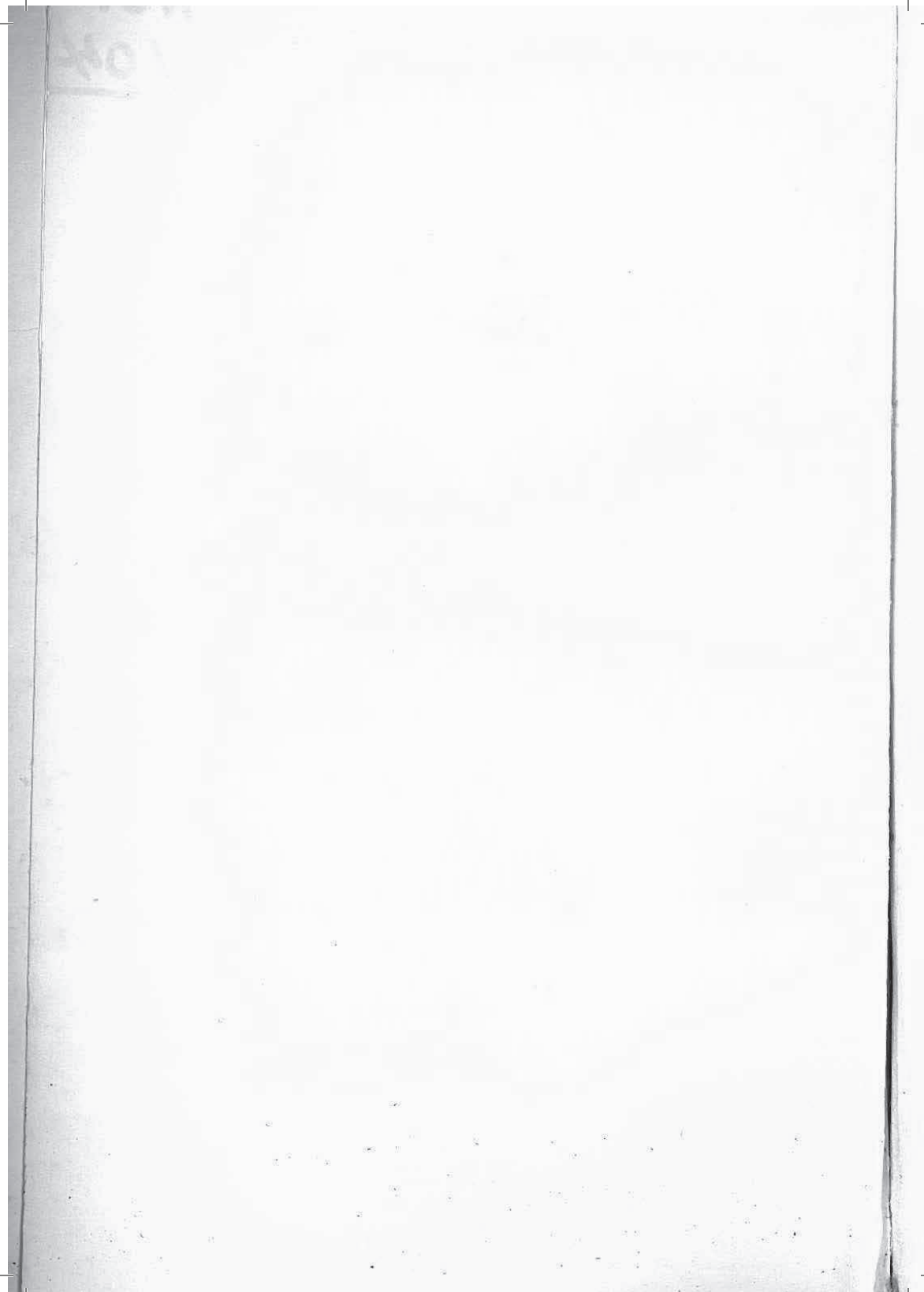


INTERIORLY WE ARE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.  
IN OUR TRUE ESSENCE WE BELONG TO THE  
WORLD OF LIGHT, AND IT IS POSSIBLE FOR US  
TO STAND IN AND AS THIS DIVINE LIGHT.  
ON THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE WE ARE SIMPLY  
PARCELS OF LIGHT COMING BACK TIME AND  
TIME AGAIN TO BE UNWRAPPED BY TRAUMA  
AND DISILLSIONMENT UNTILL OUR WHOLE BODY  
IS FULL OF LIGHT BECAUSE IN TRUTH WE ARE  
SIMPLY ANGELS IN THE MAKING.

THERE IS NO DISEASE IN A FULLY CONSCIOUS BEING





# *A Mystic Diary*

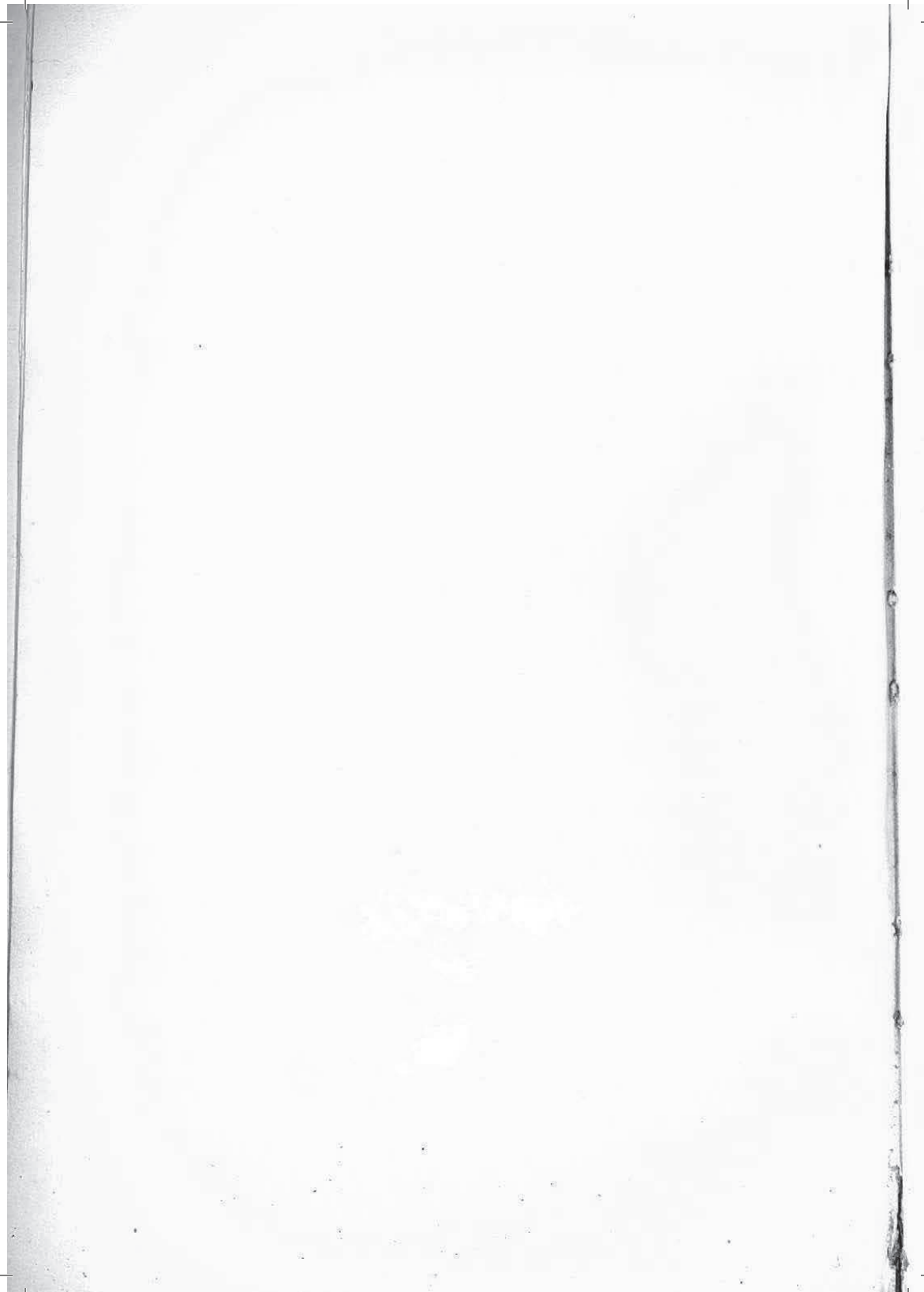
*By*

Mrs. SYDNEY SIMPSON

*with a Foreword by*

The Rev. H. W. WORKMAN

*Vicar of Overton, Marlborough*



**I dedicate** this Diary not only to those who are seeking the Truth, the Real and Eternal, but to those who have lost their way. May they find their way back to Christ and His Kingdom of love and harmony through the spiritual ideas in this book.

But in order to find this Kingdom "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

I wish also to thank all those who have helped me through their teachings and through their books, from which I have freely quoted, and for revealing God to me through their lives.

SYDNEY SIMPSON.



## Foreword

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*There is a prayer in a Litany for Children, which asks that we may direct the thoughts of our children through curiosity to wonder, through fairies to angels, through the imagination of the delights of playtime to the worship of the joys of the eternal. That prayer seems to express very happily the meaning and object of this book, though not so much for children as for grown-up men and women.*

*The distinctive note of faith to-day is the call to know that Heaven is around us and in us, here and now. This is an age in which stained-glass figures of angels and saints have come to life and are walking in our midst. I believe there never was a time when so many people were blessed with the open eye or the open ear. Yet so intimate and sacred are these experiences that few are unselfish enough to share them with others or brave enough to risk the incredulity of their fellow-men, as Mrs. Simpson has done in this book. For many years I have been privileged with her friendship and have thus been allowed to read her diary and to watch its gradual growth. This book consists of extracts from that diary.*

*I should like to emphasise that all these experiences are first-hand and direct; there is no trance-mediumship involved. It is such books as these that should be of the greatest value to Christians who feel impelled by their Bibles to look askance at trance-mediumship. There are thousands of people to-day who have direct personal experiences of a spiritual world. Such experiences may have their beginnings in purely psychic powers of contact with loved ones who have passed on, but when such gifts, and the life itself, are consecrated to the Master, they lead on*

*to contact with the angels, the holy ones, and even with the Master Himself.*

*That seems to me a truth which the Churches can and should be proclaiming from the housetops. May it not well be that the Kingdom of God is coming in power in this special way, and that in that Fellowship we shall find not only healing for the sick or personal companionship and guidance in our lives, but help in much bigger ways? May we not find there leadership that can eventually solve the great problems that oppress mankind to-day; may we not hope for the reunion of Christendom as all the Churches come to share in the Fellowship of that Heavenly Home?*

*I would add one word of warning: The royal road to experiences and gifts such as are here given us, is a heart that seeks ever more and more to be filled with love for The Master and with loving service to our fellow-men. Beware of short cuts, they are dangerous. You may force a rose-bud open, but in doing so you will inevitably ruin it; like the flowers in the garden, we each have our right time for unfolding our deeper powers and beauties. Let us then walk with The Master and know that when the right time comes for us we too will have our eyes or our ears opened. That time will be hindered, not helped, by intense and impatient desire to attain; let us learn from others the certainty of the goal and then walk patiently with The Master, Who is constantly moving amidst the flowers of His garden.*

*May He bless this book to many a life and use it to open many eyes to the certainty of those things which we have always believed and to the reality of His ever-present Kingdom!*

*Overton Vicarage,  
Marlborough.*

*H. W. WORKMAN.  
October 22nd, 1932.*



## HOW I FOUGHT FOR THE LIFE OF THIS BOOK

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The first edition of this book had just been published, and the first copies were on the table beside me. As I looked at them, they seemed to turn into a snake, and I was in the midst of an evil force that seemed to speak to me, saying: "That book must not be sent out into the world: it is against the teaching of Jesus; it will help no one and only do harm. We have come to destroy the book and you." Evil spirits seemed to take hold of me and drag me down, down into outer darkness. They told me that they now possessed my soul, and I would have to fight it out on their plane, where they were masters.

My mind went back to a wonderful vision that I had seen on New Year's Day, when Jesus Christ Himself came and said: "I am pleased with thee; go in peace!" I told my black visitors that the Master Himself had come and told me He was pleased with me, and I know now He meant He was pleased I had written the book. They only laughed me to scorn and said: "Why, that was no vision! It was just a make-belief in your own mind. It is all just imagination and nothing more."

The worst of it was that I began to believe them, and the reality of the vision seemed to be fading away. I tried to get my thoughts right and to pray for Wisdom and Light, but the blackness seemed to overwhelm me and I could not even think. Gradually, the vision I had seen became brighter and brighter, and I could just hold that one thought: "I am pleased with thee; go in peace!"

which I repeated over and over again.

Suddenly the whole of my teaching and what my book stood for came uppermost, and I shouted aloud : " I am spiritual not material ! You are negative and have no power over Spirit."

I knew with the whole of my being that the only real part of me was spiritual : that part of me they could not touch. I am Indwelt. The Presence is the only reality, and I am part of that Divine Substance. *Spirit is supreme.* I shouted it aloud with all my strength. The evil, the lie, had disappeared.

I was fighting for the life of the book and any other books that I should write. The part of them that was of God could not be destroyed. " All that *is*, God created," so His creative part of this book will be there forever. Nothing can oppose the supremacy of Spirit.

The outcome of it was that I received many, many letters from all over the world thanking me for the book. As I look up some of these I read :

*" Your book was given to me in my darkest hour ; through its pages I found joy and light."*

*" You will never know until you pass on how much your book has helped me."*

*" Your book has brought me back into the Light out of terrible darkness of mind."*

*" Every night we thank God that you were allowed to send out into the world A MYSTIC DIARY."*

We do indeed return thanks to the Father Indwelling. HE doeth the work.



## A MYSTIC DIARY

\* \* \*

In H. T. Hamblin's book THE SHRINE OF LOVE he writes:

*"Just at the right time, when man has learnt his great lesson that the things of sense and flesh and personality, no matter how good in themselves, can never satisfy the soul, a change takes place within. He desires to live after the Spirit instead of after the flesh or the senses.*

*"At such times he is led to certain books or teachings apparently by sheer luck or chance. But later he will realise that he has been led by the Spirit to find just the teaching that he needed in the time of great need. Henceforward man is completely changed, for the new birth of the Spirit has taken place, and what is mystically called the Christ-Child is born within him, becoming his real higher self, guiding him ever upward.*

*"Now the great struggle begins. Although born again, the beginner is only a babe in Christ. He has to grow and develop. He has continually to put off the 'old man' (old habits of thought, chiefly) and put on the new."*

\* \* \*

When I reached this "great desire" in my life I was led to read a book which completely changed me. I realised that I was a child of God living in a spiritual world, a new world of ever-increasing beauty and joy. My life

was transformed. I lived and moved and had my being in God; the Christ-Child was born within. I was awake to the Eternal Truth.

In my ignorance I thought I could live on these heights for ever, but no; I was told to take my newly-found beauty and joy into the valley and there seek out souls who were needing the Light to help them climb the steep ascent to God. My Light would shine in the darkness and bring new hope to those who were lost in the mists of the valley. Strength would be given me to help these children of God, as we climbed the Path of Attainment, into the realisation of the fulness of God.

\* \* \*

### December 1st.

After this spiritual birth I realised the innate powers within man; how, if we wish to have a definite purpose in life, we must train our minds and use the *spiritual substance of thought* in order to unfold on the physical plane what we know as Truth.

There is a spiritual *power* latent within us all and by focusing our thought on this power, or, in other words, having faith in this power, we bring it forth into expression, and thereby are made whole. It is a power that heals, sustains and restores; it is the power of Universal Life.

This Diary shows forth the *activity* of this spiritual power, and I send it forth to the world in the Name of Jesus Christ Our Lord, and may the angel of His Presence be with you as you read.

December 2nd.

Through the Indwelling Spirit I am free from the belief that I am controlled by material law. Through the Christ in me I am under His spiritual law which governs and guides my life. At night when I am free of my body, God's spiritual law again comes into operation and I am sent to help His little ones on the other planes, for "In My Father's House are many mansions."

These little ones are all life-centres, manifestations of Divine Love, therefore reflecting His Love and Divine Order.

\* \* \*

December 3rd.

For some weeks I have been helping a woman, Mrs. E., who is very ill. In the silence we have found the Presence of God, the consciousness of which is Eternal Life. I quite thought she would manifest this Life while on earth, but she passed on in the light of Love.

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IN THE SLEEP STATE

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A few nights ago I "awoke" to find myself on another plane. I so often visit this plane when my body is asleep.

I found myself walking into a hospital ward. I went up to a bed and sat down beside the woman who was lying there; it was the same woman I had been helping, Mrs. E. She looked just the same and was very pleased to see me. As I sat there I realised that she still



had to learn from the Spirit of Truth that the "power" is within, that man is a spiritual being living in a spiritual world, and that this power is healing and sustaining her *now*.

As I sat there I could feel the Life of Christ—which is the power of God within—flowing through her, healing her whole being. I did not speak to her. I *thought* all this for her.

Presently she said: "Have they moved me into hospital? I do feel so restful and peaceful."

"Yes," I said, "this hospital is called The Life of Christ, and it is here you can feel the power of His Life flowing through you, cleansing and healing you." She shut her eyes and I could feel more than ever the restoring power surging through her. After a while she opened her eyes and, looking at me, said: "I feel now like I did when I was a girl." Just at that moment someone brought her a cup of water and said: "Drink this—the Water of Life."

After she had drunk it she asked: "Where am I? Am I dead?" I answered her gently: "Yes, what you call dead; you have left your physical body, and now have to learn that there is no death, for Life is eternal. We live and move and have our being in God. His Life is within you *now*. Just lie still for a moment and know that you are at one with this changeless Life. Fix your mind on God, the Healing Power within, and say: 'The Father that dwelleth in me is healing me now.'"

And in the silence the Spirit of Truth worked. "It is wonderful, it is beautiful," she said, "and all so peaceful."

"Are you dead too?" she presently asked. "No," I said, "I have to go back to work in my physical body,

but because I am still living on earth I can help those who have just passed over better than the ministering angels of this plane, because the souls who have just left the earth feel I am more material, more attuned to their lower rate of vibration than the shining ones here. My physical body is on earth, resting."

The next bed I went to was surrounded with a dark purple cloud, heavy and depressing, and the woman lying in the bed was covering her face with her hands.

I spoke gently to her and she answered, still covering her face. "The life," she said, "that I lived down there does not seem to exist here; it was a bad, bad life."

"No," I said, "the life you lived down there was a dream life, a waste of time, and, oh, such a waste of divine creative energy. There is only one Life, whether it is lived on earth or here, the *Christ Life*."

As I sat by her telling her of this wonderful Life that was hers, the purple cloud gradually lifted and she became more peaceful.

This woman's earth life had been a Mary Magdalene's life. Very gently and quietly I pointed out to her how she had misused God's greatest gift to man: His own creative life; the divine force that has been given to man to create on the earth plane new channels of expression, not only to bring into existence other life centres. This divine energy seeks to express itself in wonderful music, beautiful poems, artistic buildings and perfect homes, in the ordinary every-day life helping man in his work and play. Yet this poor soul, like many others on earth, used it entirely for the satisfaction of the senses.

But as we catch sight of our God-like origin, we overcome the flesh and these so-called pleasures, and use God's creative energy to His glory; and this selfsame



power will heal the sick, lighten the darkness, subdue kingdoms, quench the violence of fire, give protection from the edge of the sword and bring us Peace for evermore.

Presently she spoke again. "Here I have to begin again, like a little child." "Yes," I said, "just be quiet and still and let the Life within teach you and guide you; think thoughts after God's thoughts, meditate on His purity, beauty and love until you have made them your own, then 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.'"

"It just heals every part of me; oh, how did I not know of all this before?" she cried.

Yes, I thought, why wait for so-called death before we learn how to live on earth? Why live in anticipation of something better in another realm?

No, just where we are is *Life*, just where we are is love and happiness because the Kingdom of God is within. The *appointed task* is heaven when it is thoroughly well done.

But Love has given us free-will, and if we prefer it we can go on living in the darkness; it makes no difference to the Light, for the Light is always Light and knows sometime and somewhere we shall arise and go to the Father and will say unto Him: "I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

And the Father, when He hears this, has compassion; and even when the son is still a long way off, the Father goes out to meet him and kisses him and brings him back to His Kingdom, where He has the "fatted calf" killed—that is, He gives him of His best. "Let us

be merry, for this My son was dead and is alive again.”  
Yes, the soul is alive again!

I saw that at times this woman had been very unselfish, and it was this unselfishness that had brought her to the hospital—The Life of Christ—there to learn that the Kingdom of Heaven is within; for no good thought or desire is wasted: it brings its own reward.

\* \* \*

December 18th.

Last night I again found myself working in the hospital—“The Life of Christ.” I have been allowed to see more of it and find not only are there wards for men, women and children, but also for animals.

I found G.V. at the hospital, a woman who passed on a few weeks ago; she is well and full of the Life of Christ—love and energy. She wants to help me with my work, so I took her to the animal hospital. I feel she is going to work there. There seemed to be peacocks all round the hospital. We saw many animals too and I particularly noticed an elephant who needed healing. While I was talking to G.V., who was telling me how very much she would like to work amongst the animals as she had always been so fond of them, I saw two people passing us carrying a man whose body was quite limp and his head hung down. I do not know who he is; perhaps a soul who has just left the earth and is in need of the teaching of The Life of Christ.

## MY CHOICE

December 21st.

Six or seven months ago I was told I could pass on, my hour had come—one part of me had been longing for this for some time. Every morning I had hated having to return to my body and begin a new day; so I felt delighted to think that at last I could go on and work without my body holding me back.

Then the Voice told me that I could choose; it was in my own hands to remain on earth or to pass on. And in a vision I saw W. and J. (*my husband and daughter*) and many others needing me at every turn—so I chose to stay with them here.

Sometimes now when I get that longing to go and it becomes nearly more than I can bear, I hear the Voice saying: "Remember, you have chosen, *you have chosen!*" Then all the restlessness goes and I know I have done right. Also since I have chosen I have never felt that horrid feeling in the morning—the reluctance to start a new day.

I feel I have work to do for God on earth. He is the only Power and nothing else really matters. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory." The Power is behind and through all and in the end it will win. His Power is the only thing that counts in this world. When we all with one accord manifest God as Love, Power and Life, and feel that the only Life is *God's Life*, then that will be the Second Coming of Christ, and we shall be one in unity, and He will be one through us.

For some of us the Second Coming has already happened, but we have to wait for the whole of humanity, and that is why we have to serve and help one another,



as we cannot go on to Perfection in units, but have to wait for the whole creation to manifest God. When the whole can say as Jesus said: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," then, and only then, can we serve the Universal Life perfectly and go forward to Perfection.

I feel that when that time comes we shall be the "Bride" of Christ, and shall hear the words: "Behold, I make all things new." I thank God that He has given us the opportunity to overcome and inherit all things by creating us and giving us free-will to manifest His Love and to live in harmony. But we have to conquer our faults and our thoughts before we can even begin to manifest Him. We have to win back what we have lost through selfishness. Jesus Christ is God's "only Son" because He is the specialisation of Love and is able to manifest His Father perfectly. As He is, so shall we be in the end. It will be a glorious time when we are the "Bride," "having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." REV. XXI.

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### THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

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December 24th.

For a few seconds last night I found myself at the animal hospital. I saw hundreds and hundreds of turkeys, line upon line. I also saw monkeys and many cows and sheep.

Christ's Birthday is a sad time for our feathered friends; that is why I saw so many needing healing; but, thank God, the Life Eternal within them never changes. The monkeys may have been there because the doctors

are needing so many thyroid glands as medicine nowadays. The cows and sheep I know need healing because of the foot and mouth disease on earth. Yet somehow this is only in the mind of man's mortal make-up. The perfect Life within does not change; wherever we are we still move and have our being in God, the Spiritual Universe which reflects God as He is.

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### NEW YEAR'S DAY

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#### January 1st.

A New Year has begun. With prayer I have put this book into the hands of Jesus Christ; it is His, and only Good and Truth can be written in it, and only Good can happen to it, and only the One Mind can be expressed: "God's thoughts are perfect and eternal, are substance and Life. (SCIENCE AND HEALTH p. 286.) So only Good can come through it to those who read it. I feel many wonderful things are going to happen in the near future. There is going to be a great outpouring of "the Spirit" into the world, and then man will see and feel the Power and Glory of God.

I have joined, or rather become a student of Mr. Hamblin's course in Truth. He says: "Do not force your development in any way. Also, do not try to leave your body. Also, do not try to develop clairvoyance or clairaudience; they become unfolded at the right time if we leave them alone."

This is so true and such good advice. Clairvoyance and clairaudience, I feel, should be the fruits and gifts of the Spirit and come when they are needed. They are a great responsibility and should not be misused. When

people get hold of them and force their development and use them for their own selfish ends and to gain money by them, they are akin to Black Magic.

Mr. Hamblin continues: "We have to keep the door shut against both astral and psychic invasion, and this is done automatically if we *raise* our thoughts and consciousness to our highest concept of God and Perfection. . . . You make contact with the Christ Plane from which all healing and spiritual power proceed."

I feel I make this "contact" and so am allowed to help in the hospital—"The Life of Christ," and teach those who are there how to reach the Christ Plane.

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### A VISION OF THE GARDEN

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January 8th.

In prayer one joins oneself with God; it is a mental attitude in which one realises one's at-one-ment with Him, and by keeping this at-one-ment clear in mind, the soul communes with Him in the Wise Silence and is raised to His peace, joy and consciousness, and in this consciousness the Spirit teaches through visions.

When I first realised the Life of Christ flowing through me as a healing power, I offered my services to the Church of England, but they did not understand. Then I thought of the Christian Science movement and I bought Mrs. Eddy's book *SCIENCE AND HEALTH*. I read some of it, but found it was very difficult to understand.

It may be that I am not ready for this teaching. Although I feel its essence is from the Christ Plane and I rejoice to know that through Mrs. Eddy it has been



given to the children of earth, yet I cannot quite see it as she does; I think we both believe the same thing, but we put it into different words. At first I could not see my path. I felt perhaps I ought to join the Christian Science movement, as the Truth in SCIENCE AND HEALTH shone with a great light. I held the whole question in the Silence and knew I would be given an answer. For days I held out this problem in the Wise Silence and I felt the Life of Christ as Wisdom manifesting through me.

Then came this vision:

I seemed to awake in a beautiful garden. I was alone and the peace of God was everywhere. I looked about me and I saw my garden was surrounded by high hedges. As I was looking at the hedge on my right, someone looked over it and said: "Come round into our garden." So I went and found a garden which was just as beautiful as my garden, but not so lonely, as there were many people in it.

I then became aware that this garden was the Christian Science garden. They asked me to stay, and I thought I would, as the peace of God was just as sweet here as it was in my garden; and, again, I felt it was not so lonely as mine. But just then a Voice called me by name, saying: "You must not stay in this garden; you must go back to the garden where you awoke, as I have work for you there." So I returned, and the Voice said: "Look! These are all My gardens, My Presence is everywhere; now you see that the gardens are divided by hedges, but soon all these divisions will be down, and it will be My One Perfect Garden."

The Voice ceased speaking and I was alone with the love and peace of God.

THE HEALING GROUP STARTED

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I felt that these gardens were the different religions of the world, and that soon there would be only one—The Life of Christ—in which we live and love and have our being.

I then put away all idea of joining the Christian Scientists, and started a healing centre at my house for those who were "awake" in the Church of England. I went round the village, and found there was such an opening for this work, as so many of our churchwomen were thinking of leaving because the Church was not "awake" to the healing power of Christ. So now we meet once a week and pray, and hold in the Silence those we want to help, and any sick and sorrowing ones who send in their names.

As we sit and pray for them, I feel the Life of Christ, which is the creative healing power, flowing through them and us. Space has no meaning when we are one in the Life of Christ. Through Him we can reach anywhere and anyone, as we are all one in Christ. Even as I write this I can feel the power. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory."

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THE LIFE OF CHRIST

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There is nothing outside the Life of Christ. What do we mean by this? It means that we are living in an everlasting *now*, living in the Eternal Presence. We are all alive in this Life, but so few of us are manifesting the joy and freedom of life, so many of us just live the life of the senses.

When a soul who has lived only for the pleasure of



the senses, passes on, he finds that without a physical body to satisfy his feelings he is in hell; as these feelings cannot be gratified, he is in torment and eventually wishes he had learned some of the lessons the earth life—through everyday experiences—could have taught him. But he is still alive in the Eternal Presence, and Love teaches him to desire something better. Love reveals a way to him and Love encourages him. This Love becomes active in his consciousness and drives out all fear and hate, until he sees the good, the true and the beautiful.

The Inner Voice of conscience and aspiration now whispers to him that he may return to earth again, for the earth-life is one of God's kindergartens for the soul's education, where it may learn to manifest the Eternal Substance. So he links himself to an individual or a family who can help him best with his development. Little by little he learns to rise above self and to find happiness in helping others. Thus he realises *true* Life—that he is a Child of God, born of Spirit, and an inheritor of spiritual blessings; and by remembering his divine sonship, he is able to overcome temptation and other limitations, and ultimately to manifest the Father at all times.

He can rise to these heights because Christ, the living power of God is within, the inexhaustible source of Life, which is deathless and eternal.

It is this consciousness—that we are living in the everlasting *now*—that I have to teach in my hospital at night during the sleep state. It is this consciousness that can say: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

MIND-READING

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January 25th.

I find that I am beginning to read people's thoughts. At times it is most unpleasant, sometimes I am miles away from them. But we all live in the Life of Christ and this Life is *Mind*. So I hold the thought of "good" for them and only good can manifest, for good is God.

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HOW I BECAME STRENGTH—AN ALLEGORY

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Early in the morning, a few days ago, I had a wonderful vision, which I will try to write down, as it may help others on the Path.

I seemed to be standing on the edge of a cliff. Down below me was a dark abyss. It was so dark that I could not see the bottom, only now and then I could hear what seemed to be the waves of the sea breaking on the rocks below.

Suddenly, as I was looking across this chasm, I saw on the other side—Heaven! It was a dazzling sight and I could feel peace, goodwill and love flowing across me, that Divine Love which seemed to catch me in its grip and fill me with longings that only Heaven could satisfy. My one idea was to set out at once and reach that dazzling place of perfect peace. I looked down into the darkness, and for the first time saw that there was a path across, only it looked impossible for human feet to pass that way. It was narrow and slippery and dark, oh, so dark! I was afraid! Yet when I looked up I could still see Heaven across the darkness, and feel its joys coming

out to me.

"I must get there as soon as possible," I thought, "I must try and get down to the path and reach it at all costs." As I was looking I saw some steps at my feet, and down I went to the bottom and put one foot on the path. As my feet touched it I heard a Voice say: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." Looking up I saw a silver cord hanging in front of me, which I at once took hold of. It was bright and strong. As I held it in my hand I could feel its strength coming into me and I felt safe.

I made a step forward and now had both feet on the path. There was nothing to be afraid of; I could start on my journey.

So with the cord—Divine Strength—held tightly in my hand, I went forward. It was certainly very dark on either side of me and the path was very uneven and slippery, and I should have fallen over and over again but for the strength that the cord gave me, and the light of the cord shewed me my path step by step. I tried to look in front of me, but all was darkness. My vision of Heaven had faded, but the memory was there and I could still feel the love and joy coming out to me across the void.

Turning, I glanced back to where I had come from—the world—and I saw the brightness and the gayness of it, and I could hear the laughter. . . . My path seemed very lonely, so I held more tightly to my cord, and could feel the strength of it fortifying me. I wondered what would happen to the worldly-minded, and as I looked I saw their way. The path they had to tread lay alongside my chasm. Very soon they would have to pass through a frozen plain, no sign of life to be seen anywhere, then up a very steep hill which was cold and barren, nothing



green on it. After that their way descended into a dark valley. I could not see beyond that, but at any moment, they too could step off this barren way and start on my path across the chasm. Their silver cords were all waiting for them, they only had to put one foot on the path, as I had to, before they could see these cords. The farther they went along the world's barren way, the longer was the road that linked up the path.

After thinking deeply of what I had seen, I continued my way, feeling that soon I would reach the end; then what joy would be mine! My cord became brighter and stronger every moment, and I grew more and more in strength. Suddenly in front of me I saw some steps, and again I could feel the peace and love of Heaven. As I looked up I could hear lovely music. I ran hard, not looking to the right or left of me, and, at last, arrived at the top still holding fast the cord in my hand.

I shall never forget the glory and the beauty of it all; words fail to express what I saw and felt. After the darkness, it was dazzling, it was brighter than the brightness of an eastern mid-day sun, without any of the heavy heat thereof. It had a refreshing clearness and the particles of air seemed full of joy, love and life. Around me was a perfect garden full of flowers, whose colours and scents the physical world has no idea of. The Presence of God seemed everywhere, and there was a great peace.

I was just going to step into this lovely garden when I heard a Voice calling me by name, saying: "You have earned the name of 'Strength' and are strength; but now turn back to the path and see what you have missed."

I looked, and for the first time I realised that the path was not empty. I had not been alone; there were

many there needing help and I had passed them by! And just at the foot of the steps where I was now standing was a woman, who had fallen down on the edge of the path. She still held her cord in her hand, which was small, like a piece of string, and it had lost its brightness.

"Look what you have done in your hurry up the steps," the Voice continued, "you have nearly knocked another off the path. But those who are given the cord can never let it go—although it may become dim and small—and so they are safe. You are *strength*. Go back! Give of your strength to those who are needing it."

I retraced my steps slowly down to where the woman was lying. I helped her into a more comfortable position, and held her in my arms, and as I held her she regained a little strength.

After a few minutes she opened her eyes and exclaimed: "Oh, the way has been so long and dreary; I have given up hope, I can never reach the end!" "Look up," I said, "here you are at the bottom of the steps that lead to Heaven; listen, and you will hear the music. Your cord is still in your hand."

As I spoke her cord became stronger and brighter. With my help she stood up, and waving me her thanks, she commenced to mount the steps one by one, only pausing to give a hand to a little child who was also on the threshold, waiting for extra help. So the two of them passed out of my sight. . . The woman's cord was "Truth."

I then went on my way giving out my strength to others who were needing it.

I particularly noticed a man coming towards me. He was walking slowly along the path, looking to right and left, every now and again stopping and speaking and



helping those who were going his way. The cord he was holding was very bright and strong.

I could feel that it was his first journey down the path; yet he could see others on the path where I before could see none. He journeyed slowly, very often turning aside to help another, and so making his going more difficult for himself.

As I passed him he smiled, and I saw his cord was "Love."

Soon after this a little girl came running past me to help some children who were needing her help. I noticed her cord was "Joy." The feeling she brought was like a beautiful garden full of birds and life, the spirit of Nature! I felt she had trodden the path many times before, as she knew every inch of it. I watched her go up the steps that lead back into the world; and even those who were busy with their own affairs, had time to stop and speak to her; they all felt her Joy; it was like a breath of fresh air in a hot, stuffy town.

\* \* \*

My vision fades, and I am again in my ordinary life, but I can still feel the strength of the cord in my hand, and I know that my work is on the path. I can and will give that strength to others who are needing my help.

\* \* \*

The extraordinary part about this vision was that I was still half in it when the post arrived, and in it I found Mr. Hamblin's *Lesson 11 on Faith*, which begins:

"The path you have entered is not an easy one. . . . The upward path upon which you are travelling is the

ancient Path of Attainment, made sacred, but not one wit easier, by the feet of countless thousands who have passed before you, and climbed the steep ascent to God. All the world's saints, prophets, seers and saviours have passed this way, and have met and overcome the same difficulties which you will encounter. . ."

So I know it was the Spirit teaching me—the one Mind in Whom we live, move and have our being.

\* \* \*

January 27th.

I have had rather a trying time in the last few days, but I have felt that the cord, *strength*, was in my hand, and it has been such a help to me. It makes things so much easier just to feel that cord in my hand. I feel it so strongly sometimes that I can nearly see it.

\* \* \*

#### A WARNING TO W.

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Last Friday I was travelling back by train from S—. At the time W. was motoring back from the North. In the Silence I could feel he was going too fast, so I sent him thoughts of safety and a reminder that he was in the Presence of Divine Love.

He says at that time he was motoring hard down Leaming Lane, going "all out," when suddenly he saw me in front of him warning him not to go so fast, so he pulled up gradually. S., who was sitting by him, said: "It was a good thing you pulled up then, as the car was beginning to swing; another moment you would have found difficulty in stopping her before she swung over." W. did not tell him what had stopped him.

ANNE

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For the last few days I have been helping a woman who is very ill, nearly dying of ptomaine poisoning. As I sat with her and held her hand I could feel the Presence of God around us, that her life is "hid with Christ in God," and in this realisation there is no room for poison, for God fills all space in our consciousness. Her sister and I sat with her in Silence where God is, and as we realised His loving, healing Presence she got better and better and all pain and sickness disappeared.

This morning she is very well indeed. The doctor came and said he did not understand what had happened, as he thought she could not possibly recover, yet here she was perfectly well. He said to her: "Mrs.—, you are a surprise! Your recovery is quite a mystery to me." Her sister told me that when Anne was at her worst she saw a bright Light, and a Voice said to her: "Be still, and know that I am God." She said she kept seeing the bright Light all through that night and could feel the healing Presence of God. At one time she saw me smiling at her. I knew that during the sleep state my spirit had been with her that night.

I went down this morning and had a silent thanksgiving with them both; it is lovely being allowed to help like this.

\* \* \*

A MESSAGE ABOUT MY HEALING WORK

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A man who is a visionary said he would like to see me, as he had a message for me. So I went to see him last week. He told me he had been shown in a vision



that a great Light would come to the Church of England; there was a great upheaval going on, even greater and more far-reaching than the Reformation. He said it had already gone far, although at present there was no outward sign of it, but inwardly the Spirit of Truth was at work. His message to me was that I had been chosen to be one of its pioneers, that through me would come a great awakening to the Church. He said my work would be far-reaching. He added: Oh, do be strong as only *strength* can succeed. Are you strong enough to get yourself out of the stream," he asked, "the stream that takes the crowd with it? You must leave the crowd and have the courage to stand on the bank alone, and face the crowd; and what is more, walk slowly back facing the crowd as you go. Can you do it? At times I am fearful for these pioneers. As the 'crowd' killed Jesus Christ, they may wish to kill you."

"I have the strength," I said, "because I have the Presence of God. That Presence goes about everywhere with me, and will help me at every turn; everything gives way to the Power of the Presence of God."

"You will succeed," the man said, "as the realisation of the *Presence* is all that is needed. Go on with the work you are doing now as that is the beginning of it. I have no fears for you now. You are one of the pioneers of the Spirit of Truth for the Church. I have given my message."

It is strange that that should be his message, as N. also has told me that my work was to bring healing to the Church of England. She said I had been chosen for a great work in connection with the Church. So I am glad I have been given this vision of strength and that my spiritual name is "Strength," and my twin—the other half who makes up the perfect whole—is "Freedom." I

hope that I can bring Strength and Freedom to the Church; she is badly needing them both.

\* \* \*

### THE PARISH CHURCH

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February 17th.

To-day in Church I had a vision; it was glorious. Just before the Second Lesson everything seemed to glow with the Presence of Christ, and then He filled the Church and all the people present. It was not only that I was filled with His Presence, but everyone *was* Christ. I looked at W., and at a "funeral party" who were sitting in front of me, and somehow all matter dropped away and everything and everybody became Christ; He only was Real.

The clergyman, who was a stranger, was reading from REV. XXI, and suddenly his voice seemed to be used by Christ. The words rang through the Church:

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

The vision still held me, I was living in the spiritual world and only Christ was present. When the clergyman started his sermon and preached on the text: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away," I realised that what I had seen and felt was the 'new heaven,'—the new heaven which can only be the *Living Presence*. I had seen the fulfilment of the promise that God had given us in REV. XXI/3: "Behold the tabernacle of God



is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God."

There will be no "Church" needed when we get to this full realisation, as we shall be in Him and He in us. We shall be whole, *perfect*. I must try to live in this vision and to feel that the whole universe is manifesting Christ—I *AM* because He *IS*. Oh, the wonder and happiness of it all!

\* \* \*

### THE DOCK STRIKE

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February 19th.

There is a dock strike on. I wish I could tell them what I have seen, namely, a hand squeezing a sponge dry. They have now to pay to the utmost farthing.

If only they knew that they were created as life-centres to manifest God! He so longs to manifest Himself through them as work and service and supply. If they would learn just to "let go" and allow Him to manifest through them as peace, harmony and plenty. He is with them and in them and His Will shall be done, for He *is* power. The "new kingdom" is Himself manifesting through His creation, so the sooner we give up our own self-wills and selfishness, and let His Glorious Self manifest through us all as One, the sooner shall we be able to establish His Kingdom upon earth. But we have to "let go" our littleness first in order to regain the whole.

It is no use talking; people must "see" it all for themselves. I can only work in the Silence, and realise God's Presence everywhere in and behind the strike and



manifesting throughout creation. The Mystic Christ is in each one of us. I can always feel His Power, so have no fear; it is only a matter of time, and "time" does not exist to Him, so that is why it is really all perfect now. We only have to realise it to raise our consciousness to God Consciousness where "all is in reality the manifestation of Mind." (SCIENCE AND HEALTH p. 275.) My Silence this afternoon was for the strike.

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### THE ROSE OF PURITY

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#### February 21st.

W. motored to get a sleeping-draught for Rose, as she was in so much pain. While he was away I read my books and then went into the Silence with her. I felt the time had come for her to pass on. For months I have been helping this child, but I was told she was to come to the Spirit Hospital—the Life of Christ—for her real healing. Already she seemed free of her body and was so peaceful and happy, no need for a sleeping-draught—all the pain had gone.

When W. returned I told him that Rose's time had come, and that already she was free from her body in the Spiritual World, and that it would soon manifest on the material.

\* \* \*

#### February 22nd.

Rose passed on at 3.15 a.m. She was so peaceful and happy, and talked away to the end; all her pain had gone. Her last words were: "I am trying to do what is required of me."

February 24th.

Early this morning when I was half asleep and half awake, I suddenly seemed to be with Rose in our Spirit hospital. She looked well and bonny and had a beautiful colour, and was brimming over with joy and happiness. I exclaimed: "Rose, I do wish your mother could see you looking like this!" She smiled: "Mother, at any rate, is *feeling* my happiness." I then looked down the ward of the hospital and saw the door was open at the far end, and I could see the lovely flowers and peacocks in the garden. I simply longed to stay there. Rose seemed to read my thoughts and replied: "No, remember your work. You are doing so much."

Someone brought Rose a drink of water, saying: "Drink this; it is the Water of Life." Rose drank it. I then asked if I might have a drink too, and Rose gave me her glass, but the Angel who brought the water said: "No, you cannot; your time has not yet come, you are not yet ready." I looked at Rose and she was dazzling in her brightness; then I looked at myself and I seemed so dark. I felt that I was of the earth, earthy. Rose asked me what her name was now, and I answered: "The Rose of Purity!" The name seemed to be within her and all round and coming through her.

I asked Rose if she knew anything about the details of W's accident, and she replied: "No, except there were 'shining ones' present."

\* \* \*

#### W's ACCIDENT

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Yesterday W. had a wonderful escape. We were going to cross the main street in N. W. went first and I was just going to follow him when I saw a motor-cycle

coming full at him and catching him in the middle of the back. The man on the cycle came off after carrying W. along on the handle-bars; both fell all in a heap in the middle of the road. It was a most wonderful escape, as it looked as though W. must surely have been killed, or his legs and arms broken.

Now when I saw the cycle run into him, I turned away, stood still and realised that his life was God's, so no harm could happen to him, and I could only see the Presence of God there, so no harm did happen. The motor-cycle was not even hurt. I am so thankful! I had a thanksgiving all the way back in the car. I feel so pleased that my first thought was of the Life of God and that the real W. could not be hurt. It is one thing to know all this, but quite another thing to be able to realise it in a moment when the crisis comes.

A story Mrs. F. told me a few weeks ago helped me so much. She said she saw a man run over by a motor-van. She realised the real man, God's Image and Likeness could not be hurt. He got up and said he had not even felt the wheels go over him. I thought of this story at the time and it helped me greatly.

\* \* \*

#### PRETTY POLLY

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This afternoon in the Silence an angel came and said to me: "Which would you like to see: The most lovely flower that grows in the slums, or the happiest flower that blooms amongst riches?"

"The most lovely flower that grows in the slums," was my answer. "Come," he said, "and see her for yourself."

The next moment we were in some evil-smelling



slum, dark and filthy. We entered a room, and there standing in the midst of dirt and darkness was the loveliest child I have ever seen. She was dressed in white; the little dress nearly reached her toes, and it was spotlessly white; in fact it was quite dazzling amongst all that darkness. She had short curly hair, and it looked as though the sun had left behind a little bit of himself in the gold of her curls. I can see her now—her little pink and white face, and her glorious blue eyes looking up at us. When the angel held out his arms she ran to him with a cry of gladness.

We all three turned and were leaving the room, when suddenly a woman whom I had not noticed before flung herself down in front of the angel and held on to his robe, and cried out: "Oh! they are taking away our Polly, our pretty Polly." She kept repeating this to the other woman who apparently could not see us. Then she turned to the angel and said: "Please do not take the only lovely thing we have in our slum. Take any of the others, but leave this beautiful flower of ours. We could not live here without our pretty Polly." "But," said the angel gently, "she has earned her happiness." The woman continued her moanings, saying that they could not live or have happiness if Polly were taken away from them. "We all love her so!" she finished up.

The angel gently loosened his hold of Polly's hand and said: "I will leave her with you this time for a little longer, but I shall return again." The child walked slowly across to the kneeling woman and, putting her arms round her, softly kissed her. So we left them.

In the darkness outside I said to the angel: "Isn't that very hard on little Polly—to be left there when she has earned her happiness?" "No," he answered, she

has found Heaven and so happiness never leaves her. Lo! He is there in the midst of them, and a little child shall lead them."

\* \* \*

I am sending this Vision to a man who works in the slums looking after the children.

\* \* \*

### THE LIFE OF CHRIST

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#### March 2nd.

Last night I must have been helping in the children's ward in our hospital, "The Life of Christ." I wondered why they have called it by this name? It is because the Life of Christ, the Everlasting Life is the sustaining principle proceeding from the Love of God, and it is this Love that heals and manifests, throughout the whole hospital. And it is because I am aware of the indwelling Power, the Reality within the Love, that I am allowed to co-operate with Everlasting Life, the principle of the Life of Christ, and so help establish His Kingdom on the inner planes of being.

It is lovely being amongst the children in the hospital; one realises that the divine joy is manifesting through them, and one feels the brightness and freedom of the power of the Spirit in their midst.

It was bright and dazzling in the ward. Some of the children had jumped out of bed and were playing about the room. It was such fun to them to find themselves so light; they sprang into the air and could stay in the air a few seconds, then they came lightly down to the ground again.



Some of them were turning head over heels in the air. It was just lovely to be with them, and to watch them and to feel the sustaining life of the air. The whole atmosphere is so different from what we know on earth. The particles of air are full of life and energy, and everything reflects the dazzling sunlight which casts no shadows—it is all beyond description. One feels so light and free. Joy personified!

The children were all dressed in white. The ward has large windows on either side, in fact the two sides are all windows, with beds down each side, and on the left at the end is a door leading out into the garden. I could not see what was on the right, but I believe another door leading into another ward in the hospital.

Suddenly I saw a little child crying her heart out on her bed. As I went to her I heard her saying: "I want my Mummy, I must have my Mummy." I took her into my arms and just "thought"; the next minute we were in a room on earth with a kneeling woman. Evidently her little one had just passed on. She was saying her prayer aloud, and was asking God to let her feel the love and happiness of her little one. As there were no tears or grief, we could go quite near, and the little child ran and hugged and kissed, and I felt we were able to spread around her the love and happiness which were ours.

"My darling!" she exclaimed, "I can feel you; the joy and happiness is great!" The next moment we were back in the ward, and the happy laughing child joined the others in their play.

Another child sat up in its cot and cried for Mummy. Again I took her into my arms and "thought" and we found ourselves with a woman whose grief was terrible. We found we could make no impression on that woman. She seemed surrounded with a mist grey in colour, and it

felt cold and dreadful. The little child clung to me and, turning away from the woman, said: "Oh, that is not my Mummy; I would rather have you than that Mummy!"

"Your beautiful Mummy will very soon come back, darling," I said reassuringly. "We must surround her with thoughts of Love. Love-thoughts are very strong, they are full of Life and will soon get through that mist of misery, and send it all away, and then we shall see your beautiful Mummy again." That comforted the child and back we went to the ward. The other children crowded around her, and very soon the joy returned that for the moment had left her.

I walked out into the garden and stood still for a moment to enjoy the flowers—they were so gay and bright, at my feet was a lovely bed of red tulips, and the scent was glorious, and the air was charged with vitality.

As I write I can feel it and see it all again—the brightness of it all; there is nothing on earth like it, for some of the colours do not even exist on this plane; they are too high a vibration for us to see with physical eyes.

I like to know that half my life is spent there, and I pray to God to allow me to remember more and to feel more and more. I know that the earth life we are conscious of is a very small part of our life. I know that while we sleep we go so far and have so much work to do that, in comparison, it is a much fuller life than the waking consciousness of our physical life. There is no measurement by time; it is what you are and *do*. Oh, the glory of knowing the greater life!

I am so thankful for this Diary, especially for one reason, and that is I do not want to *talk* about these experiences as I used to. By recording them in this book,



there is no longer any need to talk about them. I find silence in everything is best. The more one sees and hears spiritually, the more silent one becomes. That is why those who are not awake spiritually never hear any of these interesting things.

\* \* \*

March 4th.

I am so interested to read the following, it bears out the truth of my hospital, "The Life of Christ."

In the book called SPIRITUAL RECONSTRUCTION, written by one who has passed on, is mentioned that the soldiers who were killed in the war were taken to "Houses of Healing." "All the surroundings are perfectly familiar, as the inner consciousness is ever producing the outer environment . . . They are apparently in bed, with loving nurses and good doctors in attendance." All is natural.

The book continues: "The heavenly helper is always a being with great spiritual power and he is able to convey the exact help needed in each case. By his strong spiritual power he reaches the inner consciousness and exfoliation begins. After this help the man may shed the old false states of consciousness and *develop the latent soul forces.*" (I feel that is what Rose did; she developed quickly and went on to serve elsewhere, as she was only at the Hospital about four days).

And again: "The soul awakens in perfect freedom on the spiritual plane, and if you have used soul-forces on earth, they are your natural senses here. If you have only dimly perceived with the eyes of the soul, you will share with others in the work of unfoldment. It is much better to find Heaven on earth and thus *be ready* for all



that awaits you on the plane of spirit. I know by experience that you will regret lost opportunities and will long to return. While in the flesh set your affections above the material plane. Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

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### THE HEALING OF "X."

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#### March 6th

About a fortnight ago I was asked to help X.; they were afraid of her mind as she had been through so much trouble. She asked that our healing class might help her; and although she lives somewhere abroad and we have never seen her, it makes no difference, for we are all one in Christ. Prayer works in God's Omnipresence.

At first, when I took her into the Silence, she appeared heavy and dark; gradually this changed to a sparkling brightness and I could feel her radiating joy. She seemed to be a Life-centre created for the manifestation of joy. From that moment she felt better and better, and the idea was born into her consciousness that she is a centre of joy for God. She writes that it was a "turning-point" in her life.

How lovely it is to be able to help like this; but it is hard work. I have to give up lots of things I want to do; it takes time to go into the Silence and the preparation is great, as it means getting one's consciousness clear and saturated with the power and love of God, for it is God Who heals. Of ourselves we can do nothing.

\* \* \*

#### March 29th.

X. writes that she feels "so different about everything." Before we helped her she wanted to pass on

as the earth life was too difficult for her; now she has completely thrown off this idea and it has been born into her mind that God has some special work for her to do on earth. It was a letter full of joy and happiness.

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### THE LIFE OF CHRIST

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March 30th.

Last night I was again in my hospital, "The Life of Christ." I knew there was some special work for me to do—I knew I had to help some special person. I became suddenly conscious of C., who had passed over about a week ago. He told me he wanted his children and his work. His wife had gone on some years before he had, but was further advanced spiritually. She had been with him and was helping him. I told him about the Life within, and how in this new life he would have to learn to live *from within to the outer*, instead of living just by the outside senses. As I talked I worked silently for him, realising the Wisdom of God within him. He seemed to understand, and was already letting the Life of Christ do its work. He said: "It seems such a pity that we are not taught all this on earth. We ought to teach our children to let love, wisdom, joy and energy come through them, and teach them to meditate on these things."

"I know," I replied, "but the world is too busy to give time to meditation. But," I added, "there are many people who are living this fuller life and are trying to teach it on the earth."

"It is a pity," he said, "you or I could not go back and teach them." I then realised that he did not recog-

nise me or know that I had not died. I tried to tell him, but I could not. I think he must be very fond of children as I was told to take him to the children's sphere. We found ourselves in a lovely wood, full of children and yellow flowers; primroses, I think they were.

I can see that wood now—flowers and flowers, and the most lovely trees and little streams, and the laughter and joy of children. "This is Heaven," he said, "and this is where I shall have to learn my lessons." I felt that the Life of Christ would very soon teach this man and very soon he would be working again in the Service of God; and a little child would teach him.

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#### THE INNER MEANING OF THE HOSPITAL

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What is the "Life of Christ"?

The Eternal Life of God which is full and rich, the Divine Principle, the Everlasting Life without beginning and without end, the real, the substance. We are all living in that Life *now*, for we live and move and have our being in God. So the "Life of Christ" is the *realisation* of the Presence of God, our at-one-ment with Him. In this Life we live by Faith, by interior perception; spiritual consciousness is when one can say: "My body is the temple of the Holy Spirit."

The Life of Christ is the vitalising presence within, to which we can turn when we are exhausted or feel in need of new life. This power renews every part of our bodies, permeating our whole being with the ageless Life of Christ.

This is what I have to teach in the Spirit hospital—to live by the Spirit of God which is within—to know



that Heaven is not far away, but is a harmonious state of consciousness in which we can live *now*, for the Kingdom of Heaven is within—it is a Kingdom of peace and joy.

When I sit down by the bedside of those in the hospital I realise, in the Silence, that in everyone of them is the Life of Christ, or the Mind of Christ, and that this Life establishes thoughts of peace, joy and love, thereby ruling out thoughts of disharmony and disease; for there is only one Spiritual Consciousness which I have called The Life of Christ.

\* \* \*

### March 31st.

Mr. Hamblin published my vision of "How I became Strength" in the *Science of Thought Review*. His note to it is the following:

"All visions are in symbols. If this student will keep hold of the cord—that is, if she will depend entirely upon the Spirit for everything and in every way—she will be a source of strength to many."

\* \* \*

### I SEE AN ANGEL

### April 1st.

Last night just as I was going off to sleep I seemed to be again in the beautiful wood where the children are.

Suddenly I saw a little angel-face smiling at me. It was a child's face, very, very bright, with golden hair. I do not know who she is but she may be one of those I teach in the Children's Wood. There they all have

angel faces lit with the Divine Light. The Children's Wood is just near the hospital, and it is full of children, flowers and birds and lovely tall trees. The flowers are like a yellow carpet, and although the children tread on the flowers they never hurt them. They play amongst them and with them, and in some way the flowers give of their yellow ray to the children to help them "grow."

\* \* \*

#### INNER REALITIES

April 10th.

We have just had a wonderful afternoon at our healing circle. One of the members told us of a lovely experience she had had. She was very ill. She saw her Mother come for her (*the Mother having passed on*), and together they floated out through the window. She was conscious of the most lovely flowers she had ever seen; she will never be able to forget the scent of them. She said she remembered walking on a yellow carpet of flowers, and she just longed to remain there for ever—it was all so lovely. Then her husband spoke to her and called her back to her body; he thought she was dying, and he implored her to return to him. She came back but remembered her experiences. She also has seen the "yellow carpet of flowers."

Another of the members told us that her mother had been very troubled as she believed they had buried *her* mother alive. This thought was a great grief to her and was always on her mind. One night her mother was crying about it, and she exclaimed that she wished she knew the truth. Suddenly both of them felt a warm presence flowing through them and they saw in front of them an angel's wing. The woman said it was about six feet high and they could see every feather in it, which

was of dazzling whiteness. They felt sure God had sent the angel to tell them "all was well," and from that moment all fear disappeared.

The woman said the wing gave three flutters and then vanished. It was so lovely that she longed to see it again. They both saw it and both felt the warm presence flowing through them.

I think this angel was a Seraph, as Seraphim have wings—only their wings are part of their "apparel." They are clothed in light as with a garment and the wings are part of the light.

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#### THE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

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April 16th.

At night I also worked in the animal hospital. The children take it in turns to come into the ward to see the animals. There were tigers, dogs, squirrels, a donkey, horses, kittens, monkeys, mice, etc. They have hay and straw to lie on. I seem to teach the animals what I teach people. They soon find the peace of it all and the great Love surrounding and passing through everything. We are all one life—animal, flowers, birds, fairies and people—only in different stages of manifestation, or, rather, different stages of consciousness.

\* \* \*

#### A SPIRITUAL HEALING

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Last Monday I had a telegram saying P. was dangerously ill, temperature 106 degrees, and asking me to help her.

In the Silence I saw her right ear and jaw. Then I visualised Divine Life manifesting through her, healing



the jaw and ear. I was shown the *perfect*, and so could hold on to the perfect. After my telegram saying where the trouble was, the doctor found an abscess in her jaw; he opened it up and she recovered very quickly.

I feel if we had held more on to the spiritual idea of the healing power, there would have been no need for the doctor to have done anything.

She was most grateful, as when they telegraphed to me the doctor could not diagnose the case and did not know what was keeping up her temperature.

But there is only one Healer, one Law, one Mind: the Living Almighty Spirit—to Him is the power and glory.

\* \* \*

#### Good Friday.

I feel that we are One with Christ. He was crucified, and bore so much mental suffering for us, and so brought perfection into the world.

We can say:

*Through Christ I am One with His Perfect Vitality;  
through Christ I am One with the Spirit of God.*

I feel through Him and because of His suffering we are able to bear and overcome everything, and so can feel: *The Father and I are One. The Christ in me can teach me all things; His Consciousness is my consciousness.* For the Atonement is our at-one-ment with Eternal Life.

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#### OBEDIENCE

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#### April 24th.

I have long ago realised that it is one's *consciousness* which is the vehicle for expressing God. It is my

consciousness that works in the hospital at night. I leave my body asleep in bed, yet my consciousness is clothed in a body. There is "form" on all the spiritual planes.

Our consciousness is the vehicle of the Spirit. The body is nothing by itself, but a very useful servant on the material plane. It is God within, or the Holy Spirit using us on earth during the day, and on the astral or the Christ planes at night. We must learn more and more to be obedient to the Spirit, so that we can be used more and more on the higher planes.

I feel on earth we have to go through great tests to see if we are ready for higher service; if we fail in small things we cannot be used for bigger things. We have to conquer all our dislikes, and all our unkind feelings; in fact, we must be able to rise above our lesser selves before we can be of much use to the Spirit. We must trample selfishness under foot and be obedient to God. Our one thought must be to manifest the fulness of God, and to keep that at-one-ment through thick and thin. Our one desire must be *service*.

We are all one Life, so we must help each other. I feel that many unseen helpers are helping me.

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#### THE WATER OF LIFE

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I asked one of the helpers in the hospital, "The Life of Christ," about the Water of Life.

She said when the people were ready to leave the hospital and take up work for The Master, they were given a drink of the Water of Life.

Spiritually, this must mean that they have learned to harmonise with the Divine Will in perfect peace, loveliness, beauty, and all that it means to be at-one with

the inner Kingdom of Heaven; they are ready to express the Divine idea in service to Him: they are now in rhythm with the peace of heaven and so can vibrate to the joy of the angels. The Life of Christ is flowing through them freely; they have found their at-one-ment and are ready for higher service. They are given a drink of the Water of Life—Everlasting Life—Universal Consciousness . . .

“And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb. On either side of the river was there the tree of life . . . Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates unto the city.”—(REV. XXII).

\* \* \*

### STRENGTH

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I also asked the helper why I was called “Strength,” and she replied: “Because everyone who comes near you feels your strength. When you sit down by the bedside of the little ones, they feel divine strength flowing from you to them, they feel uplifted by it, it strengthens their whole being. This strength, because it is divine, raises them to a higher rate of vibration; they feel your at-one-ment with the ever-flowing Life of Christ, and it awakens in them the force of Divine Love that is ever working invisibly in the hearts and lives of God’s children.”

On the material plane I feel very weak and have to rest on my back two or three hours a day, but this gives me time for writing this book, for meditation and for helping the sick.

I suppose if I were strong physically, I should not



call upon the Divine Strength within and so would not be "Strength."

I depend entirely upon the strength within to help me through the day and am always calling it forth into expression. I need that strength as much as anybody I know, but as St. Paul said: "In my weakness I am made strong."

\* \* \*

#### THE LIFE OF CHRIST

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April 25th.

Last night I remember arriving at the hospital with my arm round the sweetest pony I have ever seen, and following me was a fox cub. I felt full of joy and happiness as we walked along the path that leads to the hospital, through the lovely garden; but I do not remember anything more. Yes, I do remember one incident: I met a leopard and for the moment I thought the leopard would harm the cub, so I took it up into my arms, but when I remembered where I was, I quickly put it down again. The leopard came and rubbed itself against me and the cub, just like a big cat.

There is no fear in the Life of Christ, only the consciousness of love, peace, and great joy. The wonder and happiness of it all! Divine Life and Power flow into us, re-creating us as we open ourselves to their inner forces, these sweet influences of Heaven.

My Bible opens at these words of St. Paul: "For the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His, but if Christ be in you, the body

is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is Life because of righteousness." (ROM. VIII.)

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FAITH HEALS TOM

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April 27th.

A few weeks ago a woman asked me to help her little boy, Tom, who had been sent home from the hospital as incurable. His leg had a big hole in it, a running sore. I sat down by the child and asked him if he thought God could heal him. "Yes," he said, "I know He can. The doctor at the hospital cannot, but God never fails, and that is why mother and I want you to help us." "Well," I said, "I can add my faith to yours and God can use our faith for healing you."

We went into the Silence into the Presence of God, where all is love and wholeness. By faith we knew that God's Life was manifesting through this child, flowing freely through his body, removing pain and disease; for God's Life is pure and perfect. We kept our minds on this perfect supply, the Infinite Life in which we live, move and have our being. "*I am the vine, ye are the branches,*" said Christ. The same power that flows through the Vine flows through this little branch.

As we identified ourselves with the indwelling Life, I saw a bright white light over the running sore in the child's leg. It was the white light of true spiritual healing and I knew he was healed. We returned thanks there and then for the answer to our prayer.

Four or five days afterwards he was walking about; three weeks afterwards he was back at school completely healed.

E. Benson writes in her book THE POWER OF FAITH :

"The power of faith has not decreased. The healing Presence is just the same to-day as when James wrote: 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick.' Thousands of people are being healed to-day by looking to God, and acknowledging His healing power. People everywhere are beginning to recognise that true prayer will remove disharmony, pain and disease. In spirit you receive at once when you ask, and through faith you bring it into expression; therefore faith is necessary to make the demonstration . . . The healing power and Presence of God are here now, but faith in them is necessary to enable us to receive the healing touch."

So we put our faith in Divine Love, for He is the Source of all blessings, "and this faith gives us courage to meet and overcome every obstacle."

Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,  
And rests on that alone;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And says: "It shall be done!"

Note:—The boy was never troubled about his leg again. He did very well at school, and is now at one of the Universities working hard in the hopes of becoming a schoolmaster.

\* \* \*

### THE CHILDREN'S WOOD

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April 30th.

Suddenly, last night as I was undressing, I heard lovely music. The window was open and the sea was very rough, but I could hear the sweet melody above



the swishing of the waves. Just as I was dropping off to sleep I could see lovely trees. I "awoke" to find myself in the Children's Wood, near the hospital, "The Life of Christ." The wood is full of the most lovely music. Here it is I see the carpet of yellow flowers which gives off exquisite fragrance. The scent adds to the children's power of happiness.

As I write this I can hear the lovely music again; it is getting louder and louder.

\* \* \*

In the Children's Wood there is a stream with very high banks on either side, and a waterfall. As I sit by the stream amongst the flowers I realise all is *service* in God's Kingdom, and all is Love. In this Life we are all one—the perfect whole—the universal consciousness, Divine Love, keeping the "whole" intact, and helping and serving one another; the holy angels helping us—their younger brothers—on the Path. We in turn, through love, helping those needing our help, as we all climb the steep ascent to God.

I look at the flowers and see them giving forth their divine essence to the children in the wood as they grow in spiritual understanding . . . One Life; One Love; One Happiness, and One Consciousness—all living and moving and having their being in God!

\* \* \*

#### WE LIVE BECAUSE GOD LIVES

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He lives in us, His creation, so there should be harmony, goodwill, peace, perfect health, love. The whole world is just a *thought* of God. Life is another word for thought, and both are expressions for God. Each flower that you pick is a little house that He has

created to hold a tiny part of Himself.

A pansy!—a thought of God; cosmic consciousness!

\* \* \*

### MANIFESTATION OF SUPPLY

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May 22nd.

At our prayer circle to-day one of the members said that a few days ago a man came to her in great trouble; bills were not paid and the rent was due. This had come about through illness; but he had faith in God and asked this woman to help him with her prayers. She told him God was "supply" and that if he trusted God entirely, He would manifest through his faith "supply," for supply is love. He returned home and meditated upon what she had told him. While he was in the Silence, realising God was the answer to his problem, his wife rushed in, exclaiming: "Look what I have found in an envelope in your old desk!" and she produced two £5 notes. The money was in a desk they had not opened for years. They felt their manifestation of "supply" had materialised very quickly, and in a most wonderful way. They returned thanks to God from Whom all blessings flow.

\* \* \*

### OUR PRAYER CIRCLE FOR THE SICK

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June 9th.

The following was published in the *Guild of Health*. I was asked to write about our healing work.

"We formed this group about nine months ago. We realised what a wonderful gift had been given to the

world in spiritual healing, and how very few used it. The Divine Life of God is within every one of us. This Christ Life is waiting to be called forth as Perfect Life, Christ waiting to manifest Himself in His children as love, peace, health, supply, service and all other wonderful gifts of Himself that He is wishing to express through us—His vehicles, His Life-centres, created for this express purpose.

"In the Silence I asked to be led by the Spirit to those who would help me in this work, those who were awake to the healing power of the Divine Life. They were very soon forthcoming—women who, like myself, had been through much tribulation.

"We do not seem to learn of this wonderful power of God, and that His Will is the perfect manifestation of Himself through us, until we are 'down-and-out' and all material props have failed. Then, and not until then, do we turn to God, and, in the turning we let go of material things, and find ourselves for the first time awake to the things of the Spirit. We find the Mystic Christ within.

"When once we have realised this wonderful spiritual consciousness, we are given the gifts of the Spirit: *To one wisdom, to another knowledge, to another the gift of healing, to another the working of miracles, to another the discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues. But all these worketh that one and self same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.*"  
—(CORINTHIANS.)

So we find the Will of God is to express these wonderful gifts through us.

I shall never forget the joy and thanksgiving after my first cases of healing and the wonder of it all.

I was asked to help a little child with whooping



cough. After the first realisation the Healing Presence of God manifesting Himself as Perfect Life, the child grew much better. After the second and third realisation, the whooping cough entirely disappeared and she never suffered from that complaint again.

My next case was a small boy with measles. After realising or being conscious of the Perfect Life of God within, for a period of three days, the measles disappeared suddenly. The doctor could not understand it. He said: "All I can tell you is that three days ago he had measles, and now he is perfectly well; but you must fumigate as though he had had measles."

The next healing I had was a very different case to the other two.

I heard a very sad story of a man who had lost his only daughter in a terrible motor-car accident. When I first heard of this man, he was lying ill in his house. It was a few weeks after the accident; there was "no hope" the doctors said, and he seemed so sad and lonely.

Every day I had to pass his house. I did not know him, so I could only send out thoughts of healing and harmony and happiness, which I did every time I passed that way.

Very soon after this I left the district, but before I left I heard how much better he was, and so much more cheerful; then I heard he was back at his work and quite well. Four months later I heard of his death, he had passed on. I often think of this man and feel that those last few months must have been so much to him. He was building up his character, the only thing he could take with him.

But I must go back to our work as a Healing group. Those in the village who were sick, or who needed our help, sent in their names to us. Very soon others heard

of us and I had letters from the South and North of England, people wanting our help and prayers.

We meet once a week, on a Tuesday, from 2.30 to 4.30. We start with a few prayers; then someone reads aloud an article on Spiritual Healing; and just before our Silence a chapter from the Bible is read. Then Mr. Workman's prayers for Going into the Silence are recited, and we try to become conscious for ourselves, and for our sick, that God is love, wisdom, life, peace, supply, mind. We realise and meditate on these great Truths one by one. We find the realisation that God is "Mind" is very helpful to those of our sick who are mental cases, for there is only one Mind and that Mind is conscious of wholeness, perfect life. Gradually, week by week, the sufferers get better and stronger.

One of our cases, a woman, had been in bed forty-eight weeks with a wound in her back that would not heal. From the very day we started our realisation for her, she began to mend; and recently we heard that she is healed and is able to do her work.

Another of our cases was a man suffering from fits. After our realisation that God is harmony, love and perfect life, the fits left him; but he had a relapse when we stopped our Healing Circle for three weeks at Christmas. When we started again he recovered, and has never had another fit. We learned our lesson through this, and now always arrange that some of us can meet together somewhere and so continue. During the time that we left off at Christmas, this man says he felt so depressed and nearly lost hope when the fits returned. Since then he sent us a message of thanks saying how wonderfully he had been helped and that he could never have done it alone.

Another of our "healings" was an elderly woman



who had been in bed for many weary months. I do not know what the matter was, except, as the doctor said, a gradual "breaking-up."

After some weeks of realising God's Presence and that "in Christ man is one with His more abundant life and vitality," as Mr. Workman so well expresses it in his affirmations for the sick, she became stronger and stronger, and now comes the good news that she is walking about and able to do a little work.

Yesterday we also heard other good news of another of our cases. This was a woman who had had a very bad sore leg for some months. Nothing seemed to cure it or help it; the hole in her leg was so big that one could put one's fist into it. She only sent in her name to us a month ago, and now her leg is nearly healed. She is so thankful and grateful.

We also have cases that are very slow, and do not seem to make much headway; but we feel that the tests on patience are essential for spiritual development.

While we sit in the Silence helping our sick, our patients are also helping themselves by prayer; also by reading some of the books I lend them, and meditating on them.

There are those who pass on. Some people think, and wrongly think, that these are failures. We know that these loved ones pass on full of The Life of Christ. Life does not cease because of the falling away of the material body, which is only the garment of the soul, just as the soul is the garment or the outward expression of the Spirit.

Life goes on, and because these people have realised for themselves that the real man within is of God, is *Life*, they have found their at-one-ment with the Father; and when once this is found, nothing else matters. To know



it, is to know the "secret of the Lord."

\* \* \*

### VISION OF THE BRIDGE

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June 15th.

Early this morning I had a vision:

I seemed to be standing on one side of a bridge. I was longing to go across, and knew that I should have to cross it sometime, but I was afraid. An angel was on the left-hand side and Jesus on the other. He spoke to me, saying: "Why tarry ye here so long, my daughter?" When He said this I thought to myself: "Yes, why do I?" It seemed to me that on the side of the bridge where we were, all people seemed to be in their physical bodies, and on the other side they were free from them. The bridge was the dividing-line between the material and the spiritual. It seemed to me that if only I could cross it I should be able to live a much higher and more spiritual life on this earth. The bridge did not represent what we call death; it was just something I had to conquer. So in my vision I put my hand into Christ's Hand and He led me over.

The vision faded; but I felt safe with that Guiding Hand in mine, and so happy thinking of the higher and fuller life I was so soon going to have.

In the Silence I realised it was the growth from sense to soul; that opportunities will be given me to overcome the limitations of the material law and to prove that no material law can limit the law of Spirit; for we are under no rule but the authority and power of God.

"We know that the law is spiritual," says St. Paul. Therefore we know God's law is supreme.

What is God's law? St. Paul says: "He that search-

eth the heart knoweth what is the mind of Spirit . . . . For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son.”—(ROM. VIII).

This is the Law. We are predestined to be conformed to the image of Jesus Christ. That is God’s Will, for us, His children; and if we co-operate with His Will, we shall through faith and knowledge manifest Christ in our lives; the *perfect* in us will blossom forth, the divine law will come into operation and we shall “come into the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.”—(EPH. IV/13.)

That is God’s law and we cannot escape it; we can live against it and so bring disasters into our lives, but the law is supreme—we can “do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us.” Through faith in our divine nature we can bring it forth into expression.

“And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.”—(I COR. XV/49).

“As the lily is in the brown bulb, and the oak-tree is in the acorn, so the Divine Image is implanted in the heart of every man, waiting for him to recognise it and believe in it. Man being created in the Image and Likeness of God, must awaken to a knowledge of his sonship and glorify God in his body.”—(E. A. BENSON.)

So the crossing of my bridge means the gradual awakening of the soul into the realisation that: “Now are we the sons of God;” and the law of God, the predestination makes this a Living Truth.

As I walk across the bridge my hand is in Christ’s. He is showing me the way, for He is The Way. In this Christ consciousness my faith will grow, enabling me to overcome the problems that will cross my path ; for the

stronger the faith the more quickly one makes a spiritual demonstration. (As I write a bright light appears through the word "stronger").

Jesus knew the power of faith when He said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

E. A. BENSON writes:

"Faith is a key that unlocks the storehouse of God's blessings. The prophets, using the golden key, were enabled to part the seas, still the storms, heal the sick, raise the dead, and bring the invisible substance into expression in the form of food. It enabled them to meet and overcome adverse conditions and become fearless and courageous, to rise above every appearance of limitation by speaking the word and believing in God's power and presence to answer."

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher Power. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God."—(ROM. XIII/1).

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#### CROSSING THE BRIDGE

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June 27th.

I am crossing my bridge, and all is well. So many things have happened on the material plane. I feel that unseen forces are pushing me across. I am having to trust more and more in God and His Guiding Hand and so am learning to make my own the Peace which passeth understanding. It is extraordinary how the world is against me; but those who are "awake" are all coming forward to help, although they do not know my difficulties.



MRS. B.

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One day last week I went to see a woman who had been in bed for nearly a year. She seemed so hopeless. The doctor said that nothing more could be done for her. I prayed with her and told her of the Healing Presence of God. She kissed my hand and said already she felt better and was full of hope when I left. I gave her one of Mr. Hamblin's books to read. I know the Healing Presence of God will take away the pain.

The lesson the bridge is teaching me is not to look to human aid for anything. Jesus only looked to God for help. He kept His at-one-ment with God through everything and so must I. God is working through me, I am an open channel through which He pours His Love. "An open door which no man can shut."

\* \* \*

July 10th.

I saw Mrs. B. to-day; she is getting weaker and weaker. I found her in despair. The doctor had just left and said he could do nothing more, no operation could help. She said she had tried to read but could not as she had received very little education and could not take it in. Her mother was there and her husband and they all seemed hopeless. I had prayers with them and a Silence and told them of the Healing Presence of God and of His Love and comfort. I could feel His Presence as Healing Love around them—such peace and divine strength!

I feel they need so much help; it seemed a new idea to them that God is a *present* help in time of trouble.

I feel I shall have to teach this woman The Life of

Christ either on this plane or in my hospital on the other side. They do not understand that they have to learn it sometime and somewhere. If she leaves this world with her mind full of material things and sickness and hopelessness, she will not be "whole" when she awakens on the other side. But I leave her in God's Hands: He will heal her; the Life within will do its work perfectly.

It does not matter to me whether I sit by her bedside in her cottage or whether I sit by her bedside in the hospital, "The Life of Christ;" there is no division by death. I have not to die in order to help them in this hospital; if they will not learn the Truth on earth they must learn it elsewhere, through the renewing of their minds, the "thought life."

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the *renewing of your mind*, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."—(ROM. XII/1-2).

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### THE LIFE OF CHRIST

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July 12th.

Last night I was working in my hospital in the children's ward. It was so beautiful, for there is so much love there; we bask in the spiritual rays of divine love which permeates us through and through with invigorating life.

There were two little children, a girl and a boy, brother and sister, who came across together. They are

such darlings, and as I put my arms around them both, they exclaimed that I had just the same "feel" as Mummy. They meant the love, I suppose; they could feel it.

They said "a nasty river had given them a fright." As they spoke I felt they had been drowned. So I took them across the garden to the Children's Wood. They danced with joy and clapped their hands with delight when they caught sight of the beauty of the wood, the flowers, trees, birds, and then the other children, who rushed forward to welcome them to their wood.

I took them down to the stream with the lovely bank of flowers on either side. At first, they were afraid, as the sight of the water brought back all their old fear of the "nasty river," and they clung on to my hand; but gradually Divine Love freed their minds of all fear, and awoke in them the realisation of true joy. Love spoke through the beauty of Nature!

\* \* \*

### July 18th.

Someone has given me a book which describes my work at night; it is extraordinary that I should be given it now as it all fits in with what I am doing. No! It is *not* really extraordinary, as there is only One Mind—God—and He knows all. I will now copy some of the things out of "CLAUDE'S BOOK," by Mrs. K. . . B. . .

"I have often told you how, when your body sleeps, your soul comes over here, and we spend hours together. You have sometimes distinctly remembered things that happened as in a dream.

"Thousands of people come over in this way every night and are more awake and alive when Here than



when on earth in their mortal bodies. To do this people must be spiritually evolved to a certain degree.

"We go together to various places; sometimes we work amongst those who have just wakened in the Spirit world and are bewildered by their new surroundings. We explain to them where they are. You can do this even better than I, as you are still in a mortal body, for along the little cord that connects your soul and body, are travelling the thoughts and desires of the world in which you live. You are therefore more in touch with the earth, and bring its atmosphere with you and so feel more familiar to one who has just come over. You are still controlled and limited by your earth-body while connected with it."—CLAUDE.

"Everyone can learn to live in two planes—the material and the spiritual. To know the truths and wonders and beauties of the life spiritual as well as to perform the duties and enjoy the pleasures of the life physical . . . Psychic talent is a 'gift' like music, painting, etc., and like these can be used for beautiful and good things, or the reverse . . ."

"... As many children in the world are clairvoyant they often see spirit playfellows who come from the third sphere to play with the children on earth as part of their education."

"... Death works no miracle, and you wake up here the same personality exactly that left the earth plane: your individuality is intact . . ." CLAUDE.

\* \* \*

I am still crossing my bridge. I see that every blow or trouble sends me farther across, but how I dislike it all at times !

I have made so many mistakes lately, yet these mistakes teach me the old old thing—that of myself I can do nothing; the erring mortal mind must yield to God, for the Father within me can do everything and *is* everything. So more and more I am learning to depend on Him for everything. He manifests His Love through me; it is His Life within, not mine. I am learning to cast my burdens upon the Lord, and I find peace when I relax in the knowledge that He governs all my affairs. They are hard lessons to learn and only those who have learned them know how hard they are. Jesus Christ knows and He is helping me across the bridge. I suppose what I am really doing is conquering self. The material self wishes to be the one considered instead of the Christ within. I wonder if I shall reach the other side before I leave the earth? I feel I shall, because when I am across, my real work begins. I can see that as long as I have not conquered this lower self, I cannot really be used. This is just testing time and I know I shall not fail; how can I with His Hand in mine? I am free from care if I allow God to assume full responsibility, as I work with Him.

\* \* \*

ANNE

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July 19th.

I called to see A., the sister of Anne, the one I helped before she passed on. (*See February 17th.*) A. said she had received a visit from her sister; she told me all about it in such a funny way, saying: "I feel so much better and more peaceful since I have had that talk with Anne, I don't think I have seen you since," she con-

tinued, "but Anne got up out of her grave to come and see me. She was just the same as when she went into her grave." She said to me: "Well, A., you do look thin and ill," and I answered: "So would you if you had gone through all I have—the missing of you as I have!" Anne then told her she need not miss her, as she was with her, nearer even than she had been in her earth life.

A. said: "We were having such a lovely talk together just as we used to, and there was my sister looking just the same, but, oh! so happy, when my troublesome cough brought me back, and Anne returned to her grave while I was coughing."

I tried to explain to A. about what I thought of death; but no, she would have it that Anne is in her grave until the day of resurrection. She believes what she was taught as a child and knows that it is true, but she thinks that God has allowed Anne to visit her this once to help her on her way.

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### MY BRIDGE

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July 24th.

I have found my bridge quite near the hospital, "The Life of Christ"; it divides the astral plane—which is a material plane, like the earth—from the spiritual, and I have been told I must cross that bridge before I can go any higher at night. I hear it is all so lovely on the other side.

\* \* \*

August 9th.

*I have crossed my Bridge!* Last night when I was in bed, but quite awake, I found myself crossing the last



stage. It is the most lovely feeling being on the other side. I seemed to be spirit living in Spirit, love manifesting love, peace and harmony, joy and happiness, a harmonious vibration of colour, the perfect adjustment of God, a blending of oneself with the Truth, that there is no separation, that you are at one with God. Spiritual consciousness "where Soul is supreme . . ."

All materialism disappears. The physical and astral planes—both of which are materialism—are left behind; they were only stepping stones to this wonderful Life of the Spirit; it is all so glorious, and how I thank God for it!

\* \* \*

### August 11th.

On August 2nd I had a letter from a stranger asking me to help her sister, who was in a mental home. She said she was praying about her sister and the thought kept coming into her head that she must write to me; although it was after midnight, she sat down and wrote at once.

I took them into the Silence, into the Presence of God, and there I realised the Truth. Love never faileth. Love sees no evil. Love knows that the Life of Christ is sustaining, mentally and physically. Through faith linked with understanding, Love can do all things, for Love is the Mind of God.

On August 7th I received a very sad letter from R.; she said her sister was very ill indeed. "She thinks there is no God; her agony of mind is dreadful."

In the Silence I saw her as Light surrounded by radiant Angels of Light, the Light that destroys all darkness. There is no darkness or evil where there is Light, so I wrote and told the sister all this. The word has been spoken—"Let there be Light!"

To-day I got a letter from R., saying : " The miracle has happened." She went to see her sister at the home, and instead of walking into the room as she had done before, with a dreadful look in her eyes and not looking at anything, she came rushing in full of gladness and happiness. R. took her out to tea, and she said it was lovely seeing her as her old self again. The matron said it was extraordinary what strides she had made in the last few days.

The spoken word had manifested. " The Light dwelling within illuminates her."

\* \* \*

#### OUR HEALING CIRCLE

August 15th.

Yesterday was our healing circle meeting. Just before we started, M. rang up to say David was very ill, with a temperature of 103, and would we help him at our meeting; at times he was delirious.

So for two hours we helped those who were suffering, God's little ones who were not able to feel His Presence; yet He is everywhere, for He is omnipresent. This powerful Truth we realised for them, remembering the words of Jesus Christ : " Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

M. rang up to-night to say that David had completely recovered.

We are also helping B. and many others, affirming for them *increase in faith and power*, and courage to face life's difficulties and so be able to meet every problem cheerfully.

Through faith we know that there is a power within that is greater than the difficulties of life. Through Christ we recognise the indwelling Christ Presence.



In the Silence I see a white light in the midst of us, and I am conscious that Jesus Christ is helping us, raising us to His Consciousness of perfect life, faith, strength, wisdom, love and joy.

\* \* \*

### THE HOSPITAL "THE LIFE OF CHRIST"

August 23rd.                      —————

"We know that to them that love God all things work together for good."—ROM. VIII/28).

L. passed on a few days ago. He is one of the cases I have been helping, because his sister asked for my help. On Sunday night I was with him in the hospital. I will write down what I remember. He was in our hospital, in a bed, looking very old and ill. I stood by him and he said to me: "I do not understand, I cannot understand. I know I am what we used to call 'dead'; they have told me that, and I know it must be true, but I cannot understand being ill and still being in bed. (He had been in bed for over a year.) I thought death brought me release from these earthly things, but here I am just the same, feeling as ill and in the old surroundings of a hospital ward, although before it was my bedroom at home. There are even nurses here," he added, and he pointed to where a nurse was passing one of the open windows outside with a baby in her arms. "I certainly feel no pain," he finished up, "but I cannot understand it."

I sat down by his bedside and told him that I had come to try to explain it all to him. "Here," I said, "you are in a building called The Life of Christ, and it is that idea you must get hold of; meditate on it, and that Life will become yours and it will make you strong and well. You live, and move, and have your being in this Life, which is God—Life Abundant. When you were



ill on earth you did not try to let that spiritual life-giving power flow through you. It was so much easier for you just to lie and let others work for you. You were very patient in bearing outwardly your illness, you did not complain, and tried to do your best, but you never once helped yourself to bring that which is within you into manifestation—the Strength of the Life of Christ. ‘That from which all substance springs’ was within, waiting to help you, but it requires a great mental effort to bring it forth—faith and trust in God and knowing with the whole of your being that you are one with the Greater Life—The Life of Christ.

“Therefore you are perfectly whole now, and only perfect health can manifest. You thought more about yourself than others, so it was difficult for your consciousness to realise the Divine Life within. We can only become changed as we meditate on the Perfection of God and realise for ourselves our oneness with Him through the Life of Christ—the Life that is complete and harmonious. We all have to learn sometime and somewhere this great Truth; that we are the temples of the Living God, that Divine Love is omnipresent, that the Life of Christ within us *is supreme*, but we must raise our consciousness to this great Living Truth.

“Just lie still,” I continued, “and feel this wonderful healing life flowing through every atom of your being; open yourself up to this healing power, for it is health, peace and love. It does not matter where you are, or where you think you are, here, or on the earth, or across the Bridge of Life; it matters not, for we are in the Presence of God, where all is perfection and divine order. But to feel and to know this Truth we must meditate upon God and commune with Him. So now, we will begin; just lie still with your eyes shut and get away from the

world of sense; fix your thoughts upon God and His Divine Love and know that you are being changed into His likeness."

Presently he opened his eyes and said: "Oh, the joy of it all, and the peace and the lovely sunshine outside! I feel new life flowing through me, vitalising every part of my being; but it seems to me that it is joy that heals." "It is," I said, "and this same joy could have healed you on earth, and then you could have helped others."

"Everything is different on earth," he said, "this sort of joy does not exist." "It does," I assured him, "because God is joy and people on earth have to learn and know that Heaven is a state of consciousness, and that consciousness can be reached on earth, for it is ever present."

"But if no one knows about it on earth," he said, "what is the use of it?" "Many thousands of people know about it on earth," I told him, "and are helping and teaching others this Great Truth; they have found Heaven within, and so are ready to help others, through daily communion with God which is Heaven, to find Him also. And thus His Will is being done on earth as it is in Heaven."

"You can visit your dear ones on earth and whisper it through love to them. It is then you will wish for your material body, for it is easier to help them on the material plane, as with a mortal body you can 'contact' them better; so blessed are they who have found this pearl of great price while still on earth."

"For the first time I begin to see *the idea of life*," he said. "How I wish I had known this on earth before I passed on here; if only I might tell the world what I feel now—the joy of Life!"



"Begin now," I said, "and help those around you. Give out the joy of Life to everyone you meet, and so make this garden of happiness more perfect."

He shut his eyes again, and as I looked at him I could see the Light within. He already looked years younger. Soon, very soon, he would become a radiating centre of joy, and I could see a great future opening out for him, for he had the wish to help others, and the fulfilling of his wish would be the outlet of his joy.

B. has also passed on. One day last week I was in the Silence with her, and she seemed to be in her bedroom, then suddenly everything changed and she was in the hospital, "The Life of Christ." She was so pleased with the change, and seemed full of happiness and love. I did not have any conversation with her. She was like a happy child, just wanting to rest. I do hope I shall see her again soon.

\* \* \*

#### August 25th.

I have seen B. again—Saturday night just as I was going off to sleep. And just before I saw her I saw L., but that is all I recollect. I expect I went to the hospital, but do not remember it. I saw them both when I was awake, before I went off to sleep.

\* \* \*

#### August 26th.

I am taking H. T. Hamblin's Course and find it teaches me so much, and it is this teaching that I can pass on to those who are at the hospital.

I wrote and told Mr. Hamblin about my hospital, "The Life of Christ," and asked him what he thought about my leaving my body, as he warns people not to do it. The following is his answer :



“Needless to say, I am delighted to hear of your good work, and wish it all God-speed. With regard to leaving the body, this is quite all right if it is done as you are doing it. What I am warning people against is indulging in various occult practices with the idea of going into a trance state, and then leaving the body, and making various excursions on the astral plane, some of which are fraught with very great danger. I should like to hear from you from time to time as to your work on the astral plane and how it is progressing, if you can find time to write to me. With all kind thoughts and best wishes for your continued progress . . .”

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#### MY WORK AT NIGHT

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##### September 5th.

N. came and spent the afternoon with me; she is clairvoyant, and uses her gift to the glory of God.

She said she had seen me very often at night going about doing my healing work. She said my work of healing and other work was far more outreaching than I had any idea of. At night, lately, she had seen me visiting those people who were strangers, the ones I had been helping during the day, like R.'s sister, whom I had never seen. Also, I am now joined to a band of spiritual healers. Some are in their physical bodies and some are free from their bodies; in other words, some live on earth, and some have passed on. We all meet at night on the astral plane and help each other by our experiences and by our environments. She said that as I lived in the country I was able to take so much of the lovely beauty of Nature with me. Many of these helpers have to live in the slums, and I was able to take so much to them

from the flowers and green trees amongst which I lived.

She said our band is a very great one, and that I am always helped by these healing spirits, or spiritual helpers.

While we were in the Silence together she said someone brought a lovely white robe and put it all round me; it was full of light, a most beautiful robe.

Afterwards we went into the garden, and were sitting in a shady spot talking when she saw a woman dressed in blue come to me and wrap her robe around me, and as she did this, she said that some wonderful inspirations would come to me.

In her hand was a bread board, and on it was some bread with a knife. She cut the bread and pointing to me, said : " This is symbolic of what she will do—give food to thousands." (*Spiritual food.*) N. said when she opened her cloak to wrap me in it, she still kept it on herself, and put her left arm round me in her cloak. Her dress underneath was shining, a beautiful glistening robe of white. (I wonder if this was Mary, the Mother of Jesus, as I have been thinking so much about her lately?).

\* \* \*

#### SPIRIT TRAVELLING

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September 8th.

F., one of the members of our Healing Circle, has not been able to sleep properly for months and months, so she asked us to help her. We started concentrating on her last Tuesday, and she said that on Tuesday night she fell asleep very soon after she had got into bed. She has slept very well since, and is so grateful.

She told me to-day that when I was away, the

Healing Circle held their meeting as usual, and my empty chair was in its usual place. Suddenly she saw me sitting in it and I remained there for the whole of the meeting. It may have been the afternoon I was asleep or the afternoon when I was thinking very deeply about them and felt I was there helping with the healing.

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### THE TUNNEL

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September 18th.

Last night when I was saying my prayers I saw as in a vision myself just entering a dark tunnel; at the far end was a bright light. A Voice said: "I am the Light of the World—waiting to receive you at the other end." This has been such a help to me as I have rather a difficult problem to work out. While I was saying my prayers I was realising God as the answer to my problem, His Wisdom unfolding it for me, His Light clearing away all the dark specks in it. In the vision the tunnel was dark but not very long, and all the time I could see the Light at the end. "Be not afraid," I seemed to hear.

\* \* \*

### PEACE

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September 21st.

Yesterday I had a letter from M., whose spiritual name is Peace. Lately she has had so many people to help, all rescue cases, and at times it all seems so sordid, nasty and unclean. She wrote asking for my help.

Last night I took her into the Silence with me, and



just as I was going off to sleep I saw clairvoyantly some Red Indians sitting round their camp fire.

Early this morning I felt I must write to her, and this is what I wrote—somehow I feel a Red Indian helped me to write the first part, while some of the second part I have read in a book at some time :

“ In the Silence the soul called Peace was blending herself with the Great Spirit ‘Peace,’ and in so doing was realising the fulness of God. A Voice from out the Silence spoke; it was as gentle as the ripple on waving corn: ‘My little Peace, thou who art a vehicle for the Great Peace, listen. I have work for thee to do, work that even My angels cannot do, as only a human Peace can accomplish this work for Me. You are Peace, and you must take that Peace, which is the fulness of God, into the dark and dirty places in the world, where many of My children are losing their faith. They have never found the Peace which passeth understanding, so take your Peace as a Light into those dark and lonely places, and turn their darkness into Light, shedding the Great Peace around.

“ In this work the little Peace will lose some of her radiance, as however pure she may be when she starts her mission, she cannot keep quite free from the dust of the earth. But in the Silence she can again blend herself with the Great Spirit Peace, and so realise once more the fulness of God.

“ In this way the earth will soon be filled with His Glory. We, His children, give out our special gift to those other poor children who are needing it. We return empty to the Great Giver of all good things, and in return are filled to overflowing.”

‘Peace be multiplied unto you.’—(DAN. IV/1.)

FLOATING

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September 22nd.

Last night I had a strange experience. I seemed to awake to find myself floating up to the ceiling. I thought to myself: "This is only what N. does, so I must not be afraid." All fear went. I shut my eyes and floated through what seemed to me was cold air blowing on me. I thought to myself: "Perhaps this is the material part of the house that feels like cold air." Anyhow, I floated on, and I knew I could not float outside God's loving care. He had healing work for me to do, and Love would protect and guide me. With thoughts like these I floated on, but I did not open my eyes. Presently I found myself sitting on a child's bed. The little boy seemed so pleased to see me, and seemed to know me quite well, and I knew him, but I do not remember who he is. I can see his smiling face, brown hair and big dark eyes. But that is all I recollect.

\* \* \*

September 23rd.

Near the hospital, "The Life of Christ," is a tunnel, which leads into a beautiful rock garden; one reaches this tunnel after crossing the bridge.

It is lovely and peaceful in this rock garden; it is quite worth the darkness of the tunnel to find this wonderful garden bathed in bright sunshine. And the only way to reach this garden is through the dark tunnel.

"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."—  
(MATT. XIII/9.)

I feel this is the tunnel I saw myself stepping into. I seem to have to go through so many material troubles



and heartaches before I am able to cross over these bridges and tunnels on the inner planes. Mortal mind or error in some shape or form, comes along with its tempers and its fears and its domineering ways, and says : " I am life ; this is what you have to put up with, this temper is real, this fear is real, this lack of funds is real, this terrible illness is real," and so forth, until one is beginning to believe that all these dreadful things are life and that one has to live with them, and they gradually get one down into the hell of depression.

But the Voice of the Spirit, speaking through one of His loved ones (*St. Paul*) says :

" We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

" For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—(II COR. IV.)

Again we hear the loved one's voice speaking :

" Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended : but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."—(PHIL. II.)

So we see St. Paul also had to walk through the weary dark tunnel, keeping his mind on the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ before he came out into the light of the knowledge of God. He writes :

" Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light—Who hath delivered us from the power of dark-



ness and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son, Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in Him which is the Head of all principality and power."—(COL. 1.)

As we walk through the tunnel knowing we are complete in Christ, all error disappears as it has no standing in this completeness; we are filled with joy, knowing we are one with Him Who is the Head of all Power.

"As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

As we step out into the Light of the knowledge that we *are* the sons of God, we hear the words ringing round the world:

"I am the first, and I am the last, and beside Me there is no God."—(ISAIAH XLIV/6.) The Life of Christ—Eternal Life—echoing down through the ages—The Great I AM!

\* \* \*

#### THE CHILD WITH ONLY ONE LEG

Last night I went to the hospital, "The Life of Christ," to the children's ward. I found a child who had only one leg in her short earth life.

I took her out into the garden to teach her *consciousness* that both her legs were well. I remember making her spring from her good leg into the air, and she was so amazed at the lightness of herself; then gradually I got her to use both her legs. She was a sweet child, and told me it seemed difficult to realise as she had had only the use of one leg all her life.

This child was easy to teach. She had an inward

understanding. No doubt her earth life had been difficult, and had taught her much. I felt very soon she would be ready to pass on to a higher plane, where her real work was waiting for her.

She was a sweet little thing, with fair golden curls. How I love the little ones! One's love seems just to flow; there is nothing to stop it. Love seems within and without—nothing but love.

When I am with the flowers and the children, I realise that they are just manifestations of God, for the great Cosmic Spirit is present everywhere; no form is too small for Love, Who expresses Himself through form on all the different planes of being.

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### A MYSTIC DIARY

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October 2nd.

*I keep getting the urge from within to have this diary typed with the idea of one day publishing it. I wanted a name for it, and suddenly the name came—"A Mystic Diary." So that is what it shall be called.*

\*            \*            \*

E. D.

October 27th.

On Saturday evening I was helping a friend, E.D., who is very ill.

I was in the Silence with her when suddenly I heard the angels singing: "For all the Saints who from their labours rest." The room seemed full of the music and words, so much so that I asked W., who was sitting with me, if he could hear anything; but he could not. I knew the angels were singing this hymn for E.D. Her time

had come; she had earned her peace and happiness, for she had lived a most unselfish life and now is to rest from her labours.

I think I was helped to hear the angels sing by a friend, a man who passed over last week. I felt so sorry for him and was helping him in the Silence, when suddenly he seemed to be standing in front of me. He thanked me for helping him, and said all his life he had wanted so to help the world, and had not been able to do so. Now, partly as a punishment and partly through desire, he was living near the earth, and so was able to help people, and he was happy in this work. I asked him to help me, to raise me if he could to a higher consciousness. He went, and in the Silence I started to help E.D., and it was then I heard the angels singing. So I feel in some way this man was allowed to help me.

The Unity of the Whole is wonderful! We help each other more than we realise. Love is the power behind it all, for Love is the Fulness of God.

\* \* \*

#### THE ROBIN OF JOY

October 30th.

Ever since my vision of the tunnel I have had such extraordinary peace, happiness and light. I feel that matter has dropped away. I am just spirit within Spirit; I am harmony within Harmony; I am joy within Joy. I *am* because God *IS*. I look round and see Life and return thanks, for the Life of God is everywhere.

God is Life within the birds; where there is life, there is consciousness.

A friend of mine who lives all alone told me how last week a little robin had brought her joy. Whenever she felt especially lonely and depressed, this little robin



came to her window—and he always brought her joy. He bobbed about and looked so cheerful, and he seemed to say : “ Here I am, take a little of my joyousness,” and then he would fly away.

This happened last winter, and my friend thought the bird had gone away for ever. Last week she was feeling very lonely and she longed for her robin to come back again. She walked slowly to the window, and saw that the favourite tree of the robin had been cut down, and she felt sadder than ever. Just then she heard a chirping sound, and there he was, bobbing and looking at her in his same old way, and he seemed to say to her : “ I am back again to give you joy !”

My friend feels he is one of God’s messengers. And so he is, a little bit of joy, a small expression of the Life of God, and at the back of it all Love.

\* \* \*

#### November 2nd.

We kept All Saints’ Day in Church to-day. It was a lovely service, and I felt all those who have passed on were closer than ever to us.

At times I do so long to go on too. This life seems so long ; growth is slow, painfully slow, and the common round seems so trivial, yet I know that all is well ; there is no need for hurry—step by step we learn. In Emerson’s phrase : “ We put ourselves in the stream of power which animates all it floats.”

\* \* \*

#### THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

#### November 10th.

Last week I had a vision. I was standing talking to

L. about "supply," and she said it was easy for me as I had everything. I was trying to tell her how, by trusting in God as the only Supply, and by trusting Him not only as the Giver but the Gift as well, we receive everything because He is All in All.

I finished up by saying: "Hold out your hands to Him, and He will fill them full." As I said this, I stretched out my open hands and saw an angel standing in front of me. Very gently he put something into my open hands, something that shone with the splendour of Heaven. Very quickly I said to L.: "Hold out your hands too." She did so, but she only held out one hand. I saw the angel bend, and very gently press a shining gift into her hand. "Hold it firmly," I said. But alas, she did not seem to understand, and her hand opened and I saw the precious gift mingle with the air and gradually disappear. I held mine all the tighter and clasped it to my heart with joy and thanksgiving. As I did this I heard a Voice saying: "Freely ye have received, freely give!" Very carefully and with great awe I peeped into my hands, expecting to find what?—supply, health, joy and love? Yes, it contained them all, for there, lying in my hands, was the Pearl of Great Price. Oh, the wonder and glory of it all!

I have just looked up in the Bible: "Freely ye have received, freely give," and I read:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor script for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."

ARMISTICE DAY

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November 11th.

"The great day of unity, when our spirits blend in one great whole and Love claims its own."

It is wonderful—these two minutes of Silence. The Love of God fills us completely and we behold "the whole world as filled with loving deeds and loving things."

"We know that to them that love God all things work together for good."

\* \* \*

HERBERT IS HEALED

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November 12th.

Yesterday afternoon we held our Healing Circle. One of the members sent us word, asking for our prayers for her little boy Herbert, who was very ill indeed. He had been unconscious on Sunday, and the doctor was afraid of pneumonia.

So we took him into the Silence, into the Presence of God, where there is no such thing as pneumonia or disharmony: for when one is in the Presence one realises the Truth—God—that good is omnipresent; if good is present, where is evil?

God is omnipresent; if harmony is present, where is disharmony? It is nowhere, it has no place and it has no power, for the only power is of God—good!

This morning I called to see how Herbert was and found him up and quite well. He told me himself that he was feeling so ill on Tuesday morning, and could not eat anything, as whatever he took made him sick. After



our prayers and realising the Truth for him, he said that about 3.30 to 4 p.m. all the sickness had gone and he felt so well that he asked his mother to let him get up and go for a ride on his bicycle. She allowed him to get up and go down into the kitchen, and he ate a good tea and supper, and has felt perfectly well ever since.

The *Living Christ* is still healing in our midst.

"And Jesus came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them."—(ST. MARK 1/31).

\* \* \*

#### M.D. IS HEALED

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The Living Christ again healed last week. A woman was bitten very badly by a dog on Tuesday week. She sent the Healing Circle word, and asked for our prayers. It happened on the morning of our healing day, as we always meet on Tuesday afternoons. She was in great pain; the leg began to swell and turn black. We took her into the Silence, where God reigns, where God is in command, where Love, the fulness of God, heals. In the great Silence one knows there is no pain, nor can there be in God's Presence, where all is love and harmony. We realised this great Truth for her, the "Truth which would set her free."

She told us afterwards that about 3.30 all the pain went; a few hours afterwards there was no swelling left, and by the next morning there was no sign of the bite; just two small red places where the teeth had met.

I had an interesting talk with her. She had been reading a book I had lent her, the one I had enjoyed so much myself, *THE MYSTIC GOAL*.

She said the books I lend her seemed somehow to

have taken on some of my strength of thought, and as she reads them she receives strength and so is gradually getting better and better. She said she felt the Presence of God everywhere. It is the Divine Strength that is ever present that heals her. This woman has much to overcome. She can hardly walk and has to crawl upstairs on her hands and knees because of rheumatoid arthritis.

The Truth is gradually working and will make her free . . ."

A year later she was able to walk anywhere.

\* \* \*

#### THE HEALING OF DOROTHY

November 29th.

F. and M.D. were able to pass on the Truth in a wonderful way.

While I was away, a little child called Dorothy was taken very ill with measles and pneumonia and a leaking heart. The doctor said last Friday week that she could not live through the night. As I was away, M.D. and F. took her into the Silence of the Healing Circle. For a whole hour they worked hard, clearing away the darkness and fear that had been "thought" round the child, until they felt the Healing Presence was around her, and in this Presence they could leave her.

Dorothy slept that night for two hours, the first sleep she had had for days. When she awoke, her mother said to her: "Now, Dorothy, you and I are alone; just drink this tea before the others get up." Dorothy looked at her mother and said: "But we are not alone, God is with us, and has been with me all night." From that moment she got better and better.

When the doctor called in the morning he said: "Well, how is she this morning?" When the mother replied: "Better!" he could hardly believe it—he had said she could not live through the night—and repeated very loudly: "What do you say—*better?*" "Yes," she said, "better!" He then sounded Dorothy and found all trace of pneumonia had gone.

When I returned last Monday I was told about her, and that her mother had asked for our prayers.

Dorothy was still very weak and had what is called a "leaking" heart; the blood was coming up through her nose, and she was suffering great pain through ear-ache.

After our Silence on Tuesday she slept the whole night long; her ear discharged and all the pain ceased. On Thursday I went up to see her and took her a book to read. She was asleep, so I only saw her mother, who said she was getting on well, so well that the doctor said she might sit up in bed. I left them some of our books on Spiritual Healing. The mother said she had not understood what our Healing Circle did before. Now she understands, and is very grateful.

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#### A LOVELY GARDEN

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On Thursday night I woke up to find myself in the garden at the hospital, "The Life of Christ." I was with some children and we walked down some steps into another part of the garden that I had not seen before. It was the most beautiful garden, and in the centre was a pedestal with statues of two children. I do not remember anything more.



## THE INFIRMARY

December 1st.

I spent this afternoon at the Infirmary in the town, visiting the women; there are some sad cases, and how I long to help them all! While I was in one of the wards, a boy brought his little brother into the garden "to look at mother through the window." The little brother, aged about three, peeped through the window, and thought he was looking at a Cinema, and called out: "Why, mother is in the pictures." It is hard to keep a clear thought in a place like this, although they are wonderfully cheerful. I am not going again, as one cannot tackle things *en masse*.

December 24th.

To-morrow is Christ's Day, the day that Love was born into the world, the perfect Love of God expressing Himself through His only Son, Jesus the Christ. This same Christ is born within each one of us, and so to-morrow we must remember that each one of us is a temple of the Living God. The Christ Child is within, the Power of the Kingdom of Heaven. We may help the whole world by remembering this and recognising the Christ Child within ourselves and others. The weak little Babe Who grew into the Power and the Glory of the Kingdom of Heaven!

*And I swear to you by the soul of me,  
By a Love that knows no fear,  
That my soul has seen in the soul of you,  
The vision of Christ appear.  
And I sing to your soul from the soul of me,  
Of Peace that will come to stay,*

*When your heart responds to the Heart of God,  
Each day is Love's Christmas Day.*—H. V. MORGAN.

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### CHRISTMAS DAY

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December 25th.

And such a happy one too! Early this morning at Holy Communion the church was full of little bright lights. I see them often now and I know they are angels from the heavenly spheres. They make it a real Holy Communion :

*O blest communion! Fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine—  
Alleluia.*

\* \* \*

### SPIRITUAL MAN V. MATERIAL MAN

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December 28th.

I have been thinking for some time of an idea that is in my head. It seems to me that material man knows within himself what the real spiritual man is like. He knows what man ought to be able to do; and so, because he has lost the spiritual side of his inmost self, he has invented things outside himself. I will try to explain.

Spiritual man is Life and so never dies; there is no ill-health or disease in the Perfect Life of God. Man knows this, so mortal man invents a process; old people are operated on and monkey glands are grafted in to give them more vitality, so that they can fight disease, and so live longer. Mortal man has also invented all sorts of operations, when all the time he only has to realise that

the Healing Life of God is within, and this realisation makes him every whit whole.

Spiritual man knows that he can make his body lighter at will and fly. Mortal man invents flying machines.

Spiritual man knows of the beauty of God, the lovely colour in the cheeks and the wonderful gold of the hair that one sees on the higher planes. Mortal man paints the face and dyes the hair, trying to get the wonderful effect of the higher planes.

Spiritual man knows of the music of the spheres. Mortal man hears a chord and produces it again as harmony on earth.

Spiritual man can walk on the water and knows that water is only another vibration. Mortal man invents boats and submarines.

I feel that as long as we go on inventing things to help us outwardly, we are postponing the day when we learn to live from within, trusting the Life principle within. We should be far advanced by now if we had concentrated on developing our inward powers instead of concentrating on outward inventions. Heredity then would have meant so much to us.

If only men and women would learn the real things of Life, if only they would live with the Life that throbs through the whole creation and realise that they are not born of flesh but of Spirit! They are children of God and inherit spiritual blessings: all that the Father possesses is bestowed upon them.

We can all say: "I am a child of God, a life-centre through which He may express His Love to others. And when I look at others I see they are also vehicles for Divine Life and Love; and as I hold this thought for them, they are healed. Because Life is creative, this



thought brings forth more creative Life, it is trusting the Life principle within."

"We are children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."—(ROM. VIII/16.)

\* \* \*

### THE NEW YEAR—A TESTING TIME

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#### January 1st.

There are so many needing help. W. is ill, also Herbert is ill again; he has measles and bronchitis.

In the Kingdom of God I see them both as the Life Eternal which never changes.

M. has asked for help as her husband is very ill, and T.'s sister is dying.

\* \* \*

#### January 3rd.

W. is well to-day, all pain having entirely disappeared.

I hear Herbert is much better, the measles have gone; he is still weak and ill, but the Life within is strong and well, and this Life has never changed, it is Divine Energy, the Life Principle.

(Note: August, 1925: After Herbert had recovered from this illness he was a strong, healthy boy, which he had never been before: also T.'s sister did not pass on, she was completely healed.)

\* \* \*

"LIFE TRANSCENDENT"  
(by Olive Mercer.)

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This is a lovely book I am reading. Such a help

to me just now. She says : " Growth is a period of light ; but the testing time is most often a period of deep darkness and of despair. No one would complain about his fiery ordeals did he but realise how necessary they are at certain stages of his unfoldment. We call our initiations upon us by knocking at the door of a higher class-room. Impatiently we want to enter a bigger school of experience, but first we must show our certificate.

" The greatest tests are not outward things, to be seen of men, like the loss of an immense fortune, or the downfall of a life work. The greatest tests are *inward experiences*, unseen and unknown by our nearest and dearest. An initiation, a great test, shows whether we are ready . . . if we are, the Light streams down upon us, and bathes us in its surpassing beauty, and the doors of joy open widely that we enter in."

\* \* \*

#### UNREALITY OF DARKNESS

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January 9th.

I feel I would like to get away to an island just alone with the birds and flowers. Everyone seems to be ill, and they are all calling for help. The only thing is to get away to the plane of Spirit, and just live in the Presence of God, where all is peace and wholeness—mentally to live on that plane, while one does one's duty on the plane of the material. While on this plane one sees the unreality of all this darkness, for God is Light. One lives, moves and has one's being in the Light and the consciousness of God; the universal consciousness comes into being, where all is beauty and love.

As Archdeacon Wilberforce said: " To walk in the

Spirit is an acquired habit of realisation of the Presence of God. Walking in the Spirit does not mean the denial of the existence of the material. The material is a gift of God; the material has its joys, its sorrows and its duties, *but the material is transitory*: it is a passing educative experience.

“To walk in the Spirit is to live in conscious vital realisation of your essential elemental oneness with the Infinite Life.”

\* \* \*

#### THE TEMPLES OF GOD

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January 10th.

Yesterday, after having written the foregoing, I went into the Silence “where God reigns, where God works perfectly.” In that Silence I must have “walked in the Spirit” as the most extraordinary and wonderful thing happened. The Spirit must have taken me to a very high sphere, perhaps the Christ Sphere. It was dazzling in brightness; the atmosphere was full of light and glory; it was more like the Heaven that we used to read about, “whose streets were paved with gold.”

In this superb place were magnificent temples. The first one I saw was azure blue in colour, with the Light of Christ within, which Light shone through the temple in rays of blue. The next I saw was the colour of old rose; this also had the Light within, it seemed to shine forth in pink rays. The material of these temples seemed to be made of precious stones. Another I saw was opal; this also was lit up with the Light Eternal. The last one I saw was still more wonderful and more dazzling than any of the others, as it was simply *Light*. No words



of mine can convey what " simply Light " looks or feels like. It may have been yellow in colour, yet not yellow, just *Light*—Light that is transparent and yet appearing solid; Light that sends forth joy and peace; Light that is glory and love; Light that is sparkling with the joys of Heaven, full of the music of the angelic hosts. Yes, the Christ Light *is* the Fulness of God!

This is the second time I have tried to write what I saw, but it is beyond description. I must just leave it at that, and hope and pray that one day I may be allowed to see it again. How I thanked God for it all! I feel it was what St. John saw: *Man* as the Temple of the Living God—the Bride, the Lamb's wife. " And I, John, saw the holy city . . . and I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying: Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God . . .

" And he carried me away in the spirit to a great high mountain and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal . . . And the building of the wall of it was of jasper . . . and the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones; the first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcedony, the fourth an emerald . . . The Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it.

" And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

\* \* \*

January 11th.

On the material plane we all want help so much.

J. is ill in bed. W. is ill. D. has a high temperature—and so on. It is just a testing time to bring forth a greater and stronger manifestation of God. In reality I see them all as these wonderful temples filled with Light, for they are temples of the Living God. As I held them in thought, I realised Christ as the Light within the temple and the Light healed them. W. I realised as a temple of Love; all else dropped away. J. shone as a temple of Joy with the Light within. For Light purifies, heals; it is the Spirit of Christ alive with the Eternal Life of God. This Presence is the utter exclusion of all that is unlike God. "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Sprit which is in you?"—(I COR. VI.)

\* \* \*

### FAITH

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#### January 13th.

The Living Christ is in our midst! After I had seen Christ as the Living Light within the temples, they all recovered. D.'s temperature dropped at once, and he was quite healed. W. said he felt so well and saw everything in a new light. J.'s growth at the back of the nose disappeared, because the Healing Light permeated him through and through to the utter exclusion of all that is unlike God. It was a "demonstration of the Spirit and of Power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the Power of God."—(I COR II/4.)

\* \* \*

### FLOATING

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#### January 14th.

Last night as I was just going off to sleep, I felt

myself floating, and found myself in a beautiful cathedral. I can see now the pillars and arched roof. I then found myself in a lovely wood with very tall trees and wide outspreading branches. I also saw a child with shining garments who smiled at me. At first she was just a bright light, but after a little while I could see the child within the light.

I am so glad to know that these bright lights I see so often are little angel children. Bless them and their angel faces!

\* \* \*

#### AN INITIATION TO THE REALMS OF PEACE

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February 12th.

After I had been helping W.— who was in agony again—and doing what I could for him on the material plane, I took him into the Silence where the Peace of God reigns. In this great Peace of God there is no pain, for it is the consciousness of God. W. said his pain went suddenly, came back again twice, and then went altogether, and he slept.

I, too, went to sleep in that higher consciousness and the most wonderful things happened to me. I do not remember what they were, but I know something very extraordinary occurred.

I feel quite different from what I did yesterday, but I is very difficult to describe. I feel it must have been some sort of initiation, some glorious happening on the Higher Planes.

When I awoke this morning I felt something lovely had happened. (As I wrote that I saw a bright light near my hand, and as I write I hear heavenly music floating round me.) I tried to remember what it was,



but could not, but a mental picture came into my mind which brought back the glorious happiness.

The picture I saw was a small village nestling amongst the hills. The lovely sunshine, symbolical of consciousness of God's Love, lit up the whole countryside. I could hear the birds singing, and as far as I could see were masses and masses of flowers.

On my right was the little village church, whose bell was ringing out in that soft sparkling air. Little children, dressed in white shimmering dresses, were accompanying me to this church. The happiness and peace seemed intensified by the anticipation of further worshipping and loving God in the little village church. I felt I had not a care in the world; I was only conscious of intense peace and happiness. The air was full of happy sounds, children's voices and children's laughter, mingled with the songs of the birds. Even the flowers seemed to speak and give out a living happiness with their refreshing scent.

All day long this feeling of having been bathed in the River of Life has been with me. I feel half in a dream: I still feel that only part of me has returned to my material body; the rest of me, my higher consciousness, is still in the Presence of God where all good is reflected in Love; the perpetual sunshine (that seems like the Smile of God) and the birds and the flowers, and the air are all full of the Glory of God. It has been an initiation into the Realms of Peace and my whole being is singing with the joy and gratitude of it all.

\* \* \*

#### DARK DAYS

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I feel at times I would like to "give it all up"  
—this old earth life with all its worries and misunder-

standings. I long for the peace of those higher realms, where all is love and sunshine, and an *understanding* of the Truth. That is the worst part of being able to visit these heavenly places, one wants to stay there for ever. But no, we must learn to overcome on the earth plane, and so help God to establish His Kingdom on earth. These days of darkness are the days when the Life of the seed is in the ground, days that have to be before the glorious bursting forth of the perfect flower.

God is just as much in His dark earth as He is in the midst of His gorgeous garden, and He knows that the dark earth days have to be, just as He knows that the harder the earth is the stonger the plant will be when it has at last pushed its way through into the glorious light. And I thank Him for having told me this. I was so miserable when I began to write and now He has put it all so clearly to me. I had no idea what I was going to write when I started.

"We live our lives in the Infinite, and the Infinite is in us."

Yes, and the Infinite is ever-present Love. "Now unto Him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the Presence of His Glory without blemish, . . . be glory, majesty, dominion and power."—  
(JUDE.)

\* \* \*

ASH WEDNESDAY

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February 25th.

The first day of Lent. The testing time for Jesus Christ; the great testing time that ends in the death of the body, the crucifixion of the material self, and then the glorious resurrection of the Spiritual Body of Light.

The Risen Christ shows forth His oneness with His Father in the Life Everlasting.

With the Risen Christ within me I proclaim my victory over the claims of the world. With the Risen Christ within me I assert my perfect mastery and dominion; with the Risen Christ within me I ascend into the high spiritual realms where God IS, where God reigns.

\* \* \*

*O Love that wilt not let me go!  
O heavenly gain secure from loss!  
I see the light, and learn at last in joy  
To kiss the cross, Love's cross,  
To kiss the cross.*

H. V. MORGAN.

\* \* \*

#### W.'S ILLNESS

##### March 1st.

W. is very ill again; he drags himself about but is too weak to do anything. I visualise him surrounded in Love, sustained by the power of God. The doctor says he must have an operation as all this pain points to gall-stones.

In the Universal Consciousness there is no disease. I leave him in the light of God's Presence.

"The Heights are calling all the time, calling us to attention, to higher achievements, nobler aims and purer ideals."

As we progress we must meet with the tests of our apprenticeship.

Mr. Hamblin says: "Before each step forward along the Path of Attainment there is always the testing time. When it arrives do not falter, and, above all, do



not think that it is evil, or that you have done something wrong. It is all good and not evil, and if you have patience you will find that it is so."

Patience is the great lesson I have to learn. *I must learn patience.*

\* \* \*

### MY MUSICAL BOX

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#### March 6th.

I shall call this book my musical box; whenever I open it and begin to write, I hear the most exquisite music, like joyous ripples on the vibrations of light.

\* \* \*

### JESUS CHRIST

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#### March 8th.

I feel I must write down just what I think about Jesus Christ.

God is Spirit: Jesus Christ is God personified. Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary and was human just as we are, going through the same steps of babyhood, youth and manhood. His life was a poem, a perfect manifestation of His Father, a unique expression of the Mind of God. He came to teach a material world the Will of God, that through Love we should all be made perfect. He demonstrated Perfect Love by His death on the Cross. It was a perfect discipline of Perfect Love. His whole life is one long expression of the *sustained power of God*. He is the visible Revelation of the Divine Character. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. We become changed and our lives transformed to the extent that we raise our consciousness to the Christ conscious-

ness and gaze upon His glory.

Because of the Cross, we have the Resurrection, and the assurance of final victory. The Christ within me is the Risen, Glorified, Triumphant Christ.

"Thou, O Christ, art the living Vine: I am content to live the branch-life, utterly dependent on Thee. Without Thee I can be and do nothing. With Thee, in Thee I can do all things."

In the Silence I feel His Presence, the God Presence of Love. The indwelling Spirit of Christ within me is the Eternal Life of God, the Living Christ Who heals the sick. As He broke the power of evil at Calvary, evil has no power over the Christ within me, and so He is the Saviour of the whole world. "I live, yet not I, for Christ liveth in me." The Christ within is changing me, renewing me after His likeness. How can I thank Him enough for what He has done for me? For I am a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, and so can and will reveal the character of Him in Whom I live, and move, and have my being, in due course fulfilling His great commandment: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

\* \* \*

#### SPIRITUAL HEALING

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##### March 22nd.

Just as I was entering the Church this morning for Holy Communion, a woman rushed up to me and said: "I want to tell you that my brother came back home last night and is perfectly well. He looks better than he has ever looked in his life." This man was a mental case that the Healing Circle has been helping. She

went on to say that he was going to Church himself to return thanks. It is indeed a matter of thanksgiving. The Living Christ in our midst is the Healer. We bring the cases to Him and He heals them.

Again I hear that exquisite music. I only have to open this book and begin to write and I at once hear it—the Music of the Spheres—the angels in communion with the Father, lifting their voices in heavenly praise.

*Praise to the Holiest in the height  
And in the depths be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.*

\* \* \*

#### OUR HEALING WORK AT NIGHT

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##### March 23rd.

R., a member of our Healing Circle, told me that she has seen us at our healing work at night.

She found herself flying with me and three others, one being a man. We were floating towards a city; when we reached it we started our healing work in the slums. She said we went into the most dreadful places, and saw the most horrible sights. One woman tried to commit suicide. R. said I held her hands, and talked to her, and that my face was lit up with light and love. She remarked that she will never forget the expression on my face.

(As I wrote that a star of Light shone in and out of the paper).

She said we all had our different work to do in the slums, but that I seemed in command of them. The man was there, but only appeared to be looking after



us, and did not take any part in the healing. She asked this man how many we were in this healing group, and he answered: "Just you four."

R. said the others were dressed in white clinging garments, but I had on a long black college gown that she has seen me in before at night. She said when I was helping the woman I had a light round my head, and a lovely rainbow at the back of me.

\* \* \*

### W. IS HEALED

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W. is extraordinarily well and has been ever since I was given that realisation on March 1st for him, of the Heights calling us to attention, to higher achievement, nobler aims and purer ideals. I saw the perfect Life of God behind all life. I saw W. fed from unfailing fountains and I saw his need supplied from the inexhaustible supply.

\* \* \*

### J.'S CONFIRMATION DAY

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#### March 31st.

I saw glorious lights in the Church, so bright and large and deep. Angels were guarding the children and speaking words of Love to them as they passed up the aisle to where the bishop was waiting to lay his hands upon them and bless them. The Christ-light could be seen all around him, and the children walked into this glow—the Christ-ray that would accompany them in their journey through life, for it was Christ Himself Who blessed them through His created life-centre, the bishop, a willing vehicle for Divine Love.

I saw J. received into that Presence and mingle

with Divine Love, the Indwelling Presence that will be with her through Life Eternal.

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

"But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."—(I COR. II.)

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### M. IS HEALED SPIRITUALLY

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April 3rd.

Our Healing Circle has been helping a woman who fell downstairs and broke her leg, the top part near the thigh. At the best of times she is not "very grand" as she says.

It is nine weeks since the accident occurred, and yesterday in front of the doctor she walked round the kitchen bearing her whole weight on her leg, and she could walk perfectly. She said to the doctor: "Well, are you satisfied?" "Satisfied," said the Doctor, "I am perfectly amazed; never in the whole of my medical career have I seen a leg heal so quickly and so well." He went out to his car still saying it was the most amazing thing he had ever seen, as generally they could not walk for four or six months.

The District Nurse then went to see her, and she too was dumbfounded. She asked what she had been doing: "What is at the back of all this?" as she saw it was not just an ordinary healing.

They had told this Nurse a little bit about the power of thought and now they told her more. The Nurse said she would like to read some of our books and learn

a little bit about it herself. So I sent her Mr. Hamblin's POWER OF THOUGHT to start with. M. had told the Nurse and Doctor that her leg was perfectly healed after the first fortnight, and they said it was impossible; now Nurse begins to think it must have been true. It is wonderful news, and M. has grown spiritually through this experience.

We have had lovely Silences—constructive meditation—with her during these few weeks and so have entered into the *conscious* partnership with God where we have seen all things made in His Image and Likeness. Having raised our consciousness to the God Consciousness, we have got away from race suggestions and law, and have identified ourselves with God's Indwelling Power which builds after His Pattern and according to His Law of Divine Order.

On this subject Mr. H. V. Morgan says in CREATIVE HEALING :

“ When once we understand the relation between the positive and negative elements of mind we realise that every power is in itself both constructive and destructive, according to the way it is directed by the will. We are not altogether responsible for the thoughts that come into our heads, but we are absolutely responsible for those upon which we meditate. Constructive meditation leads to Life and Life more abundant. Destructive meditation leads to weakness and decay. Paul sums up the way of the superman in these glorious words: “ And we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.”

“ We are changed into the image of that on which we consciously meditate. When we realise that medita-



tion can cause our own expression to be changed from glory to glory, we begin to understand the meaning of man's promised dominion as given in *Genesis*, when God said: 'Let us make man in our image and after our likeness.'

"Most people live under the law of suggestion and race hypnosis. They identify themselves with the thoughts of the race and repeat its history.

"Upon such the sins of the fathers are repeated not only unto the third and fourth generation but through ages until the deep-rooted suggestion has been destroyed through illumined reason."

\* \* \*

#### THE PICTURE

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April 4th.

I have seen a vision of a picture: it was a large picture and wonderfully painted. I will try to write down what I saw. First of all, I saw myself writing the following words above the picture: "*Love the Sustaining Power of Life!*"

I seemed to be looking into space, and on the right of me was the world. God's Love was represented by a substance that was blue in colour, misty in appearance, soft and yet strong, liquid like water and yet with the whole power of Heaven in it, lit up and sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow vibrating through it, yet it was just a "blue mist"—the Love of God which is the sustaining power of life.

As I gazed into space, I was conscious of angels; they seemed everywhere and the "blue mist" was round about them and within them. As they conversed with each other I saw the "blue mist" coming forth, flowing

from one to another.

I then looked at the world, and saw that it was also surrounded by the "blue mist" and that the angels were taking the mist of Love into the world, here, there and everywhere. I saw it all as though they were pictures in the world.

One picture was a ward in a hospital, where a healer was helping the angels and the "blue mist" to manifest. The healer was laying his hands on the sick and looking up, knowing that in real Life there is no sickness, only Love which is the sustaining power of life. And so the "blue mist" was able to penetrate into these children of God and wash them clean.

Another picture was a dark slum full of vice and it seemed submerged in darkness. The angels tried to get through all this darkness with the "blue mist."

They first approached a woman who was sitting weeping on a doorstep, but, alas, the tears were of self-pity only, and so the "blue mist" was beaten back by the darkness. But as they waited, a little child came running up. "Poor lady," she said, "why do you cry?" and the little arms were held out in sympathy. The "blue mist" found a bright and open channel and poured itself through the child, and so was able to reach the woman. And the angels rejoiced to see the "blue mist" slowly working its way through the darkness.

In other pictures or scenes of the world I could see the "blue mist" working in groups, some large and some small, and as it worked the whole environment was lit up with the Light Eternal, and I knew that one day soon, in spite of the dark spots in the world, the whole human race would realise the power of the "blue mist" and would offer themselves as willing vehicles for Christ's service, and so help to bring the "blue mist" throughout

the world by living in the realisation of the sustaining power of Love.

(I am writing this on the seashore, to the gentle ripple of the waves as they break on the golden sands.)

As I write I hear music; it is such glorious music—the music of the waves!

Also, as I write, I see such lovely bright lights across the paper; they come in and out like bright stars. I always feel they are angels. “Love Thoughts” of God.

I wrote and told H. V. Morgan about the music of the waves and he sent me his poem, called

### DEEP CALLS TO DEEP

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*I sit on the shore by the sea to-night  
And lave in the joy of the soft moonlight,  
Deep calls to deep in mystic song  
That has never ceased since the world was young :  
And I listen low till the deep in me  
Responds to the deep of the central sea.  
Nay, 'tis not the song of the waves I hear  
That break on the sands in the moonlight clear,  
But a song of the stillness of the deep  
That never has heard the wild winds sweep ;  
And the deep of my soul sings back to the sea  
A song of great tranquility—  
For a deeper Voice than the voice of the sea  
Has spoken deep to the deep in me,  
And has lifted my soul to victory.*

\* \* \*

EASTER SUNDAY

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“ Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth



on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do because I go unto my Father."

These words have been ringing in my mind for some weeks now. Four or five times I have seen the same vision. I did not want to write it down in case I was mistaken, but having seen the vision so many times and heard the words so often, I feel it is a special message for me, and I will try to write down what I saw and heard.

One afternoon in meditation I was thinking of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. I was seeing Him with my mind and He seemed to be standing in front of me, only some way off. I could see the Holy Spirit as the Indwelling Spirit and I thought of the words: "The Omnipotent Spirit Who energised in Jesus is working in and through me." Then suddenly I saw myself standing beside Jesus Christ; He turned round, put His Hands on me and said these wonderful words: "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do, because I have gone to My Father."

I then saw myself lit up and blazing forth with the Light of the Holy Spirit. Since that afternoon I have seen this vision four or five times, and the same words are always said to me. At first I could not believe that I had been chosen and that it was really the Master speaking and promising such a wonderful thing. I felt awed and not worthy of such a promise, and I thought at first I had imagined it, and so put it away from me, but now I cannot, and the promise stands. *Because He has gone to the Father, I am living with Him in the Life of God. I do believe in Him and so can do the works He did because He is using me. I am just a vehicle—a life centre to be used by Him. I realise His Presence*

now. My life is hid with Christ in God.

"Thou art with me when I work and when I play. I can never go out of Thy Presence. I am an expression, a manifestation of the Infinite Mind of God. Thy Life, Thy Spirit is within me, Thou art seeking to realise Thyself, and manifest Thy Love through me."—(THE REV. F. C. SHERMAN.)

God is now working through me to establish His Kingdom on earth. I am now a channel used by the Holy Spirit to help other lives, to heal the sick, so that they too, may be filled with His Divine Fulness.

My heart is full of happiness; joyfully I abandon myself to Thee.

\* \* \*

#### SPIRITUAL HEALING

April 14th.

What is Spiritual Healing? Through meditation in the Wise Silence I received the answer.

Spiritual Healing is to raise ourselves and those we wish to heal on to a higher plane, the Christ Plane. We visualise our loved ones surrounded by the Love of God, the Healing Spirit of Christ permeating them, spirit, soul and body. All discord and inharmony drop away; disease and other evils "are not;" in that Healing Presence they do not even exist, as on that Higher Plane, which is the Kingdom of God within us, there is only the Life of Christ and all that It contains—harmony, peace, love, power—the Fulness of God. This is the real Kingdom of God; it is a state of consciousness that we reach, and when we have found it ourselves we take those we want to heal into this Kingdom and leave them there. His Perfect Will is now being done through them.

KENNETH

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April 15th.

Yesterday I had a telegram asking for "help" for a boy who is very ill.

In the Silence I heard these words: "There is no difficulty which God cannot unravel."

Somehow the boy seemed to have something on his mind. So I worked for peace, knowing that God could remove the difficulty, leaving the peace of understanding.

\* \* \*

April 16th.

Last night I remember going to see this boy, and was giving out thoughts of Love to him as I floated along; I was saying to myself: "The Life of Christ is here and that Life is Perfect, and within that Life is the sustaining power of Love." Then I lost consciousness again.

\* \* \*

SIMPLE FAITH

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April 27th.

I had such an interesting talk with an old man today at a garage—the owner. He has wonderful faith, I find, and believes in an all-powerful God, who can and will do anything for the good of His children.

He told me of a case of a woman who was dying from cancer. Four or five of them went to her room and prayed with her. While they prayed they knew God would heal her, and He did. She is now quite well, and often drops in for a chat with him at the garage.



He also told me that when he first bought his garage, he went in alone, took his hat off, and dedicated the building and his work to God. "And look," he added, "at the result; it has grown bigger and bigger, and prospered in many ways."

\* \* \*

#### W.'S PAIN EASED

April 28th.

Last night W. was very bad, in great pain. I felt very much drawn to heal him and specially full of Healing Power. I placed my hands on the spot where the pain was, and I could feel the power tingling in my fingertips; the Healing Power was drawn down into his body and the pain went in a few minutes.

I do feel so thankful! All the time I was holding my hands on him I could hear these words ringing in my head: 'Greater works than these shall ye do because I have gone to My Father.'

\* \* \*

#### HEALING CIRCLE

May 5th.

We have just had our weekly Spiritual Healing Meeting. So many of our cases have recovered and they are passing the good news on to others. Two mental cases have been sent back home cured. Another case—a man who had fits and a nervous breakdown—has been healed in a few weeks. They are all so grateful.

\* \* \*

#### W.'S OPERATION

May 12th.

W. was operated on yesterday. The doctors found no gall-stones but removed the appendix, although

two specialists had told him he had gall-stones. While I sat with him I could see bright lights all round him. His cough was very painful so I asked one of these "lights" to heal his cough. The next time he coughed it was easier and the pain was much less. I left him to attend the Healing Circle; I felt I could do more for him away from all his suffering.

In Divine Mind he is already healed, as the perfect image and likeness has not been operated on. As a child of God he is free from all adversity, he is free from all limitation; we rejoice in the Truth that God, the Source of Life and Perfection, is his Loving Father. We trust the Power of the Universal Life to bring this Truth into manifestation. This Power is the victory over every claim of things earthly.

God is Power;  
God is Victory;  
God is Freedom!

\* \* \*

#### THE RIVER OF LIFE

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May 13th.

Last night I was able to take W. with me to the "River of Life." This river is quite near the hospital, "The Life of Christ," but on the other side of the bridge. At the river I found D., who had passed on last March.

W. was weak and tired and lay in the long grass near the River of Life, but with D.'s help I was able to get him down to the river, and the healing waters washed him through and through. We picked some of the silver leaves off the "Tree of Life" which grows close to the river and laid them gently across his wound, and he was

refreshed and healed.

*And he showed me a pure river of water, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruit every month; and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations.—(REVELATIONS XXII/2.)*

I have been many times to this River of Life, and as a child I used to play in the fields near the river and have games round the Tree of Life with other joyous children in this glorious Land of the Sun. I only have to shut my eyes to see and feel it all again.

\* \* \*

May 16th.

W. is simply splendid, quite his old self again. We are having a wonderful time; we seem somehow just to be living on the spiritual plane where all is life, truth, peace and love. I feel his healing has been a far greater and deeper thing than just the healing after an operation. It has been a strengthening of his whole being for some future service to God.

While he was under the chloroform he was told that Life had been given back to him to use for some great work for God; that at some future time this work will be forthcoming, and with the work will be given a great spiritual force which will carry him through successfully. I feel he was given this infinite strength and glory by the River of Life.

The mighty and majestic forces of the Spirit of the Tree of Life have entered into his soul, to be brought into outward manifestation at the right time. It is the force and power of the Universal Life—the sustaining,



healing and restoring power.

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### SUPPLY—SPIRITUAL IDEAS

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May 23rd.

We shall have to realise Supply; on the material plane things look very bad indeed.

Last night I had a wonderful realisation of God. I saw so plainly that we were all channels for the manifestation of God; some were manifesting His Idea more fully than others. *His Idea is Perfect*, but so few of us can even faintly realise this Perfection, much less manifest it in our lives. The outward material world is a reflection of our idea of the perfect, but what a poor insipid lifeless world we create compared with the powerful life-giving World of God.

We must live in our inward vision to perceive the world of reality. With this inward vision the sick are healed, and one sees the reality of supply, the consciousness of spiritual abundance—which is *abundance of spiritual ideas*. These ideas can never fail. This book is a living testimony, rich in ideas, rich in substance, for it is evidence of God's Spiritual Universe, filled with His Blessing.

\* \* \*

### THE UNIVERSAL CONSCIOUSNESS; THE ACTIVITY OF THE SPIRIT

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When I get a clear realisation like that, I long to join the Christian Scientists as they try to live in the Universal Consciousness, and with this inward vision heal the sick. But with the longing came this vision of *The Mountain of God*:

I found myself standing on the top of a very high mountain. (As I wrote that I saw such a bright light on this page). I was in the midst of a dazzling light which seemed full of the Glory of God. As I looked down I could see many paths leading up to where I stood. They were all straight paths, some broad and some narrow.

On my right I noticed one which was particularly broad and worn by the tramp of many feet. This path was the Christian Scientists' way to the top, and there were many happy people walking along it; but it had high hedges on either side. These hedges prevented the people who were using that path from seeing any other road, so they had no idea that there were many paths to the top, all equally as good as their own. These high hedges also prevented them from giving a helping hand to those who had chosen another path. In fact, they seemed to think that their path was the only one; they had no idea of those poor lonely souls who were also making their way to the top; if they had known they would have been the first to have held out a helping hand. It was all the fault of those high hedges which they had built on either side of their path.

I turned away from the Christian Scientists to look more closely at the people on the other paths. For some time I could not quite understand who they were; then suddenly it flashed across me that these people were the pioneers for fresh paths. They had each made a new path up to the top; these paths had no hedges, so they could see and talk and help each other as they walked along.

I noticed that these people walked by *intuition*, and so could carve a path for themselves. It was hard work and lonely, oh, so lonely at times! As I watched them



I thought how much easier it would be to use the path already made by the Christian Scientists ; they would reach the top just the same.

Just as I was thinking this, I saw for the first time the wonder and beauty of the mountain.

These paths carved by those lonely souls led through the most glorious scenes of God's World. These pioneers were making ready for the many thousand people who were waiting at the foot of the mountain, and who would follow in their footsteps, making ready to show them still further glories of that dazzling Kingdom of God.

At that moment a voice bade me look round, and I beheld still more paths. I could feel the Peace and the Love of the Presence of God, and I knew that He wanted all His children to find their way to the top, and for them to know the whole of His beautiful mountain.

Why should they all come by one path, and so only see one small part of His mountain—this mountain that was so dear to Him and contained so many wonderful blessings which He had prepared for His children? But they had to start of their own free-will along the path which suited them best.

The pioneers—bless them!— had already been to the top of the mountain, having used one of the paths which had been well trodden by many feet, but having once been to the top and seen the hidden wonders of the mountain, of their own free-will they had volunteered to carve fresh paths, so as to reveal these glorious blessings waiting to be bestowed on the sons of God.

Perhaps, who knows, this book may reveal some of the hidden glories of the Mountain of God!



ANGEL CHILDREN

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May 24th.

Just as I am dropping off to sleep I see such sweet children. I so often see a little blue-eyed girl with fair golden hair smiling at me; last night she brought a little boy with her.

Also the lights I see are getting brighter and brighter; sometimes they are quite dazzling. This morning I saw the brightest and biggest one I have ever seen. W. and I were having our Silence together. I was just saying "thank you" from the bottom of my heart for W.'s healing when this light blazed forth in front of me like an enormous star.

All the time W. has been in the nursing home, in our Silence together we have been helping a man in the room above. We do not know him, but he is very ill; "no hope" was the doctor's report.

He died a week later. But there is no death. I knew that our prayers would enable him to understand more when he awoke on the Other Side. I have since felt he was very grateful for the Divine Strength and Love he received through us.

\* \* \*

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

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May 29th.

I am reading such a wonderful book, called THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS, by Mrs. Joy Snell. Yesterday I was reading about the heavenly garden, and wishing I too might be allowed to go there as she did. In fact, I prayed that an angel might come and place an arm

round me and take me through space to that heavenly garden. Then I must have fallen asleep as it all happened just as I wanted. An angel came and, placing her arm round me, said: "Shut your eyes." I shut my eyes and could feel that I was being taken through space. Suddenly she stopped and she said: "Now open your eyes." I opened them and found myself in a garden—our own garden! Very disappointedly I said: "But this is only our garden that I see every day, not 'The Heavenly Garden' I was reading about and wished to see."

The angel smiled at me and said: "This is your Heaven; it is within and around you. Do not wish for anything more until you have found this to be your Heaven."

Yes, the angel was right. We need not go away to find Heaven—it is *within*, and so it can be everywhere we are. When once we have found Heaven, which is joy, peace, harmony, beauty and love—a state of consciousness—we can take it into the dark places of the world and leave a little bit behind, just a ray of sunshine, a cheerful word, a smile with a loving thought behind it, a healing touch on a fevered brow, a blessing to one of God's little children, who can tell how far these little things will spread, these little bits of Heaven. But we must learn it all first in our own garden, and I thank the angel for having taught me this lesson. (I saw her bright light as I was writing just now).

Lately I know I have been longing for greater things, longing sometimes to get right away from this earth and its unbelievers; but if I were allowed to go I know I should want to come back and help the world and long again for my material body as a means of "contact" with the earth.

OUR HEALING CIRCLE

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June 3rd.

We are having wonderful results with our healing work. In the Silence we hold our patients in the "More Abundant Life," the Infinite Power that sustains them. We know that at the back of our effort is His Divine Strength that heals the sick by bringing forth into manifestation the finished work of God. In the "More Abundant Life" we know there is no cancer or paralysis or sleeping sickness, only a child of God with Power.

*Some of the manifestations :*

A little girl who was paralysed can now walk.

A boy with sleeping sickness, for whom the doctor said there was no cure, is completely healed.

Kenneth, who had something on his mind. When this was removed, he was gradually healed.

Colds and fevers and other limitations of the mortal mind, have been blotted out, leaving a child of God with Power!

\* \* \*

CONSUMPTIVE CHILDREN

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June 19th.

Yesterday about 200 children, cases of tuberculosis, came down and spent the day by the sea. Many of them were stretcher cases, such a sad sight.

Last night, just as I was falling asleep, I heard the music of the waves louder than ever, and the voices of the children calling to each other.

I soon found myself in spirit down by the sea playing with these children in the spray. They were the



same little children who had been here all day in their suffering bodies, but now how different they were! They had left their little suffering bodies asleep, while they—the real part of them—had returned to the sea to enjoy themselves. How they loved it all!—playing in the surf, sitting on the top of the waves and letting themselves be rolled in over and over, such music and laughter and joy were there.

I thank God for it all. Divine Love helps us in this way as we walk the Path of Attainment from sense to soul.

These little ones at night are free from their suffering bodies, and are able to gather in spiritual force and love through the joy of being allowed to play together in perfect freedom.

It is a much more wonderful world than we, or most of us, realise, for we are apt to live in one small part of it and think that small part is the whole.

\* \* \*

#### THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES

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June 26th.

Last night and the night before I lay in bed and listened in rapture to the exquisite music of the waves. Never before have I heard anything quite so beautiful. It is beyond description! Sometimes it is like liquid ripples vibrating up and down a piano; then it will change to a violin singing softly by itself, then suddenly ring forth the whole volume of perfect harmony as played by an orchestra of angels. Then again the piano will interrupt with little trills played very quickly like the dancing of elves—tripping, tripping softly to the liquid music.

Intermingled with the music is the happy laughter and merry voices of the children playing in the waves, the orchestra breaking in from time to time with such a volume of music that it completely drowns all other sound.

\* \* \*

### DIVINE WISDOM

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June 27th.

So as not to waste time and energy, I find it a good plan to pray, and hold in thought during the day, just one thing at a time for those I wish to help. At the moment I am "seeing" all day long for J. "wisdom." I feel she has joy, life, love and many other gifts, but she needs wisdom. Wisdom can mean so many things.

We will meditate on wisdom and see what it will bring.

The Wisdom of God brings Light which is true understanding. Wisdom is far-seeing; seeing beyond our senses; seeing with the consciousness of God; seeing that there is only one Life through the whole Spiritual Universe, that one Life manifesting through us as more Abundant Life.

Wisdom teaches us that we are made whole as we rest in thought on God's Perfection—His *only* Son, Jesus Christ. The Spirit of Life permeates all that is, using all matter as a sacrament, a means of grace until the "earthly" side of matter drops away in consciousness and we become a channel for pure Spirit, a channel for perfect love, a channel for perfect peace, harmony, and wisdom. When we think of such a channel, our thoughts at once turn to Jesus Christ as the only perfect channel the earth has known, and in knowing Him all matter

disappears and we see God in all His beauty.

My prayer and thought for J. is that she may become a perfect channel for the Holy Spirit, and so following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ she too may become a perfect manifestation of God.

As I wrote this I saw such bright lights coming in and out all over the page like little twinkling stars. I somehow feel these lights write it all—I do not. Just then one was in the inside of my hand under the pen as I wrote that last sentence.

\* \* \*

### A TRUE STORY OF TWO SOULS

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July 9th.

There were two beautiful flowers. They grew side by side in the Garden of Music; she was a graceful tiger-lily, and he a beautiful rose.

Now in the Garden of Music, as everyone knows, she who was the tiger-lily represented Faith, and he who was the rose, Love. These two, Faith and Love, grew side by side and they loved each other dearly. Their beautiful Garden of Music was on a very high plane, it was filled with harmony, and in the quiet of the eventide when all was still, God walked.

He saw Faith and Love and knew that He had work for them in His garden city—the earth, so He picked them and sent them forth with His Blessing.

They grew up side by side on earth as brother and sister. Their souls were still in the Garden of Music, but they were Faith and Love on earth.

Theirs was a very high vibration, and so they were very sensitive to the discords of life, but through it all they were Faith and Love, and their souls knew of the



Life beyond in that Garden of Music, knew that when their work on earth was fulfilled and Faith had given her all in *service*, and Love had helped along his comrades on the path, the call would come, and in that beautiful Garden of Happiness they would reap where they had sown.

There would be many ups and downs for them along this Path of Attainment, and because of their high vibration they would feel more than most people the discords of life, *but* they would also feel and understand the harmony and peace, and so would be able to enjoy to the full the atmosphere of the inner harmonies of Life.

\* \* \*

#### THE GARDEN OF MUSIC

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This story somehow was written through me; it cost me something to "buy mentally this truth" but it was worth it all, for it healed. No spiritual healing comes easily. Love only heals through self-sacrifice: the little self has to be got rid of so that one's consciousness can rise to that secret place of power wherein one knows that it is God That worketh; God Who bringeth to pass the "good" in every experience of life.

Archdeacon Wilberforce writes in NEW THEOLOGY :

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself is half the whole law of being . . . It will cost you something to buy mentally the truth concerning your neighbour, namely that he, too, is a child of God, and 'God inhabited,' that the Universal Mother-Soul loves him as much as you and bears with his cantankerous peculiarities as with yours, that your consciousness of superiority is probably an indication that you have some mission to him, and perhaps in the other dimension of space, the

Voice will ask you, 'Where is thy brother?' and you will find that inasmuch as thought is creative and forms an atmosphere, your thought has hindered him, and your dislike has made his downward way easier and swifter; your coldness discouraged him, your unconcealed contempt confused him and drew him back."

Thank you, my friend, you must have written that for me!

It did cost me something to learn "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—but I found the Garden of Music.

\* \* \*

#### DIVINE SUPPLY

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July 17th.

What with the Strikes looming ahead, things look very difficult for us on the material plane. We must work for Divine Supply.

Mr. Hamblin's affirmation for this month is a great help. He says:

"If we would be free from the bondage of limitation we must believe in the miracle of Faith. Before we can bring the great Spiritual laws, which transcend the laws of the physical plane, into action, we must believe that the former are far greater than the latter, and that by Faith they are set in motion . . .

"It does not matter how hedged about by material limitation we may appear to be, the operation of spiritual law can deliver us . . . Faith in the Spirit as our Source of Supply can deliver us."

*"The Spirit alone is my Source of Supply."*

SERVICE

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July 28th.

I had a vision early this morning, or rather a picture came into my mind. I found myself standing by a huge wooden door studded with nails. I seemed to be in a factory or a very noisy part of the earth.

As I stood there waiting with an angel by my side, two women came up and asked me to let them through. I looked at the angel, and he nodded his head, and said: "Yes, open for them." I opened the door about two feet, just enough for them to walk through simply. As I opened it I could see beyond into the next room, which seemed full of Light and lovely colours. I shut it quickly upon the women, no one else in the room had seen the door open and close; at least if they had, they had taken no notice of it.

The room was so dirty and noisy that I longed to get away to the peace and quietness of the other room, but the angel said to me: "*It is your work to open that door to those who wish to go through to the other side.*"

I might have seen more of this picture but someone spoke to me and the picture faded. As I was writing it down I saw a bright light by my hand; I expect it was the angel who helps me to open the door. I am so glad to know that I am allowed to open the door of the Kingdom of Heaven to those who wish to enter in. This book may be the open door to some, for God is the Supply and the Demand.

\* \* \*

OUR SPIRITUAL HEALING CIRCLE

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August 4th.

We have just had our weekly spiritual healing



meeting. We have so many to help; I feel we can give out and receive so much strength and power. It is God's Healing Power that sustains and restores; it is God's Power and He is healing our sick. I feel so grateful to Mr. H. V. Morgan for the following:

*We consciously think of one person and send out our highest thought of God, not realising that we have sent the healing vibrations of Infinite Love to the heights of Heaven, the breadth of earth, and the depth of hell.*

And that is what one small healing circle can do.

One of our members told us how her husband had been helped last week. He was responsible for the new gates at a certain lock on the canal. When the gates arrived they found they were made to the wrong measurement, and so they took all day getting the one gate into place. He was very worried about this, and said what a bother they would have with the other one. After his wife had seen him off the next morning, she realised Harmony for him all day. She knew his work was under Divine Government, so nothing could interfere with the Law of Harmony operating—Harmony in manifestation.

When he returned at night he said: "It is a strange thing about that other gate; it just slipped into its place in a few minutes, although it was made to the same wrong measurement as the other." She then told him how she had been helping him all day for Harmony to manifest.

Another of our members told us how they had lost some keys; they had hunted for them for some time but could not find them anywhere, and it was most important that they should be found. So they all went into the Silence and the realisation was given to them that nothing is lost in Divine Mind. A few minutes after this her husband came across the keys, so all was well.

These are only small things, but small things can

bring forth great Faith, and the Spirit can use great things and small things, it makes no difference to the Spirit. It just manifests through the glow of a glorious sunset, or through the smile of a little child.

A man asked for our help a few weeks ago. He was going in for a very difficult examination—a very important one for him. The first day of the examination was a Tuesday, the very day of our meeting, so we were able to realise for him the Omniscience of God, Divine Wisdom in command. He passed this examination with honours.

Afterwards he told us how one of the questions, an important part of his paper, "stumped" him; he felt he knew nothing about it. It was just the time we were helping him, 3.30, he knew this and went into the Silence for Wisdom. At once the whole thing was made clear to him, and he was able to answer the question fully.

Another woman we have been helping hurt her foot very badly and the doctor said she would have to lay up for some months. We helped her at our healing circle and to walk anywhere, and use her foot quite naturally.

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#### SUPPLY

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August 20th.

W. and I have to face a very big thing on the material plane. Supply has failed from the business, but we acknowledge that God is the only *Source* of supply; the business is the material channel, the Divine Source is not limited to the material channel but *is* the Divine Supply, and God as supply never fails; for supply is always equal to the demand. It is just a testing time.

As Mr. Hamblin says:



"Nothing worth having can ever be obtained without effort. It is necessary to climb a hill before we can enjoy the view from the summit. We have to fight a battle before we can win a victory . . ."

"After Communion with the Divine One within your own soul, you are able to face in your outer life what looks like certain defeat, because your Faith tells you that the Infinite will find some way out of the difficulty. If you are strong in Faith you will be able to overcome insuperable difficulties, and achieve the apparently impossible. Jesus said to the two blind men : ' According to your Faith be it unto you ', and immediately their eyes were opened. He inspired their Faith, and you, by looking within and finding the Indwelling Christ, will find your faith inspired and strengthened so that you can overcome all the difficulties of your path. Armed with a great faith, you can never be defeated. You may be checked for a time ; you may be apparently hindered, *but you can never fail.*"

I return thanks for these words just coming at the right moment. I have the Faith and so I know I can never fail, because of the Indwelling Christ, Who is my Faith.

\* \* \*

#### A MANIFESTATION OF FAITH

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August 21st.

To-day we are faced on the material plane with a very big thing, the working out of which means either failure or success. But it is God's problem and it can only reflect His Power and Divine Order. W. has gone forth full of Faith in this Power. It is so easy to have Faith in one's ordinary life, so we must be tested to see



if the Faith is really there, not all talk, froth and bubble, but a powerful Faith that knows that God is Love, and that His perfect Will is being done on earth as it is in Heaven. We are His children, and by Faith we bring the great Spiritual Law of Divine Order into action, and through Faith His Will is done in the perfect Life that He already sees for us.

As I write this I see those lovely lights, the angels of God helping us. Just now there was a very bright one on the other page over the words "*Armed with a great Faith you can never be defeated.*" I feel God, Who is Love, is just the same to-day when things look black, as He is when things look rosy and easy. In the darkness His Light is more powerful; lo! behold the darkness has vanished in the brightness of His Light. "The Infinite will find some way out of the difficulty."

\* \* \*

#### August 22nd.

The Infinite did find a way out of the difficulty. W. said at first everything seemed against him, but suddenly his *opponents* gave him the help that was needed; it was "touch and go" between failure and success, but success won, for Divine Order was established.

\* \* \*

#### August 23rd.

W. and I went to Holy Communion early this morning to return thanks for our deliverance.

During the Service I saw many lights; they came flashing in and out. I know they are angels, and that is the way they make themselves known to me. They joined in with us and sang:

*Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts,  
Heaven and Earth are full of Thy Glory,  
Glory to Thee, O Lord most High.*

The angels make it all so real ; Heaven and earth are indeed filled with His Glory. I longed to be free of my body and join them, the Choir Invisible.

\* \* \*

#### A VISION OF THE CART RUT

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August 29th.

I feel there is so much to know and learn, and I am so longing to know and see more, but we can only get this knowledge through experience, and through experience we regain our oneness with God ; and in keeping our oneness with the Christ within we learn from this Mind all things, both of Heaven and earth.

This is the only way to gain knowledge—from within—through the Christ Mind, and we only find the Christ Mind through the experiences of Life. So we ought to welcome the experiences of Life—however unpleasant at the time they seem to be—as stepping stones to higher thoughts. Sometimes these experiences jerk us out of our old ruts ; these jerks give us nasty hard knocks—the deeper down we are in our ruts the stronger and the more painful the jerk has to be to pull us up and throw us clean out of those old deep-rooted habits. But having flung us clear, we see for the first time new surroundings and fresh faces, more vessels to receive the Strength that we have become through holding on to the Thought of God and His *Sustaining Love* during the experience of our uprooting. These painful experiences make us strong in Faith. The world we have known is



being hurled from us and so we just cling on, knowing that "nothing can come into our lives that is not good." Mr. Hamblin says: "Looking for the good in every experience reveals the truth that all is good, and that only good can come to us. Realising this turns life into a series of victories and triumphs."

I feel we have come to this stage or experience where we must be jerked out of our ruts. I had no idea what I was going to write when I began. I simply felt I must write and this is what appeared under my pen. I feel it was written for us and I feel the bright shining lights help me to write; it is the One Mind in expression and the visions I see are reflections from the Mind of God.

A few days ago in the Silence I saw a vision. The vision was a deep cart rut. In it I could see us both walking right down at the bottom of this deep rut.

As I looked it seemed so silly to me that we should even wish to remain in that rut when I could see such lovely country stretching away on either side of us. The unexplored glories of God were all around us, and we knew it not. If I had been allowed I would have given the necessary jerk to pull us out there and then, but instead the vision faded and I know that on the material plane an experience will occur that will give us the lesson needed.

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#### DIVINE SUPPLY

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September 11th.

At the back of my mind I feel the whole time that a great upheaval is going to take place in our lives. I do not know how nor when, but I know that we are going



to be jerked out of something for our good. I feel the jerk will only take place in Peace and Harmony and through Love, so we only have to tighten our silver cords of Faith. Yesterday they seemed very near snapping under the strain that was put upon them. Supply seemed so far away and on the material plane it is difficult to "pull in" on the baker, grocer, etc., but to-day all is Peace and Harmony and I feel stronger than ever that God Himself, the Everlasting Spirit, is Supply. It is only that we must learn to manifest Him all round, not limit Him to material channels that look like failing, for He is Abundance.

Last night, after working this out for myself and seeing it all so clearly, I heard of a man and his wife and two children who are starving; no work for the man, who is ill, just 7s. 6d. a week for the whole family! So J. and I bought them some food and took it to them this morning. They seemed such a nice family; everything was spotlessly clean. The children were sweet little things, they had such a happy-looking mother. That woman's face taught me a lesson. I feel sure her silver cord of Faith is bright and strong.

I think that what I worked out last night about supply has somehow helped them too. I was able to tell them a little about trusting to God for supply, that He is a *present* help in time of trouble; and if they would look to God, their Divine Spiritual Source, both for good and health, God would supply them out of His infinite riches.

If I had not worked this out last night and so got a very clear realisation of God and His "inexhaustible plenty," I never could have helped them. So now I can return thanks for this knowledge that all things are possi-

ble with God, Whose Mind is omnipotent. I left them some of Mr. Hamblin's books.

(*Later.*) Supply, £25, came to them through a concert arranged by the lads of the village for their special benefit.

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### I AM A THOUGHT FORM OF GOD

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September 12th.

In my highest moments I seem to be a Thought Form of God, or an Idea of God which reflects Him, or, as some people would call it, my higher self. Through this Thought Form He pours Himself; it should be a perfect vehicle to act as a channel for His perfect manifestation. To keep this at-one-ment I must sink all personal desire; by this I mean all desires that are not lasting, not eternal. I must just be true to the Christ within. It is so easy to write this, but so difficult to live it!

This afternoon in the Silence I had the most glorious vision. This Thought Form was so real, so full of Life and vitality (as I wrote that last sentence I saw a bright light guiding my hand; it was just under the pen, and as I wrote it blazed forth, but as I stopped writing to look at it closer it disappeared). But to continue: I just lay still and contemplated the Thought Form's perfection. Outwardly it was glowing with health and Life and had the most wonderful colour in its cheeks and glorious blue eyes. Inwardly I could see its thoughts, and they too were perfect—love, wisdom, strength and harmony, and I could feel the peace that passeth understanding.

As I lay looking at the wonderful expression of Divine Life, I realised that it was my real self. Never shall I be able to forget, and never shall I be able to write



down what that realisation meant to me. Fancy yourself perfect, and feeling within yourself the whole Joy and Peace of Heaven !

I seemed surrounded in a golden light of splendour. That beautiful vision was I ; that Thought Form was I, filled full of the Spirit of Christ. It was perfect because Christ reigned within ; I in Him and He in me. I feel that Thought Form will now take possession of my life. I must now raise my consciousness to the Perfect Mind, and see all God's children as reflections of Him. I feel as though I had been washed in the River of Life, and it made me clean.

Oh, the wonder and the glory of it all ! I returned thanks to God, Who allowed me to see this glimpse into His glorious Kingdom, where all things are real.

(*Later.*) When the vision had faded, I realised how far behind this beautiful Thought Form I was, how much I had to learn, how far I had to go before I could manifest this splendour. But because of the Christ within, Who is the Victory over all things earthly, I know the goal is in sight and that my life is hid with Christ in God.

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### LIGHTS

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September 20th.

I see so many little lights now, they flock round the drawer where I keep this book, they seem so busy getting everything in order before I begin to write, they surround the pen and I feel they are blessing everything for me. And sometimes I see bright clouds floating round the room ; I so often see these bright clouds just as I am falling off to sleep ; they light up the whole room. Some-



times in these clouds I see little angel faces; these little angels have fair curly hair, like a halo round their heads, very pink cheeks and very blue eyes. Sometimes the clouds are lit up with rosy pink and blue tints.

A few nights ago, when I was reading one of Mr. Hamblin's books, I was wearing a black dress. These little lights looked like tiny stars all over the dress. J., who was sitting near me, saw them too, and thought for a minute they were stitched on. They were lovely, so very very bright that I seemed covered with them.

Sometimes when I am reading they will light up a whole sentence. One night I was reading a book called *THE THINNING OF THE VEIL*, by Mary Bruce Wallace, and the sentences they lit up were :

"Widen your circle. Let Love radiate forth. So will you make it easy for us to approach you."

On page ten she writes messages about the life in the Spirit Realms: "There are lots of children here, such darlings, and they are very happy and friendly. After a certain period of education they pass to higher planes . . ."

"We do not need food as on earth, but are easily sustained by air, light and water, although some of us take fruit too from the trees in our fields and gardens. Here we tend the trees by thought. Besides the gardens, we find here seas, lakes, rivers, woods, mountains, every kind of glorious scenery . . . There is no dirt or disorder here and no bodily disease such as exist on earth. Any want of harmony in feeling is at once shown as a shadow on the otherwise white soul-body. It can only be cured by thought and love."

"We refresh ourselves when weary with work amongst unevolved souls, by bathing in the exquisitely

clean streams and rivers. We create our own garments and houses by the power of thought, or if we are unable yet to do this for ourselves, our more evolved friends make them for us."

I could copy so much from this book as I know the Truth of it from my own experience while out of my body at night.

Everything is "thought" in the higher realms. Therefore we must learn the power of thought while we are here on this earth, so as to be ready for further advancement on the Other Side.

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#### THEOSOPHY

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September 27th.

I am now reading INVISIBLE HELPERS, by G. W. Leadbeater. We are all out on the same Path, slowly travelling towards Perfection. Some of us are half asleep and we loiter by the way, playing with the wind-flowers, or with the gaily coloured bubbles in the air. Others of us are wide awake, and we can see the steep short cuts that shorten our journey, and the service of love by the wayside. Nothing is too steep for us, and nothing too small for our love, as we live and move and have our being in the Glorious Presence of God.

At the top of every steep hill gleams out His golden star, propelling us forward as a magnet to do His bidding, seeing within each difficulty, His Love helping us along the Path. Brothers are at our sides, all going the same way with a singleness of purpose in our hearts, service and love for one another, whether in or out of our physical bodies. What does it matter as it is all one life within

the Perfect Life, one vehicle within the Perfect Form, one channel through which to express love, wisdom, peace and life?

The Path along which we are treading is throbbing with the energy of this wonderful Power; the Glory of it shines around us; but we must stand silent, with all our consciousness alert and with thanksgiving in our hearts for the Loving Presence, before we can realise to the full in our inmost being this Powerful Splendour of God.

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#### A LESSON IN FAITH

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September 29th.

This afternoon I called to see a woman whose husband had just passed on. The Church has not taught this woman anything of the Other Life. She seemed to think her husband was lying dead in the grave. I helped her all I could and told her some of the things I knew from experience. She kept saying: "Well, that is nice to know. You really think he can still love me and be with me at times? Well, that is a comfort," etc., etc.

They know so little, these poor souls, and they are so grateful for anything I can tell them; they are like children, believing just what I tell them. We must all learn "that we live our lives in the Infinite, and the Infinite is in us."

\* \* \*

#### THE BALL OF GOLDEN LIGHT

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October 5th.

The other night, just as I was falling asleep, I saw a golden ball of light; then it disappeared and a bright



golden flash came. It seemed to envelop me in its folden light and I went to sleep. I felt I went to a very high sphere that night. "Love sought me, Love found me, Love keeps me now, and will keep me for evermore." As I write, the music of the waves is ringing forth in all its grandeur.

\* \* \*

### MY DREAM OF THE EMPTY ROOMS

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October 11th.

I have a strange dream that comes to me so often, one I do not understand, but I am writing it down as I have dreamed this same dream now ever since I was a child. Last week I dreamed it again.

In the dream I always find myself in an empty room—it is a large room, dusty and dirty. I am terribly afraid; it is an unknown fear, but it is something very dreadful; it is a hopeless, lifeless sort of feeling. I then move through the room, which leads into another; there seem to be about six or seven, all leading into each other—all large rooms, and I seem to wail through them like a terrified ghost. I know these rooms so well, but I do not seem to be able to think of anything but the awful fear which haunts me and keeps me moving through one room after the other. I do not remember going through any door, so I may just pass through the walls.

I was telling J. about it, but she only rocked with laughter and said: "Mummy, I expect you are someone's ghost and you haunt those rooms, and that is why they are always empty." Anyhow, it is a very disagreeable dream, so now I am giving those rooms a spiritual healing; there is no fear in the Presence of God, and we

are always in that Presence, whether in our physical bodies or not. God's Love is purifying those rooms, and casting out fear. Those dark rooms need "The Light."

I open the Bible and my little lights show me these words: "I sought the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."—(PSALM XXXIV/4.)

I can hear the music of the waves again; it is very very loud this afternoon, and very very beautiful.

(For the story of my deliverance see December 23rd.)

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#### THE HOSPITAL NURSE AT "THE LIFE OF CHRIST"

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October 12th.

Last night I "awoke" to find myself at the hospital, "The Life of Christ." I was speaking to a woman who was dressed as a nurse. I remember asking her what she was doing there, and she told me that on earth she had been a hospital nurse and had been very keen on her work, and that now, having heard of this hospital, she had come to carry on her work as before. I had to explain to her that this hospital was The Life of Christ—here no *material* work was needed, just spiritual thought, strong thoughts of Divine Love and Strength, and then the Healing Presence of Christ could work in the consciousness of the spiritually sick and so make them realise that nothing but good could come to them, as happiness and love and laughter were all part of the Life of God. In this "Life" they could rejoice and feel the healing Presence of Christ and realise in Him they had health and strength, until joy filled them to overflowing—the sap that flows through the branches of the Vine—and they felt their oneness with the Infinite Life and were



healed.

As I talked to her in this way about our healing work, I could feel her disappointment; it was the material work she was craving for, not the mental work of spiritual healing. I felt she was a Sister or Matron out of some big hospital on earth; she was dressed as a Sister and everything was well starched and beautifully clean. She looked as though she had just come on duty, ready for a hard day's work. I felt sorry for her as I could see that our way of helping in the hospital of The Life of Christ was not her way; it was one that she would not be able to understand for some time.

But because of her unselfishness and love of service while on earth, she would gradually learn to blend with the One Presence and the One Power that rules and inspires our hospital, "The Life of Christ," and with this blending would come the deep realisation of the Oneness of God. One day, I can see her coming back and offering her services again and saying: "I am one with peace, life, love and eternity, and I rejoice to know that now God can use me in the fuller way."

After my talk with her I went into a ward and sat down by someone's bed, someone who was needing Divine Strength. For them I realised our divine sonship; that as children of God we are spiritual and perfect; we are free from weakness and limitations, for we are sons of God and heirs to all His blessings.

"We are children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—  
(ROM. VIII/16.)



## EACH NEW DAY FULL OF OPPORTUNITIES

October 15th.

I so often wake up in the morning and feel : " Another day of tests to be passed through ! " This is quite wrong, I know, and I see it put so nicely in the *Science of Thought Review*, in a letter from one of Mr. Hamblin's students. She says :

" Each new day is welcome with expectancy, a fair sweet gift from God, full of priceless opportunities of glorious possibilities."

We ought to think like that. Each new day is a gift from God, and so not one minute of it ought to be wasted. Some people think they are wasting time if they are not busy doing something every moment of the day ; but that is not what I mean.

Those of us who have found the Presence have to realise, minute by minute, that *all* is to the Glory of God. When once the Presence is found, there is no waste of time, as by that Light we can bring a blessing to everyone and everything. As we are temples of the living God, we are filled with His Light, Life and Wholeness, and by centring our thoughts on the Spirit within we can manifest His Love to those around us. What does it matter if we have to wait ten minutes in a shop ? We are waiting in the Presence, and so His Love can bless and heal those who are serving us or those upon whom our thought is fixed ; in fact, those very moments which we seem to be wasting, those moments of " doing nothing " are the very opportunities that we can use for helping others. To do real lasting good one must be realising the Presence of God and His Power, then what one does is to the Glory of God through Christ, for He is the Power of

God within.

Jesus the Christ is very real to me as an Individual. In the Presence of God He seems like my Elder Brother, a Brother Who has drunk the dregs to the bottom. His sorrows have been so great that I can only partially realise them; "His joy and happiness so transcending" that I cannot reach those heights. But in the Silence I can realise just a little what His Perfection means, and I come forth strengthened with the glorious possibilities of what we may attain.

So God give us a new day of opportunity, a new day that we can welcome with expectancy, a fair sweet gift from God.

\* \* \*

October 16th.

A new day of opportunities has arrived and I have failed! I seem only to have made other people angry and sad. But, thank God, He can transmute even these failures into blessings. How, I do not know, except that everything works together for good. Of myself I can do nothing, but He is even now at work bringing love and happiness into my failure. For God as Justice reigns supreme at all times and under all conditions. He rules out of my mind all thought of failure, for my life is governed by Him.

This morning, when I was thinking how difficult the path seemed to be and I was feeling so sore and sad, I asked that a messenger of Love might come and help me on the way. My eyes were opened and I saw my dear little pony from the Children's Wood; it came and trotted by my side and on its back was the dearest little child, in a short white dress, with bright golden curly hair and laughing blue eyes. I have seen her before in the



Children's Wood and I know they call her Glory. She was so sweet, sitting astride on the pony, clinging on with her knees. She is just a fat, dimpled darling. How I loved them both, coming to me at that moment! They turned all my sadness into joy. They certainly were messengers of Love and helped me on my way. Perhaps I was with them last night in the Children's Wood, playing with them amongst the yellow flowers. I return thanks for this unexpected happiness and joy.

My lesson is learned. I am to co-operate with others, not antagonise them.

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### THE LIGHT DIVINE SHINES ON ME

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October 19th.

Last night I had such a glorious experience. I was sitting by my bedroom fire (facing the fire and the lamp) writing a letter to a shop. I was concentrating very deeply on the letter, writing down a list of what I wanted. Suddenly I became aware of a bright light shining just behind me. I was still thinking deeply about my letter and what I was writing, so with the other half of my brain I thought I must have lit my candle, which always stands on the table by my bedside. This table happened to be at my back. The light got brighter and brighter, and I thought to myself: "Bother that candle, it must be flaring," so I turned round, and as I turned the light disappeared. The candle was a new one, and had not been used, and of course, now I come to think about it, the light was much too bright for candlelight.

I know the light came from a Shining Presence; it may have been an angel guide, a divine messenger sent



to guard me, " a light to those who sit in darkness." When I told W. about it, he said : " Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

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### OUR HEALING CIRCLE

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October 21st.

Two of our members came yesterday to our Healing Circle to return thanks for healings received.

Mrs. F. had had a bad arm for some time and we had been helping her to overcome this limitation. The doctor said that only an operation could cure it. Yesterday she was able to tell us that it was quite healed—nothing wrong with it at all.

The other member had had a lump in her side, which had been very painful. The doctor also told her that only an operation could cure it. Some time ago (it was after we began to help her) all the pain went and now the lump has quite disappeared and she is healed. They are both so grateful and so thankful.

And so we realise that we are fed from " unfailing fountains and draw at our need inexhaustible supply."

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### THE STRENGTH OF LIFE

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November 12th.

The night before last I had a vision. I was worrying in my mind (I was tired and felt very depressed) why I had to live a material life when I could see the Heights and wanted—oh, so much—to live on them. I thought of the joy of the Heights, and with this thought came an overwhelming power that lifted me above the earth plane. It

was then I felt that I did not want to live a material life any longer. I wanted desperately to live in that wonderful uplifting joy of the Heights for ever. Why should I return to earth and live in her murky shadows when I could see and feel the calm and peace of those shining Heights? I rebelled at the thought of having to return to live again in the valley. It was at this moment that I saw the vision.

I saw myself walking in a dark valley, while on my right, towering above me, were the Shining Heights. I turned to an angel who was walking by my side and said: "Why may I not live there in peace and joy and give my service there, instead of having to live in all this darkness?" The angel looked at me in surprise and said: "You may if you like; it is in your own hands. You have been told that before. You may pass on to live in those Heights if you really want to, but before you choose, look well around you."

I looked up and down the valley and saw many loves and joys working for others, with happy smiling faces. "They have returned from the Heights," the angel said, "and you will be able to help them more and more." "Suppose," the angel continued, "that all the loves and joys left this dark valley to live in the Shining Heights how miserable the earth world would be! Look at humanity; they are needing strength. Your work is to be the Strength of their Light. Remember that," he added—  
"*The Strength of their Light.*"

My vision faded and I felt so happy to be once more allowed to work on earth. The angel has given me such a glorious message. How I am to work it out I know not, but He knows who is the Strength and Light.

While I have been writing, my little lights have been



peeping in and out of the pages. They very often cover the blank page before I have written anything. I feel that they write it first.

What is "the Light" that I have to strengthen? In the Silence I hear: "Pass on the Torch of Truth!"

God speaks: "The seeds of love, joy, peace, strength and wholeness have been sown. With care these will grow into a mighty tree, whose leaves are for the healing of all nations, and the name of that tree is Life."

Life is unchangeable; it matters not whether it is lived on the heights or in the valley, for Life is joy, peace and love at all times. The whole Universe is filled with Life. "It is baptised daily by His Presence. As Light all-filling, so is that Presence everywhere. It is *That* on which all life falls back, and is sustained, refreshed and strengthened."—(R. WHITWELL.)

The path that leads us back to the Heights is the path of surrender. As we climb this steep path we deny the things of the senses and keep our vision fixed on the reality of joy, peace and love, which is the heaven around us. By so doing we water these seeds and bring them forth into manifestation, thereby helping the growth of the Mighty Tree, whose leaves are for the healing of all nations.

R. Whitwell says in this subject:

"It is an upward climb to a purer vision . . . but for ever and ever, encompassing us, is the *living* reality, seeking at every point its rightful, central place. It is heaven all round; Life seems in its right light, its true focus. We may direct our every step there by surrender. We may win heaven in the thing that we do, in the very experience before us, by pressing the Cross into our hearts,



the Cross that denies the contrary appearances by affirming the hidden good meaning there—this quest of the kingdom of love amid the ordinary and commonplace, amid the actual, amid the apparently dead routine. Oh, if we realise what is truly *present*: the hidden potential within the very incident, whatever it may be—without which indeed it could not truly register in consciousness—would we not turn to That, the *essential* factor? Yea, God's very Presence—an immediacy of worship; drawing close unto us that which is nearest of all, in perception of the Kingdom, whereto our thoughts, our will, our action tends, yea, at that instant of surrender knowing and rejoicing in the life of the ages.—(IN THE DESERT A HIGHWAY.)

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#### THE CHILD IN THE COT

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November 18th.

Last night I awoke to find myself standing by a cot with a little child in it. It was a very poor looking room. I could see the wall behind the child's cot; it had been discoloured with pink plaster, but most of the plaster had worn off owing to the damp. I found myself standing at the foot of the cot, saying: "Darling, darling!" I seem somehow to have so much more feeling when in my spiritual body. I could not see the child, but just the shape of its little body under a heap of dirty clothes.

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#### HALL OF LEARNING

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Another night I awoke to find myself in a great hall. I was told it was a Hall of Learning. I found myself on a platform and I seemed to be teaching. Opposite me was

a woman in a college gown and mortar-board. I wish I could remember more.

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### SPIRITUAL HEALING (MRS. B.)

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November 30th.

I had a very pitiful letter from a woman saying she had been in bed for weeks and was suffering great pain; she said she was in agony and asked if I would help her. I took her into the Silence. At first all was darkness and pain, then came a great light; it was the Healing Presence and He healed her. She said it was marvellous; she suddenly felt quite well, all the pain had disappeared. Also her lungs, which caused the suffering, cleared, and she was able to get up and do her work. The doctor had seen her the day before and told her husband that she was very ill and would have to be in bed for some weeks. He came two days later, Thursday, and found her scrubbing the kitchen floor. He was very angry with her and said she must go straight back to bed. She then told him she was quite well. He examined her lungs and found they were quite clear, perfectly healed. He said she was a very wonderful woman to have thrown it all off so quickly. She is a wonderful woman because she has the faith of a little child, and knows the healing power of God's Love. And in the Silence we shared the Omnipresence of God.

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### A SPIRITUAL HEALING (MR. B.)

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December 4th.

I received a letter this morning from Mrs. B. :



“ You will be sorry to hear that my husband had a nasty accident yesterday. The large hook from the crane caught him on the forehead, near the temple. The doctor had to come and stitch it. To mortal sense he is very badly hurt. The men in the quarry said it was a miracle that he was not killed outright. He is also hurt in the hand and leg. The worst of it is that he cannot open his mouth properly to eat, so I am doing the best I can with soup. I am writing this because I feel that as you were able to help me, so you will help my husband. I have held him in the Presence all the time and can really see an improvement from last night; the pain is not so bad as it was.”

I went at once to see the man. We had a lovely Silence together, and then in the Name of the Healing Christ I laid my hands on him, first on his hand, which was terribly swollen and so badly hurt that he could not move his fingers. I then laid my hands on his forehead; he was suffering agony in his head and he could not open his jaw, and any soup that his wife managed to give him in sips only made him very sick. As I laid my hands on him I could see my lovely lights, and such a bright one just over his head. I know a band of healing angels were helping me; it was their light I saw; but it was the Healing Light of Christ reflecting through us that healed. Surrounded in this Light, which permeated my whole being, and in the Name of Christ, I placed my hands on him. As I did so I could feel the sustaining power of life flowing through me into my hands, and so through the ends of my fingers to him.

I called again later to see how he was. Mrs. B., with a smiling face, opened the door and said: “ He is so much better; in fact, he is healed.” He told her he could feel



the power in my hands; it came like an electric current, which drove all pain away. After I had gone, some time during the afternoon, he said to her: "I am healed, my jaw is all right; I can move it and I feel I want to eat." So she gave him some bread and butter and soup. He ate it and felt perfectly well—all the sickness having gone.

When I saw him, he was so grateful and showed me his hand; nearly all the swelling had gone and he could move all his fingers. He said he felt perfectly well and was going to get up.

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### HALL OF LEARNING

December 5th.

When the doctor saw him this morning he could not believe his eyes and said he was amazed to see how quickly he had recovered—the doctor having told him he would have to be in bed for quite three weeks. We had another Silence this morning and returned thanks to the Great Healer, the Living Spirit in Whom we live and move and have our being.

(N.B. Mr. and Mrs. B. have different doctors.)

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R., one of the members of our healing group who helps me at night, told me that two nights ago she awoke to find herself in a large room, holding a door open to let the women through who had been to a lecture in a large hall that led out of the room where she was.

She said she was waiting to see me as she knew I had been giving a lecture to these women in the Hall of Learning. She said there were hundreds of them; they were walking out of the Hall three or four abreast, all

talking, dressed in long dark-coloured college gowns.

She said many of them smiled at her, and some thanked her for holding the door open, but she said she hardly saw them; her one idea was to wait and see me and she hoped I would smile or speak to her. Then suddenly, at the far end of the room, she saw me walking towards her. I had three women on one side of me and two on the other. She said I was also wearing a college gown, but mine had long sleeves, which made it different from the others; also, I was wearing a "mortar-board." Under my left arm I was carrying a large book. She said that when I came to the door where she was I stepped back and held out my hand to her and said: "Well, R., how are you?" I then joined the others and we walked through the doorway and down some stairs.

R. says she wishes I could see myself when out of my body, as I look so lovely. My face is sparkling with joy and happiness, and round my head I have a very bright halo. She says I have this halo at our healing circle meeting on earth, which grows in size and gets brighter as the afternoon goes on. R. described the Hall of Learning just as I had seen it a few nights ago. It is a huge room, very lofty, with pointed beams that go right up to the top of the room. The beams meet each other in a point, which makes the hall seem very high. When I was there I remember being on the platform (see *November 28th, 1925*), but it makes it very interesting for R. to remember it all too.

\* \* \*

#### FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

December 8th.

On the material plane things are looking very black



indeed. W. and I have been talking about what we shall have to give up in order to "pull in" all round. I have been telling him that the Power of God is working for our good; we must get away from the care and anxiety over financial affairs and depend upon Divine Law to work it out in certainty, happiness and restfulness. For Infinite Good is our everlasting Supply, a supply that can never fail.

It is very easy to say all this, but now we must work it out in our lives and demonstrate this Divine Law. It is possible, *it is living a life of Faith*, and this life of Faith brings liberty.

So I take this problem into the Wise Silence and there listen for the "still small voice."

(Later.) In the Silence I saw the following vision :

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#### THE VISION OF THE DEAD LEAVES

I found myself in a beautiful wood, walking up a grassy path; it was just a bridle path. On either side were trees, which seemed to be towering above me. At my feet were brown leaves, quantities of them, just as one sees them in a wood in the autumn. Now as I walked I kept my eyes on the ground; I was looking all the time at the leaves. Suddenly I was conscious of a light, and a voice said to me : "Why do you walk looking only at these dead leaves? Look up at the lovely trees and know that very soon they will be decked out in all their splendour. Those brown dead leaves at your feet had to drop off to make way for the fresh green. Rejoice, for Spring is coming; rejoice, and be exceeding glad; no longer let your mind be fixed on the dead leaves; *these had to be.*"



So this is the lesson we must learn—we must look up and rejoice; we must raise our consciousness above the dead leaves to the promise of Spring.

It is the Power of God, and *in that Power lies our Strength*. Mr. Hamblin has said:

“There is always a gathering up of old matter and a casting of it out before the new can uprise and blossom into perfection . . .” “Learn this lesson in order that you may be better able to understand your fellows.”

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### THE VISION OF THE TREE IN FULL BLOOM

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December 9th.

Just as I was falling asleep last night I had another vision, in which I found myself no longer walking amongst the dead leaves, but in a beautiful orchard, with the trees all out in full bloom. The promise of Spring has been fulfilled, and I could walk amongst these glorious trees and join with the singing of the birds as they poured forth their thanksgiving in the golden sunshine of that sparkling day. I could indeed rejoice with the birds and flowers in the knowledge that was mine and theirs—that *the fruit would manifest in divine perfectness*, the fulfilment of the promise of Spring.

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### R. SEES ME AT THE FRENCH CHATEAU

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December 23rd (see October 11th)

R. was telling me this afternoon about an experience she had last Thursday when out of her body.

She found herself watching a fire on board ship

at sea. She could see no one on the ship; it was all blazing, fire coming out on all sides. She thought she must go and find me as I would be able to help her. She found me in bed, but I told her she was to go away. She said: "You must come and help me with the fire," but I said: "No, I cannot come with you."

She then found herself going through space; she came to an old French château. She walked in through the garden, which was all overgrown with weeds; it looked very dismal and it all felt horrible. She had a nasty creepy feeling of fear, but she walked on through the garden into the château, then through a large hall, and at the end of the hall was the staircase. As she walked up this she noticed that it was all beautifully carved in black oak; the rail of the banister was also carved.

When she reached the top she turned into the nearest room.

She said that at this point her hair seemed to be standing on end with fear; it was all so horrible; she wanted to turn back and run away from it all, but she felt she must go on. So she went into the first room and there she found me, in this large empty room, dressed in a grey clinging garment, with my hands clasped in front of me (just as I remembered it all in my dream—see *October 11th*) walking aimlessly through the empty rooms making such a nasty wailing noise. She rushed up to me and said: "What are you doing here? Come away with me." But I kept saying: "I can't, I can't, as I cannot find the key!"

R. said: "You do not need the key; see, all the rooms are open and we must go away together." "No," I repeated, "I must find the key, the key!" and I wailed it forth in a most horrible manner. R. said it was

dreadful—such an unknown fear! She took me by the hands and dragged me down the stairs and out through the door into the garden which looked more dismal than ever and so away into space.

We arrived back on earth and she saw me safely into bed, and so left me. She said she felt as though she had rescued me from something dreadful. She was not asleep but quite awake, and was thankful to leave me safely in bed.

I feel somehow that this is a bit of my past. I must be an earth-bound spirit, yet I am so much advanced in other ways. In my dream I was dressed as she described me in a soft clinging garment, and I can remember clasping my hands in front of me. It really reads just like a Christmas ghost story! (Anyhow this ghost has been laid for I have never had the dream again).

\* \* \*

#### December 24th.

I was telling N.—a friend of mine who is clairvoyant—about this and she said that fear has been a great drawback in my life, or, rather, lives, but I have conquered it at last, and now I shall be able to be myself, to express myself. Before, I always seemed to know a lot—it was all within me, but I was not allowed to bring it forth; there was always something or somebody preventing me.

“Why,” said N., “this story of the French château just bears out what I have so often told you about fear; there it was again cropping up in that life, for that was one of your past lives. The key was a symbol; you wanted to get rid of the fear, and the key to it was within yourself. You have now worked it out; you will



never know fear again and you will never have the dream again; it has gone for ever."

I know all this is true. Fear has been the hardest thing for me to conquer in this life. I feel now I am Strength and so all fear has gone; it fades away as the light of Strength shines forth. I have known every sort of fear in this life, having gone through the purgatory of neurasthenia; but now the Light is shining in all its splendour and those darkened rooms of the past are no more, for my consciousness has been swept clean and bright by the rays of the morning sun and I hear the clarion call:

*Arise, shine, for thy light is come  
And the glory of the Eternal is risen upon thee.*

So, through weakness and fear, we can become Strength; through the overcoming we gain great power, we become an expression of the Holy Spirit—strength and power vibrating through our whole being, permeating and making strong and whole every part of us, until we throb with the life-giving power in harmony and unity with the Holy Spirit. And with this knowledge of the Power within, fear drops away.

*God will lead us by a way that we know not,  
He will show us paths that we have not known.*

\* \* \*

### Christmas Day.

"The Kingdom is within you, and whoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourself and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the

Almighty Father, and ye shall know that ye are in the City of God, and ye *are* the City. (Quoted.)

This is the Vision Beautiful, the Holy Grail. The Christ Child teaches it to each one of us; and the holy angels clothe it in human language and whisper it through Love to the souls who receive it.

*Angels from the realms of glory  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth :  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.*

(HYMNS A. & M. 482.)

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#### RESCUE WORK

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December 28th.

Last night, just before I was dropping off to sleep, I saw the face of a woman. She seemed to be standing by my bedside; she had the most horrible face, part of it was eaten away, and she brought a nasty sort of fetid smell with her. She was robed in grey and had a greyish green slime all over her. Her face wore the most hopeless expression. I felt she was one from the very lowest astral planes. She asked me to go with her; at first I refused—fear tried to get in but was overcome by Divine Love. I knew Love would guide me and Love would protect me, and Love would heal through me—Love, not I.

I suddenly saw on my left hand side a dark, dark spot, and I seemed to be looking down into all this black-

ness. On my right was light; this light reached the darkness which in comparison made the darkness even blacker than ever.

I knew I was there to take my light into this hell; I could see my light shining forth around me. As I stood hesitating on the brink between the light and the darkness, I suddenly saw three lights gleaming forth out of the blackness which looked very very far down beneath me. It was just as though someone had made three holes in the darkness and the Light was able to shine through the holes made. That decided me and I took the plunge.

It all felt so nasty, hot and humid with a depressing sort of fetid smell, but I kept my eyes fixed on the lights and walked on. I could hardly bear the smell and the darkness! I felt very like turning back, when suddenly close by I heard the angels singing:

*Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band;  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the Promised Land.*

*Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light,  
Brother clasps the hand of brother  
Stepping fearless through the night.*

*One the Light of God's own Presence  
O'er His ransom'd people shed;  
Chasing far the gloom and terror  
Brightening all the path we tread.*

I remembered nothing more until I heard a voice saying: "How can we join your procession?" I then



became aware that I was marching through the darkness with other lights, some ahead of me and some behind. There were shadowy grey forms flitting about us, and it was one of these forms that had asked me the question. "Christ is with us," was my answer. "Take hold of Him and He will lead you forth. See, even now His Hands are outstretched!" As I spoke I saw two or three of these poor grey souls take hold of His Hands—those Hands that could give them the joy and strength they were so badly needing.

So we proceeded on our way, clearing the darkness for that glorious Presence who walked behind. Again I could hear the angels singing:

*Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the Cross our aid,  
Bear its shame and fight its battle  
Till we rest beneath its shade.*

I know that night we brought many poor souls out of the darkness into the light where peace and love abound . . .

*Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord,  
and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and  
dangers of this night.*

\* \* \*

#### MORE RESCUE WORK AT NIGHT

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December 29th.

R. was very disturbed in her mind to-day and asked me to help her. She says at night she is working amongst

the fallen women. She has to go into some dreadful places, and has to see some terrible sights of the lowest debauchery. She says it all gets the upper hand of her and she cannot shake off the remembrance in the morning or during the day. She told me that last night she was helping a young woman who was quite well off, so there was no need for her to debase herself. R. tried over and over again to get at her mind, but she could make no impression. She says very often she can get at a man's mind more easily. She finds it very hard work with very little result, and is worn out when she wakes up in the morning.

I feel she is trying to save these people from the awful hell that I had to go into yesterday. That will be their fate if they are not helped in this world. Oh, why will they not learn to overcome the desires of the body and use their wonderful Creative Power, which is the Life of God, to His Honour and Glory? It is a power within each one of us, but as He has given us free-will we can use it in whatever way we wish. If we use it selfishly, we may; but we must remember all selfishness is self-destructive and brings death in its train, for it is the worship of the beast.

"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation."—(REV. XIV.)

Just as I wrote that last word I saw such a lovely vision of a wood—banks of flowers growing in profusion, the sunlight pouring through the branches of the trees, the birds singing and the whole glade saturated with the gladness of Spring. It all seemed such a contrast to what



I was writing. I must try to pass on that gladness of Spring to R. She is working so much among the "dead leaves," but there is the promise of Spring for these poor souls *when they can appreciate it.*

\* \* \*

December 30th.

Just as I was going to sleep I saw this wonderful wood again. R. and I were there together walking through its lovely glades. I could see little children playing amongst the flowers; it was all so glorious—children, flowers and sunshine, and soft liquid music to which we all danced.

"O for eyes to see; O for ears to hear that beauty, that music just beyond our perception, so seemingly distant and yet so near as to be all-pervading!"—(THE GOLD OF DAWN.)

The radiant happiness of the children and flowers will soon dispel the gloom in R.'s consciousness, for the Light of the Spirit everywhere abounds in radiance and activity, and the whole world is filled with Light.

\* \* \*

MY DESIRE FOR NEXT YEAR

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This is my desire and, therefore, my Prayer for all those who look to me for help!

"Let the Peace of God rule in your hearts and, above all, put on Charity, which is the bond of perfection. Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing each one in psalms and hymns. Oh, sing with grace in your hearts to the Lord!

"And whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the



Father by Him.

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, so as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ."—(COL. III.)

\* \* \*

INDWELT

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*Not merely in the words you say,  
Not only in your deeds confessed,  
But in the most unconscious way  
Is Christ expressed.*

*Is it a beatific smile?  
A holy light upon your brow?  
Oh, no! I felt His Presence while  
You laughed just now.*

*For me 'twas not the truth you taught—  
To you so clear, to me so dim,  
But when you came to me you brought  
A sense of Him.*

*And from your eyes He beckons me,  
And from your heart His Love is shed,  
Until I lose sight of you, and see  
The Christ instead!*

## REACHING FOR YOUR HIGHEST SELF

LIKE MRS SYDNEY SIMPSON, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY GREAT SOULS WHO HAVE CLAIMED THEY HAVE BEEN LED FROM WITHIN AND GUIDED BY THE AN INNER VOICE TO FIND THEIR HIGHEST SELF ON A HIGHER PLANE OF EXISTENCE BEYOND THE MENTAL PLANE.

ANOTHER OF THE GREAT SOULS WAS MAN NAMED FRANCIS SCHLATTER, BORN ON APRIL 29TH AT EBERSHEIM, CANTON OF CHLASTAD, ALSACE, FRANCE. HIS PARENTS WERE POOR PEOPLE WHO TILLED SOME SOIL AND SPUN COARSE FABRICS; HIS PARENTS DEAD AND HE HAD ONE BROTHER AND TWO SISTERS STILL LIVING IN ALSACE; HE NEVER WENT TO SCHOOL AFTER THE AGE OF FOURTEEN; LEARNED THE TRADE OF SHOEMAKING AND NEVER MARRIED.

HE FIRST CAME TO AMERICA IN 1884 AND SPENT SEVERAL YEARS IN NEW YORK AND AT JAMESPORT, LONG ISLAND WORKING AT HIS TRADE, INTERSPERSED WITH WORKING ON STEAMBOATS IN THE LOCAL WATERS. HE CAME TO DENVER IN THE FALL OF 1892 AND REMAINED THERE UNTIL THE NEXT JULY, WHEN AN INNER VOICE HE EVENTUALLY CALLED HIS HIGHER SELF TOLD HIM THAT HE HAD TO GO FORTH ON A MISSION OF SELF DENIAL AND HEALING. HE SAID HE BEGAN TO CONTEMPLATE THE CHRIST-LIFE FIRST WHEN HE ARRIVED IN DENVER BUT REALISED THAT WHAT HE CALLED "THE FATHER" HIS HIGHER SELF HAD BEEN GUIDING HIM FOR AT LEAST THE PREVIOUS FIVE YEARS BUT HE WAS NOT CONSCIOUS OF THE GUIDANCE.

AS A BABY OF ONE YEAR OLD HE WAS BLIND, DEAF AND RAPTURED AND WAS A HARD OF HEARING UNTIL LATER HE WAS HEALED BY THE VOICE WITHIN.

HE WAS EVENTUALLY TOLD BY THE INNER VOICE THAT HE HAD A MISSION TO PERFORM AND HAD TO LEAVE DENVER BY FOOT. HE WAS TO WALK TO HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS (A JOURNEY OF NEARLY 1000 MILES) RELYING SOLELY ON HIS GUIDANCE FROM THE VOICE FROM WITHIN WHICH HE DULY DID.

HE WAS EVENTUALLY ARRESTED IN ARKANSAS A LUNATIC BECAUSE HE WAS FOUND BAREFOOTED AND BARE HEADED AND TRIED IN A "KANGAROO" COURT (A COMMON PROCEDURE) AND SENTENCED TO 5 MONTHS IN JAIL AND LEVIED A FINE WHICH HE WAS UNABLE TO PAY SO AGAIN SENTENCED TO FIFTY LASHES ON HIS BARE BACK: AFTER THAT MANY OF THE OTHER PRISONERS TREATED HIM KINDLY AND HE HEALED MANY OF THEM. HE EVENTUALLY WAS LIBERATED ON MAY 14TH AND WALKED TO TEXAS, THROCKMORTON (A JOURNEY OF 450 MILES) WHERE ONCE AGAIN HE WAS JAILED FOR VAGRANCY FOR ONE DAY.

WHEN RELEASED HE TRAMPED TO CALIFORNIA AND HEALED MANY AMONG THE MEXICAN VILLAGES, ESPECIALLY LITTLE CHILDREN AND INFANTS.

HE THEN FOLLOWED THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL LINE TOWARDS EL PASO WESTWARD; STILL WALKING AND RESTING MANY DAYS AT A TIME AND WENT BY STEAMER TO SAN DIEGO AND UP TO SAN FRANCISCO, STILL GIVING HEALING ON THE WAY.

HAVING LEFT SAN FRANCISCO HE HEADED EAST AND THEN SOUTH TOWARD MOJAVE DESERT.

AFTER LEAVING THE MOJAVE DESERT WHERE HE WOULD ASK FOR FOOD (IF HIS INNER VOICE TOLD HIM TO) AND FILL UP HIS CANTEEN WITH WATER AT RAILWAY STATIONS HE THEN HEADED TOWARDS FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA WHERE FOR A WHILE HE HERDED SHEEP, AFTER 2 OR 3 MONTHS HE THEN HEADED TOWARDS FORT WINGATE, NEW MEXICO HEALING THE NAVAJO INDIANS ON THE WAY AND SOMETIMES LIVING IN THE VILLAGES WITH THEM. HE THEN STRUCK OUT TOWARDS THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY AND ONWARDS TO LAS LUNAS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE AGAIN NEW MEXICO WHERE HE BEGAN A FORTY DAY FAST STARTING ON JULY 6TH, 1895 AND ENDING ON 15TH AUGUST.

AFTER A BRIEF STAY IN NEW MEXICO HE SAID HE WAS CALLED TO NOW GO BACK TO DENVER COLORADO WHERE HIS TRUE MISSION OF HEALING WOULD BEGIN.

HE ARRIVED IN DENVER, COLORADO IN THE LATE AUGUST OF 1895 WHERE HE STARTED DOING HIS HEALING WORK.





THIS IS A VERY BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE MAN CALLED FRANCIS SCHLATTER WHERE IT IS NOW RECORDED THAT BY THE SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND BEGINNING OF NOVEMBER AT LEAST 5,000 PEOPLE IN A SINGLE DAY HAD CROWDED TO SEE AND BE TOUCHED AND HEALED. IT IS RECORDED THAT TRAINS WERE ESPECIALLY BEING LAYED ON FROM BOTH THE EAST COAST AND THE WEST COAST FOR PASSENGERS TO MEET AND STAND IN LINE TO TOUCH THIS HUMBLE ALSATION GERMAN IMMIGRANT WHO HELD ENOUGH LIGHT IN HIM TO DISPERSE ANY DISEASE OR ILLNESS THAT CHRIST LIGHT THAT IS THE POTENTIAL IN EVERY ONE OF US.



THE HIGHEST SELF IS WORTH MORE THAN  
A DISTRACTION

TRULY ONLY THE APPROVAL OF THE INNER VOICE  
MATTERS IN ANYONES LIFE. NO OUTSIDE OPINION  
REALLY COUNTS BECAUSE THE FULL GLORIOUS  
PATTERN OF EACH INDIVIDUALS LIFE IS ENFOLDED  
MINUTELY WITHIN EVERY MAN AND WOMANS SOUL.  
IT USUALLY CAN ONLY BE BROUGHT FORTH GRADUALLY  
AS THE SEED GROWS INTO A PLANT AND THE PLANT  
IS GLORIFIED BY THE UNFOLDMENT OF ITS BLOSSOMS.  
IF MAN DESIRES TO GET IN TOUCH OR STEP WITH THE  
FORWARD MARCHING GLORY OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE  
THEN HE WILL HAVE TO HEED THAT STILL SMALL VOICE  
WITHIN , THAT GUIDING VOICE OF LIGHT THAT WAS  
APPARENT FROM THE BEGINNING " THE CAUSAL LIGHT"  
THAT GUIDING VOICE KNOCKING ON THE DOOR OF HIS  
OWN CONSCIOUSNESS TO BE ADMITTED . YET MOST  
HAVE REJECTED THAT INNER VOICE THROUGH THE  
DISTRACTIONS OF THE MATERIAL PLANE OF LIFE .  
BUT IF YOU LISTEN TO THAT INNER VOICE AND GUIDE  
YOU WILL ASCENT TO A LIFE OF FULFILMENT AND HEALTH  
AS SURELY AS THE FLOWER RISES FROM THE SEED , THE  
OAK FROM THE ACORN OR THE BIRD FROM THE EGG .







