

that inner region co-exist with the universe of matter, interpenetrating it, as another dimension of space.

Bewildering thought! Yet He has said that the Spirit is within us, so must the Spirit dwell in that ethereal region. Will He become the link between the Spirit and the world of material beings? Was it for that He sacrificed all thought of happiness for self? How clear become the mysteries of faith when seen in this new light! How real becomes the dream of the indwelling Friend! No loneliness can ever sadden one who has found Him; no grief can be too heavy to endure, when He endures it with us.

And yet the question rises: how can even He be consciously present with *all* men at the same time? Can He be *personally* conscious of us all? But wait a moment before answering. . . . If He dwells in another dimension of space, may there not also be another dimension of time? The mind will reason, even though the heart be satisfied, and in such reasoning there is no wrong. It may be that to the very ones who are most learned the assurances of simple faith will seem most reasonable.

I close my eyes, for I am still a little weary from long watching. Behind my eyelids there is darkness, even in the day; though nevermore will the darkness seem a void to me. To-morrow I will write to my faithful old servant, who also loved Him, and tell her—

Oh, again He is here! The Master! . . . Shall I see His face whenever I am moved to do a loving act? He smiles, and the vision fades. But in my soul there is the strength of many—a sudden rush of power, a lightness, a determination to make my life an instrument for the service of the world.

Master, anoint my lips and guide my hand, that I may reveal you, as a *living reality*, unto all men.