MIND DIGEST

GUIDANCE FROM BEYOND

BY VINCENT H. GADDIS

LIFE—A MYSTICAL JOURNEY . . . . . Norvell
THE CHRIST CHILD ENTERED IN, Linda B. Huber, D.D., Ms.D.
SOME HINDRANCES TO HEALING, L. Squire-Tucker, M.Es., Psy.
IS PSYCHIC RESEARCH WORTH WHILE? . . Meade Layne
GOOD MEDICINE . . Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S.
FAITH AND FEAR . . . . . George Alfred Townsend
LETTERS TO A BLIND FRIEND . . . . . John Davis
THE LADDER OF LIFE, PART 9 . . . . . Ann Hackett
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS . . . . . Sarah Savoy Bond
THE ART GALLERY OF YOUR MIND . . Wilferd A. Peterson
I WILL NOT LET THEE GO . . . . . Helen Kent
FEW THAT FIND IT—LYCHGATE . . H. F. Prevost Battersby
KNOW—THEN ACT . . . . . R. H. Grenville
SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR . . . . . L. E. Eubanks
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF OUR DREAMS? . Ruth Farran
AND OTHER HELPFUL ARTICLES

DECEMBER 1946 25c

"THE MAGAZINE OF SELF-DISCOVERY"

TRUTH ★ ★ INSPIRATION ★ ★ ILLUMINATION

MIND IS THE BUILDER

KNOW WITH WHAT SPIRIT YOU FEED IT!

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CONTENTS

Guidance from Beyond .....*Vincent H. Gaddis* 1
Consider the Dragonfly ....*Georgia Moore Eberling* 5
World Peace in Your Home .....*Don Hubbard* 6
The Christ Child Entered In
Linda B. Huber, D.D., Ms.D. 7
Life—a Mystical Journey .....*Norvell* 13
Reality .....*Millie Lukes* 19
A True Tyrolean Story .....*Ruth Mayo* 21
Petition .....*Sarah Mizelle Morgan* 23
Regrets .....*Florence M. Wheeler* 24
Some Hindrances to Healing,
L. Squire-Tucker, M.Es., Psy. 25
Duty .....*Ilion* 30
The Spirit of Christmas .....*Sarah Savoy Bond* 31
Reflections .....*E. S. Jewell* 36
The Art Gallery of Your Mind..*Wilferd A. Peterson* 37
Ways—to Christ or Krishna 40
Is Psychic Research Worth While? ....*Meade Layne* 41
Good Medicine.*Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S.* 43
The Art of Unselfish Giving ..*Lorle Adcock, F.M.B.* 52
Today's Christ Child .....*Margery Louise Baring* 53
"I Will Not Let Thee Go" .....*Helen Kent* 54
To Rise Above Suffering.*Francis Sims Pounds, M.D.* 57
Circle of Truth .....*Katharine Hillwood Poor* 58
Know—Then Act .....*R. H. Grenville* 60
Prayer .....*Leta Meston* 62
Something to Live For .....*L. E. Eubanks* 63
Imagination .....*Richard Cowan* 65
Faith and Fear .....*George Alfred Townsend* 66
Few That Find It—Lychgate,
H. F. Prevost Battersby 67
Vital Truths for Receptive Minds...*J. B. Gladstone* 70
We Are All Important,
Charlotte G. Frietsch Gunter, F.R.C. 71
What is the Meaning of Our Dreams?..*Ruth Farran* 72
While Doors Are Wide .. *Charles Henry Mackintosh* 78
A Manger for Christ .....*Peter Paul Reuter* 79
Letter to a Blind Friend .....*John Davis* 81
Christmas Parable .....*Myra Perrings* 83
The Ladder of Life .....*Ann Hackett* 84
Astigmatism .....*Basil King* 89
Excerpts from the Work of .....*Edgar Cayce* 90
Book Reviews.....92 Book Suggestions..... 93
Editorial 96

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THE MAGAZINE OF SELF-DISCOVERY

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GUIDANCE FROM BEYOND

How is Your Faith in so-called Hunches; in Revelation or Inspiration; in Prophetic Visions; in Guidance from the Beyond?—Such Guidance may come to You, although its Effects probably will not be as startling as in the Cases reported in this Interesting Article.—Editor

Vincent H. Gaddis

IT was a strange dream that Martin Perez had in his Mexican home. Deep in the night, time after time, it came to his sleeping consciousness, vivid and startling. He dreamed that someday he would find a mountain in his image and that there he would find wealth.

The years passed as he wandered here and there throughout his native country. Martin Perez never forgot his dream. He never lost faith in his belief that he had a date with destiny. Someday, somewhere, he would find his mountain and the answer to all his desires.

And at last it happened! He discovered the mountain called the Bufa de Mapimi. The top of the peak, in outline against the sky, resembles in a striking manner the profile of its discoverer. Within the mountain was silver. The Mapimi mine in Mexico has produced millions of dollars in wealth, and is considered one of the richest sources of silver in the country.

But the story of Martin Perez is not unique. Thomas Best, while living in Florida years ago, dreamed of looking at a great castle accompanied by a native guide. The guide pointed to a spot near the castle and told him that it was the site of a great oil well. The appearance of the castle and the features of the guide were sharply etched on his consciousness.

Several years later Best made a trip to Cuba. While looking at the famous Morro Castle with a guide, a strange

feeling came over him, a sense of the "already seen." He suddenly realized that the Morro Castle and the Cuban guide beside him were the castle and the man of his dream. In the jungle near the castle, he found the spot that had been pointed out to him by the phantom guide of his dream. A well was sunk. Oil was found. Best later sold the well for half a million dollars, and it is now one of the largest wells in the world.

What is the source of these strange intuitive impressions that come to us in the night? As if portrayed on a stage, we see, suddenly and for a few brief seconds, the acting of a dramatic event that is destined to occur in the future. We call the vision a premonition. Do these impressions, these mysterious urges that often indicate guidance, originate from within our superconscious minds, or do they come from an outer intelligence? It is certain that they are given to us from a point beyond the limitations of space and time, as we know them, and that they can often help us attain our desires.

We cannot afford to ignore such impressions. If Henry Silbaugh of Madison, Wis., had followed the instructions given him in a dream, he would have found a fortune valued at $276,000. As reported by Betty Cass, feature writer for the *Wisconsin State Journal*, Mr. Silbaugh, on three successive nights, had a vivid dream in which he was told to go to a certain small town in Colorado and find a certain tree, under which lay 203 bags of money. Mr. Silbaugh, who was 86 years of age at the time, was greatly impressed by his nocturnal visions, and stated that, had he been younger, he would have started off on the treasure hunt.

The fact that supernormal knowledge had been given him was confirmed by Mr. Silbaugh when, some weeks after his three dreams, a story appeared in the daily papers telling how two men had found a fortune in gold coins under a tree in a Colorado town. The town was the one named in the dream. All details as revealed in the dream and reported in the press dispatches were the same as those revealed to Mr. Silbaugh.

Not only wealth, but a greater gift—love—can come to us at times from this mystic source. The following report is one of the strangest love stories on record: On the night of April 17, 1913, Ruby Carroll, of Parksville, Kentucky, dreamed of meeting a man named Herschel Hughes in a café in St. Augustine, Fla. They exchanged addresses before parting. When Miss Carroll awakened, an address in St. Paul, Ark., was distinctly in her consciousness.

She decided to write a letter of inquiry to the St. Paul address. But before she could receive an answer to her letter, a letter arrived from one Herschel Hughes of St. Paul, describing in detail the same dream. The two letters had crossed in the mails. He, in turn, had decided to write to the address given him in his dream. They had never heard of each other, but their mutual interest in their duplicate dream led to actual meeting, romance, and marriage. Across the long miles, with the speed of light, two minds had

met in a dream-world beyond time and space, and the happiness of love had followed.

Whatever the source—telepathic impulses from other minds, contact with a great mental reservoir or cosmic consciousness, or communication with a so-called dead intelligence—many examples of inspired thought and supernormal knowledge that have come in the form of dreams and visions have indicated a definite guidance. They have produced much of our truly great literature, music and art. They have brought love and wealth to many individuals.

Many crimes have been solved by supernormal dreams; and when the supernatural plays detective, the results are usually startling. The dream of a young carpenter in Owosso, Mich., in which the subject witnessed the entire murder from beginning to end as it actually occurred, solved the Schneider case in 1928, and pointed the finger of guilt to an unsuspected man who later confessed. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer and student of psychic phenomena, in this book, *The Unknown,* tells of a dream which solved a murder mystery three years before the crime occurred—an astonishing case of prevision.

It is not well known, since the facts have only recently come to light, but the supreme horror-mystery of the last century, the Jack-The-Ripper series of murders in London, was solved by a clairvoyant vision. The guilty man, who was insane, was quietly removed to an asylum where he later died, while Robert Lees, the clairvoyant who came to the aid of Scotland Yard, received a pension from the Privy Purse and was received in private audience by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. The recent death of Lees allowed the story to be made public.

How many persons know that Dante's *Divine Comedy* would have been incomplete if it had not been for a psychic revelation? Thirteen cantos of the poem were missing when Dante died. A few days later, Jacopo Dante, son of the poet, saw his father in a dream, and he gave the son explicit information as to where the missing manuscript was hidden. When, as a result of the dream, the cantos were found in the castle of a friend, one of the great poems of all time was complete.

One of the best examples of guidance from beyond occurred when a dead painter apparently continued his work through the hands of a goldsmith who had no artistic training whatever, and the "Thompson-Gifford" canvases that resulted astounded the American art world. Is it possible for the thought-waves of a "dead" intelligence to guide the unskilled hands of a successor, so that a planned lifework might be completed?

Frederick Louis Thompson was a goldsmith by trade. He had once met Robert Gifford, the American artist; and Mr. Gifford had aided him in obtaining a position in New York City. One day Thompson happened to visit the American Art Galleries where he saw a painting by Mr. Gifford. A voice

seemed to speak to him—the voice of Gifford: "Take up my work, Thompson, it is unfinished!"

Inquiry revealed that Gifford had died in Paris three months before. Seized by a strange urge that haunted him night and day, Thompson was worried. He went to see Dr. Isaac Funk, the publisher, and Dr. Funk sent him to Prof. James Hyslop, of Columbia University, famous for his work in psychic research. Prof. Hyslop advised him to obey the voice.

So Thompson rented a studio on West 21st Street and started to paint. He had never mixed oils before or touched a brush; but, assisted by a power greater than he possessed, he started to paint canvas after canvas, which sold readily. The art world believed him to be a student of the late Robert Gifford, and an article published in *The American Artist* pointed out the influence of the master in Thompson's productions.

Gifford had been unable to portray persons. His pictures were largely landscapes, and so Thompson, it would seem, was forced to work in this field of art. However, he decided to try to escape from the influence of Gifford and began a painting of a Madonna in the costume of the last century. When he finally finished it, he was happy in the belief that he was a natural artist "on his own."

Then came the amazing aftermath. Prof. Hyslop brought the widow of Robert Gifford to the studio one evening. When Thompson showed them his Madonna with great pride, Mrs. Gifford fainted. When she was revived, she told the two men in hushed tones that the picture was a portrait of Mr. Gifford's mother—a work that Gifford had always wanted to do, but never had. Then came a second startling development: The studio of Mr. Gifford was unlocked for the first time since his death. Unfinished paintings and drawings found there showed that Thompson had actually completed the work of Gifford. Gifford's sketches of planned canvases and Thompson's completed paintings were quite similar.

Guidance can come to us from beyond. This fact can be a foundation for our faith in revelation, inspiration, and a bright future. By right living, by prayer, by making reverent suggestions to our subconsciousness, we can tune in on the vibrations from a reality beyond space and time. And when we do, miracles can happen!

Constant activity in doing good, and endeavoring to make others happy, is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.

"My will, and not thine be done," turned paradise into a desert.—"Not my will, but thine be done," turned the desert into paradise, and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven.

. . . *Pressense.*

Consider The Dragonfly

Georgia Moore Eberling

CONSIDER the dragonfly, that beautiful, swift, "knight of the air." A gorgeous creature: blue, copper, red, dotted. He can fly a mile in sixty seconds. He lives in the sunlight.

But he did not always live there. For two years he dwelt in the mud, in a slimy pool. One day an impulse came to him. Something called to him, bade him climb, rise from his pool, seek the sunlight.

Up he came. He was coated with slime, and he came up to "death." The little mud-dweller was not fitted for the sky. He had to change, to drop that earthy coat. Watch him struggle! He twists and turns as if in agony. After much pain and effort, his old clay body is shed.

A new creature emerges from the discarded skin: a brilliant pulsing form with wings: the dragonfly.

Up into the blue he darts. Skims over shining water like an animated prism. He has wings but he "died" to get them!

I do not believe he remembers the slimy pool. I doubt that he ever gave a second look at the old discarded tenement that was his. He *was* earth-bound, now he *flies*. Somehow I know that only the joy of flight and sunshine make up all his memories.

I like to think that death will do something like that for us earthy mortals. I like to think that we rise to be with God, and that all that preceded this rapture is forgotten. All the pain, the anguish of passing, all the struggle to rid ourselves of the clay body; all forgotten. Only the new life will matter. Only the sunshine, only the wings. I can trust my Heavenly Father to take care of all else. I hope that I shall meet and know my dear ones. I think I shall; but, like the dragonfly, I am sure I shall be content to emerge and to rise leaving the next step to Him.



He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!
—EDWIN MARKHAM.

WORLD PEACE IN YOUR HOME

Don Hubbard

IN a world suddenly become "Peace Conscious" it is well to be mindful of the fact that in every major war throughout world history, it has always been the stronger nations who were the aggressors. Nations, like the peoples, are prone to forget their moral obligations to society as a whole and the world in general. Sociologists agree that good neighborliness has its beginning in the home, extending throughout the community, the city, the state, the nation, and the world.

Proper conduct is closely related to the home life, and the rules and the generalities applying to an enviable family relationship are clearly and vitally applicable to the outer world.

Twelve suggested points to promote and encourage both international and domestic harmony and tranquillity are:

1. Never say, or act, "I told you so"—even if you are right, but rather promote and form mutual trusts and interests with genuine sincerity.

2. Never underrate the abilities and the blessings of others simply because you don't possess them. Praise freely, criticize rarely and always constructively.

3. Never be inquisitive or attempt to pry into the thoughts and the personal affairs of others. Respect their privacy and confidences.

4. Avoid false valuations. Don't believe that others are happier than you. Understand your fallibilities, reverses and mistakes.

5. Avoid "overbearing" traits to those you consider "inferior."

6. Avoid repeating malicious gossip, and replace the tendency with "quality" remarks.

7. Avoid becoming self-centered and egostical by providing many diversified interests and activities.

8. Attend to your own business. Never allow it to become "common."

9. Promote and retain in true perspective a mental picture of yourself. Develop the ability to laugh at life's adversities.

10. Limit on others your demands that serve as a good-will deterrent.

11. Conceal all ailments, imagined or otherwise, with a big smile.

12. Remember that true beauty never comes from selfishness and sin. Such benevolence is the effect of charm and charity and chastity at home.



UNDERSTANDING: By figuring things out for ourselves, we develop understanding which is of more value than all the wisdom in books.—*Carl E. Holmes.*



The Christ Child Entered In

Linda B. Huber, D.D., Ms.D.

THE minister of music wore a defeated, harassed look upon his face. His keenly attuned ear had been quick to detect the discordant notes of jealousy and resentment coming forth from the soprano and contralto soloists. He was fully conscious of its poisonous effects spreading from member to member of the choir, like the insidious spread of a deadly plague. In assigning the various parts to the members, he had endeavored to please all of them, only to discover later that he had pleased none. Now he realized that it was wasted effort to cater to human likes and dislikes and that it is wholly impossible to please mere personality. But his own reputation was at stake! And he was well aware of that fact. Something had to be done and that quickly. The Cantata had been given much publicity. Moreover, it was to be rendered in less than six days hence.

All unseen by any of the musicians, there stood by the chancel rail the quiet figure of a Little Child. His long, white garment glowed in the dim light of the church and about His feet there was a pool of light as though it were spun of moonbeams. He, too, had listened to the rehearsal; but His eyes had grown sorrowful as the voices rose in singing the beautiful composition, ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH.

"There is still no room in the inn," He whispered softly, as though He were speaking to a sleeping child. "There is no opening in the human consciousness for the Christ Child to enter in."

He turned about and was slowly making His way down the wide, thickly-carpeted aisle, when the minister of music began to speak in compelling tones. The Child paused a moment and then retraced His steps. He stood silently and listened to the words that were being uttered by the director in no uncertain tones:

"We are rejoicing because of the birth of the Christ Child," he told the

choir, inwardly praying that his words would quicken their hearts; "and if we feel any joy because of this glorious event; if it means anything at all to us in our lives, we needs must express it in our singing. I am quite sure we all want to help spread the glad tidings of peace and goodwill; and we can do this only if we forget self and selfish ambitions and let the soul find its expression of joy through our hearts and voices. I need not remind you," he continued, wiping the moisture from his perspiring brow, "that the audience is quick to detect our inner thoughts and attitudes, no matter what words we may sing or say with our lips. What we actually feel inside of us must be expressed through us; and this is especially true when we sing. I am confident that each of us will want only joy and peace and goodwill to be expressed through us; and I pray that the Master Musician will touch these human instruments and cause them to vibrate only with Divine Love."

It may have been the words spoken by the director; or perhaps it was an answer to the prayer in his heart; or was it due to the silent influence of the Invisible Presence that stood by the director in the form of a Little Child?

Whatever it was, it swept through their resentful hearts and washed them clean. The organist ran his fingers lightly over the keys of the great organ; the minister of music stood ready; the choir laid aside all of their petty dislikes and cast off, like an undesirable garment, their ill will; and, through their combined efforts, the mighty chorus was sung in strength and beauty, filling the sanctuary with mighty vibrations of joy and gladness, of peace and goodwill.

"Amen! Amen! Amen." The finale was like a benediction.

Words were needless now; for, judging from what He had heard and from what He had beheld on each countenance, He knew the Christ Child had entered into their hearts to abide with them.

Now the Child, His face aglow with a strange radiance, withdrew and quietly made His way down the aisle. He passed through the great bronze doors as though they were not, and went out into the busy, thronging street where He became a part of the milling crowd. He gazed longingly into the faces of those about Him, as if searching for something which He could not find; but each pedestrian hurried and jostled the other; and all were intent upon some seemingly urgent and important business.

Finally, He paused and stood with a large group of people who had gathered about a show-window and were looking through the huge, sparkling, plate-glass window of a department store, where the scene of the Nativity was beautifully portrayed with almost life-sized figures. Mary, with her sweet, patient face, watched over the sleeping Babe that so peacefully lay in the crude manger. Joseph stood beside the open door of the stable, as if he were guarding it from some unseen foe. The cattle were lying down, undoubtedly more aware of the Holy Occupant of that lowly place than many human beings would have been. A soft light,

arising from some ethereal source, shed a soft glow over the interior, and the Star shone brightly overhead. High above in the window, three angelic forms were suspended, their haloes and wings shimmering in the light. They carried a gossamerlike golden banner bearing the words, "PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND!"

The Child, almost enveloped by the careless throng about Him, looked intently into the faces of those who were clustered near the window. He listened to the remarks they made and read their innermost thoughts. A little girl asked her mother, as she flattened her wee nose against the cold plate glass,

"Mother, is it true the animals talked that night? Our kindergarten teacher says they really did. Do you think they truly talked, Mother?"

And the mother, her thoughts far removed from the Holy Event, replied impatiently,

"I don't know, Cecily. Perhaps they did; but I know some animals that still talk—your father—oh well, never mind. Come. Let's move on. It's too jammed around here for comfort."

And a dapper little man said to his over-dressed, highly-painted woman companion, as they gave the display a careless glance,

"Same old Christmas dope. Peace on earth, goodwill to ALL mankind! That's a good one. Where's there any peace on this old earth, I'd like to know?"

"Sure takes more than a Babe in a manger and the shouting of angels to get anywhere with peace these days," his companion added. "Maybe they'd make more progress with Nylons."

The luminous eyes of the Child grew sorrowful. "Was it in vain?" He whispered. He turned and was about to leave the place, when He paused. A woman was talking to a small, wide-eyed boy, his sweet face upturned, as he tried to see the whole window at one glance:

"See, Jon, that is the Baby Jesus with Mary, His Mother. He was once a dear little boy just like you. He grew up and did so many wonderful things when He was a young man, such as healing sick people, and making the blind to see again. He lived only a short time on this earth. Then He went away again—back to God. But He left His Spirit of Love here; and He still puts love and peace into people's hearts and makes them good and kind and helps them to be like Him."

"Can He put love into bad people's hearts, Mommy?" the small boy asked, never taking his eyes from the Scene. "Can He make them good again?"

"Why, of course He can!" his mother replied, her thoughts going back to a time when one near and dear to her had been cleansed and made whole again through prayer. "That is why we pray for people; so that He will heal their hearts and their minds and make them brave and strong and whole and perfect."

"I'm glad we have Christmas and the Baby Jesus, Mommy, aren't you? When I grow up I'm going to be just

like Him and help people to be good like Him."

"I am sure you will, darling. And He will put His very own Spirit into your heart and make you strong, so that you can serve Him, no matter where He may send you."

The Child moved closer to Jon and his mother. And, though all unseen by either of them, He gently touched their hands; and instantly their faces became filled with a radiance that outshone the brilliantly lighted sidewalks; for the Christ Child had entered into their hearts, filling them with His very own Spirit of love and joy, peace and goodwill.

Again He moved with the crowd and mingled with the rich and the poor and those who were fur-clad and the poorly-dressed. He entered into the crowded shops, and into the huge, swiftly-moving buses and trains that were over-flowing with impatient passengers.

The night lengthened. From the tall belfry in the heart of the great city, the chimes proclaimed the hour of midnight. Loud-speakers screamed out the latest strike news; juke boxes in cheap restaurants poured out their barbarous "song hits;" young women and their male companions, self-sufficient and sophisticated, disappeared into their favorite night clubs. Thus began the night life of the metropolitan area. The cotton-bearded Santa Claus, soliciting funds for a Christmas dinner for the poor, scraped up a handful of small change from the bottom of his iron pot and thrust it into his overcoat pocket along with the dime store bell that he had jangled all evening, as he shivered in the chill December air. Some shops closed their doors and the crowd of holiday buyers gradually thinned out.

The Child, however, took no note of the hour, but continued His search. He paused now before an imposing red brick building. The carved letters above the arched doorway informed the public that this was a "home for foundlings."

The wide door was suddenly thrown open, and there came from across the threshold a tall, fair young man and a neatly-tailored young woman. She was carrying a sleeping baby in her arms. As they came down the white marble steps she looked up into the face of her husband and said,

"Oh, David, look at him! Isn't he the dearest little cherub you ever saw? And isn't he the grandest Christmas gift we could ever receive? I think he must have come straight down from heaven. I just know he is going to grow up to be fine and strong and as brave and unselfish as—well, the Babe of Bethlehem."

"He surely will, darling, with you for his mother; for just now your eyes look like Mary's must have looked when she first gazed into the face of her new-born Son."

The on-looking Child smiled and whispered tenderly, "Whoso receiveth a little child in My name, receiveth Me." And again the Christ Child had entered in and there was love and joy and peace and goodwill.

But now He turned His feet in another direction. He left the wide avenue with its beautiful, well-kept

parkway, and turned into a narrow, dark street. Pursuing his course for a few blocks, he finally turned into an even darker alley. The vile odor of garbage and filth rose like an evil cloud to greet the nostrils of any pedestrian; but the Child seemed to pay no heed to the squalor or to the odor. The Light that went before Him made a safe pathway for His feet. He was undisturbed, too, by the loud quarreling voices, the yelping of hungry dogs and the shrill scream of a punished child. Yet, He looked about Him and seemed to speak to an invisible friend. "Have they not heard?" He asked. "Has no one told them that 'Whatsoever things ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them'? Here is want, ignorance, hunger. How can these things be? Yonder, across the city, there is plenty and to spare. How long shall these, My children, cry for bread, for clothing, for but a little joy, before there is one to hear and to fill the need?"

Now He paused before what seemed to be the meanest house in the block, if such a selection could be made. Wedged in between two dilapidated wooden buildings, it leaned crazily to the one side, as if weary and tired of its long years of want and ugliness. The battered door, hanging by one rusty hinge, stood ajar. The Child pushed it gently aside and entered a long, narrow hallway, lighted with a single, small bulb which dangled from a knotted green cord from the cracked ceiling. He did not hesitate, but quickly made His way up the rickety stairs; and, standing before a partly-open door, He looked into a room from which came sounds of sudden laughter. It was clean, joyous laughter, not the coarse guffawing of the tap-room and the cheap dancehall. It seemed to proclaim goodwill and not what one would naturally expect to find coming forth from a place so mean as this.

The room was poorly furnished, but as clean as earnest hands and soap and water could make it. There was, too, an atmosphere of peace and order emanating from it. In the center of the room, a very pale and discouraged young man sat in a wheel-chair. Only the lower part of his emaciated face was visible, for his head and eyes were swathed in tight bandages. Beside him, as if to shield him from all harm and danger, stood a much-disturbed middle-aged woman. Clearly she was the worried mother of this invalid man. Clustered about them and filling every available space were men, women and children, their clothing betraying the fact that they were what the world-mind calls "poor," even destitute.

The Child entered the room and also took His place beside that of the young man in the wheel-chair, where He could look into the faces of these people who seemed to be so happy about something. An older man was now speaking. In his right hand he clutched a roll of bank notes tied with a bit of red satin ribbon, at the end of which dangled a cheap Christmas card.

"We figgued that if ya'd go right aways, Herbie, ya could mebbe have yore eyes fer Christmas. Least ways, the worst would be over, an' then

mebbe we could all come and visit ya at the hospittle."

The young man spoke to them. His voice was almost a whisper. He seemed too overcome to speak:

"But—but, I can't take it, I tell you! I—I just can't accept it—it's too much. Don't think I don't know—know all the sacrifices you've made for me—all of you. It—it means none of you can have any Christmas of your own. No, much as I want to see again, I just couldn't—couldn't take this——"

"Say, what do you think Christmas is fer, ennyway? To git somethin' fer yerself?" a woman asked, as she pushed the men aside so that she could be seen and heard. "I take it, it means goodwill, bein' neighborly, and helpin' them as is in trouble."

Another chimed in: "Sure, that's what it means. Just a-showing plain, human kindness where ya kin."

And then the first speaker laid the roll of bills in the lap of the young man. "Here, Herbie. G'wan an' take it! Martha's right. Why, all of us is a-gonna have a better Christmas than ever before 'cause we all are gonna have a part in yer gettin' yer eyes back. Ain't that right, folks?" . . .

"PEACE ON EARTH! There is still goodwill among men. It was NOT in vain," murmured the Unseen Visitor: "To love thy neighbor as thyself; to do unto others as you would be done by; to know that it is still more blessed to give than to receive. These ideals are still alive in human hearts, Father; and My coming has not been in vain." The Child smiled and raised His hands in blessing. . . . Suddenly that lowly place became another birthplace of wondrous beauty. It was a sacred, holy place, though on the other side of the city there were those who would have jeered and sneered and called it a hovel. Yet, in that humble abode, the Christ Child had found what He sought that night; and in that place had been born, in the hearts of those who had given and who had received, the Christ.

And so, He continues to walk to and fro among men, seeking and searching, hither and yon, for a heart into which He may enter, a place where He may dwell, a life through which He may express His love, and which He may clothe in His own beautiful garment of peace:

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He is not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn.
Hold, there! Where runnest thou? Know heaven is in thee;
Seek thou for God elsewhere, His face thou'lt never see.

In all eternity no tone is so sweet
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat.
Ah, would thy heart but a manger be for the birth,
God would once more become a CHRIST ON EARTH!

—Angelus Silesius (1682)

LIFE—

A Mystical Journey

A Journey That May Lead You to Eternal Youth, Radiant Joy and Divine Immortality

Norvell

LIFE is a mystical journey. Its true purpose lies submerged beneath its superficial material form and substance. Its seeds of immortality are clothed in the budding frame of mortality, much the same as a rose contains within itself the guarantee of its perpetuity.

Man's life is shrouded by a veil of mystery, suspended in an immensity of space of which he knows nothing. His life issues from a source he cannot comprehend. His very existence depends on invisible processes which he cannot even analyze. In other words, man actually knows nothing about where he comes from, why he is here, or where he is going when he is finished with this earthly sojourn.

"There are three things that only God knows: the beginning of things, the cause of things, and the end of things." An ancient Welsh proverb states this fact clearly.

If this is true, and the mystery is inscrutable, how can man divine the purpose of living? How account for his suffering? How have faith in God, or belief in the soul's survival?

All of these insistent questions that are asked by man's probing mind can be answered only on the basis of faith. We must believe; we must know; and the very act of belief causes the facts of Divinity, Soul, and survival after death to become living realities.

"If we think of God, it follows that He exists," said Malebranche, one of the great metaphysicians of the past. And this holds good today, in our investigation of the mystical journey which we call Life.

Can life be said to be purposeless, then, just because we do not know its purpose? Does it really matter if we are unhappy, sick and war-torn, because life seems to be without pattern or form? Is there any reason for struggling against overwhelming obstacles, trying to be decent and honest, if there is no guarantee of a loving God who cares, or a proffered reward of heavenly glory in a life to come?

There is every reason in the world why we must believe in the Ultimate Good, why we must aspire to the highest and best, and why we must conform to invisible Spiritual Laws. Our happiness depends on this belief in Soul and God and the hereafter. Our

peace of mind demands an answer to the unanswerable, a revelation of the hidden and mysterious, the mystical experience of life.

Here it is that man must part with matter, the root of his obstructing philosophy of materialism. Here it is that we must begin our journey into the unknown, armed only by faith and by a mental electronic microscope through which the spiritual eye may see on the fourth-dimensional plane of pure essence.

We cannot see the beginning and the end in matter and physical form, for all material substances know decay and deterioration. Career, fame and fortune, inventions and buildings, brain and body—all are subject to the erosive influences of time and space.

The force behind matter, the invisible power which flows in and through matter, is not subject to the same laws as matter. This Spiritual Power has no beginning and no ending. It is pure primal energy, expressing itself through the invisible "building blocks" of the universe . . . atoms. These atoms respond to a mystical force which gives them propulsion, power and solid form, and which causes them to create everything from an ant to an elephant. This invisible intelligence, which emanates from the Universal God-mind, determines what object is to be created, what its purpose shall be, its life span, and its transition. As nothing is ever created without purpose, it is obvious that these various objects are constantly changing from one form of energy to another.

Because force cannot be seen is no argument that it does not exist. The creative intelligence of God permeates all space. It is motion. It is silent and invisible; but it pours itself constantly into forms and patterns that become visible to the physical eye of man.

This power, invisible though it be, is the greatest force ever released to the world. It is not something impersonal and vague; it is very real and very dynamic. It is the force that motivates your life, that gives you energy, that causes your brain and heart to function. It is the invisible power that energizes the soil and causes it to produce thousands of products for man's use. It is the Creative Intelligence of the universe. It can be harnessed and directed. It can be shaped and formed by your mind into a multitude of uses.

Always, the most powerful influences in life have been on this plane of the mystical or invisible. Matter itself contains energy, but it is lifeless until motivated by Creative Intelligence. The mystical realm is all-powerful, all-knowing and all-pervading. A thought contains more power for good or bad than a regiment of soldiers. A word can create chaos and slaughter millions, or create constructive good and save the lives of millions still unborn.

The mystical experiences of life are more important than the physical and material. Music and art are more creative than bridges and buildings, airplanes and atom bombs. Literature and love, prayer and philosophy, dreams and desires, ideals and inspiration—these are the channels through which

the mystical Creative Power of God is released to mankind.

Think of the mystical power and dynamic energy projected nearly two thousand years ago by Christ's Sermon on the Mount. No comparable force exists anywhere in the entire universe for constructive good. No higher goals of conduct for humanity ever have been evolved from any mere material or physical medium.

The Ten Commandments occupy a place in the civilization of peoples, in the forming of ethical and moral codes, which cannot be equaled by any mere physical force. See the potency of such fourth-dimensional forces of mind as the "Emancipation Proclamation," the "Declaration of Independence," the "Magna Charta," the literary works of Milton, Shakespeare and Keats; the spiritual laws of Buddha, Mohammed, or Baha-U-Llah; the philosophical concepts of Bacon, Spinoza, Kant and Emerson; and the inventions, discoveries, formulas and scientific knowledge of Newton, Pasteur, Galileo, Freud, and Einstein.

These and many other great minds were not physically great. Their power came from an invisible, obscure, mystical realm. Their minds reflected the magnificence and splendor of God's Mind. Through their creative works, their words of wisdom, their pens, their inventions, discoveries and works of art, they have contributed more to the development of civilization than have all the prize fighters, baseball and football players, Napoleons, Hitlers and other exponents of physical power, materialism and aggression.

Life is NOT a physical and material reality. It is a dream, a shadow-existence. Neither are physical hardships, suffering, sickness, war, poverty and human misery real or permanent forces. They are created only by man's ignorance of the true mystical purpose of life. They are the by-product of man's own stupidity. We cannot say a thing is real because we see it; for that which appears as solid form is now shown by science to be loosely constructed atoms with vast spaces between them.

So, too, these eroding physical and material experiences cannot affect the permanent reality of life. The Spiritual Power, the Intelligence back of matter, is indestructible. It is as if a pool of water reflected the glory of the noonday sun. When that pool is evaporated and the sun's reflection is gone, does this prove that the sun, too, is unreal? The sun continues to shine. It is real; and the reflection in the pool was in reality only a shadow.

Again, material and physical life is unreal, being a reflection of the great Spiritual Sun. Our lives are but shadows cast by the eternal Divine Sun; and, like shadows, fleet and unsubstantial, they fade away and are no more. The light that caused the shadows, the Spiritual Reality back of matter, cannot pass away.

The Hindus call this material existence *Maya,* the great illusion. The dream, the idea, the picture, the thought, the consciousness—these are reality; and reality is but shadow . . . unreal.

This invisible power beyond the

atom, this mystical force which is the life intelligence, does not reside in brain, any more than it resides in other forms of matter. Intelligence continues after brain has decayed. Otherwise, intelligence would be entirely dependent on individuals. That this is not true is evident when we look to nature and see in the growing things and in animals the most potent form of intelligence.

What then, is this Intelligence? It is the Soul; a tiny particle of God's Intelligence radiating in each and every one of His Creation. The Soul cannot be seen, felt or weighed, but like all invisible forces it is the most potent force in the world. The sun's power, radio-active particles, radium waves, gravity, magnetism, electricity and atomic power are all potent, invisible forces. And yet, who shall deny that they are real?

Further, mind-power and Soul-power are as real as terrestrial gravity, as real as solid forms of matter; for they are forms of energy, and now science proves that matter IS energy, and that energy is interchangeable with matter.

With thought, then, with Soul-consciousness, man may shape and mold matter, may direct and guide his life forces, may channel the Divine Intelligence to create any destiny he chooses. This is not so startling when it is realized that the Spiritual Life-force which created the universe and all therein is directed by God's Intelligence into definite forms and patterns.

How, then, may you more intelligently use this invisible power, this Divine Intelligence to transform your life? How make this mystical journey of life more pleasant, beautiful, harmonious, happy and rich?

1. By knowing the transitory nature of life on the physical and material planes and giving those experiences their proper value, but no more. Look on career, fame, fortune, love, possessions, and friends as necessary forms of matter, necessary to give the physical life meaning, but not as being permanent. They are transitory and will fade away.

This makes it easier to bear misfortune and loss of loved ones, easier to understand why life is often seemingly barren and futile. When disasters occur, and suffering ensues, know that in such physical experiences there is soul-growth, discipline, evolution. They are necessary experiences, but not the final and irrevocable answer to life's deeper, more mystical meaning. Transmute such suffering to Spiritual Power. Look beyond the seemingly real, to the dream, and know that "this, too, shall pass away."—"If the sky fall, we shall catch larks."—One of the philosophers has said, and it is true, that in even the final calamities of life, there is some redeeming feature, a saving grace.

2. Soul-development depends on the mind's development or intelligence. To develop the mind to its highest capacity, then, is to enrich the Soul and give added richness to life.

There are three different expressions of intelligence in life. First, those people who talk about limited material, physical things such as food, clothing, shelter, physical love and possessions. This classification is the lowest type of

mentality, the least evolved spiritually. For such people there is happiness only in physical pleasures, money, fame, possessions. The more subtle joys of life are lost to them.

Then there are those whose conversation is about things and conditions, such as cars, their homes, the stock market, children, movies, plays, cocktail parties, bridge games, and prize fights or baseball games. Such mentalities are average, and their soul growth is just a little higher than that of the first group.

Then there is the last classification: persons who dwell on the higher plane of ideas and ideals, those who talk about the betterment of social conditions, the abolition of war, equality of the sexes, universal subjects that are far removed from the limited personal ego. This type is keenly interested in art, music, literature and all forms of beauty. They are vitally concerned about things of the Spirit, religion, culture, morals, ethics. Theirs is an intellectual realm which gives the greatest richness and beauty to life. Such evolved mentalities possess evolved souls. They partake of mystical joys in life that are reserved for the immortals.

This function, the highest that man is capable of—this creative propensity, this cultural endowment of the mind, is the nearest that man may know of an Immortal Soul. It is this mystical side of life that enriches and ennobles, that creates a better world for others to inherit. Here it is that the very seed of Divinity sprouts, making man something more than human.

3. Man may release more of this mystical power into his life by developing a spiritual philosophy. See everything in its proper perspective in time and space. Know that you live under Spiritual Laws, and that when you violate them, you shut off the Divine Intelligence that motivates your mind and body. "Love thy neighbor." "Do good unto others." "Cast thy bread upon the waters." "Seek ye first the kingdom." "Ask and ye shall receive." "Thou shalt not live by bread alone." "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." "Except ye become as little children." "Thy faith has made thee whole." These are all expressions of Spiritual Laws that work on the mental and physical planes of life. One of the most potent of these Spiritual Laws is the Karmic Law which decrees, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

It is obvious, then, that to live by the Golden Rule: to do good, to be charitable, moral, to apply Creative Intelligence to living, is to attract the highest mental and spiritual power in the universe.

Prayer is one of the most potent spiritual forces that man may use to release intelligence for constructive good. Prayer is the language of the Soul, the medium by which man may transmit to God his gratitude, his desires, his needs. Prayer flows in dynamic currents throughout the universe and works to create the condition prayed for. The fact that all prayer is not instantly answered does not mean that prayer is ineffective. Perhaps the condition prayed for is incompatible

with other existing conditions. We cannot make up God's mind for Him.

4. Universal Love is another medium through which we may release Divine Intelligence in our lives and elevate the Soul-consciousness to high levels. Personal love, and physical love are entirely different from Universal or Cosmic Love. When we love personally, all our energies and powers are concentrated on the object of our love. When we love Cosmically, the dynamic currents of love are directed outward to the entire world. It is through love that man may comprehend God's great Creative Love. By loving our friends we can appreciate the love and friendship of God for His creatures; by knowing love of country we may understand God's pride in His Creation; by knowing love for a mate, man may know God's Divine Love in having created man in His Image. The Divine Prerogative of human propagation goes beyond the mere physical fact of birth and extends to the realm of Divinity itself in comprehending the priceless love of a parent for his young. So, too, through this experience of loving our children, we may understand at first hand the infinite capacity of love that God possesses for His children.

Thus it is that life is made richer through the ennobling experience of Universal Love. The Soul is more highly evolved in those who love than in those who look only upon the coarse, the debasing emotions of mankind.

Now we may see what we mean by the true mystical experience of life: things of the emotions, rather than the external world; Invisible Power, rather than power inherent in matter; transcendent experiences rather than fame, fortune or the other transitory values of life; beauty and idealism rather than concrete materialism; music and art, rather than commerciality and industry; mind and its enjoyment, rather than matter with its limitations; spirit, rather than flesh; light, rather than shadow; the dream rather than the reality; immortality, rather than that which is mortal; heaven, rather than earth; and God, rather than humanity.

If, then, you wish to live life fully, and to share in the dynamic, Creative Power released by the Creator for man to use, you must enter the invisible, mystic realm of mind and spirit for the truly great revelations of life. There, within the sacred inner sanctum, you may hear God's voice speak in unmistakable accents of beauty, peace, love and service. There you may find the true purpose of this mystical journey through time and space; there feel the transcendental urge which carries you high above the limited affairs of this mundane world.

Within this secret, hidden province of the mind and Soul, there will be revealed the priceless wonders of the invisible realm. Worlds will unfold, and wisdom will unfurl its cloistered banners. There, safe from the frenzied rush of modern living, you may know the tranquillity that comes to souls that are freed from limitations of solid matter.

In the echoing corridors of time itself, you may merge and mingle with the profound thoughts of the great

minds of all ages, and with great masters who seek your thought-waves and pour forth their inscrutable mysteries. You may change the universe, discover secrets of timeless wonder, prophesy mysteries still unrevealed, discover beauty illimitable, and freedom eternal for the entire human race.

"Let us be adventurers for another world. It is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this (world) worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy."—Burnett.

And when you have found this other world in this Mystical Journey of Life, you will travel down the rockstrewn highway beyond the blue horizon of the unknown, into sublime regions of eternal youth, radiant joy and Divine Immortality. You can find release from the prisonhouse of self, this body of earthly clay, without fear, but rather with an overpowering emotion of joy. Then you may ignore the obstacles of flesh and frustration of this world, listen to the guiding voice in the wind: God's voice, as it leads you on, on into the nebulous mists of time and space—beyond the horizon of this world, into regions of profound mystery and exhilarating mystical experiences in worlds to come throughout eternity!

REALITY

Millie Lukes

THERE is nothing Real save the Will and Power of God. All things are but the manifestations of His infinite love and purpose. Consequently, being dependent, man exists only as an apparent reality.

Man does not understand Reality, and, therefore, endeavors to avoid it. It usually is contrary to his expectations; so his desires, hopes and dreams appear to be blurred out.

Unless man is able to cognize the meaning of the Real, as manifested in and through the need of his necessary experiences of life, and can accept them thankfully and understandingly, his mind fails to penetrate the dark clouds of disillusionment. True perception is true knowledge, which always increases in proportion to its use.

Man envisions a world, by his thinking, wherein he is the unconquered hero of all his unfulfilled expectations. Possibilities appear from every direction. He intends to grasp them all; to

make them subservient to his will. The gods, however, are the guiding forces, moving all things, whether they be weal, or woe, for the ultimate benefit of mankind.

Life presents one crisis after another. Man is afraid of today's unknown and tomorrow's mystery. He must hold fast to his Faith, for he cannot live if it be torn to shreds.

Those who live a surface life are no more than driftwood on a stormy sea. Man, living on the surface of life's daily events, sees nothing as being related. All events and experiences appear relatively meaningless to him.

Man would like to solve the baffling riddles of life, and his heart is hungry for that which he cannot name. He then finds he must submerge himself in the depths of the ocean of life. And then only does he discover that there abides a peace that man did not make and which he can never mar.

No man can violate the law of his being. His Faith must be grounded in the reality of God's law. The universe needs those persons who in patience possess their souls. Such individuals must have necessarily disciplined themselves to see and understand the eternal-ness and the everlastingness of that which underlies all change. Man is not a child of a day, but is a citizen of eternity. He must learn to contemplate the Real.

Man must "play the game," even when everything appears hopeless and his disillusioning experiences lead him to believe that the universe itself is in league with all the inimical forces to thwart all he anticipates and seeks to fulfill.

When man has established unity within his being, his life is sweetened and he is ennobled and cleansed of all fear. When he can do this, he realizes that life is wonderful, and he then knows the purpose of living and can glimpse the Real. To know the Real, or God, is to feel that one is a part of that which cannot be analyzed or fully described.

Reality is two-fold: the Real and apparent real. It is visible and invisible. Man can behold and experience. The sum total of life's cadence is but part of a universal symphony.

Everyone, of course, likes to dream his dreams, but man lives in a prosaic world, and usually his day-dreams are ruled out. While there are difficulties to encounter in the daily melee, they should not be avoided, for they are not altogether bad, but serve a needed purpose.

Man grasps at the stars for adventure, for, consciously or unconsciously, he senses they are nearer the Real than he is. Man is the distilled quintessence of the universal past, and the stars reveal his ultimate destiny. His aim should ever be to purify, elevate and brighten the life that now is. Heaven is the rule of the spiritual nature when born within man.

No sciences are better attested than the religion of the Bible.
. . . *Sir Isaac Newton.*

A True Tyrolean Story

Ruth Mayo

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

—Hamlet I, i.

IT was Christmas Eve in a little Austrian village near the edge of a Tyrolean forest. Early in the afternoon, Andreas Kruger, a woodsman from the village, had gone into the forest to cut down a Christmas tree, taking with him his four-year-old son, Franz. While Andreas was engaged in his task, the boy slipped away and wandered farther into the woods. Suddenly becoming aware of the boy's absence, the father called repeatedly but received no answer. Thoroughly frightened, he abandoned the tree which he had felled and went in search of the child. Walking all afternoon, first in one direction, then in another, Andreas shouted his son's name again and again. The short winter's day with its fading light finally compelled him to give up the search and direct his steps toward the village that he and little Franz had left such a short time before.

The snow fell softly through the gathering dusk, as the agonized man, with the greatest possible speed, made his way out of the woods with the heart-breaking knowledge that his child was wandering, cold and frightened, somewhere in its lonely depths.

He dreaded to face Nella, his wife, who he knew must be waiting for them in painful anxiety. She, in the fashion of mothers, had at first refused him permission to take his son with him on his merry errand. But the child's pleas, coupled with her husband's promise to watch him carefully, had at last prevailed over her judgment, albeit she had not ceased to call out admonitions to them from the doorway as long as they were within the sound of her voice.

Now, as Andreas ran toward the little snow-shrouded cottage, he could see Nella peering from the window. The next instant she opened the door and came to meet him on flying feet. "Franz," she whispered, her voice tense in an agony of fear. "He is not with you. Where is he?" There was no need to answer. In tragic silence the father's eyes spoke to the mother's

heart. She wrung her hands. "Be calm, Nella. Little Franz will be found. I am going to get together a searching party at once. We will go out with lanterns and seek for him through the night. Before the day breaks he will be found. Go in now, my darling, and guide us with your prayers."

He was gone. Nella dropped to her knees in the snow. Holding her clasped hands high above her head, she raised her eyes to the heavens supplicating the Mother of Mercy to protect her little son. It was the Holy Night. The knowledge of this brought a measure of comfort and reassurance to her soul. For the simple-hearted villagers told many stories which had their origin in the familiar and exquisite legend of immunity from harm on the eve of the Savior's birth. So Nella took new courage as she went within, prepared to fill that most difficult role which has always been woman's to fill—that of praying and waiting.

Meanwhile, the news of the child's disappearance had travelled round the village, and in a short time an armed posse, consisting of thirty men carrying lanterns, all of them familiar with the forest, was on its way. It was an exhausting search. Hour after hour they trudged, calling and shouting, straining their eyes and ears for some sign that might indicate what direction the little boy had taken. They found none. It was as if some genie of the forest had swallowed him up. Or—there were wolves about. But these sturdy men of the forest were unwilling to voice the fearful thought which must have crossed the minds of all of them. Nevertheless, the search went on unwearied until day began to break.

Footprints in the Snow

The most intrepid member of the group was a tall forest ranger named Johannes Fraser. He was one of those persons who seem constitutionally incapable of yielding an enterprise; whose determination increases with every failure. It was he who, walking in advance of his baffled and disheartened comrades, saw something ahead in the dim light of early morning that caused him to stop short. Then he hastened forward. It was indeed a footprint—a tiny one, half hidden in the snow. "Andreas," he called to the now distracted father, "come and look! Is this not the footprint of your son?" Andreas fairly leaped ahead, calling as he went, "Franz! Franz! Where are you, little son? Answer me! Are you here? Franz! Franz!" His voice rose to a crescendo of importunate longing, revealing the suspense that was almost too much to bear. He was near the breaking point. The footprints came to an end. The searching party stopped before a gigantic stove which at one time had been used by hunters in preparing out-door feasts. The door of the large oven hung on rusty hinges. A pair of big, blue eyes looked out from the opening, and a smiling little boy crawled out. But he was not alone. His companion followed him immediately and made a dash in the opposite direction from the man. It was a wolf, one of the largest ever seen by the gaping woodsmen who stood around. One of the men aimed his rifle at the retreat-

ing animal and was about to shoot. Andreas stopped him. "No, my friend," he said, his voice charged with the solemn earnestness of his feeling. "But for him we might not have found little Franz alive. It was God who sent the wolf to protect him from the cold. It would be an act of base ingratitude to kill this creature who, instead, merits our thanks and our blessing."

As the father stooped to take the unharmed child into his arms, his heart grew luminous with a sudden prescience of the mystic brotherhood of man and beast—of a time when peace and good-will on earth would be established between every living creature.

The light of a glorious Christmas morning shone in the sky as the weary band of men began their journey back to the village. A reverent quietude entered the souls of the sturdy foresters; and they walked among the snow-laden trees as in a temple wherein they had witnessed a miracle.

When Andreas and Franz arrived within sight of the little white cottage, Nella came to meet them. Her face wore an almost transfigured beauty, attesting a woman's faith and devotion. Andreas marveled as at a second miracle. When her husband told her of the wonderful protection of her child, she was not surprised, for spiritual traditions implant themselves in simple hearts as firmly as the oak tree and the tendrils of their faith, like the ivy vine, entwine around them. Had not the peace of the Holy Night descended upon her while she prayed, remembering that it had the power to bind the jaws of wolves?

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*An affidavit, signed by Gizella Egri Pfeiffer, attesting to the truth of this story is on file at the office of* MIND DIGEST. *The child was Mrs. Pfeiffer's grandfather, Sandor Egri, who was found together with the wolf in a large clay oven.*

Petition

SARAH MIZELLE MORGAN

Oh, never let me render pain
To others for some selfish gain,—
And keep me safe from every lure
Of worldly things that are impure.

But let my heart be one that knows
Compassion in another's woes,
And love that helps a fellow-man
To see and live the Master's plan.

Regrets

Florence M. Wheeler

HAVING completed a course of study should one go back and shoot his instructor because he has no further need of him?

Sounds silly, doesn't it? Actually, it is no sillier than the thousands of comments one hears day after day from friends and associates who have never learned to shake the bondage of the past. We curse the chance that was wasted. We drop our hands limply by our sides and say that opportunity knocks but once. If only we could go back and live our lives over again! If we had known; if we had only known then what we know now!

The tragedy of such an outlook lies in its crippling effect on further living. One cannot afford to waste one's life mulling over old disappointments and lost opportunities. There is no way to learn how to live except by living. There is no way to avoid mistakes except by capitalizing upon former mistakes.

If one must look back, let him look back on his life as an accomplishment. All the sorrows and disappointments and heartaches suffered have added growth and wisdom. Take them and wrest from them an understanding and an insight into your own heart and the hearts of others.

It requires nothing more than a healthier attitude to turn the stumbling blocks of yesterday's mistakes into the stepping stones to a richer, brighter tomorrow. It takes only a little faith and hope and vision to prove that opportunity knocks, not just once in a lifetime, but is ceaselessly pounding on the door of one's consciousness as long as life lasts.

Nature does not sit down and weep and wring her hands in despair when she makes a mistake. She shrugs aside her faulty fruit and goes on reaching toward the sun, expending her energies toward more mature growth and a better crop for the coming season. How many of us ever consider what becomes of nature's mistakes? How many know of her endless patience and thrift? Nature is bountiful, but never wasteful. The misshapen little apple that falls unnoticed to the ground is returned to its source. It becomes one with the soil again and goes on living in its contribution to a newer, finer crop that will appear in the not-far-distant future.

Let us cast aside any likeness to the Prisoner of Chillon, who at long last was led blind and groping from his dungeon, only to mutter, "My very chains and I grew friends; so much a long communion tends to make us what we are."

Let's step out of the dungeon of old mistakes and turn a face filled with joy and confidence to the sunlight of a new day.

Are You Obstructing the Path that Leads to Your Complete Recovery?

SOME HINDRANCES TO HEALING

L. Squire-Tucker, M.Es., Psy.

In my previous articles I have outlined some of the many factors which form a basis of a more scientific understanding of what is known as Spiritual Healing.

We are living in times of the re-awakening of the Soul of man to the Divine potentialities latent within him and their vibratory affinity with SPIRIT SUBSTANCE, of which we are the natural product, physically, mentally and spiritually.

Things of the Spirit, however, must be discerned by the Spirit, which gradually becomes objectified in proportion to the unfolding of the Spiritual Consciousness within.

Man is a spiritual being and he cannot, therefore, live by "bread alone"; in other words, we must learn to function on all planes of our existence if we desire to enjoy the "more abundant life" during this short episode of our cosmic journey.

I have frequently been asked why some folk appear to receive very definite benefits and cures through Spiritual Healing, whilst others are not so fortunate. Quite apart from my own experience, I have sought diligently for a reasonable explanation from many contemporaries in the Healing Ministry. The explanations offered have been many and varied, and include *lack of faith, ignorance of spiritual law, neglect of the human body, belief in hereditary disease and psychological causation,* to name only a few.

From my own experience I consider that all these explanations have a foundation in fact and that they seem to apply to a great number of cases. Let us, therefore, briefly examine these points of view.

LACK OF FAITH

I have dealt with this aspect at length in a previous article called "Faith—the Master-Builder," but in view of the interest and correspondence I have received, I add the following to what I have already stated:—

The word "faith" has, no doubt, an ecclesiastical bias, very hackneyed and somewhat out of favour in a materialistic age.

Without faith, however, nothing in this world would be achieved. We must have faith either in a person or persons, in the seen or in the unseen, an ideal, a process, a new plan or a national objective, but, above all, faith in *oneself* as an integral part of the Cosmos.

In Spiritual and Psychic Healing do we discover much Faith? The answer

is: Yes and No. There are many who may believe in a particular Healer and his methods, but are not at all sure of the source of his inspiration and power to heal. Many are more than willing to try the experiment, arguing that it can at least do no harm. I ask the reader: Is this Faith? The answer is No! It is a mere commonplace hazard. Should such folk fail to receive almost immediate results, the Healer is often considered to be at fault. These same folk will undergo months and years of orthodox treatment without any apparent results and will pay willingly for such treatments, or expensive operations; yet they expect immediate results from the Spiritual Healer. In such cases there had been no preparation, no real expectancy, very little co-operation, and the attribute of Faith practically non-existent. For this very reason, I always refuse to give any treatments until at least a reasonable understanding has been established. In the Scriptures we read, "Lay hands suddenly upon no man," which can only mean that a healer should refrain from giving treatments in a haphazard manner. We must first sow the good seed before ever we can expect to reap the harvest, or, if you prefer it, new causes must first be set into operation if corresponding effects are to be anticipated, which is only a commonsense view of applied science.

Some readers will doubtless ask, "What about 'Miracles of Healing?' I don't like the word "miracle," because I believe that all life is NATURAL, and functions in accordance with the Divine Plan of the universe. These sudden happenings do take place, and I have seen many such cures, but, if we examine the spiritual outlook and general "make-up" of the person concerned, one usually discovers "Faith" as the background of the so-called miracle.

For example, I was called to minister to a child of eleven years of age suffering from some strange fever which the doctor could not eliminate. I talked to him quite simply about the Healing of Jesus Christ, and asked if he believed it was true. The reply was immediate, "Oh yes!" the little chap said. "Well," I replied, "let us do what He told us to do to heal the sick. Let me lay my hands upon you so that the fever will be taken away." The child willingly agreed, and after "tuning in" I laid hands upon him, concluding with a short affirmative prayer. "Off you go, little man," I said, and from that hour the little fellow was completely cured. I could, of course, multiply such cases, but here was an example that a simple and unspoiled Faith was already present, not only in the Spiritual Power, but in me, as the Instrument. The little fellow could not, perhaps, have explained his faith, but his Soul knew the Truth. Obsession cases in children have been dealt with in similar fashion, with corresponding results.

One further example may be useful, that of an adult, in case it should be thought that only the young have Faith.

This man was suffering from acute pains in the right ankle joint, through

a bad twist. He had heard me lecture on Spiritual Healing and was evidently impressed. He came to me the following day for treatment, which I carried out, and within half an hour all pain and symptoms had left him. His faith had made him whole.

As a further example, I was requested to treat a bad case of cancer. This patient was given only a very short time to live. After the first treatment, however, all pain disappeared, and subsequently the X-Ray disclosed that the growth had become "non-operative," and, as far as it could be ascertained, it dated from the first treatment. The requisite faith in these cases, as with so many others, was already existent in some degree, which inclines to the belief that the quality of true Faith is inherent in all human beings, both in the young and in the not-so-young. It does, however, require some material circumstance or condition to bring it forth into conscious expression.

Truly, then, man's extremity is so often GOD'S opportunity.

IGNORANCE OF SPIRITUAL LAW

With regard to this factor, happily there are many signs that a lively interest is taking place in all matters appertaining to a knowledge of Spiritual and Psychic phenomena. This knowledge is finding expression in Psychic teaching and experiences and by the findings of modern science. Seeing that man is fast becoming more and more aware of the potentialities within himself for a greater expression of his own spirituality, we may confidently anticipate a fuller understanding and appreciation of the unseen powers which govern and direct the methods of the unorthodox healer, whose work will cease to be regarded as some magic formula, but will be accepted as a perfectly natural manifestation of cosmic Law, which was so completely demonstrated in the life, teachings and person of Jesus The Christ.

NEGLECT OF THE HUMAN BODY

Seeing that Man is a three-fold being, physical, mental and spiritual, functioning as one whole, each department, as it were, requiring its own special nourishment, in order to sustain itself, if any one of these departments is neglected, it is logically bound to affect the others, seeing that they are all acting and re-acting upon one another. Everyone accepts the action of the mind upon the body, and vice versa, therefore we need not be surprised if, through neglect of the body in matters of food, hygiene, exercise, etc., it becomes diseased. In acute cases this condition becomes chronic, and the sufferer more or less accepts it as inevitable. In such a state of mind and body, the sufferer may seek out the help of the Spiritual Healer, but Faith and expectancy of a cure must first be fostered in the mind of the patient, which is greatly assisted when good results start to manifest after the first treatment, or soon afterwards.

It should be evident, therefore, that in all such cases a careful phychological survey must first take place, and the old harmful habits must be gradually transmuted into more

natural avenues, before any lasting results can be expected, which is one reason why some folk are healed more quickly than others. The flesh wars against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh. "Faith without works is of no avail."

BELIEF IN HEREDITARY DISEASE

Here we are up against one of the greatest difficulties, seeing that such a belief is often deep-rooted and feeds upon man's worst enemy, fear. Take, for example, a case of consumption. A child born of a family whose parents or forbears have been affected by this disease. As the child matures, a slight cough may occasionally take place, when immediately the parents or some friends will remark, "He has got his father's cough" or "Just like his grandad, you know," etc. And thus the seed is sown in the child's mind. The vibration of the disease may be latent in the child's blood stream, but, through constant repetition in the child's hearing, that he has inherited the disease, he accepts the suggestion and adds to the mischief by affirming it to himself every time he coughs.

We have already seen that the mind is continually sending forth its vibrations to every cell of the physical body, which, being "cell-conscious," immediately reacts to the impulse, whether it be a constructive or a destructive vibration. In all such cases the mental suggestion of diseases would be accepted, and the cells would vibrate accordingly, tending to develop the disease. If we add to this condition the element of fear, the case becomes still more difficult to handle. It should, therefore, be the bounden duty of the parents, relations and friends to refrain from every remark likely to add to the fear and distress of the afflicted person, replacing same with thoughts and words of encouragement, hope and Faith. This is not a question of "turning a blind eye" upon a reality, but it is a question of working together with the unseen benevolent laws. We are not fated by hereditary taints, in spite of the outward appearances, which if taken in hand early, and given the prescribed medical aid in conjunction with Spiritual and Psychological treatment, would result in a great many more so-called miraculous cures. The day is dawning when the Doctor, the Psychologist and the Spiritual Healer will be complementary to one another.

It will therefore be appreciated that this particular hindrance to Spiritual Healing can be overcome, and indeed, in many cases of the kind, the teaching and treatments of the unorthodox Healer, with or without medical co-operation, may still be quite successful. Jesus Christ healed all that were brought to Him, and His promise, "Lo I am with you always" in Spirit, sometimes called "The Christ within," still holds good, but there is one condition, and that is Faith. Whether we understand it or not, the results will largely be in accordance with the degree of Faith expressed by both the Healer and the patient co-operating and working together with the cosmic law.

It might well be asked what type of person is likely to benefit most from

Spiritual Healing. From my own long experience, paradoxical as it may sound, I would reply, both the Beliver and the Unbeliever.

In the case of the Believer, the psychological frame of mind has already been developed to some degree, but in either case there is to be found the latent element of Belief and Faith in some Spiritual powers or forces, about which the human family is becoming increasingly aware.

The particular religious denomination of such folk is merely incidental to the environment of their upbringing and teaching. The fact, however, remains that many have outgrown the dictates of Creeds and Dogmas, and the incarnating Ego has gradually expressed itself and guided these individuals, through human experiences, into avenues of research which have led to the acceptance of Spiritual Law, which awaits manifestation through the degree of Faith and Spiritual awareness of each individual concerned.

The so-called unbelievers are really of two grades or levels of consciousness; namely those who have had little chance of Spiritual education, and who have therefore become indifferent to almost any form of Belief. They like to be called Realists, whatever that means; and yet, from my own experiences of such folk, especially when I was serving in the first Great War, those who called themselves Atheists were some of the finest specimens amongst us; self-sacrificing, brave, and splendid fellows. Should any such find himself grievously wounded, it was a remarkable fact that they frequently desired the presence of the Padre. In extreme adversity, they reverted to their true type, and in their Souls they knew they were children of the Eternal GOD-Spirit.

This type are unspoiled theologically, and, therefore, in great physical need and sickness, the patience, skill and loving understanding of the Enlightened Healer, working on the Love Ray, discovers that his endeavors have not fallen on barren soil. We should therefore remember that "the sick heard (i.e. responded) to Him gladly."

The second half of this grade includes all those people of higher educational opportunities who have studiously graduated along the avenue of academic investigation and research, and have become enveloped in a morass of speculative philosophies, appertaining purely to the intellectual and logical faculties which we have called knowledge, but not necessarily wisdom.

This type, on account of their academic training, are very quick to perceive the merits of Spiritual Healing, if the facts placed before them bear evidence of practicality and demonstration.

In such cases, and I have had many, the response has been perhaps slower, but the indwelling Spirit has reacted favorably, particularly as physical and mental resistance had been weakened through sickness, so that the Over-Soul

of the Cosmos had the opportunity of manifesting Divine Law.

In conclusion it will, I think, be clear that hindrances to Spiritual Healing and its manifestation very largely depend upon the amount of Faith with understanding which is exercised both by the Healer and his patient co-operating together in Spiritual Alliance, or *at-one-ment* with the Consciousness of the All-Pervading Creative Spirit, who manifests His Will according to His Own Laws, and through whatsoever vehicles or channels it has pleased Him to call into being, whether in the seen or unseen.

There is but One Law, One GOD, One CHRIST-Spirit, and it does not matter by what names the physical vehicles may be called, they either have or have not the qualifications for the Ministry of Healing.

In *The Secret Doctrine,* that great Teacher, the Buddha, states:

"We must not believe in a thing SAID merely because it is said, nor TRADITIONS merely because they have been handed down from antiquity; nor RUMORS, as such; nor WRITINGS by Sages simply because Sages wrote them; nor FANCIES which we suspect to have been inspired in us by a 'Deva' (a Spiritual Teacher), but we are to BELIEVE (or have Faith) when the writing, the doctrine, or the saying is corroborated by our own consciousness; for this, says the Buddha, I taught you not to believe merely because you have heard, but when you believed of your own consciousness — then act accordingly and abundantly."

In other words, True Faith, the lack of which is a great hindrance to Healing, must spring from the consciousness within the Spirit-Soul of each of us. In the degree of our awareness will the veil be lifted, Truth revealed, thus removing all hindrances to the blessedness of Spiritual Healing.



DUTY

DUTY is owing to one's self as well as to others, but the pure heart makes no distinction. The line of least resistance is often the line of comparative ease but it leads nowhither. Listen for the voice in turmoil which bids you labor on. It is yourself calling from the depths to lead you to the heights.

We attain the heights through sinking ourselves in the dwelling place of light, rest and peace. Doves hover; owls pause; eagles soar in its heights. It is visible and invisible, pure, serene, and contains Universal Wisdom if the approach is paved with sublimated personality.

—Ilion.



The Spirit of Christmas

Sarah Savoy Bond

IT was just ten days before Christmas. Old Mandy stuck her white-capped head in the doorway of the living-room where Julie Prentice sat knitting before the open fireplace. Oak logs burned in a low blue-gold flame that spread a pleasant warmth about the large, old-fashioned room.

"Oh, Miss Julie, a man at de do' wants to know does you want a Christmas tree?" Mandy waited hopefully.

Julie Prentice did not look up from her knitting.

"No," she said slowly; "no-o-o we won't be needing a tree, Mandy." Julie's voice was hesitant. She was trying desperately to analyze her subtle but urgent feeling that was vigorously protesting her decision. But the words of the message that came one day in June, more than a year ago, still burned in her memory. She could see them now as clearly as the flames that blazed in the open fireplace before her.

"We regret to inform you . . . your son James Marvin Prentice . . . killed in action."

Julie let the knitting drop into her lap. Slowly she drew a handkerchief from the pocket of her gray sweater and wiped away the tears that chased each other down her cheeks. Though her heart kept telling her there was no death—that "death" was merely a transition. But she missed the physical association she would never have again with Jim, as they always called the boy.

In the doorway Old Mandy paused a moment as if expecting her mistress to change her mind. "Yas'm," she said

finally in one long breath. "Yas'm," she repeated slowly as she closed the door.

Half an hour later, Mandy brought in the morning mail and handed it to Julie. Then she stood silent a moment before venturing half apologetically, " 'Scuse me, Miss Julie. But you know I'se been with you a long time now and . . ."

Julie laid the knitting on the low table beside her chair and looked up at Old Mandy. "What is it, Mandy?" she asked quietly.

Again Mandy hesitated, reluctant to speak.

"Well . . . Miss Julie, honey, I hates to see you with this unnatu'lness. It jes' ain't right."

A look of surprise crossed Julie's face. " 'Unnaturalness'? What do you mean, Mandy?"

"I means losin' de spirit ob Christmas," Mandy explained quickly. "Why, Miss Julie, dis house used to bubble ovah with de spirit of de season. But de las' few years, Christmas been so quiet I could hear de ghosts walkin'. You know, Miss Julie, de Lawd done meant Christmas to be a time of celebratin' and 'thusiasm. But you and Marse Jim . . . you done lost dat spirit some place. Why, even de carolers don't come no mo'." Mandy shook her head sadly.

A shadow of sadness crossed Julie's face. After a time, she said, "The children made Christmas, Mandy. Especially Jim with his enthusiasm." Julie's voice trembled.

"You is wrong, Miss Julie. It's de spirit what makes it. You an' Marse Jim put plenty ob spirit in it then. Dat's what make de diff'unce. Miss Julie, honey, if'n you don't put de spirit in, you sho' cain't take it out." Mandy smiled broadly. "Besides, I's losin' my magic in bakin' and fancy cookin'."—Mandy was proud of her culinary reputation.

When Julie did not reply, Old Mandy shook her head sadly and shuffled out muttering to herself, "It jes' ain't right."

Julie sat quietly staring into the fire. Yes, she reflected, she and Jim had lost the spirit somewhere. The last few Yuletides had been spent in a quiet, unconcerned way. No tree, no elaborate preparations, as in other years. She and Jim had simply exchanged their gifts with a dull, perfunctory "Merry Christmas."

Why, Jim's birthday was a more important occasion than Christmas. Julie was shocked at the realization. For Jim's birthday, she always had a dinner and invited at least four guests, sometimes more. And Mandy would bake Jim's favorite: cocoanut cake. But Christmas . . . Christmas had come to mean chiefly just another holiday to be lived through. This comparison brought Julie a feeling of guilt: a feeling of having transgressed. And because of it, something vital had gone out of her life and Jim's, extinguished as a lighted match is blown out by the wind.

Quickly her thoughts raced back to earlier Yuletides: those that Old Mandy remembered, when the children were at home. Julie's throat tightened until it ached.

For weeks she and Mandy would prepare for the day with vibrant enthusiasm. Mandy would bake fruitcake and cookies by the pounds, so that there would be an ample supply for the carolers who always stopped at the gate to sing on Christmas Eve. And Julie would hurry around shopping for many gifts, selecting cards, perhaps a hundred or more, to mail. Then she and Mandy would work diligently to decorate the big tree before Jim and the boys came home on Christmas Eve. And there was that undercurrent of excitement on Christmas Eve, when everyone slipped packages under the big tree. Even Old Mandy came in as quietly as her two hundred pounds would permit, with her surprises for each member of the family: usually choice tidbits her capable hands had prepared.

And they all vied with each other on Christmas Eve to slip in the old-fashioned "Christmas Eve gift!" on someone: an extra gift for the lucky one. Usually, Old Mandy was the lucky one. Mandy would catch them all half awake at breakfast table with:

"Christmas Eve gift, folks! Mawnin', Marse Jim, mawnin', Miss Julie and mah boys. Coffee's comin' right up." And Mandy's great white teeth would shine like pearls on jet as she grinned over her triumph.

Then there were the carolers. Julie smiled, remembering one Christmas Eve when, long after she and Jim were in bed, the happy, carefree carolers stopped ouside their gate and sang. She and Jim had thrown on their robes and hurried downstairs to invite the singers in for cookies and cocoa. They hadn't known half of them; but what matter—it was Christmas Eve. And who could be strangers then?

Christmas morning came, and everyone was excited and eager to open the many gay-colored packages under the big tree. Later, they would make the rounds of friends and neighbors to see their gifts and to present gifts. Julie remembered with a feeling of joyous warmth the spirit of hospitality and brotherly love that permeated the very atmosphere at Christmas time. And finally would come the Christmas dinner. There would be the big turkey which Jim would carve with skill; mountains of dressing, cranberry sauce and all the other good things which Old Mandy had prepared. And always there would be as many guests as could be seated around the long table. Though on this occasion it was more the spirit than the laden table, more the feeling of a common bond of friendship than the gifts and food which made it such a joyous occasion.

But, in recent years, on Christmas Day, she and Jim usually went out somewhere to dinner or had a quiet meal at home. There was a lonesomeness about it all: a feeling that the approach, arrival and passing of the day pressed in upon them.

Getting the family together at Christmas now seemed impossible. Ted and Allan were still in Germany; and their families had joined them there.

She remembered the first Christmas the children had not been at home: how she eagerly prepared the packages for them and mailed them early. Then

with Mandy's help she had gone ahead as usual with the preparations at home.

And, when Jim came home, he often had said, "It's too bad you've gone to so much trouble, Julie, when there won't be anyone here to enjoy it."

At first, Julie had been shocked. Then suddenly she realized that there wouldn't be anyone. Most of their guests at Christmas had been friends of the children.

"With the children gone, I guess Christmas won't be Christmas for us any more, Julie," Jim had added a little sadly. He had missed the boys so much.

Then and there they had surrendered Christmas to the past, forgetting that SPIRIT recognizes neither time nor space nor people. And with Christmas, into the past had gone something vital out of their lives: something that, even at other seasons of the year, seemed to be missing.

After that Christmas, Julie's interest and enthusiasm began to wane. Each year the gift list grew smaller. Cards were sent only to Jim's business associates and a very few friends. Julie remembered now, with a new sense of guilt, the mere two dozen cards that lay on her desk, just ten days before Christmas, waiting to be addressed and mailed. Why, she was even putting off mailing the cards as long as possible! Julie chided herself silently. Mandy was right: it was unnatural. The carolers didn't come any more! But then, Julie reflected sadly, carolers sang only for those with *the* spirit.

Suddenly a longing swept over her for the joy and warmth of the other Christmases. She wanted it all back again; but mainly she wanted back *the* spirit, or whatever it was that had gone out of her life and Jim's. But could she bring it back? It was worth trying, she decided, and quickly began formulating plans.

Another Christmas Eve came, and in the Prentice living-room was a tree, the biggest one Julie could get. She worked feverishly trimming it with tinsel, soapflakes "snow" and colored lights. The decorations, a bit lusterless from their long stay in the basement, were *decorations* just the same. One thing new Julie had bought. It was the shining star of Bethlehem gleaming from the topmost branch near the ceiling. There were gifts to be tied on the tree for every guest who would sit at their long table on the morrow.

In the kitchen, Julie could hear Old Mandy bustling about. She was certainly putting "de spirit" into "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," as she went gaily about her last-minute preparations for tomorrow's dinner. She was emphatically doing her part toward reviving "de spirit." And in the pantry was a huge supply of cookies made chiefly with syrup, because of lack of sugar. Candy was noticeably absent this year.

"Fo' de carolers, in case dey comes." Mandy grinned when Julie peeped into the pantry.

Julie tied the last gift on the big tree and stood back to admire the scene. Then she placed the large holly-wreath with an electric candle in the center, in the West window. Beside it, she placed another star of Bethlehem, connecting

both cords to the floor outlet, so that they could be lighted after dark.

"Forgive me, God, for my transgressions," Julie whispered contritely, wiping away the tears that threatened to blind her. "Let this star guide the carolers here tonight," she prayed silently. A sudden flash of joy welled up inside her at the thought of tomorrow.

Just then, Jim's slow step sounded on the porch. Jim would be tired after his day at the office Julie thought. She was eager to see how he would take the surprise, for she had not told him of her plans.

Jim opened the door and stopped suddenly. "Why, *Julie!*" he exclaimed in surprise.

Julie saw the old flame leap to his eyes, like the sudden flare of a match in the dark, and light his face. The tired look suddenly was gone. Without waiting for her to explain, he said, "It's beautiful, Julie! Just like old times. It's too bad there won't be someone to enjoy it with us."

"Oh, but there will be!" Julie said quickly. "I wanted to see if you wanted the old Christmases and their spirit of joy and gladness back as badly as I do."

The light shone brightly in Jim's warm, brown eyes as he took Julie in his arms and kissed her tenderly. "I've never known just how much until now," he said huskily.

"I've asked some of the boys who are still at the camp," Julie told him. "Jim will like that, don't you think?" she asked, trying hard to keep her voice under control.

"You bet he will!" Jim answered heartily. "And so will Ted and Allan when we tell them." He smiled. "It will be almost like having them home."

"And I've asked the girl in the apartment next door. She's expecting a baby in the spring, and her husband is in Japan. And . . ." here Julia hastily wiped away the tears that still came unbidden to her eyes, "the couple down the street who just moved here. Their son . . ." But Julie could not go on, remembering the telegram they, too, had received. Their neighbor's son, however, was an only child.

"I know," Jim said softly.

"This will be their first Christmas alone," Julie continued. "Perhaps we can help them keep the spirit of Christmas alive in their hearts."

"That's wonderful, Julie!" Jim said with enthusiasm.

It was Christmas-eve night. Julie and Jim sat quietly together before the open fireplace. The oak logs, now embers in the wide fireplace, cast a mellow glow about the room. And from the ceiling, the star of Bethlehem, vying with the brightness of the real star gleaming brilliantly in the heavens, caught up and reflected back upon them the warm, mellow glow that mingled with the radiance of its own symbolic significance.

Only crumbs remained of the cookies which Old Mandy had made; and the cocoa-cups, emptied by the carolers, were left scattered carelessly about: a sight Old Mandy would wel-

come in the morning, but which, at any other time, she would term "mess."

In the distance, they could hear the carolers going joyously on their way. Echoes drifted back . . . "Silent Night" . . . "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem . . ."

Julie understood now. Christmas after all had not been only the children. They had been merely contributors to the joy and gladness of Christmas. Christmas was the spirit with which one accepted it.

Christmas was, and would ever be, a living invitation to friendliness, to brotherly love and worship, to sharing and giving and keeping alive in the hearts of mankind the teachings of the Prince of Peace whose Birthday it was.

Jim's voice broke in on her reverie. There was a new ring in it.

"Merry Christmas, Julie!" he exclaimed with the light of love and happiness full in his face. The spirit had done its work well there, Julie thought quickly.

She looked up at the old mahogany clock on the mantel and smiled. It seemed to have caught *the spirit,* too, as it chimed musically . . . three A. M.

"So it is!" Julie laughed happily. "Merry Christmas, Jim!" she echoed joyously and meant it. For in her heart and Jim's there now lived again "The Spirit Of Christmas."



Reflections

E. S. Jewell

The woodland pool, when tossed by storm,
Presents a surface dark, opaque,
While the waves hurled against the rocks
Writhe angrily before they break.

But when the pool is very still,
And placidly its surface lies,
Within its depths shine back to me
The beauties of the evening skies.

There is a lesson here for us,
Written so plain for all to see—
We, too, can mirror God's Own Light,
If we attain tranquillity.

What Kind of Pictures are You Hanging in . . .

The Art Gallery of Your Mind

Wilferd A. Peterson

RECENTLY I spent a day in the woods with an artist friend of mine. He had his sketch pad along and every now and then would stop to make a pencil sketch of a scene that appealed to him. My attention was called to shadows and shadings, to color combinations, to beauties which I would ordinarily pass by without seeing. Scenes that I had previously looked upon only casually took on a new meaning as I saw them through the eyes of an artist.

Like the artist, we should train our minds to look for beauty everywhere. Most of us go about blind to the drama of life and nature that is unfolding all about us. As Thoreau said, "No morning dawns to which you are not awake."

Although we may not have the talent to put our impressions on canvas, we can store away beautiful pictures in the art gallery of the mind, and through the miracle of memory we can look on them at will.

Did you ever stop to think that our minds are a great deal like the artist's sketch book? Day in and day out, from the time we are born, we are receiving impressions and storing them up in our subconscious minds. And we receive not only impressions of sights, but also impressions of sounds and smells and tastes and touch. We may store up impressions of beautiful symphonies, the perfume of roses, the glory of sunsets, the taste of the pie mother used to make, the smile of a baby, and the babbling of a mountain stream.

I am what I am because of the impressions I have received. If I am little and petty and dull and prosaic and narrow and selfish and bigoted, it is because these are the impressions I have trained my mind to receive.

You, too, are the sum total of the mental pictures in the art gallery of your mind. If you are big and hopeful and splendid; if you are kind and loving and thoughtful; if you can think great thoughts and entertain mighty aspirations; if you can appreciate good music and great paintings; if you like people and people like you; and if you enjoy a position of leadership in the crowd, it is because you have been opening your mind to the highest and best in life—and your soul, your heart, your spirit.

Creating an Inspirational Atmosphere

There is a definite procedure one may follow in selecting the pictures for the art gallery of one's mind. Surround yourself with the highest and best!

Dr. Delmer Eugene Croft tells of a young woman in Massachusetts who had a nervous breakdown because she had hung in her sleeping room pictures

of the Seven Furies, another picture of a devastating storm, another of a shipwreck. She saw these negative, destructive pictures and received their deadly suggestions the last thing before she slept and the first thing upon awakening. She had three nerve specialists and took an extensive tour with a trained nurse. Upon her return she was quite restored. Returning to her old room she had a relapse.

"I was consulted," writes Dr. Croft, "and went to her house to find, if I could, what devils were troubling her. There were the three ugly pictures hanging in her sleeping room. She tore them down, and hung in their places pictures positive with joy, life, courage, strength and happiness. Then she recovered her normal self-poise. Positive suggestion is life. Negative suggestion is death.

Look well to the pictures you hang in *your* home!

Some years ago the business philosopher, Napoleon Hill, developed what he called a "Magic Plan." On a large wall-motto, he reproduced the photographs of Emerson, Elbert Hubbard, Abraham Lincoln, and George Washington. Under the picture of each man he listed the qualities for which each is famous. Lincoln, for instance, is famous for humility, justice, tolerance, humor, honesty. The plan was to stand before these pictures and concentrate on each man. While concentrating on Lincoln, one would repeat, "As I look on your face, Abraham Lincoln, I am developing in my own personality and character the qualities that made you a great and good man." Then those qualities would be repeated. The idea was to impress on the subconscious-mind, along with the picture of each man, the qualities of character of that man. Here is a plan of inspirational education that could work wonders with our youth. When will our educators catch up with modern psychology?

This indicates that it is a stimulating plan to hang on the walls of one's study the photographs or paintings of people we admire. The qualities of greatness and goodness of these people radiate into our minds. The central figure in such a group should, of course, be Jesus Christ. His likeness should be before you as you meditate, to remind you of His teachings and His dynamic life.

Books and Music

Books and music should also be selected from the standpoint of inspiration. Recordings of the music of the masters may be had at small cost. Walter Pitkin, the writer of scientific books on the use of human energy, and the science of relaxation, points out that lying in the dark and listening to a great symphony is the most effective method of relaxing that he has discovered.

Books are living transcriptions. The great thinkers of the ages are at your command. One of life's most thrilling experiences is building a library. Through books we may share the thoughts of the giants of the race. Biography and autobiography are especially rich in inspiration. If a man read a good biography each year, he would live many of the lives others live, in addition to that of his own,

during his lifetime. Why not start living those extra lives now?

Wealth Not Necessary

One need not be wealthy to surround oneself with an atmosphere of inspiration. A friend of mine who has a cottage on a quiet lake among the pines has a hobby I want to recommend to you here.

"I want to tell you my ideal for this cottage," my friend said to me one day. "Here, over a period of years, I plan to gather the best things I find in life. On the walls, I shall hang the best pictures. On the mantel shall be the four or five best books—the books that have meant the most to me in my life. Then, too, I shall frame the few best poems—the ones that have most inspired me. Outside I shall plant the best flowers, and I shall build bird houses to attract the best birds. Beside the fire where I may sit and dream, will be the best and most comfortable chair I can find. Selecting the best things will be an adventure. It will take a long time. In the end I shall not have many things—just a few—but they will be the best life has to offer me. I call this my quest for the best."

The Inspiration of Travel

The year before the war started, we traveled by automobile through the east and the west, running up over 10,000 miles on the speedometer of our car. Although we took sixteen films of colored movies, we also brought back thousands of mental pictures of towering snowcapped mountains, roaring surf, quiet mountain lakes, sunrises and sunsets, all of which now hang in the art gallery of our minds.

Through memory, these pictures may be brought out when we need them most. Perhaps, I have had a busy day at the office. My mind is full of problems to be solved. I am tense, hurried, keyed-up. And then I sit down in a favorite chair and turn on soft music. Through the magic of memory, I send my mind through space to Jenny Lake in the Teutons. There is the quiet deep blue water reflecting the snowcapped mountains as in a giant mirror. I hear the water lapping on the beach. I smell the pine. I hear the call of a bird. Tense nerves relax, as with closed eyes I make this mental journey.

In the post-war world, travel for inspiration! Travel with eyes, ears and heart open for the inspiration which only the majesty of nature can give. Get to know the country that we all love so much. Traveling is the way to gather a harvest of beauty for contemplation in later years.

The Finest Things in Life

There is a way in which you can look into the art gallery of your mind now and see what treasures you have thus far stored there. Just sit in a quiet spot and write down what you consider are the ten finest things you have discovered in life. I shall do this, too. This idea was passed on to me from a writer who wrote down his ten finest first things as follows:

Dawn;

Silent church before service begins;

The love of a little child;

The moment just before one is sure of being loved;

The moment of rescue from danger;

The understanding between friends;

The mountains, the desert and the sea;

Two aged lovers going down the hill of life together;

First love; and

The joy of existence.

Robert Henri once made this statement in a talk to artists:

"The big, strong thing can only be the result of big, strong seeing." We do not have to be artists to get a vital message from that sentence!

To paint a masterpiece on canvas, one must first see things in a big, strong way. To live a worthy life, big, strong seeing is also the first essential.

We must see over the mountains of difficulty. We must see over the jagged rocks of hardship. We must see across the desert of fear. We must hang in the art gallery of our mind a big, strong picture of the goal we seek. Then we must follow our big seeing with big doing; see opportunities for growth and service.

Open your eyes and see life with a big mind, a big heart, a big soul. That is the way to live a big life!

WAYS—TO CHRIST OR KRISHNA

ACCORDING to the **Narada Sutra** (translated by E. T. Sturdy), these are some of the Ways of Attachment, to Christ as to Krishna.

"There is attachment through wonder and awe, as the result of contemplating the divine power and grandeur, manifested in the universe, both seen and unseen.

"There is attachment through admiration and respect, as the result of contemplating the divine wisdom, manifested in the universe, both seen and unseen. . . .

"There is attachment through worship, as the result of contemplating the divine beauty and goodness, manifested in the universe, both seen and unseen,—in a sunset or in a flower, in music or in sculpture or in poetry; in the beauty and grace of women; in the heroism of soldiers and saints. . . .

"There is attachment through the performance of duty; there is attachment by service, as a faithful servant serves; there is attachment as a friend; there is attachment through being beloved . . . there is attachment as a child, through the faith and trust of a child; there is attachment by suffering and sacrifice . . . there is attachment by identification . . . there is attachment by misery in separation.

"Each of these ways of attachment should be studied and used, both as parts of the process of detachment, and as means to foster love. For love is our objective—love and utter self-forgetfulness."

—From *The Theosophical Quarterly*. By permission.

IS PSYCHIC RESEARCH WORTH WHILE?

Meade Layne

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"THE relation between the physical and mental" writes McDougall (*Frontiers of Psychology*) "is the toughest of all problems that challenge the intellect of man." A real solution of it, he goes on to say, "would decisively change the system of the sciences. . . . The sciences of nature and of mind are united by a region common to both, but as yet almost unexplored. The position of psychology is unique, in its reciprocal relations with all other sciences."

Psychic research and parasychology (almost if not wholly identical) lie at the very center of this problem and this relationship. This is perhaps the major reason for their importance. The second reason, really implicit in the first, is that their data involve, ultimately, the sanctions of right conduct, of ethics and morality.

It should not be necessary to elaborate these propositions for persons accustomed to thinking on such matters. Nevertheless, the utility of psychic investigation is often questioned by those who are less informed or unreflective.

On the one side, the role of psychology in the sciences, in physics, chemistry, biology, astronomy, the Heisenberg principle in all its modifications, is now expounded everywhere, not more by psychologists than by physical scientists themselves. In pure mathematics, we have not only the psychic puzzle of the "prodigy," but the basic problems of the nature of numbers, of extension, infinity, negative numbers, zero and unity, the "higher" dimensions and other concepts—all of which are psychological problems.

Further, there are the concepts of time, space, causation, the qualities of objects, energy, power, force, potentiality, gravity, the ether, conservation of energy: all of them mental concepts with a very doubtful correspondence to external "reality."

On the psycho-biological side, consider the enormous accumulation of problem-material in extended sensory perception (ESP), psychokinetic effects (PK) and mediumistic phenomena.

Parapsychology does not concern itself with all of these; that is, with the whole psychological field, but more particularly with happenings of a para-

normal or "super-normal" kind. But it is precisely these that extend our concept of personality, and consequently build at the very center and basis of psychology.

This recognition of the role of psychology through the whole area of knowledge may well be called the most important and characteristic fact of the twentieth century. There are very few instructed minds which now question it.

In all this we have said nothing of the relation of psychology to artworks, genius, inspiration, invention, discovery, the knowledge of the subconscious and superconscious as sources of conduct and achievement, and as proper fields of human development. Here again it is the extranormal which must be studied, and that is the business of the parapsychologist.

Finally, the findings of psychic studies are deeply related to religion, religious philosophy, morality and ethics. This is because their data may yet establish, either as a proved fact or as high probability, the survival of personality after death, and something of the conditions of the after-life. And in this knowledge lie the true sanctions of conduct. Reward and punishment, authority and revelation have alike failed, but enlightened self-interest may yet prove the salvation of mankind.

To know with all reasonable certainty that the selfish, evil or depraved act brings suffering and loss to the doer of it—really to *know* this, we say, and not as a teaching of religious authority only, or of altruism, but in the same sense that one knows other natural laws, as of chemistry or physics—is in a single moment a revolution of thought and conduct. It will not remedy all weakness, nor prevent all errors —but it will mightily leaven the masses of human selfishness, indifference, cynicism and viciousness.

To make this knowledge, which is the only hope of humanity, real and acceptable to our western world, it must be put on a footing comparable to other scientific facts. This means that science must extend its purview. It is probable, and widely believed, that a great deal is known (to a few) and has always been known, about survival and after-death conditions. Science must consider this possibility, and do all in its power to discover, to verify, to interpret and co-ordinate.

This task can fall only into the hands of that science which lies at the juncture of the physical and mental, which joins (in McDougall's comparison) like an isthmus the two continents of knowledge. It is the task of psychology, but more specifically of parapsychology or physical research. We do not mean that its prime business lies in Ghostland. It deals first of all with the here-living, with the peculiar powers of the human psyche. But whoever touches this invades the invisible worlds also, whether he will or not.

"GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN" - - -

the World's best Remedy for its many Troubles

Good Medicine

Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S.

WHEN I was on the Argentine pampas, living in the toldos (skin tents) of the Tehuelches, the so-called giant Patagonians, a strange incident occurred between two sub-clans, which involved "bad medicine." A Tehuelche, wishing to work an evil influence on another, did so by obtaining possession of something very personal connected with his victim: hair from a primitive comb, finger-nail parings or even threads from his garment. As long as these objects were in the possession of a person projecting this malicious animal magnetism, they could be used as fetishes of ill against the former owner. Such objects, belonging to a member of old Chief Mulato's clan, had been obtained by an enemy against whom Mulato had declared war. Nothing the Argentine territorial governor could do to bring about peace availed until he finally secured and returned the stolen objects to Mulato.

In Surinam, while I was with the primitive Bush Negroes of the Djoeka tribe, I saw them wear around the neck a little woven grass bag fetish containing bird claws and other small objects —for success in hunting. On the upper arm of a Djoeka maiden, I once noticed a woven, tasseled armlet to bring her success in love. One of my own Safari men, in Central Africa, worried and became sick, because a fellow-native threatened to cast a spell over him. Shakespeare in "Henry IV" says, "If the rascals have not given much medicine to make me loving, I'll be hanged." So in Europe they had their love potions. In all Mediterranean lands, many natives still believe in the "evil eye." A house-owner, to protect himself from its spell, will put the imprint of a hand over a doorway lintel. The rabbit's-foot good-luck fetish is still believed in by many blacks and whites in this country; hotels eliminate "No. 13" from room numbers; some people fear to walk under a ladder; others often avoid sitting as one of thirteen at table; or they worry about it when they cannot avoid the situation.

Little wonder that clever charlatans: medicine-men, witch-doctors, certain priests and politicians, through the ages have concocted "witch's brews," good-luck charms and fetishes, and have capitalized on the fear and ignorance of unthinking mankind. Thus, for good or evil, materialistically-minded man has made his anthropomorphic

fetishes and imposed them upon himself.

Fetishes also took the form of totemism or totem worship. The term "totem" was introduced into our literature about the middle of the nineteenth century by the Ojibways, in the Great Lakes regions, from their word *kitotem,* meaning their "family mark." These totems, taken from natural objects, such as animals, were adopted as tribal, clan, family or individual symbols. The kangaroo was one autochthonous Australian's clan totem, but his individual totem was the tiger-snake, which gave him immunity from the poisonous bite of that species. Painted on skins, garments, utensils, or carved from huge logs or smaller pieces of wood, they are transmitted by inheritance.

Certain insignia, crests and hallmarks of today, evolve from the totemic idea of man's desire to emphasize and perpetuate his individuality, insure his security and immortalize himself. Fraternal organization emblems symbolize their strength and thereby the benefits of the organization. Individual members derive help and goodness from such insignia by being identified with them. This identity is known through certain rituals, by signs, rings, pins, etc.

The strength in both primitive and modern totemism is derived from men of one mind uniting for security. Security brought comfort, peace of mind, and harmony of ideas, and man found these things good. As man multiplied, clans and tribes united and became nations. These largest groups adopted national kitotems, or family marks, such as shields and flags which symbolized these greater unities. But these nations had *different* rituals, religions, ideologies (often antagonistic) to harmonize which man is now looking for a symbol of peace that will unite him in "one world."

Just as the medicine-man or *shaman* mystified the common people by jugglery and fetishes as curatives for physical ills, so today the self-appointed rulers of the peoples' destinies, the high-powered politicians and "mightocrats," these "minds many," hold their secret conferences, and through political jugglery, mystify the peoples. Behind closed doors and "iron curtains" they mix their destructive brews, and, under the guise of "benefits," dispense their man-made "medicines." A few of them are good; most of them are morally poisonous, because the ingredients: envy, love of power, territorial trade-offs, political aggrandizements, national and ideological enmities, urge each of the tyrants, in dishonor, to prefer himself. When stirred together and poured out for the peoples to drink, these prescriptions are as poisonous to the morality and peace of the world, as is the curare brew of the Jivaro witch-doctors of Ecuador to the physical well-being of the victims they inoculate.

This "bad medicine" originates through the destructive thought that creates it. The fetish of each "doctor" is money, his flag, the skull and crossbones. The result is sin, war, disease and death.

Although wars may be implemented

by geo-politics, *war itself does not originate in the Balkans or any other geographical location. War is implemented in the "will to war." The will to war originates solely in the thought of the mind that creates it.* By the same token, the "will to peace" has the same origin. No war can be successfully fought with the weapons of honesty. No peace can be won without them. Hence the Will to Peace implies the implements of honesty, some of which are unselfishness, unself-ness, honor, good-will, kindness, virtue, gratitude, helpfulness — in general, *good-will to men.* These are all "articles" in a Spiritual Bill of Rights. If they are claimed, they insure man his heritage of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Humanity should be grateful that man is a free moral agent and as such may help himself to as goodly a portion of these gifts as he can spiritually digest.

Man needs an antidote for the bad medicine he has been swallowing. Obviously, the antidote must be good medicine. In the literal, physical sense, medicine, from most ancient times, was a substance having curative, remedial properties or supernatural power. It could take the form of any object or ceremony used as a charm. As has been shown, we have many such "civilized" equivalents for superstitions and fetishes used by primitive tribes. Man-made medicines are only alleviative, rather than curative, and fail because they are limited. *They are limited because they are used in an attempt to cure physical ill effects instead of removing the cause which fundamentally lies with our thinking;* and "The time for thinkers has come." "As a man thinketh, so is he." A great thinker among the ancient Egyptians realized the truth of this, when, over a doorway of the library of Thebes, he had inscribed, "Medicine for the soul."

The first antidote for human ills, is to discard the anthropomorphic chaotic "minds many" for one Cosmic Mind in right thinking. This implies the essential ingredients: "good," "goodness," "God," — for all good comes from God. Goodness applies to both the physical and the moral realms, and is opposed to evil. "True goodness," says Edwin Arnold, "is like a glow-worm, in this, that it shines most when no eyes except those of heaven are upon him." The amount of goodness we put into our thinking is determined by the tendency and intent of our action.

Man is suffering from two chronic ailments: sin and dis-ease. A great scientific treatise on health states, "The best way to cure sin is to cease sinning." Another step is recommended by the great Huxley, who said, "The only medicine for suffering, crime and all the other woes of man is wisdom." Wisdom means more than knowledge. It is the best *use* of knowledge. Wisdom chooses not only the best means but the best *ends.*

When man relinquishes his faith in totemic worship and its fetishes and symbols, to which his materialistic mind still clings; when man's desire inspires him to discard his anthropomorphic gods of gold and clay, and substitutes for them the God of Truth,

Light and Love, he will receive *All* Goodness and there cannot be more than *All.*

Ah! what if some unshamed iconoclast
Crumbling old fetish raiments of the past,
Rises from dead cerements the Christ at last?
What if men take to following where He leads,
Weary of mumbling Athanasian creeds? *

Figuratively speaking, *man should "change horses in the middle of the stream,"* from his heavily-armored war horse to the spiritual Pegasus, if he is to gain victory over the monstrous Chimera of his own creating: sin, sickness, death, and their epitome, war; not only war against his fellow-men, but war against the Spirit.

If the Four Horsemen, by mutual accord, would be wise enough to change such horses in the middle of the stream of materialism, it would carry each of them a long way on the road of peace.

We hear a great deal about a United States of the World, a Union Now, a World Super-State, etc., but they all appear to be based on policies of planned economy, denationalization, authoritarian control or domination by a world potentate. Suppose "The Big Four" of this Total War, which include self-appointed rulers of the people's destinies, should unanimously and sincerely frame a common policy, *the policy of honesty,* upon which to build the process of Lasting Peace! Presto! The first step toward a United Kingdom of God and Man would be taken, and the beginning of the Nazarene's millennium—not the Totalitarians'—would be ushered in.

The Totalitarians base their geopolitical, strategic estimates on material force. The largest and perhaps the most dangerous cult that modern civilization has set up is the worship of the great totemic god of materialism, Mammon. But a large minority of the world's peoples, larger perhaps than one realizes, base their concepts of totality on spiritual forces: the universality of the heart and mind based on the revelation of Divine Truth.

These qualities of the spirit include and imply wisdom. They can be no more understood by the Old World Order mightocrats and their satellites than the blind fish of Kentucky's dark Mammoth Cave can see the golden sunlight on the turning leaves of a New England autumn, the silver moonsheen on the palm fronds of a tropical night, or sense the miraculous stalactite cathedrals of their own unlighted environment. But these qualities of the Spirit mean beauty, orderliness, harmony, trust, honesty, life, light, love, cosmos, in all their forms. But the unlighted environment of the Old World Order, either in Europe or in the unmoral salients it has thrust into the New World Order, means ugliness, disorder, discord, suspicion, dishonesty, death, darkness, hate, and chaos, in all *their* forms.

The great divine gift to man as a free moral agent is the gift of choice.

* From The Red Flag. Roden Wriothesley Noel. 1834-1894.

So few of mankind have chosen the Sword of the Spirit and learned the force and power of that spiritual weapon. In this and other wars, even adherents of the spiritual, constructive qualities, have been humanly forced to adopt the policy of fighting fire with fire. The great moral danger in this does not lie so much in fighting on the field of battle, as in contracting an enemy's evil disease of greed, inordinate materialism, and hate, and in becoming inoculated with the venom of his bad medicine.

The successful fruition of the Victory of Peace is predicated on the policies and wills of the representatives of the four great powers—America, Britain, China and Russia—victors in the recent Total War. *Only the victors in war have it in their power to define the character of a peace.* But the *realization of a lasting peace must be predicated on an honest desire for it.* Thus, each of these four national Horsemen of the Apocalypse must cease riding their old national hobbies in separate directions, and must be of one mind to ride in one direction, not on the roads to war, but along the paths to peace. The great need today on the part of the "rulers of the peoples' destinies" is *doing away with the impractical unrealities of materialistic thinking and lay hold of the obvious, practical, realities of Spiritual Truth,* of which honesty and the other assets, are qualities of man's Spiritual Bill of Rights and a clean bill of health.

The greatest cost of war is not just the toll it takes in money and things. It is in the life-blood of honest, earnest home-loving men and women and of innocent children. It is in the *significance* of the destruction of their peaceful creations: their homes, families and neighbors, their achievements in science, art, education, beauty, progress; the destruction of their standards and ideals, the spiritual, moral and ethical values, and the intangibles and imponderables that symbolize their way of life and all that *is* their life. Rehabilitation, UNRRAs and money appropriations, *per se,* can never restore this loss. It is gone forever, gone with the blighting, scorching wind of materialism.

For those materialists who judge cost by the sliding rule of profit and loss, a few financial facts impress one with the material economic waste and enormity of the late war's bill.

1. Fifty days of spending in Total War equaled the total outlay of the Civil War, including pensions to 1939.

2. The estimated entire cost of World War I, including pensions, to the end of the 1934 fiscal year, was $41,765,300,000; but in the *first six months of the fiscal year* ending June 30, 1943, the United States spent slightly more than the cost of the first World War.

3. War costs for the entire fiscal year of 1944, estimated at $87,668,000,000, was the highest for any fiscal year in history.

4. The *daily* war spending of the United States in the spring of 1944 averaged $307,300,000.

Notwithstanding that tax money is pouring into the Treasury coffers at a greater rate than at any time in his-

tory, our national debt has now exceeded $200,000,000,000. This is the inheritance which we bequeath to many future generations as the material souvenir of our time. It is not conducive to cause future generations to rise up and call us blessed.

The least we can do to remedy the effects of this horrible heritage is for "we the people" of the United States of America to reread and study "The Will of our National Inheritance," the Constitution of the United States of America, with its codicil, the Bill of Rights. Then we should demand that its present executors (the government) honestly carry out and administer the terms and intent of the Founding Fathers of this "National Will." Let us get back to the Republic. Let us help remedy the effects of the present heritage we are bequeathing to future Americans and demand an amendment to the "National Will" of an additional codicil, described as a "Will to Peace."

This codicil would bequeath to present and future generations the old family volume, The Bible, and another large volume called *Analytical Concordance to the Bible,* which gives a classified collection of the different phrases and words of The Bible. The Bible contains the philosophy, advice, spiritual tenets and principles upon which the lasting foundations of all nations, including our own, have been built and have been prospered. The *Concordance* elucidates and further explains the meanings of many words and terminology used in "The Book."

The terms of the codicil should prescribe that the heirs to these books study the principles and philosophy of "The Book" with the *Concordance,* and use and inwardly digest them. They will discover that "The Book" contains prescriptions for the cure of every known ill which, like old-time cooking recipes, are invaluable. The *Concordance* contains "simples": [2] antidotes for common human ailments, and will also help us to understand the spiritual import of many words commonly used in "The Book," but little appreciated and understood.

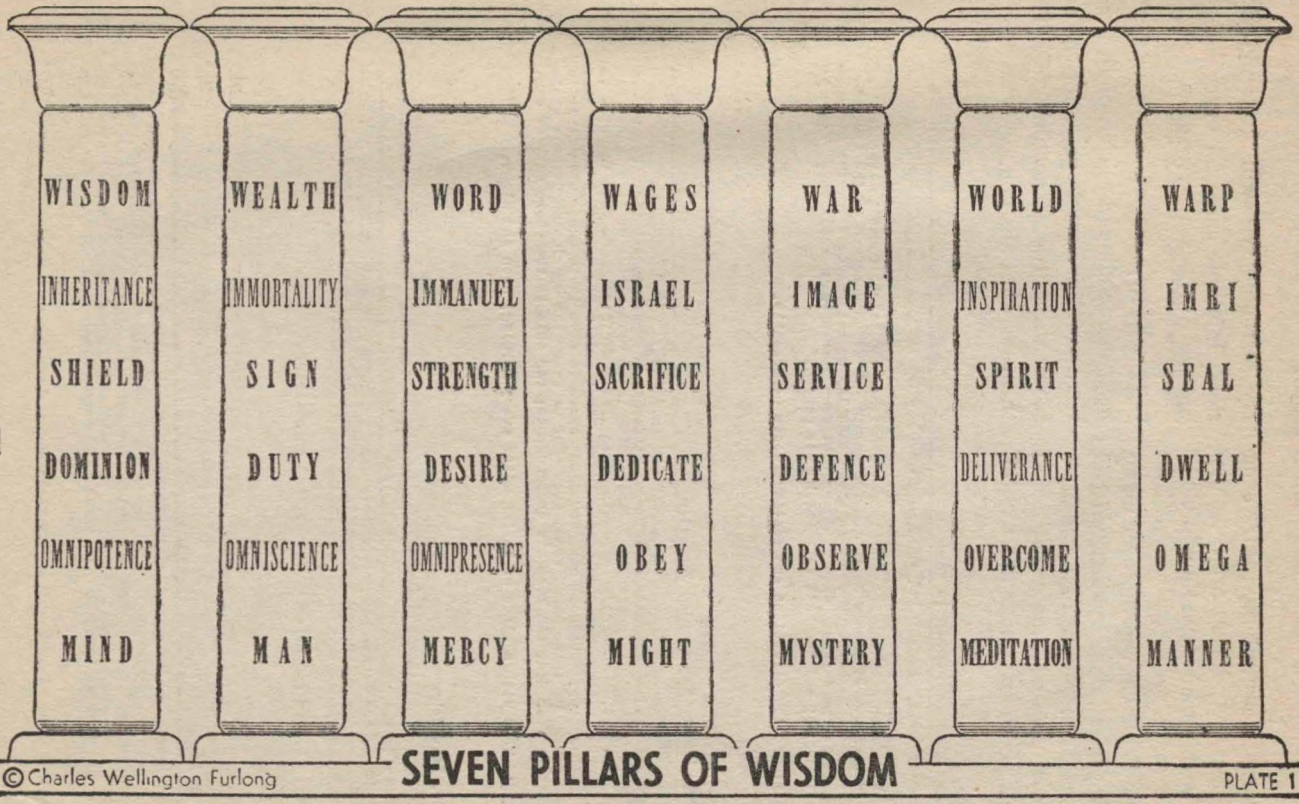
For instance, of the tens of thousands of words found in The Bible and the *Concordance,* I have selected but forty-two.[3] Here they are, arranged acrostically, symbolizing Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

Even the study of the etymology alone of these few words in the *Concordance* is both interesting and revealing, and will help the reader toward a greater understanding of their spiritual significance as used in "The Book," in which they will all be found.

Today the suffering world is in dire need of an infallible healing recipe for its ills. Shakespeare has said, "The miserable have no other medicine but only hope," but "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Hope in itself is only an alleviative, not a cure. Hope inspires confidence and confidence, trust. With trust, in the Biblical sense, goes the expectation of good. "Why

[2] Homely cures.

[3] All of these references will be found in the twenty-third edition of the *Analytical Concordance to the Bible* by Robert Young, LL.D. or probably in any other standard concordance.



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SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

PLATE 1

The forty-two words in these Seven Pillars of Wisdom are acrostically arranged in nine ways. If studied and understood in their spiritual implications they will serve to implement world health and a foundation upon which may be built a Lasting Peace. Even one "word to the wise is sufficient." Here are forty-two.

art thou cast down, oh my soul?" sang the psalmist, "And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God" —Good.

In The Bible we will discover many infallible prescriptions by distinguished physicians for the cure of humanity's two worst diseases, *materialitis* and *warchosis,* both of which are mental. By searching, we will find prescriptions, infallible cures for every known disease, given gratis by the most eminent doctors, one of whom was the most outstanding physician of all time. Here are four sample prescriptions offered without any doctor's fee. Try them for what ails you.

Dr. Patient Job
Office Address Uz, South of Edom

Patient's Name _____ Age ____ Address _____

℞ This very rare prophylactic called "Wisdom", to be taken at any time. "Man knoweth not the price thereof . . neither can it be found in the land of the living. It cannot be gotten for gold." -- "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up . . Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust . . the Almighty shall be thy defence when men are cast down, then thou shalt say; There is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person."

Sig: Follow directions and continue doses permanently.

Dr. Glorious Solomon
Office Address The Temple, Jerusalem

Patient's Name _____ Age ____ Address _____

℞ Get wisdom, get understanding. Wisdom is the principle thing. For wisdom is better than rubies. Understanding is a well spring of life under him who hath it. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Withold not good from those to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

Sig: Take with a glass of living water every morning, noon and night.

Dr. Love John
Office Address Galilee and Judea

Patient's Name _____ Age ____ Address _____

℞ Take the little book, which is open . . . take it and eat it up . . . prophesy again before many peoples and nations; there shall be time no longer. The Kingdoms of this World are become the Kingdoms of the Lord.

Sig: Before and after every meal and on retiring.

Jesus of Nazareth, The Great Physician
Itinerant Healer, Teacher and Preacher
Office Address Kingdom of God

Patient's Name _____ Age ____ Address _____

℞ Take the following advice for every known dis-ease, including sin, sickness and death: "Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Sig: Doses: take regularly at meals and in between.

Plate 2

Continued on next page

All these prescriptions are, as the Amerinds (American Indians) say, "good medicine." It is particularly efficacious for those who have faith in spiritual healing. The balm of "the leaves of the Tree of Life is for the healing of the nations." Just in so far as nations lay their foundations on the spiritual qualities and principles as found in the law prescribed in the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount; just in so far as representative government re-presents these practical, spiritual qualities as instruments *of* government, just so far mankind will have progressed toward the spiritual statehood of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and will have built securely the economic structure of a practical and constructive World Republic of United States.

To do this *we must have as our objective of the "victory of war," the ultimate Victory of a Lasting Spiritual Peace, not that of a temporary materialistic armistice.*

We may well ask what will be our national appropriation after the late war for the Victory of Lasting Peace: probably not less than $1,000,000,000,000, which sum is just about the spiritual value of money. The only successful way to balance our budget and rehabilitate Representative Government and its spread throughout the World is to repudiate the whole ocean of debt, that fathomless sea of hate and fear, and substitute for it the waters to which thirsting Everyman may come, though "he hath no money," where "he may buy and eat, . . . buy wine and milk without money and without price," and "where he may eat that which is good." The crediting of this last priceless, Spiritual Item, would seem to be the only way of wiping off the material debt of the sin of war and of bringing the balance sheets of the world out of the red. We should at least make the fullest spiritual contribution possible toward a budget of principles for the establishment of a Lasting Peace, that "the honored dead . . . shall not have died in vain."

One of the greatest of known teachers wrote, "Having one God, one Mind, unfolds the power that heals the sick, and fulfills these sayings of Scripture: "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and "I have found a ransom." When the Divine precepts are understood, they unfold the foundation of fellowship, in which one mind is not at war with another, but all have one Spirit, God, one intelligent source in accordance with the scriptural command: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

To be materially-minded is war and death; to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. In the Total War, not yet actually ended, it is not a question as to whether God is on our side. *The question is, are we on God's side?* God of the Immortal Spirit is not on the side of *any* man-made Army. God's spiritual world is not evolved by atomic force. The Creator of the universe is not interested in man's war industries. The builders of a World Republic, or any internationally representative government, must be "of one mind of the spirit." Not until then

will we have the long-sought World State of United Nations which must be man's international symbol of God's World State of Mind.

All history shows that "Heathen mythology and Jewish theology have perpetuated the fallacy that intelligence, soul, and life can be in matter." Is it not obvious that man must utterly destroy the fetishes: materialistic totemic symbols and concepts, which have placed him under the power of the dispensers of mental poisons, if he is to be spiritually healthy and happy and is to acquire that "merry heart" which "doeth good like a medicine." Then he will free himself from that "idolatry and ritualism" which "are the outcome of all man-made beliefs"; *and* prescribe for a sick mankind recipes of Good Medicine that are more efficacious and lower in cost.

Let each of us, in every home and in the councils of the nations, in kindly thought and sincerity say, as did our Redskin brothers, "My pipe (symbol of peace) is lit for you."

The Art of Useful Giving

Lorle Adcock, F.M.B.

WHAT are you doing to add to the sum-total of the world's happiness? How many have felt the burden lifted from their sad and troubled hearts because of you?

Perhaps you have given up trying to bring joy into the lives of others because you have found that friends soon forgot your efforts and were most unappreciative. If so, it was but God's way of teaching you to become unselfish in the art of giving.

Know yourself to be One with the Father. Realize that you are the channel through which He gives unto His own. Therefore, you must expect no appreciation or reward. Let His love flow through you, bringing renewed hope and rejoicing, wherever you may go.

Begin today to add to the sum-total of the world's happiness. If you are unselfish about it, I can assure you that you will be rewarded by a sense of freedom and inner peace—"the peace that passeth understanding."

Today's Christ Child

Margery Louise Baring

THIS is not a Christmas story relating to the Child who was born in Bethlehem long years ago. It is one which concerns a Christ child who may verily be born to you or to me today, in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-six.

If our minds are virgin to Truth, we may have the conception of Christ within our own being. Our Christ-identity is immaculately conceived in a mind that is virgin to Truth. As long as the inn, which represents the consciousness in which we dwell, is crowded with worldly beliefs, there is "no room in the inn" for the birth of Christ to take place. All worldly thinking must become humbled, to make possible the birth of Christ-consciousness within our own being. Just as the infant Jesus was laid in a humble manger, our minds must become humble and receptive to a knowledge of Truth, in order that the Christ may be born and allowed to wax strong within us.

When we die to the false belief in mortal existence and awaken to the glorious reality of our eternal spiritual identity, our lives are renewed and transformed. We are born anew in the awareness of Christ as an ever-living Principle, God's own Spirit, within us. After Christ has been born, or recognized by us as our own true identity, we, like the shepherds of old, may hear the voice of the angel of the Lord saying unto us, "Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." An angel may be interpreted as a messenger, a message or the inspiration of goodness, purity and immortality. When the birth of Christ has actually taken place within us, and we recognize our true being as the offspring of God, our thoughts are lifted up. Then we are able to hear the angel's message, "For unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This is the resplendent message of *re-birth.*

At this beauteous Christmas season may we, like Mary, keep all these things, and ponder them in our hearts. Then shall we know the full significance of, "Ye must be born again." We shall realize, too, the gifts of wise men—gold, frankincense and myrrh.

"I Will Not Let Thee Go..."

Helen Kent

MANY of us in the past year have seen our burdens increase and our time cut short, until it seems that twenty-four hours a day are not sufficient for our duties. The present world conditions of confusion, misery and apparent helplessness are reflected even in our daily routine, and add to our unhappiness.

In my personal experience, there were in addition to the necessity of earning a living, household and outdoor duties to be done, in many of which I used to be assisted by employed help. Then I found that this help was no longer available. While I usually succeeded in keeping out thoughts of resentment, I was often overcome by confusion and weariness, and an almost overpowering sense of incompetence and inefficiency in work to which I had never felt myself suited.

One day the confusion was even worse than usual, and I looked about my untidy kitchen, the heap of pans waiting to be washed and the dinner still unfinished. I was almost in a frenzy.

"How I hate housework!" I exclaimed aloud to the empty walls. "Oh, if only I could see the end. If only I could afford a maid to help me so I could work at something better!"

And then, suddenly, out of all the disorder, something seemed to answer me.

"When you have learned all the lessons of orderliness, efficiency and right thinking that housework has to teach you," it said, "perhaps you can. That is, if in the meantime you have built a consciousness that is ready for the 'something better.' You can't graduate until you have earned the promotion. Remember that our lives are always exact pictures of our thinking. You have been thinking confusion, inefficiency, and self-condemnation, and you have brought them forth abundantly, to your own undoing."

Immediately I went into the living room and sat down. The orderliness, the pleasant colors of the draperies, slipcovers and books, were a heartening contrast to the confusion of my kitchen. I opened my Bible to the thirty-second Chapter of Genesis, and read the story of Jacob wrestling with the angel.

Jacob had not been eager to cease struggling!

On the contrary, he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

The Choice Always One's Own

I saw that the choice had been, and always would be, mine. There were blessings for me in plenty in the tiniest details of my daily life, if I had the eyes to see them. It was because I had been so filled with self-pity, so sure that I was compelled by a war for which I was not responsible to work

" alone " that the unhappy result had come.

I saw, too, that it was just as possible to practice the presence of God in a kitchen, a chicken yard, or a garden, as in a period of silence. In fact, only as I took the peace of that silence *with* me into my daily life could I build the life that God wanted me to have. It wasn't enough to have little breathing spells of peace, if most of my day were to be spent in great hurried gasps for air!

I went back to the kitchen. I found that by taking God there too, I was not working alone at all. The pans were washed. The various foods for the meal, which before had defied me by being " done " at different times, now were tender and piping hot at the right hour, and I had even started work on the next day's meal. Yet I felt more relaxed and at peace than I had for a long time.

Oh, of course, there have been moments, since, when the old conditions reasserted themselves. But those moments have never come when I was " letting God do it." Instead they have come during harried shopping hours, when I had gone from store to store vainly trying to buy the various necessities on my list, struggling with ration books and scheming to make one stop of the car serve as many places as possible—and doing it all "alone"; or when I faced kitchen work wearily and unwillingly, forgetting to ask for my blessing first.

I must admit that often, at first, I was surprised to see things " work out right." If I had lost an address which I should have had immediately, when, finally, I asked to be directed to it and at once picked it out of a wastebasket, my first reaction was astonishment, not gratitude!

How quick we are to see the troubles, and how unready to acknowledge blessings! It is so easy to say " coincidence " when a thing like finding that address happens; so easy to think of God as afar off, instead of as a loving Father-Mother who finds nothing too trivial for His interest and care. Yet the Bible repeatedly brings out the assurance that "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." If we shunt Him aside, as into the next room—or even the next country—is it any wonder that in our immediate environment there is all too little of His order and harmony? When we choose the good part and return unto Him, with gratitude and expectation of whatever help we need, it is impossible to count our blessings.

Surely we must see that such gratitude and expectation are no more than His due. We blindly and stupidly refuse the gifts that He has for us, thinking perhaps that the trivia of our days are beneath His notice.

But everywhere nature is unhurried, mindful of the little things. Growth is slow, orderly unfoldment, peaceful progress. If the birds in their migrations, the seed in the dark soil, follow an urge that leads them to their place and growth, isn't it unthinking of us to try to do our work alone? Even the bird sings its song of gratitude. The very vegetables in our gardens develop flowers of praise—some of them as

beautiful as those that are planted for display. Yet we, who are given thinking minds and the ability consciously to fulfill our destinies as sons and daughters of God, we grub along in confusion and despair, our only song a dirge of bondage!

Definition of "Time"

At about the same time that all this disorder was coming to a head in my life, I bought a *Metaphysical Bible Dictionary*. I began to study it, and it seemed to me that confusion was worse confounded.

I was familiar, of course, with the fact that in any demonstration of Truth, conditions sometimes grow worse before they become better; and I tried not to let it distress me. I kept on studying and taking God into my daily life, as faithfully as I was able, disregarding the slips and being grateful for the successes.

As I studied the *Bible Dictionary* prayerfully and earnestly with my other books, I found in it, under the word "time" an affirmation that I now use daily with success:

"I am not in bondage to any false idea of time. I, with God, inhabit eternity, and the divine order of God's universe is manifest in my mind and all my affairs."

Those who haven't tried it may be surprised to learn what the realization of this statement, repeated whenever confusion threatens to overcome one, can do in ordering the routine, trivial or important, of one's days. Adopt it and see.

We remember that Martha, too, was "cumbered with much serving," burdened with this same false idea of time. The *Bible Dictionary* says that Martha means "mistress . . . of a family . . . governess; domestic; who becomes bitter; rebellious one."

It is easy for the Marthas of the world to become bitter, heaven knows! Their duties are manifold and all important, and their time all too short—to surface thinking.

But when we learn to put first things first, the lesser things will fall into line as if by magic. God is no respecter of persons—no, nor of duties. All things and all people are of equal importance in His sight, and He is always eager to help us.

We need never feel that it is presumptuous to ask for His help. Is it any more "spiritual" to scrub potatoes or build an airplane while enduring a weary back and a resentful mind, than it is to do it joyfully, with our minds *above* our hands, instead of sunk to their drab level?

Further, my *Bible Dictionary* says, "Martha can lighten her work and make it easy by doing all things 'as unto the Lord'; that is, by putting spiritual understanding and power into everything she does, thus working out efficiency and ease in all the activities of the home."

When we reach this realization, then truly we will find that those burdens of which we were so eager to let go have a fruitful purpose. We have only to demand of them their blessing, to see them become paths to new vistas of joy and peace.

To Rise Above Suffering

Francis Sims Pounds, M.D.

THE fact that pain and suffering or some form of affliction will lay a grim hand on nearly every one of us sooner or later is inevitable. This, alas, seems to be the lot of earth-born men and women. And it may even come to pass that "What can't be cured must be endured." In such case, the question may arise: "What manner of endurance is best?"

It should be clear enough that there is a choice. Which will you choose—a negative endurance or a positive one? To qualify endurance with ill-humor; to feel that through suffering you are set apart or martyrized or trod upon; to let your affliction crystallize into a sour, rebellious disposition — surely none of these attitudes will bring relief. Neither will the bland acceptance of suffering as a necessary evil do so. This merely passive form of endurance is fatal to any spiritual conception of painful experiences. It is equal to a lackadaisical resignation which chills the finer impulses native to the God-like essence of man. To give quarter to handicaps generates apathy in the vital centres. To become a chronic "resister" creates intellectual torpor. To manifest self-pity puts a strangle-hold on every mental power. And, last but not least, apathy binds the triumphant spirit "with hoops of steel."

Obviously there can be an alternative. And the recourse is to relinquish a back-to-the-wall point of view, let the affliction be what it may. It can prove a blessed relief, for instance, to step forth and fight any sort of handicap. It can be a stimulus to inertia just to *assume* the offensive. It can at best arouse in all its might the slumbering will. At *very* best, it can draw upon "sources beyond the common reach and lore of mortals."

In this kind of approach, suffering need no longer be accepted as an end in itself, but as a means of spiritual unfoldment. For it is true that pain, affliction, hindrance and handicap, restriction, and all abnormal states hold within themselves an opportunity for transmutation. They offer a grand challenge. They invite nobility to a scene of unrest. They speak to the inner man and put the question: *"How big are you going to be?"*

Are you big enough to meet the issue no matter how forbidding the obstacles may seem? Are you so big, that no trial, no tribulation this side the grave can daunt your courageous spirit? Others have been that big: even the frailest of little children. Even so big are the legless and the armless, the disfigured and the sightless among the groups of fresh young manhood, lately home from the fields of combat . . .

Here is a saving alternative: Though utter defeat must be met in the long-

run; though untimely death loom as the only escape; there yet remains the indwelling spirit of the unbeaten one. Ever prevailing among the remembrances of men shines the example of the Master. His victory over death should awaken the weakest will to noble ends. In courage to persist and persevere; in enlightenment to transmute the lower until it becomes the higher; in faith to cast the burden on a compassionate Power—this is the ultimate in the sufferer's endeavor . . .

Never in the world shall mortal loss tower over spiritual gain. Crass, idle acceptance, vacuous resignation, will inevitably lead to loss of grace and stagnation of spirit. Conversely, struggle against defeat, sublimation of self to sacrifice, ardent perseverance until the final hour, all will quicken the God-impassioned energies to complete spiritual fulfillment.

Then shall the patient sufferer stand before men as a being "only a little lower than the angels." Then before God shall he stand as another "good and faithful servant"!



Circle of Truth

Katharine Hillwood Poor

ONE short life-period is but a small segment of that great journey to be made through the evolutionary life-course; yet what is done during that life-period may greatly advance or retard the growth of the soul involved in the task of traveling that path.

Truth may be likened to a circle composed of countless arcs. Human mind, in its present immature state, appears unable to grasp more than a portion of one arc of this circle at any one time in its life-course, and the degree of accuracy with which it reads or translates what this arc holds depends upon the degree of unfoldment and functioning it is able to manifest.

Reference here is to that portion of mind operating in the man who has, in some prior life-period, felt the awakening of the soul, become conscious of his own divinity, and has engaged himself in the investigation and study of life as it manifests through man's expressing vehicles and is used by him in his varying aspects of body, soul and spirit.

The Circle of Truth in its entirety may not be grasped by the purely human mind. Only the developed and trained mind of the superman or Adept

may reach real comprehension of what this circle may comprise as a whole. When it is realized that a circle is beginningless and endless, the study of and search after Truth assumes proportions to stimulate the latent faculty of man to an ever-increasing endeavor to KNOW.

To seek knowledge is therefore the first step upon the Life Path leading to spiritual heights. And this first step —if the effort be heartfelt, sincere and persistent—is set upon the Circle of Truth at the exact point in its circumference to which the aspirant is entitled by the power of energy in his effort. He therefore gains some portion of knowledge of Truth.

Birth and death—so-called—form the means in human life-periods whereby the soul, "birthless and deathless and changeless," in its search for Truth, builds and obtains the necessary vehicles of expression in which to function in order to pursue this search. Fresh vehicles of varying degrees of substance unite to form the enhousing life-vehicle used for each life-period. When it is "worn out" and its usefulness over, this body is thrown off by the seeking soul as you would discard an outworn garment. The soul-ego is thereby liberated and proceeds onward and, in the course of time, builds itself a new mortal body of expression suited to its progressed needs and purposes.

Guidance and direction from higher powers and intelligences are at hand in building the needed vehicle, and the knowledge of Truth gained in each life-period is built into the foundation for further endeavor.

Apparent failure is seldom failure. In Truth, failure exists not. Many needed lessons are learned only through seeming failure, and with each lesson learned a victory is won and woven into the soul structure.

Visualize a mental picture of the Great Circle of Immortal and Eternal Truth with its multitudinous arcs: each with its spiral path leading to the Central Glory—the Innermost. Upon these spiral coils, envision human souls of myriad types and in all conditions of growth and enlightenment, traveling, struggling on by whatever light they may be able to generate by such effort, and seeking absorption in the Central ONE (call it by what name you will) that constitutes the center of Truth, and which ever beckons onward its earnest devotees.

Each effort to seek greater truth in earth life, however small it may be, makes its imprint and can never be lost. Each gain made from the ascent from one rung of the spiral to the next, marks a step taken and a new aspect of Truth opened to the eager grasp of the aspirant. A new flame is thus ignited by whose light further heights may be attained.

Each life-period through which the soul passes marks advance when truly understood: a new segment of Truth is implanted in the soul fabric, its culture and growth. The immortal soul without beginning and without an end, its surety sure, travels in search of Truth over the great circle to incorporate it in its own being: through death to life, from the finite unto Infinity.

Know— Then Act

R. H. Grenville

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FOR countless generations men have believed that wisdom is power. Every age, every civilization, has had its learned men, its prophets and sages. In the time of Jesus, the great mass of learning, of intellectual life, was centered in the scribes and doctors of the Church. Yet, impressive as their learning undoubtedly was, where was their Power?

"And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: For he taught them as one having authority, and *not* as the scribes."

That a man of the people, neither priest nor scribe, should thus take it upon Himself to instruct the vulgar, must have seemed to the wise ones of Judea an insufferable affront. And not only to teach them, but to teach *as one having authority!* Whence came this authority which so moved the people? Was it, as so many have since believed, some special power denied to the rest of mankind? No, it came from the demonstrable effectiveness of His teaching, from the simple fact that He lived the truth He knew.

For it was the curse of the scribes, as it has been with subsequent generations, that they loved knowledge for its own sake, and, *forgetting its essential purpose,* became misers of knowledge as some are misers of gold. What Jesus demonstrated so effectively is that knowledge and action belong together. They are two halves of a whole, two ends of a circuit. Knowledge, *plus action,* equals Power! Not action merely, for that is blind force. Not knowledge merely, for that is the "letter" which "killeth." But knowledge, *plus* action, is the dynamic basis of all expression.

There must be knowledge before there can be action. Though many forces seem to move blindly, there is always a directing Intelligence. In our own bodies, we may not consciously understand the process of digestion, assimilation, or growth. But the knowing quality of the subconscious mind, and the intelligence active in each cell and fibre of the body, knows and follows its specific pattern.

As in pure Being, there is first Mind, and then the action of Mind; so through all the varied forms of expression this truth holds good. First knowledge, then action!

In the simplest illustrations from everyday life you see how this is true. Suppose you are a surgeon, capable of performing the most intricate opera-

tion. Is it knowledge that saves your patient? You know that it is not. What saves him is your own action in accord with that knowledge. Suppose you have a splendid idea for improved housing, or safer air travel, or a new variety of dahlia. Will the idea alone bring forth any tangible result? You know of course that it will not, unless you do something actively to express that idea.

So with religion. Men have cherished the scriptures through long centuries of expectation. Long before Jesus walked and talked by Galilee, men sang the praises of Jehovah and acknowledged Him almighty. What Jesus did was not so much to reveal a new truth, as to live His daily life in accord with the highest spiritual perception.

What He set out to prove was that Truth is more than a mental culture, more than the empty wisdom which men had venerated for so long. Truth lived brings living, dynamic, creative power. "Ye shall know the truth," he told the people, "and the truth shall make you free."

Think of what this meant to those first listeners! To be told that the Word of God contained more than a cold panacea for this world's ills, more than a vague promise of some future glory. "The kingdom of God is within you," and, "The kingdom of God is at hand." To be set free . . . now! And then to follow this amazing Teacher and see the effectiveness of His teaching, as the erstwhile lame ran leaping and singing, the blind were suddenly restored to sight, and the dead were raised.

No wonder the scribes and the Pharisees were moved against Him. They saw in His ministry the end of their power over the people, for who amongst them could do such things? Enviously they began to plot against Him.

But Jesus was not concerned with them. He was concerned with the people. With those whom He saw as being inherently the sons and daughters of God. Truth, to Him, was not a scroll to be locked away in the dim sanctity of some tabernacle, but a radiant Light for all who sit in darkness: a glorious Way by which the poor, the lonely and the exiled might return to God: a Door by which all might enter.

Those of us who seek earnestly to follow the example of the Greatest Demonstrator of Divine Power Who ever lived, have this simple but vital lesson to learn: live the Truth you know!

You do not have to know everything. Indeed, since Mind is infinite, such a thing would be impossible. But you do not have to know as much as you probably think is necessary. Once aroused, the intellect is voracious for knowledge. Since it is the servant of the mind, this is natural enough; but we must be on guard lest it usurp our place and deflect us from our original purpose, which is to know *only that we may act.*

We should constantly use the Truth we know, beginning with the first simple statements of Being, such as "God is all" and "God is good." People could remold their lives on these two

statements alone, if they consistently acted upon them. As we learn more of the nature of Being, and of Being expressed as ourselves, we are obliged to act more and more in accord with that knowledge, or become as the scribes and the Pharisees.

We all know a great deal more than we practice, even those of us who consider ourselves simple beginners in spiritual things. How many of us, who would unhesitatingly describe God as almighty, yet fear He will not be able to solve some problem or provide some good and necessary thing in our lives? How many of us, knowing the law of Divine Wholeness, are cowed and shaken by some physical symptom? How many more, unshakeably convinced that God is the all-providing Father, yet rush about in anxious search of some *thing* or other for which we feel constrained to struggle in the old human way?

When we act in this way, we are inactive to Truth, and consequently it remains inactive in our affairs. The Law always reciprocates, acting when we act, refraining when we refrain. This is true in the case of natural laws with which we are all familiar. You may understand that by turning a switch you can connect your radio. You may even be an electrician, and may know much about the nature of electricity and the principle governing its action, but the simple *act* of turning the switch decides whether or not you get any music.

To all who are bewildered and discouraged, to all who feel that perhaps they aren't good enough, or wise enough, to demonstrate, I should like to suggest simply this: live the Truth you know! It doesn't matter if that knowledge is elementary or advanced. Jesus announced to His listeners that God is love, that He is our Father. Can you imagine what would happen in the life of any person honestly and consistently living in accord with the idea of God as his Father, leaving out none of the tenderness, protection and love implied by such a relationship? It isn't how much we know, but how much we *use*, that counts.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth (acted upon) shall make you free."



PRAYER

LETA MESTON

Her prayer, like a wisp of silken thread,
was wafted by her need to God's Own Throne.
She asked of Him only a common stone—
and mourned—not noting He sent Bread instead.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

L. E. Eubanks

THE nice old gentleman of about seventy years turned from the Income Tax window, with a rueful smile. As he folded his receipt meticulously, he remarked, " I'm rather sorry that's done; there's so little for me to do any more that it seemed good to have a problem."

He appeared to be talking to me, and I listened respectfully as he continued. "At my age, life's a bore. I have ample means, but am too old even to enjoy spending money. Nothing to live for; just waiting for the final call."

He walked away, with a cane that I suspected was entirely unnecessary. He wasn't merely "waiting for the final call," but opening all the receivers for it with his resignation and *idleness*. In a way, we are all waiting, since we know the call will come; but we owe it to ourselves, to other people, and to God to be active as long as possible: to work in His service as long as life lasts.

Almost beyond contrast with that pessimist, is the man who at sixty-odd planted an orchard. "I know," he said, "that you are wondering why an old man plants an orchard he may not live to see come into bearing. You're wrong. I shall see it bloom and fruit. The surest way of prolonging life is to assume an obligation and meet it.

"In planting this orchard, I am assuming an obligation to tend it and bring it into full bearing. The hope of that will pull me out here to work for tomorrow instead of staying in to grieve over a buried yesterday. I'll live to see the job through."

The planting was done during the first World War, and that man *is* enjoying the fruition. Such cases are not extremely rare; they are only another form of that sweetest of all responsibilities: the love and care of children. The attitude: "I want to live, and live *right* for my child" has been and always will be one of the world's greatest stabilizers.

The other day I heard a man who is growing old and cynical say that he had consolation in the knowledge that years were no respecters of persons, that they were adding to everyone else's age just as they were to his. There was a gloating triumph in his speech; he seemed to feel that life had been an imposition, a sort of prolonged punishment, and that since he had to suffer, it was comforting to know that others were inevitably headed for the same ordeal.

It is this type of person who so often groans, "Such is life," when things go wrong. Listening to such people, we might infer that life is an

implacable tyrant, ready and eager to blast every human hope and doom us all to misery—deserved or not.

But when good fortune smiles on that same person, does he say "Such is life"? No. He takes all the credit; perhaps even describes how he had to frustrate avenging devils in order to achieve his aim. Such an attitude is unfair and illogical. Life is *not* a tyrant. True, Life is impartial, and this is the very essence of fairness. We get from life what we put into it. Why shouldn't a person who sows nothing but censure and cynicism reap failure and unhappiness? It is the law.

Some of us are so fond of saying, in moments of discouragement, "See what Life has done to me!" In every such case, Life can plead "Not guilty"; for the individual himself has opened the road for such results as he has.

An invalid of my acquaintance considers himself "marked for misery." "I was just born to suffer," he wails; "why did it have to be me?" But persons who have known him all his life tell me that he was never known to care for his health, that he is merely paying for refusal to obey the requirements of physical well-being. Like so many others, he insists on rewards without effort, skill without training, money without work, and so on. He is not willing to pay the price; and when he finds that Nature refuses to make an exception of his case, he wilts, throws up his hands and cries, "See what Life has done to me!"

It is what you do to life—rather, *with your life,* that counts. You've got to play the game by the rules, and you *can't* change them. You reap as you sow—morally, mentally and physically. If you lack the strength of purpose, depth of character, and good sense to smooth the trail as you go, don't be surprised and chagrined when, one day, you find yourself surrounded by a forest of hardships and difficulties. Don't, I beg of you, regard Life as a tyrant; but as a teacher. Life will seem cruel or kind, according to your own conduct. Life gives back what you put into it.

Recently, a correspondent enclosed with his letter to me a little pale green slip of paper which carried a most remarkable life's lesson, a powerful sermon, in sixteen words. Here it is: "I grieved that I had no shoes; then I saw a man who had no feet!"

Not even a child of third-grade age could fail to grasp the idea. Immediately we realize that the lack of shoes is a mere trifle when compared to the absence of feet. Give back to the cripple his feet, and he would gladly promise to get along uncomplainingly without shoes.

Let us all remember that beautiful "Sunshine Saying"—recall it when we feel downcast and discouraged with our lot. The habit of wearing close to our heart some sweet, inspiring quotation, to dwell on its truth and beauty when our way seems to grow dark, is of great practical value. My own father went through several misfortunes that would have crushed a less noble soul; but he weathered each one with his calm, patient smile, always saying, "This, too, will pass." And he could still say

it to the end, at the age of seventy-five.

Learning to appreciate what we have is a big step in learning how to live. Since my infancy, my left eye has been useless for any such work as reading or writing; and a man who knows of this condition expressed surprise that I read so much. "I don't see how you get along as a professional writer," he sympathized.

I am not claiming to be particularly good, nor wise; but somehow I have always been so thankful to God for letting me have one good eye that I haven't worried over the matter.

A valuable form of economy, far more helpful to constructive living than dollar-hoarding, consists of saving our finest thoughts. When you pass a legless man on the street and watch his laborious locomotion, or a blind person, with the helplessness that goes with such a plight—in that moment do you not always feel grateful for your sound, or comparatively sound condition?

Nearly everyone does feel grateful. But few of us *retain* that feeling; and in failing to do so we lose one of the greatest factors of happiness and contentment. As long as you live, you will have something to appreciate, something for which to thank God. Figuratively speaking, your shoes may be worn and shabby, but remember the man without feet!



Imagination

RICHARD COWAN

Riding a charger shod to out-pace light,
Imagination, like a dauntless Knight,
Speeds up the vast dominion of the stars
Or down the microcosm, and unbars
The atom's door. Its search is to embrace
Illusive life. But hopeless seems the chase.
For others of the psychic clan conspire
To douse Imagination's ardent fire
For Reason, Conscience and indiff'rent Will,
Slaves of tradition, longing to stand still,
Fear any happy union of these two
Would leave them all with nothing else to do.

FAITH AND FEAR

George Alfred Townsend

FAITH and fear are the same thing, but fear is faith in reverse. Fear is a deep-seated feeling (faith) that error, evil, limitation, is normal. Fear is faith in trouble. "There were they in great fear, where no fear was" (Psalm 53:5).

Fear is faith in evil, unhappiness, poverty, disease, limitation of every description. Fear is the back of the picture of faith, the negative side of faith, a belief in the wrong thing. Knowing this we can understand what Job meant when he said, "That which I greatly feared has come upon me."

Faith and prayer go hand-in-hand. All prayer is answered. The prayer of faith, whether faith in evil, or faith in good, delivers the goods whether we like it or not. Faith is the genie of the lamp of mind. Faith is the Law.

When we want the law of gravity to work, we do not invoke it by affirmations, we become poised in it. So it is with all other laws of God.

Any negative attitude is all wrong, no matter what you are doing or in what walk of life you find yourself. When you accept failure as "God given," you are accepting a lie. You are accepting faith in failure, instead of faith in success. Build yourself a faith in your real Self, your own ability, a faith in God and His universe, a faith in cause and effect. As soon as you start doing this to the degree you practise it you will be successful. "According to your belief it shall be done unto you."

Every thought, be it great or small, is a prayer. When it comes to the scientific use of your mind, and disciplining your thinking in the right channels, it matters tremendously in manifestation what you feel in your heart. "If the heart is right, the intellect must follow."

For example, suppose your great desire is success in business, being happy in the home, having health, harmony, peace, poise, joy, abundance, and you go through the motion of lip-service, decreeing your affirmations, but deep down in your heart you really do not expect your decrees to be obeyed. It is the just-too-good-to-be-true-to-happen attitude. Don't you see you are really praying for that which you do not want? You are using your spiritual power in reverse, for it is the negative which you feel, in which you really have faith, and in which you really believe. Using your power of prayer in this manner is the same as trying to lift yourself out of the swamp of negativity by your own two boot straps.

The Law of Mind is: "Whatsoever you believe, you feel, is actually on the way; whatever you believe, good, bad, or indifferent, you will receive, you will have."

This Law of Mind is fool-proof and always delivers the goods according to the pattern placed before it or the decree of your feeling.

Few That Find It

LYCHGATE

By Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding

Review by H. F. Prevost Battersby

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LYCHGATE, as its name suggests, offers you only an entry to the Path, not a seat in the Sanctuary; and indeed, it is at the entry that the author leaves you with no more than his experience to affect your choice.

Referring to his previous volume, he says that, though he thinks he can improve on that effort: "I do not infer that I am much nearer to the truth, but only that my ignorance may be a little less profound."

In *Lychgate,* he deals almost exclusively with his own adventures, and, though this is primarily a "survival" book, his acceptance of Spiritualism means so much more to him than that, means so bewildering an amount of theological and other debris to be cleared away, that he finds himself like an intruder in a bombed city.

He has made, since *Many Mansions,* some notable advances: toward Theosophy, for instance. "I want to make it quite clear," he says, "that I am not a Theosophist: I am a Dowding-ist, if I am any kind of an 'ist' at all." But being a Dowdingist is a somewhat intricate business; since, for instance, though he believes that Theosophists are nearer to the truth than any other Western creed or sect, he considers them to be a considerable distance from it in their objection to mediums. So he accepts what Theosophy has to tell him about the stages in the soul's progress, which accords closely with what he has learned from his own Guides; but he declines to accept a ruling which forbids communication with them.

Being a Dowdingist, moreover, entails conflict with most theologies, inevitable with a mind so open that it can discern fragments of truth in all religions but the whole truth in none of them. The author is, for example, fully conscious of the magic that may be in the Roman Mass, and he can deplore the Anglican ban on prayers for the dead; but he considers that "the acceptance of . . . the historical truth of the Old Testament has nothing whatever to do with Christianity," and that it was "a monumental achievement on the part of the Early Church fathers that they succeeded in

imposing this flagrant *non sequitur* on Mankind; viz., that to be a Christian a man must accept the archaic records of the people who murdered Jesus Christ."

That, however, is but a minor flaw in the rift which divides him from the manipulations of the early, or not-so-early Church Fathers. It was the deification of Jesus, the substitution of "adoration" for "imitation" which made "Christianity" impotent to evangelize Europe, or to penetrate the East. "If you have been brought up in Institutional Christianity," he says, "your ingrained ideas concerning Jesus and The Christ will receive a rude shock. You will have to envisage Jesus as one (of a number of exceptionally pure and perfect souls) who was overshadowed during His life on earth by the Christ Spirit. You must also be prepared to envisage the idea that between Jesus and The Absolute exist certain intermediaries." That, of course, has a Theosophic savor, but it accords with the higher spirit teaching, and it is, says the author, "almost as near to the truth as contemporary man is likely to attain."

As to Spiritualism, he says: "I maintain that it is not *a* religion. It is too young, too experimental a movement to have settled into a groove narrow enough to justify such a definition. Nevertheless Spiritualism may be *Religion* . . . and I believe it will be one of the most important stepping stones toward the unification of all the important religions of the earth into an eventual World Religion."

I hope any of the unconverted ones who may read this book will note in it the frequent despairing cry of so many arrivals regaining bewildered consciousness on the other side: "Why weren't we told?" and the gratitude shown to Lord Dowding by many of the boys who had read his first book, and were prepared. The Duke of Wellington, killed in a commando raid over Sicily, voiced the same impatience.

"Why don't all you people believe in survival; and why weren't we told about it?" he demanded.

"What did *you* do about it when you were on earth," was Dowding's reply, "and what would *you* have said if I had told you about it?"

"You've got me there, Sir," laughed the Duke. "I should have said 'Bunkum'!"

That is one of the admirably told stories, pathetic and triumphant, mostly of arrivals straight from the uproar of battle to a world of which they had never heard, and in which they found it impossible to believe. To convince them that they had passed over was the first difficult task. "Strange!" said an officer, who had come over with a couple of paratroopers, "that grenade went off right in front of us, and we never so much as turned a hair."

One frequent and affecting exclamation when the truth at last had been realized, was: "God *is* good, then."

Some came over still full of fight, and some of Dowding's boys could not be restrained from going back to fly again with, and, as they believed, help their comrades through their bombing perils. Were they the Gremlins?

But the work of the author's circle was always varied; for help had also to be given to souls lost in dark places whose recovery seems largely to be entrusted to incarnate effort.

Lord Dowding has something to say about his platform work, his "odyssey as a peripatetic evangelist." He hated this exploiting of his renown in another field. If it could be said of any man that "He stood, and earth's foundations stayed," it could be said of the man who engineered victory for civilization in the air. Yet that did not seem to the man a reason why his word should have any weight in spiritual matters. But he received his orders to go, and he went.

Everywhere he is "heard gladly"; and a clairvoyant's account of the forces mustered to help him at a meeting in the Caxton Hall should supply a further reason. There is no shirking in this volume of unpleasant facts; about personation, for instance. Always the questions must be asked: "Is the alleged spirit a spirit? Is he the person he claims to be? Does he know what he is talking about? Can he get his message through without distortion? In many cases the answer to one or more of these questions is 'No.'"

Circles which sit to satisfy idle curiosity are all too likely to be invaded by idle and curious loafers from the Lower Astral, claiming, just for the fun of it, to be historical figures, or lately-departed people of renown. Indeed, the author paints a sufficiently deterring picture to explain the Theosophic objection to mediumism. St. John's warning to "Try the spirits whether they be of God," is the only safeguard, and the trial can be made only with well-tested Guides.

On another vexing, almost irritating question, the author writes: "It seems to me an incontestable truth that (a) prediction of an event, (*b*) freewill, and (*c*) disclosure of the prediction to the person concerned are incompatibles." After giving his reasons, he adds: "Messages which predict the result of races . . . are either Black Magic or poppycock." Magic, possibly; but such messages have come in dreams, or by some unsought-for intuition. One can never forget Richet's final angry concession to a subject which had beaten him: "THERE IS PREDICTION!"

There is a note on the somewhat controversial question of Shades and Shells. Shades, say the Theosophists, are Astral bodies discarded at the Second Death, retaining some glimmering of mind stuff, enabling them to put in a futile appearance at seances. Shells are other Astral bodies evacuated by their previous tenants, and temporarily actuated by Elemental spirits to cause confusion at seances. Chang, one of the Guides, declared that at the Second Death the discarded body was always reverently handed back to the source whence it came. Shells, he admitted, did exist: lifeless thought-forms, created sometimes for ill purpose by those practicing Black Magic. They were quite harmless.

Was it, one wonders, his belief that Radiesthesia,* that latest, most in-

* Bidwell's technique.

triguing of the sciences, should prove a new link between physics and psychics, that moved the author to introduce the subject when dealing with emanations from the etheric body? He describes the instrument he devised which put him on the track of his "Z" current, but more important still for the unscientific reader is his description of the pendulum. He treats of it as a toy; but it is much more than that; and once its unexplained possibilities are realized, no one would live without it, or dare to question its ruling in domestic matters.

The author adds to our ectoplasmic puzzles by describing that elusive substance as provided by the etheric body. Apart from the fact that very little change of weight in the medium's body has been recorded when the etheric double has left it, amazing losses have been registered when materializations have been produced, amounting sometimes to more than a third of the medium's weight. Mme. d'Esperance was once aware, to her extreme alarm, that there was nothing left of her below the waist, and a similar somatic shrinking has been reported in the case of at least a dozen mediums, so I think we are justified in asking for some further light on the subject.

This volume opens by the author's declaring: "I don't want a single one of my readers to say, 'I believe this because Lord Dowding believes it,' but I shall be proud and happy if, when you have finished this book, you can say, 'Lord Dowding has convinced me that, upon the evidence, this state of affairs is more likely to be correct than are other theories and speculations.' "

Let me add that if both Science and Religion refuse the evidence put here and elsewhere before them:

"'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many splendored thing."



VITAL TRUTHS FOR RECEPTIVE MINDS

J. B. Gladstone

THERE is no soul that cannot be saved.

There is no character that cannot be reclaimed.

There is no disease that cannot be healed.

As man's mind grows more conscious of itself, his will to express his higher nature becomes more evident.

No greater truth was ever spoken than this: "For lack of vision, my people perish."

No wonder, then, that the greatest prayer of the human soul is for Light—the radiant Inner Light whose illumination will guide us on to the Path which leads to Salvation. Strayed from the Path of Light, we are as little children stumbling in the dark. And what is more tragic or inevitable than this: that the blind should be naturally predisposed to accept the leadership of the blind?

We Are All Important

The Uncommon Man

Charlotte G. Frietsch Gunter—F.R.C.

THE individual peculiarities of a person and his native originality make of each one a creature that is uncommon in the universal scheme of life. The catch-phrase, "common man," is a title of enslavement. Anyone who permits himself thus to be labeled and classified will grow to believe that he cannot rise above this level. He will finally be convinced that it is best for him to stay in the rut of familiarly common scenes.

Yet each one is highly important in that he moves consciously or unconsciously within his own specialized field of thought, endeavor and feeling. In this he becomes at once *uncommon.* Moreover, at any time he may so desire, he can deliberately step out into the universal scheme of things and engage in whatever activity that he has legitimately and thoroughly prepared to pursue. In this too, he is uncommon, because whatever he does, he is doing according to his own plan. His plan may be tempered in a relative sense to outside forces, but—and this can never be refuted,—the one who plans, and thereupon puts his plan into effect, is the guiding and directing force. Outside forces cannot determine his importance in the scheme of things. Outside forces *never* direct him to his destined goal.

It is the divine spark in each individual that makes of him a creature of importance, provided he permits the inner urge to have its way. Thus we see at every turn of the path in life that we cannot possibly find a man that is *common.* In national affairs, he may have thoughts in common which finally drive matters to a point of culmination. Here, however, man is playing his part on the stage of destiny relating to his karmic race group or nation's goal in our steadily onward movement toward a higher evolution.

There is no action without a motive, abstract or concrete. The motives lie hidden in the seed of every living thing. Every little wild flower that some call a weed has its destined *uncommon* mission on earth. Every wildwood creature has, within its circle of endeavor, the makings of its individual destiny. In this respect even the minutest insect is of importance in the evolution of our planet. It is man's mission to help these lower brethren to develop by exploring the deep secrets of every living thing, and not by destroying that which he does not understand. As a human being, there is no limit to the importance which any one man can achieve by determined and well-planned effort.

Great patience and steadfast faith are essential to the attainment of one's individual importance. Thus we shall demonstrate as well the degree of uncommonness that we possess. And with Goethe we may say, "Haste not! Rest not! Calmly wait, meekly bear the storms of fate.—Duty be thy polar guide.—Do the right what e'er betide. Haste not! Rest not!—Conflicts past,—God shall crown thy work at last."

WHAT, IF ANYTHING, IS THE MEANING OF OUR DREAMS

Ruth Farran

III

TRAILING THE CELESTIAL HIGHWAYS WITH OUSPENSKY

IN a broad sense, Freud's insistence that sex-linked ideas are present in all dreams probably is true. Men think differently from women because their experiences are different, and this difference, it is to be expected, will be reflected in the dream life.

Recently, in a public-speaking class of which I was a member, the men were told to express their probable attitudes toward various concepts, supposing they were women, and the women were requested to describe their probable attitudes toward these concepts from the standpoint of men.

It was found to be extremely difficult to project the self into the thought expressions of the opposite sex, with the result that there was a constant reversion to the attitudes of the sex to which the speakers belonged. Freedom, for example, meant one thing to a man and something else to a woman, and this was clearly indicated during the experiment.

As suggested previously, however, certain mystical thinkers argue against Freud's pronouncement that sex is truly fundamental in individual striving. The sex drive, say these investigators, is but a manifestation of the primal underlying drive that compels all living matter to evolve.

Imbedded in the atom are *two* forces: positive and negative, ever opposing each other, and at the same time ever striving toward greater affinity. This dual force, the mystics believe, is the basis of all activity from the wheeling star in space to the thoughts and actions of man. In the mineral, this force is manifested as adhesion of the particles which go to make up its substance. In man, the force of adhesion is still present, and accounts for holding the physical organism together as an entity.

But through eons of differentiation, the human body has come to take on a diversity of aspect with regard to these two opposing elements, so that one type of body is more positive or *masculine* in character and another is

more negative or *feminine*. SEX is the term used to designate whether the positive or negative BODILY characteristics are in the ascendancy.

In some individuals, however, these two forces have become more highly integrated, or under the control of the individual will, in which case the PERSONALITY is said to be of a more *positive* nature. Where these forces are diversive and inconsistent in manifestation, the personality is said to be of a more *negative* type.

Thus we may have both men and women who react in a more positive manner, as well as men and women whose reactions are more negative, depending upon whether the positive or the negative is fundamentally in control at the moment. In this light, the "drive" may be either positive or negative for both men and women, rather than only positive or masculine for men and only negative or feminine for women.

In consequence, Ouspensky, perhaps the best-known of the modern mystical thinkers, looks beyond the manifestations of sex, *per se,* seeking his interpretations of dream phenomena in the interactions of the positive and the negative forces of the atom itself.

In line with the Nineteenth Century investigators, Ouspensky reiterates that many of our dreams are aroused from bodily sensations. Thus, dreaming of being lost in a quagmire could mean merely that the feet had become entangled in the bed clothing. Dreaming of being a cripple could result from the sensation of motionless legs due to relaxed muscles when asleep.

To dream of climbing stairways, which to Freud indicates a feminine sex symbol, is interpreted by Ouspensky merely as the combination of two experiences: the actual climbing of stairs as recalled by motor memory, and the sense of the new and unexpected awaiting us around the bend or at the top of the next flight of stairs.

The several parts of the body, explains Ouspensky, possess various forms of consciousness that are unlike those of the brain. When one is asleep, these manifestations of consciousness become aroused, but report their activities to the brain in a language different from that of the verbal-visual. When one awakens, much of the dream experience is lost because of a lack of words in which to express the occurrences.

Ouspensky believes that this constitutes the CENSOR, as interpreted by Freud. In reality, there is *nothing* there trying to withhold interpretation of the dream. The dreamer is simply unable to translate the bodily memories in terms intelligible to the brain.

We dream, says Ouspensky, when we are awake as well as when we are asleep. But when we are awake, the dream consciousness is blotted out by the waking consciousness. When we are asleep, the waking consciousness is slowed down, thus permitting us to see the dream state, much in the same way as we can see stars in the daytime from the bottom of a well, because at the bottom of the well the stronger power of the sun is blotted out.

According to Ouspensky, life has no meaning, except as a means of EVO-

LUTION. For the individual, there is only one important moment—*birth*—signifying at one and the same time the "death" of the lower elements of the nature and the emergence of the ego into a *higher* (more integrated) form of existence.

Through countless ages, this process of death and re-birth has continued, and has resulted in what we know as man today. With the continued roll of the centuries it is expected that the man of the future will have progressed immeasurably beyond the highest pinnacle he has reached at the present moment.

In our dreams, is it not possible, then, that occasionally we witness the drive, the pressure, of the elementary energy flowing in its ceaseless reaching out toward higher integration? And, if so, with a growing insight into the nature and purpose of that striving, may it not become increasingly possible to interpret the bodily responses to this impulsation in terms recognizable by our brain consciousness?

These are the questions raised by present-day mystical thinkers, and they answer these questions with an emphatic YES.

Seeking the Mystical Elements in Dreams

In line with these thoughts, we are ready to seek additional meanings in the dream of the EGYPTIAN SILK PIECES.

It will be recalled that the laborers in the dream were moving as if they were propelled mechanically, with no observable effort on their part. From the mystical standpoint, this would indicate that the dreamer had become aware of the inner workings of the universe and the harmony and control manifested in the movements of the sun and planets and of life itself.

There is also the further indication that the dreamer is aware of this balance and harmony as being possible in her own nature, since by means of the silken robes in Egyptian design in which the laborers are garbed, she is identifying herself with the laborers.

The fact that she sees herself standing at one side, and in no way connected with the activities of the laborers, would indicate that she is capable, for at least part of the time, of regarding her reactions from the standpoint of a disinterested observer.

However, at the appearance of the highly-agitated girl, it is evident that the dreamer has not as yet been able to establish a permanent inner harmony of the type which up to now she has been observing. The girl's fear of being decapitated would indicate the sense of danger on the part of the dreamer at the necessity to transmute the lower values of life into something higher (sifting gold from sand), as this transmutation would mean the giving up (the "death") of old ideas and the taking on of new ones (re-birth).

As substantiating evidence that it is herself who is frightened at the thought of change (emptying the bowls on the shoulders of the laborers so that they may be refilled on the morrow), the newcomer, upon whom the dreamer had originally projected her fear, flees, leaving the dreamer in her own right open to attack from the man upon the

platform, and the transference to the dreamer of the fright which has been aroused at the thought of change.

But it is also observed through the mechanism of the dream that in her experience the dreamer has progressed to the point where she is to discover that the danger is no longer actual, but only an imagined danger, conjured up through memories of the past. This is proved by the fact that at the moment of attack, when her fear has reached its highest peak, the blow is AS LIGHT AS AIR—and the dreamer awakes to discover that the danger is in reality non-existent.

Returning to the scene of the laborers, we note the indication that the life process is an enduring one with little change (suggested by the length of the procession of laborers who are all alike), except for the emptying of the bowls to permit the taking on of new experiences (refilling the bowls).

Only when the new experiences have sufficiently accumulated does the procession *come to an end,* at which point the experiences are absorbed into the personality, and the individual is ready to become a *participant* in life instead of remaining a bystander. However, through once having been detached, as observed in the dream, the dreamer should have the ability to enter upon further observation of the life processes whenever she should so desire.

It will also be observed in the mystical interpretation that there is no need to regard the symbolic structure of the dream as an attempt of the subconscious to *disguise the meaning* of the dream.

Instead, the characterization of the laborers as possessing both masculine and feminine qualities would indicate that the dreamer is observing the interplay of the *positive* and the *negative* forces within her nature; and she is being shown pictorially that these two forces have momentarily *struck a working balance.*

Through holding the concept of BALANCE in her mind *consciously,* the ability may be expected eventually to become externalized, when the dreamer will discover herself during waking life to be in possession of the balance she perceived in her dream.

Making Use of the Mystical Interpretation

What then of the previous interpretation as elucidated by Freud? Is it to be cast aside as being of no value?

Certainly not. By means of the Freudian interpretation, it has been possible to discover the nature of the danger the dreamer believed she was facing: the fear of men brought about by her childhood experience, and the compensatory wish to take on masculine qualities in the endeavor to overcome the fear.

But in the mystical interpretation there is, in addition to an understanding of the nature of her fear, the assurance that the ego has progressed to the point where there is the recognition that there is no longer actually any danger from this source.

Further, from the standpoint of mystical interpretation, the culminating event of the dream—the DISCOVERY that the danger as conceived is not actual—would be said to be the

purpose of the dream: to present to the mind of the dreamer and bring into CONSCIOUSNESS the fact that there actually is *nothing to fear.*

This process may be enhanced by returning in retrospect to the dream scene of the laborers and observing the precision and harmony of their movements, and their absence of fear when the bowls were lifted and the gold garnered by the men on the platform.

There is always this key at hand: Whenever the waking personality is threatened with danger, the mind can be turned instantly to the calm of the laborers, upon which the thought of danger will be displaced, and the sensation of peace and harmony will fill the mind instead.

Dreams or Actuality?

What, then, is the meaning of our dreams?

The dream of the EGYPTIAN SILK PIECES has been selected because in one and the same dream may be seen the various possible types of interpretation as developed through the ages. More often, doubtless, our dreams will be found to be more fragmentary, with little or no plot to sustain them. But each fragment in itself is capable of interpretation, as I have endeavored to show by concentrating on the various aspects revealed in the dream plot selected.

Through the foregoing discussion we have determined that the same dream experience may have dissimilar meanings, according to the level of insight we have attained. Early man, with his limited knowledge, saw in his dreams a linkage with the waking world as he experienced it, a jumble of contradictions and unsolved mysteries.

Convinced that *mind* was chained to the physical body and conditioned by the physiological processes within that body, the Nineteenth Century psychologists sought a similarly physiological and mechanistic interpretation of dreams. The baffling mental aspects of the dream were attributed to chance causes, and thus held to be of little consequence.

Freud, on the contrary, sought to minimize the significance of the physiological factors, returning, instead, to the speculations of primitive man, except that instead of considering the dream occurrences actual, he sought for the *symbolic* meaning of the nighttime experiences encountered.

He argues that we were in possession of primitive wishes and desires, and these transcendent urges were out-pictured in our dreams. Only, since we had acquired a layer of culture in our journey through the centuries, we did not want to admit the presence of these primitive desires, and hence contrived to veil the true nature of our wishes behind a set of dream symbols.

With Ouspensky, there emerges a more encompassing mode of translation. In essence, he holds that the dream experiences simultaneously possess both physiological and mental aspects, and by tracing down both of these aspects we arrive at a more thoroughgoing explanation of the dream.

It is not the intention under this latter method to dispense with the idea of sex, as many so-called "higher"

thinkers have attempted to do. Sex is recognized as a force which motivates the lives of countless millions. But from a mystical standpoint this force can be broken down into its elements, both positive and negative, and applied in new ways to lift the individual life to higher planes of insight and existence.

In primitive times, the jungle trail was the only means of travel available. The time came when hard-surfaced highways were built, and man thought the acme of modes of travel had been reached. But today we take to the airways, where we are no longer restricted by pre-formed pathways, and we blaze our own pathways as we sail. The pathway, however, has not been dispensed with. It has been transformed into something over which we have gained increasing control, so far as the possibility of determining our destination is concerned.

So it is with this primitive force within us. With growing insight we can learn how to break it up into its elements and re-combine them in order to obtain more assuredly what we may wish. We are no longer forced to remain tied to the jungle trail of vaguely understood sex, but we can take to the "airways," and, from our higher point of vantage and understanding, shape our course toward whatever future we may conceive for ourselves.

Accept the physiological basis, yes; but seek to link it with the totality of experiences we have encountered in our journey through time. Even more, we can look back and *recall* these experiences, because we carry them with us, locked away in the memories of our cells.

In sleep, while we are relaxed, the cells begin to release those memories, our newly-aroused memory impulsations, which, upon reaching the brain, later are recalled as "dreams."

By reviewing these occurrences upon awaking, we arrive at new understandings of our experiences. In fact, as indicated previously, that is the PURPOSE of our dreaming: to bring the cellular memories up into the brain consciousness, so that we can profit from our experiences.

Through observing what it is that has happened to us, and with our knowledge of the positive and the negative forces, we can select and reconstruct these occurrences, so that we are enabled to approach the goal of obtaining the things we most desire. By redirecting the force of our existence along the line of our highest desires, more effective combinations are developed IN CONSCIOUSNESS, with the result that the things we desire may become more readily actualized.

This is true because by learning to be still we shall be able to penetrate to the inmost recesses of our beings, and eventually to the heart of the universe itself, where all things are possible because all things are known. Through the mechanism of the dream, we learn *where* to focus our attention, and the desires we wish to obtain follow as a matter of course.

Dreaming, in consequence, can become something infinitely more than a pastime. *Through dreaming, and seeking the interpretations of our*

dreams, we hold the power in our hands by which we can progressively shape our lives more closely to our ideals than may be possible otherwise.

What is it we most desire?—Let us dream, then, knowing that by and through our dreaming we shall discover how to bring our desires into MANIFESTATION; and we shall advance thereby into ever higher and higher worlds of understanding and accomplishment.

While Doors are Wide

Charles Henry Mackintosh

The Lord of Love descends upon the earth
In glory and with power on Christmas Day:
Not that the Lord is ever far away;
But men remember Him with joy and mirth
Upon the Morning sacred to His Birth.
They join the little children in their play;
His Kingdom is composed of such as they;
And learn, from Love, to recognize Love's worth.

Their souls desire to see the Christmas Star
Make magic of the common countryside,
And so they draw the bolts, and lift the bar
Across the double doors of greed and pride:
Love's light reveals them as they truly are,
And Christ can enter, while the doors are wide.



TO conquer the world about us is not a victory; but to fathom the world within us is to learn how to live. Doubt, despair, and lack are the enemies that hold us down. Our higher understanding banishes these negations and gives us Trust, Truth and Abundance—Trust in God, Truth of the All-Knowing, and Abundance of all things good.

. . . *Tarry Ann Reed.*

A Manger For Christ

Peter Paul Reuter

I AM still chuckling a little and get that funny catch in my throat when I think of the little TRUE tale Buck told me of Tom McCabe, Brownsville's "fightenest," often-drinking, reddest-faced Irishman. But I'll relate it in Buck's own words as nearly as I can remember them, but regretting that you cannot see the little twinkle in his eyes nor note that sudden change to a far-away look that I observed as he was telling me the story.

Buck contemplated his pipe a moment, stirred the hearth fire, and stretched his more than six-foot frame in an old Morris chair.

"Well, Jack," he began, "I was on me way in to the garage. It was only a few days before I got me pension and came out here in God's country for good. I'd just made a last-minute stop out on Mack Avenue.—Had a sort of hankerin' to say good-bye to Eve Flanagan and check on her to see that everything was all right. As I walked down the hall to the kitchen, I spy Tom McCabe a-settin' by the window. Shucks! He sure had a satisfied glimmer in his eyes. Ye can tell that kind of look a mile away when a feller has his innards feelin' just right and proper with the right kind o' eats.

"You see," he explained, "Tom McCabe is Eve's oldest brother. He only just got home the day before. He'd been 'up the river' for two years. Well, Tom ain't exactly a bright lad, but sure has a heart o' gold. He never did marry, because Eve's husband, Carl, always been kind of ailin'. They finally sent him to the sanitarium for a long spell; and Tom always sort of braced the little family a bit with what he didn't use for drink.

"Next I know, I see Tom walkin' over to the door, a sort of foolish grin all over his red face. And then, before I had a chance to grab his hand, welcomin' him home ag'in, who comes a-sailin' down the hall but little Annie, one of Eve's little ones? She's only a tiny little mite; can't be mor'n six. But, man, her blue eyes! Big as her pretty face, and all a-shinin'. Her cheeks! Boy, you never saw such rosy red cheeks from all that milk they been gettin' and from the cold outside. Her tight little blond pigtails a-bobbin' with each rushin' step she takes. She sort o' stops in front of Tom and throws both her little arms in the air,

just a-beggin' to be lifted up. Tom scoops her up in his arms, and, brother, you ain't never seen a kid plant so many 'honey-sweet' kisses on one man in so short a time. You know those kind o' kisses. Only a little tyke can make them sound so rich and taste so sweet.

"I can see Tom feels a-tingly-like because he's sure shakin'; and I can see he's just a-eatin' up her words, when she blurts out in that kitten excitement:

" 'Uncle Tom,' she says, smilin' her prettiest, 'can I have a dime, please, Uncle Tom? Huh? Or fifteen cents maybe? Huh? Can I?'

" 'And what would ye be wantin' all that money for, lassie?' he purrs, reaching into his pocket at the same time, holdin' on tighter with the other hand, holdin' his precious bundle.

"Annie has seen the move Tom made to his pocket and smartly follows up; her eyes never leavin' Tom's.

" 'Oh, Uncle Tom, we are building the prettiest Christmas Garden in school. Honest, and we have a big tree already, and real looking animals, and Mary and Joseph and Jesus, and green saw-dust, and real looking snow; and —oh, just everythin'!' she blurted in one breath. 'But,' and her face fell, 'we have no manger, and Sister said if I and everybody in class would bring a dime, maybe, or fifteen cents or even a penny, we could buy a manger, maybe.'

" 'Well,' Tom booms, 'would ye listen to the lassie! A dime she wants to buy a manger for Christ Jesus, bless her little heart, and I be a carpenter. You run on back to yer Sister now, and tell her that yer Uncle is not a bum no more. Tell her yer Uncle has learned a trade now—the trade of carpenter. In the penitentiary he learned it; and he'll build the best manger ever, and fer free too!' "

Buck tells me he saw Tom many times after that, and says Tom is not drinking any more and fighting less. One time, Buck said, Tom told him after asking about Annie: "God bless the lassie! The fuss they made over the manger I built fer Christ Jesus that day in school! And the way the Sisters took me to chapel, their own little chapel mind ye, and stuff like that; and Annie ever runnin' to meet me, and a-huggin' and a-kissin' me, and never turnin' her pretty head no more, because, ye see, I can't get no honey-kisses and have me likker too. So the little tyke made me forget there ever was such a thing."



"So! You would lead a life of holiness were it not for your duty to your family?—My son, you owe a duty to one entity only in all this wide world: to your Higher Self. Learn to listen to it and to obey its dictates. Then you cannot fail in your 'duty' to anyone."

. . . *Ramblings of Ra.*

Letter to A Blind Friend

Afflictions like other obvious or apparent obstacles to our happiness may be a blessing in disguise, carrying within their shell of "bad luck" or hardship hidden possibilities for achievement and demonstration of faith and courage.

John Davis

FIRST of all, I hope that no one has attempted to make you believe that it is the will of God that you be afflicted. It is a common failing of man to want to give himself credit for all the good things that happen to him and to blame God for adverse conditions. We speak of disasters, such as shipwreck, tornadoes, etc., as "acts of God," and such things are even designated as "acts of God" in insurance policies and the like. Human egotism is responsible for this attitude. God is good and God's will is always good-will. True, it might or might not be God's will for you to lose your eyesight, but not that you be afflicted. You, and not God, are the one to designate the condition as an affliction or a blessing.

As God brought all the creatures He had created before Adam for him to "name them," so we are constantly being presented with events and circumstances for us to "name them" what we will. We can name them "blessings" or we can name them "afflictions." Perhaps this sounds inconceivable to you—the idea that any event might be named a blessing instead of an affliction. When Joseph was cast into the pit and sold into slavery, any ordinary man would have thought Joseph crazy to hear him speak of it as a blessing. But had it not been for the incidents of the pit and slavery, Joseph would never have found himself in a position of wealth and honor in Potiphar's court and in a position to help his people in their hour of need. The pit and slavery were links in the chain of circumstances that brought Joseph to wealth and honor. Instead of being adverse circumstances they were blessings in disguise, for without them the chain of circumstances would have been broken. Joseph recognized this when he said to his brothers, "It was not you, but God, who sent me hither."

Our finite intelligence is not really capable of judging whether a circumstance is good luck or bad luck because our view of things is limited to the present moment. My boy probably thinks he is having bad luck when I spank him for getting too near the swimming pool or the highway, but if his intelligence were only great enough to perceive it, he would see that the spanking was a blessing. Most of us

can look back for ten years and see events that seemed to us at the time to be bad luck, which events we now recognize as the best things that ever happened to us, because they were links in a chain of circumstances that led to something better.

If it is the will of God (and I'm not saying that it is or isn't), you may be sure that it is good and your good luck. Above all, don't resent the fact that you can't see. For the time being, be willing not to see. I am not advising you to give up all hope that you will see again or that you resign yourself to your fate in the usual meaning of the phrase; but, by not *resenting* your blindness, you increase your chance of getting your eyesight back.

I wonder if you have ever thought that there are a great many things that you can see without your eyes. Perhaps you have been able to see what friendship really means. You can see what it means to have people who love you and perhaps a great many other things. What these things are I have no way of knowing, but I believe that you can see them better when you are not seeing with your physical eyes. The most important things in life cannot be seen with the eyes.

Many people are so absorbed with what they see with their eyes that they never get a glimpse of the more important things—the realities of life—the things that cannot be seen. No one has ever seen love with the eye. We see the effects of it, but never see love itself. No one has ever seen devotion or loyalty or faithfulness. No one has ever seen energy or force. We see the effects of them, but no one has ever seen them. No one has ever seen gravitation, but we feel its effects if we fall to the ground. Without exception, the realities of life cannot be seen with the physical eye. The crowning wonder, life itself, has never been seen, and no surgeon has ever been able to dissect the body and find it. Scientists tell us today that even matter, the very keystone of the material universe, is an effect; that it is not in reality what we perceive or suppose it to be. All matter is composed of atoms, and atoms in turn are composed of electrons and protons. These protons and electrons are nothing but positive and negative charges of electricity. We do not see matter as it is, but we see its effects only. It produces the effect of hardness, softness, etc., and we perceive this, but never the actual matter itself.

In fact the only thing that the eye can perceive is shape, form and color. And these (shape and form) are the only things in this world that are not eternal. Physicists tell us that both matter and energy (now conceded to be the same thing) are indestructible, and that any apparent destruction of matter merely entails a change in its form or shape. This being so, it would seem that we only see the temporary things with our eyes—the changing, fleeting, shadowy things, while the realities of life remain invisible except to the intuitive eye of the mind. If you have been able to see even a glimpse of the realities of life, you could scarcely call yourself blind, even if you are not able for a time to see the temporary and changing structure that

we call our physical world. I realize that this sounds as if eyesight were a curse. It might well be a curse, if we become so absorbed with seeing the shadows that we fail to look for the real. ("Woe unto those, who having eyes see not.") Once the real is perceived, however, and we are able to distinguish between the two and do not place undue importance upon the unreal, then eyesight is a blessing to us, and we can see reality and truth reflected even in the shadowy things that we see with the eye.

If it is really God's will for you to lose your eyesight, it will perhaps help you to realize that you have become blind only to the unreal and that this has enabled you better to perceive the real. Once you realize this, there will no longer be any need for God to shut your physical eyes to force you to see the real. If it is not God's will that you be blind, your sight will return, so do not despair. The physical eye is symbolic of the ability to perceive Truth on the Spiritual Plane. We see objects with our physical eyes and we "See" ideas with the corresponding mental or spiritual eye. Try to realize this. Also remember that nothing whatsoever is impossible with God. Christ cured the blind during His physical incarnation. He is just as powerful to cure today. He promised us that His Spirit would abide with us and in us. Turn daily to this Christ Spirit within and ask that He restore your eyesight. Know that He is even now bringing about your cure, and leave it all in His hands.

Christmas Parable

Myra Perrings

Now, at the very nadir of the year,
When candle flames again are burning low,
When tides that swiftly ran creep cold and slow
And earth itself is desolate and drear;
Now, when the last extremity is here,
The sun, the giver of all life and light,
Turns northward and ascends the stair of night
Where Virgo, the Immaculate, draws near.

Again the earth is quickened, and again
New hope is kindled out of old despair;
So comes the Christ, forever young and fair,
Born of the Virgin Soul, redeeming men.
Whenever truth, in dark, begins to shine,
That day is Christmas and that place divine.

The Ladder of Life

PART 9

CHAPTER VIII

VIGILANCE

Ann Hackett

Author of "Tilak of Tibet," "Heart of the Lotus," etc.



EACH person has a particular problem of his own, which he must solve in his own way. The understanding required is gained one step at a time. The perplexed individual must solve the problem wherever he happens to be. In the solution, he must examine the simplest things of his daily life. Has the day been filled with doubt? What is this doubt? Doubt is a Greek word (*doiadzo*) from *duo* and *doioi,* meaning "to be at two." Doubt, then, reveals a conflict between a higher prompting and a lower pull: a lower inclination toward a certain physical action, the result of which would lead to unhappiness.

The individual must free himself from wrong self-direction and look behind the appearance of earthly things, remembering that all appearances are veils—veils that must be removed.

There is nothing arbitrary or fortuitous in our actions. No matter how trivial or voluntary, careful self-study always shows that any action is fully determined by motives that are often carefully hidden. When we watch the development of a human being, especially during the first few years of his earthly existence, we are particu-

larly impressed with one fact: that the child is insatiable in its desires. If such desires were continued into adult life, the whole physical life would be too small to supply the wants of a single person.

During our waking state, a number of thought structures are constantly being formed. This activity is never finished during the day, and the sum of energy required for the production of these thoughts is sufficient to hold the individual during sleep, thus forming an active daily cycle. It is the recovery of the sleeping part of the cycle that will greatly assist the individual in the solution of the individual's problem. Dream is often the guardian of sleep. Our past is ever tinged with the waking and the dream experiences.

One's life can not always take the form of questions. Every future moment of being must answer for every present moment; every moment lost to agitation is a future moment's question. Stop where we will on the ladder of life, and we tread upon such wonders.

When one is miserable, he has planted thorns in his own path. Then he cries out in loud complaint. This is but an admission that he, himself, planted the thorns that grew in his path.

Though evil-doers can often escape the judgment of their fellow men, they cannot escape the natural law of life.

To escape a present uncertainty, each of us must mediate a future that will give meaning to the present.

Ours is an age of crouding doubts; and among them a deep misgiving haunts the world today. It has begun to doubt the power or sufficiency of established earthly authority to meet and serve its needs. Pursued though we be through weary days and sleepless nights, the search for material remedies to soothe our spiritual distresses can have only one end—failure.

All individuals have a twofold role to play in the world: a real one and an ideal one. In neither of these roles should doubt appear.

Self-limitations

Each little event of the day, each thought or bit of activity, carries with it a definite emotional tone. We all constantly react to changes of mood. With most of us, these moods are fleeting. Sometimes they remain just a little longer than usual; but always they tend to produce their characteristic attitudes and effects. The emotion of depression brings a characteristic "blueness," which, as it clutches the individual, holds complete sway over his personality. Depression has a definite tendency to slow up activity, physically and mentally. When we are sad, we do not whistle, sing or skip as we go along.

In proportion to the depth of the depression, there is a slowing up of bodily function that manifests itself in a peculiar manner. Hence it is now generally accepted that bodily disease is a result of recurring depressive mental states. The word "melancholia" actually means "black bile."

In states of elation, we become accelerated in all phases of our physical, psychical and mental activity. Most of us have experienced those peaks of ela-

tion wherein the bleakest, rawest day became one of grandeur or delight. Most of us, too, have been cast into those depths wherein nature's loveliest smile served only to make our own bedraggled hearts sink lower. We have been placed in those uncertainties in which each thought and act seemed to complicate and interfere with that which we were trying to accomplish. These moods seem far removed from each other, but are really closely bound together.

We appreciate our joys because of our sorrows; we respect our woes because of the pleasures we have experienced; we hold tenaciously to our apparent security, because of the anxieties we have felt. We live each day with our emotions—those moving energies that take us through countless changes of feeling. It is this emotional life of ours which has a dominating influence on our everyday behavior.

In general, we try to live our lives in as pleasurable a state of affairs as possible; and also try to avoid the unpleasant aspects. This is the difficulty in everyday living, since the combination of our various emotions and urges within us, and the complexities of modern civilization, constantly face us as obstacles to our desires.

One of the greatest sources of annoyance for the everyday person is the frequent realization of his having to admit that there are deficiencies and inadequacies in his make-up. To admit the possession of these is painful, and an attempt is made to find a way to escape such an admission.

There are examples of self-deceit, known technically as rationalizations, and they come to be actually believed by the individuals employing them. If the rationalization is allowed to serve its purpose unchallenged, it thus appears to protect the individual from painful admissions of inadequacy or poor judgment.

We also learn to transfer our difficulties and shortcomings to someone or something else in order to escape the annoyance of admission of our frailties. Often when we miss a stroke in golf we blame the ball. Likewise we learn to withdraw into the world of day-dream when we fail to gain satisfaction and praise of our ordinary efforts. Here we become the great conquering or suffering heroes, misunderstood or even abused by the rest of the world.

We blame heredity, our plodding ancestors, for our faults. We try to minimize the desirability of the ends sought when we have fallen short of accomplishment. We even sometimes try to fool ourselves by saying that the failures might have been worse. These and a great many other mechanisms are constantly brought into play in our effort to hide our difficulties and to maintain ourselves in as pleasurable a state as possible.

To mount the ladder of life, we must accept our environment and adapt ourselves to it in silence. We have no business trespassing beyond the confines of our own individuality. We cannot hope to manage the universe in our spare time. If we try, we will probably make a mess of such part of the universe that we touch, while gravely

neglecting ourselves. We cannot manipulate reality into accord with any ideal of our mind, but have only to recognize reality. Our philosophy is not the production of what ought to be, but is the apprehension of what is. A higher perception of the infinite leads to peace.

There are powers in man beyond those usually employed in his normal self-consciousness. The little lamp of self-consciousness illumines only a tiny fraction of the soul's domain. Here and there a few points are illuminated, while, all around, the great enlightened fields are wrapped in the darkness of night. This or that chamber of the soul's dwelling is lighted; then again it is wrapped in the mist of darkness. So man lives in this world largely a stranger to himself.—Not only do we possess means of recalling to self-consciousness innumerable experiences which once claimed our attention; but there is also even a greater stream of experiences consisting of fleeting impressions, trivial circumstances, and vanished faces that are accurately preserved.

If we are ready, there will come periods in life when a lofty idea will move before us: an idea whose first germination is as a delicate root that will later support a brilliant flower. During the process of growth, something is presented to us which will act as a suggestion. Whether this suggestion be a brightening of the atmosphere, or an expression in a human face, or a crisis in one's own life or in the life of another, or a passage in a book, or a hypothesis in a scientific work—the general result in every case has been that something which hitherto lay bound in the individual awakened from its magic sleep, living and fruitful after it is impregnated. Then all the faculties and energies of the personality concentrated themselves as by a spell on this one germinating point. *Ever remember: Anything can be made manifest to an individual when he, himself, removes the impediments.*

Personal development is the coming to light of that which is latent and hidden. With *internal* perception, the co-operation of the sense-organs is not needed. Every object apprehended is viewed through the medium of individual purpose. Thus, whatever is pleasant to one is unpleasant to another or to the same person at a different time. We live mainly in worlds of our own where we overestimate our specific needs and purposes and set a conventional value on our preferences. Our ordinary lives are bound up with selfish desires which give rise to pain.

The super-sensible world beyond the physical has its own science and laws.

Each step on the ladder of life brings its own reward. We have paid an enormous price for being what we are. The whole of us is not exhausted by what we are now.

Our present mentality is overburdened with external things: humdrum toil, material greed, and sensual excitement. All sensed objects have their eternal archetypes which undergo physical changes but are never destroyed.

To step into the inner garden, the

individual strips himself of all mental connection with physical conditions.

A deity who reveals himself to some and not to others is a fiction of pious imagination. Realization of self comes only to a mind prepared for it. Whatever is true is true for every intelligence that can apprehend it. There is no private truth. Let not thought expire in experience. The whole body of knowledge cannot be reduced to matter or motion or energy; for these things are concepts of thought.

We reach the real when the wrong view is cleared up.

Let not your truth and error have reference only to objects. No one can lay claim to wholeness of knowledge of life and the universe. We know little of the past and nothing of the future; and the present is so immense that it exceeds our range of experience. Our conclusions are always on the same plane as our premises.

WORDS

In all sincere speech there is power, not necessarily great power, but as much as the speaker is capable of. Speak for yourself and from yourself, or be silent. It avails nothing to tell in your "clever" way what another has already told us with the dynamic energy of conviction. If you tell us something that your own eyes have seen, your own mind has thought, your own heart has felt, you will have power over us, and all the real power that is possible for you. If what you have seen is trivial; if what you have thought is erroneous; if what you have felt is feeble, it would assuredly be better that you should not speak at all.

Human beings are always endeavoring through language to make some adjustment to their surroundings.

Great movements in the human race have left their marks upon our thinking. We are thus forced to consider more closely our language symbols.

Each great movement in human history has come to us wrapped in *words:* words about which we debate and sometimes misunderstand. And words affect our individual and social patterns of living, even to the point of success and failure.

Language is a set of symbols or signs, used solely to stand for something else, whether that something be outer fact or inner emotion, objects outside, or feelings, moods and emotions within.

People speak for various reasons: to promote their own interests, to attain pleasurable experiences, to protect themselves from real or fancied threats, to incite others to action, or to defend their own actions. This means that people do not always speak for purposes of objective analysis, but as often, perhaps more often, to give expression to their own attitudes, positive or negative. If these attitudes are warped, so is their speech; they may even take accepted symbols and give them special, personal, distorted meanings. Even a gesture, a facial movement, a strange use of a word, may be at times a language of attitudes. Much that passes for language often has little value as objective comment on the world.

Vast terms like loyalty, truth, ideals,

may perform a valuable function by reminding us to look beyond the immediate and the narrow; but they can also become personal fixations, catchwords for prejudice and fears and imbalance. Therefore, we must question the meanings of the words we use; question the validity of the symbol that each word indicates.

Symbols rule us and invade every area of our living. Bankers gather paper symbols of wealth; and we sweat for them. Politicians wheedle votes by symbols and verbal promises.

Nations rise and fall by flag symbols and dubious slogans in words.

In all thinking, we spend much time merely reinterpreting, rearranging and recombining signs and symbols.

To each of us today, the word "earth" arouses a visual image of a sphere. Not many centuries ago, the same word aroused just as readily the image of a flat surface. Earth, which once meant flat, now means spherical. Thus do all words share in the possibility of a dramatic and world-shaking upheaval.

Every word has meanings instead of meaning, and indicates also overtones or affective meanings. Language is dynamic, not static.

The power to awaken ideas: We must use words so that, like an enchanter's wand, they make what they symbolize rise into view, as though it stood before the eye. This is a well-earned power, a talent which may be cultivated; and there is nothing else which gives to our work more life and charm. It is important to make things plain, to throw about them the revealing light of the mind.

To be helpful we must work from within, must upbuild our own beings, and become what we would have others become, and not put our trust in stupid proverbs, ignorant precepts, hidebound educators and lower-plane thinkers.

Then our example of living will be as full of inspiration as the words we use.

ASTIGMATISM

"Matter may really be considered as our sensuous misreading of the spiritual. That is to say, God sees one thing; our senses another. In the wild lily cited by our Lord, our senses see a thing exquisite in form and color; and yet, relatively speaking, it is no more than a distortion of what God beholds and delights in.

"It is a commonplace fact that, even within the limitations of the senses, our sense-faculties perceive few things, if anything, quite accurately. Matter may therefore be considered as *our wrong view of what God sees rightly*. Both for Him and for us the object is there; but it is there with higher qualities than we can appreciate or understand."

From THE CONQUEST OF FEAR *by Basil King.*

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WORK

of Edgar Cayce

Edgar Cayce was one of America's great psychics. He gave more than 40,000 psychic readings for people in all parts of the world; the sick, the confused, the curious, the studious. He discovered his psychic powers at the age of twenty-one. For his readings he went into a deep state of hypnosis in which the intelligence and knowledge of his subconscious mind became available. He answered any question on any subject. The power explained itself by saying that all subconscious minds are related and able to reach each other once the barrier of the conscious mind is removed. In this respect, Cayce was one of the few psychics who had no "control." He was in no sense a spiritualist. No spirit entities spoke through him. His subconscious obtained and delivered the information.

Edgar Cayce was born March 18, 1877, on a farm in Christian County, Kentucky. He settled in Virginia Beach in 1925 and in 1931 the Association for Research and Enlightenment, Inc., was formed, under a state charter, to study his work. From the 30,000 Cayce readings in their possession, the information of general interest and use is extracted and published.

Each month, in this space, MIND DIGEST will present portions of the information, reprinted from these publications. Readers who are interested in further details may write to The Association for Research and Enlightenment, Inc., Dept. M, Virginia Beach, Va.

JESUS, THE CHRIST:

(357-MS) "There has come a teacher who was bold enough to declare himself as the Son of the living God. He set no rules of ethics other than: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,' and advised us that, 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, thy brethren, ye do it unto thy Maker.' He declared that the kingdom of heaven is within each individual entity's consciousness, to be attained, to be aware of—through meditating upon the fact that God is the Father of every soul.

"Jesus, the Christ, is the mediator, and in Him, and in the study of His examples in the earth is LIFE—and that ye may have it more abundantly. Here, then, ye have a friend, a brother, a companion."

(288-L-7) "There is in each experience that which is both good and bad; yet the Christ stands in self's stead in the abilities to meet each of those conditions which have been builded as but a portion of the structural body of the soul, if the faith, the hope of the promise in Him is held first and foremost.

"As was said of old by all who proclaimed a name, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, thy might, thy mind, thy soul,' and He gave that likened unto it in a manifested form. Before His entrance, finally, into the earth, it was rather as a tenet; yet He, fulfilling the law, then proclaimed, 'and thy neighbor as thyself.' This He did in the body. Would we be like Him? Then let us not only proclaim but *act*, and *think* those proclaiming influences that we have walked and talked with Him in the inner conscience; not so much by speech, but rather in the loving activities of mind, of body; and the result is the development in the soul."

(364-Se-4) "As He, the Christ, is in His glory that was ordained of the Father, He may be approached by those who in sincerity and in earnest seek to know Him and to be guided by Him. As He has given, by faith all things are made possible through belief

in His name. Believest thou? Then let thy activities bespeak that thou wouldst have, in spirit and in truth.

"Seek, then, each in your own way and manner, to magnify that you—as souls, as beings—would make manifest of His love, in the way He will show thee day by day."

(3528-L) "For the Master, Jesus, even the Christ, is the pattern for every man in the earth, whether he be Gentile or Jew, Parthenian or Greek. For all have the pattern, whether they call on that Name or not; but there is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved from themselves."

(262-96½) "May the Peace, the Joy of His Consciousness, His Presence, His Joy be thine this day; yea, all thy days in the earth! For He is nigh unto thee. He is in thy midst!

"Praise ye the Lord, then, who gave His Son that ye might know Him!"

(849-MS-6-7) Question: "Explain the relationship of the Wise Men and Jesus' birth."

Answer: ". . . We find the Wise Men as those who were seekers for the truth. For this happening—in or through the application of those forces you would today term as psychic—we find them coming to the place where the Child was; or they were drawn as those who were giving thanks for this Gift, this expression of a soul who was seeking to show wayward man the way back to God.

"So they represent, in the metaphysical sense, the three phases of man's experience in materiality: gold, the material; frankincense, the ether or ethereal; myrrh, the healing force . . . or body, mind, soul. These were the positions then in their relationship—or, to put it into the parlance of the day, they were the encouragement needed for the Mother and those who had nourished and cherished this event in the experience of mankind."

(364-Se-4) Question: "Is Jesus, the Christ, on any particular sphere, or is He manifesting on the earth-plane in another body?"

Answer: "All power in heaven, in earth, is given to Him who overcame. Hence, He is of Himself in space, in the force that impels through faith, through belief in the individual entity, as a spirit entity. Hence, not in a body in the earth, but may come at will to those who will to be one with the acts in love to make such event possible. He shall come as you have seen Him go, in the body He occupied in Galilee; the body that He formed, that was crucified on the cross, that rose from the tomb, that walked by the sea, that appeared to Philippe, that appeared to me, even I, John."

"The time no one knows. Even as He gave, not even the Son Himself knows—only the Father. Not until His enemies and the earth are wholly in subjection to His will, His powers."

Question: "Are we entering the period of preparation for His coming?"

Answer: "Entering the test period, rather."

BOOK REVIEW

IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND

By JOHN DAVIS, 68 pp.....Paper 75c, Cloth $1.50*

Published by MIND DIGEST

Reviewed by GORDON LeCLAIRE

The simplicity of the above title is indicative of the luminous contents of this challenging volume on "The Mental Factor in Health and Disease." This book not only establishes and elucidates its theme in a vitally original manner, but also is one of the most convincing and spiritually rewarding volumes among the scores that have been recently written on the art of mental healing, or the science of psychosomatic therapy.

John Davis writes in a refreshing, readable idiom; his language is concise; his logic, clear and conclusive; his metaphysics, sane and inspiriting. For those who have been searching diligently for a book which reduces the dynamic science of mental healing to its fundamentals in an instructive and entertaining fashion, without the usual deterrent of technical terminology, this volume is a godsend. It is an ideal introduction for the beginner; a refresher for the professional practitioner; and is one of those unique creations that even the uninitiated laymen can appreciate wholeheartedly. In fact, anyone who is in the slightest degree interested in "the richer and more abundant life," will find its pages engrossing.

The volume comprises three main divisions. In the first, entitled, "The Doctor Discovers the Soul," is revealed a fascinating theory of the nature of psychosomatic medicine, proving the truth of the Whitmanesque dictum, "You're not all included between your hat and your boots." Mr. Davis points up various practical case histories to prove that diseases such as asthma, tuberculosis, arthritis, angina pectoris, and even the "common cold," are caused mainly by wrong thinking; that often "it is the soul that is sick, when the body is diseased." The chapter captioned "The Metaphysics of It" is most provocative, demonstrating that physical substance is a mental, rather than a physical reality. It should be read by every confirmed materialist.

The second section, on "Spiritual Diagnosis," is a masterly treatise on the nature of the "unhealthy emotions, desires and thoughts" that are the basic causative agents of illness and disease. Not only does Mr. Davis manifest an uncanny power of analysis in regard to these negative agents, but also offers well-authenticated information concerning their neutralization and subsequent destruction. His diagnosis and suggested treatment of cancer are particularly striking, and will repay intensive study.

The final section, "Making Yourself Over," is, as the title suggests, a summary of the curative aspects of the thesis developed with persuasive skill throughout the volume. Mr. Davis stresses the role of "re-orientation" in overcoming the enslavement of "unhealthy desires"; the role of cultivating healthful emotions to counteract and annihilate the unhealthy ones; and the roles of substitution and suggestibility in eradicating the subconscious negative thought-patterns.

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Continued from Page 96

the fact that the birth of Jesus nearly 2000 years ago is of little significance in our life unless we follow His example and give birth in our hearts to our own inner Christ.—Let us kindle this Christ light, the Christ-consciousness to His glory; and let us resolve to follow His path to true enlightenment, so that we may come into our own great inheritance as the Sons of God.

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A MINUTE OR TWO WITH THE EDITOR

Dear Reader:

What is Spirituality?—Spirituality is mainly an awareness or a consciousness of the spirit; a desire to live and act in harmony with the spirit; a realization that basically all is spirit or a materialization of spirit. It is awareness of the reality of your true being, your true relationship to your Creator; your consciousness of the fact that you are the temple of the living Christ; that God is love, power, beauty and perfection; that God is the abundance of all things which you desire and which you need for your perfect physical, mental and spiritual growth and development.

Spirituality can be developed only through consciousness or awareness. Some of us find it through years of struggling search and practice, while in others it may be born on the spur of a moment when a deep enlightenment floods the soul and becomes a conscious reality in the life of the individual.

This consciousness, or Christ-consciousness, is dormant in every human being. It can be kindled in every soul. It is the living Christ that may guide your steps through this life to great happiness and understanding; to your perfect union with your Creator. To some people, such a life may appear to be a great self-sacrifice; but to the enlightened one it is a joy indeed: genuine, satisfying joy. He recognizes the truth that it is in reality the person who chases after the fleeting material pleasures and objects of the world who leads the life of self-sacrifice—self-sacrifice at the altar of confusion and delusion.

If you desire to develop **your** Spirituality, light a candle of Christ-consciousness in your heart. Attend it with care and feed it with your awareness. Let it throw its guiding light on all your ways. Let its beneficial influence penetrate all your actions. You will then see it develop into a vigorous glow which will not only light up the chamber of your heart, but will envelop your whole being, offering you protection at all times, giving you the power to do all things that are required of you and guiding you with ease and facility through all the difficulties of your life.

This consciousness can be developed in many different ways. One person may attain it by ardent prayer, another by unwavering faith, or by meditation or concentration. The practice of certain rituals, or the application of a system such as Yoga, often serves others as a stepping stone to their goal. Brother Lawrence attained it through the simple practice of the Presence of God, as described in his booklet of that title. And Dr. Vincent found the way through the practice of the Technique of Light, as explained in his outstanding book, **Lighted Passage,** and in Olive Pixley's **The Trail.**

This year, as Christmas is again approaching, let us become fully aware of

Continued on Page 95

Peace on Earth

Good Will toward Men

What Our Readers Say:

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I do not want to miss a single issue. Reading MIND DIGEST has been a great help to me. It has changed my whole life. I feel much better . . ."—L.J.T.

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