

The Spirit of Christmas

GOD looked at the world and saw that the hearts of men were heavy with the burdens of life. He saw that every man was arrayed against his brother—and little children were sore afraid. Tears fell, and the moans of the stricken ones rose to Heaven.

And God called His Angels of Love, and of Sympathy and of Mercy, and sent them forth to minister unto mankind. And they went through the length and breadth of the land, seeking to bring loving peace in to the hearts of the children of men, the one for the other. But men would not listen, and the Angels returned in sorrow to Heaven.

Then came to God's side the Son of Man. And He whispered in the ear of the Father; and God smiled, and said, "I shall make Me a new Angel, and send him forth." And when the Angel which God made, stood forth, it was seen that he was very fair. And everywhere he went, the people looked up, smiled; and man's hand was placed in the hand of his brother man; and little children sang, and men and women rejoiced and raised their voices in praise—and sorrow was banished from the earth.

And the heart of God was exceeding glad; and He said to the Angel, "Well done, thou best beloved—each year shalt thou go forth and minister unto the hearts of men in My name. And God called His Angel, The Spirit of Christmas.

—WILL J. ERWOOD.

WHEN BELLS RING OUT



IT MATTERS not whether the weather man gives us snow and ice, biting wind and cloudy skies, or the balmy weather of spring, when the bells ring out on the twenty-fifth of December there will be two notes ringing in the psychology of the race—two tones which must ever keep pace in human progress. On the one hand there will be the joyous outburst of those to whom the day means plenty and pleasure; and, too, there will be the glad notes of those to whom the day has a purely spiritual significance. Then, on the other hand, there will be those to whom the spiritual will be lost under the burden of hunger—the hunger of hearts and bodies.

There is a strange psychology in the first bell tap that rings out to herald the arrival of the mystic hour of "*Christmas Carol*" and festive cheer. And, as is the case with everything of racial interest, it appeals differently to various people. To one class it is the moment of the most enthusiastic exhilaration and joy; to another it is the time of the deepest, most silent and reverential emotion—an emotion which runs thru the whole being and renders it "too full for sound or foam."

The "*Christmas Bells*" have come to have a strangely complex meaning to the peoples of the earth—at least this is true of all who have any interest, or to whom Christmas has any meaning at all. Of course, we are not to suppose that the idea of Christmas has reached all of earth's inhabitants, or even a majority

of them. For, notwithstanding the oft-asserted belief to the contrary, the legend of the "*Three Wise Men*," or "*The Babe in the Manger*," with all the attendant phenomena, has not yet been learned or accepted by all races and peoples.

Beliefs, legends, traditions, all present a multi-colored fabric; they are variegated, tinted, shaded by the different weavers who have participated in their manufacture. These legends, be it known, are never original with any particular race; they are mosaics, revealing a design from here and various shapes from there, with certain qualities from everywhere. Fast days and feast days, ceremonials, rituals, customs, traditions—all are evolutions. There are no exceptions. It is more than passing strange how we take this fact from one source, that bit of folk-lore from another, a brushful of color from another, a hint from a still more remote age, and adding a few localisms, give the whole out as our original and private discovery. We always have done thus, and will, in all probability, continue to do so thruout eternity.

It is interesting to note how great has been the influence of what is commonly called Paganism; the extent to which the Pagan and Heathen peoples have impregnated our thought with their own—have bequeathed us their facts and fallacies. And equally strange is the way in which, at this time of "*Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men*," we make such slighting reference to those to whom we are so much indebted. Such is ever the ingratitude of the present toward the past.

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925

We are so prone to forget. So, for the most part, we have forgotten the festival attending the birth of the "Sun-God"—the period of the mid-winter solstice, in which we find the genesis of our own festivities. We have buried all that beneath our own concepts. And so, when the hour which has been so eagerly looked forward to—that hour which we have enveloped in so much mystery—arrives, and the bells ring out their glad alarum, we burst into song, hang up the mistletoe and holly and cry out on the midnight air, "*The Christ is Born! The Christ is Born! Hosanna to the King!*"

Holly, mistletoe, yule log, processions, ceremonials, festivities, every fascinating and mystic possession, and custom of the ancient Druidic age, pass in solemn state before our vision—and we know them not. But what does it matter? What does it matter that time was when India was the glory of the world; that Egypt illumined the horizon of life; or that Greece, Rome, Judea all send gleams of scintillant light athwart the path of human progress? Of what consequence is it, I say, so long as we are satisfied with ourselves and are content to go on our way in smug self-complacency?

The Christ is Born!

The idea is even now in the air. The psychology of it is catching us—confronting us everywhere we go. Ah, yes, we are an astute people. And we know how to take advantage of race psychology; and we are quick to take advantage of that which will give us an advantage—which will pay us tithes. And so the

shopkeepers, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Heathen, are thrusting it in our faces, attacking our ears—not because they are interested in perpetuating a sacred trust, a spiritual concept which shall simplify and beautify our lives, but, rather, that they may fill their coffers. Why, only yesterday a stockbroker, one of those chaps who know where millions are to be had, but who would rather sell them to you than keep the wealth for self, called me to the telephone and used the approaching season as a reason for selling me—trying to sell me, I should have said—some stock in sure-thing oil wells. “You know, Doctor, it will mean ready cash for Christmas.” So it would! So it would! For him.

The Christ is Born!

The glad shout is in the air. And soon it will be taken up and passed along, from one to another, thruout the whole of Christendom. “But where?” I have asked scores of times. I want to know. People have said so much to me about The Christ. But always the answer has been the same: “Why, don’t you know? It was in Bethlehem, *two thousand years ago*.” Must it always be in the past tense, I wonder? Can it never be in the present? Two thousand years ago is such a remote period—we *know so little about it!*

Let us lay aside all that we know, intellectually, about the word “Christ” being a Greek word which we have Anglicized—*i. e.*, thrust into our language without translation. Lay aside all that we may know about pre-Christian legends, the Christs, of other peoples and ages, and just think of the matter in terms

of common acceptance. It is this: A God, a Savior, a Messiah, a Prince of Peace, a Healer of Ills, is born on Christmas day. You see, I cannot refrain from using the present tense. He is the divine magician whose touch renders the savage gentle, the bitter kind; who makes the miser generous and the ravening wolf as the timid lamb toward his fellows. All of this and much more.

The Christ is Born!

It is a beautiful story in many ways, is it not? And, whether it has any other significance or not, it is evidential of the inherent human hunger for the ideal—for a manhood such as we wish to see. It is the God in mankind seeking its own expression. Was there really such a God-Man or Man-God? I don't know. And—I say it with all reverence, for I believe in the inherent Christ—the records are so uncertain, the testimony so vague; and there is so little of the ideal, Christlike spirit manifested by those who are supposed to be followers of the Master of Galilee. Mayhap that is the whole trouble: Many of these folks be merely followers and preachers, instead of living according to His ethics.

The Christ is Born!

When we say it I wonder what it really means to us. And when we hear the Christmas Bells ring out and the glad melody of the Christmas Carol pervades the air, what will be its significance? Will we visualize the manger, the Babe in its Mother's arms, the Wise Men or the Cross? Will our minds traverse the centuries until they rest upon the shores of Galilee? Will it mean the Christlike

spirit, born not two thousand years ago in far-off Judea, *but here, right now, in your heart or mine?* If it does—ah, if it does!

The Christ is Born!

If the Christ means anything at all it must mean something living, vital, real—an animating, gentle, just, kindly, sympathetic, understanding, helpful, cheering force. And it must be a present consciousness rather than a fleeting memory; it must be here and now and not remote as to time and far away as to location. And it cannot be a thing to be talked about so much as it is something to live. And so

When the Bells ring out.

Let us hope that we may all be touched by the "Spirit o' Christmas" with such a transforming wand that the spirit of Christliness shall pervade our being to its very core, and then

We shall not confine our kindliness to Christmas time alone, but shall pass it along thruout the year. And

We shall not talk so much about Christ and the birth that was—rather shall we live in the Christ consciousness and realize the birth that is. And, further,

We shall not prejudge, nor shall we render post-judgment, where we do not understand—but we shall seek to understand, and, understanding, shall do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. And then

We shall know that Christ is Born, here and now, in the hearts of humankind, and will have become something bigger than an individual, something broader than a creed.

The
RADIANT
Life
*

December
1925

We shall know that Christ is not dogma, not churchianic, but a universal, humanizing, spiritualizing, dominant yet ever gentle, pervasive God principle, urging the race ever onward and upward toward the heights. And so we pray:

"Oh, thou great spirit o' Christliness which has slumbered and moved thru the soul of humanity, from the very dawn of consciousness even unto this hour, grant that at this festive season of the year the soul of each of us may be quickened by thy vivifying power to the end that gentleness of spirit shall be with us a steady flame with which to illumine the entire year, rather than a transitory flash to be quenched by the passing of the holiday season. Grant, we pray thee, that thy presence shall be denoted by our deeds rather than by empty words; and that we shall have the courage to be loyal to the inherent divinity in humankind, and go our way, doing our duty as it comes to us, too just to interfere, too kind to criticise, too simply for ostentation, too sincere for subterfuge and too generous to be mean and niggardly in the hour of another's need. And may we, further, become so awakened as to know that there is but one way in which to truly serve God, and that by being of use to mankind. Amen!"

* * *

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

—LONGFELLOW.

RADIO-CENTRIC POWER VI

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925



O be a thinking man or woman is to have achieved the greatest success in life, for that way lies the path to all achievement. To dream of being a "*thinker*" without making an effort to understand the means whereby such a result is accomplished is to waste time and energy and to finally be cast aside by the law of progress.

Progress is growth. And no man can stand still—he must either go forward or backward: It must be either progress and power or retrogression and weakness; and it is up to the individual to decide which direction he will take.

An old Biblical phrase quite forcibly expresses the law: It says "To Him that Hath shall be Given and from Him that Hath Not shall be taken away *even that which He Hath.*" Perhaps no greater psychological truth has ever been stated by any writer, in any age. Yet, on the face of it, it seems to be almost an impossibility for such a statement to be true. But analyze it a bit.

When a man has a little knowledge and uses it to acquire more it grows in quantity and quality. For example: a young man comes out of school or college having learned that his education has just begun—that he has been fitting himself for the great task and privilege of getting a real, working, practical education. And everything he does adds to the sum of knowledge and power of which he is possessed. *He has understanding* than which

nothing is greater. And so "*to him that hath is given.*"

Another young man graduates from school or college and brings with him the feeling that his education is finished. Life owes him something—he thinks, and he begins to collect it. *He lacks understanding*—and gradually he loses his power to think straight; he loses the knowledge he had; he becomes a superficial thinker and, gradually, having no understanding, "*even that which he hath is taken away from him.*" The law is immutable—there is no deviation from it.

The mountain stream is pure *because it is moving*. It's activity and motion keeps it aerated, purified. The motionless, stagnant pool becomes a fetid, menacing horror. Its lack of motion, of activity, causes it to breed poisonous, miasmatic micro-organisms which in turn breed disease.

This same law applies to minds. Only the mind that keeps itself in motion, in active use, can gain strength and power. And only the mind possessed of power and vital energy can radiate dynamic force and help the human family onward. Do you know what is the greatest thing that can be done for any man? It is not to bestow riches upon him; or political power or affluence—*it is to cause him to think*. And to think of his own relationship to himself and the world and all that it contains. The first thing which devolves upon the would-be *radio-centric thinker* is to turn the searchlight of critical, constructive analysis, upon himself. *Comrade, dare you think about yourself—place yourself under the magnify-*

ing glass of critical analysis? All right, if you can, let's go.

What is the foundation of your thinking? Why do you think as you think?

What is your attitude toward yourself— is it self-deprecatory and accusing? Do you regard yourself as a failure—a helpless pawn upon the chessboard of chance?

What is your attitude toward other people? Do you continually suspect them of trying to destroy you and your chances—are you constantly looking for slights, innuendoes and double dealing?

Are you constantly pitying yourself and disparaging others? Are you an expert maker of alibis to excuse your own shortcomings or failures?

Do you wait for others to place a valuation upon you and your ideas? And do you allow yourself to be overwhelmed by what you think someone else thinks about you?

Now, after having pondered these questions, suppose we take up another angle of the situation. Suppose we ask:

What is my chief mental characteristic? Yes, we shall use the personal pronoun, now.

Am I using all of my mental power—or am I allowing my mind to rust out from the want of use?

Have I the courage and determination to make good—to evolve all there is in me? Am I waiting for some future time to begin, or am I making an effort now?

These questions are all pertinent and must form a part of the self-analysis necessary to an understanding of the task in hand. And it

The
RADIANT
Life
★

December
1925

is a task that must be performed before one can get very far in any direction. Anything which has to do with human welfare has its base in the mind. This being true we must turn to the mind for the solution of the whole problem of human advancement.

Power is the objective—personal power. That does not mean drastic, unthinking force—the kind that rides rough shod over the rights of every other human being in the world. It means something bigger and better than that. It means power, plus personality.

The radio-centric thinker is the man or woman who has learned how to apply the laws of mental growth, and who has acquired the habit of directional thinking as a means to achievement. Directional thinking is the art of systematically using every element of the mind, to produce intentional results. Intentional results are all premeditated, i. e., are planned beforehand.

Man is the center—or, suppose we put it this way, "*I am the center of cosmic mind.*" That is, each man or woman must be in the very center of the universal mind and as a sequence, should be in conscious contact with every phase and degree of his latent possibilities. And, what is more, he should be consciously developing those latent powers and bringing them into active expression. This means that every human soul should be a self-creative entity, building upon what he has already developed to the end that he may evolve greater things for himself.

The one great force with which you have to work, comrade, is your own mind. No other

mind in the universe can mean as much to you as your own. True, it can help you to become acquainted with your own mind; it can show the process by which you may attain results, but never forget this: *It is your own mind that must do the work.*

The true thinker is a man of vision. He is a man of imagination. He must be able to image the thing he wishes to become and do. And that vision or image must never be lost sight of if results are to be attained. There can be no deviation from this law. Thinking is growth—and the fruit must, necessarily, be in keeping with the seed planted. It is the thing you think that determines the thing you do.

Mind grows by what it does. Every impression, every object seen feeds the mental man *if he will permit it to do so.* That means the whole burden is put right up, squarely, to the individual—that is, it is your job, comrade. You must build from the materials around you—take the whole universe, or as much as you can of it, into your mind and make it over into your own personality. Maybe this will help you to understand: I, personally, regard every book, every flower, every person and object with which I come in contact as part of my education. When I see a person the first thing to do is analyze that individual. His appearance, his walk, his voice, the expression of his eyes, all have a story to tell. And what is true of a human being is true of everything else. All things have a language that is intelligible to those who will read and listen and see.

Get in the habit of noting the effect of each

impression; develop the tendency of thinking about the thing you read whether it be a book, newspaper, magazine, flower, animal or human being. It is what your observation of anything causes you to think and do that really develops your mental power. What a pity it is that there are so many means of unfoldment about us and so few who will take advantage of them for their own growth.

An old teacher said a very wise thing when he said, "Awake your senses that you may the better judge." Also when he advised us to "read larger meanings in little things." It was simply another way of saying that we should make a mental note of every impression and use every object with which we come in contact to improve ourselves.

This is the day of intensive labor. The farmer of today uses the intensive process. He analyzes the soil, decides what is deficient and straightway provides that element. Thereby he enriches the soil, increases the possibility and probability of his crops, and minimizes the toil necessary. What the farmer does for the soil can be done for the mind. It can be enriched, made stronger and more sure in its operation, and unfolded until the individual becomes really a mind-saturated body, i. e. a dynamic, vital, thinking entity. And this should be the object of all life.

Next month. "*Building Mind Power*"

MENTAL MEDICINE V.

The
RADIANT
Life
*

December
1925



THE eminent Frenchman, Professor Coué, whose well known slogan, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better" has been laughed at all over the world has done more for humanity than people have given him credit for. If there was nothing else in his slogan than just developing the habit of thinking along constructive lines, it would be invaluable. Back of it, however, there is a mighty force which has done wonders for men and women in all walks of life and that is the force of the subjective mind,—the storehouse of almost illimitable possibilities. When we say that mental power can be used for reconstructive purposes, we mean something more than just placing emphasis upon what is commonly called "Affirmation." There are many different kinds of minds in the world. Some of them in their action remind one of a noisy little brooklet, they go babbling and gurgling through life, accomplishing practically nothing. Others seem to symbolize the mighty irresistible though silent force like that revealed by the great Mississippi or the Amazon. We all know that power, energy and force is due to the deep, resistless, dynamic force that keeps pushing ever forward. This is just as true of the human mind as it is of the Niagara River which culminates in one of the great wonders of the world.

In the subconscious mind all impressions are stored. If these impressions are negative,

causing the man to be fearful and more or less hopeless in his viewpoint of life, they are sure to make themselves felt in a vacillating, uncertain course of life. If, on the other hand, such impressions are hopeful, courageous and fearless, they are just as certain to make a deep and lasting impression on the life of the individual. That old Biblical psychologist who said "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" must have had in mind some such mental state as expressed by Professor Coué in his now world-famous slogan because the ancient psychologist knew that the momentary, effervescent expression of a more or less sporadic thought is not a safe criterion by which to judge the mind of man. It is the deep, abiding, dominant thought which survives all discouragements, all apparent failures, which becomes the determining factor in the life of a man or woman. A salesman going to dispose of the goods sold by the house that he represents would not get very far if back in his mind there was a more or less subjective conviction that the goods he had for sale were inferior and that it was impossible to dispose of them to any but incredulous, non-thinking men and women. His career would be very short. The man or woman who is facing the world, whose life is confronted by the problem of health in varied degree is in reality a salesman or saleswoman as the case may be and is telling to the world, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless clearly, something of the mental processes which are going on within the mind. It may seem strange to say that every man who walks down the street is shout-

ing very loudly "I am afraid to try for big things" or "I believe the world is against me and trying to destroy me." Yet this is really a wife, between man and maid, ideal relation-fact. Once in a while there is a man or woman whom we meet walking upon the streets of our own city who is shouting loudly "I am sure to win; I have strength,—abundant strength within myself, and I am in tune with infinite source of supply." When such a person passes, you feel the radiation of power, hope and energy and realize that you have seen one of the world's winners.

It is not too much to say that the same principle applies to the use of mental medicine in its relationship to personal health as in connection with one's business life. Certainly it is a fact that a negative state of mind produces almost immeasurable reactions on the body. It is equally true that positive mental states have just as great effect upon the body but in this instance the result will be constructive. A good plan is for the readers of "*The Radiant Life*" to apply the affirmation suggested by Professor Coué to understand and realize the truth in the Biblical quotation and cap it all off by recognizing the reality of the assertion of Prentice Mulford who declared "*Thoughts are things.*" If this is done and each reader will affirm that which is his birthright, or hers, and then will affirm so strongly as to compel conformity to the laws of correct living, the results attained will justify many times over the effort expended.

Here's to the man and woman who learns to think, because the thinking man or woman is

the one who establishes the law of growth and once that law has been set in motion, it will surely usher in the day when we may see perfect minds functioning through perfect bodies.

Perhaps you will say there is nothing to the idea of affirmation—that it is useless to say these things over and over. That is true if the words are merely uttered by lip formation alone, i. e. without any deeper realization of their significance. But when the repetition of such a phrase as that given us by Coué causes the principle involved to become a deeply fixed conviction there is no question as to the results. That firmly imbedded faith will react upon the entire body.

A very simple test will prove the truth of the foregoing assertion. Note the effect of every morbid state of mind; when the soul is caught in throes of some discordant and hopeless mental state note the result. In every instance there will be a physical reaction to the state of mind. Food will not digest as easily, the feet will lag, muscles will lose a certain resiliency and strength and the whole system will show the effect of the despondency.

On the other hand take careful note of the effect of hopeful, serene and courageous states of mind; the happy mental state will produce results that cannot fail to show. Where a man is thinking along constructive lines every lineament shows the result—he walks differently, there will be a new note in the voice and an entirely different expression thruout the entire being.

The eternal law has given us something

and radiant energy of the mind. Thinking for health has come to be more than a mere phrase—it is rapidly becoming a recognized, scientific process of reconstructing the human family. It has long since passed the experimental stage.

The principle involved in "*Mental Medicine*" is one that all great thinkers have been forced to recognize. It is really the self-creative energy which makes life worth while—it is the mental force with which and by which all things are accomplished. It is yours to use, comrade, if you will. Here's to the man or woman who learns how to think—because the thinking man or woman is the one who establishes the law of growth. Once that law has been set in motion it will surely usher in the day when we will see perfect minds functioning thru perfect bodies.

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925

* * * *

From Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

Find time still to be learning somewhat good,
and give up being desultory.

The universe is change; our life is what our
thoughts make it.

How much time he gains who does not look to
see what his neighbor says or does or thinks,
but only at what he does himself, to make it
just and holy.

That which comes after ever conforms to that
which has gone before.

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rous-
ing thee, let this thought be present: "I am
rising to a man's work."

THE MIGHTY ATOM

A VOICE FROM THE BEYOND

[The following address was given by an Intelligence who has come to be a vital part in the lives of our Psychic Classes. It was given in Plymouth Church. It was a Trance address and was taken down stenographically by Miss Florence Russell, our very competent class Amanuensis. Editor.]

IT has been a custom to regard the minute forms of life as of no consequence. Sometimes it is the habit to consider minor things as of small worth and perhaps it is because of this that so many people limit themselves to a very small area of growth and activity. It has been said a long time since that that which cannot be a part of man's consciousness cannot be for him as an individual—merely another way of saying that man's power and growth, man's comprehension of the Universe is measured by his conscious recognition of that Universe and its possibilities. Most people are seeking to accomplish some great thing and in their eagerness they overlook the minute and seemingly unimportant, they do not realize that all gigantic objects are the result of the amalgamation of minute and infinitesimal particles or, if you please, micro-organisms which form the basic foundation of that which is massive and exceedingly large insofar as size is concerned. Perhaps there is no better illustration that we can give regarding the illimitability of the infinitesimal than a fact well-known to the devotee of radio, namely, the voice that speaks here in your locality has so great a weight, is so important in its force, so widespread in its

influence that those who are rightly attuned in Australia may catch the vibration of that voice and catch it almost as soon as the voice has spoken. There is not a very long period of time required between the sounding of the voice and the reception and reproduction of that voice in a far distant land, so perfectly is the Universe balanced and so exquisitely delicate are the laws of spiritual contact as well as the laws of vibratory impact which makes it possible for the voice to be heard.

There is, perhaps, nothing smaller than the molecule, the electron, the atom—to use some of the terms which have become current in modern scientific phraseology—yet, notwithstanding the infinitesimal size of the atom, it is coming to be recognized as the center of potential force great enough to cause such an explosion of energy as to render possible the instantaneous destruction of a building like this. There are certain force elements in the atom, just as there are certain universal processes in that infinitesimal division of matter that surpass the most exacting demands and most painstaking calculations of master mathematicians and observers. Standing in the shadow of the highest peaks of the Himalaya Mountains one must be made to realize the stupendous power and the illimitable possibilities of infinitesimal things. Whether you stand upon the peak of the Himalaya Mountains or rest upon a mighty eminence in the Alps or the Rockies or the Andes, the law still operates and reveals the fact that those great piles are the result of the amalgamation of infinitesimal subdivisions or microscopic par-

ticles of what is commonly called substance or material substance. The very fact that these great eminences are the result of the organization of infinitesimal particles should be one of the most encouraging and hopeful signs to mankind. When man learns to observe the processes of God Almighty, when man learns to recognize the operations of the Infinite, when man learns to decipher the methods of progress employed by the Universal, he will have discovered the law of growth and the principle whereby he may set himself free from the bondage of material slavery. No matter what the gigantic thing is which has been superinduced by Divine Law, always there is one fact which stands out more prominently than all others and that is that the mighty atom, the illimitably great infinitesimal particle is the foundation upon which rests a multitude of worlds. Space between your planet and the sun is crowded with micro-organisms, microscopic divisions or particles of substance. In those microscopic particles or divisions of substance there is force so potent that it renders impossible the deviation of those planets from their orbits and they act as it were as deterrents against the encroachment of the one planet upon the other. If that is true, and the veriest tyro in observation will recognize the truth of that statement, it must follow that the analogy that man should draw is one that encompasses his own development. Man's mind, or his knowledge, more correctly speaking, is a resultant of the amalgamation of microscopic impressions upon the sensory nerves or, in other words, infinitesimal im-

pressions upon his consciousness, and those impressions are sense-recognitions of patent facts, real substance, actual existence, if you please, in the Universe in which man lives.

This may be said to be axiomatic, namely, no man ever attained wisdom in one fell swoop. Always wisdom has been the result of the evolution of consciousness and consciousness has been and is the result of recognition of well defined laws, objects and facts in the Universe. In other words, we might say that man's consciousness is a result of his capacity to entertain the facts and the laws which govern those facts of the Universe in which man lives. Consciousness measures the degree to which man associates with the Universe and its laws. Now that will sound strange to some but man associates with the Universe and its laws and the measure of his associations is the criterion by which to judge his understanding and knowledge of that Universe in which he lives. There can be no association that is not a measure of consciousness, there can be no consciousness that is not a resultant of association. Man entertains the Universe, man says virtually at certain times: "I am at home to the Universal, I am ready to entertain the Universal, I have invited God to come and sup with me." Think that over. "I have invited God to come and sup with me." Perhaps sometimes he might transpose the sentence and might say: "God has invited me to dine at his table." Whichever way you put it, it is the same—merely a transposition of words. On the first reading some might think that this was a sacrilegious statement and yet it is the very

profundity of reverence for the Universal Power, it is the very essence—aye, we might say, the very quintessence of devotional understanding and reverence for the Supreme Power that pervades the Universe and, strong though the statement may be, it stands nevertheless as irrefutably true. It may be attacked, it possibly will be denied and certainly it will be misunderstood because the average man is not ready to recognize the fact that there is indissoluble unity between God and man, that God has ordained that the microscopic part of Himself sometimes designated as man is imperatively necessary to His own existence and being and absolutely indispensable to the formation, the symmetry and the success of the Universe of which man is a part.

If there is anything at all in the idea that man is made in the image and likeness of the Divine, it must stand to reason, as an absolutely logical fact, that there can be no dissociation between the Divine and the so-called human. Man is, according to a certain school of theologians, infinitesimal, minutely unimportant, of so small consequence in the Universe that God only occasionally shall vouchsafe possible manumission to a member of the human family. The whole theology has been designed to submerge man as an infinitesimal speck of cosmic energy engulfed in an ocean of universal power and substance; the whole tendency has been to regard man as of such minor importance as to be nothing more nor less than pawn on the chessboard of the Universe, but the mightiest engine that ever was builded by the hand and mind of

man may be wrecked by the simple failure to insert at the proper time and place so minute a part as the simple cotterpin that sometimes holds important parts of the mechanism in place. The wheels of the Universe could not turn smoothly, harmoniously and surely unless that infinitesimal object, man, was in his proper place. Analyze your body and you discover if one atom has been removed from your finger, a microscopic part taken from your heart, an almost infinitesimal particle of the brain subjected to an abnormal pressure—if all of this comes to pass, the perfection, the symmetry and the absolute surety of the body has been jeopardized. Let there be pressure upon a minute part of the brain and the functioning of the mind is impaired. Your body, as an aggregate of infinitesimal particles, is one of the finest examples of the illimitability of the infinitesimal because there are no bodies that are not the result of infinitesimal divisions of substance, there are no structures used to house the pride of man that are not the result of the harmonious relationship of myriads of infinitesimal particles. Why, the very sound of yonder resonant bell depends upon the proper welding and molding of certain infinitesimal metallic substances that have in them enough of elasticity and responsiveness to emit a certain vibratory activity when the hammer smites the bell as it does when the hour is struck. The vibration permeates this building, as it does the atmosphere, as it does the entire community; that vibration signifies that certain infinitesimal particles by their amalga-

mated action, by their concerted effort, have made their impress upon the Universe as a whole. If your mind was sufficiently radio-active, if your mind was attuned to a cosmic degree, you might send your mind out after the radiating vibration from yonder bell in the steeple of your church and you might follow those vibrations to the very poles of your planet. Nothing strange about it, nothing unreasonable about it! The fact that the mind can conceive of the activities of the radio signifies that the mind must be supreme above those radio-active elements which man, through his mental concept, harnessed to do the bidding of man.

Let us say then, that man is, as certain theologians have said, infinitesimal, of small consequence, an accident of the Universe—if there is such a thing as an accident—a bit of debris floating upon the ocean of eternity. The fact nevertheless remains that it was left to man to become so conscious of the processes of the Universe as to discover the principle of microscopy, as to understand the principles of the refracting and refraction of light rays and, because of that, to develop the telescope, the magnifying glass, the microscope and, further, the X-ray, the ultra-violet ray, the N-ray and all of those super-rays or modes of motion which have caused such revelations to be made during the last few decades, and that is a tremendous achievement for an inconsequential, miserable worm of the dust, regarded by some theologians as not worthy of the saving, but you will notice that God goes blithely forward evolving the scheme

of human progress and leading man toward the heights of spiritual attainment. You are rapidly reaching that point in the calendar when men are going to be talking and singing and praying about one who is said to have been, perhaps, the most important scion of the House of Divinity, namely, the Man of Nazareth. They are forgetting, these people who degrade man in their concepts, that it was necessary for the Eternal Power to make use of these various and diverse kinds of infinitesimal substances to provide a fitting vehicle for the transmission and housing of that divine urge which men have called the Christ. That infinitesimal substance or particle of substance that was regarded as the fitting abode of what is termed the Son of God surely might well be regarded as of the utmost importance in the scheme of life and of the utmost value in the universal plan. That ego that functions in the body, that something that has been regarded as the deathless soul is the thing that responds to the Christ-consciousness and therefore must contain all the potential elements of that superior state of mind which we have designated as the Christ-consciousness, without which there can be no entertaining of the Christ Spirit or, in other words, the Son of God. Who shall say when the atom or the aggregation of atoms requisite to constitute the body in which a Christ might dwell started their evolutionary process or received the urge that evolved within them that which could respond to the Christ appeal. The Man of Galilee, every one of the Messianic Order, every blessed Christ that has functioned, func-

tioned through an amalgamated mass of infinitesimal particles of substance which constituted a part of the Universe as a whole and which was a reflection of the Divine idea, which was a manifestation of the divine concept, which was a vehicle of transmission through which the Divine conveyed to man His desire, and which, to go a little further, was God, Himself, in operation and expression. Can you not see why we affirm the illimitability of the infinitesimal, can you not see the reason we recognize the cosmic importance of the minute, infinitesimal subdivision of substance, that substance out of which all things are formed according to the Divine Law?

Now, of course, the point of all this is to make those who understand even partially realize the importance of themselves, realize the importance of every atom that combines with other atoms to make up the body in which they dwell and to gather from all of this a realization of the importance of the most infinitesimal impression upon the mind, because great minds are the result of the amalgamation, the association and the relationship of these infinitesimal impressions that sometimes are regarded as of no consequence. The average man walks down the lane of life with his cane in his hand snipping off the heads of daisies that grow by the side of his path, the average man treads under foot the violet that might contain a message direct from the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, the average man has so glued the penny of his little conceit to his eye that he cannot see the matchless beauties that, impressing his mind, would

bring to him the wisdom and understanding of a Socrates, a Plato, a Buddha or a Jesus; the average man is so engrossed in the idea of his own worthlessness and the inconsequential character of the minute things around him that he fritters away his time looking for the great thing, the while it is here, in a soluble state perhaps, but here nevertheless at his feet.

Do you know what atoms, grains of sand, drops of water, daisies, violets, blades of grass, notes from the song of the bird, words from the lips of a man's fellows really are? They are knowledge in a disintegrated or a soluble state, waiting to be poured into the consciousness of man. You have watched, perchance, the man in the foundry who takes ingots of pig iron and puts them in the furnace and you notice the porous character of the ingot of iron, you notice that by and by it becomes a molten mass, it is fluidic and it seethes and boils and moves like a living thing and then you notice that out of here there is a mold and that by and by man takes his ladle and dips into the molten mass and pours the metal into the mold and after it is congealed, it has gotten cold, the mold is taken away and there is a concrete thing of almost priceless worth to humanity. Man marvels at it. There may be a bit of wrought iron, there may be certain elements that provide the right kind of an alloy in order that this molded thing may be polished and tempered and, if you please, perfected that it may serve a great purpose. There is the analogy that we want you to draw, because all facts in the Universe around you are raw material, constitute the raw, virgin

The
RADIANT
Life
*

December
1925

ore that must pass through the crucible of the mind and be molded into concrete knowledge that may be of direct service to mankind.

You wonder sometimes when you find a soul who gathers a lesson out of the smiles of the children, perhaps the screeching of the brakes of the train upon which he rides, maybe the whistling of the wind as it makes its way around the corners of a building or the rustle of the leaves or the fact that the leaf turns at the impending storm's approach that it may drink in the moisture that God sends to the thirsty plant or, perchance, in the quivering aspen leaf that is symbol, analogy, simile of the life of human beings—you wonder at that something that sees everything as grist to be carried to his mill. Don't you know that it is that ability to descry beauty and the wonder of life in infinitesimal things that sometimes gives courage to labor when seemingly there is nothing to labor for, that saves sanity, that keeps the physical organism resilient and responsive to the thought which may be impinged from the outside world, from individuals extraneous to himself? Have you not read that he who would be the master must be the servant of all, have you not read that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, even so have ye done it unto Me?" Might we paraphrase the exalted soul who is reputed to have made the statement which we have quoted here tonight and say, presuming that this might be the voice of the Eternal God speaking to the consciousness of man and saying to man with reference to infinitesimal, minute particles of substance:

“Inasmuch as ye have recognized Me and My Presence in the least, the most infinitesimal and minute of these manifestations of universal law and substance, have you come to discover Myself within thyself” and only under those circumstances can man recognize God. On this hand, recently bathed, there is a film of substance so minute as to be beyond the power of all but the most extraordinarily powerful magnifying glass. In the most infinitesimal division or particle of the smallest bit of substance in fluidic state upon this hand will be found the potent force that speaks the eternal and absolutely unanswerable force of the God of the Universe and right there, in that infinitesimal particle, will be heard the voice of God. Have you noticed the bit of pollen upon the petal of a flower, have you observed the dust particles gleam in the ray of light from the sun, have you caught the delicate fragrance from the rosebud, have you inbreathed the harmonious fragrance of the jasmine flower, and, if you have, have you realized that that which made its impact on the olfactory nerve or sense of smell was substance as real as the table, as real as the chair upon which the hand rests, as real as the Pyramids of Egypt, as substantial as the Sphinx and as fraught with mystery and as eloquent as a Demosthenes or a Cicero, have you realized that that is the situation and that that is why we tonight emphasize the illimitability of the infinitesimal?

Once more let us say that the purport of all this lesson is to make you realize the importance of doing the minute, the seemingly inconsequential things, of recording the seemingly

valueless impressions, of descrying the beauty in the apparently beautiful manifestations of life. Why? To enrich your mind, to give your mind a fund of impression that there may come to it a wealth of knowledge out of which may be born that matchless wisdom which, in turn, may give rise to the spirit of divine understanding. Learn to decipher the invaluable lesson in every minute experience, in every unimportant event, in every microscopic manifestation of universal life, because this way is the road to cosmic consciousness and divine knowledge.

— o —

Eternal and magnanimous, just and kindly Parent of all life, gratefully and with profound humility of soul do we acknowledge our indebtedness to Thee and Thy law, gratefully do we recognize the lesson Thou hast impinged upon our consciousness that we might understand the majesty of the least iota of Thy Universe. Only this we ask for Thy children, if so be the request be in accord with Thy plan, that they may awaken to an understanding of the importance and the beauty of the infinitesimal, the seemingly unimportant. Grant that they may see Thee in the least manifestation of Thy Universe, the most obscure expression of Thy law; grant that there may come to them that spirit of compassionate understanding that will make them to understand that all of life is sacred, that all of substance is important and fulfilling a wonderful mission in Thy great plan. Grant, if so be it accords with Thy will, that they may from this hour look with clearer vision, kindlier hearts and more

divine understanding and appreciation upon the minute as well as that which has great magnitude, a magnitude made possible only by the amalgamation of the infinitesimal. May their minds be so attuned to this lesson that they shall see henceforth in every iota of the Universe about them a message directly from Thee, prepared for their special enlightenment. Amen.

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925

* * * *

NOEL

There is a Star whose glory has no setting,
Whose calm white beauty shines eternally;
O Heart of Christ, Thou myriad stars begetting,
Quicken my soul a risen star to be!

There is a Song, all other songs transcending,
That thrills all life with Heaven's minstrelsy;
O starry Call, through centuries unending
Let my heart's song bear witness unto Thee!

There is a Sign for all the world's proud sharing—
A silver shadow none may lightly flee;
O Cross, if by Thy mystic symbol bearing,
I sing a sweeter song, o'ershadow me!

Then joyous Noel let my heart be singing—
For my soul's flight three golden things there be:
The Star—the Song to guide its upward winging,
The mystic Cross—its Open Sesame!

—JANET BOLTON

Written for "*The Radiant Life*."

"FRIENDSHIP"



HERE is one word of which we are going to make use tonight because it is one of the most important in any language. We shall not attempt to enter into any profound or scientific dissertation upon any subject allied to the theme touched upon last week. To do that would rather interfere with the expression of ideas which we desire to give at this time. As this is the closing class of a season fraught with many diverse experiences and conditions, it seems meet that we discuss for a time that word which we regard as one of the greatest in any tongue and that is the word FRIENDSHIP.

There is no relationship that offers quite so great an opportunity for loyal association, there is nothing that can bring to man larger measure of satisfaction or greater portion of joy or more splendid opportunities for service of an exalted kind in such a manner as can the spirit of real friendliness. There is probably no word in any language that has been so terribly misunderstood, that has been so terribly misused as the word "friend." When the Master Creative Energy sought to evolve that which might be regarded as the quintessence of spiritual completeness it evolved friendship and we hold it thus highly because where it exists in reality, the possessor has something than which there is nothing more fine, than which there is nothing more inspiring in all of life. To say that one is friend with the full consciousness of all that the term implies is to count oneself rich beyond compare, to say

that one is blessed with friendship and to have full consciousness of the reality of the claim is to have acquired riches that are greater than the fabled wealth of a Croesus. There is no question as to the value, the self-sacrifice or the devotion, the fellowship that comes to one through that thing known to man as real friendship. You have read the story of David and Jonathan, you have had told you over and over again the story of Damon and Pythias, you have read countless allusions to the spirit of friendship as manifested among men and women the world over. It is very strange that there is so little understanding of the real quality contained therein, very strange that there is such flippant and thoughtless use of the term. To say that one is a friend in reality is to say that such an individual has reached a very high state of mental and spiritual unfoldment. Friendship does not allow itself to become blinded to reality, it does not permit itself to overlook the fact of error or mistake but friendship is that thing that can survive and does survive the criticism of humanity, the abuse of the false, the reproach of the jealous and the mistakes of the friend beloved and still remain steadfastly loyal and still give the inspiration and the hope and the helpfulness that makes life worth the living and what a wonderful thing it is if friendship is inspired by one who is worthy of friendship, what a marvelous thing it is to have a friend and know that that friend is possessed of all the ideals and the hopes and the ambitions with which friendship has endowed him or her. It is a very wonderful thing for souls

to reach the point at which they become friends in the truest sense of the word, for friendship means understanding, than which there is no wisdom more choice, than which there is no gift of the gods more to be desired. Where that reality of friendship exists, there is no place for the acrimonious, there is no place for bitterness or jealousy or prejudice, there is only thoughtful helpfulness and a desire to serve as well as be served.

There is a vast difference between that thing known as friendship and that which sometimes is regarded as the grand passion because sometimes the individual who fancies that his or her soul has been aroused by the great moving power of the Universe demands everything, sometimes the individual who fancies that he or she has reached the point at which the thing known as love has come begins at once to evidence a tremendously unfair selfishness and sometimes those who regard themselves as possessed of that divine attribute are only carried away by the desire for ownership, possession, but, if there is the love of friend and if that thing known as love is tinged with the unselfishness of friendship, there has come into the life of the individual that than which nothing can be more to be desired. There is very little to be expected from the man or the woman who cannot be loyal to his or her friend. Friendship is the refuge in time of storm and stress, friendship is the handclasp of strength, it is the beaconlight, it is that illumining power that shall make possible that man shall see the pathway all the distance of life. The greatest thing that man

can say of the Buddha is that he was a friend of humanity, the most wonderful thing that can be said of the Man or Nazareth was that He was the perfect friend, perhaps the greatest thing that can be said of such a man as Abraham Lincoln was that he was a friend to mankind irrespective of creed or color, of nationality or political allegiance.

So tonight it our desire to emphasize the importance of that one word. We cannot conceive of a possibility of real spiritual unfoldment that is not based upon the spirit of friendship. Your friend you love as well as admire, as well as trust, you have faith in your friend, your friend has faith in you and where there is faith between twain, there cannot come anything that can destroy the ideal relationship which exists between such individuals. Where there is faith, one is possessed of that which has led man through every difficulty and has carried him from the jungle age of man's consciousness to the Christ realization, and faith is the foundation of friendship. We can imagine the Great Creative Energy, the Central Power, if you will, that Benignant Divine Principle, that Cosmic Consciousness that pervades the Universe, the Infinite Architect, the Supreme Ruler, the Source of Life—we can imagine, we say, that Great Source of All Life analyzing the need of humanity and arriving at an understanding of the fact that what man needs more than anything else in all the wide world is the understanding of friends, that what man needs more than aught else is friendship.

Now some of you will say, perchance, that

The
RADIANT
Life
*

December
1925

there is something finer than that and that is the love of a mother for her child. No mother really knows the need of her child until she has become the friend of the child because your friend is your confidant, your friend is your refuge, your friend is the solace which God has sent to your life that the rough places may be smoothed, your friend is the haven of rest. You may weep on your friend's shoulder and you will not be turned away, you may be silent when you are with your friend and you will not be importuned to talk, you may hold the hand of your friend and feel the vibrating vital strength coursing through your being and when all the rest of the world misunderstands you, your friend knows the ideals that are in your soul. A mother must understand her child, a mother must be the source of refuge, a mother must love her child and be her child's friend, a mother is not a mother merely because she has brought into the world a physical body, she is not the mother par excellence until she is the friend and comforter, the counselor, the confidant of her child.

Then, perchance, you might say the love of man for woman, the love of a maid for a man, is the highest, the finest thing that can come into life. Grant all that as possible, but, unless there is friendship of that splendidly vital, spiritual, pure kind between husband and ship cannot exist. A friend does not intrude upon the sacred silence and privacy of the object of his friendship because the friend sees and knows and understands and feels. Sometimes mothers and fathers, husbands and wives, forget that in spite of all their relation-

ship they are still individualized souls having individual needs, having individual requisites to their happiness and progress and growth. Sometimes husbands or wives forget that there are sacred lines beyond which neither one has the right to pass, but friendship, if it exists between companions, enriches all of life. Where there is friendship, there is satisfaction if the individual merely knows that the friend exists and there is joy in doing for those who are friends. You cannot imagine a Damon saying to Pythias: "I have done thus and so for thee. Thou art under an obligation to me." Friendship rises majestically higher than the sense of subservient obligation. Sometimes mother, father, husband, wife, will say: "You owe this to me because you belong to me." No soul belongs to another soul, no human being has a right to own another. Souls belong to only one and that is the Supreme Power that has given them existence and that Supreme Power understands the divine relationship so well that it does not bind the soul to it by mandatory law, it does not give out to man the command: "Thou art mine and there is duty thou owest to Me." It rather says silently, wordlessly: "Thou art Myself going out into the Universe to learn the ways of life, thou art Myself and as thou art part of Me going forth, thou shalt surely some day find the way back," because the Divine is friend to all of those who have found origin therein. No soul can own another soul. They are not made to be bartered and sold as commodities. The friend neither tries to own or dispense with the object of his friendliness, and so it is that there

is a great hope that we have for you and that is that you may awaken to a full understanding of the meaning of the term.

Be careful how you say to someone else who standeth by: "This is my friend." Use it not lightly, use it not flippantly, make no idle boast of its elements. Friendship boasts not, friendship vaunteth not, if we may put it thus, friendship possesses love and charity and faith—indeed, the very element of friendship is made up of the fabric of faith and hope and charity and love. May it sometime please the Great Source of all life that when it comes to a final summing up of what has been done during the progress of the years in which we are laboring, have labored, still labor and will labor together—may it please that Power that in the final summing up we may each one of us say of the other: "He has been my friend in all the term implies." To be a friend! Greater is the term than to be known as philosopher or poet or teacher or guide because the guide may be one who is inspired by a certain definitely ulterior motive and the teacher may be one who is fired by ambition but the friend desires one thing and one only and that is that his friend may travel to the heights, reach the apex and come out under the full glow of divine benigance and understanding. 'Tis a great thing, 'tis a marvelous thing to be able to teach humanity and cause them to realize the beauty of life, it is a marvelous thing to be able to guide mankind forward but there are guides and guides and there are teachers and teachers. There may be an austerity about the pedagogue and the

teacher may be a splendidly well-informed master of the principles of pedagogy and do a great work and yet may lack that something that makes a man feel rich when he has nothing in the world to rely upon but the hand-clasp of his friend. It is when the world seeks to destroy that the friend buckles on the armor and stepping into the breach refuses to submit to the annihilation of the object of his friendship. Ah, friendship is not blind. As we have said, it is open-eyed and it is fearless. It is not blinded by passion, it is not debased by lust, it is not mutilated by selfishness. It looks clearly, clear-eyed, understandingly upon the object of its devotion and it sees weakness and vacillation, carelessness and sometimes hopelessness and all and yet, as surely as the connoisseur, seeing the rough uncut diamond, knows the scintillant beauty that lies stored up within the confines of that diamond, so surely does he see under the veneer of vacillation, carelessness and weakness, the splendid Godlike power that is waiting like the germ in the acorn for the day of germination, that it may follow the urge and burst the shell and gradually make its way through the surface of the soil and finally stand out the sturdy oak to protect and shelter mankind.

No finer thing can be done for you than to have someone enter your atmosphere from the world of souls and come to you as a friend. Aye, your friend is your teacher, your helper, your guide, your comrade, your solace, your strength, your inspiration—all of this and much more. Fortunate are they who live in

The
RADIANT
Life
★

December
1925

homes where either member of the duo starting that home is friend to the other. The ideal companionship is only found, we say again, where husband and wife are friends, comrades, devoted to each other by and through the ties of understanding, sympathy, compassion and faith—faith—because that is the corner stone of friendship. It is a great thing to know that your friends are never lost from you. They may be a thousand miles away and yet they are with you. They travel wherever you go. They may be on the other side of this old globe of yours and yet the fragrance of them is with you everywhere. What greater thing can men say than this, down in the depths of his soul, "I have a friend—no prejudice, no bitterness, no vilification, no abuse from mine enemies can avail aught against me so long as I have still my friend." Can we go on our way in the life, in the duty which lies before us with the full assurance that we are friends, that we understand each other, that we appreciate and know each other, that we have faith in each other, that we know, each to each, that all will be well? Can we go on our way with the full assurance that during the interim between this night and that night in September when, the Divine Power willing, we shall meet to exchange again our thought—can we go on our way during the interim, we say, with the full assurance that when we return we shall see the same smile, find the same faith, the same ambition and aspiration and hope and the same understanding? If so be it is possible for man to go on his journey with that assur-

ance, why, he carries with him, or she carries with her, as the case may be, a staff on which to lean in times of weariness, a light toward which to look in times of darkness, manna for the soul in times of hunger and absolute protection in time of danger. So great is the protective influence of friendship because souls that are friends are twin souls in reality, because they vibrate in unison, they occupy the same harmonious plane and their souls are attuned to the music of the spheres.

Why should man fail to understand the glory of the Divine merely because he fails to understand the handiwork of the Divine? God is universal mind, mind is the key of man's relationship to God, mind is the golden link that binds mankind to the Divine; that golden link is the thing that binds friend to friend, the friend who is all in all in friendliness has divine insight into the needs of his comrade, or her comrade, as the case may be. Have ye a goal? Can there be a greater goal for any man than that men may say of him: "He was our friend"—can there be a finer, sweeter home anywhere than the one in which friendship dwells? Nothing finer, sweeter, holier, purer than the love of friend to friend, and friendship when established as it should be is the basis of all spiritual unfoldment.

Infinite Source of Light and Life, Eternal Friend, Comrade, Helper, we feel tonight our oneness with Thee, we understand Thy compassion in a measure and our hearts are filled with gratitude because of the boon of friendship which Thou hast bestowed upon those ready and willing to receive it. Grant that these, Thy children, may come to understand

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925

what it means to say that they understand; grant that some day they may come to realize in its fullness the majesty of that wonderful thing Thou hast sent as savior to mankind. May each day be fraught with blessings, may each day be fraught with that kind of blessing that makes man know the richness of his gift, namely, the blessing of friendship. May light come to these minds, may hope fill their souls, may joy sound in their hearts and may their eyes catch the gleam of the beacon of Thy Love, may that love be a beaconlight through all the eons of time that lie ahead, may there come to them in such measure as Thou deemest best that degree of knowledge, that degree of love that will make it possible for them to know and, knowing, do Thy will. May these comrades upon life's wonderful highway, these fellow-travelers who are making their way from self to selflessness, may they in such measure as Thou deemest best come to know that the light of friendliness, the light of understanding, of compassion and faith is the one and only light that can really illumine the wilderness of doubt, fear and hate in such manner as to drive from their hiding place and out into the nothingness all of those petty things that would upset man's life. Grant we pray Thee at this time that we may be given the strength and the power to, with our colleagues, protect and guide and assist these whom Thou hast put in our care for the time being and may the day come in the not too far distant future when their understanding shall have reached so high a point that when they think of us, they shall think of us as loving, understanding friend. Amen.

EDITOR'S COSY CORNER

The
RADIANT
Life
*
December
1925

Dear Comrades:

When you read this month's "*Radiant Life*" the spirit of Christmas will be stealing into your minds and making itself felt around the homes. You will all be planning just the kindest thing that you can possibly do for those who are nearest and dearest. It is not strange that with all the wonderful legends which have been associated with Christmas-time there should be a desire to do the worthwhile thing for the person or persons nearest the heart. It is our hope that when you read this issue of "*The Radiant Life*" you will find something in it that will cause you to feel your life is just a little bit better for having gotten into our clan.

This issue may be just a few days delayed in reaching our family but when you see its size and its contents, we feel sure you will make allowance for this slight delay. Delay will not be the habit of "*The Radiant Life*" as you will observe when the January number comes knocking at your door. This too will be an unusual issue and we want you to tell your friends about the good things it will contain.

Once more may we emphasize the necessity of letting us know when there is a change of address? Our only trouble these days is with the folk who move from one place to another and seem to forget that "*The Radiant Life*" staff is not composed of mind readers. We think we do pretty well in that line as it is but you mustn't expect too much from us.

It was our intention to give an account of the visit to the National Spiritualist Convention at Milwaukee but after the account was all written up we found we had so much that we wanted to say which was especially along our own particular line that we felt it best to hold over any mention of that event until a later date and we may possibly decide to send the account to the *Progressive Thinker* or one of the other publications. Of that we shall have more to say later.

It would be hard to tell how many fine things

have been said about the newest book, "*Consolation*." It has met with the readiest response of anything issued for some time and the indications are that it will have a splendid sale.

In keeping with the policy of "*The Radiant Life*" to try to bring as much good cheer as possible, we are suggesting to our readers a way in which they can help accomplish that purpose. When you look over this Christmas number and see how many good things it has and then get to thinking about the friend to whom you would like to send a really practical Christmas present, suppose you accept this special offer of ours. You may subscribe for your friends at the regular rate of \$2.00 per year and we will send a copy of the Christmas number and the twelve issues of 1926 for the price of the one subscription. In the Christmas number we shall insert your card if you wish or a card stating that the magazine is coming to your friend with your hearty Christmas greetings. In that way you will be scattering the Christmas spirit all through the year and giving some one a continuous inspiration and a reason to send kindly blessings to you all along the way. Think it over and get your subscription in by the 15th of December if possible, that is if you want your friend to have the Christmas number in time for Christmas Day. Your orders will be sent out on the day that they are received and we will co-operate in every way we can but please get your orders in early.

Another fine thing would be to send a copy of "*Consolation*," which is one of the most hopeful, consoling and helpful booklets that we have ever published. It contains messages concerning the change called "Death" which cannot fail to impress the reader. In addition to this it has a number of very appropriate poems which our lovers of poetry will not fail to appreciate.

It has been decided to print a series of booklets uniform in style with "*Consolation*." The newest one, which will be brought out in January, will contain very definite, practical and concise lessons on the development of Radio-Centric Power. This book will sell for the same price, viz. 75c postpaid.

When you see this copy of "*Radio-Centric Power*" you will say with us that there is nothing like it in the literature of the day.

We want to call your special attention to the articles in this issue and ask you to read them not only once but several times. Under the caption "When Bells Ring Out" there is something that will make us all think. The essay on "Friendship" as well as the essay on "The Mighty Atom" will give pause for thought and we are sure that every page is replete with thought-provoking and helpful matter.

Incidentally, we feel a great satisfaction in the fact that "*The Radiant Life*" has been admitted as second-class matter in the postoffice at Rochester, which serves a double purpose. First it shows you that we are here to stay and second, it is going to facilitate greatly the work of sending the magazine to our friends.

Now, comrades, just think of what you can do by sending "*The Radiant Life*" to one friend, someone whom you think is worthwhile, and don't forget that we are still in the market for live agents—men and women who will push "*The Radiant Life*." We want you to write in about it and you will save time if you will write directly to Miss Emilie Klinzing. Just let the Christmas spirit move you and send in your subscriptions right away.

Here's hoping that you have the happiest and merriest Christmas of all your experience. When you wake up on Christmas morning, remember that we are sending you a cheerful how-de-do over the miles.

Radiantly yours,
WILL J. ERWOOD.

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

A MOTHER'S GIFT

I've traveled far across the sea
To seek one spot so dear to me
It's just six foot of crumbled clay
And a wooden cross where a soldier lay.

The
RADIANT
Life
*

December
1925

Thousands of miles in a foreign land
What would I give to clasp his hand
What would I give to see his face
And meet those eyes with one embrace.

His last leave home my greatest joy
'Twas Christmas eve when my soldier boy
Rushed in my arms, with that brave smile
I'm home once more just for a while.

His last embrace I feel it yet
His parting words I'll ne'er forget
Oh Mother dear be brave and strong
Just trust in God, 'twill not be long.

On New Year's night in the city square
'Twas there he said, "We'll part right here
And with a kiss he said good night
With one last glance was out of sight.

That night a vision came to me
A little lad was on my knee
A tiny hand in mine was pressed
And a weary head laid on my breast.

But with the dawn the vision flew
'Twas but a dream I wish 'twas true
But God knew best He paid His price
And Mother too must sacrifice.

And now Dear France I leave to you
This sacred spot to cherish too
Just think of us across the sea
And don't forget we thought of thee.

Thy soils are strewn with precious blood
Where once our gallant soldiers trod
The greed of pomp laid low our sons
With shot and shell and shrapnel guns.

Great is the boast of battles won
How sad for those who lost a son
A mother's pride, a mother's joy
She sacrificed her darling boy.

—By MRS. E. A. BEVAN.