I doubt that truth really exists. If it cannot be defined in reality, surely our misty [xxx] feelings about it give little positive clue. How can truth exist in our concept of eternity, or in infinity of space? Truth is not a complete whole, is not a complete thing, but a transitory part, eluding and evading our three-dimensional minds. The microscope or telescope give no evidence of truth, only evidence of more mystery of the continual eluding of truth. This [xxx] the guiding intelligence does not wish us to know where we are going. It is playing a little game with human beings—of look and ye shall not find. Is not the stillness, the death in which we are incased, or the everlasting in which we are incased. Is not the negation nearer the truth.

To postulate briefly on the subject

Faith evolves from want. I would like to postulate on the subject and add that life is an expression of want; all around vegetable life is activated by it. In human beings it is the prime instinct, the sense of want is innate; from it we generate thought, and from thought we beget faith, which is the beginning of ideas. From faith we evolved the hypothesis and theory, science and mathematics. Faith is the recognition of potentiality, the spur of accomplishment. It is the reaching out of oneself and it is the spur of potentiality within oneself and outside of oneself.

Truth is the spur of accomplishment.

Truth is the beginning of all achievement.

How awful the thought of oneness—the yoga idea. One merging into all and all merging into one. Just think of merging into Herbert Hoover.

What do you want with mathematics?

Mathematics is the measurement of truth.

Not truth, facts.

For what seems an eternity of time think of nothing, yet in that nothingness a sense of truth.

A feeling of truth.
And for what seems hours think of nothing, yet in that nothing I spot a feeling of truth.

There comes upon me a feeling of truth.

Which state of being seems very close to truth.

Happiness is the most inarticulate thing. It verges on tear and [xxx].