Regina 4th. W. Y. Canada 29th December 1902.

Dear Sir,

While in Chicago I took the liberty to forward to you some diagrams, and a mass of figures, what I termed "The Sphere in Proper Form" for your information or observation, and your Secretary Mr. Davis was good enough to acknowledge receipt of the same on 19th Sept. last.

Having heard nothing more of the matter, I suppose these papers could not be properly understood in their present form. Unfortunately I was then unable to give a proper account in writing, but I feel able to do so now, or have tried at least to gather together thoughts available for publication, and thoughts translatable as education.

"Three considerations have drawn me to communicate with you again."

1. "That I had already sent these diagrams to attract some attention in the first place.

2. "That if the papers sent can be proved to contain truths as stated in a figure or metaphor, then, their importance is self evident, and means practically a social revolution in the world of thought (secret and silent) new views of life, which you and others holding like positions in the Civil Service of the world, should be made acquainted with in the first place, and would do well to enquire into for obvious reasons.

3. I have no means to publish anything, suppose it was true; and no influence in the wide world of letters. You have both. Besides, if the papers are of any importance from an educational point of view surely they are worth examination and a little study on the part of men in authority."

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The paper sent herewith deals with "The being of flowers in season" the simplest part of the subject: the more difficult is the one to follow in a week or ten days. I hope: "The flower for doing in reason, the object and aim illustrated in a figure dealing with the mutability of the Sphere in strife and Compass of Right in life: for exercise of the faculties in season, and exposition of the faculties in reason.

I do not wish the papers returned—rather that these should remain with you, or cast aside, as you think right: it is only evidence of my desire to sow a grain of seed, good or bad; or it is more the endeavor of one crying "See to the World at large—The Beast in a figure;" I know I should close this letter here, but am tempted to give you, let fly as it were something off my mind, more behind or shewn of the fruit—The fashion of Man and Sin to the brute, more play of the mind, without showing the least disrespect for the "Higher criticism" or being unfixed—The two edged sword of the Spirit divides the pen of the critic: Yet a double edge on all dialectics. It is said words are worth much and cost little—Not so. Words are part and portion of the lives of men, the wealth of nations, and treasures of time:
A currency for all the strife: The Right and Right of Creeds,
Stamped token, sign and seal of life—The Right and Love in deeds—
Words, language, feature of life in a figure in space and time, requires to be
studied, examined to their foundation, plan of letters and design in proportion, the
structure for use: Their root, scheme from above, derive in love: For utility, coign
of vantage in health, as coin of wealth in the realm of sense, thought and imagination
Nurture in life, cultivation for utility; To know and apprehend the distinction
between good and evil. Good words of Right are upright as right in today,
And discern, comprehend the difference between right and wrong. True Words
of Right—strong to smite—As love in the way: The structure and foundation
of the Tree of Knowledge in a fashion: To know that words are made for reception
of—"
of light—thought that is bread of heaven, descending (condensing) spirit of light. Symbol the dove—sign of desire: structure of the leaf, whorl of the ear, cells or kernel in season; green leaf in emotion, reposing in strife. For use in space, time of strife.

"To know that words are living facts, for conception in love, thought that is bread of heaven, descending (evaporating) spirit of light. Emblem of love, boat to aspire: the gale in the ear, cells nurture of sheaf for garb in season, yellow sheaf in devotion, attesting the life."

"Two things are not in the market, and cannot be purchased with all the gold in this world: These are, sound, healthy sleep; to rest like the green leaf on the tree.

Sound, common sense, to test by industry, like the bee;

"Sweetest is the land where the citrus apples bloom, and golden oranges in leafy gloom", where hidden wealth, the golden apples of Saspidea are to be found.

"The heralds of this world of time has gone deaf to the Higher Commands, declared by a law in season, and blind to the lower demands, revealed by a law in season and for use. You have patent medicines for every ill—Orders, guilds and leagues to cure or help in case of skill, while the real remedy rests with each individual."

Sound doctrine "Alma Mater", greatest greed need least attraction.

Pure Dogma, just to hatchers, smallest seed, the best for action;

There mechanical drill in school of logic and grammar is a blind man's excuse; common sense, the well to rule in magical manner, came by habit and use;

To me, the bleating lamb, or sucking calf,

The bleating lamb, with mother so unlike—A student youth with raw untutored mind; the sucking calf, to suck no more but grind, A seeker after truth by training made purblind; and this is the way of the Beast over which you are by God's providence the Good Genus, High Priest or Pastor, to feed and oversee the flock or herd of the Master.

That they do not chút each other over much, or seek to stand aloof.

Try and live in peace and Good Will, like the Church, put self Will to the proof: and never hook or horn, to bother, brothers, sisters, dears. But live and graze with one another—use each other's ears.
And use the great horn spoon, with something more than grace;
Learn to put a straight line sure, steady for the base;
And never seem to great a brother straying on the grass,
And never disdain to own your mother— and become an ass;
And there are other kinds of flocks— not like sheep—but with
Beaks and claws and wings; the silly fool or fowl, in their fashion of
guzzle or fuddle, with wings for flying— in space;
And sound, exact in each case of its kind.
As by figure of the race, from the mud;
You know a duck by its wraddle of care,
Senseless muddle in a puddle of ware;
When creek meets creek, as in the tug of war in ink,
'The Quacks defile the air, and then there is a stink.
Fool or Fowl is known by its straddling air,
Senseless Guzzle is a purple— beware:
When creek meets creek, as each address the bar to drink;
The Crow transcends the air, and so descends the thinks.
To hold sound views, wise or profound,
'The pen may teach, become hide bound,
Or men may preach one level round,
I love to rest on higher ground;
The whole round world, or something less,
Command, at call, or to possess;
There show of wealth it near can bless,
I'd rather choose the wilderness.

"On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand"—
Crawling your forgiveness for disturbing you at this time, and wishing you a happy new
Year.

Sam Jorns, faithfully Geo. motion.