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Mind The Builder Magazine



DR. A. A. LINDSAY

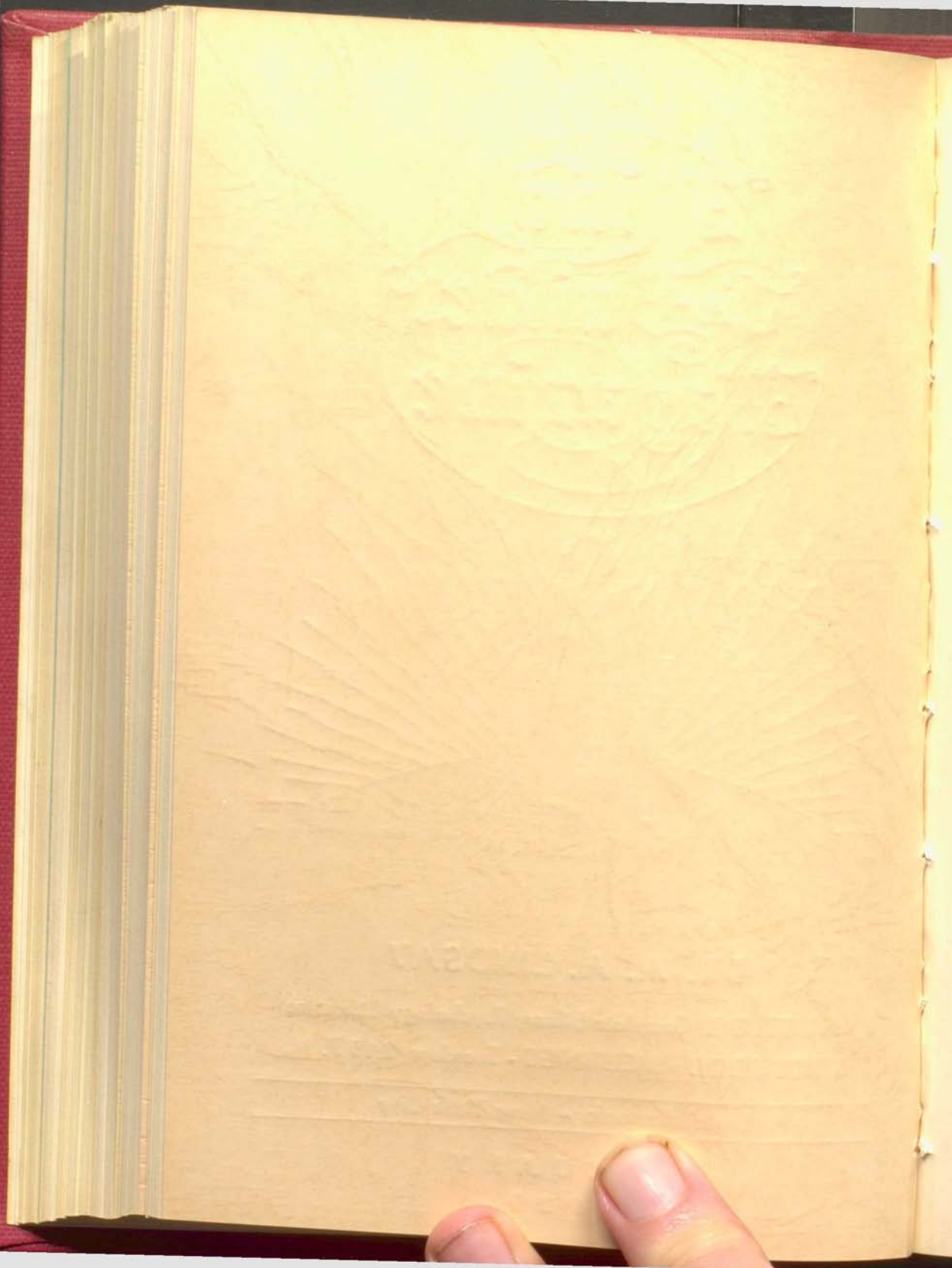
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1939



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DR. A. A. Lindsay,
Hotel Ansonia, New York City.

Eva, the farmer's daughter, eighteen years old, educated and industrious, had climbed from the attic of the main building out onto the kitchen roof, where she was spreading sliced apples to dry in the sun. At the same moment that Grover was stooping over to draw up the bucket to which a rope was attached for drawing water from the cistern, Eva's foot slipped and she glided rapidly and noiselessly down the roof of one-third pitch.

The first perception Grover had of anything extraordinary was realized when he said to himself: "I have not seen her face nor heard her voice but she, whose little right foot is in my right coat pocket and whose left foot is in my left coat pocket, with her arms around my neck, is the rest of myself."

"Excuse my back, I did not know you were coming," he said.

"Please do not apologize; had you not been here I would be in that cistern now, drowning perhaps. Will you sit down so I can step out of your pockets?" was her reply.

Their conversation was friendly and quite frank. He told her that he was in deep meditation during his drive over several miles of his journey; so thoroughly pre-occupied that he had almost ruined his machine in letting the water become so low in the tank; that he had been thinking it was strange that there was no one for whose presence he cared enough to wish to have the seat by the side of him occupied.

He said he wondered if he would ever think such thoughts again and that he felt now that he would never be satisfied to have the seat vacant. It was intended to be an insinuated suggestion but from her attitude he could judge it was just what she expected him really to feel.

She declared that she must have been in a state of abstraction also, else she would not have forgotten that she was climbing over a sloping roof. When he asked her how she could explain his state that caused him to neglect his

machine, she said she could not do so and asked him if he could explain why her skidding took place just at the instant he was standing over the cistern. He declared that he could not explain how it happened like that, but that he was beginning to suspect the cause back of it all. And so, hoping to disclose this cause, he issued a few more suggestions.

"May I know your name," he asked, modestly.

"My name is Eva."

"I might have suspected from the route you came that your name would be like that; my name is Grover; let us be Eva and Grover from this time." He said this drawing very near to her and observing that she bent toward him. "Let us not deny this to ourselves nor try to deny it to each other; we have not chosen anything connected with this experience; if we had tried to have performed this we could not have brought it about. I am not on the road I intended to travel, I am miles off of the direct course I intended to take to the city and when I discovered my mistake I stopped to think about returning to the main road. I found no broad place in which to turn and kept coming. I drove across small streams, but paid no attention to the depleted tank. I wonder if you are in the habit of climbing out on that roof to place things in the sun."

"No, Grover, I never do. I used to play up there when I was a little girl, but I do not attend to drying fruit and corn. Today, after they had all left the house, I saw that the apples had been forgotten, so I supposed that was why I wished to put them out."

"Then, Eva, it was no fault of yours that they forgot to put the apples to dry?"

"O, No! No!"

"Well, that proves that we had nothing to do with bringing about our meeting; altogether we are shown that something has made us meet, as if it were answer to prayer, don't

you think so?" he asked. Continuing he said: "We know it is not necessary for us to go over all that has happened just before we met, that is I know it is not. I knew when your precious feet were slipping along my sides into my pockets that my very own was sent to me from heaven. Before I heard your voice or felt your arms around my neck and your balmy breath on my cheek, I knew I loved you. Surely I could not have had all of this heavenly ecstasy while you felt nothing of the sort, Eva, tell me frankly."

"I would that I could tell you all," she replied. "I never imagined such sweet contentment came to mortals, such satisfaction and yet in the same instant feel such hunger, such yearning. I felt that we had always known each other and when you spoke as if you wished the seat in your car would never be vacant again, I did not collect myself for some time, did not recall the fact that we had said nothing. Perhaps speech between us is not required; I trust you implicitly and want to be with you always. If you must go away, may it be for a very short time."

Grover, with all that he had to give, in deep feeling, drew the sweet young girl into his arms and at the meeting of their lips she breathed the words into him, "I love you," "And I will always love you, Dear."

A LOVING MAGNET

A piece of steel said to a piece of soft iron that it, the steel, had been down at the electric plant by the side of the river and had rested several minutes close to the whirling dynamo, with the result, a much intensified vibratory state of its ethereal particles; that it felt as if it were overcharged with blessing which it wished to impart to anything that had a different quality of vibration and especially to anything with a slower rate. The piece of iron, it is claimed, replied that it had so slow a rate of vibration that it was dead and useless and if it were not hammered into activities

or electrified into more rapid vibration it had no purpose in its existence; that of itself it had only a yearning to give but no qualities through which to give.

The piece of steel drew the iron up close and began to impart its thrills (*I sometimes wonder does nature impart animation to all forms of matter and do they feel real happy sensations in their exchange of blessings, for all matter acts, each form upon each other form that can enter into the interchange of vibration? The vibration may be chemical or electrical but the particles are so lively in receiving and giving that I have often felt that the law of joyousness prevails and extends to everything when it is normal.*) and the iron gratefully responded to the attraction, graciously clung to its source of enlightenment.

The little iron body became slightly self-conscious and declared a sense of regret because the life-giving steel was giving so much and could receive nothing from that to which it was extending life and equipping for usefulness. But the body of steel responded in reassurance that this was a reciprocal relationship; that the need of the iron supplied an opportunity for self-expression upon the part of the steel, and, besides, it, the steel was receiving from the iron an essential quality, adjustment in polarity, so vital to the permanence of its powers. Iron became contented again—but being curious continued the interrogations directed to the master steel. Asking if these were love interchanges, iron was informed that in the world of matter they were demonstrating love and that no other word could describe their attraction and interchange.

“Then we shall rest together and enjoy each other like this forever?” asked the body of iron.

“No, to the contrary we will reach the same vibratory rate presently and you will push me away. I will have given you all of me you can apply and you will have be-

come created to attract another mass of iron as I have attracted you."

In the above partial personification of the bodies of metal I describe that law by which earth, rocks, wood, metals, chemistry in form of flesh, air, water or ether or any other possible form of matter in each particle or body acts upon every form that is in its field of vibration. By the same law two human bodies of unlike vibration in their chemistry and electricity act upon each other and since organized mind is present in the human beings an interpreted sensation becomes possible—sometimes pleasant, perhaps more often unpleasant, and sometimes *intensely agreeable* as it was in the instance of Grover and Eva.

According to the usual writer of fiction, as well the poet, Eva and Grover were well warranted in the decision that they had been created for each other and were destined to be together—married for time and eternity. This is the error from which I would save some one—everyone if I could present the truth to the whole world. The novelists and poets are the general educators upon the subject of love and they have described electrical and chemical vibration and masculine and feminine excitement as the form of love that should constitute the basis of marriage. That is what, heretofore, I have named "so-called" love and it comes and goes, when it is all, just about as do those attractions among metals, etc. Since those who are the supposed educators upon the subject describe this, which Grover and Eva experienced, as the final evidence upon which the matrimonial step should be based, all who would be lovers are looking for those signs. With this attitude of mind the indications can be found almost anywhere that a male and a female could be thrown together upon the usual terms of the novelist. The writers have fixed this meeting upon a chance basis, such as, having occasion to rescue Mary Ann from a burning ship, William Henry discovered, while hold-

ing her to his breast that she was his and he hers, because she nestled there in a homelike way—as if she owed her life to him and he should therefore do what he pleased with it.

He, you know, was sitting on a bench in the park when *she* strongly attracted him to her. It was one of those instantaneous miracles of love in first contact and he was lavishing kisses upon her when the moon shone suddenly but brightly upon her greasy, black face. The shock to that white man cured him of all belief in the “so-called” love; that gives me hope that truth will save many individuals in the future—this revelation I am making has saved many who have heard of my lesson.

The small percentages of happy marriages is proof enough that the forms are entered into mostly under the illusion that has been created by our misinformed instructors.

Many an Eva has called upon me as did this one of whom I shall now speak and from whose letter I shall actually quote.

MARRIED IN IGNORANCE.

“Dr. Lindsay, I am now twenty-seven years old, an age when life should mean the most to a woman, but to me it has seemed without hope until recently when I heard a friend, who has been a pupil of yours, speak of practical psychology in a way that made me think that in you I may have hope. I have not told anyone about my situation for I did not imagine there was any help for me through them.

I married before I was eighteen and without having the slightest idea what it meant—that is, no ideas that were correct. I have thought of late years that, had the man I married courted me awhile after the ceremony was said it might have been different. In his ignorance (or was it mine?) he treated me most cruelly and shockingly. He de-

clared that was what law was for, to give him a right to demand what he took. I pity any girl who ever had all of her intuitions and finer feelings outraged in any such manner. This occurred at the hands of a man, who was regarded as the kindest of men and the most charitable among professing Christians. Regardless of what I would make up my mind to endure and never to show my humiliation nor my pain, I could not control my body for it contracted and writhed in involuntary effort at escape and I had spasms of jerking then quivering for hours.

After two years a child was born (he is almost five now) and within a few weeks after that the man abandoned us. I have managed to support myself and child by my work.

Some time ago I met a man, who has given every possible indication of his love for me and in my soul I feel the sincerest love for him; still I have refused to become engaged to him for the reasons that I will now give to you and this will explain why I have hope in you and why you are my only hope.

This man is gentle and wishes to court me in a perfectly normal way but as much as I care for him and as much as I wish to care for him, because he not only loves me but he would provide for the best education of my child, who needs the home life, I cannot keep my body from passing into the most painful condition and even visible quivering. His slightest caress throws me into this state and I then live over the horrible nightmare of my former married life. I supposed one could do as one would with one's body, by will power but this is entirely beyond my will power. Now, you see if I became engaged to him he would wish to caress me and, as contradictory as it all seems, I wish so much to be caressed by him and yearn to demonstrate my love for him, yet with all this, which I declare to you is true, my body is outside of my control and will show to the contrary of the feelings I really possess.

I believe you will understand me and will also excuse me for writing as I felt I must so you would know whether you could help me; your book has helped me in many ways but this is not anything I can do for myself."

Is there any human being that doubts the overwhelming need of sane teaching on Love? If there is, send him this genuine appeal that has come to me in my clinical practice.

Practical psychology was used—I gave her suggestions to her complete remaking in all the points she indicates herein. She wrote me after a series of treatments had been given, a few lines that I could not mistake. "Please discontinue the treatments; I think it is best to let well enough alone at the present stage of matters."

There is not anything in human mind or character, neither an atom of the body that cannot be reached by suggestions given under scientific circumstances. These circumstances are not states of hypnosis.

This young woman's shocking experience registered pictures in her soul, pictures that were dormant until something stimulated them, something that would suggest or cause the re-picturing of those former experiences. The soul is the storehouse of the pictures, the soul is controllable by suggestion, that is, by the pictures it possesses and since the soul must manifest in the body and through it, the awakened pictures must cause the same manifestations in the body that they did when they were first created. The way to neutralize pictures (suggestions) is through other pictures, the suggestions given as commands counteracting the undesirable ones.

However the above is given at this time to show that the bodies of people are wholly controllable by suggestion. Two persons, opposite in sex, suggest to themselves and to each other that their pleasurable interchange, as experienced in the sensations they feel through their bodies, is a guarantee

that they belong to each other; that they should become married outwardly, since in their souls they are married by heaven's decree. This has occurred millions of times and is perpetuated in fiction, the same old proof and the same old suggestion and by everyone who accepts it, the same disillusionment after two bodies have become of the same vibratory states on the order of the steel magnet and the non-magnetized iron.

In the midst of the flame and frenzy of cells electrically and chemically calling for their opposite polarity and their chemical affinity, a pair of alleged lovers may not like to be informed that they are sensing that which is experienced between particles or parcels of matter; that under a law of the most ordinary things in the universe they are interchanging and that any creature that has a mind with which to feel probably could and does enjoy the same sensation. If they disliked the truth they might desist in disgust. It is better if they know these things before hand and be saved from the disgust and disillusionment that has pertained to the "so-called" love.

I once had a pet rooster that would come to me and tell me through the universal language and by signs that he would enjoy my smoothing his feathers and if I would be so kind as to scratch his breast he would reward me by "playing dead." The cat shows its appreciation of the pleasurable sensation produced by the contact with the human hand—this is electrical and chemical. The squirrels in the Central Park, New York City, kissed my fingers after I had smoothed them on the tops of their heads—they said: "Thank you, that was nice."

It is somewhat difficult to distinguish between one whom we have classified as a degenerate and any man who has a fetich that I will not try to draw the line. We say one is a degenerate when he attains all of his desirable satisfactions by standing before a show window of women's shoes. He

uses pictures or self-suggestions that cause him to experience in his body all that electricity and chemical affinity and—minus nothing, are experienced by those who base their love and their evidence of “married in heaven” upon, the love that the novelist has usually compelled his hero and heroine to marry upon.

The man with a fetich may fall in love only with a woman who has a certain limp in her walk—another requires a certain lisp in her talk. One requires blonds, another curly hair, another a nose that is like the pug.

To explain about this excitement, love, dependent upon the fetich, I will give the following from actual life (except the names).

He was so affected by her voice, which he worshipped, that he forgot everything, even her homely face. When they were on their honeymoon the moon beamed in upon the Pullman pillow and the head which was lying upon it. As he looked at her face, the features of which the gods had not favored, he was losing his courage, so awoke the bride with the exclamation: “For God’s sake! Mollie, sing!”

POWER OF PITY

A young woman sought an interview with me recently hoping for a solution of her problem. She said her health had failed rapidly and she had lost much in her weight. She said she could not say that any actual disease was working upon her, yet she had no appetite for food and could not sleep. I immediately asked her the occasion of her worry. As she had not mentioned worry she seemed surprised at the question.

She continued by saying that she supposed love involved a great deal of anxiety and that she had brought a man sufficiently near to trouble her a great deal. I replied that love should be a great reconstructive power and that if she

were losing we might be sure that a mistake existed somewhere in the matter. She gave me the usual description of unrest and the superlative of misery when he was absent from her. Although when he returned he would be thoroughly intoxicated, his presence removed some of the agony she felt when he was absent. Her interest in him brought them into such rapport that when he was in his delirium she would dream the horrible things called for in his picturing. Their telepathic communication was so complete that she lived all of the depression and remorse he felt when the after-drunk period came to him.

He made professions of love for her but he declared the unhappiness that drove him to drunkenness was due to the fact that his family and their set could not, he was sure, ever fellowship the girl, therefore, he must not think of marrying her. It appeared that there was no degradation, so far as practices were concerned, that could throw him out of his set, while to marry a respectable woman would make of him an outcast.

It was largely due to that maternal instinct in the woman that filled her with the impulse to mother something weak that she was so much involved, in her feelings. She had made it almost the basis of the continuation of her own life, that she should do service for the man; she had used auto-suggestion and had brought him so close to her life that her own existence hinged upon having him where she could keep watch over him and know that he was safe.

I could see her perilous situation and I was glad when she disclosed an interest in herself to seek escape from the feelings which were annihilating her, but which were beyond any will power to control. She said she loved him and that surely nothing but love could cause her to care for him when he showed such unfortunate qualities; that only love could make her miss him so when he was absent and to endure him when he was intoxicated, returning to visit her

after his varied dissipations.

This good woman was ready to complete the sacrifice of her life to reform this selfish creature. Thousands of women have deceived themselves, believing that removing all limitations to their attendance upon the wishes of an inebriate they could make his life so beautiful that he would never wish the association of the degraded kind. A man of that sort will not be reformed by the sacrifice of the wife, but will turn upon her very soon and declare she is the cause that drives him into the debaucheries. There is nothing in marriage, the usual formal marriage, that more than attracts the individual's attention, either man or woman, for a brief period. After that they both settle back to their usual standards and dispositions. Nothing except aspiration and education have made actual improvements in any phase of man or woman—not even legislation, neither punishment has made man better. Sacrifice of a life in one's behalf does not cure the habits—aspiration before realization is LAW.

I began by my most intense telepathic and audible suggestions to save this woman and in a few days she asked me if I could develop in her, through suggestion, an indifference where she thought she had loved and also cause her to be perfectly indifferent concerning what became of him. I assured her that there is no limitation to what one can accomplish through suggestions properly given if the individual has aspiration, but that everything in the universe has to consult the will of the individual in whom a change should be made. (I told a woman on an occasion that through suggestion I could cause her to become as strongly attached to her husband as she was to another man, whom, she told me, was her "ideal love," to which she very quickly uttered the exclamation: "O, HORRORS! DON'T DO THAT. He is the finest man in the world, but I would not think of it for a moment to feel that way toward him.") In the absence of her aspiration I could not, no, not ever

create any change in her that was not preceded by aspiration.

My much afflicted patient regained her equilibrium completely and in two weeks' time was regaining her flesh and all her body was functioning well; her mind completely at ease and her dreams sweet, for I had cut her out of rapport with the unhappy, self-pitying man that had taken such deep hold upon her pity. When it was all over I closed the matter with this question: "Since you were overwhelmingly in love where you pictured an ideal, which in no way was personified by the man, with what were you actually in love?"

She quickly replied: "I must have been in love with an idea since the man did not fulfill my picture." I closed my association with her at this point, telling her that her reason was quite sufficient now since she could see she had loved an idea; this she could continue to do and let the man cease to be a part in her thought.

LOVE'S MYRIAD MANIFESTATIONS

A variety of Hindu psychology has declared that there is a mind for each thing one does. A mind that directs his walking, another that eats and still another that speaks, etc. This would require an immense number of minds so his brother Hindu has reduced until he accounts for all that a man does by showing only thirty-two minds. The Western psychologist is situated to supply a better working basis in the conception in man there is one mind manifesting in varied directions.

There used to be many electricities but in our modern idea there is the general term, electricity and we think of it as the same thing always but with myriad forms of showing itself.

In the same sense that there is one mind in the individual and one electricity in the universe there is LOVE. There is

conclusive evidence that everywhere in the universe there is mind, also electricity and it is equally as true that there is a universal uniting element that attracts and cements objects and would tend to mould them into a common sympathy—this is LOVE.

There is a bond of union between the art or the occupation that is congenial and the person who is performing. One should *love* his work.

There is a sympathetic tie among those who are engaged in the fulfillment of the same sort of work. One should *love* his fellow-laborer.

Various social connections cause mankind to mingle. One should *love* his fellow man.

Homes are organized upon a basis of affection existing between brothers and sisters—among all the members of the household. Kindred people, if normal, *love* each other.

There is a peculiar force by which a mother is held in her feelings toward her children. No one would mistake a mother's *love*.

A father's care for sons and daughters is different from the feelings the mother has, but that which the father feels is *love*.

A son or daughter has a different feeling toward father from the way he or she feels toward mother and still in both instances it is *love*.

One finds delight in the companionship of friends and the interchange of felicities is a spontaneous inclination. When one is attracted to friends this is *love*.

A man has a different feeling toward the feminine friends from the way he feels toward his masculine ones, yet it is *love* he feels.

A woman has a different feeling toward the men from her

feeling she has for other women and yet the attraction in all the instances is *love*.

Surely one does not require the conception of a different quality or force for these different manifestations—it is *love* in manifold forms but it is *love*.

No one would have any difficulty in determining that in the above I have not described a basis of sex-mating, nor would one suppose we would have to search the universe to find or create some new force, quality or attraction, or name it some different thing when we are to confront that uniting in marriage. There is that which exists between planets; between atoms, between things in the air and the earth and between souls. One name can pertain to the varied phenomena—the principle of positive and negative (polarity) underlies all electrical phenomena and we call all such manifestations electricity. We have the precedent in calling the uniting element *love*.

A sex factor causes a brother to feel toward his sister as he could not toward a brother; a man does not feel the same toward his men friends that he does toward his woman friends. The fact of sex should not defeat *love* although it gives shading to it. I hope to analyze these subjects so as to help others greatly and also to prevent the misunderstanding concerning the form in which love is being manifested when I shall speak further upon the chemistry, electricity and psychology of love; then I shall show that there is an intensity of passionate attraction which may be created between two persons opposite in sex, which attraction is *love*, which I have heretofore distinguished as the, so-called *love*, as compared with the ideal love, the mating love—love that characterizes the complete union, marriage.

I am sure when we understand the phraseology in my definitions we shall surely agree. We will find concurrence of thought when we show that which is not a mating *love*

even if all of the world of poetry and fiction indicated to the contrary.

I am sure *love* is so broad a word that it comprehends man's attachment to each live thing in the universe and he will see in every cell of every form of life an individual intelligence which calls for his *love*; he will see that each thing is an expression of SOUL, GOD, SPIRIT, HARMONY, innately, therefore, since he does *love* every expression of the SUPREME, he *loves GOD*, under all the above synonyms.

Love that is to unite, mind, body and soul of a man to mind, body and soul of a woman needs to be distinguished from the altruistic, the parental, friendship, and all other forms of *love's* manifestation.

The term chosen, mating *love*, is not new nor am I seeking to mystify through terminology. The *love* that constitutes a basis of mating may not be something of former understanding.

THE REAL HUSBAND AND WIFE LOVE

Perhaps you wonder from whence one can gather a copy of the real husband and wife LOVE and will think I have an impossible task before me.

It is fruitless to look in the objective world for the materialization and personification of the ideal upon any subject with which legislation and theology have had dealings for neither of these manifestations of force nor the force of commercialism contains a principle of liberation. It is true that I cannot point to any instance of formal marriage that has been subjected to either element mentioned and say that in it one can find the true husband and wife LOVE.

If I become an interpreter of innate images, pictures, ideas—IDEALS I may find in the soul of maid, woman or man—in any human soul, the copy that will inform us, will

tell us what is LOVE. In the past we have been told, when we wished to know the truth about anything, to ask some finite phase of intelligence, that is a form of mind that looks outward to learn through the senses and intellect, to inform us and that mind, of itself, cannot know truth. If that arrogant mind would become as a little child in its trust and would look within instead of without it could become capable of imparting truth which might pertain to mankind or any individual, whereas it has assumed to have power to calculate and advise through objective means—it cannot direct the body nor the soul nor itself in the individual of which it is a phase with regard to truth; how much less, then, can it teach another human being.

“Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, what'er we make believe,
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around.
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
The perfect clear perception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it, and makes all error—and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape
Than effecting an entry for a light
Supposed to be without”

I declare again that knowledge of truth is innate in the human soul and the Ideal, the Perfect for each item of possible individual expression is present and inherent in image form in each individual. This is the image of God, for spirit is its source, but the objective learning which has not been upon a basis of unfoldment but has been something of addition from outside, has cut the individual off from his Teacher within.

Upon no subject has mankind departed further from his God within than with regard to marriage where he has sub-

stituted every conceivable form of the artificial for the natural. Still there is nothing that cannot be reclaimed through knowledge and aspiration and the world may become regenerated through growth.

When heaven is so dear, so beautiful and so near, I am astounded often at the sort of pottage human beings will take in its place.

Love offers heaven, offers to establish all of life upon the basis of the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, which is within you, which would be the highest cause, therefore could bring only the highest blessings, but ambitions primarily earthly preclude the possible fulfillments of love.

The physical phases of marriage unions are voluntary, the qualities present in individuals that would make real marriage possible are involuntary, they are subjective attributes. The individual innate possessions call for corresponding, complimentary, supplemental (not necessarily like) attributes. That which is in the sub-conscious of one may become impressed, communicated through telepathy to another and they who are adapted to each other and who, by the very laws of their being are a unit, in their souls recognize this involuntary union. Under the laws of the sub-conscious they interchange this communication and it would be a natural fulfillment if this came up to their conscious minds. If they are under natural laws instead of artificial standards there will be the conscious recognition and acknowledgments of their involuntary citizenship each in the other's world, spontaneous, natural world which is in the depths of the being. Intuition will cause them to recognize each other as under the psychic or soul law of telepathy they have communicated with each other.

The usual so-called marriage has no such source as this and when persons have had the forms of assurance herein given they set out at once to count the material advantages

or disadvantages and usually there are many things that would not seem to warrant forming an outward marriage—it would be unprofitable. “Eyes blinded by the dust of things cannot see truth” nor could an individual, filled with the desire to objectify images that call for that which plays primarily to senses, become yielding to the heavenly basis of marriage.

The LOVE of which I am now speaking does not give its first evidence in intensities of the body. It is a love that has its anchorage in the soul and the soul controls all that the body is or could become. All that is of the soul which is to become manifested in the body, objectified, reaches its fulfillment as a growth. That attraction that begins in the body manifestation in intense feeling is of mushroom development and it will prove to be of mushroom existence. LOVE builds on the principle of the century growing oak.

LOVE unfolds upon the principle of life or harmony and will be, because it is mutually possessed, the power to bring the objective lives of the two into attunement. I recall in a flash of time three couples that have lived together twenty-five to thirty-five years and have had many children. The husband in neither instance has lived in harmony with his wife; seldom, if ever, has there been a subject introduced upon which they outwardly agreed. In the history of each couple they claimed to have the same God and had joined the same church, but neither their God nor their church could unite them since LOVE did not. Nothing is proved in the millions of histories like this except that common passion, chemistry and electricity may be satisfied and perpetuation of the race can take place without LOVE. I could add that commercial success may also attend upon the polite selection of companion from the objective standpoint. But to all who would attain heights of self-expression, the real unfoldment of life and happiness, I can only say, seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, which is within you, the God

within which knows truth; become as a little child, objectively, looking to that source of dependable instruction and guidance and upon being told from within, not by suggestions from without, accept, not going about to select, but accept your own.

Although united in the heaven of which I speak, that is through your Innate Self's selection you are still, from an objective feature two individuals. You will not have looked out through the same eyes nor seen subjects from the same point of view and, because there is this individual instrument through which to come in contact with the objective world no two will ever see the same things nor see things in precisely the same way. If there were an assumption of such a situation it would be at the complete annihilation of the individuality and this, nature defines, is the worst disease. There was a post which was observed by two men and by each described in their writings. They seemed to differ even to contradict each other; each stood by his description, although one said it was a white post and the other a black one. To settle the dispute without duel there were witnesses sent. They declared that one side of the slab was white and the other side black. Real husband and wife LOVE may exist and allow each to see from his or her particular angle and they may see differently and both be right. If each sought the self-expression of the other every moment there would be neither contention nor quarreling, but there would be complete liberation which would result in a musical harmony. Musical harmony does not consist in one element being overwhelmed by the other nor silenced but each being an integral member in expression constitutes the unit.

I would not discourage any one's Ideal, but I would ask to replace the Ideal for the idea, in that which has been called love and marriage which began as the writer of fiction has expressed. It is an idea not an Ideal when suggestion, electricity and chemistry have made great impression

on the senses constituting the so-called love. With the satisfying of these senses all that is between the parties tends to separate them. The LOVE, synonymous with Ideal, will convert the body of each one into the instrument of Soul's (Love's) enjoyment, renewable and to be perpetuated as LOVE would inspire.

LOVE calls for all and unifies all and presumes mutual joy, agreement in everything, repulsion felt by neither.

There are not objective evidences about which I can tell you through which one can be sure he has found his own; one cannot bring Soul laws of test into the realm of objective laws of test.

That which you should know the best—be most certain upon, you may not be able to know in your own reason as to why, and yet you know you know. That is the way of INTUITION, the manner of your GOD WITHIN.

