

"More Christ-like than ever. And Christ will be more constantly among us."

"And what will you be?" Ratiche asked.

"A Director of Constantly Changing Ceremonies and a Keeper of the Relativity of Religion."

"Will the population be ordered in the same way--spread out--individuals isolated for better self-understanding and growth?"

"Yes. The development will be unbelievable, the creativity godlike. Psychic thoughts will thrill flesh and soul like the greatest music. People will move bodily from point to distant point purely by exercising their wills."



The figure faded.

I felt a strange weakness in my limbs. Glancing at Grayson, I saw that he had finally been affected by the evidence. He was pale, frowning, gazing at the ground. The arrogant superiority had vanished.

Roonif took me aside.

"I have also been in touch with the future for your sake, Doan. I have been sensitive about your fate, have always admired you, and I knew when the trouble with Agra began."

My heart sickened, shrivelled. I trembled.

"Be of good cheer," Roonif whispered, gripping my arm. "I see in the future that you will conquer Amdar and the whole horrible predicament. You will win Agra back. Your

love will be even more glorious."

I felt relief, joy, a rush of gratitude.

"Thanks to God!" I murmured. "And to you, too, Roonif, for telling me."

And I closed my eyes and fixed Christ's image in my mind and praised it with my whole being, fiercely and devoutly.

As we turned toward the hermitage, Roonif paused, held me back, and gazed into my eyes with quiet searching and encouragement.

"Try to remember something else: you were married to Agra in a former existence."

"Married to her!"

"Yes. In Egypt. You were both refugees from the Atlantis community before it sank under the sea. Now again you have sought each other out by selecting mothers in this century and time, in order that you may test yourselves once again, overcome faults you could not correct earlier. God grant you the grace--and the character--to discern what the chief challenges are and to meet them victoriously."

I bowed my head.

"Challenges," I mused. "Faults. I have to reflect and discover them."

(To be continued in the next issue)

Tall and slender, full of grace  
Noble Being of a noble race,  
Thy beauty, bird, is deep and sure  
Thy loveliness is soft and pure.

Thy shyness tells, to those who see,  
Of tender sensitivity  
Thy shyness, bird, cocoons thy soul  
To keep it soft, alive, and whole.

Thy gentleness brings shame to me  
For my dull'd sensibility.  
Thy gentleness restoreth me  
To all that I was meant to be.

DON CHRISTIANSON