think of Truth Absolute as real? Then you can live in Reality.

To think, truly to think, is to live, and to truly live. It is the complete bliss of high wedlock—man and Truth as one united and housed, a family complete in its establishment to rear, protected and proficient, a progeny of vital, health-dealing virtues. And so all species of

universal life are maintained by the union of Truth within the mind that dares to reach beyond limitation.

When will man lower the bars of his prison—denial? When will he cast aside the shackles of indifference, and receive the virtues of manhood? When will the muscle and brawn of spiritual endeavour overcome the bonds of worldliness? When will man dare even to dream that he is free?

Like the slave of times not long distant, he is housed and fed and cared for by a master, the lesser self. Therefore he asks why should he not toil. This master fed him, but led him nowhere except to the fields of labour. The body was appeased. What more? Could there be more? Yes, perhaps. But the day's toil had fatigued, and the morrow's toil drew near. "Some day

this other—this higher effort. Not to-day. Let us wait.” Must an enlightened mankind come and free you, —you and yours who are left in such bondage? Or will you claim manhood’s estate, and walk with your Master, equal with him, enjoying that equality? Deficiency is indifference. Indifference is deficiency. The one is the other. Why have either?

You cultivate rich herbs to nourish or to please, you erect habitations in which to dwell, all your thought is of earth and things earthly. So like the labourer with task set by self, your master, you toil in the earth, of the earth, for the earth.

Why not cultivate a strength of high purpose, a vision of expanse, a freedom of thought *in* thought? Why think so much of earth, because a part

of you is upon it? Why be half, when you are the whole? Why stop at a barred grill, evolved by mortal mind, when the great things of Spiritual Mind might be yours? Rouse! Throw off the slothful deceit of earth as earth. Know Spirit, and have both. How could Spirit evade the promises of man's estate, when he, lord of his possessions, to It says, "trespass not!" How could Spirit manifest in voids, unlighted by intelligence?

Intelligence is the Spiritual Sun, and to be intelligent is to deny nothing. Earth need not be denied, but Spirit must not be. Why shut out the one with the other. Do earth things satisfy? Is love an earth thing? Bring me measure of the length and breadth of love, oh, earth-bound creature, and for it I will give you measure upon measure of

wealth. Bound for me the province of desire, whence it begins and where it ends, tell me this, and I will give you the things of desire. If you will have this love undimensioned, if you will have these desires fulfilled, escape the prison of self-deceit, shun the lying senses of limitation.

Defeat in any quest of life, comes as a cheat. It steals, in the dead of the darkest night of earth slumber. It, while the toiler toils, pillages the very sweets from beneath his sharpened blade. For he is intent upon his labour. He is content within his slumber. Oh, God, why man's content! Does he know of these things which sages call mysteries? Does he know of the Light which shines an effulgent sun, to warm his whole being into a fuller existence? Does he know of the beauties of Peace

Eternal in its Timeless Calm? Does he dream of the life of the Sainted Saviours, who saved because of sheer joy in saving, and who were saved by that joy? Does he wish a joyous life, with power to do, with will to be of the fullest life complete? Then sing—Oh, Immensity! thou art mine! I am, for I am thine!

Ah, this pinnacle, ever minded in hope, but ever shrouded in doubt! This high estate, ever 'maged in longing, but ever spurned by fear! This existence superfine to which all climb. This perfection which all deny? Why? Because time interposes.

Who is this creature, this dragon time, that waylays the knight on his errand of life's conquest? Where, in what caverns of whose creating, hatched this crawling, this insidious thing?

Who mothered it? What nourished it into being? A creature of the dark, sightless, hearing nothing, seeing nowhere, it rears its head, and through the slimes of mortality it bellies its way, flapping useless wings, for flight was never given it. Only the hardened, bony, featherless semblances of the things of flight, mount the scaly back of this creature, which contests the passage of the traveller errant through mortal territories, where men would fain live,—and die.

Time, this slothful, fanged thing, its tongue red with men's blood—the food upon which it lies gorged—its eye the green envy of jealous thievery, which flashes defiance to all who fear, its wide mouth sardonic breathing fire which withers, and belching fumes which smother. All this is time, if one *fear*

time, or if one haste, or if one hurry. To wrest the secrets of life from its by-paths, is to give battle to this dragon time.

Time comes forth at any signal of combat. Time approaches as strife, and wells up in the heart, but time slinks to deepest recesses of earthiness, when the valour of Love steps forth.

The tender freshness of youth eternal is no fit meat for dragons toothed for mail. Such babes go their way, but if any gird the helm of distrust, or belt the leather of self-defence, woe be to them ! For thus toughened, the tooth of time shreds every shield in field of combat. Let the babes ripen, harden and toughen for dragon food that time may devour. Let youthfulness be maintained by glad retention of faith, with its hope and high charity, and with the

certain knowledge thereof. For time is conquered by these holy virtues,—a faith in Self and the powers of Self, a Hope of greatness glorious in being charitable, and in knowing, and in serving !

Unwrapped of selfish garments, seeking no dispute, daring to face the future as if it were the balmiest day, giving with open hand to every living thing, dragons will shun you. Even dreams cannot contain them. What time have fighters for aught but strife? What strife has man for aught, but time? Avaunt one, avaunt the other! Thus time, man's only enemy, is conquered. Fear, being divested of its garment of mystery, stands hollow,—an empty idol of nothingness.

The God of Happiness so reveals himself to the timeless mind, that age departs, and life with the spring of

youth attends. For mind is Master, and life the Master's handmaiden. Oh, for the consciousness of the Now! Nothing can stand in the way of that consciousness. What law intrudes time upon us? None. How could we wait Eternal Bliss in timelessness?

To wait, to put off, to abide a latter day, we call this, time, while it is only indisposition. To linger, to be content, to build for the future—all these are sins of mortality. In Spirit they abide not. Procrastinate, and die. Do, and live. Know that now—the Timeless Now is the only Time, and so, be Master of Life!

When the broad sweep of the Great Now invades the mind of man, a Good Spell is cast. Enthralled he stands as on a mount, towering the worlds. So great is the view, that one who has seen it, is no longer man. He is Divine.

Every law of mortal life is bound within,  
and subject to, the Timeless Now.

When one would limit, bound, define, he uses the word, time. When one would transcend limitation and dwell beyond its pale, Eternity is his password. To do, is to attain this Consciousness. Would you do the world's work in time divided periods? Would you count life in hours, were you to save life? Would minutes suffice, had you preparation to make for Eventless Bliss. Oh, the Now! Lean forward to it. Grasp it. With hand, with heart, with mind, bend all intent upon It. The world applauds the now-man, and the whole universe rewards him. There is no other of his worth.

In the Now, one rushes to no toil.  
In the Now, one hurries not. In the Now, a calm prevails which unfolds

itself into Powers, Might, and Rights, compared with which high places of man's making are less than nothing.

To gather all the parts of Self, all the faculties of personality, all the strength of Spirituality, to coil vibration's threads fast, to still the heat of throbbing Soul is to render time naught, and the self much. To be at peace with all things is to render little to time, and greatness to self. To be master of self, and the universe which inhabits the Self, is to be master of time. To love with a fathomless love, is to transcend time. To worship with sincere worship, is to defeat this enemy time. To lay down mortal desires, to cease to toil, to open the heart to the ever expansive Now, is to mount the steed that fleets man from the morrow.

To describe the Now, would be to

describe the All. To know the Now, would be to know All. And to know this, be fightless though valiant—dare to *be*, rather than to do. The will of love will attain the Now; there is no other will. The power of complacency mixed with keen desire to be, to be still and still to be, will spread measureless regions before the one who so stands. Thus are pictured the realms and the regions before the God-man. Thus the wheel of time is shattered.

Dragoned is the entrance of time, with fear and fright. Blazoned are its vast regions with world-power and might. A child stands between these two—a child who has been taught the meshes of the earth-cage which contains him. But if that child reach forth his hand, the seeming of those bars becomes freedom, a light bursts forth to guide

to sunful, placeless pastimes, where redolent in the priceless habiliments of Powers transcendent, he shall live. And because of this, his triumph, others shall seek the *more* to live.

Hold thought of times that are not, that you may know the nothingness of time. Hold wonderment of Times that are surely to be, that you may learn of their attainment. Hold of much concern the moments of your leisure, for in it at its very centre lies the Key of Life, the Secret of the Greater Life. Hidden in the crevices of this little explored place, the now of man, is this Shining Golden Token. Enter into it, march its darkened recesses. A light shines there. Accustom your eyes to it, and this Key, The Key of Timeless Bliss, shall be found in the very centre of life—each life. There, no life, such as mortal knows life, but a

Life, more than mere mortal may know, exists.

When will we learn that as a boundary to Infinitude, mortality cannot be? When will we know that life's centre rests not between two ticks of the timepiece? When will we hold what we have? When will we know that which we cannot deny? When will we accept that which is? When will we be what God wills us to be? When, oh, When, will man be fully Man? Now. Know ye Now, only Now. Glory of glories THE NOW!

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