

Minnie
from
Bessie R.



GREEN-FOWLER



Cast your nets

WHEN I have left this world, if it's possible to come back, I'm coming! For a little visit. I want to tie up some loose ends that I'm sure to leave, and I want to go to the Holy Land (for I don't think I'll get there in this life) and prow around. I'd like to row out on that sea of Tiberias, for instance, and try to feel what it must have been like to be Peter or Thomas or James or John—any of them that were out there fishing all night long, with never a catch.

And then when the morning came and, wearied, they were about to give up, they heard a voice call from the shore: "Any meat?" "No." "Cast the net on the right side of the ship!"

They couldn't see who the man was that was calling, but on the chance that he might know something they didn't, they cast the net again. "And they were not able to draw it up for the multitude of fishes."

John said, "It is the Lord!" And Peter jumped into the sea with his clothes on and swam to shore. The rest rowed in, dragging the heavy net, and there they found a bonfire going, and "fish laid thereon, and bread." They added some of the best of the other fish and then, all together, sat down and had breakfast on the beach.

At first not one of them dared speak because this was only the third time the Lord had appeared to them after His death, and they couldn't get used to it. But whether they relaxed and had a happy time at that picnic breakfast or whether they stayed awed, I'm sure not one of them ever forgot that call from the shore and the result of it. And I wonder whether, when things wouldn't come right, they remembered to "cast their net on the right side."

That advice has smoothed many a rough spot for me, filled many an empty net. In the puzzling business of being a mother, it has saved me often from *parentage*—that odious attitude of knowing what is best and imposing my will. I remember (I don't always, though) to fling my mind over on the other side. Think what it is like to be that child, sure of what I want to do but with someone over me saying that I can't—taking charge of my life, my very own

life that is mine—and you get quite a different view!

For years I have been longing to live in the country, to escape the fret of a city—the noise, the confinement, the dirt, and the movement. I couldn't go because of certain obligations. But at last my very obligations took me there. With praise and thanksgiving, things were flung into trucks, and away we went.

I fell asleep that night, in the lovely quiet of trees and sky, with such gratitude in my heart that I hated to lose consciousness and so miss feeling it.

At six in the morning a plane whizzed over the house and woke me up. It was a mail plane; so it would go on whizzing over every morning, rain or shine. And I had just fallen asleep again when the birds began to chatter.

It seems a small thing, but no one who doesn't love quiet with every cell of her body and mind can know what it meant to me to think of waking up in a world as quiet as before anything ever had been created. Besides, it's the little things that get you down—power within you rises and meets big things.

I tried common sense: "You can't have everything!" I tried all the psychiatric tricks I knew (good ones, too!). Then one morning I woke up with the words "Cast the net" clear and ringing in my mind.

What *was* the right side? I was resisting noise, then the other side was to yield to noise. I was resenting noise, then the other side was to rejoice in it. So swish went the net!

I FELT myself lifted high into the sky, with the earth far below in all its lovely patterns, sparkling with dew; with a new, clean day starting. Most people were asleep and losing its freshness, but I was high above, losing nothing, starting the work of this new, clean day, grateful that I earned my living in such a stimulating way!

And ever afterward, when I heard that plane go over, I joined it and became that aviator, sailing along high in the sky. Instead of irritation, I felt happiness and wonder. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles!" And that's not a bad fish to catch in a net!

But the birds were more difficult. I always had felt that the singing of ordinary birds was a bit overrated. Their songs were so limited, the same notes over and over. I longed to have them burst their bonds and sing wide and high and free. And now here they were making a strident to-do in the lovely woods all around me.

"Cast the net on the right side." I began to listen with an unjaundiced ear. I found myself smiling with amusement, laughing. All these chatters—they sound like an afternoon party or a propaganda banquet! What are they saying? That one who says the same word over and over, what is it he is trying to tell the world?

I began to get acquainted with them—to understand better their delighted excitement over every new day, their eager praise of the return of the sun—and finally to enjoy them and miss them, if I slept through their waking.

YOU can stay in bed and toss, or you can mount the stairway of your imagination and ride in a plane in the early morn. You can fuss at limitations, or you can cross on the bridge of your imagination and become one of those other people we call birds. It all depends on where you're casting your net.

It works in the big things, too. A great error is always a great truth which has been turned wrong side up. If death has taken away someone you love, you can stay behind with bereft you . . . or you can, if you will, send your mind along with your love and think what it must be like, if there is life after death, to experience that life!

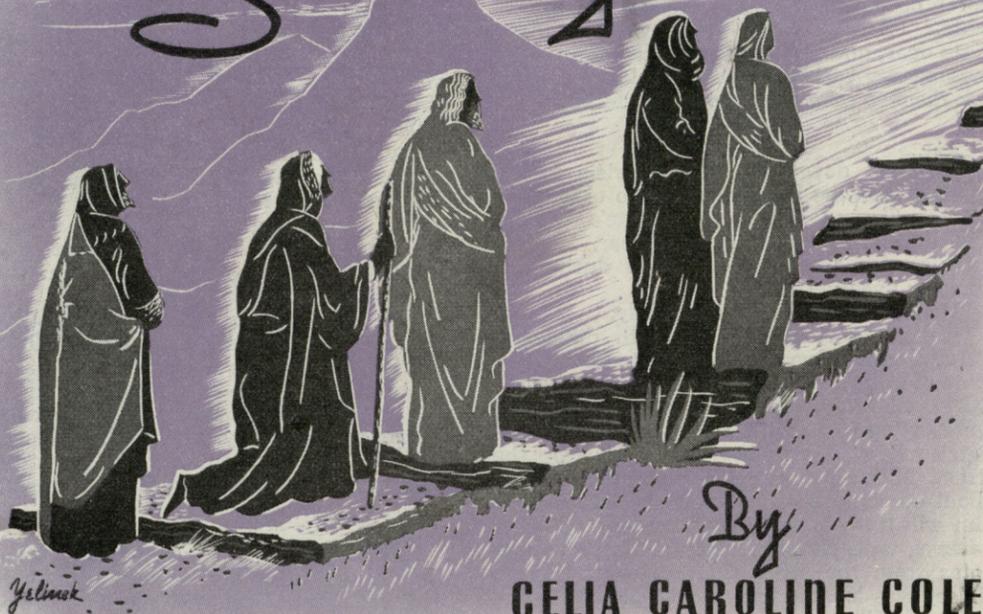
Or if it is that other deep sorrow—if someone you love has failed you, or you have failed someone or have fallen far short of the highest in you, and you have that broken-hearted, flooding sense of betrayal and loss—you can sink down under grief and regret . . . or you can cast your net on the other side and haul in some real humility and awareness of your need of God. Call him transforming grace, if you like, or strength of will, or renewed faith: but draw in your net and begin again.

If it is true that every sound is impressed on the ether for all time, there is still One on the shore whose voice is calling: "Cast the net on the right side!"



BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

THE Stairways



By
CELIA CAROLINE COLE

THERE is an old hymn that begins, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!" And it's a prayer you can make when you can't make any other. There are times in the life of every pilgrim when he feels that the light within him has been blown out—that light which has been his pillar of fire by night and his cloud by day and the rock beneath his feet and the sustaining hand which has held him close through all the dark times. And now it's gone and he is dead inside and all the words of help that he reads or hears are dead, too.

But even in his dreadful inaction he can say, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!" And when he reaches the stage where he can feel again (and he will), he can cry out and mean it with everything in him, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground! Don't let me sit here and weep; take me on up to where I can get a view!"

That's what he needs. He has lost his light because he has lost his power to see. Many things can make one blind. Blindness can come because you have shut yourself up in your "ivory tower," taking in light and not sending it out into life, inhaling and not exhaling. "A well that is too full overflows and makes a swamp." Get your light into action!

Or it may be because you have been going on your own power, making things your responsibility instead of God's, pushing instead of letting, so you come to the end of yourself and go flat.

Or it may be some disobedience that has darkened the sources of light and activity in you, something that you are doing that you know is not God's will for you, or something that you know you should be doing but refuse to do. Or even some unsuspected disobedience of which you must be made aware.

Or perhaps you are struck blind suddenly by anger, or by an unjust hurt given by someone you love, and all the fountains of life in you go dry. Once a woman came to me with such darkness and despair in her heart that she could scarcely speak. She was a singer with a voice of great beauty, but she had been unable several times to fulfill engagements because certain human relationships in her life had such power to hurt her that the well-springs of her singing were frozen over or dried up, and she could not sing.

"I tell myself," she said, "that I make too much of these flashes of hatred from this one I love, the dearth of beauty in this relationship—I tell myself that I fall short in understand-

ing and love, but it mutes me just the same!" "That's the back stairway," I suggested; "let's try the front."

"Stairway?" she echoed.

"Two. In everybody. The front one, your imagination, was put in by the attending angels at your birth; the back one was built in later by experience and knowledge. And you can always mount one or the other of them no matter how you feel because the start of each is, 'Lord, plant my feet on higher ground!' And almost anybody can wish that."

Almost anybody can stand on the lowest step of the back stairway and say, "This, too, will pass." Believe it. It will. And if that doesn't take you up to the second step, maybe Schopenhauer will with his: "The unimportance of almost everything in life can scarcely be exaggerated." If that doesn't budge you, go do something for somebody—any little, kind thing, even though you don't care about doing it. Do it; it will stir life in the well-springs.

Then, step by step, with precepts or memory or common sense, climb up the stairs. When you come to the place where you remember that you have a sense of humor, you're saved—if it's keen enough, you'll go sliding up the banisters as swiftly and delightfully as any child slides down.

I DON'T know what your memory will hand you to help you mount those stairs. Mine always gives me, "All things work together for good, never doubt that." And: "Nothing can master God within you." It tells me firmly, "Don't expect God to save you out of your trouble. You have either built or helped to build it; now climb up through it onto higher ground and give thanks that something has happened to make you mount up to a higher level."

"Be sure," I remind myself, "that it's your great self and not your little self that is so hurt. If it's your little self, give thanks with all your heart that it's happened. You'll never be sound until you've lost all your illusions and are living, strong and tranquil, with reality."

When you get to the step of gratitude, everything in you will begin to soften up and open like a hard, green, little bud coming into flower. Up, up you spur your stumbling self. "So long as you see evil, you insulate yourself to the benefits of God. He can't get in to you. Nothing has happened to you but a call to come up

higher. Go on up and hold your ground!" And finally, you're there! And laughter flows back into you, and kindness, and light. You see again.

The front stairway is harder to start on, but it's more fun to climb and it takes you higher. "O Thou who coverest Thyself with Light as with a garment, who walkest upon the wings of the wind, don't let me be darkened with self-pity, but lead me step by step up to where I can see the view! Let me see myself as I look to others, and learn from that. Help me to keep my eyes on the goal, not on the steps, and my mind on the power of God to bring all relationships into deep, serene rightness."

After a bit you'll find it in your heart to say, "Thank you, God, I'm climbing up to a revelation." And then: "Grief falls away from me and drops into the abyss below! my aloneness is good, it brings me nearer Thee; though I lose all that I have, I shall sing as I walk, knowing that Thou art still here beside me, and because of Thee I shall be 'fed by the ravens, clothed by the wind, housed by the word of God, loved by Thee.'"

KEEP knowing that there is a shining, open, clear place up there at the top. You know it just the same way the small boy who was sailing a kite knew that his kite was there, even though it was out of sight high up in the sky. "How do you know it's still there?" someone asked. He thrust out the hand that held tight to the string and replied, "I can feel it pull!"

Somewhere near the top, place in the Light this situation which has brought you low and bound your wings. Then see light all around it and washing through it, warm, healing light. You have been demanding something of others, perhaps; don't demand, let. You've been judging, and that means you've tried to put yourself in God's place; put yourself in the other fellow's place instead.

And the next time an explosion comes into your life, leap into your imagination and climb. In all the history of man, imagination has been the stairway by which man has mounted up to reality. Call to it for help! Cling to its railing (it's there) and begin to mount. When people hurt you or drive you to anger, call for help silently and don't speak until it comes.

Sometimes I haven't been able to speak at all because no help came, and that itself was a help. At other times I have been silent because the help that came was a strain of music—the Negro spiritual, "He nevah said a mumblin' word"—and the scene where Jesus stood before Pontius Pilate not defending himself. And I remember His facing His failures and going straight on, climbing up above all human hurts. Judas betrayed Him, Peter denied Him, John stood apart from Him. Why among all those people who knew Him and witnessed His greatness was there no one to stand beside Him before Pontius Pilate and say, "I am his follower. I believe him! I want to share his fate."?

Is it because that, too, is part of the Way that He is showing us—that each of us must climb alone, leaning on no one, clinging to no love, mounting step by step to that all-encompassing impersonal love and understanding and strength that Jesus knew? Was that the power by which He rose? And by which we too must rise?

"Be not afraid"

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

"AND very early in the morning on the first day of the week. . . ." There is magic in that beginning. There is poetry; there is song. The words seem to open a gate for a heart-shaking pageant to come through. You feel the beautiful newness of early morning, when human life is still shut up in houses and the air is brilliant and the trees sparkle and the mountains gleam darkly against the sky.

Along the dusty road three women hurry, their hearts cold with grief but still hopeful, their bodies weary. They have slept but little these nights since the betrayal, weeping, wondering, dropping off for a moment with exhaustion and then waking again to speak together. "But I know that this isn't the end," Mary Magdalene was saying. "'Destroy this temple, and in three days,' he said, 'I will raise it up.'"

"But what did he mean?" asked Joanna.

"I don't know," answered Mary Magdalene. "But everything that he said had meaning. Perhaps it was the temple of our belief that now has fallen about our heads. Or perhaps he meant his own body." Her tears fell again as she thought of that tortured flesh. "He often called the body the temple of the spirit."

And then Mary the mother of James spoke sadly, "His last words were, 'It is finished.'"

Mary Magdalene looked at her, troubled anew. "Oh, what did he mean?"

"Perhaps that his suffering was finished?" suggested Joanna gently, knowing the anguish that lay in the heart of the Magdalene.

"Or that his work was finished," said the tired mother of James. "The work in the world which he came to do."

"Yes," cried Mary Magdalene. "Yes, it is that! This is not the end! This is not the end!"

And now it was the third day since the crucifixion and the sun had not yet risen. Through the cold, clear air they hurried toward the tomb. "You are walking too fast for me, Mary," said the mother of James. Mary Magdalene slowed her steps, but her heart ran on ahead. She alone carried no spices for the dead but a jar of precious ointment with which to wash the feet of the living.

In the dim light they could see the outline of the tomb and, when they drew nearer, the figures of the guards at the door. Suddenly there was a loud noise, and the great stone was rolled away from the door and a tall, shining figure appeared and sat upon the stone. "His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men."

"And the angel said unto the women, 'Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.'" (Oh, the lifting of hearts at these words! It was not the end!) "'Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.'"

Joanna and Mary the mother of James has-

tened away to spread the news, but Mary Magdalene, with singing heart, went inside the tomb. There she glimpsed two shining figures sitting where the Lord had lain. Then he had not been alone in the dark, sealed tomb. Angels had watched and supported him as his spirit struggled for victory over this world! For three days his spirit had thrust the power of death farther and farther away until at last he had stirred and risen, with the song of angels about him! There, neatly folded, lay the burial garments; near by lay the cloth that had bound his head. Had he smiled at the singing angels as his face emerged?

And then had he walked to the door where the great stone sealed him in, a stone which many men together could not move and, through the walls, had he seen them coming toward him when it was not yet dawn? Had his heart rejoiced to know of their love and perhaps to see in her hands the gift for the living, not for the dead? Was it gratifying knowledge that there was one out of all the world who had known that the cross was not the end? With a word, the stone had rolled from the door. Oh, wondrous power of God, there is no death!

And at this thought she turned swiftly and left the sepulcher. The angel was gone, but near by stood a figure whose radiance was brighter than the sun, so that she could not look upon his face. And then he spoke her name, "Mary." She dropped to His feet, crying, "Rabboni!" And seeing how her heart was shaken, He said tenderly, "Be not afraid."

Why after two thousand years are we still afraid of proofs of life after death? Why do we still stand before death and look upon it as final? One of two things has happened to this person we love who now lies so quietly beneath our gaze: either "he is not dead, but sleepeth," or "he is risen."

NOT long ago a letter came from one of you, chiding me for having written in an article: "if there is life beyond death." "Don't you know that there is?" the writer cried out at me. "I have just lost my child—I couldn't bear it, if I had any doubt about life after death. Don't you know?"

Yes, I know. I was writing from the point of view of doubters; that "if" was not mine. I know there is life beyond death. I know it by the universal sorrow in the heart of man that life here is so incomplete, so full of imperfection, so unexplained. I know it by the universal longing in the mind of man to feel purpose in life and back of life, and by the ache in his breast when he thinks of the ones he loves losing life. I know it by his inherent will to achieve something fine and enduring. I know it by his memory and his visions. I know it because of springtime and because of deathless written words which have struck so deep into my heart and mind that something in me has

answered, "This is true." I know it because of love.

As surely as there is God, there is life after death. He is playing no such trivial unfinished game as this one little stretch of life . . . not the God who flung out the night sky and marshaled the seasons and wrought the heart and mind and soul of man!

I know it by the wonderful and otherwise inexplicable personal experiences I have had with those who have gone beyond. Once I stood beside a little dying child who had never been told of heaven or angels because her parents had no belief in God; and yet she cried, as she tried to struggle out of her mother's clinging arms, "Let me go, Mummie, let me go! It's a party!" Once I saw an inarticulate, self-contained old lady, who lay motionless on her death bed so long that we thought she had gone, suddenly open her eyes, smile radiantly at us all, and say, "It's so beautiful! You've no idea how beautiful it is!" And once again, at the passing of a brilliant agnostic who had only a mocking smile for the promise of life after death, his closed eyes opened and he said clearly, "I'll meet you, Mother, when you come." It was his mother who was the next to go out of that family.

"BE NOT afraid." There is no final thing called death. There is only progression through many experiences, one of which we call death, into more perfect life. The only final thing there can be is perfection. Whether or not we keep our identity, I do not know, but my heart tells me we do; and it is out of the heart that pure knowledge comes. Jesus kept his identity. He said to the frightened disciples, "Why are ye troubled? And why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold . . . that it is I myself!"

Be not afraid that there is separation. Eyes that see not and ears that do not hear and hearts too filled with tears cause that separation. Oh believe that this is so, for it is so. Nearer to me than any of the loved ones of this world are my mother and father, my brother and son who have gone beyond my sight.

"Death is a low mist which cannot blot the brightness it may veil." We are not left comfortless, alone. They guide and protect and cherish us. "For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Who are "His angels," in that timeless Plan so vast that it embraces all the universes and so detailed that "not a sparrow shall fall"? Is death something this vast Plan had not reckoned on? What is death? An invigorating, happy change for those who go, a mystery to be understood by those who are left.

Jesus said, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. But the Comforter which is the Holy Ghost . . . shall teach you all things."

It is time we accepted this truth and lived by it: *There are no dead.*





Lost and Found

THERE is a spiritual that runs:

"My God is so high you can't get over Him,
So wide, you can't get around Him,
So low you can't get under Him,
You must come in at the do'."

It took me years to find out that those first three lines are true, that you can believe them, can use them, and can prove them. I'm still finding out about the "do'." Where is the door? What is the door? How does one find it? What has happened to all of us that in our mature years we look so patient, so disappointed, so unfulfilled? Have we missed the door?

Where along the way did we lose that young, finely impatient faith of ours that life was going to be beautiful and deep, gloriously happy and perhaps even great? Where has gone our lovely capacity for wonder? And our blitheness—that gay-as-a-lark quality that made us skip instead of walk and sent us running generously towards life, crying "All of me, all of me! I want to give all of me?"

Where have they gone? Why? Why, at fifty and eighty, aren't we still stepping along "as if to a fair"? Is it that we're tired and a bit dashed because we've tried to climb over Him? Why aren't our faces still eager and starry, our eyes bright with power to see? Have we dimmed ourselves trying to get around Him?

Or haven't we paid any attention to Him at all? We don't believe in Him any more?

I've often thought how exciting it would be if there were a Lost and Found somewhere in every community which people could hurry into and say, "I find that I've lost my faith. Has anybody found any and turned it in?"

"What kind of faith was it?"

"Oh it was a very nice faith. I've had it all my life but I don't think it was really worn or shabby in any way, I don't know how it dropped off—it must have got loosened without my realizing it. You haven't any?"

"Oh yes, lots and lots of faiths have been turned in—all kinds. Just what kind was yours?"

"We-e-ll, faith in myself, and in life . . ."

"And in other people?"

"Yes."

"And in life having meaning, purpose, direction?"

"Ye-es."

"Oh, faith in God," he begins looking among the shimmering pieces on the shelves—lost beauty, lost love, lost hope, lost direction.

"I'm not sure about that last," you say.

"Oh yes," he answers, unperturbed, "faith in all those things is faith in God. Is this yours? It looks as if it might have fitted you."

You pick it up with both hands and slip it

By Celia Caroline Cole

on, eagerly. "It's the same color as mine, and looks like mine, but it's so large!"

"It's the size it ought to be but you've shrunk!"

"Shrunk! Why I couldn't have shrunk! I've got along really very well, all things considered. I'm a person of standing in this community, I've succeeded at my work, I've made quite a lot of money . . ."

"None of those count."

"What!"

"Not for much. You see, you're sent into the world with an ample supply of faith and it's governed by law, the way everything is. At ten your faith should measure so much, and it does. At twenty, it should be such and such a size, and it is. And so on. If you don't grow with it, it stops fitting you. You may contact it in spots, where you have grown normally, and so you have faith in this or that—wherever you touch it—but your faith as a whole is too big for you. And finally it gets so loose it slips off some fine morning and is lost!"

"But I'm not a bad sort! I've grown!"

"Yes, but not nearly so much as you could have. You've paid too much attention to things. That always shrinks people. And you haven't exercised your faith—if you had, you'd fit it. You've used common sense and reason instead of faith—and so you're small and sort of dried up. Imagination and faith are the valuable things—common sense and reason should be used only as servants to the others—not to plan, but just to fetch and carry."

"Oh." You think a minute. "What can I do now?"

"Fasten on your faith by some act of faith And then begin to exercise it regularly. You'll grow, if you do."

YOU flop it around you, abashed. You smooth it on frantically. It fits a little better.

"Oh thank you, thank you!" You pat it on still more firmly. And then you straighten your hat and push your self-respect to the fore. "What does count?"

"Finding the door."

"What door?"

"The door that lets you into life—instead of your slipping around on the surface the way you've been doing. That's why you're getting

old and sorry and all mixed up with doubt as to whether or not life pays expenses. Look at the faces of saints. They still have their light in them."

"Saints? Why saints are all dead—that's why they're saints!"

"Oh no. There are thousands of saints walking the world today. People who really believe, who take time off every day, many times a day to read about God, to talk to Him and to listen until His voice answers them—it speaks out of the heart when you're quiet—and then they do what it tells them to do. That's a saint. And they never really grow old, and they have enormous power and know happiness as few do in this running-to-a-fire world."

"Oh." You start off. "What is the door?"

"Awareness and use of the most profound secret in the world today."

WHAT is the secret?"

"The presence of God in everybody and everything—in you yourself, in everybody you even look at, in animals, trees, rocks, loss, events, circumstances, everything. You look for and find the saving, thrilling, waiting presence of God there—no matter what else seems to be there—it is there, looking back at you, answering you, calling to you. Find it. See it. Hear it. 'Find Me'—that is the door."

"Where do you start? How?"

"Everywhere. You can come upon it any moment—because you carry it with you—it's within you. And the way you start is to decide with all your might to find it. And almost at once it begins to appear. And by and by, you find that everything you do and say springs from the center of you and so is true. And no matter how many pretenses another puts up, you can pierce through to the center of him and find that which is true."

"Thank you," you say softly. And all the way home you hold on tightly to your faith and you think about saints walking the world. And you think about the door—the awareness of God in everything, the certainty that back of everything is Purpose—for each of us and all of us—the Divine Design that Plato talked about, the Christ-in-you that Jesus saw, hidden in the meanest of us, waiting, wanting us to believe in it, to push away the appearances that are hiding it and speak to it confidently.

This I know, that the will to do that—just that one simple thing—to greet the Presence in all things, no matter what the seeming, will soon give us back our lost, young faith, will fill our hearts again with wonder, and send us once more running towards life crying "All of me, all of me! I want to give all of me."

"Find Me!" That is the secret and the door.

Decoration by

JOHN ATHERTON

IN THESE days of the psychologists one hears so much talk against the "escape mechanism" that he can scarcely do an impulsive, joyous act without regarding it a moment later with suspicion: "Good heavens, am I running away from something?"

And so, in this gay, green, lyric spring, I come out boldly for escape. I think everybody should escape the things from which he wishes to escape at least once a year and be renewed. In fact, I think he should escape as often as he can—provided he doesn't let down people and situations dependent upon him. Escape from his routine into the feeling of freedom, from his trivialities into those things that are important to him, from a surface self into an unknown, more satisfying self. Escape from his commonplaceness, his wounds, his doubts and fears.

Almost every blessed thing we have we have because somebody was bent on escaping. America, easy-chairs, gardens, and even love, I think, if we analyze it down to its spiritual roots.

We trudge along through life, our feet firmly on the ground, our burdens resolutely set on our shoulders, our faces determinedly forward. And that's all right—that's where they should be; but it's possible too, to walk through life like a good king traveling through his kingdom, knowing that he is loved, that he has power, that he has time and capacity to give enjoyment to others and to enjoy himself, that shoulders are the place for burdens and not hearts and minds, that while his feet are on the ground his head can commune often and ecstatically with the stars.

In her remarkable book, *Wake Up and Live*, Dorothea Brande bases her whole formula for success on escape from the hampered self into the potential self. Live "as if"—"as if it were impossible to fail"—"as if this or that fact were a self-evident truth." And it works.

If you are a metaphysician, you know why it works . . . because you have contacted the law of fulfillment. God's law. The law of your inner self. Live "as if." Walk "as if." Love "as if." You take commands from within instead of from without.

One of the great stumbling blocks to accomplishing this is time. We are so frightened by time! All my life I have been racing it, defying it, going down under it. And all the while I know that there is no such thing as time . . . there is only today, lovely, mysterious, unexplored today. Yesterday has become a part of the warp and woof of me, settling itself in my consciousness, character and memory. I can't do anything more about it. Yesterday is gone and I have what it gave me.

Tomorrow is around the bend; I don't know (even if I think I do) what it's going to be like; there is always the unknown to be reckoned with, but this I know—that I can do nothing about tomorrow, except remember that "today well-lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope."

This I suspect—that if this airship called the earth would throw the idea of time overboard, the whole race of humans would wake up in a new world, stretch and laugh and rise to a freedom and joy they have never known, even in their buoyant youth.

Suppose—because it's spring and everybody has a little extra longing to escape everything



ISLAND OF Today

he doesn't like—we all go on a cruise together for the rest of this month on the good ship *Timelessness*.

We wake up in the morning with an unknown sea washing around us and sail into the port of an unknown island . . . the Island of Today, set in the midst of the universe all by its strange little self, a night's sail from yesterday, a night's sail from tomorrow. We may have an idea of what it is going to be like but the only things we really know about it are that we've never been there before and that we're never coming again and that we're there now because the Manager of the cruise, who has planned the whole affair and is doing the best He can for us because that is His job, has brought us there.

SO WE step out on it firmly, hoping to enjoy it, to give to it all that is expected of us and a little more (it's the "little more" that gives one the deep glow of happiness) wanting to savor it to the full, not missing the fun of it nor the depth of it by thinking back nostalgically to the Island of Yesterday or by reaching forward and day-dreaming about the Island of Tomorrow.

I don't know why we scatter ourselves so and thus make a thin little life for ourselves, but perhaps it's because we're not very well organized. We might take time on the night sail in this cruise to think that through.

And if you're saying, "Why, we can't just drift—we'd never get anywhere. We have to think about tomorrow!" I'll have to answer, "Not on this boat. You're on a cruise! It's all planned. What you have to do is to get your instructions, that's the thing that is demanded of you. You can miss the whole point of the cruise by not following instructions." Old cruisers will tell you that if you listen to instructions and follow them—maybe you'll read them or maybe you'll hear them coming into your mind and heart like a wireless from the Manager—you'll never give a thought to what

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

you're going to do tomorrow or next winter or ever. Instructions are like manna, they come fresh every day.

Another thing we feel a bit anxious about is whether the Manager knows our particular needs or what we're up against. He knows everything. He's been running cruises so long that to Him human beings are like a book He has written. There isn't a single hidden cranny of you which He doesn't see and understand. He knows that on a cruise—either a little cruise you may take in the springtime or the big cruise that begins when you're born and is still going on as you sail into the harbor of the next world—you need companionship, adventure, laughter, love, work so fascinating that you think of it as a game. And the very waves of the sea and the very stones of the island are in league with the Manager to give you what you need. In fact, your awareness of a need means that the answer to the need is already there waiting for you. Your consciousness of it is the Manager's way of nudging you to wake up and take the chance that is right there waiting. You haven't by any means met everybody on the cruise!

So we set sail on the good ship *Timelessness*, leaving behind us the confusion and terror that is in the world. We can do this because we are outward bound for the Island of Today and we can always clear our minds for the necessary action for Today and we can bear anything if it is for just one day.

It's the duration of harsh and difficult things that breaks us. We can stand appalling happenings if we think they aren't going to last long. Why do we clamp unhappy events tightly upon us by thinking that they're going to last? We are forgetting that powerful factor, the unknown. In the twinkling of an eye all can be changed. Conditions can be changed. We can be changed. I once shut myself away for two days and wept steadily over a life which I thought could not be changed. And when I emerged, it didn't need to be changed . . . I was changed, and that's all that was needed.

The reason we miss most of the good things is that we're so busy with trinkets and troubles and yesterday and tomorrow that they go by us unseen. On the Island of Today we escape not only from thin, little living but from crushing griefs and fears.

AND there on the Island, orderliness takes possession of us and a tranquil sense of resourcefulness. "I'm going to see this through beautifully, strongly, peacefully. I can because I have faith in the Manager. There is nothing here that can destroy me because He is looking out for us. And there are wonderful things here that I mustn't miss. And I'm not going to spend time and energy buying a lot of trinkets as souvenirs that I'll look at when I get back into my stateroom on the *Timelessness* and wonder why I ever thought them important enough to own! I'm going to live this day with all the happiness and responsiveness and courage that is in me because I'm never coming here again to do those things I ought to have done or leave undone those things I ought not to have done. So here I go—with the whole of me!"

It's a good cruise.
Coming?

AS WE travel along through life, we live on many levels. There is the level of things. We live and move and have our being in things, we love the sea and the city and good food and our new chiffon house coat, we take drugs when we are ill and they make us better, we accumulate houses and lands, we work hard for money and put it in the bank or buy more lovely things with it. That's where our attention is, so that's where we live; and we should get all the joy out of it that we possibly can. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

If now and then we get a glimpse of a higher level than that on which we are living and are a bit disconcerted by it, let's not let it upset us too much or pretend ever that it is the higher level which really interests us but we are so caught by these other things! But let's remember that glimpse—one should never forget a moment of vision, for it is the beginning of something splendid. Let's even cry out, if we feel like it: "Oh God (if there is a God), what's all this about a higher level? If there is something better here than this life I'm living, a good practical level that brings more happiness, help me to climb up there!" And then let's go back to enjoying our life of things, if we can, with no condemnation or apologies for ourselves or anyone else for living such a life. We don't grow by condemnation or pretense, we grow by fulfilling. The time will come when we have finished with things—that is the Law for us—and of course the quicker the better; but the way to get there is not by wrenching but by finishing, by growth.

I know that some of you will think: "But people can get lost in things. They can wax gross, and dull everything fine in them!" Or: "That man, so filled with materialism, is becoming a drunkard!" Yes. But what can you do? As long as he is enjoying it, as long as that is the level he wants to live on, the most effective thing you can do for him is to keep your attention on the divinity, the Christ, that is in him *no matter what seems*. Silently, lovingly, look through to that inner self and trust it. There is more power in that than in all the forcing in the world. Respect it, talk (but not preach) to it, unceasingly believe in it—it is the same power that was in Christ Jesus. Once a man rose by that. A man can still rise by that.

SO AS long as you are on the level of things, intent on them, accept yourself there and enjoy them with all your might. Fulfill! But when the emptiness begins to come, get ready to leave, for you're going up to a higher level. Don't be afraid to leave any of it—you've finished with it when the emptiness comes. It's the overshadowing Presence touching you, leading you higher: "Leave all and follow me."

Then there is the level of thought. On that plane you worship the God of "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And instead of giving most of your time to things, you give it to reading spiritual books, seeking out spiritual teachers and leaders, watching your thinking because you have learned that thoughts become things and you want to express beautiful things and be surrounded by beautiful things. You judge people by their thoughts. You judge yourself that way—you condemn yourself for careless thinking, you suffer because of wrong thinking, and when you are ill you get well by "taking thought," by affirmations. You pity those who move about in the shallow waters of things—possessions, fears, parties, social ambitions. And if you remember back to when you lived on the level of things, you know that you wouldn't go back there for anything in the world. Although life is more difficult where you are, it goes down deeper. You live the dedicated truth-seeking life of a scientist, slowly advancing, filled with discovery, victory, failures, holy moments of light.

Eternal watchfulness is the coat of arms of this level. Have you learned what it is to

This is
The Best One of All

THE Invisible LEVEL



discipline a mind, to learn to think only that which you choose to think, to learn how to set your mind in a certain direction and know that it will work as concentratedly and faithfully as a machine? Upon this level much of your time is spent in denying evil appearances, in repeating over and over reassuring, corrective statements; you suffer doubt and its strengthening qualities; like Jacob you wrestle all night with the angel. It is a difficult level to live on, and many of us who aspire to know the Truth spend most of our lives on that plane—though no one would need to stay on it longer than the twinkling of an eye if he would only remember: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom."

When we remember that and truly believe it and act upon it, we shall rise like an upwing-

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ing bird to the level of spiritual simplicity. Here is the level of swift insight, of seeing in a flash of light, instead of tortuously thinking one's way through. Long before we learn to abide on this level, we have flashes of its grandeur and simplicity, in the night and in the early morning. Oh, if someone could only wake human beings to the clarity and beauty of very early morning, when the clutter has been swept from our minds by sleep and all the earth is breathing in new light! Then comes revelation, understanding, insight. And in the night, in a tranquil waking time, comes the interpretation of puzzling things, of mysteries, the solution of problems in one brilliant flash, the meaning of profundities that baffle us in the light of day.

Gone, on this level, is the tyranny of things and also the tyranny of seeking and of taking thought. We still love the sea and the chiffon but we don't have to be occupied any more with collecting them, they come into our lives as naturally as day and night. Because on this level the things that belong to our desires gravitate to us in the most astonishing way—the servants we need, the clothes we want, all the necessities of free, gracious, full living come to us, sometimes in a truly miraculous way, sometimes in a reasonable, explicable way, but always without effort or time on our part. We have risen.

GONE, too, are the strain and effort of taking thought and the fearful watching and the negations. We no longer seek, we have found. We no longer repeat; *we have got it into our subconscious*. We are so aware of the abiding Presence, it so fills us, that the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart are spontaneously wise and pure and true. And the power and vitality in us are so strong that they overflow like a river sending out a stream of true insight and healing to all we meet, with not one shadow of superiority or smugness or criticism in it but only faith in the strength of goodness in every man, his power to fulfill, his inner wisdom, his loveliness. We know our oneness with him, we love him as ourself.

One does not need to give all his time to reading and following after teachers when he has reached this place; he gives it to living, to listening to the Voice within him, to sitting in silence and realizing the Presence. "Be still, and know that I am God" is the open door that leads to this higher level.

Free yourself from dogma and words and all settled beliefs if you would find the Presence and abide in it. Look as Jesus looked upon disease and poverty and all sin—he did not argue them away, he lifted man out of their touch! He placed him on another level where they could not abide nor even find foothold, he completely devitalized evil by paying no attention to it at all.

It is all a matter of levels—this finding our way, rising steadily to a higher level. No need to deny, no need to argue; just let our consciousness fill with a vivid awareness of Perfection. Sometimes I think that if we substituted Perfection for the majestic word God, we might understand more clearly.

THERE are many levels, and frequently we are on no level at all but on an incline, accomplishing very little because all our energy is used in just the effort to keep our balance as we climb up and then slip back a little. But wherever we are, the most vital thing in our life is to have a living, ardent faith in the Presence of perfection, of healing light, of redeeming power; and to practice the Presence by silent, active awareness of it, by talking continually to it and listening for its answer, by feeling it dwelling within, by expanding and opening our thought and finding it everywhere without. "Leave all and follow me," as simple and as abiding-in-faith as are those children who enter into the Kingdom.



CECIL BEATON



F U L L M O O N

by Celia Caroline Cole

SHE came down the steps, as glamorous a figure as a great stage star of other days, when the stage was amorous and stars were rare. Her smart black and white clothes floated about her as if they had been born here, the wide black hat on the silver head shadowed her face with enchantment—the strange gray eyes that were like light, the charm and sudden sparkle of the serene, sweet face. She stepped into the luxurious car that she had bought with money she had earned herself, and away we drove, guided by her strong, skilful hands. Just why that one moment out of the many beautiful hours we have had together should stand shining before me, I don't know. Perhaps it was because at that moment, I remembered for one clear flash what she had been like sixteen years before, when she was in her late thirties—worn and frightened and old. And she had come into this beauty and luxury and power, because she had refused to have anything else. Then, at thirty-eight, she had been told that she had a serious heart complaint that would end her life at any moment, she went alone, into a quiet place, and, looking at the responsibilities that life had given her—her two children to educate, her work to finish, no one but herself to depend upon—she said aloud, "I don't accept it." And meant it. And because, after a bit, she found that was not enough to carry her through, she took a next step out of

her problems, and she said, "My angel will take care of that." And meant it.

So, step by step, she came out into the fullness of life—casting all things upon that inner power she had discovered in herself when she had found nothing outside herself to depend upon, a power which she called "my angel"

"I don't accept it," and "My angel will take care of that" have made of her—old and troubled at thirty-eight—young and entralling at fifty-six.

Do you remember when you were a slender new moon kind of thing with a sash around your waist and wonder in your eyes? And were there certain things in your life and in your person that you felt you simply could not accept as your fate? And you said, in some form or other, "I don't accept it—I won't do that thing, I won't be that."

And time went on, and you didn't do that thing and you weren't that.

And then the moon was at the half, and you were thirty. And life was more exciting and deeper than you ever thought it could be. But still there were things that hurt you and held you back. And again you said, "I don't accept it—I won't be that." And time went on and you had climbed up out of that, too.

And now it's three-quarters and you are in the early forties and feel that you've never been wholly alive until now! Wise and courageous, full of power, and knowledge of how to use it—you ride life as an eagle does the wind. But still there are limitations—responsibilities, deep obligations. And your heart cries out in you, "I won't be caught. I want to live before I die." And some of the responsibilities and obligations you don't accept and some you do. And you go on, richer in mind and heart and soul.

And then the moon is full and you are fifty. And it is to you that I am talking—the full-mooners! You who may miss the whole lovely last half of life because you think:

"I am fifty now. I must expect to be a little neglected, to be faded and lined and no longer beautiful. The exciting part of life is over—I am a little . . . old."

And that's all right—if you want to be old—if you've finished with all those things and want to be a little bit old. There is peace in that, and dignity.

But if inside you're still young, and know that now, more than ever before in your life, you are equipped to live, the words you must speak are still the same—"I don't accept it. I'll be a little more careful of the machinery of me, I won't hurry any more and I'll rest even when I think I don't need to." (Oh, the power for good in that hour of rest after lunch, even when you don't "need to"! "I'll pay more attention to my looks, I'll even take exercises faithfully—but I won't be old at fifty!")

You don't need to. Nor at sixty. I think back to my friend who was old at thirty-eight and young and beautiful at close to sixty. I think straight across at a friend I had tea with the other day who has been married recently for the second time. I came home, stepping high, and flung myself into the house with, "Polly is a luscious, laughing and seductive woman! And she's close on the edge of fifty!"

She had been almost destroyed by a wretched, brilliant, stormy first marriage. But finally the time came when she said, "I don't accept it," and stepped out of her miserable life. Her "angel" took care of the rest. And there she stands, radiant, abundantly living, seductive and wise.

The trick lies in knowing what to accept as something that life is sending, in an effort to teach you how to live, how to *be*, and what to refuse as something that ignorance and faulty human thinking have tried to impose upon you. But when the moon is full, one should be able to discriminate. One has come out from being merely clever; one is wise.

There are things to do, true things, necessary things, when the moon is full. Keep your body light and free—one shouldn't be greedy at fifty—that is snatching at a small, childish pleasure and losing the joy of freedom and lightness of body. Spread your brows wide apart—haven't you learned that it's no good frowning at things or getting tense? Of course you have. Puff out your face when you cold-cream or powder, so if there are lines around your mouth and nose, you get the cream or powder in where it most needs to be.

Spread the eye-lines with your fingers when you powder or cream. Let your tummy rest back on your spinal column—you've no idea how much less tired you'll be at the end of the day. Lie—head lower than feet—on your tilted ironing-board at least once a day and relax. Relax your face all day long and before you go to sleep. If you're going around with your face tense at fifty—how can anyone believe that life pays expenses?

Serenity, courage, joy, abundance of faith, and humor—that's what a right face has at fifty. (It isn't easy to relax a face. Let the eyes go loose and soft, the corners of the mouth go up in an automatic smile—it relaxes every muscle in the face—the brow spread wide and serene.)

We are made of earth and water and air, a little magic from the moon and that lovely, escaping, unconquerable thing, the sky—all good in endurance—and they never grow stale. Must life sink down before one is ready? When the moon is full? I don't accept it. Do you?

ASTEP or two ahead of us is a time when we shall hear over and over, in churches, on the radio, singing in the street, chanting in our memories, "Holy night, silent night." It brings to us a feeling of peace—pleasant, soothing. But to what depths of our being it would go if sometime during this Christmas period we should close our eyes and go in spirit to that night two thousand years ago!

Holy night . . . our spirit kneels before its significance. Silent night . . . our faces lift to the quiet stars, marveling at the destiny of this night. Softly above our heads we hear the singing of the herald angels, we stand among the startled shepherds and tremble at the miracle; and far off, silhouetted against the spreading light, we see three men riding across the desert—only three out of all the world who saw and believed, who rose and followed the star to Bethlehem.

Out of what deep silence must the voice have spoken to Mary announcing the incredible thing that was to be. In what profound stillness she must have pondered it, alone. All the miracles of the world are enacted in silence: the shining of the sun, the blossoming of the flowers, the coming of love, forgiveness in a heart, awareness of God. Make room for silence in your life, give it its way in you, it is the "secret place of the Most High."

There are, of course, many kinds of silence, not all of them good. There is a silence that is ungriving and surly, incasing you as if in a hard shell. Nothing lovely or good can pierce through it and reach you; you are as insulated from love and joy, from all the benefits of God, as if you were stone. An enemy silence. Pray it away.

Then there is the muteness which comes from discipline, the kind which you impose upon yourself when you want to say angry things. Perhaps someone has pricked your ego; or perhaps you are the kind of person who habitually says sharp, sarcastic words because that makes you seem witty or because *au fond* you are unhappy and you "take it out" on people. And now you are learning to discipline your tendency by imposing silence upon yourself when such impulses come. That is a valiant silence, a high battlefield where your inner self, your great self, fights with light against the darkness and wrath of your little, so difficult and disappointing self.

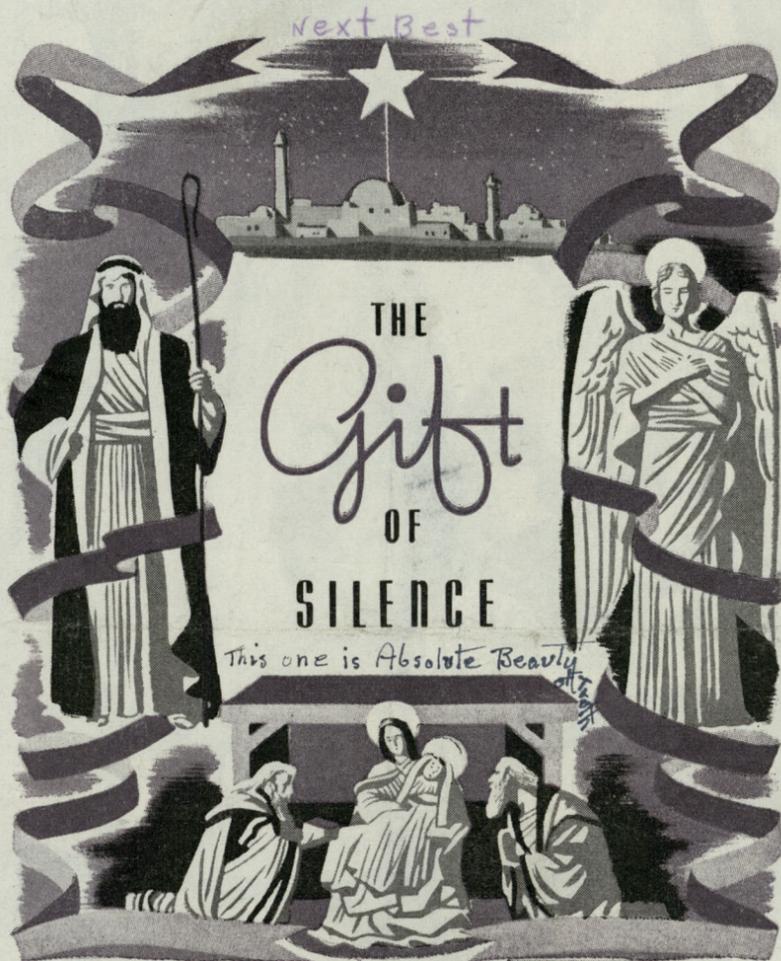
And I mean fight with light and not Spartan repression. If you merely repress the retorts you want to make, they may go down into your subconscious and crop up later as some kind of chronic sickness or even in some act of violence. Fight with the light of silence that has a prayer in it, if it is no more than a cry out to the Unknown, "Don't let me sink to this!" Or call on your sense of humor—it is an actual presence in you, one of your angels. Call to it and then take a moment of silence to see things from that angle. Remember that "it is not good for man, the great potential, to have stored within him bitterness and fear and the sadness of injustice—hiding joy from him like an unholy mist."

EVEN if it is a righteous anger, such as Jesus knew with the money-changers in the temple, give yourself a few seconds of silence before you speak and let the words come with point and with might because you have given your inner, deeper self a chance to speak. One of the most powerful men I have ever known, a man who lived constantly before the public, almost never answered quickly. He seemed to go away some place inside of himself and listen; his eyes, though wide open, were the

eyes of someone listening intently to a voice which none of the rest of us heard. And then his answer would come, profoundly wise, penetrating, often witty, always beautiful in form, free of extraneous words. Later, when I came to know him, I asked him what he did in that moment before answering. "I listen," he said, "and the words well up as if from a hidden spring."

Take time to listen for the inner voice—it will speak words that astound and comfort both you and your listeners.

Then there is the silence of not telling all you know; of not telling your plans or aims or dreams before they have been fulfilled. Not only does it build about you a lovely quietness, an inner tranquillity and strength, but it also teaches you not to waste your secret power by letting it flow out in words instead of in deeds.



And there is the superb silence which Jesus knew when He stood before Herod and answered not a word, when He stood before Pilate and was silent. No word of vindication; can you keep silent at such a time and let the future vindicate you? No answering of questions, because He knew that it would avail nothing.

Can you present that gentle silence with no trace of smugness in it, not a shadow of "I could answer this if I wished; but you wouldn't understand it"? No hurt in it but a silence that is filled with vision and prayer?

It is one of the great gifts—to know how to be beautifully silent. The endearing memorable silence of a good listener . . . the revelatory silence of two people who love each other, sitting silently together, when understanding of each other wells up in the quietness, and life and they themselves grow clearer . . . but most wonderful of all, that soundless place which mystics know, that secret place of the Most High, where revelation comes to them without words, where the voice from the heart speaks to them inaudibly but with words imperishable and clear.

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In pure meditation (as I know it; others may know it differently) one must cease thinking and have only the listening mind. The body must be relaxed, every muscle and joint, every nerve and cell. The deep communion with that power within us which is life can come only when the body is at ease and the mind has been emptied of clutter. Feel no press of time, slip into the timelessness where "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day". Rest in it. Sooner or later there will well up into your conscious mind and all through your being peace, renewal, revelation. Many metaphysicians seek the silence with affirmations. Why not, if that is the way they quiet themselves? There are no little rules in the Infinite, and that is where you are trying to go—into the Infinite Silence where realities appear. "Be still and know that I am God." Most of the blessings that are in this world today have come out of the deep stillness of some mind and heart. "I am the presence of Spirit made manifest. I am fully aware of it. I use it. I now hear that which I am to hear." Or perhaps you need no affirmations, you close your eyes and rise in answer to the call: "Come unto Me." Or you close your eyes with "Thank you, Father, for this secret place," and you are there.

IT does not matter what method you use. It matters only that you have found the value of stillness and made a place for it in your life—even if it is only the silence of a good listener, muteness in the presence of anger. I think that if you can learn to keep this disciplinary silence you are on your way to finding the deeper silence out of which come revelation, guidance, your true self. You need not have religious belief in order to meditate with great resulting benefit. It is an attitude of receptivity—what does it matter whether one calls the sender God or the will-to-live, the will-to-know? If your need is great, you have already called out to the Unseen, whether you know it or not. And Someone somewhere hears. Such is the great plan of Love.

Two thousand years have gone by since Love was made form and walked in our midst. And yet we have not learned to love. Still we bring to this Christmas night unbelief and hatreds and fears—a long procession bearing dark gifts, throughout the years. Can we not on this coming holy night in this troubled world take a few moments to listen truly with those shepherds of long ago to the song of the shining angel, "Unto us is born this night a Savior of all people," to the song of the heavenly hosts, "Peace on earth, good will to men"? Can we not, like those three wise men, travel across the desert of waste that is in the life and heart of every one of us and kneel in spirit before the One altogether lovely and undefilable who dwells within us eternally newborn—no matter what our lives have been—and lay at His feet gifts of renewed faith, of deep thankfulness that He is, of increased awareness that He is the only hope of the world, the one Savior for all people?

If, because of our unbelief, we cannot do this, surely we can lay at the feet of our unknown self a pledge to try more faithfully, in silence and quietness of spirit, to find that self which will not fail us. Again will be enacted the deathless drama of the Christ newborn in flesh. One comes upon it when the heart and mind are still and the spirit goes seeking deeper and deeper into the silence until he finds himself face to face with his Savior.

Make room for silence in your life, give it its way; it is the secret place of the Most High.

WHENEVER I think of the patient faces throughout this world with resigned minds and hearts back of them saying, "I must accept . . . God's will be done," I want to shake something hard.

Where did we get this idea that God's will is something to which we must be resigned? Why haven't we known all along that it is something to strive for without ceasing, something to run toward as fast as we can, calling "All of it, all of it! Don't let my little will get in the way one single time!" Surely if there is one thing in all this universe more glorious than anything else, it must be God's will for us.

That glimpse you get of yourself now and then as the person you could be, if only you could be brought up to the highest expression of yourself, radiant, powerful, generous, contributing to your world something beneficial and inspiring—that I believe, is a glimpse of God's will for you.

The best that you can desire for yourself is God's will for you. The best that you can wish for another person is God's will for him . . . not some road that you or he must travel, not some definite thing upon which your heart is set.

No one can outline God's will for himself or another, but when for a moment, you find in yourself or another something noble and fine, recognize someone lovable and delightful, that, I believe, is what God means you to be. He meant it when He made man and found His work good, and surely He means it still.

Do you suppose that Great Artist wants a lot of drab, blundering humans as the "work of His hands"? Would *you*? No! He wants beauty and swift power, joy and enduring light in every individual.

In the beginning, man was created complete, without shortcomings—if you accept the premise that God (or, if you will, a beneficent First Cause) created all that is. With our free wills, we have gathered unto ourselves, in this long journey that is life, weaknesses, blind spots, willfulness, suffering, sickness, poverty. None of them is God's will for us. Surely we cannot believe that that which is behind the order of the stars and moon and sun, back of the perfection of seasons and night and day, and of the beauty of aspiration in the soul of man, would so will the lonely, seeking, troubled life of man.

It simply doesn't make sense. But it does make sense that with our free wills we have brought around us confusion and trouble, out of which we must find our way until we once more contact the will of God and, by obeying it, redeem our lives from our mistakes. Doesn't it? Anyway, it does to me.

"THY will be done" is not a sigh of resignation but a powerful, challenging cry against everything that is wrong in your life. That obvious duty of yours that you do so faithfully but unjoyously—do you think that is God's will for you? Look closely and see whether it isn't man's will. You who are ill, you who have a crippled child, you whom death has robbed—do you accept those things as God's will? They are man's will, man's ignorance. Call out with all your might for God's will to be done and hold to your desire (that's what your will is for—not to plan and manage, but to keep your desire steady and true, for desire is a tremendous lifting force) and see what changes will come about!

And don't cry back at me, "He can't make the dead return!" He can! He did! Outside of Jerusalem one early morning . . . and in the city of Lazarus, with a doubting crowd thick around Him. "Greater things than these shall ye do." Why haven't we done them? Oh, we of little faith!

This I know, that His will being done takes from death all its sting, its horror and separation and loneliness, and puts in its place a shining companionship and oneness that is beyond any earthly relationship. Bright is the will!

And if you are mindful now of the Cross, that was never God's will—it was man's. God's will lifted it out of failure into deathless power and glory, so moving the Son of Man with the will of God that He could say, "If by my life and my words I cannot make you remember what I have told you of your Father and of you and of life, then I will make you remember this way."

Surely it is better to die on a cross and do what you came into this world to do than to live and not accomplish it. Cowardly failure for a whole life is worse than death for a few hours. Your own will or the will of man may send you to some cross, but it cannot take from you your power to rise. It is the will of God for you to rise . . . rise above every obstacle, as a bird from

Bright IS THE will



BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

the dangerous ground, as a lily from the mud, as a soul from its tomb. That is the will, and obey it we must before we are through.

Not always can the will seem bright; of course it can't. What kind of vessel could a potter make with no furnace to make it strong! But even when the will is stern, it is glorious because no matter how hard it is for the time being, you are going in the right direction, straight toward your blessed destiny—yourself brought up to perfection, your life molded into the life you have been searching for, a life that will answer your questions, fill your emptiness, fulfill your dreams. For behind the will is omnipresent good. All the unfairness comes from us, from our power of choice. Every unfair thing we see has its human antecedents, and no divine mysterious decree. It is our willfulness, our ignorance, our selfish choosing that lays the crosses upon our backs; but again and again His will takes us up the hill beyond the cross into resurrection.

All the really bad times I've ever had in my life I've had because I evaded the will of God. Sometimes because my own will seemed so much more plausible and sometimes because God's will wasn't clear to me. It never is clear if you are wanting to go your own way or if, deep within you, there is some reservation, "I will go a long way with you, Lord, but please don't ask me to do that particular thing!" Or perhaps it is just inaction; for inaction can insulate you from knowledge of the will of God. I've had stern and frightening times trying to do the will for me, but never sunless, shameful times. They have always come because I was apathetic or followed my own will.

ULTIMATELY you'll do the will for you, for God is Law. You can do it quickly or happily, or take a long time at it and suffer it through. This depends upon how much you want to do it and upon how willing and generous you are in the surrender of your own will.

Those of you who have seen the motion picture *Lost Horizon* have seen this truth superbly objectified. In the midst of imperfection we see this clear beauty, a man brought to his destiny on wings, thrillingly, with good companions. Then later, in spite of the fact that he has glimpsed this high purpose for him and the sanity and beauty of it, doubt enters. And his small, dear affection for his brother rather than his love for God and Humanity; his little power to know, his reason, his knowledge instead of that limitless purity of intuitive, inner knowing; his little groping will instead of God's will for him, take him away from his destiny back into the familiar unsatisfying world of men and mortals.

But he has known the will and can no longer bear the mad, blind world he has come back to nor the memory of his failure to obey. So alone, blinded by the brilliance of snow, terrified by the vastness, with intolerable suffering but with the splendor of purpose within his soul, he struggles back toward his destiny, over mountain fastnesses, through storm and starvation, on past madness, past death, on, on until the sound of temple bells tells him that once again man has been lifted out of failure into the glorious will of God.

IT IS not far from you—the will for you. It is not hidden away. It is the deep aspiration in you to be free, to be beautiful, to be happy, to be led and controlled by all that is best in you.

It is the desire to ascend in every way, until you, too, hear the temple bells guiding you back to greatness and beauty of life that were planned for you from the beginning by One who looked upon all that He had made, and said, "It is good."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Riding High

WHENEVER the moon is riding high, with that lofty arrogance that a full moon has in the top of the sky, I think of June and a maple tree in full leaf and a lady-at-her-best. June, the triumphant belle of the calendar, a gracious maple tree spreading herself in a meadow, and a woman in her thirties who has everything.

Riding high.

If there is one thing in this world young things ought to be told by their parents, it is "Make the most of every good thing while you have it."

Think of the things you learn from one to ten—impressions thick and fast as whirling snow-flakes! Then from ten to twenty—the stepping over the borderline of childhood through the exciting, terrifying forest of adolescence, into the unknown country of grown-ups. All the things you surmise and wonder about! The ground rocks beneath your feet with your discoveries. Adventure pulls you, uncertainty binds and trips you, romance makes your heart hide and quiver and swell. It's a terrific time!

And then from twenty to thirty—the first real freedom, the sense of unrealized power. But life looks like serious business too! Ambition pushes you. Lack of experience binds you. Life is a song, life is a whip, life is adventure, life is a fight.

And then comes thirty to forty! Power in your hands, power in your heart and head, realized power even in the lift of your lashes, the tone of your voice. At last you understand a little of what it is all about. You love—not that lovely excitement of dreams and longing—more, much more than that!

You enter in and know why it is birds sing, why flowers push up through the ground into bloom, how it is that life can never die.

You and the moon proudly riding the sky, you and the maple tree in full leaf. Make the most of it! Live it to the full! Finish with it—when you really do—don't be afraid to finish with it—there's something just as wonderful beyond! Do it superbly. One of the most tragic wastes in the world is to keep on with a thing after you've finished with it in spirit. Never deceive yourself. Never pretend. Live your fullness splendidly and you will find in your hand, at fifty, the key to the door of the next room—just as beautiful a room as the one you are leaving, more spacious, freer of clocks and calendars, and on the floor above where you get a better view.

How can you make the most of it? By living with all your might those things that are given you to live. By being gratefully, sensitively aware of what you have. By using all of yourself and all you have. Gamble with life like a soldier and not like a niggard. What are you saving for?

I know a woman who is so joyously aware of how much life has given her, how bountifully she has been dealt with, that every morning when she wakes up, she keeps a tryst with her joy, going over each lovely thing in her life as if she were touching pearls in a strand.

There used to be some sharp bits of glass in the strand that pricked and hurt but one morning she began saying, "Skip it!" when she came to the bits of glass. And now they are not even there any more or, if they are, they've turned into pearls.

Live with all your might. In a way, it's the "top"—this time from thirty through the early forties—physically and emotionally, it's the top.

Happy people have their Scylla and Charybdis, though. Watch out for smugness—so many young married people are hard to bear because they're so happy and confident that they're smug. And if there's one thing in this world much more trying than smugness, show it to me!

Look out for Scylla.

And then there's Charybdis. Charybdis is frequently arrogance—the indifference of the moon. Don't get a cellophane covering over your heart up there in your sky—keep it open and wildly alive—kind and warm and full of giving.

As a matter of fact, people riding high are often not very lovable, not charming. They're exciting and powerful and good fun and enviable in a way but they cast no spell. Too arrogantly sure of themselves. Too many blind spots. Oh, don't be snagged by those! Look where you're going! Say to arrogance and ungraciousness:

"You can't use me! I'm out to live!"

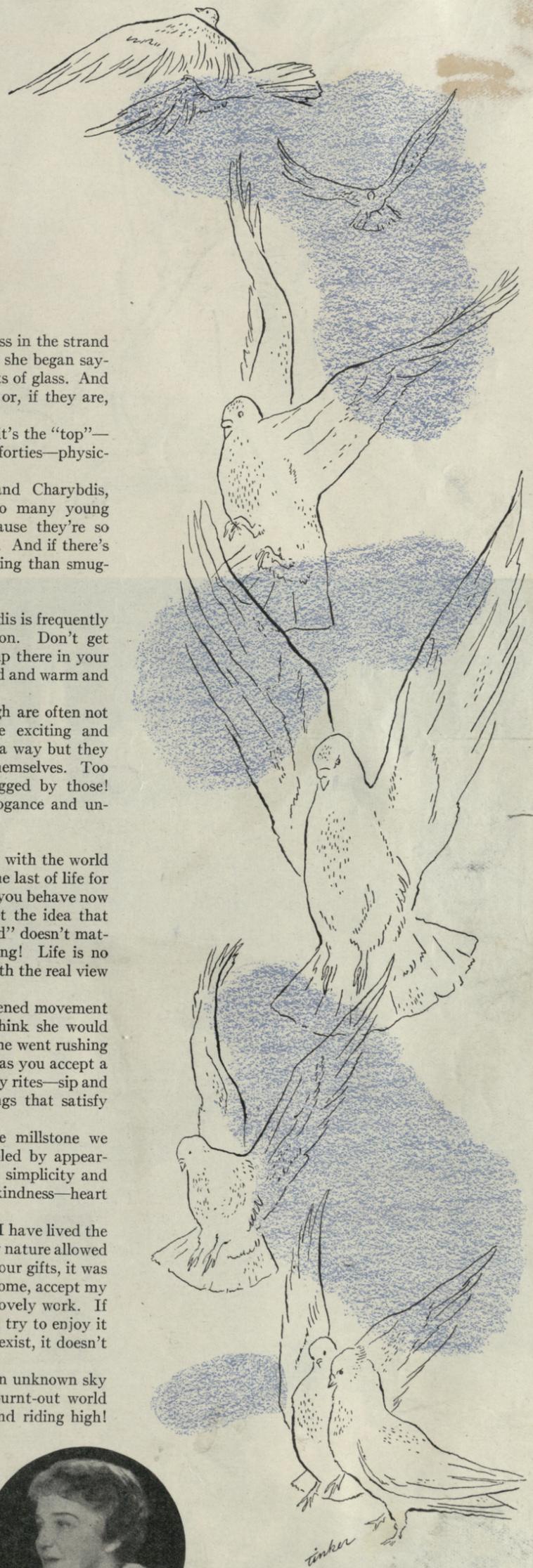
Because conquering, triumphant you, with the world by the tail, can lose the way to life—"the last of life for which the first was made"—by the way you behave now in your time of power! Don't ever get the idea that that which is to come when you are "old" doesn't matter so much! It matters like everything! Life is no descent—it's a mountain you climb—with the real view at the top!

And take your time. See the unhastened movement of the moon across the sky—do you think she would send out such romance and serenity if she went rushing and scuttling along? Receive your day as you accept a glass of rare wine—with unhurried, lovely rites—sip and appreciate and remember that all things that satisfy dwell outside of time and space.

See things straight. Seeming is the millstone we wear around our necks! Don't be fooled by appearances. Nothing surpasses the power of simplicity and honesty. Nothing ever will. And kindness—heart kindness—not condescension. Love.

Do you know that prayer: "Master, I have lived the life you gave me as richly and fully as my nature allowed and if I have missed or misused any of your gifts, it was from ignorance. If there is no more to come, accept my thanks for this unique glimpse of your lovely work. If there is another life, be sure that I shall try to enjoy it even more than this. And if you don't exist, it doesn't matter, my gratitude is unchanged."

That's gallant living! That's riding an unknown sky better than the moon can ride—not a burnt-out world but a human soul—gambling on God and riding high!



BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE



IN A thin old-gold pamphlet which I read over and over is this sentence: "Beholding perfection, it is decreed for me."

That is not new to you, probably, nor was it altogether new to me; but as you know, suddenly an old sentence will shine with a new luster. So this old sentence said to me, "Wherever you can vision perfection, you can attain it. As far and high as you are able to see, so far and high can you go. *Your ability is always equal to your vision.*"

That's a large statement. But it is true. The man who wrote it has been proving it for years. I who read it have been proving for months that in what measure I behold perfection, and believe in its possibility to man, in that same measure perfection manifests itself to me in man and in my life.

The trick, of course, is to be able to brush aside appearances, to go right through them to the spiritual fact back of them, like pushing away the more or less imperfect instrument that is a lamp and beholding the wonder of light. Then to realize what the spiritual fact is, as a scientist knows what his formula is, and to stand upon it, immovable, undisturbed, no matter what appears.

It seems to me to be the only way one can look upon the world today and not despair. To look through all the horror and know with a conviction from deep within yourself, deeper than reason, surer than desire, that this barbarism is evil in the heart and mind of man coming at last to the surface, *appearing*, there to destroy itself because there in the midst of it is God, on the Cross, to be sure, but God actively and surely bringing about good in the only way we allow Him; to look at your own life and know in spite of all the mistakes and wrongness that God is there in the midst of it, steadily bringing it up to truer values and greater use: to look at yourself and know in spite of the awful failures in you that God is in the midst of you, an undefeatable power for good, bringing understanding and deep victory up out of failure, displacing fear with new courage, irresistibly drawing you up towards perfection.

For no matter what we seem, there is within us that which calls insistently, "Come up higher." It is the savior in us, the guiding grace that will not let us sink. It is the will to survive, to rise above mortality, to live victoriously, to justify the world and life and God. It is God.

"**C**OME up higher where you can see"—you may think that there is no power in that, that it is only an idealist's pitiful foolishness. But I have known that simple act of going up higher to work miracles. I have seen it lift people out of slavery, and many, many people out of sickness and despair. I have seen it save a man from bankruptcy and suicide. I have seen it save a nation from utter panic and imminent revolution. I have seen it save people from death itself—nothing but the simple act of going up higher where one could see and steadily hold to the perfection of that person or situation.

So does one gain power, for power is achieved



BEHOLDING—

Perfection

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

by *extending one's consciousness*. By extending the vision, one sees beyond the seeming. "With thousand-mile eyes, we see scarcely beyond the tips of our noses," wrote an "atheist" in a moment of revelation.

ALMOST nothing we see is merely what it seems to be. Man seems to be a creature good and bad, sick and well, lovable and contemptible, dull, unpredictable, stupid and wise, brave and a coward. But in reality he is the last spoken word of the superb story of creation, he it is to whom the Creator of all gave speech and reason, aspiration, and a sensitive power of choice. No matter what he seems, you are on holy ground when you look at man! Come up higher and behold him as he is, so will he come into the perfection that is decreed for him. Look steadfastly upon him until you see in him that inner self that is God-in-man waiting to be expressed in form. Then address that self, command it to come forth, depend upon it.

Use whatever power you have to see good, and thus more will come. "By observing the working of the Law in every happening, you develop spiritual perception." Use it in the little things of every day—then it will come automatically for the big ones.

Do you remember the story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? How, because they would not bow down and worship the golden god of Nebuchadnezzar, he cast them, bound, into a burning fiery furnace? And when in pomp and circumstance he went to watch them burning, lo, not only were they strolling to and fro in the furnace, unbound and untouched by the fire, steadfastly chanting praise to their God, but a fourth man was with them "like the son of God." Beholding the perfection of the goodness and protecting power of God, it was decreed to them.

There is no heartache so sharp and deep as the knowledge that you have betrayed the goodness of God. Not trusted it. Not gone all the way in reliance upon it.

In those hours of the night when you lie awake with all the mistakes you have ever made gathered about your bed looking down at you, what hurts most? The one that is the hardest to bear for me is the people I have failed. And when I trace each failure to its roots, it's always the God in them that I have failed—their unappreciated goodness or the cry in them to help them go up higher.

"**B**EHOLDING perfection, it is decreed for me." It may not come this year, or next, or even in this life; but in what degree, with what intensity, I seek the perfection of a thing, in that degree shall I be lifted steadily toward it. Search your thoughts. How much perfection is in them? Search your dreams, your desires.

One of you has written me, "I believe in this 'two-way prayer' you talk about, and I pray and listen, but I have never yet heard the voice out of my heart, the 'unmistakable answer.'" Persist and you will. Want that close contact with God more than you want anything else in the world. Yearn for it with the same intensity with which you would yearn for safety if you were in great danger. Two things we lack, most of us: first, true yearning—for spiritual insight, for awareness of the presence of God, for oneness with our inner, perfect self; second, practicing what we already know of God, of goodness, acting upon the premise of the presence of God.

To hear the voice, one must first have calmness. Still all the darting thoughts, practice it patiently many times a day, practice it absorbedly and faithfully in the night—it is easier then when the rest of the house is asleep. Over and over, as a musician practices a scale or a phrase, repeat "Be still, be still," until deep quietness comes. It is a temple you enter. Listen to its voice. More than a roof above our heads, than food upon our table, we need to hear the voice from within. But do not try to force yourself to hear, or condemn yourself that you do not hear. Only long confidently, not tensely—you are not going against a natural law, you are fulfilling it. Everything that you are seeking is there within yourself in the indwelling Presence. Out of a dedicated heart the Voice will speak.

THINK how long it takes to make an artist of a musician! What patience and passionate longing, what power to behold perfection! To become aware of the Voice and obey it is to grow into an artist in all of living and being. For it is this Voice that reveals to you the will of God, that directs you toward your destiny, toward that high perfection that is man fulfilled. "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand."

ONCE there was a little girl who took an umbrella to church and it brought about a miracle. It happened in farming country when there was a drought. Unless rain came soon, the crops would be lost.

So the minister sent out word for everybody to come to church, please, the next Sunday, because, all together, they were going to pray for rain.

Sunday came, the sun streamed eternally and hotly down. Along the roads the farmers came driving to church, along the sidewalks the townsfolk were walking to meeting.

Every pew was filled. And the minister read to them about the miracles, so many of them and so beautiful. And then they prayed. People who had never prayed before sent up a cry from their hearts, "Send the rain, O God, send the rain!"

And after a bit the church began to grow dark and then the sound of thunder was heard. And finally that most lovely sound in all the world to them, the beat of rain upon the roof. The skies opened and drenched the world. It rained and kept on raining. But nobody could go home because nobody had brought an umbrella! Except one little girl. She had. And there she stood—the one little grain of mustard seed in the midst of unbelief.

One of you has written me a letter which begins, "I have lost my faith. And I am so miserable and scared and lost. I want to get back the beautiful love for God I once had. How can I do it?"

I know that place. The dreadful darkness of life. The emptiness that is you, yourself. I once dwelt in that darkness for over a year.

But now I know that you cannot lose your faith, it is the gift of God. You can lose the consciousness of it, the practice of using it—but not the faith itself. You can get into the habit of not following through—not taking your umbrella, that confident last step that brings results; but so long as there is life in you, there is faith. It is the very material of which you are made.

Begin again to exercise it, as you would a numb muscle. Faith is like a muscle—it atrophies if you don't use it. *Take your umbrella!* Show that you mean it when you say "I believe!" Do this small thing as an act of faith, then that more important thing. Pray "O God I once knew and loved, if there is a You, take my hand and lead me out of this darkness and sick state of being. Touch me awake to You!" Say, "I do not accept this apathy. Nothing can master the God within me!" Sing in your heart and on your lips, as you go about your life, that grand old hymn, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground." Be simpler. Stop trying to reason it out. Stop regretting. Cling to the miracle of spring rising without fail out of the cold, dead winter. Within you, too, is the magic power to rise! Honor it! Trust life—the changes it brings to you, the purpose it has for you.

Where is your courage? It is courage that you've lost, not your faith. Push ahead. Launch out on the possibility of God as a ship launches out on the sea. It is safer than trusting to yourself less the God in you. It is happier, no matter how stormy and uncertain it is, than that awful shallowness life becomes when you have no God!

BECAUSE of our free wills, we are in that empty place—wells gone dry. God never touches our free wills—we choose wrongly, we worship idols, we put many things above God and our fellowman, we waste, we do not listen, we do not obey. Spiritual deadness is frequently brought about by something our free wills won't give up, something we don't want to do. Look inside and see what it is you won't do that the Highest in you is asking you to do.

All these scars on our souls and bodies (our weak spots, our imperfections, our griefs) are there because we've disobeyed or ignored the Truth we know. Go on, go on! Don't stop where

Gift of GOD



you are! God can do nothing about us *until we really want Him to!* But He never lets go. He lifts our dreadful emptiness into a time of testing, strengthening our power of endurance, deepening our understanding, purifying our sight, clearing our sense of values. It is "Even unto the end"—the Presence that redeems and makes whole. Now, at this very moment, it is there within you, this Presence watching over you, rebuilding you, holding you up so that you will not sink.

Let go and give thanks that others know that He is there even though you are not aware of Him. You once knew Him, remember that. Count over and over the blessed proof you have that once He was there, in your life and in your heart. Even though you had never had faith, cry out in an act of faith and test this Plan. It is better to gamble on God than not to venture at all.

A woman I knew, a fine woman of good family, came, through pain, into a habit of drink and drugs. She fought it with all the strength of her strong will and mind. But she could not conquer it. She went to a psychiatrist and he helped her for a time. Then again she went under. She left home and country and went alone to a strange land, hoping a new environment would put her on her feet. But she went down and still further down. Then a Christian found her and talked to her of God. She had never believed in God. Her father and mother were leaders among the intellectuals of their country, free of superstition and sentimentalism. They had rejected God.

SHE listened to this stranger who was a Christian and longed to believe. But she couldn't. Too deep was her conviction that God is only a wish-fulfillment for weak people to hold onto. A few nights later there was a terrific electric storm. She so feared lightning and thunder that it always made her ill. Her nerves felt shattered, she walked the floor in terror of the storm. Finally she fell upon her knees and cried out, "You, You, if there is a You, send me a sign—stop this storm, stop it, stop it!" She crept back into bed, shaking and sobbing.

The next thing she knew it was morning, the sun was shining, a bird was singing outside her window, not a cloud was in the sky.

She stood before the window feeling as if the world had just been made and she with it, new and clean. Life was new. And holy. There was a God.

The woman in the room next to her came in to see how she had stood the night through that awful storm, all night long it had raged. She stared at the woman unbelieving. The storm had not stopped? And then a smile of delight spread over her face. Never in all her life, not even when a child, had she slept through a storm. There was a God. And He answered, but in *His own way*.

She was won over. And instantaneously, she was cured—all desire for drink or drugs had been washed away. She became a power for good and gave her whole life to helping people find God. "For verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . ."

Of all the gifts that one can give at this Christmas time, the gift of God is the best. Faith the size of a mustard seed up to the kind of faith that, hearing the call of God, goes forth knowing that if need be he will be fed by the ravens, clothed by the wind, housed by the word of God. To help someone get back lost faith, to waken faith in someone, to pour more faith into the world. To go about with faith shining out of you like light. You came into the world with it. You have it still. Use it. It is the key to living.

By

CELIA CAROLINE COLE

Whither shall I go?

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE



ONE of the things I believe is that when all else seems to have failed, when true things no longer seem true, this will be true—that God is not far from us, but is in the midst of us bringing to pass enduring good. Even if the beautiful rhythm of day and night should no longer be and rivers should no more flow down to the sea, still I would know that the omnipresence of God, in every circumstance, in every soul, in everything, everywhere, is a fact, and that every one of us is part of that expression of the omnipresence and omnipotence of God.

Here is a letter that came to me a few days ago: "I am sure there are other people who have Celia Caroline Cole scrapbooks, but I'm reasonably sure that there isn't anyone else who keeps hers where I keep mine, or made hers where I made mine—in prison.

"I came into this prison filled with horror and despair, wanting only to end my life as soon as I could. I am a teacher, and my father was a prominent minister, but he went away from my mother and me seven years ago. Then I lost my position during the depression and lived for six years by giving post-dated checks. Finally I became involved and was sentenced to prison for two years. It seemed to me an incredible nightmare, a world turned black. I, a criminal and in prison! My faith in God was gone, my faith in people, in life, in myself—all gone.

"But now, not quite six months later, I am a new person. I have paid off most of the checks, and when I have paid off the rest I shall be set free. *Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.*

"I know that prisons don't usually do this to people, but most prisons do not have a tireless, understanding, undefeatable friend. We have. There has been a lot written and said about Georgia prisons and it's made a pretty dark picture. But here is another side of the picture; and it was made by women:

"The Federation of Women's Clubs decided that something constructive must be done for the erring women of this section. They went to the county commissioners, who are high-type citizens here, farsighted and progressive, so that the women had some real help from them. The important thing, they felt, was to get the right kind of matron for the jail. Someone said, 'Wouldn't Evelyn McCutcheon be grand for the position?' She has social position, money, a beautiful home, a devoted husband, and two almost grown sons—everything to make a full and happy life. But she accepted.

"And the first thing she did was to remodel the women's ward. It was made into an attractive, livable, comfortable place, cells removed and walls painted a restful shade of green instead of the cold, usual prison gray. In the large living room there are comfortable chairs, tables with the newest and latest magazines (that's where I found you), and in the large bedrooms there are real beds with freshly laundered linens and soft bright-colored woolen blankets. Everything is spotless, the food is well prepared and a balanced diet is given—a rare combination in county prisons, I am told.

"HERE we live and try to find our way out of the darkness that is within us. Many girls have found themselves. Many have got back lost hope. Many have thought they had lost their faith, but have found that they have really lost only the practice of using it. Consequently, Mrs. McCutcheon has been able to place hundreds of girls in respectable jobs, girls who have

been in the very depths of sin and despair.

"There is one girl here from one of the best families in the state. She is well educated, refined, sensitive. But she has served over six years in federal prisons. Dope has destroyed her life. She fights it all the time—a desperate, dreadful fight. She even raised a ten-cent postal money order to ten dollars so that she would be sent back to prison and thus get away from the clutches of dope. That's living in darkness, Miss Cole, isn't it?

"There are girls here for habitual drunkenness—some of them so jolly and kind, not a little or mean thing in them, just caught in the awful darkness of drink. And there is one girl here for murder. She is eighteen and can neither read nor write. She leaves for a federal prison for life in a few days. It's so terrible to think about that you can scarcely bear it. She blames it all on whisky.

"Our pet visitors are a seventy-two-year-old minister and his black dog, Duke. He has spent only five nights outside prison walls in the past sixteen years. He says there is one consolation about preaching in prisons—your congregation can't get up and walk out on you if your sermon gets a little hot.

"A few nights before last Christmas the bell rang, announcing a newcomer. A middle-aged Negro woman with a basket came in. She was crying like her heart would break. This was the first time she had ever been locked up. She said to Mrs. McCutcheon, 'Yessum, I had three pints of whisky in my house. My ole man done went off with one of the next-door neighbor's young gals. I got three chillun at home by themselves. I have been selling a little whisky and taking in washing.' Her basket was full of baby clothes. She expected a new baby the following day. Mrs. McCutcheon sat at her desk for a few minutes. She then went downstairs to the main office and signed this strange Negro woman's bond herself. Then she sent her to the hospital.

"I SHALL not live long enough to forget that poor defenseless woman's face as she realized what had been done for her—kindness where she had expected harshness. She cried, 'Now ain't that jes like God? He can make a way where there ain't no way.' And that's so, isn't it, Miss Cole?

"There are people who would say that Mrs. McCutcheon is soft. Well, she is soft. The right kind of softness that isn't weak. And here we sit, in The Tower living room, girls who cannot read or write and girls who are college graduates, not all of us, by any means, born on the wrong side of the railroad tracks, finding our way again because one woman sees us as lost children instead of lost souls.

"We make all our prison dresses—not alike, but different patterns—and we sew dainty things for gift shops and thus make a little money. We crochet bedspreads and beautiful linen luncheon sets and hooked rugs. And we made curtains for the entire ward.

"All of this helps. But the greatest thing that has happened to most of us is knowing Mrs. McCutcheon. She understands people. She takes us as we are but never doubts that we can become something much more—the 'inner self' you write about. You will wonder how I know so well. I am one of the girls she is rehabilitating."

"If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. . . . Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

TO HIM that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne." Overcame what? And what is meant by "sit with me in my throne"? And who is "my Father"?

One of the beautiful things about the Bible is that the same verse will answer in differing ways the varying needs of individuals. To me, "overcome" means overcoming imperfection in every direction, as fast as I can, in every phase and expression of my life, and in the lives of others when I am invited to. I have no right to be imperfect. I have no right to lie down under imperfection and say, ever, that slogan of inaction: "Well, after all I'm only human, you can't expect perfection." Cheap and shameful cry! It's the whine of laziness, of unwilling flesh, of a low aim and a weak will. It's a whimper of resignation, of self-justification; it's an alibi for a drab life, for failure, for missing the whole point of living. And besides that, it's the smug chatter of ignorance. What do I mean by "only human"? If "mortals are immortals unaware," then "being only human" doesn't let me off one single bit!

One is either an expression of God—a word God spoke, a sentence in the tale Creative Force is telling, true and beautiful right now, but unaware of it and so not manifesting it or getting the benefit of it; or he is a bit of mechanical energy that's come a long way and on the journey made for itself an amazing and ex-

traordinarily skillful form. Take your choice. But whatever you are, you are magnificent in your mechanism, your aspiration, your ability to love, to forgive, to understand, to create. As a matter of fact I think the only thing the matter with you is ignorance—of yourself and so of others, of life and so of God.

The unimportance of almost everything in life can scarcely be exaggerated. —Schopenhauer



traordinarily skillful form. Take your choice. But whatever you are, you are magnificent in your mechanism, your aspiration, your ability to love, to forgive, to understand, to create. As a matter of fact I think the only thing the matter with you is ignorance—of yourself and so of others, of life and so of God.

In these years and years of living, I have discovered that my deepest happiness, my greatest freedom, and my keenest sense of power come when I feel most aware of my conviction that all I see is God expressed in form and that the forms that seem to be evil are, notwithstanding, evolving forms of God expression, imperfectly expressed because of the free will of man and his temporary ignorance.

FOR me, so ignorant, it is impossible to waken the world to its perfection by a touch, as Jesus wakened the lepers and the blind man and Lazarus who was dead. But it is not impossible for me to overcome imperfection as fast as possible, to recognize every imperfection as it enters my experience and consciousness as that which must be overcome if I want to go on into fulfillment. That is not only possible, but demanded of me. "To him that overcometh will I grant . . ."

Don't look out at "conditions" and resign the world or yourself to "evil." Keep your eyes on the perfection that condition or that situation could have and, as rapidly and steadfastly as

you can, unsee that imperfection, blot it out and see the perfect thing in its place. Don't waste energy denying its existence, but see it passing, see it gone. Hold to the perfect thing. Act upon it.

WITH Signs FOLLOWING

More and more I believe that there is nothing in your experience or in yourself which you cannot overcome. If the problem is there, somewhere in you is the solution; the fact that a problem has appeared is proof that you can solve it. God is engineering your circumstances, not chance. You are living under the Law, and the Law for every living thing is fulfillment, mounting up to the perfection of itself. There is within you a nucleus, "a magnetic center of power around which the needed conditions will cluster and crystallize." Your solution may come altogether from within, or you may be led from within to help that is outside of you.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne . . ." What does "throne" mean to you? To me it means authority. If I overcome, I will speak with authority, act with authority. If I say "Take up thy bed, and walk," there will be the authority in it that makes it possible for a bedridden, palsied man to rise, lift his bed upon his shoulders, and joyously walk; when I stretch out my hand and

greater than himself because it has spoken to him in crises, in love. And he knows that even as an acorn has fathered the oak, so has some lofty desire fathered his soul.

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

touch a leper, saying "Be thou clean," he will be clean. When I cry "Loose him, and let him go!" the dead shall be alive again. Because I have overcome. Every one of us who believes in God and the story of Jesus Christ should be doing this as fast as he can. "Even greater than these shall ye do."

To the uninitiated it seems an absurdity or a madness or a blasphemy to speak of man as having such authority, but he has it and is using it constantly in many parts of this world. These words have proven true: "Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine upon thy ways." That little band of men who followed Jesus and wrought miracles—do you think authority died with them? Was it for so small a span of time that Jesus lived and died?

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne."

WHO is the Father? "Your Father and my Father," said Jesus; but what did He mean? This we know: that He is an unseen Father. No one seems ever to have seen Him. Neither has anyone seen in whole the plan of the universe, nor has anyone seen in form the divinity that is within himself. But he knows that back of all this order there must be plan, and he knows that there is within him something

I KNOW from love, from moments of light, from sick bodies made well, from hard hearts made radiant, that my Father is. Is He a vast, majestic Plan or a little center of light within each living thing? I do not know. Is He life, is He love, is He mind? Is He conscience? I do not know. But this I know: that He is ever there within my reach, strong and undefilable, guiding persistently. Law or love or conscience, this I know: that He can be crucified but not defiled, He can be killed but He will rise again. And if I overcome, I will speak with authority, "sit down beside Him on His throne." I will find life. If I overcome.

THE UNVEILED FACE

[Continued from page 15]

and chin full of air, corners of the lips not down at all. Pooh-wah, pooh-wah, pooh-wah. Breathe in like a big hearty audible sigh (good for you) and then pooh-wah it heartily out. Many times a day. The lines will know that it's a battle they cannot win and give up the ghost. The pooh of a faithful woman availeth much.

Another exercise is to thrust out your lower jaw like an English bull-dog—just as far as it will go; now bring it back. Do it ten times. Good for your under chin. Here's another. Drop your head back as far as it will go. Now chew big, deliberate, strong chews. Good for the under chin and the cheeks and that area way up north around the eyes where the crow's-feet dwell.

Faces shouldn't dumbly endure, like a peasant. They should demand some attention, like an aristocrat! Not just pappings and lotions—though they have their secure place—but something from the inside, too. Legs stay nice because we exercise them. Faces are made of the same fabric.

If you want really to put your best face forward, you should be of a great peacefulness and a great desire. Not a lot of little

leaping desires but of one great desire that shines all through you.

Say to age and deterioration, "You can't use me to express *that!*" Say to envies and other pettinesses, "You can't use me!" Say to fear and despair, "You can't use me!" And mean it!

Say to all greatness and beauty and love "Here am I—use me!" Making a face is no touch-and-go job!

I CANNOT write about the unveiled face and not tell you something about my own, back there at the top of my page. Friends who know me in life, instead of on a page, write in: "How can you let people think you look like that?"

And then I look at that printed face and remember all those unhappy trips to the photographers, one after another, the best the DELINEATOR could find, and I, too, rebel.

Was it for this I uttered prayers
And sobbed and cursed and kicked the stairs?

All I can say is that it is the best we could do. We looked at proofs and wrung our hands. Whatever it is in my face that makes it a face simply runs away when a camera is pointed at it. Let's not mind.



THE UNVEILED FACE

by

CELIA CAROLINE COLE



ARTHUR O'NEIL

"Masks off!" They called it out at midnight and you tugged yours off and looked eagerly at the man you were having supper with. Would he have a fascinating face behind that mask?—as moving as his voice, as heavenly as his dancing and as exciting as his "line"?

And would he like yours? Would you be a revelation or a shock?

That's what masquerades used to be—masks off at midnight and you took what came. And it was fun.

It's not quite so much fun, now. Perhaps because you are older and like faces not to be masked—life is too short—you don't want to wait till midnight and "Masks off!"

At best, we are pretty much veiled. Life veils us—confusion, carelessness, conceit, self-doubt, weariness, fear, defeat keep our faces from being candid and clear and beautiful. Ignorant physical and mental habits veil a face. Its soul hides and its body—tissues, muscles, skin—droop and fade. It becomes the face of you as you are, not the face of that you, deep inside you, that can be "transformed from glory unto glory," *no matter what happens to you.*

There is a face just back of yours—never doubt that. Look at the faces of the saints! In them, the inner face shines through.

What would your mother's face be like if you could unveil it, if you could see her—not as a photograph—but the living face of her at seventeen? Before you were; before life bent her to its will; before effort and selflessness and patience had changed her face. Look at her and think of all the veils gone. You'd miss something, wouldn't you? But you would also learn something—you would understand her better.

What would *you* be like if all the veils were gone? A small wisp of a face or a "glory unto glory," no-matter-what kind of face? Making a face is no touch-and-go job!

If the physical veils were gone—the imperfect skin, (even young things are guilty of that), the muscles not so firm as they were, the lines that blunders and habits of thought have etched (for it is habitual thinking that is the power that molds and remolds a face), what would you be like?

A face needs quietness in it. And freedom. Freedom from tension and freedom of thought and faith. Release your face right now and feel all the little tight nerves in it let go—in the cheeks, around the mouth, all around the eyes, in the center of the brow, under the chin. Feel silence and full release spread all through it like light. Who's running this world anyway—you? Who ran it before you arrived? Your contribution is to let go—to be open and pliable. You're not the Power

that accomplishes, you're its instrument—and it needs to find you pliable!

Oh, yes, a face needs silence in it. Not the stillness of stagnation but a live stillness, a listening, companionable stillness. No determination in it to be quiet, only a tranquillity that believes in purpose back of all things leading us on towards a sure fulfilment.

Learn to think of only one thing at a time. Put your mind solidly on that one thing you're doing or thinking about. Don't stretch it or scatter it—let it *rest* on it. No pulling down, no puckering, no drawing the brows together; spread them wide. A face has to learn what everyone must learn in order to be free—self-discipline. Perhaps then we'd get rid of some of these scattered, shallow, hurried faces.

There is a story of a woman who told a friend she always took a facial in church. As soon as she settled down for the sermon she said, "Spruce," and left her face that way—because it released all the muscles and made her face feel smooth and still. The following Sunday, her friend decided that she, too, would do it. She rustled into comfort in her pew and then thought, "Now, what was that tree Kittie said to say and then just leave your face that way? Oh, yes. Hemlock." (Try it once—but never again!)

A hundred times a day, relax the face—but relax it up and sweetly, like spruce, not down and feeble-mindedly, like hemlock.

Too many lines, alas, are made while one sleeps. One's mind gets puckered during the day—and most of us are either too ignorant or too lazy to unpucker it before we go to sleep and so we take a screwed-up mind and face into sleep and make fatigue and lines all night long, or anyway for several hours, until sleep smoothes us out a bit in spite of us.

Sleep isn't the stuffy blank we think it is. It's a wonderful place we go to when we need to be repaired. Try saying just before you sleep—"Take me to the source of all life and renew me while I sleep. New and strong and filled with life." You can go to a far and healing place. Make use of it!

That borderline between waking and sleep is a magic carpet that we step on carelessly! Make a ceremony

of it—pull out the puckering string and let your mind fall open and empty before you start. Unpack instead of pack. Empty out, and travel light and clean. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Name the spiritual goal that you want to go to in your sleep. Ask with confidence. Adventure! Empty out and go. Sleep is magic!

And don't fret if you can't sleep—fretting only make it worse. Pull out the puckering string—that is your first step. Pull it out again and again. It gets easier after while. And don't think of sleep as such a solid thing—a thing you have to break into. It is "fluid as a pool of water." Let the mind sink and rise, drift and float—tranquilly, lazily, placid as a ship upon a sleep river. Say a Psalm lazily—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," or "He that dwelleth in the secret place," or any other quieting poem that you love.

(Drinking warm milk helps, too, just as you get in bed. Or putting a warm electric pad under your shoulders and neck. Also, upon lying down, the slow, swinging of the head in a circle—as large a circle as your head can make.)

Drift. Float. Toss as much as you like. That's your nice, intelligent body's way of getting itself into relaxed and comfortable pose. A normal sleep changes his position between thirty and forty times during an eight-hour night. Go loose and free and let your body do what it wants to. But make your mind behave. It's no good threshing things out before you go to sleep. However, if you wake in the night and feel clear—thresh them out then, put it down in black and white and then, all free and empty, step once more on the magic carpet and off you go to the pool of sleep and the renewal of life. Take a smile into sleep. Take a tranquil face. Take an empty mind. *Bon voyage.*

Faces that have seen a great many moons rise and a great many suns set need a little exercise. The mostly have grown a bit rigid, watching.

Here's a good exercise. Do take it if you have those sad old lines from the bridge of the nose to the lower jaw. Blow them away with "Pooh!" Not a scornful pooh but a gentle raillery of a pooh. The lips are puckered but the cheeks and mouth (Turn to page

Shelter in the storm

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

SEVEN of us were sitting together talking politics when one of us, small and like a butterfly, said a very radical thing. And almost all the rest of us leaped at her and cried, "Why, you're an extremist!" "You're a visionary!" "That's sheer nonsense!" And one of us drawled, "Oh, don't get excited, she's just a hummingbird, darting about."

And then the tallest, most silent of us observed, "Well, whatever else she is, she's a shelter in the time of storm."

The talking stopped short because nearly everyone of us there was thinking of the time or times that she had been exactly that to us: "a rock in a weary land, a shelter in the time of storm." She had taken us in when we had no place to go, she had bound up our wounds, she had found us work when we needed it, she had given us hope when we had no hope, fed us when we were hungry, warmed us when we were cold, healed us when we were sick.

Now she looked at us with shining eyes and confided, "That's the nicest thing that ever was said about me!"

All the way home I thought about her. There are so many things one wants to be; but if you could be only one, what could be better than "a rock in a weary land, a shelter in the time of storm?" You'd have to be all the lesser nice things in order to be that—wouldn't you?

You'd have to have within yourself the warmth of heart that would make people feel free to tell you anything—anything: "I've lied," "I've hated," "I've murdered"—and they'd know that you wouldn't condemn, that you'd listen and try to understand. And you'd need a sense of humor or you'd get your sense of values all tied up in a tangle. And you'd need a serenity so deep that nothing could shake it.

You probably never could have a serenity as deep as that unless you were sure of the presence of God in all things. (You don't have to call Him God, if you don't want to; call Him Order or Compensation or Plan.)

If you had all these attributes you'd be a shelter in the storm (and a delightful person) of some use to God and man. It's like charm; some people are born with it. They come into the world with all those lovely qualities sprouted. Only rest assured that they have earned them in the life before this or before that—earned them either by the sweat of their souls or by the beauty of their obedience.

And some people absorb these beatific quali-

ties by life beating upon them like lashing rain, buffeting them like fierce wind, stabbing at them like sharp lightning, and filling their ears with dread like the roll of thunder. Inch by painful inch, their bewildered feet come nearer to the rock and their weary heads closer to the stillness and patience and light that is the serenity of God.

One way to deepen your serenity is to use, *every moment*, whatever serenity you already have. So does it deepen its roots. Pray for the "abiding grace." And then *use it!*

Too many of us find our serenity, our abiding grace, in someone else or in a book, somebody or something to whom we run and to which we cling because their balance can't be upset. Why can't it? Because it is rooted in themselves.

That book we select has balance because it is made up of the best of a balanced mind and soul. That man to whom we run for shelter is a shelter because he has found his great self and lives with it instead of with his little self. Living with your little self, your outer self, is a rather thin life—any wind can blow it around. Living with your inner self is finding God and experiencing faith and conviction.

Your great self is always there, waiting. Because of your free will, that self has to wait. You must choose to be identified with it; it doesn't come and get you. But every time you seek out that inner self of yours to find your direction, you take on something of its perfect pattern. Every time you seek its shelter you become a little more a shelter in the storm yourself, until some fine day you wake to find that you are one with your great self, that you have found power and insight and love and have become a "rock in a weary land" which sinking feet may stand upon and find security.

To go swiftly within to that great self to discover the true meanings there, to get your answers there is the art of living. Go timelessly, as if you had a thousand years to stay within and listen. What is time? A shadow passing—a small, distorted glimpse of Truth.

Do you remember the story of the nightingale and the monk? Brother Francis heard a nightingale singing so beautifully that he got up and went into the dark and the woods to

hear it. He listened enraptured, until it stopped. Then he turned back to the monastery and found it was day.

But there was a strange man keeping the gate, a man who didn't know him, who wouldn't let him in. "But I'm Brother Francis!" he cried. "There is no Brother Francis here," answered the young monk; then his face clouded with thought and he said, "There was once a Brother Francis who wandered off in the night, over a hundred years ago, and never came back." "I am he," answered Brother Francis serenely.

To be unafraid of time, to "sit loosely" to your possessions, to be less concerned whether you are getting your "rights" and more concerned that other people are getting theirs, to tell the truth no-matter-what, to find the truth behind the appearance, never allowing appearances to throw you off your balance—that is to obtain serenity.

To take time to be. Your imaginings and your beliefs not only condition your life but they recreate it. What kind of thinking is your habitual thinking? The cluttered, hurried thoughts of the market place or the high, clear thinking of the mountain top? Take time to meditate. Perhaps that's what is the matter with your life. You don't take time for inner communion. Meditation is not a "waste of time," a vague wandering. It's as businesslike and compact as a bullet. Gather yourself together with no loose ends floating and seek with all your heart or affirm with all your soul. Then you will obtain. Solitude highly used is a power-house of strength and serenity.

The direct way to your great inner self is to obey undeviatingly the highest dictates of your mind and heart. You cannot disobey or ignore them without losing. *To the highest always!* You can never be secure, you can never mean security to anyone else, if you choose the "good enough" in yourself. It must be the best. You'll be much happier, you'll feel much less alone in this world.

Why are we running so? To get out of the storm? There is a self within which fears no storms. It is timeless and complete. It has within it all that you wish to be, "greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world." In that self there is the strength that can push on through disillusionment, through fear, through death itself. It is the rock in the weary land, the shelter in the time of storm. It is God within you.



CELIA CAROLINE COLE BRINGS YOU BEAUTY

She looked as if she had just arrived from Olympus. There was a glow about her—as if she were arrayed in stars. Or light from the sun. Was it simply health? I looked around at the other girls and boys in the room—no, they all had health—but they looked a little wispy and mortal beside her.

Her cheeks had more color than the rest—was it that? No, not just that. Tall and splendid she stood in the midst of them. But they were most of them tall and free—these young things from seventeen to twenty.

It was her hair! Yes, a little like a gleaming helmet, crisply curly and dark gold. But it wasn't her hair! What was it, what was it that made one think of the peaks of Olympus and glorious figures of striding gods and superb, conquering women whom men called goddesses?

I watched her. She wasn't having a good time. When she spoke, there was a kind of silence from the others—a watchful, unfriendly silence that set her apart—that beautiful thing, with the light around her. What on earth did it mean? I kept on watching her. Then her eyes met mine. And I knew.

She was fighting for something. That Olympian glow around her came from courage—the sound of drums and bugles in her soul.

Later, I found out what it meant—that lone young thing fighting against the pack. She had grown up in Europe, had been educated in Switzerland and Paris and London. And then at the age of seventeen, her mother had come back with her to America and set her down among the people with whom her social position placed her. There she was, with her old-world culture, dropped down among the frank, savage young things of this our glorious land of the free.

They found her strange. She was "different." She liked the symphony. They liked jazz. She went to picture galleries. They went to pictures. She talked of books and composers—she'd never heard of Cab Calloway. And you could no more have "petted" with her than you could have slapped a goddess on the back.

Outside! That's where they pushed her, with her bright beauty, outside of their friendship. She wanted—oh, terribly she wanted to like them and to have them like her, so, brave young warrior that she was, she fought down the things between them, keeping her courage held high above the pitiful uncertainty of her youth.

She won. Oh, yes, she won. Not all at once, but steadily. If you have the kind of courage that shines out of you like light, you do win. You see it through, you push through your own weaknesses and fears and set your chin and go on. And then, hardest of all, you have to wait for your battles to show results.

It takes courage to wait—to do nothing about this thing you want so much except to keep firm hold on your vision and your faith.

"If that is for me, nothing anywhere in the universe can keep it from me, not even some little, fool mistake

I've made, myself! And if it is not for me, I don't want it."

That light about her head that wasn't just golden hair—it made me think of old paintings of the haloed heads of saints. Somewhere back there an artist with seeing eyes had *seen* that light about a head. Is it there? Is there one about your head? Are you fighting for something worth fighting for? Or is there a glow of light spreading out from you? One sees, or at any rate, feels the light that surrounds people gloriously in love. And what is it about you that attracts people on sight? *Something* that emanates from you, impalpable but with power. Is it light? And when you are repelled by people without knowing why, is it that they have no light?

Every moment of our lives we are creating light or blotting it out or sitting in a kind of dusk, creating nothing, going nowhere.

Are there haloed heads today?

I think of the heads I know. It was a woman who uncovered the hideous profits for the few in war. I think there is a light about her brown-gold head. And every Sunday afternoon, a man sends out, on the air, enough light for a world to rise by. I think there is a light about his head. Perhaps, still closer, your mother, your sister, your husband, your child.

Little rings of light and wide, glowing circles. If we could see.

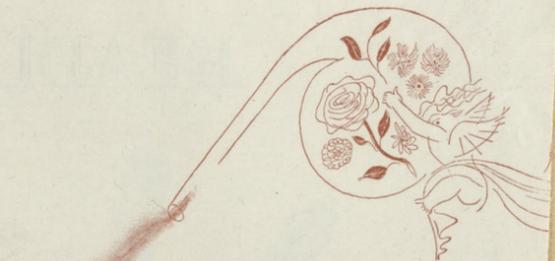
Today I passed an old gentleman on Fifth Avenue. He was walking gallantly, twirling his stick, though it was plain to be seen that walking had become a thing of effort to him. His face had a look of pink cleanliness, his clothes were faultless. He walked jauntily with his feeble step, his eyes on the park where the stirring of spring lay beneath the late snow. Renewal. Courage! What matter if April never came to him, just so it comes! (If I were the dispenser of light, I would make a little wreath of light around his silver head!)

And then, unaccountably, I thought of another man—an English officer, who, wounded, was retreating in that great stampede of retreat, the first battle of the Marne. Two roads led back—but a little further on, they joined and became a single road. In the rush and horror of retreat, lorries and men and horses and cars jammed at the crossroads. Panic ensued.

The wounded officer climbed on a riderless horse and took charge of the traffic. All day long he sat there in the midst of the heavy firing, directing, bringing order out of fright and chaos. Three horses were shot from under him but still he kept his post until night came and the retreat had ended. Then he rode away in the dark. England tried to find him to honor him but no one seemed to remember who he was and no one answered the advertisements. But somewhere, if he lives, there walks among us surely, a man with a light about his head.

How can one gain this light?

Perhaps it is simpler than we know. One shoulders his cross and bears it up the hill.



Celia says: "Carry your head gloriously as if it were among the stars. And your shoulders softly like folded wings. Walk as if at any moment you could fly if you so willed."

"It is astonishing how a satiny, serene coiffure softens your manner. Shimmery, dancing hair with a beautiful swing across the back. Hair that is satisfied—root, shaft, and permanent."

"A head without decorative hair, soft and shining with health, is like a lamp without a shade."



Brown



By Celia

WHENEVER I talk to people about the body, for some reason or other I find myself talking in threes, "Lift it up," "Stretch it out," "Hold it high," "Give it purpose," "Set it free."

Perhaps it is a little hangover from our Puritan days, that we have so low and careless a concept of the body. What is our body? How much use do we make of it? Do you like yours or are you antagonistic towards it?

There was a time when I denied that I had any. I was spirit, and this thing that seemed to be a body was an illusion—something to be denied, something to be put down under my heel (whatever my heel was) and disciplined into nothingness. I divided myself. I was I—and my body was something to be mastered and made into nothing.

But now I know that it is a superb and sensitive instrument—this thing called a body—the only instrument I have with which to extract knowledge from outer things, the only instrument I have with which to express my thoughts, my aspirations, my very being. It is the embodiment of me—as words are the embodiment of an idea.

Lift it up! Eager and exquisite, it touches, tastes, sees, smells, hears a thing, and the spirit that lives within it explains and translates those experiences into knowledge. Lift it up—this magnificently clever thing, this silken, responsive liveness! Only when it, too, like your spirit, is singing with well-being, can you be wholly you.

I went to see a neighbor (oh, yes, we have them in New York) who is "sculpted" and painted and photographed as "the most beautiful body in the world." Her name is Marguerite Agniel. I had expected beauty but in my ignorance I had never dreamed that in this groping world there could be a body so utterly lovely. It was not the lines and texture alone—I had seen beautiful texture and lines before. It was the movement. Words—at any rate, mine—cannot give it to you: lovelier than swaying branches of trees, than tall wheat in the wind, than clouds drifting in the sky—so lovely that I felt tears in my throat for all the discreet, stiff automatons in the world that could be free and joyous bodies if they only knew—poignant and strong and swift like Marguerite Agniel's.

She was born with one like that—so were you (what have you done with that lithe, twisting, swift little body you had?) and then she lost it. She was ill for a long, long time. Tired of reading, too weak to see people, she watched her cat to amuse herself. "I was fascinated by the strange but apparently comfortable poses which this animal body fell into without an effort. He was always well and I was always ill! What was his secret? . . . With what perfect relaxation he poured himself on the floor to sleep. And what an enchanting stretching process he adopted when he awakened! He never hurried with his getting-up ritual, he seemed casual, almost lazy, with his movements, but he was thorough. When he humped his back in a bow, he pulled his legs taut until he was almost standing on his toes. Next, he bowed his spine in the opposite direction until his stomach touched the floor, and then he made a sort of circular motion with his whole body. In this position he usually yawned prodigiously. Then he stretched out one paw and then the other in a brief but rapid vibration. This vibration had the effect of setting the muscles of the legs into opposition with each other. The same process was repeated with the hind legs." (Try it with your arms. Now, your legs. It's fun.)

They regarded each other for days—the cat and the lady. She decided that the value of his exercises lay in the stretch, not in muscular exertion, and in a definite

SET IT FREE

Caroline Cole

underlying rhythm of alternate rest and activity.

She began it in bed—gently, slowly. "There should always be moderation in the beginning, even with perfectly well people—flabby or stiff muscles are not benefited by sudden over-use."

The cat and Miss Agniel's will-to-live combined. And here she is—gloriously well, filled with laughter, and known as the "most beautiful body in the world."

So, stretch. When you wake up in the morning, stretch slowly, luxuriantly, thoroughly—like the cat. Shut out all the external thoughts—feel your mind open, wide and serene. Give thanks for the shining things in your life—the knowledge of God, love, health, power, growth, ability to help people—all the good, sweet things that are in your life. Stretch out your mind and heart—wide, wide in gratitude. And, then pushing off the covers, if you're warm enough, stretch out your body. This isn't something you can do if you have time, this is something you *must* do to keep relaxed and steady and lighted. This is your dawn. Think what a loss it would be if the sun popped out of the dark with no ritual of rising! Have you less need of beauty?

STRETCH your body into a long, silken thing, pull your waist up out of your hips. (Read Candida—she will tell you how to stretch awake.) This is a new day, full of unknown possibilities. Stretch your mind and heart and body out to touch them!

Merely taking exercises in the morning won't make you over. You must get it into your subconscious that your body is a lovely, singing thing—not a lump you've got caught in. Walk, swinging free from the hips, not just pegging along from the knees. Torso pulled up out of the hips, don't sit on yourself—that's what most torsos do: settle down on the hips. Up, up, up, you're traveling to the sun, not to the center of the earth!

To get your perfect posture, stand with feet *parallel* (be sure that they are), about six inches apart, pull in the lowest muscles of the buttocks, tight (but slowly, slowly, no jerks, *rhythm*), your buttocks drop, your abdomen draws back and up, your chest stays comfortably high, your shoulders rest on the body, relaxed, your head is back with the chin up. Now stay that way. And walk as though you were standing on a star—you are, you know.

At first, you have to be conscious of your posture and your body, but after a while the way sinks into the subconscious and makes a path which you follow automatically. Your body intelligence has accepted it.

One poised radiant body can straighten up a whole room full. Release and inspiration breathe from it.

When your body speaks to you, listen. When it says, "I am lazy," don't take it by the shoulders and make it march, whether or not! A lazy body is probably a toxic body, or a growing body in need of rest and dreams. When it says, "I am tired," relax it. If you cannot let it lie down and rest a bit, stop a moment right where you are and consciously relax it. Begin with your face—think a smile and then feel your whole body unclench. Open, open. Most of us pinch our nerves shut and the life-force cannot get through in a good, strong stream. Set your imagination free.

High on a mountain in Greece is a message, cut in stone, from the Greek army buried there: "Tell the Spartans we lie here obeying their orders."

I think of it, when I look at the *caught* bodies one sees. Set them free! Let your orders be: "Live! Stretch! Up! Towards the stars! Moving like birds in a flock across the sky, high, free, beautiful! Live!"

Man is God expressed! Have we forgotten?

Freedom Is There!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF AND BE SOMEBODY YOURSELF

MIDDLE-AGED and glad-she-was, she came into the club like a ship in full sail, "I've found out something about myself," she said, confidently—"I can take it."

We chuckled. We'd always known that—we, who had seen her stand up under all kinds of loss, loss of money, loss of a cherished career, loss of husband and son.

"I can take it," she repeated, "come hell and high weather, now."

"What's happened?" we cried.

"Ruthie!"

Her daughter. What on earth!

"From the time she was born I've wanted the best for her—like every other mother. I wanted her to have a fine, healthy body, and for sixteen years she had it. Then she began to eat outlandish things, nibble between meals. I almost couldn't bear it—to see her eager body go lazy, her lovely color go, her skin lose its translucent look and her eyes their brilliancy.

"I tried this and I tried that but I couldn't accomplish anything—she liked what she was doing—it was her body and her skin, her life and her eyes, please, darling, leave them alone, she said. I felt terribly.

"Even more, of course, I had wanted her to have sound spiritual values, good taste, purpose. But so far as I could see, no one in her crowd had any spiritual values at all. Listening to a sermon on the radio one day, I called in to her, 'Come listen to this man—he's grand!' 'You listen, Mums—you're a growing girl and you need help!'

"I did, too.

"I scouted around and found some young people who were doing things—an artist, a young writer or two. They didn't interest her. 'Nice but not exciting.'

"I persuaded her to go to some plays with me. On the whole she liked pictures better.

"And then one day she said to me, 'Mother, I wish you wouldn't try to make me have a good time. Or know people. Or things. I like to find out for myself.'

"Well, there was something in that! I'm not one of those possessive women who want to run people—now am I, girls, really? But I couldn't help but feel responsible—she was a young girl, and mine, and I was responsible for her.

"I tried clothes. Perhaps if we bought her some interesting clothes it would make her remember that she has beauty, that life is a lovely thing and then she'd take better care of them both.

"I did that.

"Yesterday when we were buying her clothes for college, she said, 'Mother, I think you dress delightfully but I don't like your taste for me. I don't like these dresses that you've picked out. I like that one and that one and that one.'

"My heart turned over—it actually did. Cheap material—gilt pipings or buttons, or cellophane bows

—you know the kind of thing. 'But they're not good material,' I cried. 'Don't you remember how your grandfather always said . . .' 'Oh, yes, I remember perfectly but I don't agree with him. I like them not such good material and then they don't last forever. I'd rather have them less expensive and more of them.'

"Well, girls, I walked out of that shop like a woman who'd been struck a mortal blow. I don't know even now what it was that hurt me so! In spite of those dresses, I knew that Ruthie wasn't cheap—she's never liked cheap people or books, she never lies, she uses her head, she's sound as a nut, really. Was I suffering because I felt a failure as a mother? Or was it because I felt that the last link between us had been broken—I couldn't even shop for her!

"When I went to bed last night I cried a little. I couldn't help it. I felt beaten.

"But presently I began to breathe deep! Big, deep breaths, and the tight band that had been around my heart, broke. And instead of being crushed, I was free. I lay there, feeling as if my arms were the bone part of wings—you're always talking about wings, Celia—that they're dragging in the dust or they're spread wide or something. Now I know what you mean. I felt as if I had strong wings growing out of my arms! And for the first time for eighteen years, I felt free! I was *me!* Not Ruthie's mother—*me.*

"That gallant young thing had at last jolted me into freedom for both of us, pushed me into seeing her as an entity on her own, that mysterious thing that must find its own way, win its own vine leaves, make its own blunders, belong to itself for better or for worse." She was silent a moment. "I got a glimpse of what God must feel like, seeing His children, ignorant and wilful, stumbling around in His world, and He can't put His hands on them unless they ask Him to! I hadn't the privilege of being responsible for Ruthie any more than I had of being responsible for Shirley Temple or King Tut. She was not mine to keep.

"And I woke up this morning, saying 'Now life, come on. Whatever you send, I can take!'

We were silent. And then we nodded. We all had children of our own. We knew. You reach the place where you can let go and take it—and then you're free. Free to live your life, free to be better friends with your children.

I thought of the middle-aged and old people I know, trudging along, steady-eyed, their faces strong and bright. Strong, because they know they can "take it." Free, because they can take it and not be bitter. Strong, because they've come to trust the redemptive power inside of a human being, even though she's young. Free, because they've learned to give freedom—and so they have it themselves.

It's a grand lot of people—that army of parents who have let go, marching intrepidly along, calling out "Come on, life, I can take it!"

Take a look at them, will you?

by Celia Caroline Cole

The Light-Hearted Quest

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

your lungs in breath, that I-Am-ness that flows into form with a cry and slips out of it leaving a look of abiding peace behind? How else do you explain it? Don't you see Him in your ability to walk, to speak, to will, to resurrect yourself out of woe and defeat, to love, to give, to know without thinking? Don't you find Him in the sky at night, in the coming of life in the springtime, in the falling of old, ignorant systems in the world, old dark-nesses changing irresistibly to light?

I have seen Him look back at me out of the eyes of people, speak to me from their mouths, touch me with their hands.

Wherever you see kindness, beauty, pure joy, you are looking at God. Whenever you have one wholly disinterested, loving thought that pushes on into deed, you have touched God. Whenever you have seen bondage drop away from a human soul, you have watched God work.

God who? God Everywhere, working "in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." God is in the midst of even the worst conditions, leading us toward divinity by the way of suffering because we would not go by the way of Light.

If He is no more to you than the unexplained source of life, that is enough to touch Him by. If He is no more than the highest in you, that is enough to see Him with.

If each of us would do unhesitatingly the highest in us—always, not just now and then, and not the "good enough" but the best—we would see God walking among us at His work. And we would be free, even in this terrifying world, from that deeply depressing belief that "life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

To know that life has meaning, to strip yourself of all pretense and start out light-heartedly (for a light heart carries strong wings) toward becoming more and more sentient of the Presence everywhere . . . more and more aware of the potential perfection of those about you . . . more and more convinced that there is a Plan so vast and so detailed that not a cry can go unanswered . . . more and more reassured that all you have imagined of what life could be is true, that dreams and visions are more real than most of your experiences—this is to join the quest, to become one of the throng that is walking in the Light, arrayed against battlefields, storming slums, working without ceasing in the midst of politics and treachery, clearing out the temple that has been made a den of thieves.

God who? God everywhere, putting the picture together again.

In the beginning, God. Whither shall I go?

ONE night, at a nursery supper, a small boy I know asked, "Who made these potatoes?" "Cook, of course," his mother answered. "No," he persisted, "not who baked them, who made them?" "Oh!" answered his mother, and then, a little at sea, "God, I suppose." "God who?" he asked.

And that is what most of us are asking.

I remember a time when I had to know who God was before I could go on with my life. I was eighteen and I refused to have anything to do with spiritual things that didn't "hold water." If there were one little leak anywhere, in data, in definition, I would have none of it. Tidy days were those, when I sought to wrap God up in a sentence, like a tied and tagged parcel!

Now I don't expect to define Him, I don't even want to. I have seen Him, I have watched Him work, I have touched Him, I know that He is. And that is enough.

And whenever my neat little bustling mind tries to prick me into definitions, I escape into "In the beginning, God." And into: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me."

And I am content. I can walk around in there without knocking my elbows against anything or bumping my head. Somewhere, way back B.U. (before us), there was Creative Power, Desire, wanting to be expressed. And we—you and I, and the stars, an ant, an oak, and the whole universe and all that is in it—are the result. All one magnificent picture of the self-expression of Formlessness into form. And now are we, by our own free will (that ineffable, gambling gift of God) broken up into parts, separated one from another into a picture-puzzle, scattered, confused and confusing, but still a picture made by a Great Artist, to be put together again in proper array and made whole.

And that's what life is all about, I think—to get each part back into its perfect shape and put the picture together again. That is the quest we have embarked upon whether we wish it or not. That is the game of life. And that is why love gives more satisfaction than anything else in this world: we see perfection, we feel togetherness, we catch a glimpse of the Plan.

In the days when I lived with complexity and defining, my favorite definition of God was the Plan. There were several other last names I had for Him—Original Consciousness, Creative Power, Principle, Love, Order, Law, Purpose, Light (have you had them, too?)—but God the evolving Plan of the expression of all life was the most stimulating! I used to leap upon it as if it were a charging steed and ride among the stars.

But now as I step along on my quest, I never look at those superb last names; I leave them all light-heartedly. You can believe by the skin of your teeth (which is your intellect) or you can believe by the width of the sky (which is your heart and your faith and the joy in you). He is the meaning in everything, He is all creativeness, He is great music, He is color, He is laughter, He is the flight of a bird across the sky, He is all the joy I know or have known, He is my conscience plucking at me, He is my ability to believe, He is my wrath and pain at injustice and inertia, He is courage and honesty and beauty, He is the secret deep happiness one cannot explain, He is the irresistible onward sweep of good, of increasing intelligence and well-being in the human race, He is God—a fact I cannot encompass but can unceasingly learn more about and love.

And I go about His purpose as if stepping to a fair. I know of nothing more interesting, more delightfully challenging, than to see everybody as a more or less out-of-shape part of a picture-puzzle and then in my mind's eye see Him made perfect and fitted into His place in the whole. God expressed.

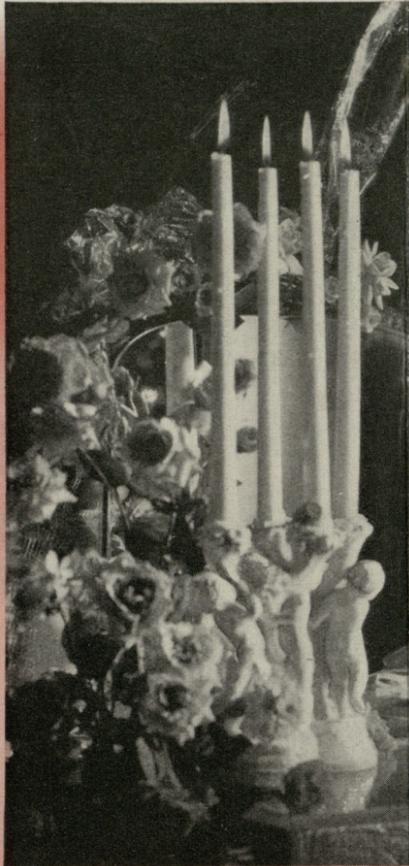
God who? Does it matter? Don't you feel Him in the life within you—that mysterious, dependable power that beats your heart and contracts and expands ★ Continued on page 80





RUNNING WILD

by
Celia Caroline
Cole



YOUNG things and hair and isms all think that results would be marvelous if they could do just as they please. But when they do it, there is a mess, an emptiness, a what's-gone-wrong feeling. It's because no one and nothing are as yet perfect enough to do as they please. It's too heady a draught; they run wild. I've known hair that could run wild—occasional brushing and the routine shampoo, but raining, though hair *does* like habits and responds to them beautifully—and it still was attractive (if its owner was under thirty), but I've never known an ism or young thing that ran wild and still was very desirable. They lose their charm, their centeredness, that coming and fascinating quality known as "both feet on ground." Head among the stars, yes, but both feet on the ground. It takes a tall person. And a tall ism. A dramatic, magnificent hair. The one thing I know—all these letters that come marching to me from you, the young, stir me through and through. I watch you in the girls' schools I visit, I look and look at you here in my home visiting my own young thing, I search and search you in your letters. I know that life is not at all easy for you. Something in you feels so strong and sure, and then everything outside of you keeps you from letting it out, using it freely, superbly. Slim young moons riding confidently a very wide sky. And then something in you is confused and frightened, like a little child who needs and to hold on to tightly as she walks. This comes from one of you: "Will you, some day on, write an article especially for us—for us who after living and striving for sophistication, end up by making ourselves hard and artificial; for us who, to all

outward appearances, are poised and fearless, but whose inner selves are a turmoil—frightened by the turbulent life we lead. Please dedicate your page to us once; won't you?"

So this is your page, my dear young friend with the lovely name. (And you haven't ended up hard and artificial—that's a very lovable letter.)

But I know exactly what you mean. I've seen it. That wise (ugly wise) look in the eyes and mouth that says: "You can't tell me anything I don't know—I know my way about!" And underneath is emptiness or painful uncertainty as to what is the right direction to go.

It's enough to make stones groan and disintegrate! Missing *youth!* Leaping from little girlhood into sophistication with no real experience back of the sophistication to make it smooth and rich and kind.

The thing you really want is to know how to handle yourselves, isn't it, how to be effective, lovable, strong, amusing, exciting, restful and desirable? Quite a lot. But you can be it all, if that's what you want—it's there within you. Nothing is impossible. If you can vision it, you can be it! And all this sophistication thing works out just the opposite way. It makes you disappointing (and disappointed) and unloved (sought after, in a way, but not loved) and a little ridiculous. You've thrown away the thing in you that was so valuable—your unspoiledness—the lovely, untouched quality of you.

Go back and be yourselves. You can. Stop pretending. Open yourselves to discipline. Welcome it. It will save you.

And this, from a girl of sixteen. Lovely, clever but here she is:

"To me life seems an endless thing
That wanders on and on,
Dragging along the weary souls
That through some will of Nature or of fate
Must follow for a little space
This timeless empty thing called life."

I can scarcely bear that! To feel like that towards this one best proof of God-in-the-world—*life*. Life in you, life in a blade of grass, life in an eagle, life in trees.

[Continued from page 23]

lead, like the lovely Nike. Skin specialists say that bad posture is the cause of many of the skin troubles; shallow breathing, poor circulation, constipation resulting in acne, blackheads, sallowness, roughness.

Psychologists tell me: "Get them to ride and swim and dance, play games, start with making their bodies beautiful and skilful and interesting." You can prove this any time. Go ride a horse when you feel low, or walk where it is beautiful, or dance, or fence, or just run around the block.

I saw a line-up of girls one cold morning last October when school had just opened, shivering and "grousing" and suddenly the teacher, a most attractive young girl herself, snapped out: "Stop shivering! You've got to get used to this. Now come on, we're going to run around the block!" They came back sparkling with laughter and color, breathing hard, but all bucked up. Don't just sit and be low when life hurts you (bless you); *do* something. Use your lovely, eager, responsive body—it wants to serve you, it can help you to be whole.

The "not quite clean" means inside as well as out, like the well-known platter. Once a month, perhaps, I think it would do all of you good to drink a whole glass of laxative water and eat nothing all day, but drink two or three quarts of orange juice or grapefruit juice or unseasoned tomato juice or unsweetened pineapple juice. Don't mix them, but drink them an hour or two apart or stick to just orange juice, if you like it a lot. Not one crumb all day. Twenty-four hours of cleansing and rest for your tummy. (You eat such appalling things!) Catch up on your letters that day, or mending or reading or, perhaps best of all, day-dreaming. A day at home. Even a day in bed. Good for your skin, your mind, your whole self. You've no idea!

And how thoroughly do you wash your face *and* neck *and* ears? With warm (not

hot) water and pure, mild soap. Get in close to your nose! And how often and how vigorously do you bathe? Pores must breathe or fall sick!

Crystal cleanliness for your blessed faces that are like a writer's notebook—the general direction of the tale is there and interesting notes, but the story hasn't yet been written.

A face should never run wild. It should be clean, with its brows and lashes brushed into vigor and polished into gleaming, its powder not powder at all but just a velvety finish, and its lips—if they need to be rouged—so skilfully done that one must look to make sure that they *are* rouged.

Your face is so helpless if you are not good to it. Don't let it run wild!

Posture. Use that lovely invisible corset you have—abdominal muscles, the most perfect corset in the world, and they do their work so beautifully, if you will let them. Don't let them go soft and relaxed—hold them in and up—they won't show much now but they'll show frightfully later when you care how you look more than ever before!

Shortsightedness. Things seem to matter so terribly. And you suffer—I know it. It's one of the things that is hard to bear—that young things must suffer. But I believe with every inch of me that everything that comes into your life is there because you need it to be there—it is taking you somewhere, it is making you grow—pushing you up, up, up into the very eye of the sun—using you to make a wise, tall, beautiful, brave race of people, strong and fearless as eagles, clear and brilliant as stars, wise and patient and kind as God's love itself.

Let yourself grow to that tall statue! Be true to the highest you can find—within yourself and without! Climb up to it! Cling there! Don't mind the buffeting. Go higher! What does it matter that "the wind blows harshest around the tallest trees"? What a view those trees have! What power! Go on! Go on! Climb!

That unknown, superb gift with which we are to do something! The one power in the world is life! Use it beautifully, don't waste it. Lift it high and let it shine!

And this: "Your description of a young girl's face made me search out a mirror. I am twenty-one—surely not old enough to think of yesterdays as though there were no tomorrows and yet I have been doing just that. I am an unemployed stenographer and I'll admit that I am a little run-down in spirit. But I looked in the mirror and saw a 'hard, unlovely' sophisticated look. I'm glad that it is just a mask—a mask upon today's living—that that's all it needs to be if one is careful and builds upon her little integrities. I know I possess them—little integrities—though they are clogged up like the pores of a face and can't breathe—with depression dirt and grime."

She will come through! She sees, and that's the beginning of victory. Don't be afraid—you can't be defeated.

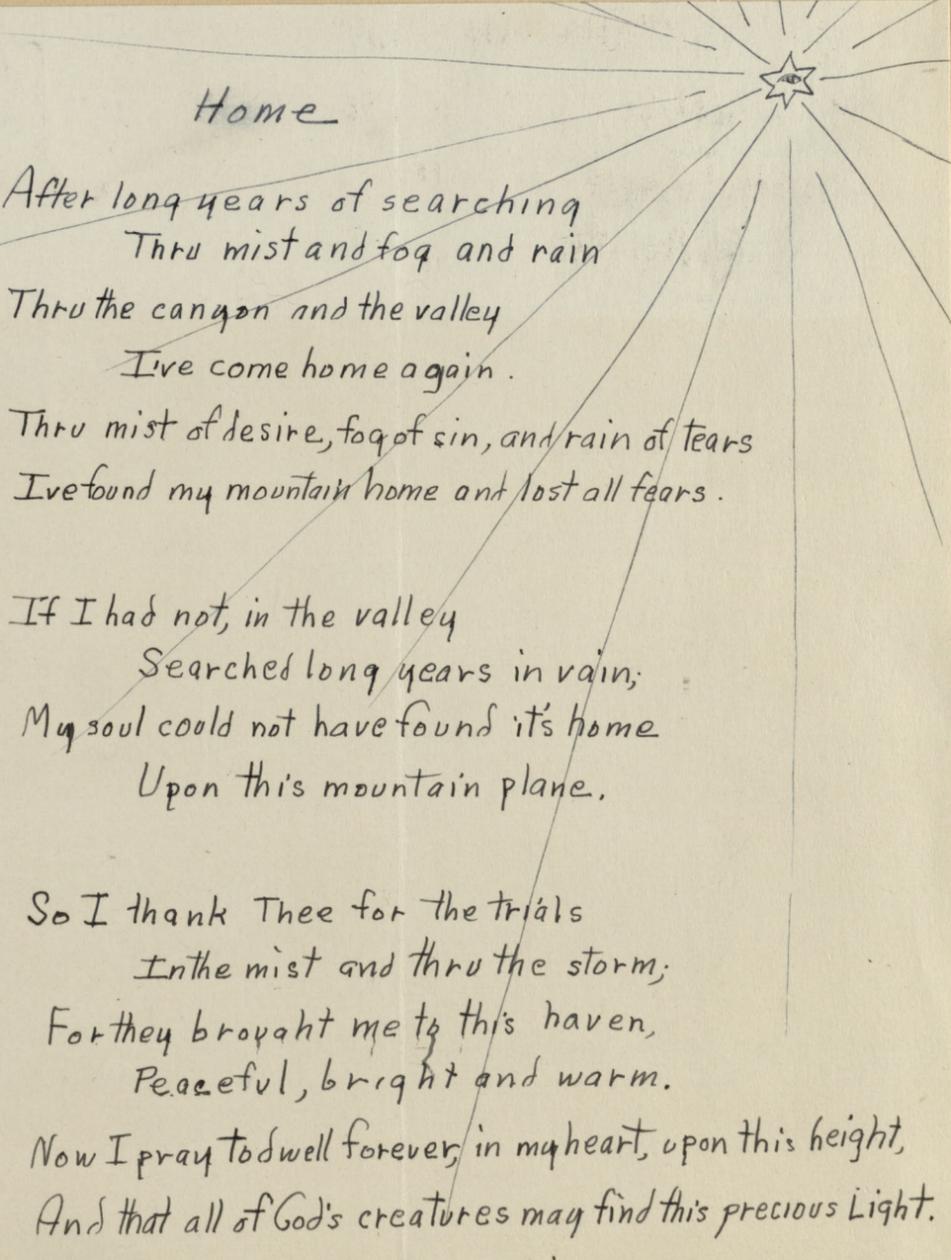
Heaps of lovely letters and so much appreciation that I feel humbled. And some of you have formed a "Distant Towers" Club, named for my article in last September's DELINEATOR. The Club members write me that "our most important aim is for each member to form habits now which will some day make her a 'great lady.'" Do you know what that does to me? I want to sing, I want to run in the wind and shout, I want to pray. I am so grateful to be able to help even a little towards making great ladies in this world.

Now, practically, where do we go? How can we find our way?

Three things I'm fairly sure of and then I, too, must grope. Too many of you have three things that are shutting you out: Posture—bad posture goes deeper than you think; "Not quite clean"—that, too, has roots that go down deep; Short-sightedness—your horizons are too near.

Physicians tell me that one reason so many of you are below par physically is bad posture—your body pulled out of line by the dropped chest, drooping shoulders, the aggressive tummy trying to lead the parade instead of letting the chest (Turn to page 28)





Home

After long years of searching
Thru mist and fog and rain
Thru the canyon and the valley
I've come home again.

Thru mist of desire, fog of sin, and rain of tears
I've found my mountain home and lost all fears.

If I had not, in the valley
Searched long years in vain;
My soul could not have found its home
Upon this mountain plane.

So I thank Thee for the trials
In the mist and thru the storm;
For they brought me to this haven,
Peaceful, bright and warm.

Now I pray to dwell forever, in my heart, upon this height,
And that all of God's creatures may find this precious Light.

By — Jessie B. Patterson

My Own Shall Come To Me
Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for tide, nor wind, nor sea.
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years.
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me
So flows the Good with equal law,
Unto the soul with pure delight.

— John Burroughs

.....Meditation.....

Sacred is this place alone,
Sought when the day is young.
Here bereft of all I own,
Mute is the wagging tongue.

Breathless calm, the heart is brought,
Gone the urge of the senses,
Asleep the leaping monkeys of thought,
Scattered the rails of the fences

Sipping the sparkling ruby wines,
Borne on the spirit's wings;
Heralded by celestial chimes,
O, list to the one who sings!

Sacred is this place alone,
Sought when the day is old,
Rich with a song, now my own,
I return again to the fold.

B4 - Jessie Patterson...39
To - Minnie Field

"Clouds"

by Jessie B. Patterson

Clouds swiftly drifting before my inner eye,
Clouds of unearthly splendor, not as seen in the sky.
But of every hue I've known before, and many, many more,
Drifting like foamy curtains, veiling some mystic shore.
Before one fades on the right, the next one appears to me,
Like waves follow each other, in the breaking of the sea.
Ah! What does it hide, this shimmering screen?
Just wait and you will see that it's a far-away scene;
For suddenly the space was clear and still,
Then there flashed a vision of a snow-clad hill,
With a village asleep in its blanket of white
Nestling there in this wintry night.
The sound of wind, and of breakers, roar,
Filled my ear as I gazed on that shore.
Then it faded as quickly as it had come
Leaving me wondering again in the sun.
Had I ever seen this snow-swept beach,
That my inner eye was able to reach?
Never, but the dearest soul on earth to me
Dwells in the village by that far-off sea!
Clouds drifting, drifting across my inner eye,
Clouds of unearthly splendor, not as seen in the sky.

Copy of original for M.F. by B.R.

A Limerick to Minnie

R.F.P.

There was a lady named Fields,
Who served some bountiful meals,
To a school-man dubbed Powe,
Who began fatter to grow,
From her head to her poor old heels!

She was also christened Minnie,
And liked her fishes so funny;
So she moved to Lena Beach -
Where the fishing was a peach,
So now has plenty for her dinner.

J. M. F.

She came from far off Ireland one
Bright and ~~starry~~ ^{happy} day,
And settled in Alaska in the good
old sourdough way.

Now we cherish her and love
her and never let her go
For we need her in old Minfield
Home,

To cheer us and hold sway.
be gay.

Sing to tune of "A Little Bit of Heaven"