

PART I

CHAPTER I

Presuming that there are many who are just as skeptical concerning things bordering on the extraordinary as I have been practically all of my life, I offer the following story and system of practice to each reader for what it is worth, with the suggestion that he take it or leave it, just as he sees fit.

It was Saturday afternoon and I had returned from a late lunch. The help had left for the day and I was alone. My business had dropped off considerably of late and while conditions were not alarming, yet they were sufficient to cause me some concern. Then again, I had recently indulged in some real estate speculation which had not proved successful. Taking it all in all, it was not a very cheerful outlook. In fact the most serious problem of my business career was up for solution.

Sitting there in deep thought in an effort to discover a way out, I was aroused by the telephone bell. Placing the receiver to my ear I was startled at hearing the familiar voice of my old friend, David B____. It required no great stretch of the imagination to believe it a voice from the dead, for less than a month before he had left for Europe on the urgent advice of his physician to take an ocean voyage, preferably, but get away somewhere, in the hope that a change would effect an improvement in his condition, which was a serious breakdown, due to worry over conditions which, strangely, were similar to what I was now experiencing.

As he spoke, his voice carried such striking power and feeling that I was reminded of my last impression of Dave as we sorrowfully parted with him, a miserable shadow of his former self, and we questioned as to whether we would ever see him again.

But here he was back again, and surely some great change had taken place in him. Remarking that a miracle must have happened, he assured me that I had guessed about right, adding, "Tom, I know that you are puzzled over my early return and I also know

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that you never expected to see me again. But I'm back and I'm the luckiest man in the world, for I learned something that I never knew existed. Tom, nothing is impossible with me any more, for I can do anything. I am master of my own destiny and I can make my life anything that I wish it to be.

"Oh, don't think I'm crazy. Wait until you hear my story." Feigning a laugh to cover my serious curiosity, I remarked that he must have stumbled over some newfangled religion. To which he replied, "On the contrary, it concerns no religion of any kind or of anybody. You see, I met a Master. A wonderful man who has so developed his powers that he can do anything, and he taught me a secret that no price could ever buy. You know that I lost my health and I lost my wealth. Well, I have regained my health and I will have the wealth in no time. Oh, it's a strange story." Of course I became excited to see him at once and when to his inquiry about the club I replied that there were no changes, he hung up after saying, "Meet me there at 9:00 tonight and I will unfold a series of the most remarkable and fortunate happenings that could fall to the lot of any man."

I sat there unmoved for some minutes like a man in a dream, so completely absorbed had I become in the remarkable recital. Upon recovering myself I became possessed of the feeling that I had suddenly grown too big for the office. That I had outgrown that little place. I must get outside and expand in the fresh air. Feverish with excitement, I put on my hat and stepped out. Feeling that there was something wonderful for me in his story, I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to hear it at once. I turned in the direction of his office, but recalling that he was no longer there, was forced to wait until evening. The remainder of that day was spent in restlessly pacing the streets and I was greatly relieved when the hour to go to the club arrived.

Having resolved to get Dave away where we would not be disturbed, I entered and stepped quickly to the desk, only to be informed that he had telephoned some time before to tell me that he had been called away and would be back the following evening. Trying to conceal my disappointment and feelings, I turned quickly

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and was greeted by three friends who had seen him, and each was excitedly trying to tell me of the wonders that had taken place. Miserable and disconsolate, I broke away from them without uttering a word, walked out into the night and home.

Too agitated for sleep, the greater part of the night was passed in restless confusion. Assailed by the most illogical thoughts, I decided that the whole thing was a myth, conjured up in a mind weakened as the result of affliction. How utterly ridiculous to allow myself to become upset by such a fairy tale. But no, somehow the thing would not down, but kept forcing itself upon me, until in desperation I tried to console myself with the assurance that I would at any cost learn the truth or falsity of the whole matter the next day.

CHAPTER II

Following instructions which I had left at the club to be delivered to him immediately upon his return, Dave picked me up at my home in a new, high-priced car, and we drove out to a highway cafe. There, in a private dining-room, undisturbed by the presence of others, I had opportunity to study my old friend.

Surely some miraculous change had taken place in him. His countenance glowed with health and vitality and his calm, poised bearing inspired wonderful admiration and confidence. But while I felt perfectly at ease in his company, I also felt the force of some presence in him that I could neither understand or describe. Whatever it was, it had the effect of putting one at ease and yet had the tendency to command respect for something one did not understand. While I felt greatly relieved after the excitement of the previous day, yet I found difficulty in concealing the emotions that surged up within me, for I felt satisfied and convinced that he had something that I sorely needed and I had the strangest fear lest something might occur even then to prevent my getting it.

He broke a momentary silence that seemed hours to me by asking, "Tom, do I look any different than the day I left?" I had to admit that he was both a revelation and a mystery to me. He continued, "It was in a theatre in London that I met the man, or the Master, as he is called, that I am deeply grateful for the privilege of calling my friend. Tom, you didn't know that I left here determined to end it all. I had made such a mess of my affairs. But I feared to live and I feared to die. I couldn't rest. To keep moving was my only relief. I guess I was what the world would call a hopeless case.

"As I look back upon that evening in London, how well I now realize that my utter despondency and the intense longing to find something to relieve me drew me and my dear friend together. I had decided upon a regular orchestra seat, but discovered that for some unexplainable reason I had ordered a box and found myself seated beside my friend. Extraordinary happenings, such as this, occur

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frequently to many of us and are explained away, because of our ignorance, as merely coincidences. But I know differently now.

“I could feel that my uneasiness attracted his attention. The wonderful radiance of his countenance assured me that he was an unusual personage and I felt an instinctive urge to open my heart to him. The remark, ‘I am sorely troubled,’ uttered by a character upon the stage started our acquaintance. I replied ‘so am I,’ in just a whisper, but my friend heard it and turning to me he asked, ‘are you troubled?’ I nodded my head in response and you may believe me or not, but almost immediately I was at ease. Something seemed to tell me that I had the good fortune of being in the presence of one of those great spiritual people of whom I had read quite a bit in earlier years.

“I felt convinced that I had met my deliverer, and at the close of the performance was overjoyed at his invitation to accompany him to a nearby cafe. I noticed that the attention of those in the cafe was drawn toward him as we entered and that the management was noticeably respectful and courteous toward him. Having convinced myself that this man possessed some sort of magical power, I determined to ask him all the questions that I could think of and with his permission make notes of his answers.

“Learning that he was taking steamer for New York the next day, I asked if I might accompany him, to which he assented. At the conclusion of our talk I observed that he merely wrote his initials on the bill and as we stepped outside to call a cab I questioned him regarding this and he admitted that he was not known there, as this was his first visit to the place, but he assured me that they would be paid, adding, ‘I did this to show you that man in his right domain controls every situation.’ I was still puzzled, but carried the subject no further, hoping that it would all be made plain to me later.

“That night, as I lay in a doze, the events of the evening kept passing through my mind and at times I found difficulty in realizing that my good fortune was real, rather than the illusion of a dream. That night I had the first peaceful sleep in months.”

CHAPTER III

“The following morning, up early and supremely happy and eager for what the day would unfold, I immediately applied for a reservation on the steamer, only to be informed that they had a full passenger list, but as I turned away, almost heartbroken at such an unfortunate turn of events, I was recalled by the clerk with the information that a reservation had just been cancelled and that I might have it. Instantly I felt forcibly struck with the thought that here was more of my friend’s ‘magic,’ as I then called it, and I was not mistaken, for he later admitted that he had made a place for me. Of course, you do not understand how the thing works, Tom. Neither did I, at the time, but I do now, and it is oh, so simple. I believe its simplicity causes it to be overlooked.

“Presently my friend arrived, with his servant, and, as usual, being surrounded by attendants eager to be of service and assistance. I clung to him persistently throughout the entire voyage, and he appeared to enjoy my company.

“The first evening out, I visited him in his luxuriously-furnished stateroom, for he has the best of everything wherever he goes, and while explaining the wonderful forces that man in his ignorance has permitted to lie dormant within him, he gave me several demonstrations of the powers that he has developed. He did things that were actually astounding. He asked, ‘Why cannot you do what I do? Why cannot all do as I do? I have no powers that you are not endowed with. Here is my answer: Because of my knowledge of Universal Law, I have developed the God-given powers within me, while you, in your ignorance, have been dissipating and scattering yours. All men use the same power, for in all the universe there is but one power. This is self-evident, as you shall see.’

“Continuing, he said: ‘the great masses of humanity are using the Law destructively, or partially so, and the scales are balanced against them. Here and there, among the masses, we find an occasional outstanding figure who has achieved greatness or

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success and he is erroneously singled out as lucky or as a genius, when the fact is that he has made use of the Law---whether knowingly or unknowingly, it matters not --- at least sufficiently to have the scales balanced in his favor. How plain this is to the one who knows.'

"Before the discovery of the law governing the use of electricity this great force was lying dormant throughout the universe, at least as far as man's knowledge was concerned. He had first to discover the law before he could turn it to his advantage. Just so with this Universal Law.

" 'Happiness is man's rightful heritage. It is the *summum bonum* of his aspirations. The very soul of man cries out for happiness, but he misinterprets it in terms of money. Why? Because money is a means to an end. It is the motive power which drives us on in our quest for the ultimate, which is happiness. In the world there cannot be happiness without money. Therefore the occupation of acquiring money is a worthy and commendable one.

"Why should man, the supreme creation of the universe, suffer all sorts of lack, misery and unhappiness when such inferior creatures as the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea are bountifully supplied. For any man, no matter what his station in life, to take the stand that it is the destiny of man to want for anything that will contribute to his happiness or that of his family is ridiculous.

"Somebody discovers the law governing the use of etheric waves and we have radio. Millions of people are now enjoying its advantages. They *tune in* to what they want and they *get it*. There is a great lesson in this, for believe me, you may have anything you want and in abundance, when you learn to *tune in* with an infinitely greater power than electricity or its vehicle, radio. With a power that you have had from the beginning.

"The captain of this ship could just as easily own it as run it. One position is no more difficult of attainment than the other. He tuned in to the captaincy successfully. Ownership was a little more distant and he did not try for distance. That is all. The actual difference in the two positions is merely the difference in two words.

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Nothing more, as you shall see very plainly when we get a little further along.'

"Each night, after retiring to my room, I would sit up until early morning reading my notes of the day and preparing questions for the next. He told me that I was very 'receptive' because of my eagerness, sincerity and trust, and that it was a pleasure to instruct me. And in gratitude I acknowledged that no price was too high or sacrifice too great in return for such knowledge.

"In answer to my question as to when and how he discovered such a secret, he said, 'I discovered nothing and to me it is no secret. This knowledge has been in our family as far back as our records go. I use it because I know it to be the easy, certain way of accomplishing a purpose, while you have known only the difficult, uncertain way.' He seemed never to want to take credit for anything, always claiming that no credit was due him.