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DECEMBER 1926

VOLUME 9, No. 9

# THE RADIANT LIFE

*Exponent of*  
Radio-Centric Power



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*Edited and Published by*  
**WILL J. ERWOOD**  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

# THE RADIANT LIFE

A Monthly Exponent of Radio-Centric Power,  
108 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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WILL J. ERWOOD, *Editor and Publisher*  
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SINGLE COPY.....	\$ .20
PER YEAR .....	2.00
FOREIGN .....	2.50

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office,  
Rochester N. Y., October 3rd, 1925.

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UCH is being said about the gentle Nazarene—we hear choirs singing His praise, while preachers tell the traditional story of His birth, life and death. I do not know very much about the simple Galilean, but this I feel sure of: If there was such a man the heart of Him would be very sad if He could but tarry with us the while—could he but list the voice of those nations which join in the cry: “Peace on earth, good will to men.” While we sing praise to His name may we remember the blind and the halt—the hungry and sorrowing. . . For the Christ heart must love deeds more than creeds.

WILL J. ERWOOD.



## *THE HEART OF THE CHRIST*



ON a certain day nearly two thousand years ago, so the story runs, the great mystery of life brooded over a lowly manger. A young mother had reached the fullness of her travail. Her soul, with mingled fear and joy, waited deliverance of the love child that had slept beneath her heart—and to which she had crooned thru the days and weeks and months.

To her eager soul the time seemed long—as it seemed to the agonized, fearful soul of Joseph who lingered near. Here hovered life, almost o'ershadowed by death—always the twin mysteries attend such events together for there is never a mother who brings forth life without seeing the sombre face of death peering into her own. 'Tis part of the mother's price—hers alone, for it's a price no father may share.

Came the fateful moment, the mortal pang as though soul would be swept from its household of clay, and then . . . the soft zephyrs from the garden of life kissed her cheek, hushed voices took on cadence of joy, and lo! upon her breast nestled the newborn babe, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, life of her life. And so the mystery was complete.

From this manger, and with this life which there came into being, has come the story which is told in many lands. Sometimes it is told with the fierceness of the Viking, sometimes with the soft, languorous lilt of a Madonna-like voice, soft as the music of the lute.



But always it's the same story. And because of the tale which has come down thru the ages, in a few days, or weeks at best, the multitudes will sing a pean of gladness thru which there will run these words:

*The Christ is born!*

It will be Christmas time. And they will tell the story of how God sent His only begotten Son to earth for the sake of human kind. They will tell us the story of this wonderful mystery and to the end that we may not be too overjoyed they may give us a hint of "the bleeding heart." Ever with the story of the birth of the Master there goeth the tale of the sufferings of the Christed one.

The real Christ will be overshadowed for a time in the story of the babe—the Child of the Manger. The tragedy on the Cross will be tintured with the lisp of baby lips—and mankind will see not the spirit, mayhap, in its eagerness to pay homage to the letter. But it is all there—if we but watch, and wait, and . . . listen.

James Russell Lowell gives us a picture of the Christ sending back comfort when he tells us "One sweet, sad voice thru eighteen centuries saith, softly, Auf Wiedersehen." Lowell would picture for us the Christ whispering over the years "Until we meet." To the Poet that was a promise. Based upon poetic fancy? Mayhap—but who cares for that. There might be much less inspiring fancy than that of the poet.

*The Christ is born!*

We shall not enter into a discussion as to which religion has the correct version of the

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Christ story. After all what does it matter? Did the man live? I don't know, but I think so. Was He the son of God? Yes, I am sure if He lived He was the son of God. Was He the only son of God? No, I do not think He was. But whether the only one, or one of man, matters not. The story is the thing.

Like a gleaming, golden thread, there has run the story of the Christ in all ages, in every clime,—always there has been the hope which springs eternal in the human breast, the hope for something finer, saner, sweeter. And always that hope has found a central figure upon which to build. And so, believing that the Christ ideal is as much a part of the scheme of things as is the rising and setting of the sun, we join in the song, in the glad alarums which will ring out at Yuletide.

*The Christ is born!*

What can that mean? To some it means the bitterness of racial and religious hatreds and oppression. To others it means a Cross between the crosses of two thieves—and God, very God of God nailed upon that cross and crying out “My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?” But that's not what it means to me. No, it does not mean that at all. Listen!

When I think of the Christ it is always in terms of the great, magnanimous, tender heart of the Christ. It is the human, God inspired soul looking with tender compassion upon the mistakes of other human beings and saying softly,

*“Go thy way and sin no more.”*

Ah, understanding heart! Human heart,

with the vision to understand and know human needs, and failings and weaknesses. Always the sentence "Jesus, the Christed one" suggests to me that something that would, even now, make known its mercy.

Out in the golden west there is a woman—a woman who, despite all that may have been said to the contrary, has done great good. Thousands of human beings have taken a new lease on life because of Aimee Semple McPherson. And now she, soul and body, must go on the rack. Did she do as she should not have done? Has she been proven to be but a human being? I don't know. But this I know: Those to whom she has told the story of the Christ would be better exemplars of the Christ would they but follow His example and say softly "If sinning, go thou thy way and sin no more." And it would better suit the vicars of Christ in the various churches if at this time they would dispense some of that Christian charity in which the Christ has taught them to specialize. Will they do it? I wonder—but, ah, I fear not.

When I think of the Christ and hear people sing during the glad Christmas time:

*"The Christ is born!"* It makes me think of many things.

I see little children, blessed children, babes in arms, toddlers just learning to walk, happy children with smile wreathed faces, and sad eyed, sober faced younglings who, all too soon, have learned how to suffer, and I hear the solemn, sadly sweet voice whisper again,

*"Suffer little Children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."*

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Whenever I think of the Christ it is the heart of the Christ and not the tragedy, the sacrifice, the passion—these are the things that fade away. Hurricanes come and devastate the land, leaving scars and destruction in their wake. But, afterwhiles, the debris is cleared away, the grass grows again and newer and better homes are erected. So burning passion, sorrow and suffering, scars, all pass away. But the rosy glow of loving kindliness illumines the pathway of life.

So over the centuries which have come and gone since Mary, the eternal mother, suffered that her child might live, there comes to us a great, luminous ideal, a symbol of every Christ the world has known, be it thru legend, story or fable matters not—the fact remains that this symbol stands out a gleaming, shining, inspiring sign of better things. And what is it I see this Christmas time?

Is it a bloodstained cross upon which hangs a limp, lifeless body, to remind me of the cruelty, the bitterness of men? No.

Is it a church militant waging war upon other sects—the flashing blades of Saracen and Christian Crusaders? No, these mean nothing to me. What, then, do I see? Listen, oh ye of little faith and less practice!

I see a manger.

And I see a young mother in travail, with agonized brow.

And I see a wee babe upon its mother's breast. And then I see a boy; and afterwhiles a man, good to look upon.

And I hear a voice—a solemn voice, a Master's voice, a tender, gentle voice, and it is saying:

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*"Return good for evil!"*  
*"Love thy neighbor as thyself!"*  
*"Whatsoever ye would that others do unto*  
*you, do ye even so unto them."*  
And then *"Go thy way and sin no more!"*  
What do I see? I see just  
*The Heart of The Christ!*

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In men whom men pronounce as ill,  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot;  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two, when God has not.  
—JOAQUIN MILLER.

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## *BEING WORTH WHILE II*



O be worth while—that's the ideal of every thinking man and woman who faces life in a practical state of mind. We have said that to live the worth while kind of life one must be true to self—and always, when that is said, the question arises as to what constitutes "being true to oneself." How shall we measure that? By what mental standard can we judge? To answer it, suppose we ask a few questions.

Do your thoughts and your actions agree? That is, are you living up to your thinking? Or are you stultifying your own thought in order to defer to the opinions of others?

Are you treating yourself as you should be treated? Or are you neglecting yourself, trying to do for others what they should do for themselves? In other words, are you trying to live the life of someone else? If you are, my friend, you might as well find out now that it cannot be done. No one can be of real use to the world and try to live another's life.

Are you using the talents you have or are you submerging them because you fear to offend some other being by so doing? And are you constantly disparaging yourself? No man can be the worth while individual and be continually handing himself a black eye. It simply is not done, at least not among the elect who are doing things that are really of use to mankind.

These questions are quite pertinent. They should be faced by each reader of these lines—and faced fearlessly and thoughtfully. And



after that each one should analyze himself thoroughly and candidly. The successful farmer studies the soil he is to till and from which he expects to get his harvest. If he finds some certain element needed in his particular line, he supplies that to the soil. If it needs nitrogen, he will not give it something else—he furnishes the nitrogen necessary. Should we be less careful in dealing with ourselves?

Self analysis should reveal the thing we need. And then we should supply that necessary thing whatever it is, be it music, art, literature, social or other activities. For look you, comrade, you cannot cheat the eternal law—life demands certain things; if they are not acquired normally they will be abnormally. There will be a vicarious gratification of whatsoever need there be. And it is the abnormal attempt to cheat life that takes such tremendous toll from humankind.

It might not be amiss to say right here: The normal, worth while individual is he who is the most fully rounded out—and whose being is the most perfectly fed, mentally, physically, emotionally, every way. That is saying much, because it can so easily be misconstrued. But it is a basic, fundamental law of life—life may not be cheated. She breaks those who try. You can see them everywhere, broken, wrecked derelicts, battered upon the shores of life and destroyed thru mental, physical, spiritual and emotional starvation.

We measure men by themselves, thru their actions—and their reactions to the circumstances and conditions of life, their mental reaction to the people they meet, the circumstances they are called upon to face, and their

calm or stress under fire. All of these things combine to help us measure the individual.

*"To thine own self be true"* said Shakespeare. Can you do that—be true to yourself? Can you live your life? Can you really and truly be yourself? Perhaps it is not quite so much *can you* as it is *will you*? It is hard, no doubt, but possible. The trouble is we are entwined about the lives of others, or we permit them to entwine themselves around us, too much for our own good—or for theirs.

No matter how old sons and daughters may be, mothers and fathers think they can think for them, and that the sons and daughters should always defer to their opinions. And very often these mothers and fathers are wrong—wholly and absolutely wrong. They can no more judge for their grown sons and daughters than they can for utter strangers. It is like trying to legislate affection—who shall say who must love who? Who is so wise that he can legislate the relations of others—who can judge what one needs and the other should do without? Ah, it's a strange problem we are confronted by, comrade!

Being worth while! 'Tis a great thing when we can be of use to man. But who is of the most intelligent use—he of little experience or he who has had much? And when we say experience, please do not confound that with license, profligacy, inebriation—that is not experience, it's dissipation and waste of energy. He who suffers, loves, is disappointed, fails, succeeds, loses and wins—ah, that's the man who can know my need. And if I be that man, then I can know the need of others and be of use. Who can measure me, know me, as I may

know myself? It is written "*I myself am heaven and hell!*" Oh, wise, wise, Omar! He knew.

If I have not known the thrill of living, the joy of life, how shall I understand the joy in others? If I have not felt the burden of woe, how then shall I sympathize with others in their sorrow? Perhaps the strongest factor in our healing of humankind lies in the words "I, too, have known."

Men who have been worth while stand out like Beacon Lights. Take, for example, Abraham Lincoln. Into and from his life came, and went, Ann Rutledge. Exquisite joy, poignant sorrow. But it tintured the soul of Lincoln until he became the melting pot of the sorrows of a race—he was the crucible wherein was refined a new concept of liberty and freedom. Today we hail his memory—and pretty nearly we have called him Savior—almost have we Christed him.

Yes, comrades, to be worth while means to live much, to live large—to be, actually and really be. Lincoln is, right now. We don't think of him as having been—he is.

To be worth while is to be an inspiration—to be of use, service, to render aid; and to think in large terms. How, I ask you, may any man be great if he think small? It simply cannot be. If we would be of worth, our thinking must measure large—there must be magnitude in mind.

*"To thine own self be true."* Shakespeare, master psychologist and expert analyst of human emotions, has put down in very few words the key to the whole situation—it is in the sentence quoted above. How many

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times we meet people whose whole being craves contact with life, whose souls yearn for companionship and life, who nevertheless stand aloof because someone will not understand. And they think they are doing a brave, fine thing by thus cheating themselves, and, yet—they are not helping either themselves, those to whose opinions they defer, nor those concerned with themselves and their lives.

Can we cheat ourselves without cheating others? Suppose we put it this way: Have I the right to sell you to the whims and the foibles of some one else? If I am of one school, and thou art of the same ilk, and others are of another persuasion, have I the right to make merchandise of you and your emotions and hopes and ambitions and feelings, because someone else, of another school of thought, declares that his criterion is the only one by which to judge?

So this problem of being worth while becomes a very serious one. It involves so much. Whether for good or ill, we shall set down this tentative plan for a worth while life.

Love much. Humanity needs more of love and less of hate.

Hope greatly. Mankind too long has suffered from the doubts and fears of those who think small of God.

Be courageous in a mighty way. The *genus homo* hath great need of courage to do great things—and thou canst be an inspiration to others.

Think on great things—magnificent things. In time thou shalt become like unto that of which thou thinketh most.

Live fully and completely. Feed thy soul,

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and body, that which it hath need of, in measure sufficient to cause the thrill of vital life to course thru thy whole being. And, finally, "*To thine own self be true*"—in all things, in all ways.

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The highest compact we can make with our fellow is: Let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

—EMERSON.



## **CHRISTMAS IDEALS**



HE story of the Sage of Nazareth, sung in many tongues and in many lands, is the story of an ideal. It does not matter so much whether there really was a man known as Jesus, the Christ, or as the Savior of the world, or whether the narrative is based upon a legend hoary with age long before what is known as the Christian Era began. If there were less controversy about the status of the man and more attention given the thing He is supposed to stand for, this would be a saner and a happier world.

Thru the ages there has been a golden thread which illumined the web of life. It is found in India as it is found in Judea. It is met with in Egypt just as it may be discovered in the lore of Greece, Rome, Europe and Asia. Everywhere there has been something in the mind of humankind which sought for the consummation of an ideal—the discovery of the perfect man, the interpreter of the Divine Will. And always, everywhere, there has been a tendency to weave the story of that ideal around someone whose life and character seemed to have transcended that of other men.

History is a stage. Actors of greater or lesser talent and power have walked out upon the boards to play their parts. And they have been applauded by some, hooted at by others, ignored or stoned, according to the fancy of the auditors. But every character has left an impression—some of one kind and some of another.

During the life of the actor, opinions differ



as to his worth. But when he is gone, when life lays its mantle of sleep over him and distance lends enchantment, then humanity begins to discern qualities and traits which either did not exist or had been ignored and overlooked. Legend begins to weave its spell around the absent one and lo! we discover a Saint, a Deliverer, a Savior.

Feast days are set aside to commemorate the birth, the death and, sometimes, the life of the individual. No matter that he may not have been born, or died, on that day—we must have a day on which to celebrate. So, in keeping with this we have Christmas Day—the day of days to countless thousands, aye, millions of human beings. It is the day of celebration. And men and women sing

*The Christ is born!* On Christmas day! The Twenty-fifth day of December! The day of the Christ Mass!

Was Jesus of Nazareth really born on that day? What does it matter, after all? The one thing we are certain of is that we are not sure of the day on which He was born. Some day we will learn that we may not judge Saviors by the day on which they were born—it's the life they live and the lessons they teach and the legacy they bequeath which are the criterions by which judgment should be made.

Laying aside every one of the quibbles concerning the birth of Jesus, forgetting the argument as to whether Joseph was his father or he was conceived of the Holy Ghost, whether he was human or Divine, one fact stands out clearly—and that is Jesus, the Christed One, was the personification of an ideal. And that ideal has as its motif the blending of the

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human and divine to evolve the perfect human. Also its aim has been the establishment of that slogan of which we shall hear so much during the holiday season, viz. "*Peace on earth, good will to men.*"

Without in the least disparaging the theological concept of the Man of Galilee, there is something greater about a Jesus who may be looked upon as a God inspired man; or, as one writer put it, "a God intoxicated man," than there is in Jesus as "very God of God." If the first, the human view be correct, then the things He is said to have done assume the most magnificent proportions. If the latter concept is correct, then His actions and deeds fall far short of what might be expected of the Supreme Deity.

*The Christ is Born—Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!*

I wonder what this means to most people. Is it merely a phrase—to be used as a slogan while under a religious fervor? Or does it really have a definite meaning which will find expression in the actions, the life of those who voice it. Everywhere we go there is blazoned, in flaming letters, the declaration that we must give Christmas Cheer. On the corner of every street we hear the tinkling bells, and see the bewigged and bewhiskered "Santa Claus" of the Salvation Army, the iron kettle hanging from a tripod, and innumerable children whispering, haltingly, their requests for certain longed for treasures. Comes back to them the time worn phrase, "Be a good little boy and Santa will surely give it you." Is this the full meaning of the Christmas ideal?

There is a real Christmas Ideal—of that

there can be no question. There is something in mankind which longs for the ideal expression of life, and the fullness of love and happiness. But can we escape the conviction that the Christmas Spirit has been trailing its garments in the mire of commercialism? Can we lose sight of the ever patent fact that people are cajoled, hypnotized and driven into wrecking half the year in order to live up to the demands of the Christmas frenzy.

Jesus, the Gentle, the Meek, the Christ Child, is being buried under the avalanche of commercialism which brings to the front, as an advertising slogan, rather than a spiritual, soul uplifting pean of peace and harmony, the "*Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.*"

Henry George in a moment of exaltation and inspiration said "*I am for men!*" And he was. His life was dedicated to trying to raise human standards. But today the multitude knows him and his slogan only as an advertising, catch phrase, designed to aid in the sale of cigars. His picture desecrated by being lithographed to adorn the cover of a cigar box—and his immortal statement dragged from the heights where his oratory and his ideal placed it—to help the sale of cigars. Ye Gods! To sell cigars.

*Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!*

Just what should be the full significance of this phrase? Should it mean the wild frenzy to buy what can be ill afforded? Does it mean that we shall be peacefully inclined to those of "our sect and faith" or does it go farther than that? Has it a deeper significance which, for the time, seems to be submerged by this commercial age of ours? I think it has. I

think it means much more than most people suppose, or dream. Listen.

The Christ ideal presupposes a perfect unity with the supreme Deity—God, Allah, Brahm, call it what you will. And the characteristics of the Christ are supposed to be those of Deity—magnanimity and justice, sympathy and understanding, and are presumed to stand for the spirit of real Brotherhood—not as a slogan for political purposes, but actually and truly the essence of all conduct toward our fellow men.

The ideal of Christmas is peace, harmony, fellowship that comes as the expression of the spirit. I care not what your lips say in the way of peace and good will, if I know it is merely an expression of the custom of the times—the fad of the occasion. If in your heart there is peace, it will gleam thru your eyes, your voice will ring with it, and it will not be increased or decreased in volume by the size of the gift—or its monetary value—that I might bestow.

The Christmas ideal is the establishment of the Christ in the heart and mind of men and women. Yes, just that. Every man becomes a potential Christ, every woman and every child likewise. And the ideal is to awaken the spirit of all that the Man of Sorrows was said to have exemplified in His life and being.

*The Christ is Born! Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!*



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## LITTLE DEEDS

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You gave on the way a pleasant smile  
And thought no more about it;  
It cheered a life that was sad the while,  
That might have been wrecked without it  
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair  
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,  
And passed to other duties;  
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,  
And painted a life with beauties;  
And so for the word and its silent prayer  
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,  
A lift in kindness given;  
It saved a soul when help was none  
And won a heart for Heaven;  
And so for the help you proffered there  
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—D. G. BICKERS.

FROM AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

## PSYCHIC ILLUMINATION



OD breathed into the nostrils of man and he became a living soul." Thus we are told in Holy Writ. Elsewhere we are told "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness . . . . And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

Man, therefore, is a soul. And he is made in the image and likeness of God—that is, he has all the potential qualities which characterize the Supreme Deity; and it matters little just what your conception of that supreme power may be. Call it, if you will, Jehovah, Yahweh, Zeus, Jupiter, Brahm or God. It matters not to me for, after all, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox has said, "The name of God breathed in any tongue means the same." So it does.

To be sure we are not going to assume that man, the physical man, is builded upon the physical pattern of that universal power. In other words, we are not contending that the writer of this article—or you, good comrade—has the same style of form and feature as the great Over Soul. We are not concerned with that at all.

God, to this writer, is Cosmic Mind—Universal or Infinite Intelligence—and Cosmic Mind permeates the entire universe. And it is in the ability to scan, yes, and span, the universe that man is most Godlike in attributes and expression. Man, mentally, has measured countless miles in space—he has

comprehended distances so vast as to be almost incomprehensible. Paradoxical as that statement seems it is true.

One of the mistakes, and a grievous one, has been that we have sought to visualize man as the physical image of God, and have predicated the kind of future which involved the dissolution of the physical body, the slumbering for ages in a grave, to one day be called forth in the original body, rehabilitated to be sure, to take up a newer existence somewhere, somehow, either in a state of eternal bliss or suffering, according to the whim of the ruling Deity.

We have thought of man in terms of matter, substance, limitation, instead of in terms of mind, soul, limitlessness. We have thought of the physical man instead of the *psychic* man. And therein has been our mistake.

When we speak of the psychic man we, naturally, mean the soul man. The word psychic is from the Greek word meaning soul. And we are using the term psychic to signify the man whose psychic or soul senses have been either partially or fully awakened, in contradistinction to the man who has permitted the soul senses to be buried under the mass of materialism which has encumbered the age.

Speaking of woman we frequently hear the statement: "Woman's intuition takes the place of man's reason." Woman intuitively arrives at conclusions while man must reason them out. Why not do both? The writer has for many years been the possessor of intuition—and he disclaims any charge of being unduly feminine. In fact he feels that he may justly lay claim to being quite completely and fully

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masculine in every sense of the word, both physically and mentally. Yet for years he has been a "psychic" in the fullest sense of that term.

There can be no good reason why a man may not be "psychic" to a very high degree—and no reason, at least I have never heard a logical reason, why woman should not be a clear and distinctive thinker. I have known some who could out-reason most men I have known. My daughter, Leone, was such a young woman. Frankly, in debate, I think I would rather have met any man in the world than my daughter. She had an uncanny way of anticipating my thought and meeting me "on the jump," as it were. At the same time she was charmingly and beautifully feminine. Psychic, with every soul fibre keenly awake from the hour of her birth, it seemed.

To be a psychic does not necessarily mean that one must be a monstrosity or a freak. It is not necessary to have "queer" ideas or strike attitudes; nor is it the sign, as some doctors aver, of mental deterioration, or of mental aberrations which constitute a grave menace to society. There is more harm in psychic repressions than there can possibly be in the expression of the psychic sense.

Closely associated with the use of the term "psychic" in these articles is the term "Psychometry." This word, be it known, means "the soul of things" i. e. the ability to read the psychic impressions and reactions upon and from articles, places and people. It is based upon the theory that every human being is surrounded by an aura; that this aura is the product of fine emanations from body, mind

and soul of the individual. These emanations impregnate every object with which the individual comes in contact.

The emanations are real—fine tho they be; invisible, yet having a tangibility, just as the emanations from radium have reality and as the vibratory waves of the radio have tangibility. And we make that statement because absolute intangibility can have no impress upon the tangible. If an impression is made it must be made by something. If it be made by *something* that must forever do away with the idea of intangibility in the sense of non-existent substance.

Following the law of life we learn this: Everything partakes of the nature of the channel thru which it passes, and that which is separated from its original form partakes of the nature of the substance of that of which it is a part. So the auric emanations carry, in sublimated form, the substance of the body, mind and soul whence such emanations come. This substance, then, impregnates objects, places, people coming within its range. The psychic, or the psychometrist, reads, thru sense impressions or reactions, everything that is thus written.

Omar the Tent Maker, the Poet and Seer, said: "The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on. Nor all your piety or wit may lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your tears wash out a word of it." And he was right. Omar knew the law. So, also, did most of the old Persian and Oriental Seers. The natives knew the mysteries of the Crimea before the written word could reach them. How did they know? The human radio, the mind

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which both broadcasts and receives, in other words, the psychic senses made the knowledge possible.

Many teachers have hinted at the development of what they term cosmic consciousness, which is but another way of stating that thru the awakening of the inherent soul powers man may come to have practically universal knowledge.

To lay the foundation for the lessons to follow, perhaps it would be well to make some statements in reference to the possibilities which come within the range of such unfoldment.

Thru psychic consciousness it would be possible to ward off, prevent or diagnose bodily conditions which sometimes baffle the most skilled physicians and healers. It was thru the psychic, or soul sense and power, that Jesus and all other great healers of the past cured their patients.

Thru the unfoldment of the psychic side of one's nature there would be provided an accurate, aye, a practically infallible, guide in life—one that would be a safeguard in times of danger, and which would provide a forewarning of many impending events.

Thru the awakening of the soul's senses, or the psychic powers it would be possible to reach a mental development not possible in ordinary ways of intellectual training. Souls who have left their impress upon the world in their respective fields of action could be of service, i. e. it would be possible to contact their minds and thus thru the fusion of the two minds a student would be able to transcend ordinary limitations in marked degree.

As an evidence of this, I have recently made the acquaintance of a little Miss, eleven years of age, in the beautiful little city of Evanston, Ill., who at times finds difficulty with the piano. The mother, who understands the psychic law—as does the child to some extent—sends out a mental plea to the composer and, lo, the child will play, with all the finesse of the artist, the selection which had been such a stumbling block.

Some there be who will scoff. But listen! We have learned that ships may be controlled by radio. Experiments have already demonstrated that fact. Not perfected yet, but it is not necessary for perfection to have been reached to show the possibility.

If a so-called insensate thing like a ship may be controlled, directed, started and stopped by means of radio—which is vibration—how dare we say that a mind, the most subtle of all forces in the world, cannot be thus directed, illumined and guided by other minds? Who will dare to say it is impossible, or even improbable? Know this, no mechanism ever devised by man can possibly be more sensitive than the mind that conceived, created and used it. Back of all things there is the mighty, Cosmic Energy of which everything is born.

*(To be continued)*



**L**MERSON said "when God lets a thinker loose on earth let men beware." He knew that real thinkers are scarce and that when one did appear it meant that something was sure to happen. Thinkers are personal representatives—they reveal the facts of the universe as none other may.

There are many kinds of thinkers in the world—and many different opinions as to the source of our mental operations. In the estimation of certain schools, thinking is due to reflex action of the brain cells—in other words, thought is the product of the brain. If this were the case, there would be very little volitional thinking, i. e. intentional and premeditated thinking on the part of any one.

Every man is his own thought made manifest. In other words, we are the result of our own thinking. What I think determines what I am; the thing uppermost in my mind will decide the course of action I shall follow. All of this in view, it can be plainly seen that the thing for each one of us to do is learn to think—learn how to use the mind.

In thinking, as in everything else, there are men and women who are simply drudges, day laborers, who struggle thru life doing menial tasks and letting the mind dwell upon the lowliest of things. "A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in" constitutes for them, as Paul Lawrence Dunbar said, life. And that's all it means.

Other men and women are pretty fair followers—if someone will outline for them a

course to follow, they can proceed very well. They do as they are told, think as directed. "Theirs not to question why, Theirs but to do and die." They have no initiative—they originate nothing, see nothing new. Practically speaking, they travel around in circles, never getting out of the treadmill of their lives thru any effort of their own. They acquire a certain technique just as do certain types of musicians—they play correctly, but there is no soul in their music. The parrot thinker is more of a menace than the drudge. Such people have a measure of intellect—the intellect of the perfect mechanical automaton.

Then there are thinkers who are artists, creators, builders and pathfinders. They send a question out into the broad spaces of the universes and then send their souls, their minds, out to find the answer—and find it they do. These are the thinkers who pick up stray bits of substance here and there and from them visualize and construct new worlds, as it were.

Columbus gazed at bits of debris tossed up on the shore. The sight of this substance aroused his thinking processes. Instantly the query arose, "whence came this foreign material?" And the answer, "this is not native to our own soil," came quickly. Only one conclusion: It could not be materialized from naught—it could not grow in the air, there must have been, there must be, soil, land, which gave birth to the strange material. And the study of tides and currents, the careful analysis of the laws of growth and transportation, gave him the clue. He *thought* about relationships, and his thinking drew his gaze across the trackless seas. And as a conse-

quence we have the phrase "*Columbus gave to Castile and Leon a new world.*"

To be a thinker one must observe. Or, shall we put it thus: To be a thinker one must be a seer. That is, if we would think, we must see what we see. In other words, we must make a mental record of the things toward which we turn our eyes. Seeing is mental perception—it is making a mental note of every impression. Suppose we put it as follows:

Seeing is the act of transferring the objective world into the mind thru the recording of perfect mental images of each object observed.

Thinking is the art of adjusting these mental images, or impressions, according to their proper relationships.

The art of thinking consists of the proper recording of all sense impressions, adjusting them in their proper relationships, and evolving therefrom new and original combinations of ideas conformable to the laws of natural evolution and growth and conducive to the consummation of ideals.

Wuff! Wuff! Children, that is a mouthful! But just analyze it, think it over, study it and you will see it is right. An' I know—oh, yes, I know. Everywhere I go I see it.

Sitting at my window on the thirty-third floor of the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, dreaming, thinking, lost in retrospection—sometimes in introspection—I see the gleaming lights of a great city. Shadows of great buildings loom up like gigantic wraiths fading away into the clouds above—signs flashing out brilliantly against a sombre sky; myriad sounds coming up from the streets—and from the air the whirring of the engines of the air-mail as the

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great planes sail over the city. And in it all I see the art of thinking made manifest.

At the corner of Clark and Monroe great buildings are being razed to the ground, buildings once pointed to with pride—they were the source of civic joy when as a mere boy I trod the streets of Chicago. But they are being destroyed. And in their places great, massive, towering structures are being erected. From my window in the Morrison, that wonder hotel with its nearly fifty stories, I see over on Madison street the skeleton of a new thirty-seven story building—to my left a new twenty-two story office building, looking for all the world, when compared to the giants around it, like a half grown youth just coming into adolescence. And everywhere there is the same story—old buildings giving way to new. And this means simply this:

The city is changing, its architecture is being laid on finer lines, because the minds of the people are working as they never did before. There are artistic thinkers at work. Driving along the famous North Shore of Chicago, the Gold Coast which shall so soon shelter Queen Marie of Roumania, first on top of one of those sight-seeing busses that bump and sway until you feel you are getting a massage, and then, later, thru the courtesy of my friends the Josephs, I had a chance to see what has taken place.

Lincoln Park, almost a magic memory of my boyhood, has been, and is being extended along the north shore—the plan being to extend the parkway until there is a continuous unbroken Lake Shore Drive all the way to Milwaukee, a distance of nearly a hundred

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miles. Massive hotels, magnificent apartment hotels, as The Drake, The Edgewater Beach Hotel, and countless others, the marvelous new Elks Memorial Building, all combine to show the artistry of thinking that is becoming so prevalent everywhere. It gives promise of still greater things to come.

To think, it is necessary to use the mind, and it must be used intelligently and consistently. Whatever you do, comrade, don't be a mental sprawler, don't scatter your mind over the whole universe. The universe is yours if you want it—but you must get it bit by bit, image by image, idea by idea. To explain what is meant by this we will put it thus:

If you are reading a book, read that book—don't let your mind wander over the whole universe while you are supposed to be reading. Never leave a single paragraph of that book until you have made its substance yours. Don't pass by an unfamiliar word until you have looked it up and found out what it means. And don't think the reading of many books guarantees that you will be a well educated, fully developed man or woman. Remember this:

*Better one book, well read and assimilated, than a hundred books merely looked at.* Most people just look at printed pages, they do not see or really read them. Think it over, comrade, think it over.

It is very easy to determine the types of thinker you meet. Note their actions. Very few people have fully rounded out minds—they are combinations of crudeness and artistry. Here is what we mean:

Some people have a perfect idea of time

and motion. When they walk or dance or recline, they are graceful. They have the motion of a poem. But when they talk, or attempt to do definite mechanical things they are sore disappointments.

Others have clear ideas of color and color harmony. Their clothes are a symphony, but their actions may be as awkward as those of a camel. But if they have color and motion, too, Ah, then you have poetry personified. And so it goes. The thing of which you have the clearest, most definite conception is the determining factor in your appearance to the world.

Some have no idea of order, no system, hence clothes, house, everything about them is a chaos of disorder—a nightmare of derangement. To be an artistic thinker, do this:

Never let a subject master you. Never leave a subject until you have acquired all it can give you.

Study the rose, the lily, people, houses, trees, all of nature, music until you have become a living manifestation of all the beauty, the harmony, the poetry and music about you. Think, and then THINK again and keep at it until you are a Master Thinker—an Artist in the realm of mind.



## *THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT*

In one way or another in various parts of the world there is to be found all kinds of activity leading up to that period which is said to be the commemoration of the birth of the Savior of mankind. It is very strange how the legends of the past, the folklore of the childhood of the race becomes the conviction of maturity; it is singular how great an influence childish fancies have upon the adult mind and it is passing strange that men show so little real acuteness when it comes to separating that which belongs to the legendary past from the evidential phenomena of the present. It requires but the mist of years to bury the facts of to-day under an avalanche of unbelief. Let anything be ancient enough, let the source be sufficiently remote, let it have played an important part in the childhood of the race and it is sure to have fastened itself upon the racial consciousness so firmly that any attempt to give either a modified or an enlarged view of the subject will be met with opposition.

Perhaps nowhere does man show his tendency to cling to the past so clearly as when dealing with the religious myths, legends, beliefs, tenets and theories concerning himself and his relationship to the power called God and perhaps more especially concerning those characters who have come to be regarded as saviors of mankind. Those who are familiar with the history of the past are well aware of the fact that you are approaching what anciently was regarded as a midwinter festival, that which was builded around the mid-

winter solstice, that period where the sun apparently stands still, that period where you have the shortest days of the year insofar as daylight is concerned. Those who are familiar with the history of the race realize that on what is now the 25th day of December falls that period when the sun seems to be in its ascendancy, that is, seems to have been re-born, so to speak, seems to be starting out on its journey of light-giving to the world. It was the common practice in the ancient day to regard the sun as one of the great Gods of the Universe and to speak of the Sun God as the prime factor in light and life in the Universe as a whole. It is not necessary for us to go into detail regarding some of the ancient rites and usages—suffice it to say that at one time they worshipped the sun. We are not sure that they have ceased worshipping the sun even unto this day. They worshipped that sun because they regarded it as an actual evidence of the power and the efficacy of that power to bring light and life to the world. It was to them a tangible sign, it was to them the source of warmth, it was to them the symbol of all that was splendid and glorious and so they paid homage to that which they regarded as the source of their strength, their light, their life.

As man grew in experience, as so-called civilization made its onward march, as mankind began to view the past with that same tolerant intolerance that sometimes characterizes the attitude of maturity toward youth, man began to consider some of the rites and ceremonials, some of the usages of the past as unworthy of consideration. Consequently

they began to evolve new ideas concerning the powers that obtain in the Universe, the source of light and life. It is not a very far cry from the worship of the S U N to the worship of the S O N. When you stop to consider the significance of that statement, you will see the association, the direct relationship between the old pagan midwinter festival and that which is now regarded as the more Christian midwinter festival in commemoration of the birth of a Savior of the world. It is not necessary for us to trace that relationship other than to say it is a natural evolution, that is, it is one of the indices of growth, it is one of the evidences of the fact that man is getting away from the worship of objective, concrete material things and is beginning to understand the worship of the seemingly abstract, more spiritual phase of life, of power, of deity. So that in man's transition from that period where it required the objective evidence of the sunlight and the ostensible raising of the sun, the birth, so-to-speak, to give man something tangible to which he might cling in the hours of darkest need, from that, we say, we are noting the transition of man from that period where all of that objective was a necessity to that period where man's recognition now is of the spiritual thing that needs not so much of the concrete as evidential. So, as we have said, man gets away from the old and travels toward what is the new, leaving the letter and striving for the spirit.

Every one of these various festivals and ceremonials which the race has observed has a special significance; they have been of use,

they have done their work, they have been instrumental in safeguarding the interests of the human family. Ah, perhaps, some of you will say that would be true but for one fact, namely, that in the ancient day they offered up sacrifice to the Sun God. So they did, but in the wildest fancy of the ancient day they never offered up as great a number of human sacrifices to that old Sun God as they are offering up to-day in every center of civilization to their misconception of the real spirit that should be exemplified everywhere, not only at one time of the year but throughout the entire three hundred and sixty-five days of your year. Everywhere you go—and you need not see life from our vantage point to discover this—everywhere you go there is suffering, there is misery, there is misunderstanding, there is bitterness, there is woe and sorrow and sickness, and most of it the product of the wrong system of thinking out of which the race has not yet been resurrected.

Now it is because we recognize all of this that we are tonight going to emphasize a certain phase of that which the world will celebrate in a few days. There is a significance in the Christmas Spirit just as there is a most profoundly elevating significance in the Christ ideal. It is not a question of grave import whether the Christ was born on the twenty-fifth day of December or whether the Christ was born some ten or twelve days later according to the theory of various peoples. It does not signify greatly whether there was at the specific time that shall be celebrated the advent into the physical world of that human being who was to be designated as the Son of

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God afterwhiles; there is not so much importance attached to the day on which a man may have been born, that is in the real spiritual sense there is not so much significance attached to the birthday as there is to that phase of life that comes as a result of the final experience and teachings of that individual. Now let us put it this way—it does not so much matter that the Christ was born upon the 25th day of December as it does whether or not you have the spirit of the Christ in your soul's consciousness because if that is the situation and the race, particularly that portion of the race that shall sing in a few days "The Christ is born," if that race has in its soul's consciousness the spirit of the Christ, it is not going to waste very much time in trying to ascertain just what was the birthday of the Christ because the spirit of Christliness will walk broadcast through the world and there shall be a cessation of the bitterness, of the sordidness, the injustice and the misery. There shall be an elimination of all of those things that tend to rob the race of its birthright. You see, Good Friends, it is not so significant that man on the twenty-fifth day of December raises his voice in praise of the birthday of the Son of Man, the Son of God, the Christ, if you please, as it is whether that same individual on the twenty-sixth day of December or the thirty-first day of December or the thirty-first day of August is manifesting the spirit of the Christ in his relationship with his fellowmen. It is a very fine thing for mankind to gather together. Would that there were more forgatherings of the peoples of the race, would that there were more getting together upon

mutual planes of understanding, would that there were more of the Christ in actual manifestation throughout the land insofar as deeds and thoughts and words are concerned and fewer paeans of praise that fall from the lips like down from the spent thistlebud. It is so easy for man to sing: "The Christ is born" and it does not require so much of manhood for one to lift his voice and declare "The Christ is born" anymore than it shall a few months hence to say that "The Christ is risen," but the man who lives the Christlike attitude toward his fellowmen is very much of a man, the man or woman who expresses the Christ ideal in dealing with his or her fellowmen or women is very much of a man or a woman.

There are too many people in the world who, because of some mechanical understanding of certain theological ritualistic statements, echo the opinions mechanically just as yonder timepiece has mechanically tolled out the hour. It has no intelligence of its own, it is a mechanism dominated by the intelligence of man, a machine; it has no feeling; it does not care whether it is telling the story of birth or death; it matters not to yon brazen-tongued piece of mechanism whether it is shouting the story of gladness or tolling a paean of sadness, and so it is with some people in their too verbose articulation of their faith in the power of the Christ—they express their opinions with just as much feeling as yonder bell and no more because when the Christ is born in the only place that it really counts it always means gentleness, kindness, it means fellowship, compassion, understanding.

Did you ever stop to think that there is a

symbolism about the birth of the Christ as the story is told that has been lost by most of the human race? To review the story—the child is born in a manger, the child is brought into physical expression of life amid squalor, amid uncouth surroundings. Did you ever stop to consider the fact that sometimes there is a symbolism there that might be construed to mean that the manger is the ignorant heart, the unawakened mind, the uncouth mentality that fails to see the spiritual aspect of all of life; did you ever stop to think that mayhap that squalid manger is the unloving heart of man, the unkind, unjust, bitter, relentless heart of man, that is, the man whose whole life is dedicated to crushing the finer things, and that, when in that heart there is born the spirit of compassion, the spirit of sympathy, the spirit of understanding, that soul then becomes anointed by the spiritual power, the Holy Ghost, if you please, and that right then and there the Christ is born—a symbolism for you to think over.

It has well been said that man has talked too much about Christ and has exemplified in too small a degree the spirit of the Christ. Note the mockery sometimes. “The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head” is a statement with which you are familiar. Simplicity was the keynote of the life of that Gentle Sage of Galilee. Just so it has been the keynote of every great world savior who has been of service to the human family. Can you say that to-day in the ceremonials that are being observed the world over the keynote is simplicity? How strangely incongruous things are sometimes. The picture held before the mind

of the race is that of the next to homeless child born in a manger—born when?—when the mother is on a journey that was designed as a part of the civic usage of that day to assist in paying tribute, because that is virtually what it was, to a power that was foreign and that was dictatorial and dominant in that particular part of the world, so that there may have been every degree of unsatisfactory condition surrounding the advent of that individual, and then what followed? A life of simplicity, a life of arduous toil in some degree at least, a life of loneliness, because every spiritual seer is lonely, a life of condemnation, of accusation, a life that was marked by suffering in a very large measure because the spirit of compassion, the spirit of comradeship was not understood, and so, according to the story, that was the life, a life that culminated by crucifixion, and that story is told amid pomp and display, the display of fabulous wealth, the exercise of every one of the modern arts of entertainment, trappings of the richest kind and multitudinous in variety so that it would seem like the pagan display that was said to have characterized the court ceremonials of some of the great nabobs of the past, but when the spirit of the Christ is born in the hearts of men, the celebration of the day upon which that Christ is said to have been born will not be a thing of pomp and display, will not be the kind of service that sometimes means many weeks of bitter servitude in order to overcome the wastrel spirit of the moment, it will not mean all of that. It will mean simplicity, it will mean reality, it will mean, Good Friends, the

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spirit of comradeship as never before.

Would we have you, then, stop the practice of celebrating? Nay. In some parts of the world the Christ Spirit would be dead absolutely were it not for the annual festival. You know sometimes there are people who smother with kindness certain individuals on their natal day and then kill with recrimination that same individual every other day of the year. So it is well that there be celebration, that the spirit of the Christ be not allowed to die out absolutely in some parts of the world. But now let us think of the spiritual significance of it all. What is man striving for? Man is striving for an ideal. Was there a Jesus of Nazareth—that is not the question; was there a Christ—that is not the question. Perhaps we might put it this way—no matter what a man says either pro or con of the subject, the Christ *is*; no matter who the individual was around whose life the ideal was builded, the Christ *is*. Was it Krishna, was it Krishnu, was it Zoroaster, was it one of the Caesars of the past, was it perchance one of the great characters of a time so remote that you have no conception of the antiquity thereof, was it the Man of Nazareth? Whether it was any one or all of these, whether it was none of them but someone else is not the all important question. The great thing is that like a golden thread through the history of man there runs the story of man's search for that perfect man, there runs the story of man's attempt to come into communion with the central lifegiving power of the Universe, there runs the story of man's struggle to emancipate himself from the mire of ignorance, from the crudities and the crass-

ness of undeveloped life that he may go out into the broad sunlight of eternal spiritual truth.

Aye, it is a wonderful story, it is a magnificent thing for man to dwell upon the spiritual aspect of the case, so, when you hear the paeon of praise on the twenty fifth day of December, ask yourself not so much this question—was Christ born on the twenty-fifth day of December approximately two thousand years ago? Is it a Christ that was or a Christ that is—that is the question. Is it a Christ that lived in Judea or a Christ that lives in the heart and mind and soul of man to-day as a living presence, as a quenchless ideal, as an absolutely lasting concept that constantly brings man nearer and nearer to that power that men call God. Sing your songs, voice your praise but more than anything else in the wide world, Beloved Friends, live the Christ principle.

You know, to our state of mind, to the type of mind of the one who now addresses you, it seems so utterly incongruous for man in one breath to worship the Christ and speak of His saving power and then in the next to be so ruthlessly unkind in his relationship to his fellowmen. It is one of the strangest anomalies of life that men sing paeans of praise to the Christ that was and is and evermore shall be and in the next breath denounce their fellowmen in the bitter terms that sometimes are used. Think of the mockery of a prayer that is voiced as a prelude to slander, think of the mockery of poesy that is inscribed as a prelude to the traducing of one's fellowmen, think of the mockery of worship of the living Christ as a preface to the exercise of the spirit of

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bitterness to one's fellowmen. We pray indeed that there shall come an understanding of the spiritual Christ, that there shall come an understanding of the essence of the Christ, the spirit rather than the letter, that it shall not all be ceremonial. Ceremonials may be learned as one may learn the mummer's part in the play but, ah, it requires more than what is commonly called learning to exemplify the Christ Spirit. It requires a kindly heart, a clean mind, an honest purpose, a lofty ideal.

Yes, we are glad the Yuletide is coming and we are glad that time is coming when you will exchange your little tokens of good fellowship, we are glad that there is being revived in the minds and hearts of men and women somewhat the story of the Christ ideal because the psychologist understands that just as baser things oftentimes repeated find an abiding place in human minds, so idealistic things frequently dwelt upon will make their impression upon the mind and crowd out those more crass impressions that rob man of his sweetness, his gentleness.

A review of the character of any one of the world's Saviors will discover this—magnanimity of soul, clearness of judgment and absolute loftiness of ideals. What was the objective, the dominant characteristic said to have been possessed by the Man of Nazareth? Is it not expressed in this—"A new command I give unto you: 'Love ye one another, love thy neighbor as thyself.'" When one stops to think of that and then stops to think of the manner in which sometimes one treats his neighbors, one is constrained to say: "How terribly some people must despise themselves judging by



their treatment of their fellowmen." Love thy neighbor as thyself—that which is truly loved, is revered, and if one loves his neighbors as himself, he must revere himself and revere his neighbor and that which he reveres he will not destroy. So it was a good commandment—"Love ye one another." Can there be any greater manifestation of the Christmas Spirit, the Christ ideal, the birthday of the Christ, than that all of those who are striving for that spiritual realization shall determine to put from the heart envy and malice and everything that belongs to the crass side of life? Wouldn't it be a marvelous tribute to the Gentle Sage of Nazareth, of whom they speak as the Savior of Man, if those who are seeking salvation at the shrine of that Gentle Sage would put away all of the sordidness that seems so prevalent in human hearts.

Now perchance, there might be those who would consider what we have said as unorthodox. To be orthodox, does that mean that one must stultify his reason; does that mean that one must adhere to things because they have always been believed irrespective of whether they are true or untrue; to be orthodox, does that mean that one must track with the mob with eyes blinded to the newer light of the day; to be orthodox, does that mean that one must worship the letter and ignore the spirit? In the main those who are said to be orthodox men and women ignore the spirit and worship at the shrine of the letter and crucify those who have caught a gleam of the light from the spiritual heights.

Oh, there is so much that one might say, there are so many things that come up. We

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have seen the growth of interpretation after interpretation, we have seen the effect of the ideals of a Zoroaster in Persia, we have seen the effect of the ideals of a Laotse and a Confucius in China, we have noted the effect of the hopes and the aspirations and the ideals and the prayers of a Buddha in India and we have seen the effect of the ideals of a Jesus of Nazareth, we have seen the evolution of some of these theories, these misinterpretations, these misunderstandings of mankind and always, everywhere, in every age, men have become so enamored of a graven figure either upon the cross or upon the altar that they have forgotten the spirit that it was supposed to suggest to mankind, they have lost sight of the real Christ the while they have dragged a maimed body from place to place, the while they have lifted in effigy the crucified corse that man might bow his head in homage at the feet of that corse and then go out and forget the spirit that should be the life-giving power to mankind.

Yes, sing your paean of praise, lift your voice and call to your fellowmen: "A Merry Christmas, Peace and Good Will on Earth." Say it, think it, feel it but more than all, live it. Would you be saved by the Christ? Let the Christ into your soul. Would you be saved by the Christ? Let the Christ dominate your acts and direct your utterances. Would you be saved by the Christ? Then let that Christ be a living spirit rather than a dead body, and if you will do this, there is no question, Good Friends, as to it being the inauguration of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Mankind.

Infinite Source whence all life hath sprung,

we gather at this meeting place of kindred souls, manifestations of Thyself, for the purpose of seeking light and yet more light. May it please Thee at this time to quicken with Thy spirit these, Thy children; may it please Thee to enfill them with that spirit of understanding, that spirit of perception which will enable them to see and know the Christ in everyone and within themselves. May they be so inspired that this which they are about to enter upon, the festival in commemoration of the everliving Spirit of the Christ, shall become as never before a living thing in their consciousness; may so much of that Christ Spirit descend upon them that henceforth the Christ to them shall be a living reality, not an evanescent dream, an actual presence not an absent form; may there come unto them so large a measure of Thine own spirit of understanding that henceforth the pathway of each one shall be suffused with an effulgent light that shall render absolutely impossible the walking in darkened places and the burden of darkened minds. May the Christ come to mean to them light and still more light, light that emanates from Thee and leads always back to Thee. Amen.

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## *A CREED*

I believe in Human kindness  
Large amid the sons of men,  
Nobler far in willing blindness  
Than in censures keenest ken.  
I believe in Self-Denial,  
And its secret throb of joy  
In the love that lives through trial  
Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in Love renewing  
All that sin hath swept away,  
Leavenlike, its work pursuing—  
Night by night and day by day,  
In the power of its remoulding,—  
In the grace of its reprieve,  
In the glory of beholding  
Its perfection—I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal,  
Fixed in God's unchanging will,  
That beneath the deep infernal  
Hath a depth that's deeper still!  
In its patience—its endurance  
To forbear and to retrieve,  
In the large and full assurance  
Of its triumph—I believe.

—NORMAN MACLEOD.

## EDITOR'S COSY CORNER

*The*  
**RADIANT**  
*Life*  
\*  
*December*  
**1926**

Dear Comrades: A year has gone by and now we are come to the very last issue of 1926. It has been an eventful year, full of work and fraught with many of those things which make life worth while. It has been in many ways a gladsome year—a year of achievements.

At this time we are wishing our readers, one and all, a very Merry Christmas—we are wishing each one of you all the joys you wish for yourselves. May the Christmas Spirit bring your wishes speedily to pass.

*The Radiant Life* will soon be entering upon a new era in its career—and we feel sure the reorganization which will take place will tend to a greater and better magazine. The many kindly words we have received show that its mission is being fulfilled. And that fills us with hope for the future. In our January number we shall have some special announcements to make.

Since giving up Plymouth Church the Editor has been constantly on the wing, lecturing, holding classes and giving private consultations at each point, and, wherever called upon to do, healing those who have been afflicted.

We shall make no comment on the articles for this month. They speak for themselves. But we hope you will tell your friends about them. Don't forget this is the time to make your friends happy. Subscribe for *The Radiant Life* for your friend and renew your own subscription. If you wish to send this magazine as a Christmas gift, you may have a card inserted notifying your friend where it comes from. And that friend will receive the Christmas number and the twelve issues of 1927 for the price of one subscription. This also applies to your renewal or new subscription.

Don't forget our books make ideal Christmas gifts. You will find them listed on the inside of the back cover of the magazine. Send your order in right away so we can mail books to reach your friends for Christmas.

January number will be a hummer. A new lesson

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plan will be adopted which will make *The Radiant Life* a still more valuable publication. Oh, we shall have many things to say to you in that issue.

In the meantime we are urging our friends to renew their subscriptions, subscribe for their friends and, in general, pull for *The Radiant Life*.

Over the miles a greeting to you one and all. May this be the happiest, most satisfying Yuletide in your career.

Radiantly yours,  
WILL J. ERWOOD.

\* \* \* \*

The greatest happiness in the world is to make others happy; the next greater is to make them think.

—LUTHER BURBANK.

