

**MIRROR
MEDITATION**

By EMMITT L. BRINSON

It has been said: "there are three distinct roads to wisdom;" and through our normal attributes such as talents, appetites, and drives, we come upon such routes. We either travel forward to discover a

truth for ourselves, or remain bewildered at the road side of life.

Religion, science and art are the three principal fields of the natural creative spirit, imitating within the individual man. In the search of Joy and beauty one inevitably comes upon God; for in every work of creation, intuitively we study and question the purpose and reason of the master artist in his work.

How can one study the beauty in all the growth of spring; the flowers, their texture and the birds that sing, and every form of life without being steered to inwardly and spiritually observing the hand of God at work. In creatively expressing ourselves in all that we do it should be easy to say "all is done in the glory of God".

So in search of Beauty and joy man first came upon Religion and through this search of God, he found the arts and then the sciences.

Through Religion we find our egoless selves. We find a sense of humility, of magnanimity, a pureness of consciousness. We find new channels of enlightenment through illumination of mind and spirit. We discover an awareness of soul and God.

Through art we discover a creative talent within ourselves; God given endowments of expression, exerting itself to be born. This creative expression finds its way, and is far more important to the artist than intellectual qualities; more important than the rigidity of routine or material gains; more important than transient things.

In this field of endeavor, the artist finds certain perspective in creative expression; he attains a certain natural aesthetic truth. It leads to knowledge, insight, vision, and the experience steers the earnest seeker from a material sense to sensibilities, and from sensibilities to soul and God. Indeed! Music and the arts are pure expressions of soul and God.

Along the roads of Religion and art we find the signs of honest doubt. They are seeds sprinkled in our paths by the creator. Through science they grow and flower into knowledge and truth.

The whole world, the universe and all infinity, with all its countless wonder is its workshop. It rebuilds, solidifies, and firms up the foundation of truths envisioned and revealed in Religion and art.

It discovers hidden facts and relationships of one to the other. It expands our knowledge of the phenomenal world in which we live and have our being. It probes into the inner storehouse and secrets of the creator. In all its search it too leads to soul and God.

While all three in a sense are still in their infancy, they are roads that point to the same horizon. One could not stand without the other. Edward Arlington Robinson, the American poet once wrote: "The world is not a prison house, but a kind of spiritual kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell 'God' with the wrong blocks."

Which leads us to the story about the man who continued to search throughout his life time trying to see and contact God. He felt God was evading him at every turn. He left nothing un-

COOKING

(Continued from Page 2)

ing to notice, but quite a few humorists and lecturers only make a pretense at feasting on what's in the plate before them. Usually, they eat something they really enjoy before the affair they're headlining, or grab a late bite somewhere after it's all over.

We read some place, a long time ago, that the rich suffer from want of appetite and the poor from excess of appetite. There's truth in the statement. Few millionaires would hesitate to swap appetites with a hungry

urchin whose pockets are as empty as his stomach.

On day shortly before he died in his deep meditation, he discovered that everything there is bathed or submerged within the spirit or law and order of God.

It was then he learned the truth; that God was with him all the while, that God was within himself, and that he too could be, if he chose, a son of the living creator, a part of the soul of God. In this he discovered the answer to all of man's research; the end of the roads to wisdom. That part of man which is spirit; that part which is soul, that part which is God, that part which shall never die, and is God himself; the immortal part of man, the infinite spirit of the Creator.

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It is said that when a man loses his appetite temporarily, he is in love. When he loses it permanently, he is married. To which the cynic adds, a bride should make sacrifices for her husband, but not burnt offerings.

Here's a bit of advice to you

New Bern wives. Think twice before getting rid of your husband, one way or another, if he is easy to feed. A man may be thoughtless, slouchy, and excruciatingly boring at times, but he isn't all bad if he settles for any kind of meal (and sometimes no meal at all) without grumbling.

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THE BRANCH AND THE VINE

"This is the day which the Lord hath made"
In it I will rejoice, I will not be afraid.
As surely as I am a branch, He is the vine,
I will claim the riches that are mine.
The right that came to me by birth,
To enjoy the fulness of the earth.
And all the beauty there is to see
When I look on Him, not on me.
As the branch from the vine does grow,
To Him I go for answers I need to know.
In confidence I leave my questions there,
He provides the answers because He cares.
As a branch I shall endeavor to do my part,
In some small way to ease troubled hearts.

Psalms 118:24

—Lucy M. Grady

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