

brain, which in the world-man is not his creative centre, but the instrument of his creation—the receptive surface for his inspiration. Your brain is a babbling child; your soul is like a prophet walking in the garden. . The prophet turns, enters your house with inspired face, bringing a message for you—for you alone. The continued whimpered nothings of the child distract the prophet's intention, and he departs without leaving the revelation, You must still the voice of the brain to hear the deeper, the unerring voice.

The lower self and all its deforming emotions are cleared from a man's work, when he realises that he is an instrument of the universal spiritual energy; that the eminent honour in life is that he has made himself fine enough to be used; that all fine work and high behaviour is a spiritual flowering through the physical man. He sees clearly that he contaminates his instrument, and the source of its power, when he seeks to identify himself in a worldly way with his art or behaviour.

First the animal man, then the self-man, then the world-man, finally the God-man—the perfect fruit of earth. These beings differ one from another in glory through their instrumentation of the spiritual consciousness—the varying heights of vibration with which they respond to the universal driving energy, which we have the temerity to call God. . . .