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This is our trinity of Ideals:

The ideal end or aim of existence, "To know God and to come into union with all good."

The means to that end, "A life of inner consecration to service;" and

Our ideal as a Society, "To rise by raising others."

And if we need a test to assure ourselves that we are not self-deceived but that we are indeed progressing in the path, we find it in "a steady growth in efficiency," and the consequent enlargement of the scope of our life activities.

One of the best proofs of the disciple is his steady, continuous advance—not in wealth or worldly power, but in efficiency, in influence and in independence of outer conditions.

This is an outward and visible sign of inward spiritual growth.

—BULLETIN, O. E. C., Vol. IX, No. 19

I AM

"I am the source of the forthcoming of the whole universe and likewise the place of its dissolving. There is naught whatsoever higher than I, O Dhananjaya. All this is threaded on Me, as rows of pearls on a string.

"I the sapidity in waters, O son of Kunti, I the radiance in moon and sun; the Word of Power in all the Vedas, sound in ether, and virility in men. The pure fragrance of earths and the brilliance in fire am I; the life in all beings am I, and the austerity in ascetics.

"Know Me, O Partha! as the eternal seed of all beings."

—Bhagavad Gita, vii., 7-10

I lay on the sand watching the ocean; how the waves whirled and dashed; how the spray flew skyward to be touched into beautiful colors by its Elder Brother, the Sun; how the water changed from green to blue and from blue to grey and from grey back to a softer blue again. Incessant motion; ever-changing color wrought through the action of the sunlight into sparkling beauty of form and foam beyond the power of words to tell. I—I—All I, everywhere move I. A sea-gull flies above my head and my consciousness unites with it in the delight of flying, and lo, it too, is I. I gaze into the depths of space where all is still and calm, and the stillness and

the calmness is I; I wander towards the softly-shaded mountains and in their upraised peaks, their daring ruggedness, I find but the Essence—I. The roar of the ocean strikes certain tones, and I am conscious of harmony, of power, of soft murmurings of latent consciousness—I—I—All I. Feelings of tender, delicate delight spring up within me, for I am understanding a new language, a wordless language that thrills me through and through, and yet it is as evanescent as the perfume of a rose. In my new-found joy I turn to the Sun, and daringly cry "I," and lo, it is indeed I; I, in the very midst of its light, radiating light out upon myself, the Great Earth-Mother. How her heart aches for her children in their blindness; what deep tender compassion she pours forth through her Higher-Self upon them; and I—I am One with Her, Him, Them—Lo, I am all that is, or was, or ever shall be. I AM! I exist in all things; in the darkness as well as in the light; in the drunkard as well as in the Archangel—unless ye find Me in the one, ye will never find me in the other. That which seems lost to you is found by Me; that which is least is greatest; that which is most condemned nestles closest to My Heart. Therefore, I say unto you: go forth into the highways and byways and minister unto these, My Little Ones. Ye are all ONE! Will ye never remember that it is so? That upon which ye close the door today becomes that which is the closed door for you tomorrow. Open wide your hearts and your arms and gather my children in: show them by patient example, by long suffering, by continued effort that, though the Way be dark and filled with pain, still back of and within each pain lies the Light. Drive from your minds all thoughts of separateness; that which shocks you in another is but an act of Mine, an act that you either have or will experience through your own personality in some incarnation. Recognize Me in the midst of the worries and trials of every-day life; recognize Me behind the mask of thy so-called sinful brother,—seeing Me there thou mayest touch into a Flame the Spark Divine in that brother's heart, changing the whole outlook of life for the one so touched. Walk consciously in my presence for, Lo, I am with you always. I sing to you in the tender songs of my bird forms; I caress you through the sweet perfume of my rose; I feed you through my vegetable consciousness; I serve you through my animal forms; I call you ceaselessly through the myriad reflections of My self called Humans; I uplift you through those forms of Myself called Masters; but I teach you through those forms of Myself called sinners, through the fallen, through the suffering, through the oppressed, through the heart-hungry. Which think ye are closest to My heart? Aye, even as the crippled child is closest to its Mother's heart, so those Little Ones of Mine who are in deepest darkness are closest to Mine. Ye are never so nearly At-One with Me as when ye discover Me hidden in the depths of their inmost being.

Learn to love, my children, for Love is Life.

S. A. M. BRIGGS.

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