



Son Of God

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WHOEVER was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of Immaculate Conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviours of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us,
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

Thoughts sent on missions of love and healing are veritable angels. They are little winged spheres of light, and travel with lightning speed to carry out the purposes with which they have been imbued.

When we use our thought in this way we are creating, and our thought forms become chalices filled with the holy, healing essences of the All-pervading, All-perfect, All-competent life of God. These glorified thought-forms do not die, but live on and on as radiant messengers of life and strength and peace.

—George B. Brownell.



THE AQUARIAN MINISTRY.
Santa Barbara, California.

Card No. 46