

THE INNER LIFE

THE HERALD OF THE NEW AGE

*Preparing the minds of men for the
coming of that Age.*

Devoted to the study of the Soul and of experiences
of an inner nature pertaining to the Soul life.

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EDITORIAL

IS IT WORTHWHILE?

THE FOLLOWING was received in a recent letter that contains food for thought for all our readers, coming as it does at a time when many may be compelled to consider giving up material and financial burdens that are becoming increasingly harder to bear.

"My husband was talking to a customer on Saturday last, who told of a friend who had 'lost' everything—life savings, a printing business, a big home on one of the boulevards; and who with his wife had moved out by one of the lakes here in Michigan to a tiny village . . . and found that in *reality* he had actually 'lost' only *all the worries he had carried for twenty years.*

"He found that by doing constructive odd jobs in the village and for neighbors it gave him and his wife a living, and that they actually had more spare money than when he was striving for the so-called BIG things in the world's eyes.

"The man telling the story to my husband said he had visited these people and that they had a little cottage fitted up with simple things, and that it was a little heaven of 'happiness' to enter; that they were given so much produce by nearby farmers that they had enough to give to others; that they could fish, keep a lovely little garden, and had at last found the REAL happiness of life and of living."

She added, "I only pass this on to share the joy it gave us. Isn't it blessed to hear such things? Husband and I know, too. For once we, too, 'kept up with the Jones'. Then we, too, had to learn what were the worthwhile things of life. Now, . . . well, we rest our body selves when necessary in this little apartment, and are able to share our substance with others who need. We are not really living anywhere else than in the Light of the SUN—of our Lord Christ within."

Many are being brought more and more to a realization of the absurd unreality of this outer show of things; to see the impossibility of finding true happiness in what the world holds out as most desirable—riches, luxuries, big businesses, big homes, big names, big noises about one in the newspapers.

Many are learning this from so-called *failure*, because it was impossible for their Higher Selves to teach it while striving for "success;" and it was only after having attained so-called success, and then seeing it collapse like a deflated balloon, that a true meaning and comparison of the two could be shown them clearly and could be fully appreciated.

It reminds us of the story of Everett W. Hill, told by Hubert Kelly, that appeared in the November 1937 *American Magazine*, and which made a strong impression on us, as it must have made on many readers. After having accumulated a fortune of \$2,250,000, and having owned wheatlands, flour mills, hothouses, and the largest chain of refrigeration plants in Oklahoma, which alone netted him, at times, more than \$200,000 a year; after living in a mansion with numerous servants, and being his city's most important and powerful citizen; been president of Rotary International, visited Mussolini, a guest of King Albert, met the Australian Premier, made stirring speeches at home and abroad for world peace which brought thousands, cheering, to their feet—all was swept away in the depression.

The writer of the article found him "living obscurely in a little cottage near an Oklahoma oil field, eating fish and berries, and wandering through the countryside . . . and above all things, writing poetry."

I TOLD him I was from New York; then explained my mission, apologizing for the early hour and offering to await his convenience.

He smiled and stepped back. "Come in," he said briskly. "Any time is my time. I don't make appointments. I'll talk with you for a week if you're interested and interesting and really want to sit here."

"I merely thought you might have something to do," I said. (He looked so much like a businessman, I was sure he had a couple of letters to dictate.)

He said, "I have nothing to do. I never have anything to do except when I want to do it, and then I don't have to. If I looked alarmed when you said you were from New York, it was merely because I was afraid you had come in person to offer me a job. Various companies have been after me to go into insurance, refrigeration, milling, and even to go on the lecture platform. If I did, it would belie the very contentment that I have found. Imagine speaking on the joy of freedom to a crowd of self-shackled people, all of whom have sense enough to know that a speaker is bound to his contract—a slave of train schedules and engagements. Bah! I haven't done anything for the last five years, and I don't intend to do anything for the next twenty-five. I'm only fifty-two years old—and I figure that I've still got a tremendous amount of idleness before me . . . Have a seat."

He leaned back in a swivel chair at a desk he had saved from the crash of his industry and grinned at me mischievously.

"And you don't intend to try to make a comeback—recoup your lost fortune?" I blurted out.

He looked at me pityingly and said, "I do not intend to try to make a go-back. Fortunes stand between men and everything worth while. Penniless, I am happier today than I ever was in my life . . . happier, indeed, than anyone I know."

I think he is happier, too, than anyone I know.

He then relates the life-story of this man, which was most unusual, as he was what most men called a "success" from the time he graduated with honors from high-school. From sheer ability and native intelligence he utilized the driving power in him to accomplish everything that he set out to do, and in 1930 was the sole owner of eighteen ice factories and 100 distributing houses in his state.

Then the crash. He had financed the ice business on his own. Banks, panic-stricken like the rest of us, refused to tide him over. And presently, after fighting frantically for a year, Everett Hill found himself looking at his plants and lumberyards, his bank and hothouses, and wondering in a dazed way who owned them.

He took inventory. Mansion, servants, big cars, and everything of importance were gone. He had left \$30 in cash, an old motorcar, his former secretary's desk and swivel chair, the office sofa, a hookah given to him by a stuffed shirt in Turkey, a Malayan shillalah, an autographed photograph of King Albert of Belgium, and the dancing skirt of a Polynesian flapper. Even his \$10,000 art collection was gone.

Everett Hill told me all this as I sat on the salvaged sofa and he at his former secretary's desk, with the hookah on a shelf, and the war club, photograph, and grass skirt on the wall.

"And then," I said, "you had a nervous breakdown."

He replied sharply, "I did no such thing. It was simply that I had confused myself with what I owned. I was the ice chain, the art collection, the lumberyards. When they went, Everett Hill went with it—the man who used to make speeches . . . the man whose name was in the paper. I had never developed my real self. I had developed only things outside of myself, which I called I. If you identify yourself with a big sign with your name on it, and somebody takes down the sign and throws it in a rubbish heap—well, you're in a rubbish heap. I had spent and lost two and a quarter million dollars. Suddenly it and Everett Hill were gone."

YES, this man had discovered Reality, although he was not yet fully able to understand it. So he spent most of his time trying to understand it, and as glimpses of it came he would jot down in words in a note-book what expressed itself to him. Sometimes the words rhymed. Once this is what he found he had written:

Deep in my reverie, alone in the dim starlight,
Far from the marts of trade, where men know naught of night,
With silence for my pillow, and contentment for my bed,
Peacefulness for my mantle, and manna for my bread;
The stillness encourages dreaming, and calmness soothes my
mind,
And quietness rules my thought and teaches me to be kind.

What? A man of forty-nine, cast up on the rocks, deciding to be a poet? Absurd. But Everett Hill had not decided anything. The lines sprang from him naturally . . . water gushing from a broken rock.

When at last he came out of the wilderness, he told me, chastened of vanity and fear, he shaved himself, got a haircut, and walked through the streets of Oklahoma City again, free and contented. He met old business acquaintances on the street, smiled and spoke with them a moment, and went on. He would dwell here, he thought, in all simplicity, until he felt like going again into the wilderness.

With a few hundred dollars he received unexpectedly from a little abstract company he had forgotten he had invested in, he rented the red-stone cottage for a few dollars a month, furnished it with the office salvage, and bought some chickens. He didn't grimly sit down to write—nothing like that. Everett Hill doesn't believe in trying, but merely in inviting the soul. He rose when he wished, went to sleep when he wished, or not at all . . .

The notebooks grew in number. I have read all of them. They are filled with hundreds of poems, many of them meaningless to me, because they concern Hill so personally and deeply. By many better qualified than I, they have been called really extraordinary, particularly because their author never studied versification, never intended to write verse, and once looked upon poets as some kind of damn' fools. This

fall a New York publishing house is producing the first volume of Everett Hill's songs, the first, indeed, he has ever signed. He has sold poems to many publications, but always under an assumed name, which he has not revealed even to his daughter.

"When, on the advice of Edwin Markham, I decided to sell some of my writings, in order to live," he told me, "I decided not to use the big sign which had been thrown in the rubbish heap. I decided that whatever I did must go on its own merit. I really didn't care whether I sold it or not, except for the few dollars it might bring me, because I do not think of living in terms of success or failure, but of contentment. I write because I like to. If I don't want to write, I don't. One must live without pressure to find one's self."

AND so that was the way Everett Hill found himself—and found the true meaning of life. In what his True Self taught him in the poetry he was led to write, he learned to distinguish the *real* from the seeming, the pure gold from the gloss and the glitter.

In ways such as this does Life itself bring about the soul's awakening. The vast majority of men are asleep, dreaming their dreams of wealth, power, accomplishment; or of ambition, aspiration, hopes; or of poverty, sickness, suffering, sin, crime, failure, disappointment, discouragement, remorse. And it all seems so very real—until they wake up and become acquainted with their own souls, and are shown, as was Everett Hill and those in our first story, the only truly worthwhile things in this outer life.

And what does it bring to them? It brings an inner peace, contentment, joy, because they have learned that nothing that is lasting and real can be gained from outer things; and that only as they turn within and keep mind and heart fixed on That One there, Who in ever wider measure unfolds to them a new and wonderful world of Reality and enables them to abide in and work from it, can they keep from being drawn back into the tinsel and glitter of the outer world.

Yes, they learn to abide in that inner world and to work from its consciousness, even while their bodies are dwelling in the ma-

terial world. And that is why they are able truly to help, inspire and bless everyone they contact, as do all those who have found Reality.

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EASTER

WE ARE approaching another Easter, another opportunity for entering a higher consciousness and to learn if we have grown any the past year. Are we conscious of any advancement in spiritual understanding, in our response to the One Life within, that of the Cosmic Christ?

Many students of these teachings are asking themselves that question at this time, and are earnestly hoping they will be able to bring back some awareness of their inner soul life at this most important season of the year. For they realize that along with all nature their souls must have grown and may be ready for one of the minor "initiations," if not a major one, that takes place in the inner realms each Easter time.

They know that the souls of men, which are the highest expression of the One Life on earth, naturally must have unfolded more of themselves in their human stalks, and that some will reach their blossoming time, and a few even their fruitage time; and they know some evidence will be given those who have earned such blessings.

We are in a most critical period, because of it being the end of an age, when many who call themselves followers of Christ are falling on every side, having failed to withstand the wiles of Satan, the tester; such are the ones who have been lured into the byways, believing the claims of those who represent themselves to be Emissaries of Jesus Christ or of the Great Ones of the Christ Brotherhood.

Such become so caught in the glamour surrounding these false leaders that they know not that their chance of retrieving their way back to the true Path will soon be gone beyond recall this lifetime, and perhaps for another long age. For the longer they follow personalities, no matter who such claim to represent, or even other Masters or Christs, and thus fail to find and prove that they are following only the Loving Christ within, these deluded ones cannot expect to be chosen this Easter time for advancement into a higher consciousness.

But of course these do not expect and are not interested in such evidence of their state of growth—they are satisfied with what they have been told by those whom they are following. However, these words are not for them, but for those who are lovingly and trustingly waiting upon the Lord within, seeking only to please Him, concerned not at all about any thing other than being worthy to serve Him in every possible way. Such may know that that desire to serve Him may this Easter time bring to them an inner experience that will be the most precious that has come into their lives.

Let that be sufficient, and just continue to love and serve Him, and He in you may make Himself known in a way that will bring a most wondrous blessing. Do not anticipate. Do not care. Just give yourself wholly to Him, losing yourself in His Love, and you will learn the Joy of such surrender.

May that Joy be yours this year—the Joy of the Resurrection—is our dearest wish for every follower of the Inner Christ.

THOSE who wish to know more about the significance of the Easter season are referred to a very illuminating booklet, "He Is Risen," listed on page 21 of the Advertising Section.

THE SCHOOL FOR DISCIPLES' FUND

WE ARE most happy to learn of the response to the suggestion of the friend in the "Preview" of last month. Daily letters are arriving telling of their prayers for the School and of their seeing it come speedily into manifestation. We are sure that with many hearts thus holding it as a living reality in spirit and speaking the word for it whenever occasion offers, the Law will bring it to pass.

Along with their letters came tangible evidence of their love and desire to help, and it is our purpose to acknowledge each month in the Magazine all such contributions to the Special Fund, which will be held intact for the purpose intended. Following are those received to date:

V. D. \$1; K. K. G. \$1; E. K. \$1; C. L. \$2; F. M. 50c; G. H. R. \$10; J. M. \$1.75; C. C. \$1; C. S. \$1; F. B. U. \$1; R. E. H. \$5; M. V. \$1.75; R. F. S. 25c; W. G. M. \$1. Total \$28.25.

TEACH ME TO LOVE

TH**ERE** was a time when in my daily prayer
I asked for all the things I deemed most fair,
And necessary to my life—Success,
Riches, of course, and ease, and happiness;
A host of friends, a home without alloy;
A primrose path of luxury and joy;
Social distinction, and enough of fame
To leave behind a well-remembered name.

Ambition ruled my life, I longed to do
Great things that all my little world might view
And whisper, "Wonderful!"
Oh, patient God,
How blind we are, until Thy shepherd's rod
Of tender chastening gently leads us on
To better things! Today I have but one
Petition, "Lord, teach me to love." Indeed,
It is my greatest and my only need—
Teach me to love, not those who first love me,
But all the world, with that rare purity
Of broad, outreaching thought which bears no trace
Of earthly taint, but holds in its embrace
Humanity, and only seems to see
The good in all—reflected, Lord, from Thee.

And teach me, Father, how to love the most
Those who most stand in need of love—that host
Of people who are sick and poor and bad,
Whose tired faces show their lives are sad;
Who toil along the road with footsteps slow,
With hearts more heavy than the world can know—
People whom others pass discreetly by,
Or fail to hear the pleading of that cry
For help, amid the tumult of the crowd;
Whose very anguish makes them cold and proud,
Resentful, stubborn, bitter in their grief,—
I want to bring them comfort and relief,
To put my hand in theirs, and at their side
Walk softly on, a faithful, fearless guide.

O Saviour, Thou the Christ, Truth, ever near,
 Help me to feel these sad ones doubly dear
 Because they need so much! Help me to seek
 And find that which they thought was lost; to speak
 Such words of cheer that as we pass along
 The wilderness shall blossom into song.
 Ah, Love Divine, how empty was that prayer
 Of other days! That which was once so fair;
 Those flimsy baubles which the world calls joys
 Are nothing to me now but broken toys,
 Outlived, outgrown. I thank Thee that I know
 Those much desired dreams of long ago,
 Like butterflies, have had their summer's day
 Of brief enchantment, and have gone. I pray
 For better things.
 Thou knowest, God above,
 My one desire now,—Teach me to Love.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE CROSS—THEN THE RESURRECTION

NAIL me to the cross, dear God, that I may be
 Thus utterly, completely, wholly lost in Thee;
 That in this crucifixion self will rise no more
 Between Thy Love and me, a too, too solid door.
 To think like Thee, to speak like Thee, to act like Thee—
 That I may thus express Thy love to all I see.

Yes, nail me to the cross. This is my earnest prayer,
 For I have carried it, and found it great to bear.
 Now is my heart aflame, athirst with holy fire.
 To lose myself in Thee is my supreme desire.

I seek no credit for this sacrificial rite,
 Nor Easter resurrection with its radiant light;
 I seek to lose myself and be of Thee a part.
 So take me, Father, to Thy great compassionate Heart.

—*By Vaughn De Leath.*

THE HUMAN RADIO

By Lillian Robertson Beck

THIS body of ours is God's greatest masterpiece. This body of many members is a human dynamo, a net work of tiny nerves and cells so sensitive they are always in tune to the most delicate vibration. Every feature expresses the inner workings of this piece of clay. It radiates a brilliant light, or shows but a dull murky mist. We may not be endowed with a charming personality, but it can be acquired if we so desire. It takes patience and much grace from a higher source.

The channels through which we can radiate the beauty of the soul are many. The brow with its wrinkles, often made through worry or a cross disposition, are also the marks of deep thinking. The little lines we call crow's feet at the corner of the eye—they are often the imprints of frequent smiles. The eyes, windows of the soul, window panes polished to a rosy glow by sweetness from within, often become dulled by the smoky thoughts that lurk back of these tiny expressive balls, and reflect the dull hue of evil or of stupidity and ignorance. The sensitive nostril, that quivers in anger, hate, or fear, also throbs with the heartbeat of love and sweet emotion. The mouth, curved in sweetness and friendly smiles of courage, hope and faith, too easily is turned down in a cruel sneer of disdain or sarcasm.

This mouth-piece or loud-speaker is so located that the sound waves are wafted from the throat, which is the sounding-board. The useful piece of flesh, called the tongue, is used in broadcasting words that can save or destroy an individual or a nation. This little organ of speech can be a most cruel, sharp and biting instrument, unless we are desirous of broadcasting a program that cheers and uplifts. Then, this little piece of flesh can scatter such abundance of joy and harmony as to cause everyone to tune in and enjoy the sunshine hour.

But to be able to broadcast the best we must always be magnetised to and in tune with the Infinite, and in a receptive mood, or we cannot store within our mind battery God's bounties. He has such a great supply of material to use. There is a never-ceasing flow vibrating through the ether, and we must be willing

recepticals to receive and give only that which we pick up from the heavenly station.

Christ is the only Announcer who is infallible. We can always depend on the program He plans. The reception is always good and clear. No static, no imperfect tubes nor weather conditions can interfere, if we are willing to let the Master Mechanic manage the controls. We like to put our own interpretation on the program that has been planned for our use, and in so doing we destroy the harmony between ourselves and our listeners.

The true harmonious wave has been on the air from the time the Creator spoke to the first man and woman in the Garden of Eden. The voice came to them over the air, as it comes to us today, through the sensitive mind, as our conscience, which can be compared to the Radio box or cabinet.

When this voice was wafted to this first man and woman they did not understand from whence it came, but the sound registered on the mental ear and they learned the meaning of fear. The ear is attuned to all sounds and unless we are a good door-keeper we permit the door to swing wide, letting in the dirt and cinders that gather. They clog the door-sill so that we are unable to shut the door and close out the ugly sounds from without that come and fill our minds, and make it impossible to hear the beautiful music that comes from within over God's broadcast.

The ear is so receptive either to good or bad that we must keep in constant touch with the Lord within to be able to keep out all disturbing elements. We cannot afford a rusty aerial. It must be clear and able to reach to His Consciousness. We protect our radio from lightning with a secure ground wire, but the human radio needs the grace of God and an abiding love to keep it secure from all that would harm.

An unspoken thought is expressed in the movement of the shoulder. The frame-work of this radio body of ours speaks louder than words. A shrug of the shoulder tells clearly our moods—the shrug of surprise or indifference, the haughty air, the shrug of disdain or disgust. Turning a shoulder of scorn is a cruel method often used to crush a timid soul. Then we have the weak, drooping shoulder of pain, age, carelessness or discouragement. How much comfort the strong shoulder gives to the weak by helping to lift a heavy burden!

What a sweet peace is in the haven of rest, encircled in loving arms, and with head pillowed on a breast that throbs with tenderness! A little child is instantly soothed and the sobbing cry of fear and hurt is soon stilled when the trembling little body is cuddled close and secure. The creatures we call dumb will find a harbor of love and understanding in the warmth we broadcast. They know, instinctively, when one is a friend or foe. The arms can encircle a wide expanse of human souls in an embrace to crush or uplift.

The hands are capable of telling many things we would like to know. A work-worn hand can be very expressive as it rests calmly in the lap after a day of toil. The well-kept, refined hand of the idle can show the restlessness, the strain of effort to control. The nervous hand is ever expressing the inability to relax. There is the brutal hand that causes pain and fear; the tender hand that soothes the fevered brow; the kind grasp of a friendly hand; the helpful hand that is always ready to give a boost. There are so many ways the hand can broadcast good or bad. There are so many ways of announcing the inner workings of this wonderful mechanism of ours through the hands.

I never realized that my own dear mother's hands were so beautiful until she passed away. I could not remove my eyes from them as they rested so calm and peaceful. And then, somehow, all the things she had accomplished, all the little things she had done for me, crowded in and I was overcome with gratitude. One of the most attractive pictures I have ever seen is the one entitled, "Praying Hands." It is the painting of a German artist, Albert Durer. This is the story I read that made the picture speak its mute appeal to me: "Albert Durer and his most intimate friend desired to become artists. A lack of funds made it impossible for both to study art. It was agreed that Durer should study first and his friend would work and provide the funds for the training. Then later the friend would take his turn. But by the time Durer had completed his training the hands of his friend were so calloused and stiff from toil that they had lost their delicate touch and could not handle the brush. Can we wonder that Durer, the artist, painted two toil-worn hands in the position of prayer? Two hands, worn and calloused in the sacrificial spirit and devotion of a friend." When I read this story, I cannot wonder that the artist called this picture his master-piece.

The only way the Saviour could convince the doubting Thomas of his return was by showing the nail-prints in his hands—hands that had so gently caressed the weary in heart, hands that had performed the wonder miracles—the same hands that are extended to us in love and pity today.

The feet, the foundation support of this radio, can carry us into the byways and hedges, collecting the mud and burrs which are hard to shake off; or they can be willing messengers to carry blessings of love and cheer. But they do not go alone. Without the guiding spirit of God's Intelligence they would wander far from the beaten path, and others who look to us for inspiration would follow. We must be careful of the footprints we leave on the sands of time.

The most sensitive and most important part of the radio body is the receiving room, a network of delicate brain cells. Sensitive keys register the material on the consciousness—good or bad material—that we permit to enter through our mental receiving apparatus.

This receiving set is enclosed within a shell to protect it from bodily injury, but we are not so careful of the injurious thoughts that enter. A beautiful truth dropped into a stagnant mind is like a pure raindrop that falls into a muddy pool and is lost. We are the doorkeeper in charge and should admit only that which we can be proud of and proud to broadcast. It is our own fault if we fail to develop a far-reaching program of good. We must be willing for this brain-child to develop a wide scope of helpful thoughts and be willing to broadcast them at every opportunity. We must keep our programs working, as there is no purpose in storing more; for that which we do not use becomes stale. We may be limited in many ways but we can always build above our limitation mentally if we so desire.

We must have a hunger for knowledge or we cannot assimilate this food and gain the best results. We must be willing to accept all ways and means whereby we can develop mentally and be able to think for ourselves.

I think this little saying I read somewhere is a true saying. "Mankind is divided into three classes—those who think for themselves, those who think as others do, and those who do not think

at all." It came to me when I read this, "What mighty work could be done in all city elections if everyone would work together with one mind for the good of all?" What a blessing it would be to humanity if we would broadcast through transmission of thought-force, permitting the spirit only to dictate.

To be open to divine truth we must be able to shut the door on evil thoughts and to let only the noble enter. But we must be willing to accept the answers received to our supplications. We must learn from teachers of wisdom, that the God of our consciousness is the truest, wisest, and safest Teacher and Authority we possess. In Him we have an intelligence that lifts us to the highest capacity, if we continue to study diligently and interpret correctly the subject we wish to pursue.

My failure, your failure to accomplish this is because we are mentally lazy. None of us are so old or so wise that we cannot learn more, and, our capacity for learning lies within ourselves. Such mental laziness is the greatest handicap to the progression of any good thought that is being presented to those able and ready to hear and learn. People of intelligence who have developed their mental capacity for themselves are always seeking for more. But they have to apply what they receive. They cannot stand still and learn. They are able to broadcast what they receive only when they are capable of digesting and assimilating the mental and spiritual food they eat. According to scripture, Job said, "*I would know for myself, and not another.*" I believe the Christ meant just this when he said, "*Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you.*"

Knowledge is power, either for good or bad, and we as messengers, must cling close to the Master Mind to be able to give of our best to a hungry world whose great audience is always listening in.

To this Great God of intelligence, love and truth, I give thanks. I thank Him for this piece of clay He has moulded, for the mind He has endowed with reasoning power to use in the cause for beauty and truth.

I humbly beg forgiveness for neglecting to use with intelligence the many seeds He has given me to sow. I desire to continue to grow in knowledge so that I may broadcast the best, thereby glorifying the Creator.

THE INNER LIFE Magazine:

MAY I appeal to you to assist me in an non-profit undertaking which will be of great significance to all occult students? I have, for some time, been endeavoring to take a census of out-of-the-body experiences. At present I have several hundred accounts of such occurrences from persons in different parts of the world.

I now wish to make one final drive and make the census as far reaching as possible. Thus I am asking all editors of appropriate magazines and newspapers to give this project as much publicity as possible, urging any reader who has had the *experience of his spirit leaving his body* to record the facts with me, regardless of how simple the experience may seem.

When all the accounts are in, I will edit and arrange them to form the first complete compilation ever made of these particular psychical occurrences. The finished product should be a massive volume emulating the census of Phantasms of the Living, made some forty years ago.

And here is an important point: I have a financially responsible friend, engaged in the printing and publishing business, who is deeply interested in my work, and who agrees to shoulder the entire cost of issuing the census. Through the magnanimity of this associate, whose hobby is promoting the Spiritualist cause, the document will be issued in permanent book form, entitled, *A Census of Out-of-the-body Experiences*, and will be distributed free of charge to earnest individuals requesting them. All such requests should be made prior to August, 1938.

So I again appeal to you to urge all of your readers who have had out-of-the-body experiences to describe them fully and send their accounts directly to me. All correspondence should be addressed: *Sylvan Muldoon, Editor of Census of Projections, Muldoon Bldg., Darlington, Wisconsin, U. S. A.* Contributors not wishing their names to appear in the printed census will be designated by pseudonyms.

Any and all publicity you can give this census will be of great help and appreciated deeply.

Sylvan Muldoon.

THOSE OF THE DARKNESS

"Howbeit when He, the spirit of truth, is come He will guide you into all truth."—St. John 16:13.

THE WORLD in its wickedness halts, trembling upon the brink of an abyss of darkness. Those who deal in lechery and fornication cling to the materials comprising their loathsome wares, and go about hawking them, hoping to draw others into the maelstrom of that poisonous cauldron which pollutes all who touch it.

It is these, half human, half beasts, urged on by the darkest of spirits, who lure the innocent from their pathways and dye the wicked blacker.

It is these who scorn those things of brightness and cleanliness, of decency and Godliness, who seek to perjure the pure and laud the wicked.

It is these who are building the bulwark behind which all the demons of evil and darkness may hide, then come forth at opportune moments to draw into their nets those who listen to their subtle suggestions that tempt them from the straight paths of righteousness.

These demons of darkness draw ever nearer, whispering words of encouragement to those who dream of power, of aggression, sneering at the little qualms of conscience that slip into the minds of those who hesitate at the wholesale slaughter of innocents.

Knowing their days upon earth are numbered, these forces of darkness are mobilizing their hosts, seeking to wreck such destruction as they can upon everything they can touch. Starvation, misery, slaughter, and besmirched morals are left by the scorching breath of these decadent ones; for know you, Brethern, this vast army of Black Forces is composed of those who were once God's children; who once were pure in spirit, but through weakness listened to the silver toned lute of the Master of Byways, and followed in his wake, and following found the going sweet, and drinking of the beady cup of sinful adventure turned not away, but drank more deeply, until intoxicated, tasting not the aloes at the bottom of the cup; and so continued upon that dark journey that leads ultimately to the destruction of the soul.

Those who follow in these sinful paths pass on into the nether world, but still cling to the haunts they have known, and seek to draw all they can into them, that they may enjoy a vicarious thrill from the victims they enthrall.

Mistake not the power of these dark forces, Oh Brethern; they linger about the pest holes of the earth, working to draw any and all into their toils. How many of you know those who seem obsessed, driven by powers outside of themselves, and as these victims allow themselves to become obsessed, so they lose their identity and slowly but surely lose the semblance of that personality which was theirs.

It is thus, too, with those who listen to the call of those spirits of Good, who crush out the walls of darkness about them and bring Christ Love into their hearts. But those thoughts of evil which you put forth go out, reverberate and come flocking back to you, jarring your equilibrium and your serenity, taking away from your poise.

Those thoughts and prayers of kindness and beauty which you send out go in an Ark of Light that ever widens, illumines and glows like the tail of a comet as they travel beautiful and blessed to those to whom they are directed.

It is prayers we need, Oh Brethern, unselfish prayers and true desire for the betterment of all of earth's byways, for the drawing into the fold of those departed ones who are earthbound, and go wandering about haunting all who will let them in.

These dark ones work together, hoping to undermine all of civilization, all that the beauty and purity of Christ Love has brought forth.

This thing must not come to pass! To all who read these words we say: Unite in your prayers for universal Brotherhood, for universal Peace, and for universal Love.

Give a portion of each day to send forth the Light of Love, for Love is the God Light, the Spirit within you, and you can fan it and develop it that it glows and flames and can be felt by any who come near. Draw on this flame; ask for help and guidance from those kindly spirits which this flame attracts, and build such a wall of impenetrable Light and Beauty that no creature of dark

haunts dare come near. Then that death on Golgotha's Hill shall not have been in vain!

How, ask you, can one know these evil powers when they come one's way?

Deep within the heart of man is the Soul, the Inner Man, that Power God gave him in the beginning, which has been his through Eternity and will always abide with him, if he does not abuse it until it leaves him. Upon this Soul he, the man, can call, and be answered and directed. Always there is that inner voice, commonly called conscience, which speaks, making itself heard above the most clamorous of lascivious voices, and if listened to will lead any man aright.

It is the stilling of this voice, the drowning of it, and the following of the traitorous call of the voice of evil, which starts men upon the tortuous road which leads to destruction—that same road where went those ancient Egyptians, of whose culture there remains only an echo, that road where followed the glamorous Phoenician Kings, and the magnificent legions of Ancient Rome.

Mark you, my Brethern, those all but forgotten people, and the countless others here unnamed, will have a counterpart in today's world, if men do not awaken from their lethargy and call upon the Legions of Light to help them to vanquish the Demons of Darkness.

As men listen to these Demons of Darkness, and think and dream of things unholy, their thoughts take form and enlarge, and keep growing one upon the other, feeding orchid-like upon the mind which creates them, until that mind is obsessed by them and no other thoughts can creep in. Thus an avenue is opened for all manner of evil ones to traverse close to earth's by-ways and to thrust their personalities upon the mind of the obsessed one, driving him into madness, keeping from him those spirits whose influence would be good; and finally, unless some untoward event occurs which drives the licentious troop away, he is driven to destruction.

It is the massing of this evil which has destroyed those ancient civilizations of which we find only a trace. It is these that will destroy ours unless first we destroy them.

Dearly Beloved:

Drive from your midst those who would destroy your freedom, jeopardize your homes, and turn your children into immoral scamps. The responsibility is yours, and asking, help will be given; but act you must ere in the avalanche of coming events you too will be destroyed.

Be you ever alert for the enemy who walks without your doors. Barricade them well, put oil in your lamps of faith and live in the name of the Lord thy God.—Amen.

—Through *Mary and Marta*—Oregon.

JUST “ONE”

THROUGH all the storms of doubt and fear
I wake—to find **THY** Presence near.
Father . . . Divine.
Soul . . . of mine!
“I” in “Thee,”
“Thou” in “me.”
Holy . . . One!
Now . . . wholly . . . **ONE**.

No more Thy human child shall search
Back and forth; in longing reach—
Above . . . below!
Just, to be still . . .
To do . . . **THY** will.
In Thee . . . **I AM**,
And Thou . . . in me,
Wholly . . . **ONE**.

Oh! devious paths and ways I sought
On “mind” routes, battles long I fought;
Hard ways, and long.
Jesus alone . . .
Led me . . . home.
HE said, to me,
“**WITH** Christ **IN** thee,
ALONE . . . **I AM**.”

—*Nellie Botterill*.

SOUL COMMUNION

IV

DEAR Father, I cannot yet see how it all depends on a person's thinking what manifests in his life. For instance, a certain husband in a family is unable to get a job and has grown very much discouraged. His wife is a student of *The Way Out* and has tried hard to know the truth and not to see this situation, and to get her husband to help; but he poo-poops it all and says there is nothing in it. Why then should she in any way be responsible for his condition, and how can she help it?

Dear One, I know it is hard to see how this woman is responsible for her present situation; but if you will heed carefully I will show you the real cause of what is here manifesting.

If you will remember, everything is controlled by law, and the law, "*Whatever is thought and believed to be so is what manifests,*" is truly in evidence here as it is in the lives and affairs of every husband and wife, not to speak of every person in the world. This being so, it must be that the predominating thoughts and beliefs of this woman and her husband are what are manifesting.

Try to realize fully what this means. When one actually believes a thing is so, it is so to that one; and therefore it outmanifests and seems very real. No, it is not that one believes it because it is manifesting; it is *manifesting* because the belief is so real that the belief is all one can see in one's mind. Get the full import of this truth before we go on—for truth it is.

In the case of this woman, whom we will chiefly consider because she is studying truth, she immediately becomes responsible once she has been taught the law. Why? Because if she accepts it she evidently *believes* it, therefore she is called upon by the law itself to prove it and *apply* it.

No one can accept a truth into his consciousness but it becomes like a seed sown in fertile soil; it begins at once to take root, to put up shoots and to make itself felt. That is what is happening to this woman.

It is like this, dear Son; when I bring a truth to you, having prepared your mind to receive it, and I cause you to respond to and become interested in it, it is for one purpose only—to get you to build that truth into your consciousness, so that you can use and apply it; or that I can cause you to express and use it as you do any other truth you know. Thus does your consciousness connect up more fully with My Consciousness.

And when I have brought to you all the truth that I Know and have stayed with you until you have similarly built it into *your* consciousness, then will your consciousness become *One* with My Consciousness, and we will actually *be One Consciousness*—you will know all that I know, that I am really you and there is no other “I;” that I *AM* and have always been *All* that you are—your life, power, nature, self, everything; and that I alone have been expressing *through* you, who are but an outer extension of My Consciousness—*are My Self*.

Therefore, having brought you a truth and got you to respond to it, in a way I hold you responsible for that truth until you have made it a part of your consciousness and are able to use it as intended.

It is likewise so with this woman. She has accepted this law as a truth. Her Higher Self is now calling upon her to learn to apply it. She does not know how—yet. So she is allowed to see the outworking of the law of her own *wrong* thinking and to suffer the results, until her Higher Self is able sufficiently to impress upon her mind the cause, and the necessity of doing conscious *right* thinking and thereby of changing what is manifesting, if she really wants a change. You see after she has suffered long enough she will want so strongly a change and to apply the law as taught her, that she will draw from within the power and the guidance that will enable her to do it properly and successfully.

That is why We let these outer expressions of Ours suffer—seemingly, for in reality it is only self, the mind’s creation, that suffers. When they get really tired of suffering, enough to *demand* a change, they thereby change their negative vibrations and begin to think positive and constructive thoughts, opening themselves to Our inspiration and guidance. After that the change soon manifests.

As for the woman, when she really begins to change the picture of lack and limitation she is holding in her mind—despite what she claims, and which is naturally affecting and encouraging her husband's mind in its negative attitude, and she starts consciously and determinedly to build and hold in her consciousness what she *wants* to manifest, her Higher Self will not only encourage her but will give her the power to create and vitalize the new picture she wants to bring forth in her life, regardless of what her husband believes or does; in fact, her Conscious *right* thinking will bring about a change in his beliefs and actions.

Remember, each one creates his or her own world of consciousness and everything in it. Everything one sees in the outer world is only what one sees in his mind and has accepted and believes is so; therefore all these things are established facts in the world of his consciousness. One is sick or poor or out of a job only because he has thought, sees in his mind, and finally believes himself in such condition, and of course the law brings it to pass outwardly in his life.

I know it is hard to see and accept this, but it is true nevertheless; and when you can get your mind finally to accept and believe it, you will see how all you or this woman needs to do is to refuse longer to believe what appears is so, and to begin determinedly and persistently to see and *live* with the condition you want to manifest, believing it will outmanifest; and it will—for the law will bring it to pass quickly or slowly, according to the strength of your belief.

BUILDERS

CRAFTSMEN of olden days had time to think. The following verses, which were found on the back of a picture in Chester Cathedral, are thought to have been the work of a builder.

ISN'T it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in circus rings,
And common people, like you and me,
Are building all to Eternity?

Each of us has a Book of Rules,
A shapeless mass and a bag of tools;
And each of us builds ere life be done
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

REINCARNATION

IF OUR past existences are of service to us, it cannot, therefore, be owing to any conscious recollection of the mistakes which we have made in them. We gain rather through these past lives in a more indirect manner. When the consequences of our mistakes have taught us a lesson which in a preceding life has been built up into our character, and has in this way been made part and parcel of our real selves, we can carry over to a future existence the quality acquired, whether such quality be in the nature of self-restraint in the face of temptation, or of a more active kind, such as the capacity for acquiring any specific kind of knowledge or the more general power of surmounting difficulties and obstacles in life.

“We may not remember the struggles we have been through, but we may inherit in the hour of our need that force of character, that ‘backbone’ as the phrase goes, which our ancestral selves have built up. Again, the man who has mastered his trade, the artist who has developed his artistic abilities in a previous life, starts a rung higher in the ladder in his next incarnation; and this, none the less surely, though he remembers nothing of the efforts which have made his powers what they are in the present life, nay, even though he may attribute those powers to the caprice of a deity who bestows on his children gifts of varying degree, like the fairy godmother of nursery romance.

“When will mankind learn that there is no possession that is not valueless, which has not been earned by the sweat of the brow of him who possesses it? That the gift which is not bought with the heart’s blood of its possessor, is an evanescent illusion which will melt away beneath the sunshine of reality in the hands of him who holds it? Whence do a man’s powers, his vices, his virtues, all the qualities that go to make up his real self, proceed, unless from what he has been, from which he has suffered, and from what he has accomplished in past existences? The question surely provides its own answer, except to those who are willfully blind.

“There is one alternative, and one only, to this hypothesis—the belief in a God of pure caprice, and the necessary corollary to this belief, the denial of all law and order in the universe. The man who maintains that his life commences here, and here only,

by this very admission avows his faith in an irresponsible deity, creating isolated individuals of his own freewill and pleasure and endowing them, without rhyme or reason, with qualities which they are in no way entitled to have, and therefore, which, in reality, if the word reality has any meaning whatever, they do not actually possess. This man, even though he be the first scientific authority of his generation, believes in the deity who created Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and who is still at his same old childish occupation in this present twentieth century. For such a man, evolution is a meaningless term, and the laws of nature merely a phrase used to tabulate for convenience, sake the monstrous chaos of the universe.

“A somewhat curious and subtle question arises for those who accept the doctrine of immortality but reject pre-existence. If no man existed before the formation of his present body, we are confronted with the problem how he became connected with a body of such a kind that his character, as it usually does, resembles the character of the ancestors of the body.

“From the materialist’s point of view there is a simple answer. The character of the person born is the product of the body. This hypothesis assumes that the parents create the new being in generating the body. But from the point of view of all religion, Christian or otherwise, there is something positively blasphemous in this assumption.

“If we adopt the alternative hypothesis, we have here again to deny the reign of law in the universe, and to invoke in each case the absurd theory of a special act of divine interposition. If, however, we accept pre-existence, and postulate the descent into generation of previously existing human monads, we may assume a law of attraction on parallel lines to that of chemical affinity, by means of which the ego is drawn to the parents most qualified to provide it with the most fitting vehicle for its self-expression.

“On this supposition the soul may select its own parents, not so much consciously as by some law of affinity and instinctive attraction which determines the choice. A man’s character, in this case, would be decided by his previous life history, and not by the character of the ancestors of his new body. But it would be the character of the ancestors of the new body and their similarity to his character which would determine the fact that he was reborn in that body rather than in another.

“The past, then, if these arguments are valid, is not necessarily preserved separately in the memory, but it nevertheless exists in a concentrated form, in the present life, where all that was before a mass of hard-earned acquisitions, has been merged in the unity of a developed character.”

—From an Editorial by Ralph Shirley in an old issue
of *The Occult Review*, London.

THE WILL TO DO

THE Will to do or Will-Power is to me the most necessary quality for success in any phase of life. It raises me above the mass thinking—the great inertia. It is Life—Living—all that is healthy, normal and balanced.

My only weakness has been a “not-doing” most of my life. Will Power is simply “doing” and *applying* what I know. Knowing that His Will is the only Power there is—and knowing it is available at all times for anyone to use—makes it seem simple; for it then but remains for one to USE it.

We can pray for it, yet until we start *using* it, it is not ours. It is strange and wonderful—when I am using Will Power in all my living! And how dead I seem when I am not using it—I simply drift along towards nowhere, until I go as far as I can stand it; then I turn around, begin to use the Will-to-do, and every area in my life suddenly wakes up and becomes useful and worthwhile. I become positive. I see only the good and true. Nothing is too much trouble. I am happier and more loving, and accomplish what I set out to do; that is, whatever is for me to do.

I have found that if I ask for it I will receive it—but *not until I start to use it*. When I am using Will Power, I am living up to the highest in me, no matter on what plane I am working.

At least, that is the way I feel, but very poorly and inadequately expressed.

—D. S.

HE GAVE them power and authority over all devils and to cure diseases. The sick shall be healed and devils cast out.

HEAVENLY LOVE

TO TRY to put this into words seems futile, for no words can describe it. Either your soul understands, or it will all be meaningless.

It was not a dream—it was a deep slumber. A dream is a series of pictures, but these were not pictures. Neither was it thinking; yet I was always conscious, almost super-conscious. It was more nearly like feeling, or being merely in a state of extreme awareness, and the feeling, or being, was of indescribable bliss.

All that is beautiful and good and true that ever happened between man and woman since time began, happened between us, dear one. And yet nothing really happened—we just *were!* There was no “me,” no “you,” only “us,” and this “us” in turn, complete in itself, was but a drop in a great ocean of Being, or Mind, or God, whatever you want to call it.

There were bodies, but Oh so different! All the dross and heaviness burned away—so light, so graceful, so responsive to our slightest wish were they; with form, and yet without form, we could float in air or be transformed into thought . . . Oh, I cannot say what these bodies were, but they were unimaginably sensitive, delicate instruments of our thought and being.

I saw your beauty as through a cloud of gauzy blue matter, and yet there was nothing between us. There was love without end, for loving was *resting*, and we moved within and without each other with the utmost joy and freedom. There is no analogy except the physical, yet it was so much more beautiful that there is no comparison; since there was only an “us” it did not matter the least which of us was within the “us,” for I could be you and you could be me, at will.

You knew the mystery and the joy of it by taking, as well as by being taken; you could come into me as well as I could come into you; and in some mystical way it was not just a part, but all of us. We could flow into each other and rest there as easily as thinking; and this ability to trade bodies and being automatically eliminated all inharmony and misunderstanding, because it would have been just like being hurt by or angry with oneself. For I was you, and we were merely parts of an “us.”

There were kisses, or what would be called kisses in the outer; and they were so gentle I thought of peach blossoms drifting on an April breeze.

All this by analogy, but there was one tiny physical expression I felt was human—I do not know why. It was rubbing our toes and our feet together. It was such delicious joy to rub the soles of our feet together. This seemed to be actually of earth—all the rest was in heaven, and I have not even suggested the beauty and glory of it, its infinite duration, and our blessed oneness with each other and with God.

But what thrilled me most was this: I have often awakened from some dream of passion with my pulses pounding, sweat on my forehead, my body rigid with desire and longing. But when I awoke from this blessed vision, my pulses were as quiet and regular as though I had listened to some matchless music; my body was peaceful and relaxed, and my soul was calm with infinite beatitude.

I know now that passion and jealousy destroy, burn up, tear to pieces, and that it is only this passion beyond passion that can bring peace. It is like the vibrations of a sound that become so intense the human ear cannot hear them, and so the sound becomes silence. So passion raised to the intensity of this heavenly environ passes into peace, and the pulses are calm; and love no longer consumes, but nourishes and rests.

This is the joy and the lesson I learned. Can you wonder that I want no earthly passion, that this night in Heaven has burned away what I thought was unquenchable in me as long as I lived?

—E. M. D.

THE WORD OF GOD

THE AWAKENING of Faith is bound to come. On the unimpeachable authority of Holy Scripture, we are told that no word of God shall return unto Him void, but that it shall accomplish that for which He sent it forth. The greatest word of God is the Logos, even Jesus Christ. What God has spoken through Jesus must be fulfilled before it returns to Him.

—John Maitland.

ANSWERS TO THE SEVEN QUESTIONS IN LESSON 45

By a Student

(1) **A**RE YOU sure you have found and are now being taught by the Comforter, your Christ Self? Explain why you are sure.

Yes, M..... is sure. She has found Me—I AM her Comforter, and am now her only Teacher. I alone give her peace and assurance when problems assail. When she says I AM this or that—truly knowing Me as such, I AM her life, her health, her strength, her all; for I Alone AM, and she now knows that *she* is not at all.

(2) Are you looking to Him as your supreme Teacher and Authority, and depending upon no one else? What comes to you as a result?

Yes, M..... is depending upon Me more and more each day—she now realizes What and Who I AM, and comes to me sooner or later with every problem, knowing now that I AM her Supply, her Guide, her only Authority, and that My Word is sufficient and the final word for her. Then she is filled with great Joy and is so happy that she wants to help all others find this same Joy.

(3) Are you able to command your human mind to "*Be still, and know, I AM, God,*" and then know that *you* are the "I AM" Who commands, and that you and God are One? How can you prove this?

Yes. Yes, more and more she is able to quiet her mind with My Words, "*Be still, and know, I AM, God,*" and instantly she realizes Me as I AM, and that it is I thus speaking, stilling all in the outer so that it vanishes and there is just I—and all is Light and Love.

She used to ask Me for help, but now does it very seldom, and when she does she immediately realizes she is I and We are One, and she is all there is, and therefore does not need to ask herself for anything, for she is all there is, and all there is is hers.

When she speaks the Word for another a Light appears that she knows is I AM—is I AM in that other, and she knows all is taken care of. I have proved it to her often of late.

(4) Are you sure you have found the Kingdom, and can you abide in it for any length of time? What does the Kingdom mean to you when you are in Its Consciousness?

Yes. The time of abiding is getting longer each time she comes to Me. She loses all sense of her body and mind and ascends into a great vastness of pastel shades of pink and blue, which she calls Love, and which I AM; and there she rests, waits in such peace that she sees Beauty, Goodness, Holiness everywhere, feels Oneness with all, realizes Abundance of all Good, Wholeness and Perfection—for she knows that I AM ALL, and I have All.

(5) Can you truly see Christ, the Higher Self, and Good or God, in everyone and in every thing and condition around you? What is this “seeing” doing to and for you?

Yes, M..... is beginning to see Me more and more in everyone, in every thing and every condition. It makes her gently tolerant and understanding with all. In some she sees Christ in them trying to express, and soon all things that she once saw in their personalities vanishes, and all concern leaves and she is at peace and joyous, because of seeing Me in them.

She has wondered why she was placed in so much seeming confusion at this particular time, so she sat down to think it through. As she did so she picked up her *Impersonal Life*, it opened to the chapter on “Soul Mates,” and she was led to read the three paragraphs, as follows:

“Perhaps the particular position in life you now occupy you do not think the best adapted for the expression of My Idea surging within you.

“If so, then why not step out of that position into the one of your choice?”

“The mere fact that you cannot or do not do this proves that at this time such position is the one best suited to awaken in you certain qualities necessary for My perfect expression, and that I, your own Self, AM compelling you to remain therein, until you can recognize My Purpose and Meaning hidden within the power such position has to disturb your peace of mind and keep you thus dissatisfied.”

She then asked, "Show me Thy Meaning and Purpose for me," hearing these words in reply:

"Patience, My child; you are trying to express Me to the fullest of your understanding. It is in this very of condition of confusion that I AM showing you the weaknesses and qualities that still need to be overcome, so that there can be a complete surrender to My Will."

Then I gave her a glimpse of Me handling this condition, until all concern had left and she was content to leave all to Me. From this experience she will be able to see Me more clearly in all conditions, things and people, and know she is in Me, I in her, and I in All.

(6) Have you had an inner experiences—dreams or visions—in which you were with others *robed in white*? In them did you see the Lord Jesus? Describe such experiences and what they meant for you at the time.

Yes—dreams. She did not see Jesus Christ, but she knew she *was I*—the Christ of her. She seemed to be, in the most recent experience, in front of a great mass of people, all of whom were dressed in white and facing her. She was there but was without form—was only a glorious, radiant Light. The people (all the thoughts in her consciousness) were in perfect order facing her. Yet no self was visible to them.

(7) Describe just what this Work means to you, what it has done for you and *what you deem It to be*.

This Work is a *Spiritual* Work done through Selfless Love and Wisdom. When we are all able to withdraw from our mind and body consciousness and enter into the Christ Consciousness as It teaches us to do, we are shown what is, and are enabled to do, our inner work, knowing now that all is God and that "My Father and I are One."

It has lifted me (not entirely) from self consciousness to Selfless Consciousness, and I know I AM. It is such a joy to be able to have such realization of God. His Holy Spirit, the Christ, I now *know* is the Light shining in the midst of me, and as I AM, He is the REAL Self of me, and I am learning to let Him shine away. There is nothing else in life to compare with the importance of serving Him.

CHILD'S WAY OUT COURSE

THE GOLDEN RULE CLUB

Part IX

COLOMBE always watched for the mailman with great eagerness, because there were so often letters telling about her dear little LAND OF LIGHT friends. After hearing all about the Golden Rule Club to which little Nancy belonged, Colombe asked Mother if she couldn't have one, too.

"That's a good idea, Colombe," approved Mother. "We can start it with just us two, and then later, when you begin school, perhaps some of your playmates might also join."

They decided to meet each Wednesday afternoon; and when the anticipated time came Colombe, carefully garbed in her prettiest dress, waited in the upstairs blue-room, eyes bright with excitement.

"Before starting this meeting," began Mother, "we must do with our thoughts just what you have done with your clothes. So let's put away all old, dusty, playtime thoughts and clothe our minds in beautiful God-Thoughts. Are your thoughts now as pretty, as clean, and as becoming as is your dress?—Yes, I can see they are from the way your eyes shine. Therefore let's begin our meeting by singing together your favorite Sunday School song, 'I Would Be a Little Sunbeam,'—for that is what Golden Rule people are trying to be."

Song

I would be a little sunbeam,
Shining brightly all the day,
With its light and joy and gladness,
Driving all the clouds away.

Refrain

Shining, Shining,
Shining ever bright and fair;
Shining, Shining,
Shedding sunlight everywhere.

Shining every day for Jesus,
Like a sunbeam pure and fair,
Driving out the gloom and sadness,
Shedding sunlight ev'rywhere.

I would be a little sunbeam,
And with happy smile or song,
Cheer the hearts of those around me—
Make them cheerful, brave and strong.

(Sing Refrain)

I would be a little sunbeam!
Help me, Jesus, so to shine;
May the light of Thy dear Spirit
Fill this little heart of mine.

(repeat Refrain)

After their song Mother asked, "What is a rule?"

"It's something to measure with," responded Colombe.

"Yes," agreed Mother. "A rule or a measure is necessary for everything. We couldn't build a house, make a dress, or cook a meal without *some* way of measuring. Daddy measures and marks every board before sawing, otherwise they wouldn't fit right. And we carefully measure just how much cloth we need for a dress, otherwise we might not buy enough to finish it. Even the land we live on had at one time to be measured. Can you tell me of other uses for a measure?"

Of course Colombe thought up several such uses and began to realize how important a part was played by a humble little rule.

"But even more important is a measure for our thoughts, our words, and our acts," added Mother, "otherwise how could we know whether they were right or wrong?"

"I've often wondered, Mother," Colombe answered. "Many times I thought that what I was doing was all right, but you and Daddy said it wasn't. How can we tell?"

"We can tell by measuring every thought, word or act by the Golden Rule which Jesus gave us," replied her mother. '*Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.*' A Golden Rule

member never lets any thought into her mind until she first asks herself, 'Would I like this thought to really happen to *me*? Would I like someone to think it about me?' Before she says a word she thinks, 'Would I like this thing said to me, or about me?' Before she does a thing she asks herself, 'Would I like this *thing* I am going to do, done to me?' If the answer is , 'Yes,' then the thought, word, or act is good. If the answer should be, 'No,' then a real Golden Ruler-er would immediately decide not to think, **speak** or act in such a manner. Do you want to be a Golden Rule girl, and are you willing to try to measure everything you think, say, or do with this Rule?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Colombe. "I want to do that!"

"Very well," answered Mother, "we will now make you a member. Here is a Golden Rule Button to wear to help you to remember. Now let's repeat our Club affirmation together:

"We are Golden Rule-ers.

"We think only the thoughts God wants us to think and bring forth in our lives.

"We let into our hearts only the feelings God wants us to have and to bring forth in our lives.

"We say only the kind, loving, helpful words which we would like to have said to us.

"We do only the kind, loving, helpful acts which we would like to have done to us.

"We measure every thought, feeling, word, and act by the Golden Rule of Jesus: *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.*

"Our motto is 'Love One Another'."

"We will now read a story and measure the thoughts, feelings, and acts of the story people by our Golden Rule."

For this meeting Colombe and Mother chose the story of the Good Samaritan, one of Colombe's favorite Fairy Stories. Then Colombe mentioned other stories which occurred to her as illustrations of the use of the Golden Rule as a measure of conduct.

In closing the meeting Colombe and Mother repeated together:

"We love the Lord, our God, with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind.

"We love our neighbor as ourself."

And, at Colombe's wish they ended their meeting by again singing their "Sunbeam" song.

"Oh, Mother," cried Colombe as they left the room, "I just love our Golden Rule Club, and I'm going to be a *real* Golden Rule Girl!"

Suggested Questions.

1. Would you like a Golden Rule Club?
2. What is a rule?
3. Is measuring things important? Why?
4. Can thoughts, feelings, words, and acts be measured? How?
5. Repeat the Golden Rule which Jesus gave us.
6. Can we apply this Rule to everything in our life?
7. Give some examples.
8. Why must Golden Rule-ers love one another?
9. How should we love God? Why?
10. Why should loving God be so important to a Golden Rule-er?

NOTICE:

All earnest *Sun Center* Mothers who have the best interests of their children at heart are invited to organize a Golden Rule Club right in their own homes, having as members their own child or children and, as they become interested, any of their neighbors or playmates. The above ritual, that mentioned in the September '37 issue of the Magazine, or any of a similar nature can be used, changes, additions, or elaborations being made to adapt it to the individual requirements of its members. If the Golden Rule buttons are desired they may be had for 2c each, less when ordered in large quantities. (Please enclose postage.)

The benefits to be obtained from such a club in the child's whole character will more than offset the time and effort required. The Sun Center will gladly help with any problems arising in connection with organizing or holding the interest of members of such a club.

THE PROMISE

I SHALL come back to you
To let you know that I am near;
In many ways I will appear.
Not always in the form I bore,
Not in apparel I once wore,
I shall come back to you.

I shall come back to you,
Perhaps upon a thrush's note,
My soul to yours in love will float;
Or in the breaking of a wave,
Or flower that blooms upon my grave,
I shall come back to you.

I shall come back to you;
You'll feel me in the morning light,
Or in the flash of meteor bright.
You'll hear me in the night wind's sigh,
Or rush of wings ascending high,
I shall come back to you.

I shall come back to you,
Perchance upon a floating cloud,
Or in the movement of a crowd.
It may be in the rainbow's gleam,
Or murmur of a wayside stream,
I shall come back to you.

I shall come back to you,
And if my touch you do not feel,
Sweet love and peace shall o'er you steal,
Inspired by angels—strong and bright;
Clearer shall grow your inner sight.
I shall come back to you.

I shall come back to you,
And every dream will then prove true,
And things we did not understand
Will clear like mists that hid the land.
I shall come back to you.

—*Evelyn Whitell.*

THE IMPERSONAL WORK

IN THIS Department will be included teachings and truths for more advanced students, especially for those who have received the monthly lessons in the sixty-five issued Papers.

Some of our readers perhaps may not be able to grasp these truths, but we urge if so that they reserve them for future study and consideration, as they will contain matter of vital moment to the soul, when it is grown ready to receive and use it as intended.

THE IMPERSONAL TEACHINGS

OUR readers have discovered that what is appearing in this Department is intended for those who have followed with the Impersonal Teachings, and have reached a state of unfoldment where the Inner Self is always in evidence, so much so that the outer man looks to and depends upon that Self for guidance in all of his affairs.

We mean just that. No one could have faithfully studied and lived with these Teachings without coming into a definite awareness of that Self—some even surrendering to that Self and allowing It to rule their lives. Just what does that signify?

We see on all sides thousands of earnest students in various Movements longing for and making strenuous efforts to contact some Master, either in the inner or outer planes of being—if not a Master some great Teacher of whom they have heard; and believing advancement can be made only under the guidance of such. It is true, these Movements emphasize the importance of such contact, or hold out to students the blessings or great benefits to be derived from becoming a disciple of such Master, often giving wonderful pictures of the personal lives and appearance of these Masters, inspiring a great desire to find and know Them.

On the other hand, little if anything is said by these movements about the Teacher within each student—his own Higher Self, and about Him being the final authority to Whom each should turn before accepting anything from any outer Master or Teacher. In fact such Movements would seem to deem it unwise to depend upon such inner authority, turning the student instead to their

particular teachings for guidance, until they can learn discrimination—evidently not knowing that discrimination is but the ability to hear and know unerringly the voice of the Higher Self when He speaks.

Of course we know that these Movements have their part and place in aiding seeking souls to understand the meaning and purpose of life, and that each would not have so many followers were it not for the truths they teach. But often these truths are mixed with so many sophistries and half-truths that unwittingly sincere seekers find themselves accepting *everything* taught believing because of the known truths proclaimed that everything else stated must likewise be true. For this reason they still that questioning or doubting voice within that tries to make itself heard, and they soon find themselves caught in the glamour surrounding the leaders of such Movements and become so confused they cannot think clearly and do not try anymore, being content to accept whatever is stated by the leaders.

We mention these facts only in order to show that until one has learned to listen to that quiet voice and to turn within to that Inner Self for guidance, confusion, mistakes, disappointments, disillusionments and discouragements are sure to result, no matter how wonderful and true one thinks are the teachers or movements one is following at the time.

Therefore the constant insistence in the Impersonal Teachings, and especially in this Department and elsewhere in the Magazine, upon the importance of becoming acquainted with one's Inner Self, and the showing how to find and know that Self, to hear His Voice, and in time to enter His Consciousness.

We have frequently tried to make plain that while other authorities teach that Mastership or Self-Mastery is the goal of human attainment, we say that it is only the first stage of such goal—it is but the establishment of one's center of awareness in the Soul, instead of in the outer mind; and that not until it is established in one's Christ Consciousness or in one's Divine Self, one has not even attained maturity as a human soul.

We know that our Lord Jesus Christ came to humanity to show us the way and to be the example or pattern for every man to follow, and that not until we have long followed Him, have

attained to His stature, and are in His Consciousness—which means we are able to do everything He did, we have not yet grown up and become perfect and fully developed men; which must be the goal intended for us—to be “*Just Men made Perfect.*”

Therefore in this Department, it has been our aim to reach and talk to those who are more or less consciously approaching maturity, who are nearing their Father’s Home, and are becoming fit and worthy to enter His Consciousness; trying to encourage all such by showing them just what is happening.

What do we mean by that? We mean that by making plain when they are thus approaching their Christ Estate—their fruitage stage, it will help stimulate them to free themselves of everything that is hindering their doing the special work they came here to do; will aid their human selves truly to surrender to their Inner Selves; so that their centers of awareness can withdraw permanently from their minds and enter and become One with their Christed Souls.

Let all such know that this freedom comes chiefly through selfless service, through going back and helping others along the path they have trodden. Are you doing this consciously, dear friend; and are you giving of your time and energy freely, obeying a loving, insistent urge from within? Have you attracted to you others who look to you for help and instruction about the problems of life, and are you at every opportunity turning them within to their own Higher or Christ Self, teaching them how to hear and know His Voice?

If so, know that you are working in close conjunction with the Christ of you—your True Self; that He now has in you a channel through which He can do the work all Brothers in Christ are doing, and that He is preparing you for the special part in that Work He came into expression to do through you.

But try to know that *He and you are One!* You are but an extension of His Consciousness needed to do that work here in the outer. But we will put it another way—the true way. There is really no *He and you*—*you* alone are; *you* have but extended some of *your* consciousness out into a brain-mind that thinks it is *you* and is separate from *you*, when it is but this outer part of *your* consciousness which *you* are informing, training and perfecting for *your* use as fast as it can receive it and understand.

Once you can get your mind fully to realize this and thereby to surrender its sense of and desire to be a separate self, your center of awareness then gradually and often imperceptibly finds itself back in the soul in your true consciousness, and it will be looking out at the mind and all its beliefs as you now look at the illusions of your childhood.

At present your center of awareness is out in the mind's consciousness, and in order to know the Father, the Christ or the Higher Self, it turns within and perhaps there communes with Him, not knowing that this "Him" is *You*—its God-Self! But when it does know this—truly know it, it as it were thereby transfers its center from the outer mind within into *Your* consciousness, faces about and looks out and sees that self and the outer world are but illusions of the outer mind, created by wrong teachings and beliefs, and that *You* alone *Are*—are just a center of awareness in Pure Consciousness, which we know as God.

In the Impersonal Teachings this has been stated many times in many different ways. Many earnest ones have read it often, but without grasping its real meaning. But perhaps someone at this reading has been made ready through meditation and service, and its wonderful reality will come as a flash of illumination—and the transfer will be made.

This will be but the beginning, however. The abiding in that inner consciousness may be but for a few moments, and then your center will be back again in the outer mind. But the glory of it, with its sense of reality and power, will be such that your constant effort from then on will be to get back again in that consciousness, and to abide in it longer and longer; until finally, your center of awareness will *establish* itself within, and then it will go out only when the need is to do certain work in the outer that requires special attention—even as now you turn within in prayer or in special need to the Father.

It is the mission of this Work to aid especially those who have reached this stage of unfoldment. All such are sooner or later led to It and Its Teachings, and therein learn what is happening to them and what it is all about and the wonderful spiritual purpose back of it. All who then stay with the Teachings until their truths are built into the consciousness will just as surely

reach the goal—become established in that Inner Consciousness, called the Kingdom or the Father's Home—as when one knows the truth he can no longer be bound by ignorance and error.

OUR BODY TEMPLE

ABOUT two weeks ago, I asked a friend to help me realize health and strength.

While I had been in the work for several years and had often proven the law, I realized that my health was not improving and that I apparently had less strength than formerly. I felt that with my understanding and the help I had often been able to give other people, neither health nor strength should any longer be a problem.

Then why should I ask help of another, when I knew I was a Son of God and that all my help should come from my Real Self within? I felt I had too much to do to be handicapped longer with weakness, and I determined to ask for help. While this asking turned into a blessing for me, still I feel that we should never be dependent on others.

I didn't feel any better, but two or three days later I saw this friend again, and she said, "Your spirit seems to soar above, but where is your body? I can't find it. It's not where you are."

This sounded rather strange and I went home disappointed and not a little puzzled. I knew that in many ways I was not interested in my body. I thoroughly disliked physiology when in school and talk of the various organs and diseases of the body was too boring. Yet beauty and grace surely made one seem more as a Temple of the Living God than did their opposites. As I searched I did have to admit that almost any study of the mind was most fascinating to me.

That night as I fingered the pages of my book of Sun Papers I noticed a paragraph of Paper Forty and could not pass it by. The words seemed to stand out until I was forced to read them again and again. There was my answer as plainly as if the Master had handed me the sentence in letters of light. The words were familiar but why had I not understood them before? ". . . that his soul, which is the sum total of the consciousness of the trillions of cells of his so-called physical body, is the real man; and that

this soul or real man—the invisible image body of God—is the temple or garment of the Holy Spirit, a Son of God, . . . ”

I knew then what I had been doing and why my body had grown less vital and less healthy. My interest in the soul life, and because of some interesting experiences had, made me feel that I was really not this body my friends see. Giving it no recognition, at least during my hours of meditation or silence, it naturally became weaker. I had been doing this all unconsciously of course.

When the truth flashed to me that my soul is the sum total of the consciousness of the cells of my *physical body*, a great surge of life filled me, and since then I have felt stronger than for many years. In only two weeks time I am strong and a chronic illness (asthma) of fifteen years persistence is letting go. I close my eyes and for the time being I *am* God—not just the One that I went in to, but *all* of me. I no longer float off away from this body consciousness. It is I—and I, a Son of God—am it—am all the consciousness and life it has.

How wonderful to know that this so-called physical man is a Spiritual being! I now clearly see that I had thought of this image body of God as *having nothing to do with my physical body!* When in reality, my soul is as it is because of the consciousness of the cells of my physical body.

Now as I turn within my whole body tingles with life. I feel that this is due to my recognition that I am not only mental substance but body consciousness as well. I see that in emphasizing either to the exclusion of the other we make a separation.

Every day now people are saying to me, “How well you look,” or “I believe you are gaining weight.”

A son of God must not only be intelligent but must look strong and vital as well to be His true Expression.

—M. D. C.

THOUGHT CREATIONS

DURING last year's Summer Classes I was one of the many privileged students to attend the Classes. The deep truths taught in the Mind articles especially made a profound impression upon my outer mind, but self became quite concerned when she

could not fully grasp some of their inner meaning. Of course it was I who led her to the Classes, I who caused her to take this deep interest in what was taught, because I was preparing her to become a more perfect channel for My expression.

She tried very hard to understand, and in her concern could not hear My voice as I tried to make it all clear to her. So I decided to take her into My world of consciousness while the outer of her was asleep, where I could teach her unhindered, and enable her actually to see with My eyes the powers and possibilities awaiting her in this world of thought.

I caused her when she awoke to remember this experience and the wonderful power and freedom she experienced while in her true consciousness, free from the limiting and hindering bonds of the outer mind, so that she might in time of need turn to Me and feel again the strength and power of My consciousness. And this is what she brought back upon awakening.

She found herself one among five or more other centers of awareness being taught by a teacher who was also a center of awareness like she, but whom she recognized as a great and very wise being. The particular subject seemed to be on the Mind, its real purpose, its functions, and its tremendous possibilities. The teaching was given her through the medium of thoughts alone, for there were no forms, no spoken words, no place or time where it happened. She was conscious of other centers of awareness or individual centers, but all seemed a part of a whole, connected by thought. All questions that arose were immediately answered by the teacher by a thought. The mind was keenly alert to all that happened, and worked instantaneously.

After what seemed a lecture, she was given some real work to do to test her ability to apply the newly acquired knowledge. Before her eyes suddenly appeared a huge wall of water rushing to her threatening to engulf her. For but one moment she hesitated, then she commanded, "*No, I do not want this condition; it has no power to harm me in any way.*" And to her amazement the water receded and vanished.

During the experiment the teacher seemed to be absent, but he was really there, watching, only her attention was directed toward

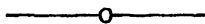
the water and he seemed to be gone. But he turned to her and was very much pleased with the way she handled the problem. She does not remember whether she was alone or whether the others were being tested also.

While the teacher was seemingly turned to the other members of the class, she wondered if she could actually create something that she wanted, even as she was able to cause the unwanted condition to disappear. After a second's thought she hit upon the idea of creating a walnut, it being the first object that entered her mind.

No sooner did she think of a walnut, than a ball of mist appeared before her eyes. There was gentle activity within the mist and as it began to dissolve there appeared a dark center which quickly unfolded into a walnut. She was amazed at the instantaneous result, the outmanifestation of her thought before her very eyes. But she felt rather guilty as if she had no right to experiment thus. But in answer the teacher, who got her thought, commended her highly, approving also the desire that prompted the experiment.

He then impressed upon her mind the great necessity of thinking only what she wanted to manifest in her life, that even as she could create wanted conditions, so by negative thinking she had created all the unwanted and inharmonious conditions in her life.

—D. M.



THE BUILDERS OF THE KINGDOM

IN THE world's history there have been men and women who have pledged themselves to a life of unswerving service in the causes in which they were enlisted. The forces of corruption and sin must be faced and overcome. The clarion call of the Holy Spirit of God is sounding throughout the world. Men and women are hearing it, and the ranks of faith are steadily filling up. God is entrusting the building the Kingdom of Righteousness to the followers of Jesus Christ. From the sanctuary of the inward Kingdom He will work through the spiritual efforts of the dedicated life for the healing of the suffering and afflicted, and the casting out of devils.—*The Healing Church.*

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

IN THIS Department will be given interpretations of dreams and visions of those needing to know their inner meaning. We reserve for it only those of special interest and helpfulness.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL

ONE morning in April in 1931 about nine o'clock I saw the following while in meditation.

I stood on a mountain top. As far as I could see the mountain tops stretched away, covered with grass, no trees. Just in front of me stood a great white Cathedral with two tall spires. It did not rest on the earth but on billows of white clouds. I watched and people came quietly, in twos and threes, dressed in colors and drapes of old Jewish days. They came from all directions as far as I could see, great long lines and all went into the Cathedral.

Suddenly a voice said to me, "You always contact the outside, why don't you go in?" I had seen this Cathedral once before. Without stopping to think I answered. "All right, I will," and at once found myself inside. Here all was purest white. Pews and kneeling benches were of white marble, and the people were kneeling quiet, not a sound, and all were now dressed in pure white. I stood and looked on.

Suddenly all arose and with uplifted arms sang, "Hosanna to God in the Highest, Hosanna to our King!" It sounded as no earthly singing I have ever heard. Then I was standing outside and watched the people go as they had come, again in colors, away across the mountains; but through it all I just seemed to look on.

Could you tell me the meaning of this?

Regarding the experience, the mountain top on which you were standing represented the higher consciousness you were in at the time and which enabled you to be aware of what seemed to be a cathedral consecrated to God, and you even seemed to witness your thoughts as they entered it, but which seemed to you to be people.

Your Higher Self permitted you this vision in order to show you that the time had come now, instead of sending your thoughts into this inner church for you to enter it in consciousness—the temple of your own Soul, which you found yourself able to do. What you saw within was but the out-picturing of your experience in your Soul consciousness, and which was very beautiful. Naturally when you found yourself standing outside or in your mortal consciousness, your thoughts assumed their natural state and did not appear pure white as before.

Think this over and see if something within you does not confirm the truth of our words, and unfold to you their inner meaning.

WHEN THE SOUL SEEMINGLY GETS "LOST"

I DREAMED I was sick in bed and that my little girl Carolyn was also sick in another house across the street from me. I dreamed she stood at the window and kept calling me, then a little boy and she went out to play together, each one with a little sheep they were leading by a string. There was lots of snow on the ground. I dreamed I tried to get different people in the house to go out and bring her back in, for I was afraid she would get lost, at the same time knowing she was not well, having a bad cold (the mental agony was terrible, for FEAR of her).

Finally I put on my bathrobe and slippers and went out into the snow to try and find her, and calling at the top of my voice. (Now here is the strange part) Instead of calling her by her name, which is Carolyn, I was calling her by my own name. Finally I saw the little boy that had gone with her come slowly up the hill still leading his little lamb and crying as though his heart would break, saying he had gotten lost from CAROLYN. We started looking everywhere for her, and then I awoke numb with fear. Then I went to sleep again, asking my subconsciousness to bring forth to my mortal mind the meaning; and just as I awoke the second time it seemed as though a voice was telling me there was not much TIME LEFT.

Now I want to say that I have had the dream of losing my little girl Carolyn lots of times within the past year, sometimes I would find her in my dreams, but I never had called her by name in my dreams before.

Regarding your dream, it was very significant, and we will try to make clear just what your Higher Self was endeavoring to unfold to you.

The outer of you was sick at heart, because of your seemingly slow spiritual progress. Your little girl Carolyn symbolizes your soul, or rather, the pure sweet inner nature that is trying to get out into expression and away from the mortal which is so binding and limiting it. So with the more positive side of you, symbolized by the little boy it went out to "play" with the "Lamb of God."

In other words, these higher parts of your nature loved to play with this little lamb, but you in your mortal consciousness dreaded their leaving you and getting out of sight. And so you went after them seeking your little girl—this higher part, only to find that she had gotten "lost" apparently.

Can you not now see why you called her by your own name, and that she was the Real You, the loving part of you that wants to remain always in your consciousness—your home where she as Selfless Love can always express? Think carefully over this explanation and get the good that it holds for you.

THE INNER ROOM

CONTAINING quotations from our replies to those writing us for help in their *Spiritual problems*.

Each day at 12 o'clock noon, we take the names of those asking for such help in the Silence of the Spirit, and "Speak the Word" for them. Many hundreds have testified to receiving the blessings of such ministry.

A PROTECTIVE WALL

ABOUT your being so tired in the morning, before you go to sleep try to do just what we say. Get perfectly quiet, relax and then try to feel the life force pouring forth from the Source of life within you and radiating to the circumference of your being. Try to *feel* it as a warmth and then a tingling until you almost see it radiating from the center of your being as a great Light. Then *know* that this Life is vitalizing, healing, strengthening and making you whole and perfect. Actually **FEEL** all this and the perfect health resulting, until you become **POSITIVE** in your *knowing* it is so.

If you will do this faithfully every night before you go to sleep, you will find you will not only grow much stronger, physically, mentally, and every other way, but it will be a protective wall that will ward off every negative and harmful influence either in the night time or in the day time.

AUTOMATIC WRITING

ABOUT your automatic writing and the things that come. We cannot see any good in any of it; it is all mysterious and intriguing and tells of strange things, those taught in mythology—but of what good is it all, and who cares about it?

Therefore, why waste your time with such stuff? Unless you can get things that are practical, inspiring and helpful, refuse to lend yourself to such forces.

If you will make this an invariable rule, you will find that these forces will leave you and you will then be open to the much higher inspiration and guidance of your own True Self. Think this over, and see if you would not much prefer such guidance and teaching.

WHEN YOU NO LONGER NEED BOOKS OR TEACHERS

HOW TRUE you are finding it that ordinary books now, in the new consciousness you are in, have no longer anything in them that appeals, and that you need no outer instruction from books or teachers. For, you now know that you have within you the one and only authoritative Teacher, and the highest and best possible for you—your own Inner and True Self. Be faithful to Him and let Him decide everything. When the sure knowing of this is established so that the mind looks to Him only for

guidance, can you not see that there will no longer be two, He and you, but only one, and You will be that One? The other will then be but your human mind which has become Your loving and obedient servant.

REAL KNOWING

REGARDING the seeming stopping of supply, as you have seen it is only a belief of the mind accepting what appears to be so. Unconsciously it has allowed that belief to enter and to become more or less established. You see, after the mind has been taught this great truth that it is *only what you think and believe is so that is manifesting*, and has been shown its high possibilities up to the point where it accepts it all as being so, and then in this new understanding is allowed to enjoy the consciousness of this new truth, it becomes necessary to test and prove it—the mind's belief.

And so it looks as if you are being called upon now to prove whether you really *know*, instead of just believe this truth. Can you not see this, dear friend? When the *knowing* is fully established there will be no such recessions, because nothing can get into the consciousness that will unsettle that knowing as a belief can be unsettled. Think this over and get busy and cleanse your consciousness of all that has been doing this 'unsettling.

WHAT IS SEEKING FIRST THE KINGDOM

WE NOTE your confusion over the seeming confliction in the instructions in *THE WAY OUT* and in the promise that by seeking first the Kingdom and His Righteousness all things will be added.

Try to realize that in the past without realizing it you ignorantly brought into manifestation all the unwanted conditions now in evidence in your life. By learning the Law back of such manifestation as taught you in *THE WAY OUT*, you can now consciously and wisely create the conditions you *want* to manifest. By seeking first the Kingdom, which means the consciousness of God, you thereby connect your consciousness with His and thus open the door, as it were, for you to be shown and enabled to do whatever God wants you to do.

You have learned the statement, "Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth will make you free." The teachings in *THE WAY OUT* are helping you to know the truth so that you can be free, free from the ignorance of wrong thinking and creating. By learning how to think only good and constructive thoughts and to do only what God would have you do, you are seeking first the Kingdom and you will then be shown and will *know* that God wants you to have every good thing in life.

Therefore you must see that good manifesting in all your affairs, thereby starting it coming to you—by thus creating it on the mental plane. That is the only way anything ever comes into outer manifestation, It must be first seen, vitalized, known to be true and real, and then *lived*—when it must come into manifestation.

Think this over until you get the full inner meaning of it, and it will help you very much.