

MYSTIC LIGHT

A Dream within a Dream

IDREAMED THAT I WAS a prisoner in a house where there were many others. The guards were very cruel and seemed to have taken a special dislike to me, torturing me whenever possible. I was knocked down and otherwise mistreated and a guard watched over me to prevent me from leaving the house. Moreover, surrounding the house was a tall fence made of swords which seemed impossible to climb. But one day, hungry and utterly exhausted, I escaped. Taking a companion in misery by the hand, I gave one jump and both of us seemed to fly over the fence. The rest did not miss us, they were more interested in themselves and in begging the guards to be lenient, to give them food and drink to keep them from starving.

We had walked but a little distance when we met a small child. She asked where we were going. I answered that I was seeking rest and quiet and wanted to go far away where there was no trouble. With a child's look of entire trust and confidence, she pointed to a number of houses on a hill, saying, "My Father can help you—he knows everything."

Thereupon we were led by this little child up a hill to a large group of buildings looking somewhat like a monastery. A broad flight of steps led to a wide porch covered by grapevines from which large clusters of grapes hung in strangely transparent bunches. It seemed as if a light were back of them and to the taste they were very sweet and refreshing.

As we hesitated, an old white-bearded man came to the door. Light was shining from his almost transparent face and his bright eyes glowed and shone with a pure white light. They were a dark blue black and looked kindly down at me.

My companion had left me and taking my hand, the venerable man said, "Child, you want peace, yet peace is within you. You want rest and rest is all about you. You know and yet have come for help. Don't you know that in my Father's house are many mansions? You must seek, not by books, but by practice."

He talked long and lovingly, then, as he bade me Godspeed, he again repeated these directions: "Child of the world, go! Seek near and far among my Father's Mansions. You will learn much, and when you have gained the right, you will be admitted into the place of peace, where sorrow teaches its lessons in the way God intended. The House of Soul Rest you will find, but learn well each lesson as it comes, and God will bless you and care for you in your search."

I Turned toward the broad path pointed out before me, full of obstacles and trials, then I looked back. The man's face was still beaming, only more so, if that were possible, and his arms and hands were extended toward me in a blessing as I started on my way.

One by one I surmounted the obstacles in my path and triumphantly moved onward. Miles flew by, buildings appeared and disappeared, trains rushed by and there was much noise and confusion around me.

Something seemed to impel me into a large structure, open at the sides, where people in all stages of grief and trouble were gathered. Some were softly sobbing, others were crying out in agony. Some had hands and arms wounded and bleeding. Some were on crutches, and still others had limbs partly torn off and hanging. Crushed faces and small babies in spasms increased the effect of torment

and suffering. In this great crowd of unfortunates I saw only one soul who appeared to be aware of the others' grief; they were exclusively preoccupied in bewailing and cursing their own misfortunes.

Stooping to speak to a tiny child and comfort it, I saw a pair of pensive blue eyes watching me. The mouth was drawn in pain yet it uttered no word of complaint. Only the man's eyes spoke of resignation. Going over I discovered that both his limbs were missing, so I stayed with him.

I must have slept a while for I remember getting up and going to another building that glistened like sunwashed white marble. Where before confusion and trouble reigned, here there was quiet and serenity. Smiling faces appeared everywhere I looked for the child and the man. The white glistening building was ablaze with golden light, but I found neither the child nor the man.

I passed through a door. On the lintel above it was written in large letters of yellow light "House of Soul Rest and Peace." I sat down on soft white cushions and watched the play of colors that came and went through the room. Golden light was everywhere; the iridescent air gleamed and glistened all around me.

Sinking into the cushions I could feel tranquillity pouring over, in and through me. At last my soul ceased its longing. After what seemed endless stress and countless struggles I had found peace, just as my friend had predicted. All earthly affairs were forgotten. I wanted to stay there for ever, in this supreme happiness. Nothing else mattered, only that I remain in the "House of Soul Rest and Peace" and experience this supreme contentment.

But then I remembered the child and the man. I saw again the house of tears and agony. I heard again the moan of the maimed, and I burned with shame and humiliation at the thought of having deserted my suffering brother to seek my own ease and peace.

So I fled the House of Soul Rest, vowing never to return till I had found my brother and brought him also.

Then I awoke from the dream within the dream and found myself sitting again by the man and the child. I recognized them as the little child that had first led me and the benevolent Father who had

The Password

A neophyte approached the temple door,
And wondered at the portal open wide.
No guard behind, no watcher stood before.
Yet few passed in, though very many tried.

"No doubt," he mused, "they lack 'the word'
who fail.

But those possessing it need have no fear.
Its potent power is certain to prevail."
And confident in this he then drew near.

He gave the password, *Service*, and essayed
To cross the sacred threshold. But alas
A subtle force repelled him and, dismayed,
He realized his impotence to pass.

Chagrined, he sought the wisest of the sages,
Whose dwelling is the boundless depth within.
There lies concealed the wisdom of the ages,
And all of this may steadfast courage win.

That rugged path *Experience* he traveled.
The shining One he reached in course of time.
And then the mystic problem was unraveled,
In presence of the Higher Self sublime.

By those who merely know 'the word' and give it,
The lesson of its potency is missed.
For those who by persistent effort *live it*,
No barriers of any kind exist.

—W.T. Carson

taught me. Again he smiled, and his face shone even brighter when he said:

"My daughter, you have learned one secret of the path to the House of Soul Rest—it cannot be enjoyed in solitude. I will tell you another secret, every pain in the world detracts from the pleasure of those within this House. Seek you therefore all who are weak and heavy laden and try to bring them rest, for in so doing you will find the only true and lasting peace."

And as I woke there fell from my lips the vow: "I will strive first to show my brothers the path to peace, and in God's good time I shall follow." □

—Pearl Peterson