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The MYSTIC KEY



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Rochester, New York

The MYSTIC KEY

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The Dreamer

The dreamer dreamed, and the busy world,
  Passed by with a mocking smile,
As it went in search of the world's rewards,
  But the dreamer dreamed the while.

He saw the world, as the world should be
  When the longer years had run.
And the world but paused in its work to ask:
  "Pray, what has the dreamer done?"

Yet ever the dreamer dreamed his dream,
  Until, in some wondrous way—
As the water springing in deep of earth,
  Finds passage to upper day.

The dreamer's dream found the man of power,—
  'Tis strange how our lives are knit—
Who knew not the dreamer, but took his dream,
  And transformed the world with it.

The world bows down to the man of power—
  Forgotten the dreamer lies—
Yet the dream he dreamed is the secret force
  That has forged man's destinies.

—Charles Carter Rollitt.

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MENTALISM THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS

MY OLD friend, William Briggs, was an ardent collector of horseshoes, iron hoops, nails, and sundry other articles made of iron, steel, copper, tin and brass. NO, he wasn't a junk man—he was a carpenter, a good, kindly, Godfearing, old man, with a deep voice and a most magnificent Abrahamic beard and a bald head, all of which made him look a lot like the pictures of God and Moses that I used to see in my Mother's Bible, years ago. And he was a devotee of that hoary adage, "keep a thing seven years and you'll find a use for it." His sheds, loft and cellar were filled to roof and ceiling with the polyglot collection of years.

William Briggs, like Moses and many others, "was gathered to his fathers." In other words he went the way of all flesh and "gave up the ghost." He went to heaven, maybe, or . . . well, to that place that is so much warmer than St. Paul, Minn., and in which, so some folk say, I am to spend a great many years. Where he went doesn't matter much—the junk and Mrs. Briggs were left behind. Being one of those rare beings, a dutiful wife with implicit faith in her "William," Mrs. Briggs took consolation in the thought that the piles of junk were left, for, hadn't William said, many times, "Mother, this will bring us a tidy sum, some day." She would sell it all and get the money.

There was a serious hitch in the matter, however. When she had a man come to give an estimate on the value of the "collection" she discovered that God is really and truly "no respecter of persons . . . and sends the rain upon the just and the unjust alike." William, being a good carpenter, had forgotten to keep the roof repaired and the rain had sent in a bountiful

supply of moisture which had percolated thru the entire mass with the result that "rust and corruption" had crept in and the stuff was hardly worth hauling away. Perhaps William knew all about it then and was sorry, but, "the moving finger having writ" had moved on.

This is a true story. 'Pon my honor it is. And there are many men and women in the world who are like William Briggs and have filled their mental attics with junk, useless, rusty, unrelated stuff that is worse than valueless. They are afraid to venture either in ideas or actions—they are fearful of throwing away either articles or ideas. They are wedded to "things" both mental and material and they never get any where. And the pity of it is they think they are being frugal, industrious and practical. No wonder Robert G. Ingersol said: "Spend your last dollar like a king!" He knew what it meant to speak what he thought without fear or favor.

If my old friend had possessed the "go-getter" type of mind the above story could never have been written. He was a good cabinet worker, a splendid mechanic, but obsessed by the fear of throwing away a nail. I have seen him spend a full half hour carefully extracting nails from bits of board, and straightening them because, "they might come in handy," some day. And he was the same about most other things—it was a species of metal-o-phobia. If he had had more iron in his mind and blood and less in his sheds he would have been far richer and more helpful.

The point in relating the incident in the life of "mine ancient friend" is to call attention to the fact that his whole difficulty was due to a state of mind—i. e. to his habit of thinking. He was dwelling on insignificant things, on cast-offs, things that others had thrown away. His perspective was wrong—he failed

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to think straight and failed utterly to connect up his thinking with practical, present day results and actions. Here is an old truism:

A man's success is measured by his state of mind. His results can never exceed the capacity of his thinking. We may set it down as one of the irrefutable truths of life that the greatest barrier to any man's advancement and success is his habit of thinking, the state of his mentality. So, if we want the kind of mentalism that does pay real dividends, we had better think this over a bit:

The mind that pays dividends is the one that controls, directs, and harmonizes the things we think with our actions. And compels such thinking and actions as are conducive of practical results.

That mind must have clear, definite and fully worked out ideas which are so developed as to propel the thinker toward the goal of which he dreams.

It must be a mind with the ability to make a thorough self analysis, i. e. it must take stock of the tools, implements, circumstances—the deficiencies as well as the possessions of the individual and the judgment to supply the necessary missing elements needed to perfect the working energy.

It must have the determination and foresight which will enable the individual to hang on like grim death, until victory has been assured or until it is clearly and definitely certain that success cannot come that way. In such an event,

It must be the type of mind that can let go without any quibbling or fear. To let go of a forlorn hope is a much wiser and more certain way of getting dividends than to hang on in the face of positive failure.

In addition to this, the Dividend Paying Mind is the one that can discover human needs and supply

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them,—whether they be mental, material or emotional. In short it must

Find out what people want . . . then supply the demand. It might be said the whole secret of a dividend paying mentalism lies in bringing to mankind what it needs.

Henry Ford saw the need of better transportation . . . and supplied it. His dividends make up rather a tidy sum.

Samuel F. B. Morse, Alexander Graham Bell, Marconi, Nicola Tesla, Edison, Cyrus W. Fields and others, saw the need of better means of communication and gave us telegraphy, wireless, electricity, and the radio. A thought of the earning capacity of these commodities will startle one with the magnitude of the dividends which have accrued—and still roll in by the millions.

If you find that a certain state of mind is a handicap to your success, cut it out as the surgeon does a tumor that jeopardizes the life of his patient. An infected tooth is pulled out, straightway; or is treated and filled. A condition of acidosis is rectified as quickly as discovered—by the wise, at least—thru proper diet, exercise and treatment. Why not use the same common sense in dealing with the mind? It is the only way to get results.

The kind of mentalism that pays real dividends is the wholesome, earnest—but not gloomy—type that can see personal, as well as collective necessities and provide them in a systematic, consistent manner. And there is one—and only one—starting point. And that is with oneself. We are told that Jesus said: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things will be added unto you," or words to that effect.

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Did He say that, really? I don't know—opinions differ. He wrote nothing, all that we know is by hearsay evidence handed down thru the mist of years. Whether He said it or not, doesn't matter much—the statement is a truth no matter where it came from; and it refers to a state of mind, certainly.

Summed up in a nutshell it means: See the divine in yourself; have faith in your abilities, and then go ahead, without fear or quibbling, *and be yourself and do things.* The dividends will follow.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"An awakened mind brings to its possessor the Midas touch which transmutes every minute fact, every twig and blossom, star or clod, into jewels of knowledge. Thru this mental alchemy man transforms the simple and inconsequential into the dignified and majestic facts of character and wisdom; and wisdom distils the attar of truth, the possession of which gains for its owner an audience with the Lords of Progress who dwell in the Courts of Heaven."

From "*Words of The Master.*"

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

The closer we get to them, the less steep seem life's hills.

—*Anon.*

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THRU THE YEARS WITH THE EDITOR. XXI

WHEN one attempts to tell about his experiences with an entity, a vitally real individual, who dwells upon a plane, the very existence of which is doubted by many people, it is rather hard to find just the right terminology with which to express the facts so they will be understandable to those who read. We all know it is difficult to see things from the viewpoint of another: what is sacred to me may be anathema to you; and the thing you regard as the *summum bonum* of sacredness may be the very opposite to me.

To some people the name of the Master of Galilee represents all that is holy. To others it is the name of Buddha, Krishna, Abdul Baha, or something else, that carries the mark of supreme reverence and sacredness. What right has the follower of the Galilean to question the sincerity and good judgment of the followers of any one of these whose names I have mentioned? It is not strange that the one who means most in our lives should assume, in our eyes, the greatest importance and arouse the larger measure of devotion.

The person who agrees with me, sustains my judgment—in my opinion. While he who sees things as do you, confirms yours, and, lo! we each think the other to be a hard headed, stubborn and unreasoning heathen because he cannot see the matter from our viewpoint. It has ever been thus—and, no doubt, ever will be. It is the law of life.

When I speak of the visitations of the Master Teacher who comes to me at times I speak of actual contact, personal experience. In dreams, in visions, and in my waking state, I have had these experiences. To me there is no question as to His reality. I always

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think of Him in terms of capitals—there is no lower case type in my mind when I think of this particular entity. And the advantage He has, insofar as my attitude is concerned, is in the fact that I *know* Him . . . of the other illustrious Christs of the past I have merely read and heard. But the more I read of them, the more convinced I am that He, the Teacher, is a manifestation of the same spirit. If, in your opinion, this be sacrilege, at least be a sufficiently consistent follower of the Man of Nazareth to refrain from passing harsh judgment upon a matter that you cannot possibly see from my personal vantage point.

I promised to tell you of some of my contacts with this Teacher. And I shall tell them as they were. What you think of them is absolutely immaterial to me—I ask no one to believe. It is also a matter of complete indifference to me whether you regard me as *non compos mentis*, in other words, sane, insane, incapable of weighing evidence, without logical thinking power, or what not. Facts are facts. To me He is a reality, a Teacher, a Messianic spirit, *jure divino*.

As I have told you my experience with this Teacher dates back to my boyhood. As a youth, in California, He came to me frequently. Some times in the hills, at other times at night, again at twilight, in the evening, in short, whenever the circumstance seemed to require it, He was there. How well I know what Socrates meant by his reference to his "guardian deity." I have been accompanied by one all my life. And the only failures have been when I failed to follow His admonitions.

I have seen and heard this Teacher in various parts of the country—and in almost every conceivable place. For example: Walking down the hillside leading from my home to the shores of Echo Lake, in Los Angeles, I stepped out of the winding path thru the

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wild mustard—which, at that time grew as tall as a man—to the path along the shore of the lake. I was intent upon a certain purpose which, to have followed, would, unquestionably, have been a serious mistake. As I stepped out in the open, there He stood.

It was at the time of day when night was falling—it was dusk, yet light enough to see clearly. I was stopped by the form standing directly in front of me. There was no imagination—the hand on my shoulder was real, the voice was real, the form was a reality. It is simply impossible to put into words the sensation of awe, nor yet describe the gentle firmness of the voice. The first words were, "Thou fool, go back!" Then followed briefly, swiftly, a statement of fact, an outline of events, which have been so completely verified, as to leave doubt out of the question.

Don't say that I "imagined it." How do you know? You were not there—but I was. If you said, "What did He look like—how was He dressed?" I could answer that very easily. As I have said before, He is Oriental, a Persian, His garb was after the manner of the highest class, the finest type of Master Teacher, Poet, Seer, Scholar. There was in Him—as there still is—a dignity that no Occidental possesses— at least I have yet to see a student of the Occident who has anything like a remote resemblance to the poise, the dignity and power that this Teacher manifests. Suffice it to say that what He said that evening upon the shores of Echo Lake prevented me from doing what I had intended—and that thing has never been done by me, to this day.

Another time I was in Evansville, Indiana. I had gone there for a series of meetings, under the auspices of a society then functioning in that city—about twenty-five years ago. The society was to furnish quarters for me and the man who had charge secured

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a room in what had once been quite a respectable hotel. When I went to the room and placed my baggage, the voice said, "You must not stay here." It was evening and I was very tired. Telling myself I would look into the matter in the morning, I retired, after turning the key in my door.

It was sometime after midnight when I was awakened by the pressure of a hand upon my forehead, and a voice commanded me to get up. I looked. He was standing there beside the bed. His lips moved and he said: "Get up and secure your door . . . immediately," and added, "tomorrow you must move out of here." I hastened to the door—it was locked with the ordinary lock, the key still being in place. There was an ineffective bolt on the door which I pushed into its socket, and taking a heavy chair I wedged it securely under the knob and quietly pushed my trunk, which, being filled with books, was quite heavy, against the chair.

I returned to bed, naturally, wide awake. The Teacher's lips formed the word, "Watch!" I did. He stood where the light of Him shone softly upon the door, the keyhole and the little bolt—both of which were above the knob. How long I watched, I don't know. But this I do know: I heard a scratching sound, as metal softly contacting metal. Very slowly the key turned in the lock, there was a pressure and a soft tinkling sound—the key had fallen out. Again a pressure and a voice whispered "the bolt!" Above the bolt was a little hole which looked as though a screw or nail had been withdrawn—thru that there came a wire and slowly, very expertly, that bolt was maneuvered until it could be slipped back. Then came a pressure —and a voice, in a whisper that the stillness carried very clearly to my super-tensed senses, said—"He must have got wise!" The Teacher stood there by the

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door, looked at me intently and again his lips framed the word "Tomorrow" and a gesture indicated I must move. With that He seemed to fade thru that door— I heard a half stifled scream and a voice said, "My God! what's that?" Another voice cried in subdued terror, "A ghost!" and footsteps fled down the hall.

Needless to say I paid my bill the next morning and moved out. As I stood at the desk paying my bill I looked at the woman—she was nervous and ill at ease. The man who stood beside her looked at me a moment and then said, "Say, bo, what's your game anyway?" I said, "I am a Spiritualist lecturer and medium, why?" "Oh, nothing, I was just wondering," he said. But I knew I was talking to the people who had been at my door. The faces, blanched by a fear of the, to them, uncanny, and the voices which had fallen to a whisper, told me who they were.

For four months I served the Sixth Street Church in Columbus, Ohio. They had a very comfortable suite of rooms in the church building, over the entertainment, or school room. I lived there alone, Mrs. Erwood and the children being at our home in Elkhart, Ind. The phenomena that occurred in that place would equal any I have ever witnessed anywhere. Voices, phantoms, apparitions, and forms looking as real and solid as my own, were among the many I have seen there. Again and again I have heard footsteps as though someone was walking up and down the stairs. I have gotten up and gone out in the hall, down the stairs, thru the school room and out into the main auditorium of the church to ascertain if any mortal was there. Always on such occasions I found the doors securely locked and never did I find any human mortal there.

It was during the four months spent there that I received, from the Teacher, some of the finest instruc-

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tion I have had. In those days it was more necessary for me to have tangible evidence of His presence—while we were close, mentally, it was not possible for the very subtle and wonderful mental at-one-ment that exists today. Today, if I may be pardoned the statement, I have a knowledge that was not possessed then; likewise a mental development which has tended to increase my ability to *feel* the things He wants me to know and do. Altogether, this brings me in closer personal contact with this Master Teacher. And,—a fact for which I am most grateful—I still have the vision to see Him at times, very clearly.

In the "Old Stone Church" as the Columbus Church is sometimes called, I had some very wonderful visitations. Sometimes, after one of these remarkable experiences, I would find myself unable to sleep—and I have sat for an hour or more at the open window; or, with all of the lights extinguished, with only the light of the stars, the moon, or the flickering rays of light from the not too numerous street lamps, I would sit in the reception room of my suite listening to and watching the manifestations which would occur. Many of that class of demonstrations known in Spiritualistic parlance as "physical phenomena" occurred there, as, for example, the moving of ponderable bodies, levitation, and partial as well as complete materialization.

It was in this place that one of the most remarkable of the manifestations given by the Master Teacher took place. It is one that I have never mentioned either from the platform or thru these, or any other columns before. I have kept it as one of the cherished incidents in my many years of contact with this royal soul and, even now, I hesitate to tell it. Yet, the instructions have been to state the facts of a few of these experiences and I shall do so. The length

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of this one particular phenomenal association with the denizens of the supernal world decrees that the account be left for the next issue of *The Mystic Key*.

Those who read these pages must be convinced of one or the other of two things, viz: I have had some very striking experiences with psychic phenomena, or I am one of the most terribly mistaken persons in this grey old world. Personally, however, I know that I am not mistaken; there has been neither delusion nor illusion—no element of hallucination in what has come to me. There has been too much veridical phenomena, too many verifications, for my experience to be other than fact.

To be continued.

"The Messianic Light burns in every human soul. The Wheel of Time turns constantly. And in its turning it brings to the surface of conscious outward expression—at precisely the point in each cycle when humanity has greatest need—that Soul in whom the Light has reached its highest degree of manifestation. When the Soul in whom the Messianic Light has reached its most perfect effulgence and glory, and thru whom the Messianic Spirit is revealed most perfectly, comes into human expression, let all men give heed . . . . for this is the Dawn of the New Day."

From "*Words of The Master.*"

Have Faith, tho' clouds environ 'round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

—*Selected.*

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A MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER

BELOVED! Light is the symbol of the higher birth—it is the awakening of the eternal verities in man. When the Divine Fiat, 'Let there be Light,' went forth thru the Cosmos, it heralded the dawn of human consciousness. And consciousness, mental awakedness, constitutes the eternal link between God, the Infinite Sun whence all light must come, and His human counterpart, the God-man, thru whom the Infinite Light finds the most perfect expression and manifestation. The whole purport of creation, of the Divine Handiwork, is this:

That the Divine Ray which has been stored up, thru the ages, in the soul of man—as sunlight is imprisoned in the uncut diamond—may, thru the work of the infinite lapidary, Experience, be set free to shine resplendently thruout eternity. The God-man, with all his inherent possibilities, is placed upon the Wheel of Time, there to remain until the work of the lapidary is finished, and he is set free to take up his return journey to the Source whence he has come. Therefore, know this: Each day contains its lesson, its task, its sorrow and its joy and if thou wouldst reach the heights of Mastership and Spiritual Freedom it behooves thee to meet what the day brings forth, smilingly, hopefully, and courageously as befits a Disciple of The One whom thou wouldst follow and serve."

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"ROCK WITH THE PUNCHES"

QUITE unconsciously our friends sometimes give us much food for thought—mayhap a chance phrase in their conversation starts us off on a long trail of meditation and speculation, a trail that winds on and on, seeming to have no end, because, just as we feel we have thought and reasoned to a conclusion, we come upon another idea that carries us further and still further.

Some days ago a friend of mine was telling me of a sermon she heard preached by one of the broadest and finest ministers in the City of Rochester and, in giving me a brief resumé of his remarks, she quoted a phrase that started me on a trail on which I am still wandering, reaching one conclusion yesterday, another today and probably still another tomorrow. But I found it an interesting trail and so I am inviting you to wander with me. You may decide to branch off at one point and reach a certain conclusion, whilst I may branch off at quite a different point and reach some other conclusion—it is all a matter of point-of-view.

This Minister used a phrase common to the art of boxing, I believe—namely, *rock with the punches*, and he applied it to life, suggesting that perhaps if we could learn to "rock with the punches" of life we might come through them with greater strength, rather than be broken or embittered by them. He spoke of the tree that cannot sway or bend when lashed by storm and gale—how too often it emerges a maimed and broken thing—whereas the tree that can sway and bend with the gale, comes through the storm uninjured, even strengthened to meet the next storm.

He spoke also of the contrast between the Indians and the negroes—the Indians could not "rock with the punches"—they could not bend or yield. The re-

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sult? They are almost an extinct race. Whereas the negro was more pliable and their race is in a state of evolution and development.

Having a deep respect and admiration for the Indians and their sterling qualities, I made this comment to my friend: "I cannot but admire the pride and dignity of the Indian that would rather die than be subservient to another race." And is there not something majestic about the tree that stands erect in its dignity and beauty and defies the anger of the Storm King even though it means death or destruction? But would the tree not fulfill its greatest purpose in the scheme of life if it could bend and sway gracefully to the lashing of the gale and come through to shed its beauty, its shade and protection for many years to come?

* * * * * * *

Parenthetically, let me ask you if you are familiar with Joyce Kilmer's poem, "Trees"? If you love trees as I do, you will love this poem—

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

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But, as I have thought more and more of the idea suggested by the phrase, *rock with the punches*, I am forced to admit that there is great wisdom in it. It seems to me it might be stated in another way—"*adjust* yourself to life, *do not fight it.*" By "adjust" I mean bring yourself in harmony with life and the laws that govern the Universe.

One of my greatest difficulties (and I mention it because the same is unquestionably true of thousands of others traveling life's highways and byways) has been, is and mayhap always will be, unless I succeed in radically changing my innermost self, that *I fight life*—not in all ways or at all times but in certain ways and at certain times. It would be difficult for me, and impossible for anyone else, to estimate the suffering I have inflicted upon myself by my innate inability to "rock with the punches."

As far back as I can remember, *injustice* in any form and to any person or creature has stirred me to the depths of my soul. With every atom of my being I have rebelled against it, sometimes getting so perturbed over it as to let it take a very heavy toll from me. At one time I was thus inwardly fuming over a certain gross injustice meted out by a "soulless" corporation to a friend of mine, when the Master Teacher taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. He said: "What would you think of a bird that pecked at the bars of its cage until it wore its beak off but made no impression on the bars?" He made me realize that when I was powerless to prevent or to remedy the injustice, it was sheer folly for me to allow it to take such toll from me. In other words, I should "rock with the punches"—adjust myself to what I could not alter and conserve my energy for something constructive.

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Are we rocking with the punches of our daily work or are we fighting our "job?" Is there any line of work, is there any profession, art or science, that has not its irksome or unpleasing features, and are we going to waste our vital energy fretting over that which irks us? If so, in the same ratio we unfit ourselves to make a success of our work and to find and to shed joy and happiness along our way. There has been under my observation for many years a certain business woman who has been fighting her job all through the years. She hates that good friend of mankind—*hard work*. She wants only the easy tasks—the cream of the job. If she has to do a real day's work or, in an unusual press of business, finds herself obliged to work a little bit overtime, she works herself up into a hectic state and fumes and rages inwardly, as well as outwardly, until she has used up, *wasted*, many times the energy required to complete the task, and then deludes herself into thinking that her fatigue is due entirely to the work!

Next her works another business woman who does every day a far larger volume of work of a much more trying and irksome nature but she does not fight her job — serenely, pleasantly, conscientiously she goes ahead with it.

Which of these two women is pursuing the wiser course—which one would you prefer to be associated with?

Someone near and dear to us passes on to the next phase of life—an experience that almost every human being must go through and in many cases one of the severest "punches" life can offer. Now how are we to meet those "punches"—shall we rock with them, that is, adjust ourselves to the inevitable and unalterable, say to ourselves: "This is but a temporary separation

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—(indeed, it need not be even that if we can so attune ourselves to sense the presence and hear the voice of the one who has cast aside this physical habitation) —I will meet it bravely and serenely and not distress the soul that has gone on by my grief and repining. I will devote my energy and time to such worthwhile works that when the day comes for me, too, to journey beyond the vale, I may be found worthy to rejoin that loved one."

OR

Shall we *fight* life, rebel against the cruelty of the fate that has befallen us, say or think: "Why has God seen fit to inflict this great sorrow upon me—what have I done that I should be made to suffer so?" God does not "inflict sorrow." This great Universe of ours operates according to divine laws. The only way we can know true peace and happiness is through understanding of and conformity to those laws and, once we have attained that understanding, life will not seem a cruel experience but a wonderful training school—the open sesame to greater beauty and happiness

—FLORENCE RUSSELL.

"Experience is the crucible in which the dross of materialism and pettiness is burned away. Only those who have been tried many times over and who have come to the knowledge of true selflessness and service may be said to be qualified to follow the road to Mastership—the goal toward which every true disciple turns his face, as well as his heart and mind." From "*Words of The Master.*"

The mintage of wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that real life is in love, laughter and work.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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THE WORK AFIELD



HERE are two questions with which I am confronted everywhere I go, and frequently I have been requested to answer them in these pages. I promised to do so, but the pressure of other work has made it impossible until the present time; now is the accepted time, as the Evangelists say, so I am going to tell the readers of *The Mystic Key*, in this little travelogue, what it is all about.

The first question is: "Is the interest in psychic phenomena and Spiritualism growing?" To this there can be but one answer and that is, Yes! It really ought to be spelled in capital letters, because the attention being paid to this subject is greater than ever before in my career. And one of the very fine things about it is there are so many more people who want to know something about the ethical side of the subject.

During the last few months I have visited several cities. In St. Louis—that smoky city which runs Pittsburg a very close race for the title "smokiest city in America"—I spoke for a number of the churches. And despite the fact that there were "hard times" and that Wall Street had been turning somersaults and "flipflops" with so much vigor that the fortunes of many good Americans disappeared like dew before the summer sun, there were many spendid meetings.

St. Louis has too many meetings that are called Spiritualistic. Some of them should not be dignified by that term because they are presided over by folk who do not know very much about the subject. But still, there are some who are doing a fine work. While there I spoke for the "Temple of Truth," presided over by Mrs. Elizabeth Gassaway. These good folk have a very attractive place which they have dedicated to the cause of Truth. Also I held a number of meet-

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ings for the "Tenth Church," which organization holds services in two places. In the afternoon they hold forth in their own building out on Sacremento Ave. And in the evening in the "Deutches Haus"—"The German House"—where by far the larger crowds are gathered.

Several times I spoke for the church which meets in the Marquette Hotel, quite in the heart of the city. Mrs. Nellie Curry and Mrs. DeWitt Tabor are the guiding geniuses of this organization, which is, I believe, one of the youngest chartered organizations in the Missouri State Association.

While in St. Louis I crossed over the Mississippi River to East St. Louis, where there is a very fine church building dedicated to the spiritual cause. This is presided over by Rev. Myrtle Larson and Mrs. Connell, who by the way, is Mrs. Larson's Mother. They, with their colleagues, have done a really wonderful work there. In addition to the East St. Louis Church, they are at the head of a good working organization in Granite City, Ill. I spoke for this group several times.

From St. Louis I made a hurried trip to Peoria to give a series of lectures for the fine Unity College; and to do a little special class work for one of the finest groups of people I have met. I was particularly delighted with the group meeting at Unity College, which is presided over by Mrs. Mathilde McNemar, who receives most able assistance from Miss Pearle Easterbrook and a fine corps of workers and teachers. I want to say here, with all my heart, I wish the lesson of that center could be instilled into the minds of every liberal group in the country. I found that the people who attended this great center had learned a most important lesson:

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They have learned how to enter the silence and be still that the real work of the spirit may be manifest.

In addition to this they are, almost without exception, striving to aid in the work of the spirit by doing very necessary things themselves, and by making sensible and earnest efforts to add to their sum of knowledge. It is one of the best, all around working bodies of people I have met in a long time. There isn't an hour of the day that they are not doing something worth while—and there is not an evening of the week when there is not some constructive activity going on in their auditorium or class rooms.

From Peoria I journeyed to St. Paul, Minn., to attend the mid-winter Mass Meeting of the Minnesota State Spiritualist Association. Here, in conjunction with Hon. Horace Leaf, of London, England, a most able and interesting speaker and psychic, and Rev. Charles Morrow, the new pastor of the First Church of Minneapolis, and a number of local workers, I helped carry the message of the larger life to a number of very fine audiences. Mr. Field, President of the Association, Mr. Stacey, its Secretary, were in evidence all of the time. So, also, were Mr. Joseph P. Whitwell, the President of the N. S. A., and Mrs. Whitwell, for so many years a worker in the field.

A number of meetings also have been held in the New Central Church of Minneapolis, the First Church of St. Paul, and the Spiritual Research Church of St. Paul. All of these organizations are working earnestly to advance the cause of Truth as they see it. I would like to speak of the personal work of the various workers of these churches, like Mrs. Clemmy, the Pastor of the Research Church, and Mrs. Voight and others, but the scope of this article will not permit.

The second question asked me is this: "What can be done to further the cause of spiritual research in

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its various branches?" The meetings referred to above, the articles in magazines, newspapers, both favorable and unfavorable to psychical research and Spiritualism, all combine to answer the first question in the affirmative. I would say, most emphatically, the interest is increasing in this and all kindred subjects.

The second question is a poser, in a way. Yet the answer is simple: Raise the standard of intelligence insofar as the personnel of the workers who represent these movements be concerned. There should be better preparation for the work of teaching and demonstrating the message of Spiritualism. It is at this point that Unity and some other organizations have it all over us, like the proverbial "tent". They are demanding preparation that encompasses a careful study of the tenets of the organizations represented—in other words the "Unity" Teacher must know her Unity, before she—or he—is allowed to go out to demonstrate and teach.

Intelligence and proper preparation—i. e. the right kind of education, plus the proper and intelligent development of the psychic gifts needed to rightly demonstrate the truth of the message which says, "There are no dead."

There are still too many people who are saying, "let the spirit world do it all." Neither God nor discarnate spirits can, or will do the work we should do ourselves. And the sooner this is understood by the rank and file of the people, the better it will be,—and the greater will be the willingness, on the part of the public, to accept the message. Certainly intelligence never hurts anyone—least of all will it injure the man or woman who is supposed to stand as a mediator between two phases of life, i. e. the incarnate and the discarnate.

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Time does not permit me to go into detail about this situation at this time. I hope, however, to make all of this very clear some day, i. e. the need of education, consecration to the service, development of the gifts of the spirit and the proper conducting of services, in order that the great message of truth may be broadcast with a vigor and degree of success never attained before.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"Death is the complement of life. It is the key to realms supernal. Without death to unlock the door of materiality that the soul may go hence to follow, eternally, the path of inevitable and blessed change, the divine in man would never have the opportunity of returning to the Father's house. And without death, the *open sesame* to God's richest treasure house, it would be quite impossible for man to wear the crown of perfect unfoldment."

From "*Words of The Master.*"

Isn't it strange
That princes and kings,
And clowns that caper
In sawdust rings
And common people
Like you and me
Are builders for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass,
A book of rules;
And each must make—
Ere life is flown—
A stumbling block
Or a stepping stone.

—*R. L. Sharpe.*

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THE PROBLEM OF HEALTHINESS

PAUL, who referred to himself as "the least of the Apostles," had some ideas that we might well copy in this day and age—I don't hold with all of his ideas, understand. When he admonished the women "to keep silent in the churches" and told them if they would learn anything "they should go to their husbands" I think he must have had a bad case of indigestion, or unrequited affection or something, or he would have known how impossible it is to keep the dear ladies silent . . ahem! And how very little some husbands know. Maybe they were wiser in those days, though the evidence is very slight.

Well, to resume: Paul did say some mighty fine things. He struck twelve when he said, "*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?* Then he added, "*If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.* (1st Corinthians, 3rd Chapt. 16th Verse.)

If there is any one thing more than another which I think is necessary to the development of real healthiness, both individually and collectively, it is the proper reverence and respect for the body, the temple, in which we dwell. And, of course, the attitude we hold toward the body and its functions is wholly a matter of the mind, therefore it is within our range of possibility to determine that ourselves.

The trouble with a great many people is they have no understanding of the importance of proper treatment of the bodily temple, hence they pervert every function, attribute and purpose of this divine inheritance of theirs. Wrong food, improper air, lack of exercise, and worst of all, a degrading mental atti-

tude, have brought forth their legitimate progeny and we have the amazing amount of disease now prevalent. One of the great needs of the day is a mental listerine —this because so many people have

Halitosis of the mind! They are mentally putrid and diseased and this must always give rise to physiological disorder of some kind. If you don't believe it, look around you and see what a vast deal of evidence there is.

Mental halitosis must have existed many centuries ago because Paul admonished his followers thus: "*Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things.*" (Phillippians, IV Chapt. 8th Verse.)

That is consistent and sound advice: It is healthful counsel—good for any time, or place or person. It is of such a nature that it should form an early part of the training of every child, as well as being incorporated in the teachings given to older folk. But there is something else that should be emphasized, viz the bodily organism as a whole should be understood, i. e. properly explained to child minds at quite an early age. And the purpose, object, and importance of every function and organ of that body should also be made clear to the growing mind—explained in a clean, wholesome way, so the real beauty of the whole wonderful plan of life might be revealed.

The health of a nation is a most important consideration. The healthiness of the individual, as an integral part of the nation, is quite as vital: This, because the individual is the unit around which national life and institution must be builded. And, by the same token, the child is the genesis of the man, hence the

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place to begin the establishment of health is in the child.

If I had my way, here are several things that would be inaugurated in schools and churches and homes:

Preachers would be absolutely forbidden to talk of man's inherent iniquity and proneness to sin, and the vileness of the body—or "sins of the flesh." *They would be compelled to emphasize the beauty of the body, the sacredness of its functions and the inherent nobility of mankind.* Every time they told little children how wicked they were, and what disgraceful things their bodies were—I'd put them in jail to meditate upon the disordered state of their own minds.

Every school would have on its faculty men and women who were qualified, thru their knowledge, character, understanding and judgment, to teach vital truths. And they would have as a part of the curriculum they were to follow, rational, sane, wholesome, reverential instruction as to the various organs of the body and the functions they are designed to perform.

Then, too, the system of dietetics would be constructive, reasonable and scientific, and sufficiently thorough to meet all of the exigencies that might arise. There would be no faddistic fanaticism—but intelligent, sensible instruction upon this most important item in the development of the national healthiness.

Exercise would begin almost in infancy. But it would be the exercise of sanely and intelligently directed play. And I'd never, Never, NEVER, send babies to school—no child would go to school until eight years of age, though I'd have them under direction in outdoor pursuits much earlier than that.

Whenever I get to thinking about what is one of the greatest factors in the promoting of diseased conditions of humanity—and, mark you, I think of this

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often, as a result of many years contact with humanity in all stages of sickness and wellness—there are two words which stand out vividly in my consciousness. They combine to bring about probably as much as ninety percent of the disordered states of health to be found thruout the country. What are these words? Here they are—and I give them without apology, mental reservation or evasion of any kind—yes, here they are:

Ignorance! The arch demon of all—the genesis of every abuse and perversion there is. And,

Sex! The word I never heard mentioned in my boyhood home. The word which touches at the very heart strings of humanity—which has been, whether admitted or not, the basic principle of the human race.

Why do we find an intelligent—or supposedly so—people afraid of this word? It has been studied from the biological sense almost exclusively. But that is not enough! It is the masses of people who are developing from babyhood to maturity, as well as those who are being biologically thrust upon us, day by day, who have need of both the biological and the spiritual interpretation.

If this body is the *temple of God,* as Paul averred, then it is a sacred charge to be cared for and developed to the end that it may gloriously, beautifully, and spiritually reveal the handiwork of its creator. The Professor in the biological laboratory does great work—he is busy studying how to improve the various species of living organism, such, for example, as better hogs, finer horses, pure strain cattle, aristocratic fowl, etc. But the moment he suggests we learn something of the principles of biology as represented in the human race, a hue and cry is raised—our hands are raised and we shout "sacrilege! Leave all of this to God."

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The problem of healthiness brings to us the necessity of finding ways and means of eliminating ignorance, to the end that we may have sex sanity in minds and cleanliness in bodies. Ignorance of the law is no excuse before the law, we are told. How terribly true that is when we deal with the laws of health! Ignorance of those vital laws, of the purpose of the house in which we live and its functions, brings dire consequences. A Jesus may cry out *"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"* And in these things it is of no avail—the Father—the Law—replies, *"Yea, I forgive, but . . . . they must pay the price!"*

Perhaps you will ask: "Is there, then, no way out . . . . no means of surcease from this suffering?" Yes, there is! Just now we spell it thus:

Knowledge!

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

"Never speak, or think, of yourself in terms of littleness; never refer to yourself as a thing detached, or apart from the Cosmic Whole. If you would understand and get the most from your unity with the universal, think of cosmic energy as coursing thru and pervading every atom of your being. It is only thus that you may come to full realization of what the Sage of Nazareth meant when He said 'I and my Father are One, and ye are my bretheren.' "

From *"Words of The Master."*

Today is mine; I hold it fast,
Hold it and use it as I may
Unmindful of the shadow cast
By that dim thing called yesterday.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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WITH THE EDITORS

With this issue we greet the month of roses and begin to realize that summer is just around the corner. Wonder how many of us are ready for it—or if we are ever really ready for anything. You see, life has a way of slipping up on us on the sly, and the first thing we know, biff! bang! something hands us a solar plexus blow and we discover Mother Nature has been holding something in reserve. It is never wise for any of us to feel too sure of ourselves. It seems to be pretty practical psychology, after all, which causes us to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

We are getting requests from our readers to continue the series of articles under the caption, "THRU THE YEARS WITH THE EDITOR" so they will remain a part of the regular order for a time, though after awhile that series must give way to something else—we'll let you know when we are about to make the change, however.

Next month we will have something new for you. You will like the lesson on "*Realization*," also a strikingly appropriate article on "*The Leading Spirit.*" We have, elsewhere in these pages, promised a rather special account of the ministrations of *The Master Teacher*, in His watchful association with the Editor. This, of course, will be the installment of the "*Thru the Years*" series. In addition to Miss Russell's appealing lesson, we shall have another series of those wonderful prose poems from "*Words of The Master*", and something different on "*Mind Saturated Bodies.*" It will be a great issue.

Don't forget to tell your friends about the lessons in *The Mystic Key*—invite them to subscribe, and be sure that you renew your subscription so you will not miss a single issue. We have something in store for you that you will like.

Here's hoping that joy has camped on your doorstep and contentment stolen into your heart.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

This is the season of the year when many persons move—please do not forget to advise us if you change your address.

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It does no good to leave your new address with the Post Offices as they do not forward magazine matter. Help us to insure you prompt receipt of your copy!

—FLORENCE RUSSELL.

"Life is a divine melody for those whose souls and minds have become so alert as to be able to catch the orphean strains wafted down from celestial choirs. To those who dwell in abysmal ignorance it becomes a threnody of misery —a discordant wail from hadean depths of darkness."

From "*Words of The Master.*"

The candle loses nothing of its light by lighting another candle with it. —*Old Proverb.*

A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

God make me brave for Life—
Oh, braver than this!
Let me straighten after pain
As a tree straightens after the rain,
Shining and lovely again.

God make me brave for Life—
Much braver than this!
As the blown grass lifts, let me rise
From sorrow, with quiet eyes,
Knowing Thy way is wise.

God make me brave—Life brings
Such blinding things.
Help me to keep my sight,
Help me to see aright
That out of the dark—comes Light.

—*Grace Crowell.*

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STATE OF NEW YORK.
COUNTY OF MONROE:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Florence Russell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Associate Editor and Business Manager of *The Mystic Key* and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication.

1. That the name and address of the publisher and editor is Will J. Erwood, 706 Temple Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

2. That the owners are Will J. Erwood, Florence Russell and Deane Erwood, 706 Temple Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are None.

(Signed) FLORENCE RUSSELL,
Assoc. Editor and Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1930.

F. LOUISE AMISH.
Notary Public

My commission expires Mar. 30, 1932.

"The richest endowment bestowed upon mankind is consciousness. Thru the development of consciousness man may steadily increase his potential wealth until he is indeed brother to every material or spiritual Croesus in the universe." From "*Words of The Master.*"

There is beauty in the forest
When the trees are green and fair,
There is beauty in the meadow
When wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft, blue sky above;
Oh, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love.

—*Selected.*

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SAITH THE MASTER:

"GOD'S greatest gift to man is Mind—that which is nearest to God in creative power. In thy mind may be found the means to reach any goal, be it high or low. Following the eternal law which declares each thing must create its kind, thy mind brings forth only that which it contains—but the Eternal Goodness has decreed that thou canst plant in thy mind whatsoever thou wouldst reap in outward manifestation. Therefore, be wise in thy sowing that thy reaping may be a harvest of joy and peace."

—From "*Words of The Master.*"