

## I VISIT THE GNOME KINGDOM

When walking thru the garden at sunset the other day, I saw, sitting on the stone wall of a terrace, a tiny creature, about the size of a black-bird, wearing a fur coat and a fur cap. He was gazing far away across the arroyo and he had a human face! As I approached quietly he suddenly became aware of me and with a quick flashing look at me he disappeared, vanished like smoke. I was surprised and disappointed. As I stood thinking about it, just as suddenly he re-appeared, and I said quietly, "Hello, Brother," "Hello, yourself," he responded with an elfish grin and I knew who he was! He was a Gnome - one of the Earth Builders; the smartest, sauciest, most interesting of the Builders of the four Kingdoms of Earth, Water, Fire and Air.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "O, just observing all the mistakes you made in fitting the stones of this wall," he grinned.

"Humph," said I, "you might admire the plan and the flowers anyhow."

"O, I do," he replied, "that is why I am here. How would you like to visit Gnome-land?"

"I'd love to," said I.

"Alright, I'll come for you tonight when your body sleeps," he answered.

"I'll be waiting," and I was.

"Are you afraid?" he asked as he lead me out in space. "No," I said. "Then let yourself sink into the earth as I do," he said and disappeared from my sight. "Well," I thought, "how can I do

that!". "Try," he called from within the Earth. I tried to recall my lessons about "Permeation" and remembered a certain instruction. So I closed my eyes and imaged myself as sinking into the earth. With a gasp I realized that I had done just that. He stood laughing at my astonishment. "Come on, sink further in," he said, and with my heart thumping a bit fearfully, I dared and did so. "How will I ever get out of this," I wondered.

The sensation of sinking down, down, down, finally stopped and lo, we were in a beautiful Cave-like room somewhere in the Earth itself. Hundreds of tiny gnomes came rushing towards me, laughing and dancing and all talking at once. I sat down and laughed too, and they sat on my lap, on my head and one even sat on the tip of my nose. "Get off, you tickle my nose," I said. She only laughed and jumped up and down on it, whereupon, I sneezed! And she fell with a thud in my lap. How they all laughed and teased her. "I warned you," I said.

"Let us show her our jewels," cried one. "Alright," they agreed, "we will." "What is your name?" "Sheila." "The Gate of Harmony," they cried. "How did you know," I asked. "O, we know much more than humans suspect," one little gnome who looked like a teacher, answered. He had a pointed black hat on his head and carried a wand in his hand. I kept close to him as we again dove into the solid earth. And when we stopped I gasped in amazement. Here were the Gold-Gnomes, making pure gold and filling the holes in the rocks with it! And here were rubies, red as blood, and gleaming in the light; sapphires, turquoise, emeralds, garnets, diamonds, lapis lazuli,

## THE RAIN FAIRIES

For the Littlest Ones.

"Catch me, I am going to fall," a tiny Rain Drop called to me as she clung to the top of my window frame. Quickly I reached out my hand, but just too late! Drip, Drop, Schush-h-h-h! And the tiny Raindrop, whose name was "Tinkle" fell to the window sill, and O, my, she was squashed into a little flat wet spot!

"Whee-ee!" she exclaimed. "Did it hurt?" I asked in sympathy.

"Why, no," she exclaimed, "really it was great fun! I wish I could gather my body together again so I could jump some more."

What a delightful little Fairy, I thought. I wonder how we could get your little body together again, but she was only a flat wet spot and I knew nothing could be done.

"O, I have an idea," I exclaimed, "I will get you a new body and you get right into it when I drop it over your flat one."

"Goody," she cried; "I will try my best."

So I got a medicine dropper and a glass of water and very carefully I dripped a few drops right on top of her, and with a laugh that tinkled like a silver bell, she caught the new drop body and leaped out into space, as daring as an acrobat. She landed on the stone sidewalk with a Schush-h-h-h of joy that splashed tiny rills of water all about her.

"O, do it again, please do it again," she cried. And so, until she grew quite tired and ready to lie down quietly and rest, I poured

new drop bodies out for her to play in, and I had just as much fun watching her as she had in playing.

As she lay quite still, suddenly she asked: "What is your name?"

"Mother Sheila," I replied.

"I love you," she softly said in her tiny tinkling voice, and

"I love you Tinkle" I replied, "you are so happy, and so full of courage and fun, that I like to create new bodies for you."

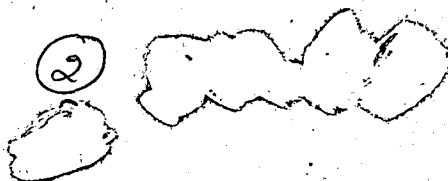
She seemed to be thinking over what I had said, and then; "Wont you come with me to Rain Drop Land?" she asked. "How?" I queried.

"I'll show you the way," she said; "but I'll have to use my Rain Magic." And she did.

Next time I will tell you all about Rain Drop Land, and the Rain Queen, and what I did while there, dear Littlest Ones, but now I must stop and write a story for the older Little Ones too.

Note: To the teacher: These childrens' stories should be read very slowly and in sort of a mysterious voice; then at the close of the story point out to the children how our own individual Father-in-Heaven creates new bodies for us when these are worn out, and show the similarity between the process of the one created for the rain-drop fairy and ours; also how courage, happiness and fun of the finer kind, win for us opportunities to re-incarnate in better and better bodies until comes the last great Day when we incarnate no more on this planet.

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jade, rare stones of unutterable beauty of all kinds gleamed and danced as tho alive. Why, they were alive! For suddenly I realized that the gnomes and the jewels were visiting together.

"I wish Sheila would take me into the Heaven-World with her where I could just once see Our Great Lord the Sun," said a lovely Emerald. "My, I wish I could, too, I would like to wear you on my finger, you are so very lovely," I replied. "Alright, you may go with her." A silvery voice spoke out of the far corner, and walking majestically into the Center of the Jewel Room, came the One who was their Leader.

"I give you welcome," he said to me. I bowed low and answered: "It is a great privilege to be here and to be welcomed by you."

He smiled and offered me the radiant emerald. "This keep in remembrance of me," he said and disappeared.

I held the lovely emerald to my heart and heard it whisper: "My light is the Christ-light of pure love," it said. And I felt love pouring thru my heart in great waves to all. Then we began to rise and rise and I heard a far-off murmur of "Good-bye", "Come again soon." "I will," I called and then found myself standing by my physical form above the earth again. "I found the way," I said.

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Children's Dept. Series No. 2.  
(read before Ritual)

*all right*  
*and*  
The Rama Sangha

TO MY LITTLE CHILDREN

I, who am thy Father-in-Heaven, pour out to you this day and fill your hearts and lives with my all-inclusive Love.

Place your little hands trustingly within the clasp of the hands of your teacher and open your little hearts to the love that I shall pour out to you through them and, day by day, you shall draw closer to me and learn to feel me and to know me, for I live in the hearts of all that is, from sun and moon and stars, down to the tiniest flower and rock.

I am the Light, I am the Love, I am the Beauty, I am the Happiness, and I am the Form of all that your little eyes can see, and if you learn to hear and obey My voice, I shall teach you how to find me in the hearts of other little boys and girls, and I shall teach you to listen to My song that hums through the hearts of all. Yes, even in the hearts of the birds and bees, and in the hearts of all your little pets, for the animals and flowers and birds are My little children also; and if you learn to love Me, I shall teach you how to care for them for Me and they shall learn to love you just as you have learned to love Me.

Love and Happiness go hand in hand, they are yours, take them.

Dear Children of the Sangha:

You have come the happy thing, even as you have come to school.

You range in age from two years to 16 years of age, and this

makes a problem for Mother Sheila. The tiny children can sing and can

light the candle with their teacher's help, but the lessons and stories

will be beyond them and this is where the older ones <sup>may help,</sup> come in. After

<sup>they</sup> you have heard the story I wish each one would take one of the tiny

children and re-tell it to them in <sup>their</sup> own way. This will help you to

unfold <sup>in</sup> your own mind, <sup>then service</sup> and love and wisdom for <sup>then</sup> the Rays of Love and

Wisdom from the Great Master Heart can find an open door <sup>to</sup> and flow

through your hearts and minds. It is through giving to others what you

have received that you grow in Wisdom, <sup>and</sup> Love and Understanding.

This month your thought is to be HAPPINESS.

Each day try to find some beautiful thing to feel happy about.

Happiness makes life a glad experiment. To ferret out happiness where

there does not seem to be any is a great victory. If you see some child

at school neglected by others, make it a point to speak to that child

and then watch happiness bloom for both of you. If you see an animal

being neglected or hurt, try to help it, try to make the one who is

unkind FEEL HAPPY and he will stop being unkind. Seeking <sup>of</sup> happiness <sup>at</sup>

is one of the Great Adventures, dear ones, and so is making others

happy, and being happy yourself. ¶ When you find Mother overtired, try

the magic of a loving smile; when father comes home worried and worn

out from a hard day down town, try the magic of being quiet and, per-

haps, just a pat on the hand <sup>with</sup> and a word, like--I see you are tired,

Father, I'll be quiet tonight. Your own heart will be happy because

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you have done the happy thing, even if others do not seem to appreciate it, for you will know happiness deep within your own heart, and that is what counts. So Happiness be with you all this month, dear Sangha Children,

Mother Sheila.

(Instruction)

### THE LAW OF UNITY

Did you ever go out in the morning, dear ones, and find the grass covered with tiny drops of dew? I am sure you have. Then have you ever noticed how the Great and glorious Sun of our planetary system is perfectly reflected in each tiny drop; how each drop seems to be a perfect sun? And how the thousands of drops each and all reflect a brilliant shining sun? Well, we are like that. Each one of us reflects his father-in-heaven, just as the dewdrop does the sun. We know at once that the dew drop is NOT the sun, don't we? And we should know at once that our physical bodies are not our Real Self, but only a reflection, a picture, of that Self. Our Real Self is like the Sun, and is a Unity, a One, in which we all live, while we SEEM to be many and separate. But in our real selves we are like the great sun, all of us live together as ONE Great Being.

Your eyes are brown, and yours, dear, are blue, and perhaps yours are black and yours are gray, but they are all just eyes; they see and they open and shut, in just the same way. You all have two eyes, two ears, a nose and<sup>a</sup> mouth; you have a body with hands and feet and head. You all breathe the same air, you eat food and drink water; you walk and talk, and really are almost the same flesh. Blood runs through all your veins in just the same way. Why do you feel so separate, so different from one another? You are not really separate. All your water and your food comes from the same earth and you are born and die each in the same way, only, that self that seems to die is but a dream passing away. YOU, the real Self, never die, neither are you born but you do build a body of flesh and enter it and live in it a little time in

order to gain a lot of experience and SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

Each human personality is as a leaf on the great Tree of Life. The leaf seems to be a unit by itself, but we know it is attached to a branch and the branch to the tree and that the tree is attached to the earth, which is called Mother Earth because she gives life and form to so many creatures. The body of man is the tiniest part of his Real Self; it is like the leaf on the tree. The leaf is not aware of the branch to which it is attached, as you are not aware of the Inner Form to which your outer body is attached by what is called "The Silver Thread" because that is what it looks like to those whose eyes can penetrate the inner plane. Then that Inner Form is like the Branch attached to the tree. The Inner form we call the Etheric Body and it is but a dress of fine gossamer substance worn by our Higher Self, our Father-in-Heaven, who is to us what the Tree is to the branch and leaf. But there is One Great Being called the Monad, whose form is like that of the earth, a great globular form and within this form, our individual Father-in-Heaven rests, as the tree rests in the earth. Beyond the Earth lies the great Stellar Universe, with its thousands of earths, suns and stars, and that great universe corresponds to the One Absolute, Supreme, Ever-present, All-powerful, BEING, who is the Supreme All, the Architect of the Universe. Just as all the suns, stars and planets are within this Great One, so all of our Monads are within it also and in the ONE LIFE which flows in all our veins, and the ONE MIND which acts through all our brains, and the ONE CONSCIOUSNESS which reveals all things to our senses.

This may be difficult for you to understand, dear ones, but try. It contains the basic principle, which is Universal Law, of the whole world process, of creation, of life and death, and of progress and immortality. Study it well and try, each one of you, to put this principle in words for me and ask your teacher to send it to me. This you may do at your Study Class which should follow this Thought Class in two weeks.

Also I am wondering what good deeds you have succeeded in doing. Won't you also tell me this month one deed that you felt satisfied about doing.

Remember, Children, the basic principle of the whole universe and of the Sangha Teachings is the Law of Unity, of the One Life, the One Mind, and the One Consciousness manifesting through each and all of us. It is our wish that your teacher help you to learn this principle so that you may speak<sup>it</sup>/by heart. And some day I shall come see you and listen. With love from Mother Sheila.

(Story)

### A STAR CHILD

High up in the Heavens lives a Star called "Love". She is so beautiful that all the starry hosts pause in their rush onward to look at her and speak a word of greeting.

One day this beautiful Star <sup>child</sup> saw a young boy Star called "Wisdom" and she liked him so much she wanted him to stay and play with her. So she twinkled her beautiful eyes and smiled a rosy smile so lovingly that he paused longer than he should have done to play a moment with her. But he was called "Wisdom" because he was wise and he knew that to stop overlong might cause other stars to be thrown out of their orbits and that would cause collisions and, perhaps, even destruction of a whole star! Suddenly he realized he had lingered too long, and he rushed onward and found many stars just missing each other and wandering about in great confusion and terror, for their guide, "Wisdom" had left his appointed place.

Quickly he rushed back into the lead and soon the other star children were following him and finding their places again. But one poor little star had gone too far astray and suddenly there came a great crash and the stars cried out in terror; it had gone too far from its orbit and been struck by a great sun and crashed into a million fragments! The little stars stood still for a moment and then began rushing wildly in all directions. Then the little Love Star awoke and saw what she had done. So she rushed to the aid of Wisdom and with her quiet rosy smile and her loveliness drew the little stars to follow her and saved them from destruction. Thus the Law of Attraction was born. Love always



attracts and it can solve all problems if it is guided by Wisdom and does not try to draw Wisdom from the Path it knows is right and wise to follow. Love is born in your hearts and Wisdom in your minds. And the Star child called Love sends a ray of rosy love into your heart every time you are lovely in thought and deed. Venus is the name of the Star Child, Love.

(Read 1st)

### THE LAW OF DUALITY

This Law is expressed by the number two. (2) (Write it out for the little children to see).

There are always two sides to everything. Never just one. (1)  
A stick for instance is one (1), yet it has two ends. This shows the meaning of the occult statement, the One is always Two, and the Two are forever one, yet they are Three (3). Do you see? The One stick, plus its two ends, equals 3, yet it is only one.

Now let us talk over this Law of Duality. Does everything have two sides, or aspects?. Take the word "up". Anything that goes up, comes down does it not?. Thus we have the two opposites or duality in Up and Down.

Try another word, "Girl". Guess, children what the opposite of "girl" would be?. (Have them try.) Then, yes, you are right, it is "boy". If none guess it, say: Why, of course it is "Boy". Is a boy not just the opposite of "girl"?. (Make them laugh a little and get some enjoyment into this study; play as tho it were a game.) Now we will try another word and see who can guess its opposite. We take the word, "LIGHT". What is the opposite of "Light"?. Yes, it is darkness. Of, DAY? (Ask the children first.) It is "Night". Of "IN"? It is "OUT".

Yes-----No.

Birth-----Death.

Joy-----Pain.

God-----Man.

Spirit-----Matter.

Now, dear children, this Law of Duality or Opposites acts like the pendulum of a clock. You all have seen the pendulum swinging from one side to the other in just the same manner, as though it were saying, right, left, right, left with its tick, tock; tick, tock.

Well, this Law of Duality acts just like that pendulum. If you go out of the house, you must come in again. What two words are opposites in that sentence?. Yes, "out" and "in".

If you go to bed in the evening, you must get up in the morning. What are the two opposites in that sentence?. Yes, "morning" and "Evening".

If you die, you must get born again; therefore the opposite of "death" is, WHAT?. Yes, "Birth". Everything that dies is born again.

If you are sick, you get well, and when the pain passes you are full of joy. There are two pairs of opposites in that sentence; who can name them?. (Repeat this sentence over and over, unless you have a blackboard to write it on.) Try again, children. Yes, "sick" and "well" are the first pair of opposites. What are the next?. Right, "pain" and "joy".

(This indicates the method of repetition requisite to teach the children how to find the opposites.)

Now, children, who can think of a pair of opposites we have not named. I am to send the name of the child or children who can select a pair, and the words, to Mother Sheila. (Teacher is to do this.)

We swing from pain to joy, from darkness to light, from death to birth, night to day again and again, just as the pendulum swings from right to left with its tick-tock, tick-tock, over and over again.

(Read 2nd)

### LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

Violets bloomed in springtime along the sidewalks of a quiet college town where lived a great Teacher.

He was not a recluse. He knew the Big World and the Big World knew him. He had been out in it often. In great cities, crowds had thronged to his lectures, famed for their learning.

Neither did he live as one apart in his home town. He was the soul of many of its interests and activities. For his kindly helpfulness and understanding love, he was generally beloved. He taught in the college across the way from his home and numerous students, loyal youths and maids, flocked to his class-rooms.

He loved the little city of his abode. Even more he loved his home, especially its library with many hundreds of books, for here he learned from both man and God.

One day as he sat musing in it there was ushered into his presence a mother and her little daughter of eight. "I beg of you, teach my child", said the mother.

The scholar was surprised. He rested his deep kind eyes on the little girl, admiring her plump wholesomeness, so full of romping joy. Her wide blue eyes spoke to him of faultless blue skies in June. It seemed to him that the Sun Himself had poured as much as He could of His own golden glory into her long abundant curls. A real for-sure little girl, she was; and it rejoiced him to see her. But he sensed in her a power of understanding far beyond her years; a true daughter, she was of her wise and queenly mother.

"Have her come to me once each week", he replied gravely. "I will teach her, but not after the manner of the Schools. Do not remove her from them; their instruction is invaluable and necessary. But I would like to add to it according to some ideas of my own, ideas over which I have just been brooding. You came in answer to them. The training I will give your little girl is a task of mine from God".

"Teacher", said the mother, "an urge within prompted me to come. I have observed your activities and your teachings and realize that you have unusual ideas in regard to the training of children.

"I do not address you as "Professor" but by that far greater title, "Teacher"; and I will have my little girl call you that, explaining to her its meaning. For to me, truly, you are of that exalted company who have for long, long ages taught, not only the wisdom of men but more, that of God".

"Your clear vision delights me", said the Scholar. "Your understanding thrills yet humbles me".

"Carol is the name of my child", said the mother. "I called her that because I wanted her to be a song in the world. Do not misunderstand me. Not as those who sing on the stage; though, to be sure it would rejoice me much if she should. But I yearn especially for her to be a song herself; from early childhood she has been sensible, happy and kind. I hope that in the future all whom she may meet will be cheered, helped and thrilled to nobler living by her life music of sweet singing".

"I understand", said the Scholar reverently.

The mother hesitated, as though suddenly the voice of the world had determined to be heard.

"Perhaps", she faltered, "I am asking a foolish thing. No doubt what I have requested is too small an undertaking for your great abilities?"

"Indeed not, as you must know else you would not have been led to come with your request. You realize, as do I, that there are no little things; that nothing is so small or hidden that it does not lead to enter greatness, sometime, somewhere".

He turned to Carol. Wonder and childish understanding of what had been said made big her eyes.

"Little Carol", he said gently, "I want you to know, through and through you, that there are no little things. Remembering this will help you to become the song your mother wants you to be. This is your first lesson".

"Do you have home work?" he asked her.

For an instant her sunny face faintly clouded.

"Do not be distressed", he beamed upon her. "The home work I shall give you will not be hard. I just want you to say, night and morning, until you come again: "There are no little things. Everything, all things, are part of the One Greatness Which is God". Say it with me now".

"I feel angels and fairies about me!" she cried as she finished repeating it.

"They are here, they are everywhere", the Scholar answered.

"Few see them; that is all".

Unbidden, Carol repeated in reverent glowing joy: "There are no little things. Everything, all things, are part of the One Greatness Which is God".

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NOTE:

This, dear children, is what you are to learn next week and I want your teacher to write me the names of those who have learned this beautiful thought.

This story was written for you by your elder sister, Edith Matts of Chicago, and I know you will join with me in sending her a Ray of love and appreciation.

Mother Sheila.

(Read 3rd)

THE FAIRY QUEEN OF RAIN DROP LAND

(For the Littlest Ones)

Cont'd.

When Tinkle began to use her Magic in order to take me to Rain Drop Land, I had the strangest feelings, and all of a sudden I seemed to be growing smaller and smaller, and sure enough, I really was growing smaller for the chair I stood near loomed high above me. Startled I looked around and still I grew smaller until the table seemed to be a great sky-scraper high above me.

Now, I thought, I certainly am in trouble. "Tinkle," I called, "where are you?"

"Right here," she answered and there she was, so tiny was I that she looked larger and she said, "I'll carry you in my arms until we reach my home". Then we began to rise so rapidly that I caught my breath. "Goodness," I cried, "don't drop me!" She laughed and said, "I won't". On we went until at last we rushed right into some heavy storm clouds and she cried, "Here we are at home."

I gasped and looked about me. There were millions of tiny Tinkles and they were all laughing at my surprise. "Lets take her to the queen," they said. And Tinkle cried, "O, that is just what I would like to do". So they gathered about me and carried me right up to the big thunder head and there, seated upon the top of a rainbow was their queen. She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. Much larger than Tinkle, she was, and with eyes the color of the heavens above, and hair the color of the lightning. In fact her hair stood out about her



head just like flashes of lightning and it seemed to be made of pure electricity. I looked my admiration and she smiled so sweetly and said, "Welcome to Rain Drop Land, Mother Sheila". There, she too knew my name! I bowed with grave dignity and thanked her for her kindly welcome. "Won't you sit beside me," she requested, and surprised, I quietly went forward and climbed the rugged edge of the cloud until I sat beside her on the rainbow's highest curve. A sense of delight swept all through me.

"How lovely is your throne and your home in Cloudland," I said. She smiled again and said, "Yes, but it only lasts a short time. Just as the earth people can only dwell a short time on their lovely green earth, so we can only have our beautiful throne and home a little while". "But time moves more slowly here than on earth," I said. "Yes," she answered, "that is true; we really live three times as long as the earth children, but to them it would not appear so". "Why," I asked. "Well," she said, "it is all a matter of consciousness. Our consciousness is much deeper than yours, and yours runs more on the surface than ours. And the deeper you penetrate, the fuller and the longer life appears to be in the objective form". "Well," I thought, "that is true, but it is too deep for my little earth children". Then I asked her if I might tell them what she wore and she smiled consent.

She was dressed in a transparent cloudlike substance that looked like the mother-of-pearl in sea-shells when it is wet. She wore a golden girdle of thoughts--you can SEE thoughts there--and they were of course her most beautiful thoughts, and a golden necklace, made of pure love, and her head was crowned with a brilliant shimmering Light that was the

Light of Wisdom. She carried a long scepter in her hand with a diamond-like star at its tip.

I said, "I should so like to know the meaning of that Star".  
"Would you, really," she asked, "Yes?" I answered.

She looked deeply into my eyes and raising that scepter she touched my forehead with it. "O-O-Oh," I cried. For I was caught up and found myself within the Star and there saw a Face looking gravely upon me. A Face so noble and yet so sweet, my heart fairly sang in its happiness. And then, I was again on the throne beside the queen. "What did you see," she asked. "I saw The Face," I answered reverently.

She arose and ordered all to kneel before me. "She has seen the Face of God," she said. Then I knew I had seen that One who guarded and guided all the tiny Tinkles and their beautiful Queen in Rain Drop Land.

I knelt before her and kissed her hand. "Now, may I return to my duties at home," I asked.

"Yes, Tinkle will take you, and our love goes with you. You will one day come again. Until then, Fare-thee-well".

Tears were in my eyes as I turned to go; "Take this in memory of me," she said, placing something in my hand.

Then we began to sink down and down and down, and I felt myself growing larger and larger, and suddenly, there I was back in my normal size and self again.

"Tinkle," I cried, and I heard a tiny voice from far away, saying "Good-bye, Mother Sheila, I shall always think of you and love you and

try to---I could hear no more. My lovely Fairy Tinkle had gone.

I stood up and wondered if it were all a dream, but, no, there was something in my hand yet. I looked, and Lo, there was a pure white gleaming diamond, just the size of a rain drop, twinkling its beautiful light so gently, it seemed as though the Fairy Queen were still with me. So I kissed the beautiful crystallized drop of Light, and said, "I know what your message was, dear Fairy Queen; it was: "Let There be Light!" And a little thrill ran all through me, and I knew that she heard me and was glad.

Are you glad too, dear children?.

*Sherifa*

(Read 1st)

DUALITY

Everything in the universe expresses some phase of duality.

Duality is best described as two aspects of nature, which are in direct contrast to each other; as love and hate, spirit and matter, pleasure and pain, wise and foolish, and so on in every thing.

For instance; as you play on the beach you will find coarse and fine sand, large and small rocks; so in humanity you will find the fine man and the coarse one. The fine man, has a pure, truthful mind, and a clean strong body. To possess this wonderful body one must have a pure mind, think only wise, loving and uplifting thoughts, both of one's self and of his fellow playmates; seeing them as one with you. As you help your playmates, you also help the universe, for every kind thought sent out helps make this world in which we live so much brighter for us all. Now the coarse man would be vulgar and untruthful and he would possess a coarse, heavy body, one you would not want; so start today by wanting to be the fine man, and expressing only love and kindness to all.

There is another phase in nature which expresses duality or polarity, as light and darkness. Take a nice sun-shiny day and a dark cloudy day; which of the two make you feel happy and gay? Surely the bright sunny day with all the beautiful rays of the sun penetrating every cell of your body with their warmth and light, making you want to be out of doors playing in it. The sun is like a great mother sending her warm rays upon you helping you grow and become strong boys and girls. So, just as the sun rays shine upon you, let your thoughts

be your sun rays, to shine and warm the hearts of your playmates. The boy or girl who is kind, loving and truthful will be the man or woman, the universe will look up to tomorrow.

Take this example: In your daily life, you have the power to express the two aspects, love and hate; either one or the other you are bound to express as you play. Take the boy or girl who is not kind, truthful or loving towards you, do you want to play with him or her very long? No, he or she is soon left out of the circle of merriment. What happens to such a boy or girl? Watch, first of all his or her face becomes gloomy, dark and expressionless, and he or she must stand alone, until they have found that they must play fair. The boy or girl who is loving and kind to all, is like a fairy, one reads about in books, light, bright and lovely, radiating all the happiness that is within to each and every one of you.

Never try to be too wise for then you are foolish; there is always room for improvement, and there is always something we can learn, so be open-minded, ready to receive the truth in what ever way it may be given you. The foolish man is the man who thinks he knows it all; just thinking he knows all, proves he knows nothing, and he closes the door of an opportunity to receive enlightenment.

Spirit and matter are two aspects which have many definitions. Spirit is Light, or the Higher Self, Deity; its opposite is matter, condensed Spirit when it comes into manifestation. Spirit is the unknowable or the invisible and matter is the knowable, the objective and visible. Spirit is that consciousness within you, that makes

you move this physical body about, and makes you think. It is not the brain that thinks but the higher power, called the Father-in-Heaven, that uses the brain and body as a machine and works through them.

Your Sister, Louise Luedke of Milwaukee, Wisc.

(Read 1st)

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LAW OF BALANCE

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Within the Universe there is a Law which is known as the Law of Balance. Everything within this Universe is governed by this Great Law.

Have you ever wondered children, why the sun rises every morning and sets every evening without ever getting mixed up and reversing its action? Or why night follows day, week after week, and year after year, in the very same way? Have you ever dropped a pebble in the water and watched the little ripples go out and out, ring after ring of them, and then slowly come back in again to the point where you dropped the pebble in the water? If you haven't noticed the rings going out and coming in again do so the next time you are near a pool. You may even try it in a tub filled with water. Watch the tiny ripples as they go out from the center and return in to it again. If you observe carefully, you will notice that every ripple that goes out comes back again. By studying these ripples closely and dropping the pebbles into the water at different points you will see that they always begin going out from the very point where the pebble struck the water, and that they always come back to that same point.

This is the way the great Law of Balance works. Let us think of the Universe as a great pool of water into which all kinds of things are dropped. As we observed the action of the Law with the pebble in the small pool, just so the same Law acts in the Great pool which we will call the Universe. Every time we drop a thought, kind or unkind, into the pool of the Universe the ripples go out and then come right back in to us again. Every act dropped into the Great pool returns again to the actor.

This means Children, that everything we do is dropped into the Great Universal Ocean and that some day it will come back to us bringing its harvest of joy or pain to accord with the deed or word. If we are kind to someone, someone will be kind to us. If someone is unkind to us, we may know that sometime we have dropped an unkind pebble into the Great Universal Pool and it has just come back again.

So dear ones, since we know that within the Great Ocean there are many ripples constantly going out and returning again, let every Sangha Child drop beautiful pebbles into the Universal Ocean, pebbles that will bring waves of happiness to us again. For remember that which we send out returns to us a like measure of good or ill, with unerring justice.

Love from your elder sister in Truth,

Lillian Reid, Los Angeles.

ansd:rijedro  
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~~Scripture~~



(Read 2nd)

3<sup>rd</sup>

## LESSONS OF THE TEACHER

### With the Fairies

When Carol came the following week to the Teacher she gave him a rose, a marvel of pink and gold.

Taking it reverently he gazed a few moments into its center as if looking into the very soul of things. His face became glorified. He pressed the blossom to his lips. In low tender tones he said: "I thank you, dear fairies, for this beautiful work of yours." Noting the wonder stare in Carol's eyes, he added: "I will explain later, little girl." "Come with me into the garden."

~~Taking her hand, he said: "Come with me into the garden."~~

Here in rarest loveliness bloomed in season many, many kinds of flowers. It was the time of roses, and the whole place was a radiant glory of pink and crimson, white and gold. Next to his library he loved it. Here, too, he learned of God.

Seating themselves on a rustic seat in an arbor he continued: "We will be very quiet---and love. Love opens the eyes, and brings beauties and wonders for them to see. Remember that always, Carol."

In a few moments she lifted a radiant face toward his. "What is it Carol?" he asked.

She pointed to a spot in the garden about thirty feet away. Here a number of little folks just an inch or two high, with wings, were walking around slowly in and out among the blades of grass and chattering constantly. They wore green rompers. Lifting themselves from the ground they jumped or flew feet forward.

"Yes, I see", he answered. "They are fairies. Their story-book name is 'elves'. Have you ever noticed anything like this before?"

"Often, oh so often, Teacher", she replied; "almost every day. People laugh and say 'she sees things' when I tell it; everybody but mother.

"Last summer", she went on, "I used to picnic on a hill in a meadow. I liked to sit down away from the rest and watch dozens of little old men, about a foot high, busy on the hill-side. Most of them wore brown coats trimmed in green, brown knickerbockers, and brown and red stocking caps. Some of them were playing and chasing each other, running right through the trees. Some of them had tiny picks and shovels and were digging among the roots of trees."

"Fairies, the Brownies of story-books", he commented.

"And they had the tiniest houses down in the ground," Carol added.

"There are countless millions of beings in the world, little girl," said the Teacher, "the material of whose bodies is so fine that most people never see any of them. When matter is too fine the eyes cannot see it. Air is matter. We sense changes in it. We say it is warm or cold; dry or moist. We feel and hear it as wind. But we cannot see air. It is so fine it goes in and out and through and through water. We say it penetrates it; just as water, in turn, penetrates a cloth, making it wet. Air penetrates earth, tree, and flower. Much finer than air is the matter of the bodies of these unseen beings around us. That is why they can sink down into the ground and pass through the trees."

"These hosts of invisible creatures have bodies differing widely, one from another, in their degree of fineness. The mightiest and wisest angels have the finest of all; how fine you and I cannot understand. Less and less fine are the bodies of the lesser and lesser angels. The fairies or nature-spirits have the coarsest of all. Their bodies are so coarse that some eyes are able to see them. Those who have eyes which can are said to have etheric sight. Only a few have eyes like this. Some people see angels; but not with flesh and blood eyes. I will talk no more about that today."

"Fairies live lives of rapturous play. They ride the winds and sport in high glee in the raging shrieking storm. They dart through the spouting fire of the volcano. They dash and flash like living rainbows in river and water-fall."

"Look, Teacher," cried the child.

A few feet away a wonderful fairy lady, a little larger than Carol, was hovering over a rose-bush, full of bloom. Her dress was of shimmering apple green. Her wings and slippers were the color of rose and gold. Her golden hair floated around her.

"Notice Carol," said the Teacher, "that her clothing is of the same material as her body. It is really a part of it. She is one changing flashing glory through and through."

"She is busy at work", he added.

"At work?" questioned Carol.

"Yes, little one," he replied. "From the highest angel to the tiniest fairy each one of the mighty hosts of invisibles has a work to do - and does it; faithfully, joyously, as if by very nature. Even the

play of a fairy is work; From the atmosphere it draws into itself such materials as it needs for its own particular task. These are changed in its body and poured out for it to use in one way or another. Those tiny elves with strength from themselves were helping the grass to grow. Brownies work among the roots of plants and trees."

"We say plants and animals grow. The truth is that they are built. God gives the life; but the bodies are made by the Shining Ones, the Builders, as the Invisible Hosts are called. Fairies work under the direction of an angel who is guided by a wiser mightier angel, and so on up and up and up." The great angels see that the fairies build according to God's patterns."

The Teacher led Carol to the rose-bush over which the Fairy hovered. Startled, she slipped into a large near-by rock, covered with myrtle.

"First the tiniest of creatures built the roots, the stock and the leaves of this bush," he said. "Later other workers arrived, building the flower-stems and flowers. Then fairies, like the one just here, came to color the blossoms as they grew and unfolded."

"Please come out of the rock, dear Fairy, and go on painting the flowers," cried Carol. "We love you."

They returned to their seat in the arbor. "The fairies love the flowers they build," continued the Teacher. Sometimes one will follow a blossom it has nourished into a room where it has been taken and stay with it a considerable time. It grieves the fairies if the flower or butterfly bodies they make are spoiled or if the little bird-bodies they are fashioning in eggs are destroyed."

"I understand", said Carol. "They feel like I did when baby brother tore up the pretty doll-dress I had made. I - cried. We should appreciate."

"Appreciate is a big word for a little girl", said the Teacher, pleased. "And you know how to use it, too."

"Mother speaks it so often", Carol answered. "She says we should remember always what it costs/<sup>others</sup> to do well their work; and that we should be thankful to them and let them know that we are for helping to make the world beautiful and glad. One day she said to me, 'Carol, my little song, appreciation is heavenly music; be filled with it'."

"Little one," said the Teacher softly, "more than all else I wish this for you: that your heart may be indeed a wonder garden full of life's choicest, loveliest soul-flowers. I would have the fair bloom of appreciation grow in rarest sweetness there. It will make your life a blessing of unselfish service and understanding love."

"But the Fairy Builder of the flowers of your heart must be yourself. None from without can build them for you. To make them will be hard, very hard. This is your home-work. Night and morning say: 'I will appreciate. In thought and word and deed I will appreciate'."

They looked toward the Fairy, who had returned to her work. She was smiling at Carol and holding her hand beneath a beautiful rose.

"She makes me think of the fairies I saw on our lawn the other night. They were singing and dancing and playing ring-around-the-rosie. They wore wreathes of roses in their hair."

"She wants you to have it Carol," said the Teacher. "Take it to some ill or lonely one with the Fairy's love and yours."

Carol plucked the rose and they left the garden.

From your elder sister, Edith Belle Matts of Chicago.

(Read 3rd)

OUR HUMAN TEMPLE

Humanity constitutes a Great Temple. Within this Great and Beautiful Temple there are many Pillars. Some of these Pillars are big and strong, while others are not so big and do not have the same strength. Every one is not a pillar, most of us are stones cemented into the guardian wall, but great or small we fill our own place within the Great Human Temple.

The Pillars which are big and strong are those who live the life of Truth, who are so unselfish that they do not think of themselves at all, but only seek to help, love and serve humanity. These Pillars are brilliant, a great love Light radiates from them and touches thousands of people with Light and Love. These Great Pillars help all the lesser Pillars to develop their light and power. Every Pillar no matter how great or small has light and power deep within his own inner self. As we try to be truthful, unselfish and happy, the Light within us grows brighter and brighter and we express more and more power. Then as we grow older, we gain a fuller understanding of the Great Truths and Laws and our Light becomes brighter, until one day it shines so steadily that one of the Great Pillars may observe it, then we will find a new opportunity unfolding and if we serve and respond to The Inner Call, we are accepted by Them and guided and trained in return. The stronger more loving and wiser we are, the more Light and Power is transmitted to us for use.

While we are still trying to live wisely and speak truthfully, we are the little Stones in the Great Temple. When we grow strong enough to help each other unselfishly we may be one of those chosen to

stand as a Pillar in the Great Temple.

Every member of the Sangha becomes a Stone in the Guardian Wall, whose tiny Light is being fed by the Elder Brothers. Your teacher Children explains the lessons and if you listen carefully you may understand; thus your own little light will commence to grow brighter and shine clearly from its place in the Guardian Wall, and, who knows, perhaps the Great Master will observe its clear shining, choose you and draw you onward to an Honored Place perhaps to become "A Pillar in the Great Temple of the Sun."

L.M.R.

RECEIVED  
MAY 10 1911

**Saripattana**



(Read 1st)

OM

OM is the song of your Father in Heaven which sounds eternally throughout the whole universe carrying on great vibratory waves the Light of his Infinite Love.

Close your little eyes and listen within and you shall hear that Song of Love flowing through your own tiny hearts feeding the flame that burns steadily within and, flowing through your little hearts it carries your love with Its Love and passes on to other hearts, and thus on the waves of this great vibratory stream of light flows not only your Fathers Love but the love of every heart.

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As you learn to chant the OM know that you are helping your Father to lift the heavy burden of unhappiness which fills the human hearts of today.

Listen for that Song of Love everywhere for constantly the voice of your Father is sounding in all things, sometimes in great deep tones and sometimes in soft sweet tones.

Listen to the roar of the great water falls in the distance, as it tumbles over the rocky crags, filling the forests and woodlands with its vibratory sound of the OM, and as its waters flow swiftly down the mountain side in little streams, they too take up the song and, sparkling and laughing merrily as they wend their way over the little pebbles and glistening sands, they fill the air about them with the happiness of their love. Catching up these vibrations of happiness and love, the gentle little breezes carry them out through the trees and if you sit oh, so still and listen you can hear the

leaves of the trees whisper OM ever so softly and sweetly.

Floating on the gentle breeze these waves of love reach out and touch the hearts of the birds and the bees and they become so filled with the Father's Love that they too must pass it on, so the bee goes buzzing and humming the sound of the OM as he flies from flower to flower, and the birds, with songs of joy, go sailing through the air and with the whirring of their wings they carry the sound of the OM far out over the valleys.

Close your little eyes and learn to sit oh, so still and listen and listen and listen and you will hear the sound of the OM in the roar of the great ocean waves and its echoing tones in the sea shells, and the wheels in the big sawmills and the factories and even the street cars and automobiles say "OM" as they go spinning on their way, and when you hold your little kitties in your laps, they feel that love flowing through your hearts and they become happy and contented and then they begin to purr. If you listen closely you will find they are singing over and over OM, OM, OM, in short quick tones.

And now, little children of the Rama Sangha, learn to chant the Om and as the sound passes from your lips send out love from your hearts to everything that lives and you will find that everybody and every thing will love you in return, and I, too, shall chant OM and send out to you my love on the great waves of your Father's Love.

From your sister,

Kathryn Turner.

(OVER)

(Over)

**Note:**

The instructors are to use their imagination and powers of imitation as they read this instruction to the children. If they do so, even the tiniest of the children can be taught to listen for the humming of the Om in all life about them. The Om is not to be just read as written but must be chanted as nearly as possible in imitation of the sounds given. If it is possible to get sea shells, do so and let the children listen to the whispering sound within the shell. Ask the children to listen for the sound of the OM everywhere and at the next meeting tell where they heard it.

(Read 2nd)

### GAUTAMA

In far away days there lived a charming young Prince. He was happy and free and found great delight roaming about the palace and grounds of his father's estate. He made friends with the little nature creatures and would not permit any one to injure or harm them. One day a cousin of the Prince was out hunting and shot a bird which fell wounded at Prince Gautama's feet. He picked it up with tender love and healed it, refusing to allow his cousin to touch it. Many kind things would he do; for deep within his heart there was a great love for all creatures. This love was so strong that at times he would be very quiet and withdraw to a secluded place where he might ponder over its meaning.

His father, the King, was greatly disturbed over the quiet sadness of his son and consulted the Wise Men as to its meaning. The Wise Men, having spent many years in Meditation and study of the Mysteries, could discern many things which lay unrevealed to the eyes of ordinary men. With clear, pure insight they were able to discern the heart of things and reveal what lay therein.

When the King asked them regarding his son they told him that he was a very great soul who had been incarnated on this earth for a great purpose; that he might be a great ruler or, should he ever contact the suffering and pain of which the world was filled, he would forsake everything to go out and help relieve it. That the compassion deep within his heart was so strong, he might become a Great Spiritual Teacher.

The King was troubled, for he did not want his son to be a teacher but wished him to be a great ruler instead. Upon returning home he gave instructions to the servants to provide every possible luxury for the Prince. They were to remove any imperfect, old or unpleasant thing from the estate, to make everything as beautiful and as free from inharmony as possible. This they did, surrounding the Prince with great luxury, selecting the most beautiful and charming playmates for him. In this harmonious environment the young Prince grew to manhood without ever knowing or contacting suffering of any kind.

One day he met a beautiful girl whom he at once recognized as one he had known and loved in a past incarnation. The love which had been theirs in those days long passed came again into their hearts, filling them with a greater love and happiness. They married and for a number of years the Prince was so happy that he did not feel the deep unrest which had been within his heart. It lay quiescent as Gautama lived in his happy love, but it could not be completely restrained and again it began to stir and trouble him. The Soul which was incarnated in this young Prince had a definite purpose to fulfil while in physical incarnation. The Rays from this great Entity piercing the outer Consciousness of Gautama and trying to awaken him to its purpose troubled him, although he was unaware of its meaning.

One day, wishing to see the world beyond his father's estate, the servants were told to bring a chariot, prepare and clear the way of all unpleasant things. As they drove along the streets the people ran out to greet him, spreading branches and flowers along the way.

Gautama asked his charioteer to drive further along the road toward the outer part of the city. As they drove along this road, he first saw suffering, for they met an old man, then one who was very sick and finally they passed by a dead man.

These scenes troubled Prince Gautama greatly and he asked his charioteer if many suffered in this way. His charioteer told him that every one sometime would grow old and die and that all suffered in one way or another.

They returned home and for many days the Prince pondered over what he had seen. The deep unrest within his heart grew stronger, it kept him awake nights and he would withdraw into a quiet place by himself to think about it, trying to find the reason for it all. He thought long and hard about the suffering of men and as he pondered a great resolve arose in his heart. He resolved to leave his Father's palace with all its beauty and comfort and go out into the world to seek for the solution of suffering and distress. He could no longer endure the happiness to which he had been accustomed when he knew others were suffering.

One night this resolve grew so strong that long after all had retired he went out into the courtyard and ordered the guard to saddle his horse, bring it to him and open the outer gates that he might pass through into the streets. The guard obeyed and Prince Gautama left his father's home and those he loved and rode out into the world of common men to seek the reason for suffering, sickness and death that he might help relieve it.

For many days and nights he rode going farther and farther from home. He spent many years in study and meditation, traveling from place to place, meeting different teachers and studying their various teachings. Although he sought earnestly he could not find the solution which he desired.

One day after many years spent in his great search he was sitting beneath a Boddhi tree when he apparently fell asleep. He was not really asleep, only his body appeared to be, he was Conscious, but on another plane of Being. His great Compassion and earnest seeking had opened inner doors of Consciousness through which he was able to pass from one plane of being to another. As he sat beneath the Boddhi tree his Consciousness rose upward and he was able to pass right straight through all planes and enter into the plane of Pure Consciousness where he became Conscious of his oneness with all things no matter on what plane of existence they were.

As we think of the higher and more beautiful things and try unselfishly to help others, our Consciousness rises upward toward planes of finer substance. The more we do this, the higher and finer our thoughts become. As we grow older, we are able to lift our thoughts higher and higher. This is what Prince Gautama did. And so after many years of unselfish deeds, study and meditation on the higher and finer things he was able to enter into the very highest and finest plane of all. This plane is so fine that only Those who have become very Great and unselfish can reach it.

As Prince Gautama lifted his Consciousness to this high state he knew many things which we, who do not reach so high, cannot understand. As he entered this beautiful high place he at last understood why men

suffered. He found the way to help them overcome it and went among the people teaching them the Truths. This was so simple but few could receive it yet. He taught them to be unselfish, to do kind and loving deeds; to love all things as forms through which God expressed himself. He taught them to be truthful and to love the true, beautiful and noble qualities and build them into their own characters so that they might be able to lift their thoughts higher and touch the Greater Consciousness which He was able to reflect. Thus the path to the highest is really the simplest path of all-Love, Truth, Justice and Unity; the four great Truths of Gautama Buddha.

Dear Children, this is just a little sketch of the life of Buddha written by your sister Lillian Reid of Los Angeles.



### THE LAW OF KARMA

Karma is the great Law of action and reaction. We may observe its action if we closely observe Nature, for Nature is our greatest Teacher. To see within the folds of Nature's many forms, colors, forces and lives may teach us much concerning the workings of the Divine Being whom we call the Great Architect of the Universe.

As within any organized body there must be Laws to control action and reaction, harmony and inharmony, just so is there a Governing Law within this Great Universal Whole of which each and every living thing forms a part. And as all together make up this Great Universal whole, so all must come under the unchanging action of the One Universal Law of cause and effect. For there is nothing separate nor apart within this Great All.

Now as nothing is separate, we all must, to some degree, depend upon each other. Just think what that means, Children. Everything you do, no matter how great or small it may appear to be, has its effect to some degree upon the Universal Whole. We all are bound together by tiny threads of Light which carry the different vibrations from one infinitesimal part to another through what we call "Ether", of which we shall tell you some other time.

Since all parts of the Universe are related to each other, there must be some way to keep harmony and freedom of action among the various parts so that one may not have favor and another disfavor, but justice be had by all. The Lords of Karma rule over all meting out to each and every one whatever has been earned and deserved. For remember that

nothing ever just happens; everything occurs as the result of some previous thought or act which has set in motion the Law of action and reaction, or cause and effect. The thought or deed sent out is the Act or Cause and the return result received is the reaction or effect.

We are taught that everything good or bad will bring fruit of like measure; so when we see people who are wealthy or happy we know that in some life-time they have won the right to it by being kind and generous to others. Likewise, people who are poor, unhappy or ill have at some previous time been selfish, unkind, or have mistreated their bodies and the Great Karmic Lords who deal Justice to all can only allow the same things to return again to whoever set them in motion.

As this Law governs everything, it also governs life and death, time and space, so that no matter where or when a deed is committed the fruit of it will return to its author, if not in one life time then in another.

And so, dear Sangha Children, know that the Great Ones are watching o'er you. They observe the kind and loving things you do and hold you in the Love and Light of the Sangha that you may know more of the Great Truths and be able to understand; thus in some future day you may stand, centers of Pure Light reflecting these great Truths to the world. For as you learn to love and live the Truth so do you help others, for we all are connected and everything we do affects others.

Love and learn and live in truth and happiness together.

L.M.R.

100-100-100  
100-100-100

(Read 2nd)

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A FLOWER GARDEN

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Early one spring out of the dark cold ground some tiny shoots came forth. Each day Betty Lou was busy, watering these tiny shoots and with her love and the aid of the sun's warm rays they just grew and grew until they became plants ready to send forth buds which would bloom in their pretty colors.

Just out side this flower bed grew an oak tree; it was strong and majestic as it towered high up in space. And around and under the tree was a pretty carpet of thick grass so soft and green it made a lovely back-ground for the flowers.

As time moved on, spring turned into summer with its warm bright days and Betty Lou's garden was as a rainbow of pretty colors.

This one morning it was especially beautiful and as the breeze blew through the leaves of the oak tree, he looked down and called to his little brothers and sisters of the garden and said, "Look, are not my branches strong and beautiful and am I not one to be looked up to?" Then a little Morning-glory cried out, "You are no more than I, for I can climb to the top of these walls and see a far off." The Oak replied, "You can't reach as high as I and surely I can see a lot further than you." "Well perhaps you can", said the Morning-glory, "but look at the pretty flowers I give to make this wall bright and beautiful." When up spoke the Sweet-pea that grew next to the Morning-glory saying, "I too give forth pretty flowers and in much prettier colors and I fill the air with my delightful fragrance." "But", said the Morning-glory, "my

blossoms are twice as large as yours and I too fill the air with sweet perfume." "Yes that is true", said the Sweet-pea, "you are larger, but you are only open for a few hours each day and I am open all day."

Then said the Oak, "Neither one of you can compare yourself to me, for look how strong and big I am, the wind only shakes my leaves and it almost breaks you in two."

Now the Daffodil was listening to the three and finally she spoke and said, "Well, Oak, you who think you are so great, must prove it to us some day; I am not as big as you; but I am strong and my stem bends with the wind and I would not break like your trunk would if a real strong wind came." "O", said the Sweet-pea and Morning-glory "you are not so clever, we too can bend with the wind."

"Ah, added the Grass, "I need not worry at all, like you folks do, for my blades are soft and nice and look what a pretty carpet I make for all who come to sit in the shade of the tree; I am of more service to all than you." "O, I don't know about that", piped up the poppy, "they often cut you down as though you were not very well liked." And at that remark all the rest chuckled, because the grass thought himself so important.

Now mixed in with the grass grew the Dandelion; it was quiet and sad. It tried so hard to please but only to be disappointed for it was cut down and dug up by the roots as well. When the Morning-glory called to it and asked, "Yellow posy, what have you to say for yourself?" "Yes", cried all the rest, "have you nothing to say; why do you grow?"

Children's Section, Boston, Mass., Dec. 1, 1911

"I", said the Dandelion, "am struggling hard to live and to grow as you have noticed, but just as soon as I progress a little and send forth a blossom I am cut down." This made the others feel sorry for her and they said, "Don't worry and feel sad, for we all have difficult things to meet, and you are a pretty golden flower; just wait patiently and some day you, too, will receive the love and care we do, for there is a higher power that protects you."

The Dandelion gave a sigh of relief and thought, "I am not lost; I will try again and I know I shall win."

One beautiful day in June all were so happy, for they had learned to see the good in each tiny plant friend living close to them, and the sun shone alike on them all. But about noon that day the sky grew dark and the wind began to blow hard; a storm was coming! It blew the plants wildly but they bent with the gale. The great oak swayed back and forth so hard that fear overtook him, for it required every bit of strength he had to hold up his head. The Dandelion sensed his fear and called to him <sup>to</sup> remember there was a greater power that would protect him if he only trusted. Then the wind blew harder and harder and all of a sudden it took with it the large branch of which the Oak was so proud.

The next morning the sun shone brightly again and all seemed fresh and full of life. Only the poor Oak ached all over, just as we would if one of our arms had been torn off. The tiny flowers sent him their love for they knew how proud he was. Betty Lou and her father came out and saw what had happened and bandaged the broken limb and in a few days it was all healed.

The Oak tree had learned his lesson; he looked down at his brothers and sisters and said, "Never again will I think myself so great; for I see that each one of us is here to send forth rays of happiness and light; no matter how small they may seem to others, those rays are great powers within each and every one of us, and can be used by us for good."

"Yes", said the Morning-glory, "I too, am glad I can be of some help." Then spoke the rest, "We too, are happy to be of some service by sending our love and happiness to all the world, for we see that is our mission."

Louise Luedke.

(Read 3rd)

BUNNY LONG EARS

For the littlest ones

Hippity hop, hippity hop, across the lawn hopped the cutest little bunny. He was pure white, with long pink ears and the most cunning pink nose, his eyes were shiny black with long white lashes drooping over them. He was quite the most cunning bunny I have ever seen.

Out across the lawn he hopped and hopped, stopping every few feet to look about him as though he were waiting for some one or, perhaps he was listening for some familiar sound. I stood by the window breathlessly watching him hiping and hopping along. I was so interested in watching him that I forgot all about the rest of my surroundings.

In one corner of the lawn grew an evergreen bush whose low hanging branches almost touched the ground. Hippity hop, straight toward this big bush went bunny Long Ears. I watched him, wondering why he was going toward the bush and why he stopped to listen every little while.

As he approached the bush he went more slowly and listened longer each time he stopped. I became so intent on watching him that I failed to see two bright eyes peering out from beneath the low branches, but just as bunny Long Ears reached the bush I noticed a branch move ever so slightly. It was then I knew there was something beneath the branches to which bunny Long Ears was going. It must be something very dear to him, I thought, for he took such care that no one might see or follow him. He could not see me as I stood by the window and I was very careful not to make any noise which might disturb or frighten him.

When bunny Long Ears reached the bush he stopped and took a long look about, listening very intently for any strange noises which would warn him of approaching danger. When suddenly he dived right under the sheltering branches of the big bush. I could see the branches tremble and shake as he slipped beneath them. I could not see through their thick protective foliage, but I felt quite sure that bunny Long Ears knew who was there.

I waited, hoping that he would come out again, and wondered why he had been so careful that no one should see him enter.

Then presently I saw a pair of bright eyes peering through the branches, then another pair appeared. Out hopped bunny Long Ears with another bunny that looked just like him, only this one was smaller. I felt sure that it must be Mrs. Bunny Long Ears. They hopped out from under the bush looking in every direction, then they both went hippity hop across the lawn and away to the forest close by.

I rushed out to the bush and peered beneath the low branches and what do you suppose I saw? I saw a nest made of pine needles, lined all nice and soft with fur and it was filled up with eggs. There were seven of them and each one a different color; orange, green, blue, red, purple, indigo and yellow. For it was Easter morning that I stood by the window watching bunny Long Ears keeping guard while Mrs. Bunny Long Ears filled the nest with Easter eggs for some little Sangha Children.

L. M. R.

The yellow egg was filled with Compassion.

The blue one with Divine Life.

The Indigo egg with Thoughts - Reason.



The green one with Power to Think - Intelligence.

The red one with Energy.

The purple one with Power to do.

The orange with the Sun force - Vitality.

Which egg would you choose dear?

Sheila.

NOTE:

Teacher to ask each which one they would choose and explain a little more clearly the meaning of each colored egg after the child chooses it.

(Read 1st)

FROM THE EARTH REGENT

This Great Earth upon which your little feet tread is My body in which I live just as you live within your tiny little bodies of flesh,

The trees and the grass and the flowers make up a part of My garments, even as you have pretty little clothes to cover your tiny bodies, only, your clothes are made of cloth which does not have life, while I, because I am many millions of years older than you, have the power to transfer a part of My life into My garments and so My trees and flowers and grass all have life, just as you have life, and I live in them just as I live in you.

When your little bodies grow weary from play, seek out one of My trees and sit down to rest reclining against its trunk, and you shall find that I truly live within that tree, for I shall give you of My strength through its trunk and its branches.

If your little hearts seem lonely and you want more love, search for one of My flowers growing upon My earth-body and I shall pour out to you an abundance of My love through the perfume of that flower and your little hearts shall be filled to over-flowing, My Little Ones be not sad or lonely, for I am with you always, and you shall always find Me if you look deep enough within your own little hearts.

If you learn to love Me and obey Me, your little feet will have started on the Path that some day will lead you into the Great Heart Center of My Earth Body where you will find the vast fountain of the Eternal Love of My Father-Mother Heart, which flows out to you and to all and sustains all that lives.

My Peace and My Light I give unto you, my little ones, as I enfold you within my protecting arms of Love.

### THE ECHO

Have you ever been in the mountains or out in some hollow ravine where the distance between the walls of the canyon was not too great and shouted at the top of your voice just to hear the echo as it reverberated back and forth and back and forth until it finally died away? Have you ever wondered or thought what this echo was or why it was you could hear the sound of your voice over and over again in this echo?

Do you know that there is no such thing as empty space; that we are living in a vast sea of consciousness and that this sea of consciousness is incessantly moving in perfect rhythm and harmony just as great streams of water flow smoothly down the rivers? We live and breathe in this sea of consciousness just as the fish live and breathe in the great sea of water.

Now, when you shout, the energy you release at the time you shout disturbs the rhythmic flow of the molecules and atoms composing that sea in which we live, and they are thrown violently out of their natural position as the sound of your voice travels over the waves until it strikes the outer extremity of the canyon walls which throws the sound back with <sup>the</sup> same force with which it was released, and it is the rushing in of the atoms and molecules in their effort to regain their natural position in their rhythmic flow which causes the sound of your voice to rush back to you with the same force as that with which it was released, and it continues to go out and back to you until all the energy which you originally sent out is expended, then the echo dies away and is no more.

The action which you have learned to understand through the echo of your voice when you shout is the action of that same law called the Karmic Law, which causes every thought to come back to you which you sent out, whether it be love, harmony, peace, joy, happiness, or hatred or envy or malice, for, as you send out these thoughts, they travel out on the etheric waves until they reach the outer extremity of human consciousness and then travel back again to the one who sent them out. As they travel out on this great sea of consciousness they touch the hearts and minds of others and make them happy or unhappy according to the thought which you sent out.

It is because the thoughts of men are not right that we have so much war and strife and unhappiness in the world today and if each one of you try every day to think happy, helpful, and unselfish thoughts, you will be helping in the Work of the Sangha to change this world of selfishness and sorrow into one of love and beauty and harmony.

As time goes on, we are going to learn more and more about this law called the Karmic Law for you can watch its action all about you every day.

Katherine Turner.

NOTE:

The instructors should ask the children to try the sound of the echo during the next week and as they listen to the echo and re-echo of their voices they should try to fix firmly in their minds that that is the action of their thoughts which come back to them just as they think them. The children should report at the next meeting whether or not they were able to hear the echo of their voices when they shouted.

The children should also be asked to watch their thoughts during the week and see how many times they are able to change unkind and unhappy thoughts to loving and cheerful thoughts and report at the next meeting.

(Read 5rd)

THEOSOPHY

"Children are just as much souls as their fathers and mothers, so I don't see why they should have to mind?" exclaimed Frank Brown.

The "gang" of five boon companions had accompanied Eric Olsen to the Sangha School that morning and were now tramping along the bank of the creek towards the swimming-hole that, though it was early spring, was still their frequent objective on warm days.

"They shouldn't," declared William Bruce. "I wouldn't stand for minding as much as you have to, Frank. Why in the world won't they let you climb trees for instance?"

"Afraid I'd fall or tear my clothes, or that I'm not old enough yet," replied Frank. "But I'd be careful. Why shouldn't I decide whether to do it or not?"

"For one thing, old man," said Ned Douglas, "they're the ones that would have to mend your clothes, or buy you a new suit, or maybe pay the doctor for patching you up. It seems to me it's alright for our fathers and mothers to tell us not to do things they think are dangerous. But when it comes to things that don't matter, like when to mow the lawn or study our lessons, I think they ought to let a fellow decide for himself."

"I guess the lessons would get tired of waiting then?" laughed George Estes. "We'd never stop playing in the evening in time to get them."

"Speak for yourself," retorted Ned.

"But suppose they told you to do something that was wrong?" persisted Frank.

George chuckled. "Can't you see Mr. Brown urging Frank to tell a lie?"

Frank joined in spite of himself in the burst of merriment that greeted the suggestion. "But if you know there might be sometime they wanted you to do something you honestly thought wouldn't be as good to do as something else. What ought a fellow to do then?"

"I used to hate like sixty to have to mind," said Eric slowly, "but I came across something in a book my mother has that straightened it all out."

"What was that?" asked Frank.

"Why, it was a question about a soldier and whether it is wrong for him to fight, even if war is wrong. The answer was that he doesn't do wrong if he does it just because his commanding officers orders it and because it is his duty."

"I get you," cried Ned. "You mean your father and mother are your commanding officers while they are taking care of you."

"Wouldn't they be surprised if I saluted and marched off to polish my shoes the first time my mother mentioned it?" exclaimed George.

"Well, as I see it, if you don't carry out orders, you aren't being a good soldier," declared Eric. "And if you are sure WHY you are doing a thing, such as minding, because it is your duty until you grow up, to mind your parents, thats a lot more important than WHAT you are doing. If you had the RIGHT reason for doing a thing, I don't believe you could do anything very wrong."

"Well," said Frank, "that sounds pretty good. I guess I'll leave you fellows here. My mother told me not to go swimming today because I have a little cold; and the only reason I know for going is just because I want to. I suppose you wouldn't call that a RIGHT reason, eh, Eric?"

"Bully for you, Frank!" Ned gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder. "So long! The rest of you fellows hurry up now! My father wants me back in time to mow the lawn before supper."

(read 1st)

FROM A STUDENT'S NOTE-BOOK

Five-hundred men marched up to the top of the hill and looked out over the steep precipice on the opposite side. One and the same view met their eyes? No--five hundred views! No two saw the same view, none saw the reality. This is why the genuine teacher speaks first to the heart and then to the head. The heart is the real man, and is the same man in all

(Teacher to explain paragraph-not over five minutes.)

Five hundred men marched down the hill again, into the valley. All had been to the top, looked and returned. One experience for all? One common growth and unfoldment? No; five hundred experiences, five hundred growths and unfoldments! This is why the true teacher speaks first about the journey itself, the Path, and THEN of the incidentals thereto.

(Explain as above.)

Five hundred men settled down to rest against another march tomorrow. All slipped away to sleep at the same moment? No; at five hundred moments! This is why the true teacher speaks of rest itself, and then of the modes of its attainment.

To the Teacher: last paragraph.

Illustrate this by having the children all look at a table with several articles resting on it--say seven articles--and tell them to look carefully when you indicate, giving them about 1/2 a minute to



look, then have the table covered up and ask the older children to write down what they saw. After they have done so, ask the smaller children to look, and, covering the table ask them to tell you what they saw. To make it interesting, ask what color a certain article was, where it set on the table, and so on. The effort is to teach correct observation and quick observation. For the child who sees the most nearly correct have a little gift, as a pretty card, or tiny book, or something, even a bar of candy would be appreciated by whomsoever won. Make the tiny gift a complete surprise. Children love surprise and appreciation. Write me results. This is an experiment. Explain the law of course.

Sheila, H.E.S.

(Read 2nd)

"It is the Master's work to preserve the true philosophy, but the help of the companions is needed to rediscover and promulgate it."

The hubbub that greeted Ruth Stevens as she neared the classroom surely meant that Miss Jameson had not come back from lunch. And when Ruth walked in, the reason for the unwonted hilarity was apparent. A hideous caricature labeled "Teacher" disfigured the front blackboard, crudely drawn but unmistakably resembling the angular form of the teacher, even to the funny knot on the top of her head and the way she folded her arms when she looked fixedly at offenders.

"Look at John Kelly's picture," called one girl. "Won't she be mad?"

It took courage for Ruth to walk up to John in the center of an admiring group and urge him to rub it off; but still more courage to stand her ground in the face of the general lack of sympathy with her attitude.

"Aw, what's the harm? I like to see her get mad," defended John.

His backers eagerly took up the plea, "Sure, what harm can it do, Ruth? Forget it."

"It isn't right to make fun of the teacher," declared Ruth, pink-cheeked but determined.

"Of course it isn't!" loyally supported her chum, Dorothy Lane.

"My father says Miss Jameson doesn't know anything anyhow," cried Dennis O'tool.

"She knows more than we do or she wouldn't be here, and it hurts us worse than it does the teacher when we don't respect her, whether we think she's the best possible teacher or not. Come on, John, she'll be here any minute. Please rub it off."

"Rub it off yourself if you want to," said John, sulkily.

Even as Ruth raised the eraser towards the offending picture Miss Jameson walked in. She folded her arms and watched Ruth erase the drawing, while the class found their places as quietly as they could and sat in tense silence.

Then Miss Jameson said stiffly, "You may go to your seat, Ruth. I will see you after school."

Ruth obeyed with a little gasp and stayed when the others filed out at the end of the school day. She had no idea of reporting the culprit, and the cowardly John's warning shake of his fist as he passed her was quite unnecessary.

Miss Jameson took it for granted that Ruth was the artist and gave her a severe reprimand, finally dismissing her with an extra amount of home-work for the next day.

Faithfully Dorothy was waiting for her at the street door, full of sympathy and indignation at the injustice, and full of admiration for Ruth's brave endurance of it. They were in the same work at the Sangha, and their conversation naturally turned on the afternoon's events in the light of the Teachings.

"It was fine for you to stand out like that for respecting the teacher, Ruth. Remember where it was said by Mr. Judge, that 'the chain of influence stretches up from our ordinary teachers to the Masters Themselves' ".  
/

"I was thinking about that," said Ruth. "I memorized once the part that says,.....the student who holds his teacher in reverence and diligently applies himself accordingly with faith, does no violence to this intangible but mighty chain, and is benefited accordingly, whether he knows it or not."

"He said that even if the teacher doesn't teach you rightly it doesn't matter as far as your own attitude goes," added Dorothy.

"I've been thinking it over, though," said Ruth, "and I think I made a mistake. I forgot about 'the duty of another being full of danger' and I got caught up on it."

"Don't you think it was your duty to speak to John? I think it was fine, and I wish I had done it before you came in."

"Why, yes; I think I ought to have spoken to him, because I knew why it was wrong and most likely he didn't. And it seems to me it was alright to ask him to undo what he had done, but it was none of my business to erase it myself, and it was trying to do the duty of another that got me into trouble. Well, here's my house. I can't stay out now, I have so much home-work to rub that lesson in. Thanks for waiting for me, Dot. See you tomorrow."

Viya

(Read 1st)

**"THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD"**

How many of you have wondered what that statement means? (Have children hold up hands and note.)

"The Temple of the Living God"! Do you know that your physical body is that Temple?

The cells of which our body is composed are the bricks of our physical Temple. This Temple is divided into rooms and in each room is a ruling entity. The stomach, for instance, is composed of a certain kind of atomic structure, guided and directed by a Deva-like being whose duty it is to see that the work of the stomach is carefully and correctly performed. They are a high class of workers and respond in some degree to the consciousness which you call "I", or the consciousness of your personality. The most responsive class of tiny lives are those of the Heart Group. They will respond to loving suggestions and requests more wisely and more quickly than any other part of the physical Temple. The little lives composing the physical brain are the most difficult to master; they are independent, domineering, quick to run here and there in response to emotion, or other thought entities seeking to influence their action. But YOU, the Real Ruler of this Temple, are a Divine Being, an actual part of the Supreme God of the Universe, and YOU have the power to direct and control all of these little beings when you have attained WISDOM. Until then the only thing you may attempt to do is, for instance; if your heart should become affected by running too rapidly and interfere with your breathing, you could ask it to beat more normally and not rush so fast. Or

you can tell your mind NOT to respond to feelings of anger but to control those feelings, instead of being controlled BY them.

Now, every atom in each of your little bodies is conscious. Whenever we think, they are affected by our thoughts; whenever we eat, they are fed with that food. Everything we do reacts upon them. These tiny atoms compose the cells of our bodies, and the cells compose the organs, like the hand, the liver, the ear, and these organs compose the physical body, which each one of you in turn, use and control with the consciousness you call "I". You say sometimes: "I am sick". But YOU are not sick, your body may feel sick, but that is only the little atomic lives complaining because you have, let us say, fed them too much candy, and the sick feeling is theirs. Now these tiny lives are our little Deva-children, and they carry on the work of our "Living Temple", and it is a glorious Temple; it works for us every hour of the day and of the night too. Just think, the little atomic entity who controls the breath, never ceases working; nor does the entity who controls the action of the heart. If the breath or heart did not work ceaselessly, we would lose our physical home. Thus we should give loving appreciation to these tiny lives who work so hard that we may have an earth body to live in. We can do this by trying to be kind and loving and wise, and, by thinking pure, true thoughts we become wise; by eating simple wholesome food, we build strong healthy bodies. Thus you see, do you not, children, that if you wish to make your Living Temple beautiful and Powerful, YOU CAN. It rests with you alone. YOU have every power within you, but YOU must learn to command those powers.

How wonderful our bodies are! Without a body we would not be able to know anything of this great earth-world in which we live!

Without the eyes of this Temple, we could not see the beautiful colors, flowers, birds, stars or sky. Those eyes that are called the "Windows of the Soul", which means that they are the windows through which you, the REAL YOU, looks out upon the wonderful earth-world about you.

Shut your eyes for a few moments, dear ones, and try to understand what it would mean to always see just the dark emptiness that is there when the veil is drawn before the eyes. (Have children do this) Can you not begin to see what a blessing "SIGHT" really is? The tongue and the throat, too, are such useful parts of our "Living Temple". With them we sing, speak, and carry food to our bodies. What would life be like without the songs and the happy laughter, the words and conversations we have with each other. If you could never speak again, how lonesome you would be. And without our funny little ears, we could never hear those songs and laughs, and truths, and falsities, too, that people often give voice to. The word of kindness that encourages us when we are overtired, or when we are ill or lonesome, what a privilege it is just to HEAR such words spoken! Our feet, which carry us walking and running wherever we may decide to go; how faithful and uncomplaining they are. And our busy little hands; what blessings they carry, what unutterable power! Without hands, man could not be man. They play, they build, they dress our bodies, cook our food, and make all the things we have about either in designs or actually. They heal the sick, sometimes they slap a naughty child impatiently, but after all they are always blessings.



Such a wonderful Temple as we have! The blood and life-force pulsing through our veins fills us with energy and gives us the power to act. And the brain is the most wonderful instrument or entity of them all. It sees the tiny star through the eyes, it hears through the ears the roar of the ocean, and then proceeds to explain them.

Did you know that the little atoms which compose the cells of our bodies, rotate around a tiny central nucleus, just exactly as the planets of our solar system rotate around our sun? Well they do; they actually make a miniature solar system in every cell. That is why we are told that "Man is an epitome of the universe". What does that word "Epitome" mean, children; can anyone tell me? No, well it means that man contains in miniature everything that the universe contains. Just as each of our cells reflects our Solar System in the way the little atoms rotate around a center, so our whole body reflects the Cosmos, which includes many Solar Universes like ours. Through these likenesses we begin to understand God, whose Book of Life is expressed in this same Cosmos.

Grow wise, grow strong dear children, and remember always that God's Love flows into and through your own little hearts whenever you live according to His wonderful Law of unselfish Love. I give each one of you my blessing.

Mother Sheila.

*Rama*

A log lay burning its life away upon the camp fire. The little flames shot hither and thither, consuming all the tiny atoms composing that fine log. I watched; I wondered what they felt as the fire consumed them, and if they had conscious thought.

"I will unite my consciousness with theirs," I said, and this is what I learned:

I was only a great tree one day, swinging and singing in the spring air, so happy was I that I lifted my leaves higher that their faces might be bright with the sun. In the distance a man appeared.

"Here is one of the Gods," the Tree I thought, "perhaps he will rest beneath the shade I cast and I shall be blessed." Tree wondered what was to be done with them all. Some called logs. On came the man; he carried a strange implement in his hands.

When he saw me, he exclaimed: "A beauty; just what I want for my cabin."

"Whatever can he mean?" Tree wondered. The man stopped and lifting the implement began cutting down the great splendid Tree.

At first Tree did not realize what was happening, until he felt a sharp pain in his side.

"O" he groaned, "What are you doing to me!"

The pain grew more intense and Tree then knew he was being cut in two, and he cried aloud for mercy. But on went the relentless pain and suddenly when it was more than he could bear, with a great Tree cry, he fell out over the earth and lay a helpless creature upon its soft breast. The Earth comforted him. "Do not feel too sad for you are bringing happiness to others and the day of your freedom approaches. Be brave, Dear Tree and know I love you and will help you."

The man again began cutting the Tree into smaller pieces so that it could be hauled to his ranch.

With a sudden movement he lifted the pieces of the Tree from the ground and dragged them to a wagon where--"Thud, Thud," went the Tree Pieces as he threw them hard upon its floor. "O!" again groaned the Tree; the man hurt far worse than the rough winds which used to tease him and try to break him in two.

The Tree then thought: "This is a new experience, I must have courage and not complain, but just wait until I see what will happen. Freedom, the Earth said, would be mine, but what is freedom?"

They drew him along and threw him down by some other Trees they called logs. Tree wondered what was to be done with them all. Some were parts of Pine trees, others from the Cedar, Birch, Fir and Redwood, and all were wondering what was coming.

For some time all lay quietly in a pile together and many happy visits they had telling each other their experiences. Then one day the man again appeared. First he took the small branches and piled them all together, then he set them on fire. The great logs watched and wondered as their comrades suddenly blazed with heat and light. They looked so beautiful and snapped and sputtered so happily that they all wanted to go on the fire pile. But as they watched their Tree comrades began to disappear and after a time nothing was left but ashes.

"Where did they go?" asked the rest of each other. The Great I of the Tree thought deeply, then he cried: "I know, they attained freedom, and rose to the Tree Heaven in all their fiery beauty!"

"O," exclaimed the others, "If only we can reach the Fire, too!"

Then one day their turn came; the man-god reappeared and one by one threw the other parts on the Flames. When our Tree I felt the flames he was bewildered, for little stinging pains assailed him, but as the fire grew hotter and burned more fiercely, water poured from his body and all moisture left it. The heat grew intense, but strange to say the hotter it grew the less it hurt, and the little atoms in the Tree-form began to dance about happily. As they were freed from each other they whirled in ecstasy and singing songs of delight, rose and fluttered happily in the air above.

They fluttered away and the Tree I called "Good-bye, dear little children of my earth form, thank you for helping me." "Good-bye dear Tree," they answered, "You will soon be with us." Tree wondered what they meant; how could he fly?

Then Tree began to feel as though he were nothing at all; so light! And a consciousness of floating came upon him, and before he realized what he was doing, there he was floating high in the air watching the flames die down until there was nothing left but ashes.

Then upward and on upward he rose in the glorious sunlight, until at last he reached the sun itself. Free and happy at last in his new sphere, he forgot all about the earth and the fire and the pain, for he could go wherever God willed him to go and was no longer bound by a heavy, immovable form of wood.

And so do we all feel when at last we are freed from our heavy physical bodies and rise once more to our home in the Heart of the Sun.

SMAD:31  
SV:IV:31  
10-12-1

L.R.

Dana  
p33

(Read 2nd)

OUR RELATION TO THE ~~Assembly~~ IN THE PAST

"Do you suppose we ever knew about the ~~Assembly~~ in some other life? I mean when we lived in another body on the earth?" Alice Merrell asked this question of Mother.

"Why, of course, or how should you have known of it while still but a child," she replied. "You know what it says in the Bhagavad Gita about the man who comes in contact with the knowledge which belonged to him in his former body, and that from that time on he tries harder than ever to reach perfection."

"No, I hadn't heard that" Alice said, "but I like it. I'd love to think I was just starting in and going on from where I left off last time. But how can we be sure we are not just hearing about it for the FIRST time? Some people must be."

"Yes, true," Mother replied, "but if it means a lot to us, it is a sure sign that we have had it before, and especially if the truths sounded natural and true to us when we heard the stories and lessons the first time in this incarnation."

"Then, too, there is what the Master wrote in the early days of the London Group. I think it ran about like this: "The converging lines of your karma have drawn each and all of you into this society as to a common focus, that you may each help to work out the results of your interrupted beginnings in the last birth. None of you can be so blind as to suppose that this is the first time you have heard the Great Truths of the Wisdom Religion. You surely must realize that this would be the same as to say that effects come without causes."

"You see, Alice?"

"I guess maybe that does mean me too," said Alice, "because the little time I have been going to the Sangha has made everything seem so different, and," with a little laugh, "even I am different."

"Isn't it because you feel different that things look changed to you?" asked her friend Sue Carrol.

"I suppose so," replied Alice, "But to return to the quotation, if it is Karma that has brought us together here, it must be what we do now that will keep us together in the work or else make us have to go on all alone, just by ourselves!"

"You are right there, Alice," said Mother. "And that is the very idea that is given in the sentence following what I quoted. If anyone drops out, it is by his own act, and each one of us determines for himself his own place in the work."

"One encouraging thing," Mother added, "is, that if we try hard and do our best, we may not have to go on so long in the dark in another life, as some of us have had to do in this one. Have you ever heard what W. Q. Judge said about his first meeting with H.P.B., Alice?"

"No, Mother, what was it please?"

"He said that H.P.B. just looked at him in full recognition the very first time he ever saw her; that it was as if they had parted just the evening before, leaving a part of their work still to be done. So when she showed him the PLAN again, he went on as understandingly as though he had stepped yesterday. And we all know how faithfully he carried out his part of that Plan. I only hope you all will do the same with your part of it, when you learn what it is."





Shanti  
36  
? FMW

(Read 1st)

### THE SECOND FUNDAMENTAL

The Headquarter's Staff is wondering how many of the children learned to use the words of the First Fundamental, and we wish the Teacher would ask again for that fundamental and then let us know how many remembered it.

This Second Fundamental is more difficult, but we have been instructed to place it in very simple words and ask the children to memorize it, while recognizing the fact that as they grow older the complete fundamental will be given them.

The stars in the heavens dance happily in rhythm with a Law called "Cycles". The waves of the ocean roll in and roll out in rhythms that are like Cycles. Life in each one of you moves forward rhythmically, first to birth, then through growth to so-called death and on again to re-birth. Spring flows into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, and winter into spring again. The ball you throw up into the air falls again to the ground. The sun rises in the east, sinks in the west and, within the same rhythmic cycle, rises again in the east only to sink out of sight again in the west. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, roll around with cyclic rhythm. Darkness disappears with the coming of light. Ignorance disappears with the gaining of knowledge. Accidents do not exist. The Law of Cycles brings to each one of us that which we sow. If in some day of time you have carelessly been the cause of the death of some one, in another day of time, some-one's carelessness will be the cause of your death. There is nothing to regret, for regret wastes strength.

(Page 181)

Be glad always, no matter what happens, and say: The Law has cleared the slate and "I am free", or, "You are free!"

This is what you may learn:

"The Law of Cycles flows rythmically onward; there are no accidents, all is in harmony with Divine Law. Birth and Death are only two appearances of Eternal Life. The two are always One and that One is eternal."

(Show the children a pencil; hold horizontally) Say: See, Children, here is a sharp point, and here is a flat end, but the two are one, even though they seem different. (Correlate this with last sentence)

Let us take a flat piece of paper, and call it the earth. We will push the point of the pencil just through it, and call it "you". The point can only see the flat surface, but is that all of the pencil? If the point, which is a tiny bit of you, is broken off, are you destroyed? Why no, only a little bit of you has broken away, a part of you that you used to write with, but, the you, the pencil, are still here. So it is with death. We break off from our personality, our physical dress, or the point of the pencil, and shortly we re-sharpen our pencil and have a new point, or shortly we create for ourselves a new physical dress, but we do not die. We are there all the time. And one day, when our series of incarnations is over, the pencil, or our Ego, will merge wholly into the Great Whole and we will laugh and be wholly happy. For separateness is the "Great Heresy". Can you learn that word, "Heresy"? It means illusion. If someone saw your image in the mirror and thought it was you, instead of a picture of you, that would be a Heresy, or an Illusion.

So remember, dear children, There are no accidents,

There is no death.

There is no separateness.

There is Rythm; There are cycles, there is Law, and there is  
Unity through Love and Understanding. And Love and Understanding  
reveal the whole pencil or Being and finally the "Omnipresent,  
Boundless, Eternal All.

and:tipiroe

(Road End)

ASLEEP

"What do you do when you are asleep, Jim," asked one of the boys on the way home from school.

"What do you mean?" queried Jim.

"O, I mean when we go to sleep at night, what do we do? We are alive and we dream of strange things sometimes."

"I see," said Jim. "What did you dream last night?"

"Well, I dreamed I was running away from a big lion, when suddenly my legs wouldn't run any more and I was scared stiff and woke up. Was it a real lion, Jim?"

"In one sense it was real and in another it was not," answered Jim.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, the lion was not a physical lion, but it was a mind lion, and it acted just as your mind expected it to act. If you were to conquer your fear of lions, you would dream of playing with one instead of running away frightened by one" said Jim.

"Would I really?"

"Sure," Jim answered. "Your mind controls things when your body is asleep. Of course I don't mean your brain mind, but rather your Soul Mind, and whatever it thinks, you dream is happening to you. And this soul mind of yours is the picture gallery of your brain mind. It reproduces during sleep as events the thoughts you have had some time or other. So you see dreams are real from the

jade, rare stones of unutterable beauty of all kinds gleamed and danced as tho alive. Why, they were alive! For suddenly I realized that the gnomes and the jewels were visiting together.

"I wish Sheila would take me into the Heaven-world with her where I could just once see Our Great Lord the Sun," said a lovely Emerald. "My, I wish I could, too, I would like to wear you on my finger, you are so very lovely," I replied. "Alright, you may go with her." A silvery voice spoke out of the far corner, and walking majestically into the Center of the Jewel Room, came the One who was their Leader.

"I give you welcome," he said to me. I bowed low and answered: "It is a great privilege to be here and to be welcomed by you."

He smiled and offered me the radiant emerald. "This keep in remembrance of me," he said and disappeared.

I held the lovely emerald to my heart and heard it whisper: "My light is the Christ-light of pure love," it said. And I felt love pouring thru my heart in great waves to all. Then we began to rise and rise and I heard a far-off murmur of "Good-bye," "Come again soon." "I will," I called and then found myself standing by my physical form above the earth again. "I found the way," I said.

(Read 1st)

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THE ORIGIN OF THE COSMOS

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That is rather a strong statement for children to understand. But, dear ones, have you ever looked into the blue sky at night and wondered about the stars shining so steadily? And at the Sun by day, and wondered where in the world He came from. And did you ever wonder why we call the Sun "He" and the Earth "She"?

Well I will try and tell you something about this great unknown wonderful world which lies all about us and is so beautiful and so full of mystery. And in lessons to follow this one I will try and tell you about each of the planets of our solar system and about the Sun and moon, too, if you would like to know the Sangha Teachings concerning them. How many would like this?

(Teacher ask for hands and count and write me how many  
(voted to have these lessons)

Well, then, you must listen with all your minds and all your powers, for I shall try to put in a few words, the method by which the whole universe was born! But first we must understand something of the Great Omnipotent One we call God.

So, move your hands in circles through the space about you, children.

Did you feel anything? (Answer should be, YES. Air for in-  
(stance)

Well, that which you feel and call air, is in reality the "Breath of God". God breathes this airy substance into what is called "Space" and we live in it and by it. Can you understand this?



What is "Space"? Move your hands again through the air, children.

"Space" is what the air moves through, just as your hands did, isn't it?

Do you remember how we learned in our First Fundamental that God was "Changeless", "Ever-present" and "All-Powerful?"

Breath is power, is it not? Take a long breath, hold it a moment. Did you not feel that you had power when God's Breath was all through your lungs? Try again and see if you do. Yes, of course you did.

He is "Ever-present". Can you go anywhere at all where He is not so long as you breathe? No, you cannot. Now, dear ones, try to realize that through Breath God is giving you life and love always.

Is not the presence of Air, or God's Breath, a changeless fact? We could not live one moment if He stopped breathing, could we?

Now He breathes in Space, and Space is a "Sea of Consciousness". What does that mean, you wonder, a Sea of Consciousness.

When you moved your hands through the air, you felt it, didn't you? And the great truth is, God felt the movement of your little hands much more keenly than you felt His Breath. Why? Because He is conscious of every movement, of every form, of every thought, in all His Holy Universe, for HE is ALL-CONSCIOUSNESS! If you hurt your little finger, all of your body feels it, does it not? Yes. Well Space is the Spirit of God. Consciousness is the Soul of God. Breath is the Life of God. And you are a part of God dressed in matter. The whole Cosmos is His Body.

(Note: Teacher to have pieces of paper, large enough to hide whole hand, with a small round hole in center and give same to children (to see as per this paragraph.)

Take a piece of paper. Stick one finger through the center of it and look down upon that finger. It seems to be separate from you, doesn't it? But it is not; that is an illusion only. Just so our physical bodies are sticking out into a bit of space and we see only that much and think it is all of us. But it isn't, not any more than the part of the finger sticking through the paper is all of it.  
(Emphasize this)

And just so all the stars and planets and suns and moons are organs in the Body of God and we think they are separate, but they are not, for they all are connected by his Breath, and all are in "Space", which is His Consciousness. So you see HE knows all about each one of us, because His consciousness is all about us and His breath is in us. We are like atoms in His body and His love holds us in our places, just as the Law of attraction and repulsion holds the earth in its orbit around the sun. But I'll tell you more next sunday, for this is enough to learn today. I'll write a little poem for you now:

EVER PRESENCE

God is in the Sunshine,  
God is in the Breese,  
God is in the Heavens,  
And God sings in the trees.

God is in all things,  
And in my heart too;  
God is Life and Happiness  
And God loves me through you.

Good bye, darlings, till next week. With my love flows Gods love to you all.

Mother Sheila.

(Read 2nd)

ESTHER

One day Esther was going happily to the park to watch the ducks on the little lake and observe the people and play with the children who usually went there on Saturdays. As she turned the corner at the park an automobile also turned and the two came together. Esther instantly said: "God is all around me" and while people screamed and the driver nearly died of fright, she clung to the bumper on the front of the car and when it stopped, there she was as safe as though nothing had happened. Everybody exclaimed and wondered about it.

"Were you not frightened" asked one lady.

"No," said Esther, "I knew I was safe."

"How could you know that!" exclaimed another, "You were in danger of being killed."

"Perhaps", said Esther, "but I just knew I was safe."

This just knowing she was safe seemed to excite the curiosity of everyone and several repeated the question: "What made you know you were safe?"

"Well," she said, "God is all around me; He is in the air I breathe; in everything everywhere, no matter what happened I would be in Him, so what was there to be afraid of? I just couldn't help but feel safe."

There was a moment's silence and then several of those gathered around her just reached down and kissed her or patted her lovingly, and all smiled gently upon her.

"Yes," she thought, "God is all around us; he is loving me through these people, only I know it and they don't."

She smiled back at them so lovingly that each one went home with a picture in their minds of a little girl who was so wonderful to them that they told all their friends about her and the accident. And her words: "God is all around me; why should I be afraid?" were repeated again and again, and many were encouraged by the thought and some who were sick repeated it over and over and were healed and all felt uplifted.

So, children, remember these words and make them live in your everyday life and you, too, will help the Great White Brothers in their efforts to show people the truths of the Sangha.

All together repeat the words! "God is all around me; why should I be afraid?"

Mother Sheila.

Dang

(Read 1st)

THE EMANATION OF THE COSMOS, Cont'd

In our last lesson we learned that "God" is an "Ever-presence" and the cosmos His Body, that the suns and planets are organs in this Body and that human beings are its atoms. That He is conscious of each and every one who turns to Him in love.

Today let us consider the Time when nothing existed in form; the whole universe still was not. Nothing was. Space was empty of form. The Great "God" who is our "ever-presence" slept and all the holy universe slept in Him.

Close your eyes, children, and try to be still and feel the "Silence."

(Let one minute pass)

I want each one to try and tell us how the "Silence" seemed to you.

(Teacher will help them to try)

"Silence" is "God's stillness" and "sleep" is ours. So when God sleeps, He is meditating upon us and our worlds and our ways, and deciding what is best to do for his Cosmos with all its teeming millions of beings like us, and the animals and the angels and the Regents of the Planets and the Lords of the Suns and all His Hierarchy of Radiant Helpers who are One in Him. When we enter the "Silence" we are trying to understand "God" and to be at-one with Him in His Consciousness of Life and Being.

There are two new words that I want you to learn this week; they are "Manvantara" and "Pralaya." "Manvantara" means, God is in His Silence and the great universe is awake and lives actively in Him. "Pralaya" means God sleeps and that we too are asleep in Him.

Now see if you can tell me the difference between "Silence" and "Sleep," children?

(Teacher will help them to work this out)

(Read 2nd)

ASLEEP

"What do you do when you are asleep, Jim." asked one of the boys on the way home from school.

"What do you mean?" queried Jim.

"O, I mean when we go to sleep at night, what do we do? We are alive and we dream of strange things sometimes."

"I see," said Jim. "What did you dream last night?"

"Well, I dreamed I was running away from a big lion, when suddenly my legs wouldn't run any more and I was scared stiff and woke up. Was it a real lion, Jim?"

"In one sense it was real and in another it was not," answered Jim.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, the lion was not a physical lion, but it was a mind lion, and it acted just as your mind expected it to act. If you were to conquer your fear of lions, you would dream of playing with one instead of running away frightened by one" said Jim.

"Would I really?"

"Sure," Jim answered. "Your mind controls things when your body is asleep. Of course I don't mean your brain mind, but rather your Soul Mind, and whatever it thinks, your dream is happening to you. And this soul mind of yours is the picture gallery of your brain mind. It reproduces during sleep as events the thoughts you have had some time or other. So you see dreams are real from the



Soul point of view, but not from the physical point of view. Our daily lives are real to us on this physical plane, but they are dreams to the Soul which lives in its inner world of substance and life."

"Queer world, isn't it, Jim?"

"Sure is," Jim answered.

NOTE:

Teacher to ask each child to tell one of its dreams. Then interpret it for the child.

11-11-11  
11-11-11  
11-11-11

Dana  
135

(Read 1st)

### THE THIRD FUNDAMENTAL

This is the last Fundamental, dear children, for there are only three. Just think, the whole universe, with all of its strange forms and activities may be understood by anyone who also understands, and is able to use creatively, these Fundamentals of the Wisdom Religion.

In order to get a tiny bit of understanding of this great Third Fundamental, you must know the meaning of the word, "Evolution." Who can explain this word? (Note to teacher: If any one wishes to try, let him)

How many of you have ever seen a caterpillar? (Count hands)  
Six, or all of you have. Good.

How how many have ever seen a butterfly? All, of course.

How many know that the butterfly evolves from the caterpillar? Does it not seem strange that the crawling little worm-like creature should intelligently weave about itself a shell, which we call a cocoon, and go to sleep in that shell and then, O how great is the glorious mystery of life, then--that little worm, through the hidden powers of the Life within it, re-forms itself into a beautiful many-colored creature with wings. And then it bursts from its shell and FLIES! Just think, that little crawling worm becomes a beautiful winged creature that can travel where it wills through the air and through space! Well, darlings, we are just like that! Our physical bodies are our shells or cocoons, and our will and thoughts are our powers, and with them we can transform ourselves into creatures of light and love and power, creatures who can move through space as

easily as the butterfly. We are called "Planetaries" when we succeed in doing this, and that means that we are not confined to one planet but can visit any planet at will. But we cannot do this in a single incarnation, for we must evolve matter itself until it becomes so fine that it responds to our will, then our thought acts upon it and makes of it whatever we may choose. And this is evolution. To progress from a lower form of life to a higher one is to evolve physically. To progress from ignorance to knowledge is to evolve mentally. To progress from feelings of anger and hatred to those of calmness and love is to progress emotionally. Our emotions are reflexes of our thoughts and reveal our power of self-control.

Who can take a rush of anger and change it to quietness? Any one? I wish every child would try especially hard this next week and see if he or she can control anger when it flashes upon them, and let each one report next week what he has succeeded in doing. The teacher will send me the report with the names of the children who have tried, and those who have succeeded.

In our Third Fundamental we are told that all of our successful evolution comes "Through self-induced and self-devised efforts." Does any one know what these words mean?

"Self-induced" means what you yourself coax or will yourself to do; not what someone else makes or coaxes you to do. And "self-devised" means what you are able to plan yourself, to think out yourself, to create yourself; not what someone else suggests you do.

or plans for you to do, or creates for you. It depends upon YOUR power to create; to make original things; to think original thoughts; to work it all out by yourself without any one else helping you.

I would like some child to think up an example of "self-induced" effort, and some one to think up one which will explain "self-devised" effort, and send them to me signed. I shall have something for those children, but they must not ask their mothers or fathers, or anyone else to help them; they must think it out all by themselves.

Next week I will tell you more about this fundamental.

Sheila.

NOTE:

Let the teacher give an example of each one as a guide.

211.100-1101  
211.100-1102  
.45-22-1

(read 2nd)

### VOICES

Last night I took a long walk in the soft darkness. Around the mountain ran a trail, and I was quite alone. Suddenly I heard the strangest noises and I listened, surprised, for I wondered what they could be. As I listened, I almost held my breath for those strange noises were the voices of tiny little creatures crawling on the ground near me.

"What is that big object?" asked a very tiny voice, like the spray of a fountain it was in its silvery smallness.

"O", answered a heavier voice, "that is one of the great creatures who go around stepping on us or slapping at us or hitting us with big sticks."

"Why do they treat us so badly," asked the tiny voice again.

"Well, I guess they are afraid of us," was the answer.

"Do they think we will hurt them?"

"Probably, and they know that when we evolve into their kingdom we will take everything away from them," a louder voice proudly said.

"What is evolve? How do we do it?"

"You are doing it now, every minute of your life," the heavy voice said, "only you don't know it. But the inner God which is the real you knows it."

"Yes," said another gentler voice, "and we all will live in the air first, in a lovely body, so beautiful and delicate, it will seem like heaven to us. But it won't be heaven, it will only be a step upward into another plane of life, towards heaven. When we reach

the true heaven, we will know how and why we evolved, but until then we can only do our best to try and think as truly as possible, for that helps us to build more beautifully and perfectly than nature alone can do."

Then I heard a sound like a tiny horn blowing and Lo, behold I saw a strange creature with a snout and black wings and long claws! The little creatures began to scream with fright and run here and there. I watched the ugly creature, who made me think of the tales I have heard about imps, and sure enough, he suddenly darted down and caught the Heavy Voice and started up with him in his claws. I caught up a stick and struck at him with it. Down he fell releasing the Heavy Voice who cried out for help. I picked him up and looked him over, but he was only bruised, so I made a soft gentle soothing noise and he looked so surprised. Then I placed him carefully upon a mossy rock and all the tiny little creatures came crawling back.

"See," they cried, "you were wrong. The big creature did not slap you or hurt you, but helped you instead."

"Yes," said Heavy Voice, "I was wrong, but this big creature is different from the others; they do hurt you. Perhaps this is what is called a God!"

I laughed. "No", I said, "I am not yet a God, but I love all of God's tiny creatures and I know you are glad to love us if only we let you; are you not?"

"O, yes," they answered in a chorus.

Then some one asked, "Do please show us what is evolution."

"Well," I said, "when you learn to love some one besides yourself so well that you would die for that one, then you will have evolved into the human state; for the truly human state expresses unselfish love. But before that, you will evolve to the use of a body that looks human, but it is only animal, for you must first learn how to use the emotions and the thoughts that play through that human looking body, just as children learn how to play upon the strings of a harp or violin. When you can play melodies and harmonies on the violin, then you are an artist. So when you learn how to bring harmonies out of your emotions, and wisdom out of your thought kingdoms, then do you become truly human. To be human is the same as being an artist, you see, for it means controlling forces of all kinds, and rightly using them. Do you understand children? Then when you have become truly human you have evolved from matter to ether and so you can build your next body in which you may live after you decide to leave this one."

Remember always, children, that evolution means, simply, to "GROW." Whatever keeps on growing, in body, mind, love and understanding, is evolving heavy, ignorant substance, either physical, emotional or mental into spiritual light, love and power. Then when this is accomplished the spiritual body is formed from the etherial, and one becomes a GOD.

I expect you have often wondered about that word, "God." Well it would take too long to tell you about it this time, but in your next lesson I will try to make it clear for you.



Occasionally I see you from within, and I wish you might know how beautiful you really are, when you are listening with love and intelligence, for then a lovely light plays all around your little heads and a rosy glow surrounds your hearts. When you have built your body of ether, you, too, can see these things, and then we can smile at each other and I will send a ray of rosy light, which is a carrier of the substance of love, right into your hearts and you can send one back to mine, and then you will know the meaning of the words, "True Happiness."

I am sending a ray of love to you all right now. See if you can feel it, my darlings, it feels like a warm glow flashing all through you.

You are so lovely, my little children, I love you and I watch over you always.

Mother Sheila.

(Read 3rd)

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

I dreamed I was floating through space, and suddenly I heard a Voice say: "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

I looked around startled, and the soft darkness began to grow lighter and lighter, until suddenly it was ALL LIGHT. I floated away on waves of light and I heard music, wonderful music, and I saw that each sound was only a wave of colored light. Then I looked at my arm and was astonished to find that I could see through it, for it was all light, clear light just like a piece of glass that had come alive.

"What a glorious world," I thought. Soon the colored light began weaving in and out of itself, and each motion caused a vibration of sound and when the sound ceased, a fine cloud-like substance clung about that bit of light and sound and I could see that they made beautiful geometrical forms, something like snow-crystals. Then I thought: "This is the way God creates the world." He uses light and sound and sets them in motion with His Word: "Let There Be Light," and as the Christian Bible adds: "And there was Light."

So it was in my dream after the Voice spoke, for there was Light, and Beauty and I floated about in it, upheld by its loveliness and thinking it into form. For soon I saw that each of my thoughts was making a form like itself in the wonderful Light, for the cloud-like transparent substance was gathering about those thoughts and I could see by their appearance that they were my very own thoughts

clothed in the substance of light. My, but I was happy, and I thought the most beautiful things I possibly could, and lo, there they took form right before my eyes.

Then from out distant space, a Voice said: "And your Pledge of service to humanity, what about that?"

Then I began to remember how the people here on the earth ~~knew~~ nothing about the inner worlds and about the Sangha Truths, and I remembered that I was pledged to help them, and I WANTED to help them right away. So I said, "I will go back at once and work." Then I seemed to be falling down, down in space, until suddenly I awoke in a physical body and knew my work had begun.

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• 22-22-4

Dana  
1937

(Read 1st)

THE THIRD FUNDAMENTALIV CAUTION

Today we discover the method of the evolutionary powers, as used by Nature in its relentless demand that each and every thing develop its inner strength and make it manifest in the outer world of action and form, as consciousness.

Nature seems cruel; we see the strong devour the weaker ones; the weed smothers the modest violet at its side; the ant-beetle builds its trap in which the unwary ant falls to be devoured; the spider spreads its web to catch the flying insects; the gangster carries his gun and intimidates decent men; the bully makes life miserable for the well-born children who have higher instincts. The eagle catches the timid rabbit and carries it to its nest. This all is a part of Nature's methods to arouse consciousness and cause it to prepare to protect the forms of earth's children. Thus we commence life by being initiated into intelligent action through pain. Pain sends out its cries for help to the Mother principle in man and in the cosmos, and Mother always responds. Sometimes she gathers the little ones into her arms and comforts them with understanding, and heals their pain with love. But if the child makes too many mistakes, she punishes in order to so intensify the pain that the child-consciousness will arouse itself and begin to master the negative acts and thoughts, the fears and weaknesses of its nature.

In the Third fundamental, children dear, you learned the words, "Self-induced and self-devised effort." Now I would like you each one to rise and tell your teacher what you have found these words to mean.

(Teacher will ask each child to explain the words, as per the previous lesson.)

Let us consider the following example of these words in action and then you may give your thought concerning them.

Let us suppose that you have been out walking and have found that you are lost; that you have no idea which way to turn. Now what would you do, John?

(Call some child by name and have him answer this question by (helping him to think it out.)

Alright, now suppose you were walking in the woods, and there was no one to ask. What would you do, Mary?

(Teacher will help child to unfold the answers, by leading not (stating the answers. One child may be led to say he would ask (his father self who always guides him if he can but hear the (voice. Another would use what knowledge he had of woods. It, (such as direction of sun, and correlating that direction with (his home, etc., etc.)

You may now see, dear children, how self-induced and self-devised methods helped you out of your supposed difficulties. This is true all through life. There always is a way out of every difficulty; if you will but look around and use your GIBL and your INTELLIGENCE, you will find it. This also constitutes the method used by Cosmic Intelligence to further the evolution of all its forms of conscious life, and that method reveals the Law of Duality, manifesting as pleasure and pain in every act of the personal life, causing it to seek understanding in order to master the pain or prolong the pleasure, and the development of intelligent action of Understanding is the measure of the evolution of the personal man.

(Read 2nd)

THE EARTH'S HAIR

For the littlest ones.

Yesterday as I was walking on the grass in the park I heard a strange sound. I stopped to listen and the sound ceased, so I went on and again I heard that strange little sound. Why, I thought, it sounds like a child's voice and I began looking around and what do you suppose I saw? The strangest little creature all robed in green, just the color of the beautiful grass on which I walked.

"Hello," I said, "was it your voice I heard?" "Yes," the little creature answered, "I called to you but you didn't seem to understand."

"Well, who are you?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "I am the consciousness of the grass." "But," I objected, "Consciousness does not have form, does it?" "Oh yes," he said, "whenever it chooses to have form it can be seen." "Well tell me about your consciousness," I said, "what are you conscious of?"

"Well," he said, "when you stepped on me, - the grass you know is what I mean by 'me', - you seemed to step gently and I thought perhaps you understood." "And," I said, "I do understand some things; I did not want to crush you for I know that every blade of grass is a little conscious life and it is so lovely to look at."

"Yes," he said, "I knew that right away, but you need not be afraid to step on me, it doesn't hurt one bit, it only hurts when you pull my roots out of the ground. The grass is the earth's hair, and you know it does not hurt to comb your hair or sit on it, but it

does hurt when you pull it out by the roots." "Oh, thank you," I said, "Now I shall enjoy walking on this beautiful grass. Won't you walk with me?" "Gladly," he answered, and so we went on together and soon we heard the sweetest noise, sort of a rippling fairy-like noise and I thought, "Someone is singing."

We followed the sound and came to a beautiful pond into which the water was falling from a fountain above it, and as the water fell, it sang so happily that I asked, "Why do you sing, water?"

The water answered, "I leap through the air in joy and the sun penetrates every drop of my form and that is ecstasy, so I sing." I thought, how like we humans. When the Sun of our Higher Self penetrates the atoms of our bodies, we too, know the meaning of the word ecstasy, and I decided that the whole Universe was like man, that it felt and thought and suffered and knew joy just as man does, for every atom and every grain of sand is a little conscious life filled with divinity.

Mother Sheila.



Qawa  
1935

## The New "Father Christmas"



"THEY NEED US MOST—BECAUSE THEY ARE THE YOUNGEST"

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring out the Christ that is to be."

Old Father Christmas was getting very tired. For weeks past he had been listening to everybody's wants and wishes; the children's letters had come pouring in to his mysterious abode, though no one can tell you exactly where he lives, but we know he receives them all. And now the night was drawing near when he was expected to fill the stockings on their beds and leave the hampers at their front doors. For so many years past he has been doing this work, and every year more was expected from him, that it was no wonder his back was beginning to bend and his eyes were growing a little dim.

"Ah, me! there are still six turkeys short," he muttered to himself as he glanced at the rows of parcels covering the floors and shelves; "and Mrs. King must have the joint of beef she has set her heart on. I wouldn't disappoint her for the world, but my old bones are weary, and"—with a sigh as he peeped outside at the fast falling snow—"what a bitter night it is; but I must go on packing my bags whatever happens." So busy was he that he did not notice the door being gently pushed open, revealing a soft white carpet of snow beyond and a little figure stealing into the twilight of his room. Before the old man could clearly see what kind of visitor had thus intruded, he became conscious of a curious, beautiful light filling the place like sunshine. He surely must be dreaming. What sunlight could there be at five o'clock in the afternoon late in December! It was, indeed, no dream, and a clear young voice brought him fully to his senses; then the light hand of what seemed to him the most wondrous child he had ever seen was laid upon his arm, and a pair of bright eyes looked into his, and the clear young voice said:

"What a dear, dear old gentleman you look, sir; please tell me who you are, and if you are the Old Father Christmas. I have been told was somewhere about just now, but whom I should never see. Could you really be he? You are just like the pictures they showed me—your red cloak, your long white beard; they said you had these. But I have travelled very far, and have lately seen such strange, sad things on my journey, perhaps you could explain. Christmas! Christmas! I hear from everybody's lips. Oh, dear! if only I knew what it all meant."

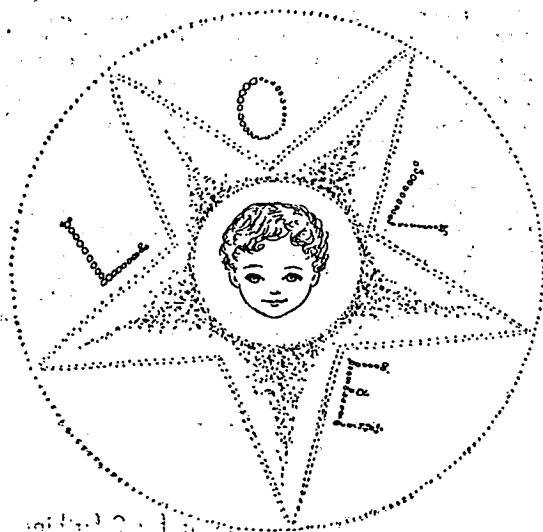
"What Christmas means, my boy?" replied the old man. "You surely come from a distant land if you have to ask such a question. Why, it is the jolliest time of the whole year; aye, but a busy time for me. Yes, I am he whom they call 'Old Father Christmas.' The children everywhere love me, rich and poor alike, they worship me. I bring them gifts and good cheer, roast beef, plum puddings, turkeys, geese, toys and—why now, boy, peep for yourself into some of those packages, since it is all so new to you; you will soon find out what helps to keep Christmas alive. I must get on with my work," he went on, half to himself, "how *did* the child get here?"

"How kind you are, dear Father, to do so much for them, and to me also," answered the boy, with a caressing touch on the old man's white beard. Then, glancing round, he stepped nearer to inspect the presents, but on reaching the first parcel a cry of "Oh! come, Father; *quick*! the little hare is dead. What shall we do? Oh! and all these pheasants are dead and cold, too, pretty dears," and he stroked their once beautiful feathers, his own face wearing a look of surprise and trouble. What could it all mean? these dead creatures, little furry and feathered friends, like those in the dear country he had come from. How disappointed, he thought to himself, Father Christmas's friends would be to find they had died on the way to them, their beautiful Christmas presents.

"Child, child," said the old man, now in a state of genuine surprise, for he wondered what the behaviour of this strange boy meant, "I know not who you are, yet I cannot send you away; something in my heart tells me I must learn what and who you are and whence you come. Let us try to understand each other," and he drew the sobbing little figure against his famous red cloak and tried to check his tears. "Now, then, tell me about yourself, and ask me what questions you will."

Thus encouraged and soothed, the child smiled once more, and the room seemed lit up again as it did when he first appeared, and he said "Your world is such a puzzle to me, but I wish I knew what Christmas is for, and why it makes them all dead. As I came along to find you, dear Father,

I saw shops full of them—oxen, sheep and birds hanging up. As I came across the sea I saw ships crammed full of cattle, with no room for them to be comfortable. As I passed through the country villages I heard the pigs making dreadful cries, and the drivers beating the dear beasts with hard sticks. I saw fowls and turkeys having food stuffed down their throats to make them fat quickly. The people in your streets here were in such a hurry; they said they must whip up their horses and make them go extra fast, or they would never get all the parcels delivered. And then, Father, I saw inside some churches, and in one the people were standing round a cattle manger looking at a beautiful child, and I read the words on the walls, 'Peace, Good-will,' and I wondered so what all these things meant, and everyone I inquired of told me it meant Christmas. Now, at last, I have found you. But *you* are so good and beautiful, you will not give the little children *those?*" pointing to the bags of game and poultry. "Let us run out now this minute and bury them in the garden, shall we? Little children don't want dead birds for presents, do they, Father?" persisted this strange questioner.



"Oh, well, I daresay you are right, the children would like them best alive as pets; but tut! tut! my boy, the grown-up folks must have their Christmas dinner, and they would not think they had one worth the name without the Roast Beef of Old England and a fine fat turkey appearing on the table, and I must give them what they ask for, you see. I shan't be able to stand it much longer, I am getting very old. But the children love me still, and I keep up the old customs for their sakes."

"Why do you give the children toys like this, Father, if you love them?" asked the boy as he took up a regiment of tin soldiers arrayed for battle. "Will this remind them of the Child in that manger I told you of in one of their churches, whom they call the Prince of Peace? And why do you give them horrible little butchers' shops like that?" and he shuddered as he unwrapped the toy named. "And I am a child, too, who loves you; but, Father, children love the beasts and birds as well. You said Christmas was such a jolly time. It isn't a jolly time for the *animals*, is it?"

Old Father Christmas wondered more than ever what was the next awkward question he would have to answer, and he could only find words to say: "Who *are* you, child; what is your name?"

"They call me 'Love' in my home," he replied, "do you like the name, Father Christmas, dear?"

"It suits you well, child. May I ask you some questions, little Love?"

The answer came in a flash of those clear bright eyes meeting his own, and he continued:

"What would *you* do, I want to know, to keep Christmas—what would you have it to mean? Your old friend must look out for a successor, his time is coming to an end. Come, tell me, Love, how will it be when I have passed away?"

"Oh, Father dear, we do not want to lose you, we do not want you to go away; but may I come and help you in your work? My eyes, perhaps, are younger than yours, doubtless I can see further. This is what we will do together, Father, you and I. We will put fresh ideas into your friends' minds; we will show them that they cannot really be happy if they are causing pain and unhappiness to the *others*, and we will show them how to have Christmas, not just once a year, but all the year round, and then you will grow quite *young* again, won't you? Here, let me put my hand in yours as we travel out in the snow tonight on your long journeys. Peace and Good-will to *all* is our message. The horses, the cattle, the sheep, the rabbits, hares and all the birds want us *most*; let us bring them peace first, because they are the youngest. I will lead you to them, Father. Come, it is time to start. Your sleigh is at the door, the snow has ceased, and the stars are over our heads. Come, let us fill it with our presents, stack in the corn, the grain, the lovely purple grapes, the red and golden apples, the beautiful books and beautiful pictures to make glad and beautiful the hearts of children and men. Are you quite ready, dear Father Christmas?"

J. W.

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Luke 12: 6 "Are not 5 sparrows sold for 2 farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God?"

Romans 8: 19 "For the earnest expectation of the creation awaits the revealing of the sons of God."

Isaiah 11: 6, 7, 8, 9

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MAITREYA HAS COME

BUDDHA, THE PEACE OF THE WORLD HAS GONE.

BUDDHA, WE SUFFER.

BUDDHA, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD HAS COME.

MAITREYA THE LORD IS HERE. RECOGNIZE HIM!

HELP HIM TO ENTHRONE THE DHARMA,

TO DETHRONE IGNORANCE, TO ENTHRONE LOVE,

TO ENLIGHTEN THE WORLD.

MAITREYA THE AWAKENER HAS COME!

## "A SONG OF GLADNESS"

---

AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND BREAK INTO A SONG  
OF GLADNESS;  
AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND HAIL THE BRIGHT  
NEW DAY.

CEASE THY WEEPING AND THY CRYING  
GIRD THEE UP AND SEEK THE LIGHT.  
AFTER SORROW COMETH GLADNESS  
AS THE DAY DOTH FOLLOW NIGHT.  
VAIN REGRETS AND PASSING SORROWS  
ARE BUT TOLLS OF YESTERDAYS,  
THEY HAVE BROUGHT THEE TO THE DAWNING,  
ON THE HEIGHTS WHERE HEART LIGHT PLAYS.  
CEASE THY WEEPING AND THY CRYING  
GIRD THEE UP AND SEEK THE LIGHT  
AFTER SORROW COMETH GLADNESS  
AS THE DAY DOTH FOLLOW NIGHT.

AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND BREAK INTO A SONG  
OF GLADNESS  
AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND HAIL THE BRIGHT  
NEW DAY.

HAPPY HEARTS WITH JOY ARE SINGING  
OF THE BEAUTY OF THE RAYS  
FULL OF BLESSED LIGHT AND GLADNESS  
AND THE BLISS OF HAPPY DAYS.  
COMETH NOW A GLAD NEW MORNING  
WITH A PROMISE UNTO THEE.  
WAKE AND HAIL A BLESSED DAWNING  
WITH A SONG OF ECSTASY.  
HAPPY HEARTS WITH JOY ARE SINGING  
OF THE BEAUTY OF THE RAYS  
MEET FOR BLESSED JOY AND GLADNESS  
AND THE BLISS OF HAPPY DAYS.

AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND BREAK INTO A SONG  
OF GLADNESS,  
AWAKE, AWAKE, AWAKE, AND HAIL THE BRIGHT  
NEW DAY.

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The Will OF A CHILD (Frank Channing Haddock).

O, the will of a child is the wings of a bird,  
And the fragrance of and colour of flowers,  
And the light of a star, and the love-song heard  
In a life's most miraculous hours.  
Would you banish from air all the wonder of flight?  
Would you exile all beautiful things?  
Would you make of youth's morning a Stygian night?  
Would you plunder love's crystalline springs?

O, the will of a child is a God in the Soul,  
And a Woe to the world if you vanquish;  
When the gods that are human surrender control  
All that's human in living shall languish.  
Woo the deity well with your love and your truth,  
Give it freedom to come to its own,  
And the Man shall have power's perennial youth,  
And the Woman shall honour her throne.

For the Will is the self, and the self is a breath  
Of the Infinite Breather outgoing,  
On the day that the will topples down to its death ~~come disaster surpassing all knowing~~  
Comes disaster surpassing all knowing.  
But the self as a sovereign spirit reveals  
By so much of the God undefiled  
As its selfhood perceives, as its liberty feels-  
O, be wise with the will of a child.

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Jan 23-41

Dear One:

The following words are adapted to the old song:

"Onward Christian Soldiers" I think the young folks  
may enjoy singing it.

" Onward Assembly Workers  
We who hope for Peace  
In the Name of Justice  
Making war to cease.  
~~Jesus~~ <sup>Christ</sup> is our leader  
Going forth to sow  
Seeds of Truth and Wisdom  
In this world below.

Chorus: Onward Assembly workers  
Marching hand in hand  
Let your songs of gladness  
ring from land to land.

2nd verse

Onward then all People  
Join our happy throng  
Blend with ours your voices  
In triumphant song  
ONE in Faith and daring  
GOD in every thing  
Thus through countless ages  
Let our People Sing!

Onward Assembly workers  
Send the Power of Peace  
From the Heart of Wisdom  
The dreadhorns shall cease. ALL CEASE.

Please send copy - I have no other.

Prop of the Assembly of man

THIS IS THE CHILDREN'S DAY

This is the children's day you know  
Aglow with the Spirit of Love,  
Come join in the happy songs they sing,  
the echo of songs from Above,  
"Suffer the children to come" said He,  
Whose heart full of wisdom did show,  
That such were the Kingdom of heaven on earth,  
The Kingdom right here below.

CHORUS:

Come then, join, join in our happy song,  
Marching along, marching along  
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, singing alway,  
For this is the children's day.

SECOND VERSE:

This our day is one of peace,  
It reveals our love and our Light,  
We send it to all right now in song,  
For we are Brothers of the Light,  
We are God's children and we love Him,  
We dance and we sing and we play,  
Our work is all sunshine and now we will tell,  
Of joy on our children's day.

*Would you like to express  
of this song -*  
*M.B.K.*