

distant symphony whose chords are vibrant with the music of the spheres, whose strings respond to the Wind of the Spirit ...

The call is for men and women of magnanimous heart, of all-encompassing sympathy, of greatness of soul, whose quiet serenity of the spirit creates peace among discord, light in the midst of darkness, wholeness in separateness and good-will among contention. With good old Horace we may say: "Every man whom perverse folly, whom ignorance of the truth drives on in blindness, the Porch of Chrysippus and his flock pronounce insane. This definition takes in whole nations, this takes in mighty kings, all save only the sage" (Satires, II, iii, 43-46.). The future will establish upon a sound scientific basis the fact that all inhumanity of man to man is a state of temporary insanity, a "descent" or "stepping down" from the natural level of genuine humanhood, and therefore must be treated as a disease of the mind and an affliction of the soul.

The road to spiritual growth lies through the jungle of our personal selfhood, and the barbed wire entanglements of our passions; through the bleak and dreary lands of despair and doubt, and on to the sunlit slopes of intuitive knowledge, towards the pure snow-covered peaks of our Spiritual Himalaya, where the unfading glory of our own Divine Self shines in the silent stratosphere of our own inner being.

