

## MIND POWER PLUS. II.

THERE is no fact more patent in this universe than this: The proper use of a function strengthens that function—and its abuse destroys it. The right application of muscular power insures an increase of strength; and the intelligent exercise of mental attributes guarantees the improvement thereof, with the consequent enjoyment of life and its opportunities.

Just as self-evident is the statement that "*Preparation is the first law of Success*," for the right kind of preparation lays the sure foundation for the superstructure. We have already learned that everything in life is the legitimate sequence of that which preceded it—the source from whence it sprang. So, according to the preparation for a given thing will that thing be a success or failure.

To be a musician we must study harmony and technique. To be a poet one must know the principles of prosody; to be an artist it is necessary to understand light and shade, form, color, etc. And no man may be a success in any line without understanding the fundamental principles involved in his particular line. It is the law of life.

Whatever line of work a man takes up he must have the preparation necessary, i. e., he must have knowledge of a distinct character; it must be applicable to his choice of vocation—to his business activity. Whatever his place in life, if he is to be useful in any degree, he must know what he is about.

Knowledge is always a possession of the mind.

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Knowledge is obtained from the outside world thru sense impressions conveyed.

To fight the battle of life it is equally important that one be properly equipped; there can be no haphazard methods. To derive the best from life there must be steadfast desire—that is, unwavering determination to build toward a definite goal. It is not enough to demand certain results, and then sit down and wait, without putting forth an effort to bring them about; no, that will not suffice—there is infinitely more. It requires courage, tact, consideration, foresight, endurance, and patience in order to win.

You see, comrade, we grow to be an expression of our prevalent thought. So true is this that a close observer can tell at a glance what a man's religious tendencies are; what his political affiliations and habits may be. A man's habits are the reflections of his dominant mentation.

No man's labor can transcend the quality of his thought; this is so true as to be hardly capable of contradiction. The mental tone which inspires the song, the essay, the oration or picture, determines the degree of excellence and power therein. The sooner this is recognized the better, for it will mean a higher standard in every branch of life's activities.

Life's greatest asset by no means lies in the wealth a man may acquire—that is not worth nearly so much as the ability to acquire it. Neither does it lie in the acquisition of marvelous quantities of information—it is more in the ability to use wisely every item of knowledge gathered. Big business is a great thing. To have fine garments and palatial

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mansions; to attain to a high position in religion, literature, science, all these are much to be desired, no doubt.

But one may have vast wealth, and not enjoy it; it is possible to have much learning, and be unable to use it; one may have great political power, and be hated until his position becomes unbearable.

But, to be able to control one's thinking; to become the master of one's whole thru the channels of sense.

Its value and degree is based entirely upon the vividness and intensity of these impressions.

In taking these impressions the action of the mind is very much like that of the camera: If the plate is under-exposed the result is nil—the outlines are so indistinct as to make impossible development into a clear picture.

If the plate is exposed too long it becomes light-struck, which is as bad as, if not worse, than under-exposure.

The things we do—our actions and deeds—are the results of those sense impressions which we have received. Their intensity and clearness correspond to the nature of the impressions in the mind.

What we see is valuable if we succeed in carrying away the picture in sufficient detail to be able to reproduce it if necessary. The same may be said of the functioning of each of the other senses. It is so true as to be axiomatic, that,

*According to the clarity of thy sense impressions it shall be unto you in the world of results.*

Impressions are the seed from which may

be grown either success or failure. And it is wholly up to the individual to decide which it shall be.

Success is the result of associating many related things into a harmonious whole; in other words; It means to bring a series of, perhaps, more or less unimportant things into important relationship.

A strong mind is the result of bringing many impressions into their proper relationship and thereby creating knowledge, ideas, mental images, of such a character as to be capable of reproduction or expression. And this is, without question, the goal of every normal being.

Looking at the matter from every possible angle, then, we are compelled to concede that, in the last analysis, the whole proposition of a man's failure or success depends upon the improper or proper exercise of his various senses. That is, in the normal action of his sense perceptions plus the intelligent comprehension of the impressions made upon his mind; the proper classification of those impressions and their relationship to others; and the arrangement of such impressions in such order that they may be used at will.

The reason so many people are mediocre in their achievements is their thinking is below par. And they lack ideas because they have such vague impressions of the world in which they live—and because they have but little imagination. They have the wrong perspective—they are deficient in the sense of proportion. And they fail to think about relationships between objects and people—impressions and \* \* \* other impressions. To illustrate, we will imagine a number of

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people looking at a garden of roses:

One person sees the garden *en masse*; i. e., a conglomeration of color—a riot of green, red and yellow and white fused into one mass, lacking wholly in individual distinctness.

Another sees the garden *en masse*, also, but goes further. He sees the roses individualized—that is, he sees the parts, as the white rose; the red rose; the yellow rose; the varying degrees of green in the foliage. He is conscious of a certain beauty and carries away a very fair conception of the whole scheme.

Still another sees the garden as a whole; as he looks at it the individual roses take shape as tho separated from the garden; he divides the red roses into types, separates the white and yellow roses into their respective order. He distinguishes the difference in size, height and form. And he goes still further: He regales his soul with the fragrance of these blossoms—distinguishing even the odors from each other. He knows the size, the shape, the characteristics, of each inmate; the odor from the soil which gives birth to growing things does not escape him, in short, he sees so much of the garden that he carries it with him wherever he goes. Lying on his couch he may close his eyes and live in his rose bower, feasting his soul on its beauty and fragrance.

Which one of these has gotten the most out of the garden? And which one will be able to make the better use of what he has carried away? The answer to this question, modified only by the scene or object which the mind is called upon to analyze, will be the answer to the whole problem as to why men fail or succeed.

You see, comrade, it is this way:

The man who merely sees the rose carries away but little upon which to feed the mind.

He who sees the rose *and inhales its fragrance* takes with him a larger portion with which to nourish his mind.

And that one who sees the rose, inhales its fragrance *and notes its color* has a still larger portion and a truer knowledge.

*While he who sees the rose, inhales its fragrance, notes its color, realizes its size, discovers its weight, feels its texture and observes its relationship to others gets a still larger percentage upon which to base his mental development.*

This same law applies thruout—it is the degree in which man makes use of his sense channels that determines how much he will get out of life: whether his portion shall be success or failure. Life is a garden in which there are myriads of gems to be had for the asking—or the taking, thru the sense impressions. Success is to be had as the reward of working our impressions up into ideas—ideas which have sufficient clearness and force to spring into action.

*“Awake your senses, that you may the better judge, and learn to read larger meanings in little things.”*

*(To Be Continued)*

The friendly handclasp, and the cheerful smile, the hopeful heart and kindly word, are better helpers than all the acrimonious criticism in the world. Trust in self and faith in others will bring the most in the long run. If you have not tried it, keep still about it until you know.

WILL J. ERWOOD.

## SAYS GOD TO MAN II

Men quarrel over the names that shall be used when speaking of the Supreme Being—as though names mean anything to that which is Infinite. And they also wax very bitter over the authenticity of that which is supposed to be a message from the Ruler of the universe.

As this is being written my train is speeding thru a beautiful valley. Everywhere there is the evidence of Spring and new life: the trees are flower laden and the grass is green. All is life—even that which calls me away from home. What calls me from home? The wonderful change called death—the graduation of Miss Lydia Vauhn from this phase of life to that which lies down the western slope. A soul, seventy-nine years on this vale, has taken its release from material limitations. And folks say that she is “*dead*.”

Strange thing, is it not, that folk avow so much faith in the Supreme Fiat—that folk declare such willingness to abide by the decree of Divine Will, and yet make such an ado about death. Death is as sure as life, as natural as birth, and the deliverer of humanity. It opens the doorway to opportunities little dreamed of. Still men fear it as a punishment when they should know it as a sequence. The theologian told us that God was mad at His children and sent death into the world as a revengeful punishment. And they have told us that God told them so.

Man reads in God what he is looking for.

He measures God by his own conception of things; in other words, man sees his own reflection in God's eyes and mistakes his own

image for that of the Divine Being. Mirrors, both infinite and finite, have a way of reflecting that which looks into them.

Nothing is so sure as life—and, change. And always the change brings more of life. And so it is with those who lay off the “mortal coil.” They will find life piled on life until they finally come to know themselves as they really are. And that time will mean unity with the infinite. Surely, it can mean nothing less. And life and death are complements of each other.

Men say that once upon a time God spoke to man. Then He became vexed at the *genus homo* and said, “Go too, thou wastrel, get out of my sight, I will have none of thee.” And they would have us believe that the distance between God and man has been getting greater ever since. But that story is not true. How do I know?

*Because nothing can escape omnipresence, omnipotence or omniscience.*

And, besides, cross my heart, as the children say, God told me so. So there! . . . When? Today! I’ll tell you how it was:

The funeral is over. Mother Earth has received, in her cool embrace, the discarded body of Lydia Vaughn. The silence of the grave has closed around the house in which she lived for seventy-nine years. As I stood by the casket, I saw the white haired, white robed figure; and I saw the thought of “death” on the faces of the host of friends who had gathered in her memory and to do her honor. I heard some of them say as they came into the house, “Well, Lydia has gone.” They were thinking “Dust thou art to dust returnest.”



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But me—I looked out of the window and across the valley there was a tree.

And the tree was covered with white flowers.

And God whispered to me: "It is blossom time—and blossom time is the time of life, not of death."

I walked outside and stood on the grassy lawn. And the grass was cuddling countless violets.

And the air was tintured with the fragrance of the violet.

And God said, "The earth may not imprison the fragrance and beauty—I must call them forth, betimes, that man may know that my will is life, not death.

Across the road there was a stream. Limpid clear in places, with here and there a ripple, crooning softly the song of spring and resurrection.

And on the surface of the stream there were bits of wood, a leaf filched from the branch too soon, and all moving steadily forward as the stream slipped between its banks.

And God said, "Though the stream turns and winds it must do my bidding and sing my song—it must make its way from source to goal, for such is the purpose of life."

As I stood, telling the story of the victory of life over death. I saw in the next room a young mother:

And on her knee, closely clasped to her heart, was a blue eyed, wide gazing boy. A moment he looked wonderingly about, then a flutter of eyelids, and sleep stole down and kissed him into slumberland.

And God said, "Slumber is the balm of childhood and youth, while death is the eman-

cipation of age; and age is the crown of childhood, and each is the pulse of infinitude *and infinitude is eternal life and oneness with Me.*"

And then we filed out. The casket was closed and the cortege wended its way to the cemetery and we stood around the open grave while slowly, noiselessly the flower covered casket was lowered. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth and . . . farewell (?).

Out in the hills an engine whistle cleft the air. God caught it us and whipped it thru vale and over hill—the sound reverberated, clinging like a living thing as though loth to let go. It thrilled and moaned, it throbbed like a beating heart, and finally with a lilt like the call of the lute it staid away until it was lost in the embrace of silence.

And God said, "Nothing is lost—no atom of substance, no iota of sound, no throb of life, no modicum of consciousness—all, all, I keep forevermore. They are mine, nay, they are not mine, *they are Me.* And though they pass from sight and hearing, as these are measured by man, there shall be no farewells."

Back to the house again. Life going on as it must. Again the whirl of wheels along the smooth road; and here I am on the train speeding back home. For miles the stream glides along beside the railroad; the grass is green, flowers bloom, buds are throbbing with the urge to burst forth, and in the trees there are nests, scarcely hidden by the belated foliage, yet athrob with the new life they contain. And I ask myself, "Have I been in the presence of death?"

And God said in reply,  
"Death is a dream, a moment's sleep,

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That lulls the soul to rest;  
The while it slips from mortal clay,  
And casts its worldly cares away,  
To follow Life's behest.

Death is a dream, a moment's pause,  
Along life's winding road;  
A chance to still the throbbing heart,  
To bid the pangs of earth depart,  
Discarding trouble's load.

Death is a dream, a stay to haste,  
A respite to the soul,  
The while it waits to catch the gleam  
Of light that shines upon the stream  
That leads to Heaven's goal."

And so I have come to know that God still  
speaks to man. Every day, to those who will  
listen, there comes the voice of the Infinite,  
telling the wonder and glory of life.

(To be continued)



### *A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG*

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,  
After passin' of a cloud,  
When a fit of laughter gits ye  
An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,  
Don't fergit to up and fling it  
At a soul that's feelin' blue,  
For the minit that ye sling it  
It's a boomerang to you.

—B. B.

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## SPIRITUAL VALUES

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### A VOICE FROM THE BEYOND

The following address was given to a private Psychic Class which has been meeting every Monday night for several years. It was given by an Intelligence who has come to be a very potent part of the lives of the class members. It was given in the Trance state and was taken down by Miss Florence Russell, the very efficient Class Amanuensis. Editor.

In studying spiritual values, striving to understand what they really mean, care should be taken not to forget to place the proper valuation upon qualities and faculties possessed by man. There are so many things which may be done in the course of the exercise of the various qualities and powers of the mind which are usually ignored by the average man. Those things that have to do with the spiritual side of man's nature are usually avoided and if a man seeks to express upon any of those various psychic and spiritual planes, he is very likely to be ridiculed by those who understand him not and who understand the powers that he would use even less. It is quite the common thing for the average man to pass by such things as intuition, impression or what is rightly known as aspiration because the average man's idea of life is that he must force his way through life and compel the surrender of life to his will whereas nothing is gained by striving to force one's development or the exercise of one's power. There is a vast difference between forced and natural unfoldment just as there is a great difference between natural growth and forced growth in horticulture. When man learns to appreciate the value of himself and the im-

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portance of the powers that he possesses, more time will be spent in what is now regarded as more or less unsatisfactory and effeminate pursuits; that is, the average man, likewise the average woman, will strive to cultivate a side of the nature which is usually ignored. If everyone within the sound of our voice and far beyond it could be made to understand that it is very wise to unfold the aesthetic side of the nature, to dwell upon some of the supposedly useless interests of life, there would be a very much larger measure of real growth, there would be a much greater percentage of real unfoldment and more men and women would have in actual operation the finer senses of both mind and body.

It is a very strange thing that in your process of education today more attention is not given to the development and the cultivation of a finer sense of values, likewise the ability to discriminate between that which feeds the aesthetic mind and those things that have a tendency to lower the tone of both mind and body. Sometimes the world as a whole regards the attempt to make research in lines supposedly valueless as a waste of time and as an evidence of lack of judgment but it was not until there was a Pericles who had a vision that it was possible for a Phidias to do his best work and always those who have the vision in which you will find encompassed the finer things of life are those who dream dreams, those who have visions, those to whom the Almighty speaks sometimes during the progress of night when the understanding has been sealed by slumber. The dreamer of dreams usually is he or she who has the soul of a poet,

who has the touch of the musician, who has the inspiration of the seer and the prophet. Always those who have been the seers and the prophets, the Christs of the ages, have been men and women who had that sense of spiritual values which made it possible for them to see beneath the exterior and get at the reality and therefore discover that in man there are certain potentialities that will slumber perchance for hundreds of years, waiting the day that someone comes who can quicken them into activity. Those who have their ears close to the ground, that is, very close to nature, are usually dreamers of dreams, they are the searchers after certain values which they do not always find while incarcerated in the body but they are seekers nevertheless and, being seekers, they are eventually finders and, reaching the stage at which they have the vision that is theirs, they assist in arousing man to an appreciation of the finer side of life.

If it were our privilege to determine the curriculum of the various institutions to which children were to be sent there should be some very strange things, perhaps, added to their education. It would be absolutely contrary to our practice to send children into a school until they had reached the age of nine or ten years. Under the supervision of those who had charge of the education of the race we should have those children spend the first nine or ten years or even eleven or twelve years in active play, if you please, but the kind of play that would bring out a certain aestheticism in their natures, and we should have them in environments where there would be music,

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where they would be taught to dance with abandon according to the spirit of the music, where they would be taught to absolutely dominate every muscle and member of the body until they had become grace personified. We should insist upon their having the kind of training that would make them graceful and supple, that would make them artistic and musical, that would arouse in them the love of beauty, beauty of form, and this means not only as applying to the beauty as manifested by their fellow beings but beauty in every form and in every degree that tended to strengthen their concept of life. Our purpose in doing this would be to give them the right sense of values and to make them understand that there are two things that are absolutely essential to a life that is to be a crowning success—one is a perfect body insofar as perfection can be attained in material life; the other is a clear-thinking and wholesome mind as perfectly attuned as it is possible to accomplish while traveling through the mundane plane of existence. We should have them pass through their musical and artistic play in order that they would get a correct concept of form and thus acquire the right sense of proportions; we would have them listen to music in order that their minds would be thoroughly impregnated by the idea of music and rhythm and harmony so that they would be, each one of them, a poem in expression. Nothing, nothing in God's Universe more inspiring than to see a human being whose soul is rounded out, whose body is a fitting representative and abiding place of such a soul, whose mind is scintillant with the light of understanding and

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illuminated by the radiance of knowledge of the right kind.

We believe, and feel that we are justified in the belief, that the difficulty with the race to-day is its lack of that sense of proportions which we have mentioned several times, is the lack of the right sense of values, is an absolute absence of the concept of life that makes men and women understand its value,—mark you, the value of living, the understanding of which brings man to a realization of the art of living, and living should be an artistry. And part of the process of education to which we would subject the children of the race would be that which would so cultivate their sense of values that veracity would be a more pronounced thing in life than it is at the present time. Most people transgress laws because they do not understand the purport or the importance of the law, most men and women violate the laws of their being because they do not understand the importance and the purpose of that being. If they had the right sense of value they would understand how incongruous it would be for one man to be immune to the law whereas the other one would be subject thereto, they would understand how absolutely unjust it would be for them to expect that an eternal and a beneficent as well as a benignant law or power would permit them to violate the laws of their being with impunity and without the logical sequential result that is manifest everywhere where law is violated. If man had the right sense of values there are many things that would not obtain today in human life but how can you expect men and women to have the real concept of the value

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of anything whatsoever when they are not made to appreciate or realize the fact that there are certain values that cannot be violated without serious results and this training given to them from their very infancy. So it should be bestowed upon them from the very beginning of their lives. There is an old adage that is made use of as an excuse for so many things that are unnecessary, namely — “Experience is a good teacher.” One might add further that experience is a costly instructor, but people make use of that particular formula of words for the specific purpose of making it an excuse for the things which they have done in violation of the eternal laws because they say: “We must have the experience.”

Now we have made a statement that perhaps some of our friends may think is contradictory, that is paradoxical, that repudiates things that we have said already and that statement is this—some experiences are unnecessary to the instruction and enlightenment of mankind. They are unnecessary for this reason — if man were properly taught and made to understand the right sense of values, man would know instinctively that there are some things that are always demoralizing and destructive. Now, if it is possible for a man to learn a lesson without becoming an inebriate, dare we say that inebriacy is necessary to that man’s instruction? We recognize that according to a certain line of reasoning whatever is is best. That however is not a happy choice of terms in some way, yet it is made use of and philosophers have said: “Whatever is is best,” not meaning that it is a better thing for man to violate his manhood and

make of himself a maudlin inebriate but merely to show that the things that are now are the legitimate and direct result of that which has gone before, hey are the fruit of the seed planted and the only kind of fruit that can be expected when one considers the seed planted in the soil. Now the philosopher, and it matters not whether it is a Platonic reasoner or whether it is a Baconian reasoner or whether it is an Aristotelian reasoner—it matters not. The fact remains that the thing they sought and conveyed was that these are the legitimate outcome of what has gone before, therefore in that sense the best that you could expect under circumstances like those that prevailed but not at all the thing that certain critical, materialistic reasoners would have you believe, not at all the thing that those who wish for purely selfish purposes the perpetuation of certain lines of activity would have you believe is necessary to man's well-being. That isn't what the real philosopher sought to convey but the materialistic thinker has said: "These things are necessary to man's comfort." It is necessary for man to have the privilege, they say, of making a debauchee of himself, that all these things are a part of the scheme of life. They are manifestations of the violation of the law of right use, they are the result of man's failure to properly understand the values of life, they are due to the fact that the average man—and the average man is greatly in the majority, indeed he is legion—due to the fact that the average man, because he desires to purvey to certain creature desires, whims, insists upon certain usages being carried on, but the law says only

that is best which is the result of conformity to the law. Why do you need the sanitariums and the hospitals, the institutions for broken down nerves, wrecked bodies and distorted mental imaging? Because man has not had the right sense of values, therefore men are destroying the vitality that is theirs in order that they may have the questionable satisfaction of saying to someone else: "I retained my liberty"—liberty—was ever anything, save religion perhaps, so bitterly misused as liberty! When man gets the education that the real man should have, he shall not be wanting in appreciation of the exquisite strains of music which may be produced by artists, he will not be lacking in appreciation of beauty as depicted by the masterpieces of the great poets of the past, he shall not be deficient in appreciation and understanding of literature nor shall he fall short in his ability to appreciate physical prowess as well as mental skill, and so everything that is in the Universe shall be a paean of gladness to him, everything in the Universe shall be regarded as having a value beyond the power of computation by minds that are wedded to the purely material aspect of life.

From our viewpoint, and we are speaking thus because some have wondered what we think about some of these things, from our viewpoint the way of living, the process of education as ordinarily expressed and revealed and practiced, the manner of dress, to say nothing of the gastronomic customs are little short of—and we pause for a word sufficiently gentle to use—demoralizing, destructive, and they are absolutely inimical to the

physical and mental well-being of the race, evidenced by the wrecked, maimed lives and bodies everywhere, and it is because, as we have said, man has thrust the flesh forward and has caused the relegation of the spirit to the background, almost relegated the spiritual self back into oblivion. The great animus behind the movement of which this is a part, if you please, is to reveal to man the spirit rather than the purely physical and 'is to arouse in man again the sense of beauty, the sense of appreciation. The exquisite strains of a musical instrument in the hands of one whose soul is able to interpret the harmonies of the spheres, the delightful melody of a voice when modulated and artistically used to present the soul's interpretation of melody and beauty as expressed through the medium of sound as well as through the medium of mind and voice, the extraordinary pleasure that one may receive when contemplating the skill or the evidence of the skill of man, the ability of man to reach out, as it were, into the Universe and, seizing a landscape or a sunset or the gleam of a star and the rippling of water, transfer it to canvas so that it virtually speaks to man—think of it, and then think of the joy of witnessing, of studying, of observing a human being whose every movement is a synthesis of all of this, whose movements present the music of the master, the touch of the master artist, and you have rhythm, poesy, everything that is beautiful as well as the exquisite outline of form and better than all else, the illumination of face because of the clarified thinking back of it all. Think of it—the joy of beholding an individual who thus man-

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ifests God's handiwork!

How can the race expect to have the beauty, the exquisite beauty of life when people are subjected to the conditions which obtain in so many of the great centers of the world? Oh, if man could only understand what it means to sometimes get away, if you please, from the center of civilization, so-called, to go out upon the open road that leads into—well, hills and valleys, that takes you to the vineyard and the orchard and the grainfield, that gives pause to life sufficient to enable man to, if need be, sit by the wayside and enjoy the poetry of the heavens above, the flowers in the field, the waving branches o'erhead and the sound of the bird and the ripple of the brook and the gleam of sunshine or starlight. But, you see, you are so driven—oh, not by society necessarily but by the mad desire to be what someone else has been or is, that one can scarce give pause to life sufficient to even get acquainted with one's own loftiest thoughts. Nothing so near to man as his own mind, nothing so ignored by man as his own mind, nothing so divorced from the average man as the ability to think about himself and his relationship to the whole. Ah, but the moving finger writes and, having writ, moves on, and that which is the result of the writing, that has been done, and there is only one way by which mankind may change and that is by changing the process of living. Why, from the very advent of the child into the physical expression of life, he is driven, driven in the mad craze for speed until so many of those who have been so driven in their infancy, practically, that they become prodigies only

to be like a spent candle before they are really matured. You cannot have your candle upon your sideboard and burn it too. The candle will burn out. There is only one way by which to prevent its absolute consumption and that is by the process which replenishes as fast as it is burned. If man burns his candle for a while and then with his fingers quenches the light and on the morrow puts it into the mould and runs in fresh wax until it has been builded up to its normal height again, he continues to have light, but when he burns it to the last sputter of the wick, then it is gone. Can you fancy, can you fancy a slab of marble here before you, can you visualize upon it youth, can you visualize that youth wasting life, burning it, can you imagine that individual as, say, characterizing a candle, personifying it, if you please, and being started, that is, lighted by certain ambitions, by certain desires, by certain whims, fancies because parent, guardian, instructor has fanned into flame a certain material element, and can you fancy that youth upon that slab of marble virtually burning out his life until it is gone? Visualize beside him a lighted candle, visualize that candle burning bit by bit until the last thing that you see is a flicker of light and then all is darkness and you say to yourself: "Whither has the candle gone?"; you visualize radiation of heat, heat waves, light waves given off. Why? In the process of burning of the candle transmutation takes place; that sordid tallow or wax has been transmuted into light and heat to send out its scintillant rays in every direction and it is great considering the substance used, the amount of energy ex-

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pended but to add to the sum of light and heat in the Universe. Think of it and then the youth sitting beside the burning candle, wasting life, neither giving light nor warmth, neither giving light to the soul nor warmth to the heart, simply violating the law and quenching the life and when dissolution takes place and the body is gone, you say to yourself: "What has that individual done?" What is left, what memories are there, are they memories that bring the smile to the lips, the warmth to the heart and a feeling of gladness to the soul? If they are, he has not lived in vain, he has gotten the real sense of values, but if they are not thus, if the memories mean the shedding of additional tears, if the memories mean remorse, if the memories mean fear and doubt, if they mean the sweetness gone out of life, then of what moment is a life like that? And there are millions upon millions, young men and young women, older men and older women who are thrusting life away from them just that way. They cannot give pause to appreciate the real things, the real comradeships, the real friendships, those exquisite things, God's fairest flowers that, ah, make you sigh with gladness, make the tears of happiness course down your cheeks.

Great it is to have a friend but they who are wastrels, throwing life away, have no time for friendship, they have no time for faith, they have no time to sit down with kindred souls and read the poetry of life. Why? Their sense of values is warped, they have glued a coin to their eye that they may see nothing but the glitter of that coin, they have wrapped their souls in banknotes, they have swathed their

minds with mortgages and stocks and bonds and they have starved their souls of the beautiful things of life. Do you see? Do you know what it means to make delay, do you know what it means to pause, do you know what it means to hesitate, do you know what it means to walk out in the fields and by the wayside amid the trees and the flowers and the grass and the song of birds and let your soul speak to God and let your soul listen to the very depths of eternal things in order to hear what God says in return? Do you know? Do you catch the roseate gleam of the sun as it is filtered down through the green leaves of the trees, do you sit by the vine and catch the fragrance of the luscious fruit ripening thereon? Do you? Can you understand it or are you driven madly in order to keep up with the speed of the hour? Has your soul been caught by that thing that you call the jazz spirit until every one of the finer sensibilities has been crushed under an avalanche of sensuous emotion that loses the real beauty of human and spiritual relationships? Would to God that everyone within the sound of this voice might go forth as Evangelists to the people to make them understand the importance of giving pause to enjoy the beauties of life! Man walks through life with a swagger stick in his hand, clipping off the heads of the roses and the daisies, poking through the violets and spoiling the lilies; he walks through life giving vent to raucous sound that almost beggars description—the night air is full of the cries of those who have not learned to see the beauty. Have you ever been stilled by the beauty of nature, have you ever seen the sun rise over



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the mountain tops with such magical beauty that your soul was so thrilled you could not speak? The only thing, mayhap, that you could do would be grip for the friendly hand and clasp it in silence. Do you know its joy? If you do not, if you have not experienced that joy, then you have cheated yourself, you have robbed yourself, your civilization has stolen from you those things that make for the real beauty of soul.

Where is your great poet who was not a lover of simplicity and beauty? Name to us one of the great saviors of mankind who was not a simple soul, seeking to understand, and, understanding, being able, ah, to deal gently with everything. Show us your great benefactor of humanity and we will show you a man or a woman whose soul has been touched by the simple note of beauty somewhere, the man or woman whose soul has been keyed up to an appreciation of those exquisite things that are in nature everywhere. Did a violet ever speak to you; have you e'er caught the message of a pansy; have you listed the paean of praise as sung by the jasmine or the hyacinth; have you caught the lilt of the rippling brook; have you caught the cadence of the zephyrs of spring or the winds of summer; has there been borne to your nostrils the fragrance of roses from, if you please, the oases in the Garden of Omar? Ah, if you have missed that, if you have failed to feed your soul, ah, it is no wonder that so many millions of the world's people have minds and bodies and souls that are dulled to the sense of the spiritual. Better you had one-half the dollars, better you went without a meal a day

and purchased for yourself those things that would feed your soul, a thousand times better would you be without your limousine, if you please, if, in order to gratify the desire for that thing, you starve your soul. Ah, we would not take from you one comfort. We marvel at the things that you do, we know why you do them. We thrill with joy at the contemplation of the radio, your cinema and your phonograph. We know why they are as they are; we understand the power back of them; we marvel at them and we compare them with some of the things that we had when, like you, some of us traveled about the road of life on the mortal plane, but, ah, some of us can thrill with the memory of the fact that we had time, time to know God, time to see God, that we had time for the poesy of life, that we had time to gain at least sufficient knowledge to enable us to understand the real spiritual values in life. Why, he who speaks to you at this moment would rather have the treasure of one friend than to have four city squares piled high with brick and stone and steel and bringing in an income so vast that even the thought of caring for it must, according to our viewpoint, make one almost mad with contemplation. We would rather have that one friend and know that with that friend we might take to the open road and there enjoy the realities of life.

Give pause, we beg of you, at least sufficient to feed your soul. You would not need, if you do this, you would not have to come to us to have information as to how to awaken your soul. Why, God Almighty has given you vast domains in which to find yourself. Only a

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little while and from beneath the wintry carpet there will be thrust the sprig of green that will tell you that spring has come; only a little while and you will find all of nature fructified and bringing forth that which is beauteous and of splendor. The stream will be let loose and it will sing its song and you will catch the fragrance of violets, roses and all of those things will say to you: "The winter is gone." Let the winter of your sordidness pass away, let the winter of material ambition be pushed aside. Aye, let your soul wake up now, realize the first great value that you must recognize is the value of your own soul and the importance of awakening that soul in order that the Christ within shall find outward manifestation. Ah, the sense of values! If only children might have it bestowed upon them while yet children. Do you know what would happen, do all of you, every one of you know? Could you have had the kind of training in the beginning that we have mentioned tonight, could you have been started with a perfect body, clear mind, could you have been led up gradually until your mind, brain, body, unstrained by the cramming process of the modern age, had become really unfolded, then could you have taken up your line of research, your study, and could you have builded upon this foundation with greatest appreciation of beauty, harmony, rhythm, all of this, and could you with all of that have learned the science of living, the art of living, why, today, there is not one of you within the sound of this voice but would be offering a paean of praise for life whereas some of you have been going through recently that mental state in which

some of you have been ready to relinquish almost your claim upon life. No wonder, no wonder the Man of Galilee cried out: "Oh, ye of little faith"—not that we make the assertion that that is applicable now, but sometimes "Oh, ye of little hope!" You have gone through your wilderness, you have been traveling through your desert, but be sure that waiting just ahead is the Oasis if, if you will just lift up your soul and smile in the face of God. Look up in the heavens above you and smile and, smiling, know that out there the spaces are peopled with those you love, waiting for you to open your souls in such a way that they may enter into your atmosphere and commune with you.

So we would have you poets, not necessarily writers, but the soul of the poet; we would have you lovers of the beautiful; we would have you sojourners sometimes in the open, out under God's sunlight, bathe in it; we would have you sometimes be idlers along the way, taking pause just enough to recuperate your jaded powers, and above all we would have you understand the rich joy of friendship, comradeship, palship, if you please, to use one of your modern words; we would have you know the joy of the awakened spirit, the kind of soul that does not always have to have words spoken in order to realize that life is good, that God is good, that, to use the statement of one of your practical modern writers, God is in His heaven and all is right with the world; we would have you creating, if you please, your own Odyssey, writing your own Iliad, making your own prayers and, better than everything else, living them day by day.

When that is done, your sense of spiritual values will be so great that even the grain of sand at your feet will become a thing of beauty, that the prattling of little children will become as music of heavenly choirs, that the clasp of baby arms around your neck will be joy exquisite and the memory of those joys will be the balm that brings surcease from suffering and enables such an one to say God-speed to those who have gone into the beyond.

Do we ask too much? Are we putting too much of the spirit of the dreamer, if you please, in what we have said. You do not know—we do—pardon, but we know the joy of taking pause, we know the value physically, mentally, every way, of sitting down on a hill-side overlooking the valley, catching the fragrance of vineyard and orchard and listing the music of God's creatures. Ah, yes, we know the exquisite value of listening in, to use another one of your modern phrases, but we listened in—ah, yes, we were listening in, catching the vibration of human souls, receiving the greeting over the miles and in our fancy catching the gleam of smiles long before that material instrument that now is working such wonders for you was dreamed by man, and, after all is said and done, great as your radio is, it is not comparable to that still more wonderful radio—the human soul. Where souls are attuned, where souls are quickened that they become percipient, that they become recipient, they surpass anything that was ever made by man. Why? As we told you before, the creator is greater than that which he creates. Man made your radio instrument, God made the laws that made pos-

sible the radiation of the message, but the mind that conceived the construction and the use of that implement itself is greater than the product of its inventive genius.

Your pardon if we have thrust upon you that which may be regarded as a bit of fragrance from the old camping ground along the highway of life. Sometime, sometime we shall do what we have never done through these lips as yet, or any others, that is we shall come to you when we feel it is meet and tell you something of our experience, something of the way in which we lived, something of the manner in which that one who has come with him who speaks at this time and is now a fixture in connection with this little group derived experiences and lessons some time before some of you, indeed before all of you began your travel upon this material plane, and when we have done that, you will understand why these things run very close, come very near, mean so much to us. We contrast the love of beauty, the worship of God—Allah, if you please, it matters not—with the mad rush for material gain, we contrast the insistence upon a certain child training that today is almost a forgotten art. Fortunately they are beginning to make use of the powers of observation and they are beginning to study children as human beings—yes, as human beings—and they are beginning to appreciate the fact that the infant prodigy is rarely even a normally brilliant man. Drive the child before its body has been really formed and you wreck a life.

A question—what is it? (Mr. Burr) “What is the greatest obstacle in the average mind to

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spiritual growth and development—their material concepts, their lack of comprehension of the sublimity of nature?” Answer: Yes, being so absorbed in material things that they have no time, very frequently no inclination, to get in tune with nature in all its beauty. The mad rush for pelf, the fictitious sense of values, the accentuation of sordid things at the expense of the spiritual, the worship of the letter and the ignoring of the spirit.

And so we have taxed you, Friends, and here even we display our humanness but, believe us, it is because we would like to take the strain away from everyone of you, because you came here tonight, some of you, just tense like that, tense because of material conditions, stress, stress everywhere, because you have been driving yourselves, because you have not been able to give pause to get acquainted with your soul.

—o—

Infinite Source of Light, grant that there may come to these, Thy children, an inspiration so all-absorbing that they shall have revealed to them the importance of making pause in their lives, of staying their haste in order that that of Thyself which is in them may commune consciously with Thee, that they may reach that point at which they are in a state of at-one-ment with Thee and Thy handiwork everywhere. Grant that their souls, their minds may be touched by the magic wand of a greater understanding that shall bring to them simplicity of desire, earnestness of effort, sincerity of purpose which, coupled with the child mind eager to know, shall lead them into fields where all that is

sweetest, all that is fairest, all that is finest  
may become as an open book to them where-  
from they may glean the lesson Thou hast  
given to man from time immemorial, namely,  
that only that which tends to build character  
and illumine the spirit is really entitled to be  
regarded as possessed of value. Amen.

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## **THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN**

From the Sufi

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!  
Look to this Day!  
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.  
In its brief course lie all the  
Verities and Realities of your Existence;  
The Bliss of Growth,  
The Glory of Action,  
The Splendor of Beauty:  
For yesterday is but a Dream,  
And To-morrow is only a Vision;  
But today well lived makes  
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,  
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.  
Look well therefore to this Day!  
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.



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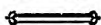
## **WHEN YOU COME TO THINK ABOUT IT**

When you come to think about it, on this old terrestrial ball,  
Rimmed with roses in the springtime, heaped with fruitage in the fall;  
Tho we're all born a-growling, tho we're axle deep in doubt,  
There is really very little in this world to growl about.

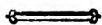
When you come to think about it, does your growling ever pay?  
Did it ever bend a rainbow—chase a thunder cloud away?  
Don't it deafen all the angels, when they try to sing and shout?  
Don't they know there is but little in this world to growl about?

When you come to think about it, but the best way's not to think—  
There's a well there by the wayside, stop, ye traveler, and drink!  
There's a green tree in the desert, 'neath a firmament of blue—  
And a hive that's dripping honey for the famished lips of you.

—Atlanta, Ga., "*Constitution*."



Editor's Note: All unsigned articles, aphorisms or poems published in *The Radiant Life* are by the Editor and are fully protected by copyright. Other publications are welcome to quote from *The Radiant Life*, provided full credit is given.



There be folk who wax eloquent over a misplaced comma in the sentence of life; they grow enthusiastic over pointing out the misspelled word or the slip of speech, but they are painfully silent over the beautifully rounded out sentence, the generous deed, or the sympathetic word. *They abuse you if you don't, and slap your face if you do.*

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

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## EDITOR'S COSY CORNER

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Dear Comrades:

The expressions of satisfaction which have come to us since the issuing of the April number of *The Radiant Life* have been satisfying in the extreme. They have given ample assurance of the need of this magazine.

We are still in the throes of re-organization, hence the slight delay in getting out this number, but if our friends will but bide their time and be patient with us, we shall soon have everything in regular running order. And then watch us grow.

This month we are publishing another of those special articles—addresses received in the Trance state—which have called forth many favorable comments. This time it is on "*Spiritual Values*" and contains some very striking statements which may well be conned over again and again. Then the poems and other good stuff all tend to make this a dandy number—just show it to your friends.

We want agents everywhere. And as a special inducement to our friends we are making this offer: On every subscription taken at \$1.50 per year, you may keep 50 cents for your self. If you are interested write the Editor's Secretary, Miss Emilie Klinzing, for the necessary subscription blanks. Miss Klinzing has complete charge of the circulation department of *The Radiant Life*, which means that all orders will receive attention within twenty-four hours of their receipt.

*The Radiant Life* is designed to help—it is rightly a journal of inspiration. We are de-

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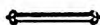
terminated to make it second to none and because of that determination the yearly subscription price will go up to \$2.00 per year on September 1st. A word to the wise is sufficient. Send in your renewal for one or more years at the present rate.

*The Radiant Life* is essentially a magazine of cheer. There is no place in it for the grouch—even the Editor is compelled to keep his tantrums out of its pages. You can always hand it to the friend who needs to be enlivened and made more hopeful. To prove this try sending a year's subscription to someone who needs cheering up. It will be a good tonic for tired nerves. Try it and see.

And now, comrades, we invite your co-operation in putting *The Radiant Life* out in the very front rank. Here's hoping the best of everything is coming your way.

Yours for *The Radiant Life*,

WILL J. ERWOOD.



If all the pity and love untold  
Could scatter abroad their coins of gold,  
There would not be on the whole earth  
One hungry heart or one wretched hearth.

But, oh; if the kind words never said  
Could bloom into flowers and spread and shed  
Their sweetness out of the common air,  
The breath of heaven would be everywhere.

—ANON.

