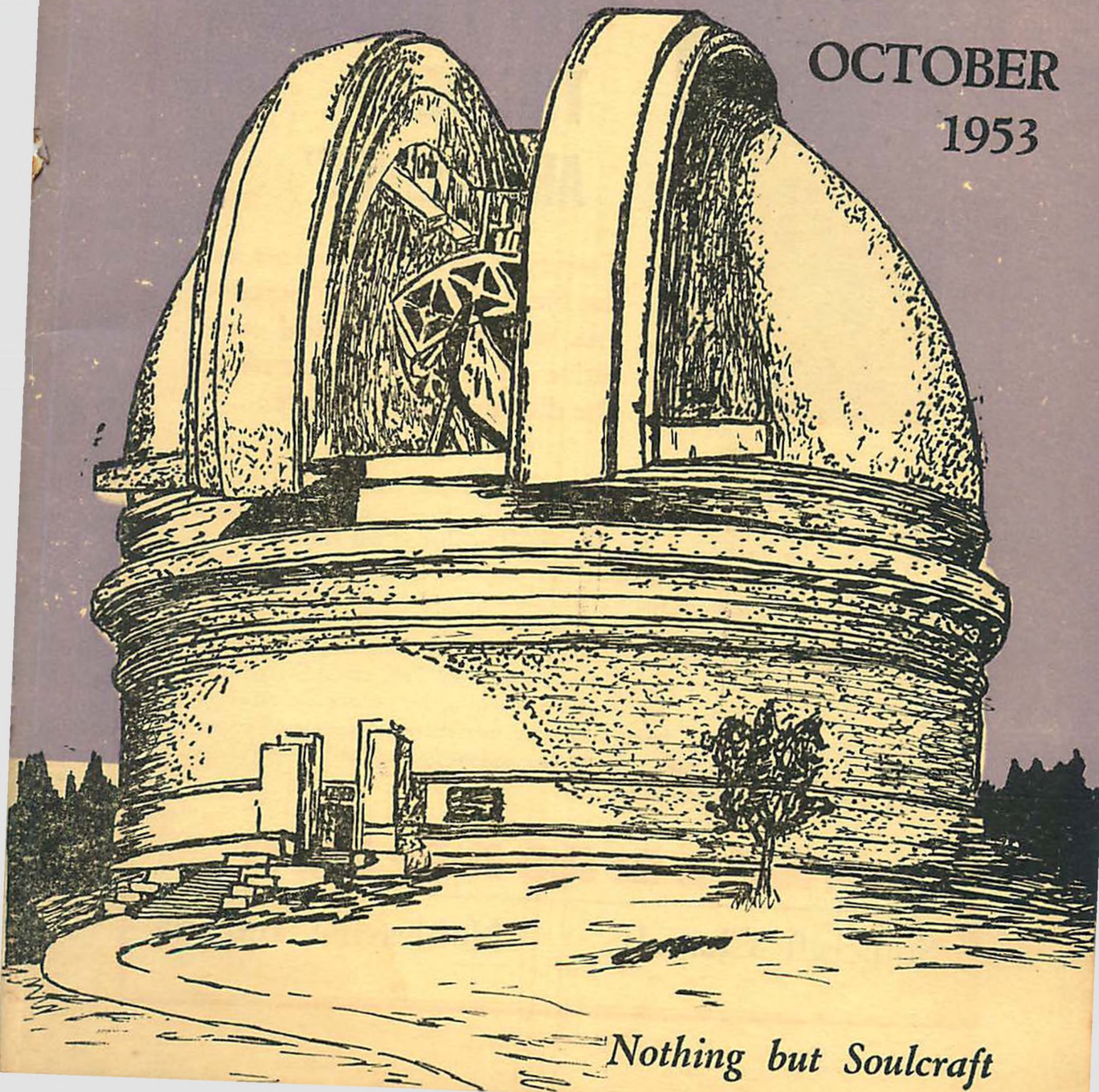


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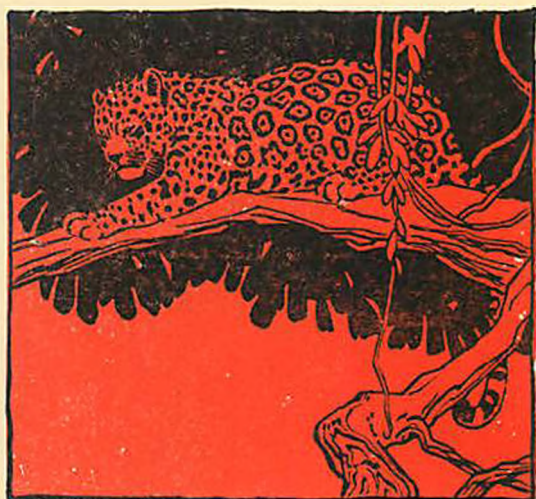
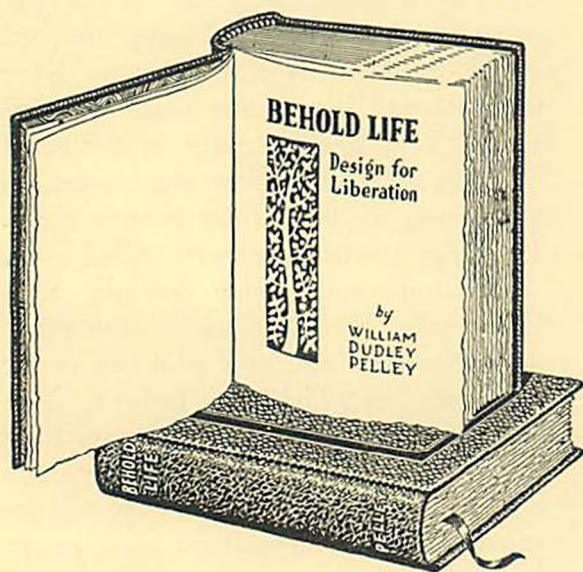
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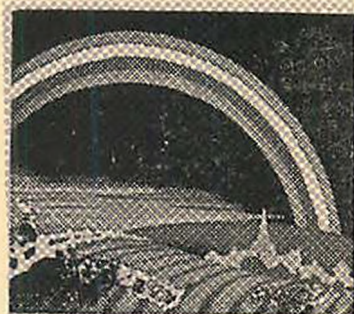
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*A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
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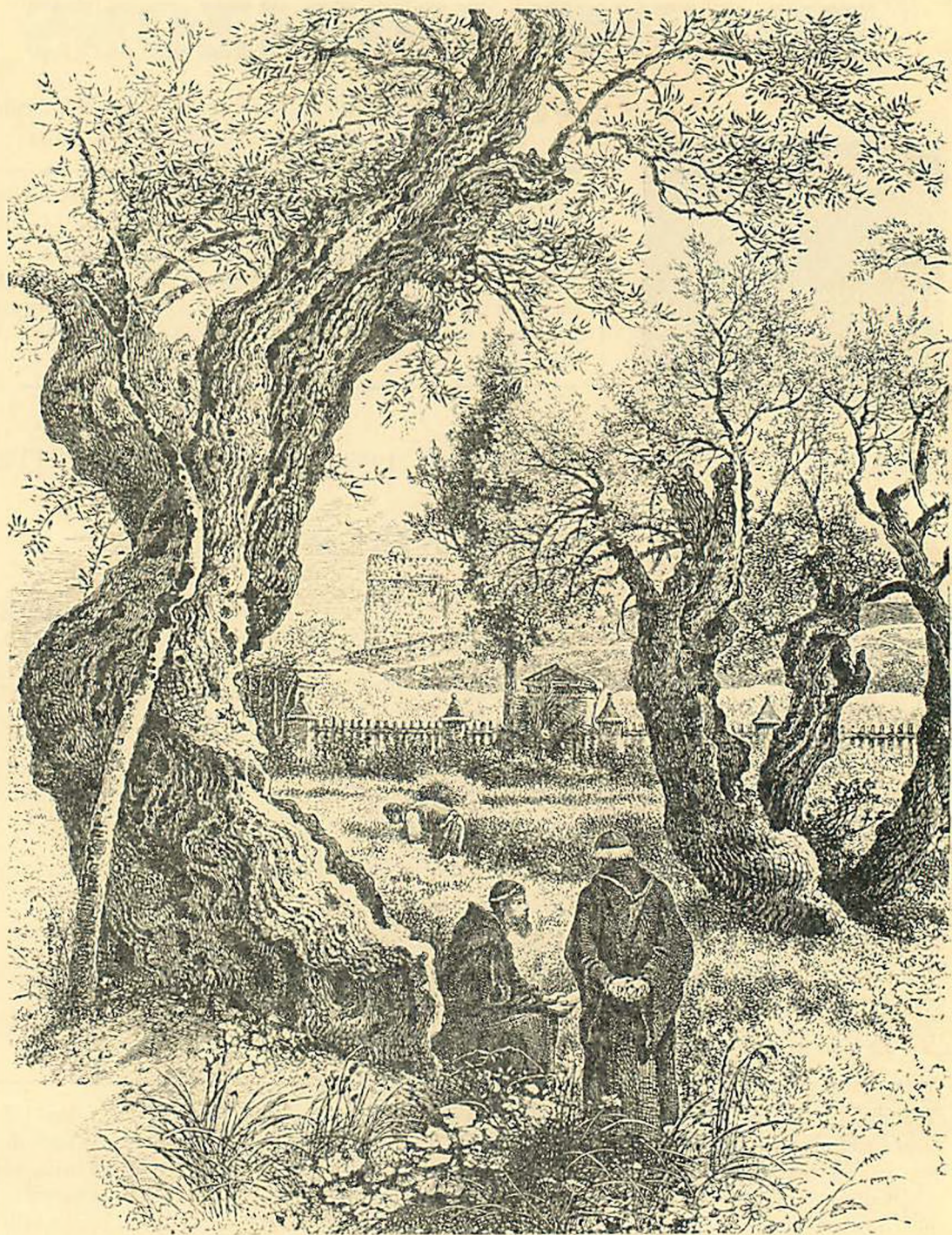
OCTOBER, 1953

NUMBER THREE

CONTENTS

Why Am I the Person I Am?	Page 1
What Secret Ambition Are You Hiding from the World?	5
Would I Marry My Husband Over Again in Another Life?	9
What One Thing Is My Wife Teaching Me No Other Woman Could?	13
In What Respect Is Your Mind above the Average?	17
Have You Ever Asked Yourself what Pet Prejudices Indicate?	21
What First Brought You to Think about Religion?	24
What People Want to Know about the Experience of Dying	29
Would You Take a Ride in a Flying Saucer?	34
The Two, or Three (Poem)	38
Are You Worrying Needlessly over a Day of Judgment?	39
Would You Change Roles with an Angel?	47
"I Am Son of God on a Mission"	48

BRIGHT HORIZONS, issued 10th of each month by Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. Pelley, Editor; A. M. Henderson, Business Manager. Subscription: \$5 per year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copies. Not connected with any Denomination, Creed, Cult, or Political Ism. Copyright 1953 by Soulcraft Chapels. Quotations permitted when credit is given. Address all communications to Soulcraft Chapels, Noblesville, Ind.



—The Garden of Gethsemane as it is today



Bright HORIZONS

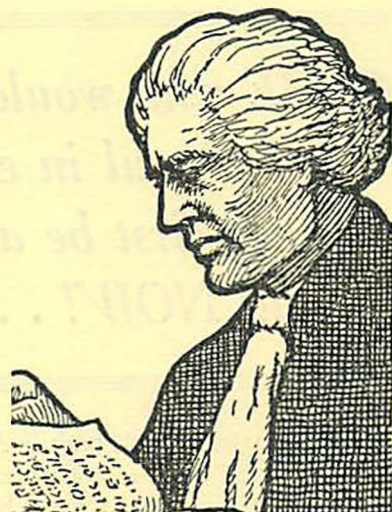
A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal

VOLUME ONE

OCTOBER, 1953

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“WHY Am I the Person that I Am?”



IT PROBABLY is no particular news to you that the one infallible identification of yourself as a distinctive human being is the design of your fingerprints.

There is said to be something like two billion human beings alive in all the countries on earth, civilized or uncivilized. That means

there are 1,999,999,999 other persons alive with you on earth at this moment, and not a man, woman, or child among them has precisely the same design of whorls and ridges on the tips

¶ *DO YOU Realize
that in the Entire
Universe there Is
No other Individual
Who Is the Exact
Duplicate of YOU?*

of his eight fingers and two thumbs that yours display.

It takes the thoughtful person to wonder who prescribed exactly the pattern of whorls and ridges that designates any given human being. Who prescribed yours, for instance? Did you do it yourself? If you did it yourself, shouldn't it mean that you must have had knowledge of what the other 1,999,999,999 were wearing any particular season in fingerprint designs, to make certain you wouldn't duplicate? But that is by no means the end of the matter of individualistic personality.

¶ *HE who would be a
great soul in eternity
must first be a great
soul NOW! . . .*

IN Washington, D. C., back in April of 1939, Prof. H. S. Burr, in collaboration with Dr. F. S. C. Northrop, read a paper before the National Academy of Sciences that caused considerable consternation.

They maintained for the first time that no two persons, anywhere in the earth, operated upon exactly the same electrical rate. Every person alive, from mightiest dictator down to dumbest peasant, was alive and conscious because he performed on a velocity that was distinctively his own.

You not only leave your nonduplicatable mark on whatever you touch with your fingertips throughout life, you actually whirr—in a manner of speaking—at an electrical speed not trespassed upon by any two-legged human exhibit on the five continents or the islands of the seven seas.

That wasn't all that Doctors Burr and Northrop gave out before the American Academy of Sciences, as we shall see in a minute. But it's enough to bring some of us up short in any deprecative opinion of our importance to the universe.

We may think that because we may be using a name that has repetitions a hundred times in the national census, or live in a side street, drive a second-hand car, and work in an office where fifty people do almost the same work, that we really don't amount to much that is vital in the universe.

Back of that universe, however, it begins to be disclosed that another set of identifications exists, crediting every human being as equally of the same importance as any other human being, high or low in the social scale, male or female, rich or poor, white or colored.

It is time that each and everyone of us knew about these higher distinctions, that we may know more than we apparently do about Individuality, what it is, where it comes from, and what purpose it serves.

Let's look closer at what Prof. Burr contended—

“EVIDENCE exists in the bodies of living beings,” these two imminent scientists gave out fourteen years ago, “that there is an ‘electrical architect’ that molds and fashions the individual after a specific and apparently *predetermined* pattern, that remains within the body from the pre-embryonic state until the moment of corporeal death.”

This Electrical Architect was characterized by Prof. Burr *as the real I of the individual*.

“All else in the human body undergoes constant and continual change,” Professor Burr declared. “The myriads of individual cells of which the body is made, *except the brain cells*, grow old and die, to be replaced by other cells. But the Electrical Architect remains, the only ‘constant’ throughout life. It builds the new cells and organizes them throughout life after the pattern of the original cells and thus, in a

literal sense, constantly recreates the body.

"Only when the individual dies, does the Architect go out of physical existence," reported Professor Burr. "In a sense it might be said, that the reverse is true: death comes to an individual after the Electrical Architect within himself has ceased to function or departs, either because of disease or a gradual slowing down of activities to the zero point in extreme old age."

The question is a sound one to ask: Granted this Electrical Architect is a bona fide entity of a sort, is it the determining factor in the distinctive design of the whorls and ridges on the ends of the human digits, and from whence does its knowledge derive to such end?

It leaves us wondering if the activation of a distinctive electrical rate evokes the marvel we call consciousness in the beginning, or is it the other way about?

Get around the fact we cannot, however, that Nature is neutral and dispassionate toward social or financial prestige, but that Nature gives just as much time, attention, and largess to the monarch as to his humblest subject, to the learned Doctor of Laws as to the most improvident of his in-laws. These social and financial distinctions are all man-made, in other words. The whorls and ridges on the fingertips of the peasant are just as skillfully and intricately worked out as upon the digits of the king. The electrical rate of the millionaire banker is no different, *as a rate*, than the adulatory bootblack who shines his shoes. It is merely different in *velocity* . . .

VERY GOOD then, what interests us is the origin of the influences that have made us what we perceive when we greet ourselves in the morning mirror. The whole study of Esoterics—or mysticism as some call it—is the study of *How* we originated as persons, as well as *Why*. And not biologically, since every embryologist knows that. Spiritually, or cosmically.

If the Ageless Wisdom, lifting us above the



silly explainings and definings that would make a king of more import than a plowman, or a banker of more consequence than a bootblack, says that there is a common pattern or program which all of us as Units of Consciousness progress upward into greater and grander concepts of Life Itself, what we are interested in noting at this stage of our intellectual growth are the vital factors that are making us what we are.

We have distinctive fingerprints and a strictly personal electrical rate, identifying us by some Higher Intelligence in Cosmos. Over and over Jesus emphasized the truth of this cosmic distinction, particularly in His adjuration to remember that the hairs of our heads are all numbered. Again, when we ask Him to give us an epitomizing statement as to what was the real significance of His Galilean ministry, we find Him saying, "The fact that every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, *has a meaning, and an Inner Glory, and is precious in My Sight!*"

There is absolutely no room for either superiority or inferiority complexes in the larger and higher estimates with which each one of us is regarded.

WE SHOULD also remember that even as human Personality survives, so must the fingerprint identifications and Electrical

Architects survive—or rather, pass from one earthly incursion to another. How can we refute this when we have such an exhibit as Walter Stinson allowing the fingerprints to be taken of his materialized hand, two years after his physical Passing, and the Boston Police Department attesting in 72 instances that they were exact duplicates of fingerprints left behind on his toilet articles he had used before physical death?

Probably one of the biggest things that is due to confirm Reincarnation in another hundred years may be the reappearance of identical duplicating fingerprints—as souls who have been fingerprinted in one life, make the return incursion and bring their distinctive fingerprints with them.

If, when Walter Stinson comes to reincarnate permanently for a fresh mortal sojourn, his fingerprints do not tally with those on record in the Boston Police Department, then for some reason we must change such identifications, life unto life. And again we ask, Why?

But there is more than identification from finger whorls and ridges, or even the rate of the Electrical Architect. There is the item of personal appearance . . .



IS PERSONAL appearance a matter of genes transferred from sire to offspring, biologically, or is it the result of factors within the Electrical Architect? All of us have met twins who looked so nearly alike that we had to question them in some embarrassment, "Please tell me, are you Janice or Jeanne?" All of us have met people who despised and detested their physical aspect—in fact it might be said that the person hasn't been born who didn't feel disgruntled at some feature of his physical self that was not to his liking. One woman dis-

likes people with "green" eyes—and her own eyes have the greenish tinge. A lad is born with a constitutional aversion to males with weak chins—someone has sold him on the notion that the prognathous jaw is the sign of positive "character"—and looking anxiously in the mirror at himself in profile, he decides that he, alas, is developing the facial silhouette of an Andy Gump.

If we be the Electrical Architects of our own physical selves, why do we seem to supply ourselves with many of the very features we affect to despise? Why don't all girls prescribe movie-queen personalities for themselves, and all males affect the physical contours of a Daniel Webster or John Barrymore?

Can it be that the specific features we affect to despise in others, or deplore in ourselves, are really materializations of deficiencies in our temperaments, and it's the deficiency we resent and not the physical manifestation that displays in result of it?

THIS is one of the big mysteries that Soulcraft affects to solve—what ingredients enter into the pattern or design produced by our Electrical Architects, and why they are what they are. It is not enough to say that we have come about in result of the experiences we have gone through. What number of earthly experiences could give us blonde hair when we greatly desire deep rich chestnut, or supply us with a 110-lb stripling body when we would aspire to the biceps of a Dempsey?

Let's consider these qualifying factors in their places, remembering as foundation for them all that Somebody or Something, Somewhere, must decree the distinctive fingerprints we maintain throughout life, and the Electrical Rate at which we operate corporally. They boil down to the one basic fact that *we are as important in the universe as the most celebrated aristocrat that features it in any continent.* Very good, important in what respect?

Soulcraft, if it does nothing else, enables you to determine it.

What Secret Ambition Are You Hiding from Others?



HERE IS much, it seems, that we don't understand about Ambition. Too many of us confuse it with Aspiration. The two have separate and distinct qualities of meaning.

The dictionary defines Ambition as "an eager or inordinate desire for preferment, honor, superiority, power, or attainment." Strangely enough, it is a Latin term deriving from the same root as Ambient. Ambient means "moving around; encompassing on all sides." Ambition comes from "ambitio, a moving around as for one who solicits votes." Aspiration means, "a longing for what is elevated or above one."

Perhaps you think these definitions are splitting hairs in significances. But when we apply them to the secret inner wells of our being and character, they become extremely pertinent.

If you are given to aspiration, it means that you generally desire to rise to that which is

¶ *Your Private Longings and Hungers Often Supply Cues to Your Basic Purpose for Coming Anew into Mortality*

higher or commendable. When you are given to ambition, you are given to desire and working for or toward some specific goal or quest.

All of us aspire to that which is better, or improved or more profitable to ourselves, commercially, culturally or socially. But when we have ambition toward this or that, we are being specific in our designs and symbolically "moving about and soliciting votes" for it.

HOWEVER, we don't expend ourselves thus specifically without a reason. A youth may "have an ambition to be President of the United States". A maiden may set her cap to marry a certain man, or become a movie queen, or swim the English Channel. Most men admit to an ambition to acquire a lot of money because of the plutocratic power that wealth provides. Most women have ambition to lead socially in their particular set, or be known as charming and accomplished hostesses, or be revered wives and mothers.



But something specific is always moving deep in the subconscious personality to cause either these masculine or feminine designs.

If any ambitious person could be isolated, induced into a deep trance—where the eternal and everlasting soul is divorced from any physical reactions to the current physicality—and asked to explain why in his waking state he is obsessed with pursuing this or that ambition, the answer might be as startling as it is enlightening.

Uniformly he would say, "I need the profit in my composite spiritual character from the experience of realizing it. I feel the urge to attain to it because it best expresses the execution of the errand for which I got myself born into mortality."

Here and there we would find the party who is pursuing this or that goal because of the karma it permits him to pay toward those with whom he has business to adjust left over from

earlier life-sequences. But that will be the exceptional case. Few men follow given vocations or avocations because it allows them opportunity to adjust debts owing or owed.

When we open up the deep subconscious mind of the average person, we discover he knows clearly and positively what the qualities and attributes are which he lacks. Most people have gotten themselves born into new bodies to pursue activities that will make them strong or facile in the particular deficiencies handicapping them in "keeping up with the Joneses on the Higher Spiritual Octaves."

Moreover, the more positive they have been about perfecting themselves in this or that deficiency, the more overweening will be their worldly ambition in affecting a given pursuit with its definite laurels.

ACTUALLY there is practiced among the metaphysicians of the world what could logically be called Mystical Psychiatry. It is more or less of a science, finding out what a given person's life errand is to himself.

It startles the novice, hearing about it for the first time, that he has lived before, hundreds and perhaps thousands of times more. It is "the great hypnosis of flesh" that makes it seem new to him for the moment, although he will cheerfully admit to his spells of overwhelming realization of having been in precisely a given situation before, doing practically the same things.

No matter who the person is, however, or what his age or social station, if he can be gotten into the proper trance where physical sensations from the current life are neutralized or made moribund, his Eternal Memory can be persuaded to function. That is to say, the current fleshly veil on memory will fall aside and he will look back over the long and volatile agenda of lives he has lived, and recognize himself for what he has been in each one of them, and what he has accomplished. He will not only see himself as participant in bygone civilizations and perchance historical events,

but will recall the tongues he has spoken in each bygone land and clime.

One Ohio young woman coming under the direct observation of the editor of this monthly, *spoke nine bygone foreign tongues fluently* on being brought from such trance. She declared she simply remembered them. A young man, born in Niagara Falls, and holding down his first job after high school in Washington, D. C., became such an expert in the Mayan tongue *in one evening* by having his eternal memory activated, that he secured a high-salaried and honored position as professional interpreter and linguist on a Central American expedition for a national history museum at 24 years of age. There was no particular miracle to the Gift of Tongues supposed to be practiced by the early apostles. *What actually happened to them was having the veil taken off their earlier memories of life in flesh, when they had spoken those tongues in their natural life pursuits.*

It is only futile and a sign of immaturity or downright ignorance to argue the truth of such recollection with the mystical psychiatrist—he has witnessed or participated in too many tests where memories of earlier lives have been restored.

What we are interested in considering for the moment is the purblind and subconscious "instinct" as it's erroneously called, to follow or not follow a given vocation or pursue some particular ambition. Always we find, no matter who we select for examination, that "a hole in the character is being chinked up" by striving toward this or that goal, until the Mystical Psychiatrist almost pronounces—

"Show me what the ambition of a given man or woman is, and I'll describe for you in ten minutes what they're expecting life to give them in the present instance."

Take an illustration—

A MAN "has ambition" to enter politics, to be alderman, assemblyman, governor, congressman, senator, Cabinet officer, President.

THE ONLY peace is the peace of accepting graciously what happens to us, all adventures in experience. Provocation may be divine decree ordering our lives. When experiences are lived, and the profit extracted, they are little more than rubbish—golden rubbish in the waste-bins of memory.

If he be a real statesman, he may have contracted to aid the people of a given country in a great social revaluation at some definite time, or serve as mentor to whole States—as Lincoln undoubtedly did. Lincoln's karmic record in Cosmos has long since disclosed to the Mystical Psychiatrist that he was one of the great souls still in touch with this earth-planet in a shepherding capacity. But if our ambitious male be more or less content with the office, stipends, and adulation that go with ordinary pull-and-tug politics, he may be serving a dozen different ends in the cultivation of his spirit. Probably the greatest lesson the run-of-the-mill politician is learning is official and public responsibility for his acts and opinions translated into social censures. It is more than a mere "power-complex" that is being served, although the complex to power may seem to enter into it. The power-complex of itself has deeper spiritual motives underlying it; it is a result in itself rather than a cause.

To have his convictions, and acts springing from his convictions, constantly and infallibly passed upon by great masses of men, with attendant rise and fall in personal fortunes as they are meritorious or injurious, together with the chastisements and disciplines that come from constant winning or losing of political campaigns—the male soul is learning how to think soundly and conscientiously on vital issues, at the same time cultivating poise in his

ministrations in the limelight, clearness of tongue and expression in speech, general erudition in the behavior of masses of people, that in lives still ahead will graduate him into the true Lincoln-esque statesman with a place secure in history.



A GIRL is born, let's say, with an overwhelming urge within her to succeed as a dramatic actress. She is dramatic in her everyday temperament, or reaction to life's banalities. She quickly forges to the front in high school dramatics, joins or organizes a Little Theatre Movement, soon is attending dramatic school, perhaps has foolishly married a man whom she thinks can advance her "professional career"—although she divorces him swiftly enough when she finds he can't or doesn't. Finally the day comes when her agent signs her up to play a part in a Hollywood spectacle and she attracts the attention of a producer who decides to star her in his next production.

It is safe to surmise offhand that such a woman-soul in one of her earlier near-lives has been timid and shrinking to her own spiritual hurt, has been provincial, perhaps the conjugal vassal of some bigoted male who has degraded her or warped her personality. She has, between her lives, taken a good look at herself and observed what a spineless and willy-nilly character she has been letting mortal experiences make her. She "gets her spunk up" might be a way of expressing it, and determines she is going to administer a life to her-

self when she shall grasp and retain the limelight though she die a thousand deaths of nerve-wrack, when she shall be minutely inspected by the ribald eyes of tens of thousands on the audience side of the foot lights, when every physical and temperamental asset she possesses shall be weighed, catalogued and traded in by fleshly theatrical merchants, when she shall gamble all that life holds for her on affecting a mass popularity with the fickle public.

She does these things, and becomes strong and self-reliant—even brazen to her provincial sisters—not to mention tasting of the sweets of adulation and riches on the heights of professional success.

The list of the lessons to spirit is endless that the various worldly careers provide.

So it behooves the person whose score with life is on the whole average, to ask himself—or herself—if some secret ambition he or she is hiding from the world, is not the original excuse for entering life as a child and in a more candid and faithful serving of that ambition, the real life-success will come.

View the whole business from the agenda of all the lives one has lived, and fresh values and capabilities become apparent in the current sojourn. It seems to be because people let their true life-errands be deflected or aborted or prostituted, that so much dissatisfaction and unhappiness grows rife.

At any rate, the first step in discovering the Self is to examine to its fullest the Rebirth tenets and grasp their significances.

Revelations and disclosures can then be expected as a matter of course.

¶ "WHAT YOU do lovingly, not seeing the reward, is surely God's work. Sow! Sow! And whatever is of God will come up and will be reaped, not by you as a man but by that in you which did the sowing" —TOLSTOI

“Would I Marry My Husband Again in Another Life?”



¶ *SOME Questions a Woman Asks Herself When She Explores the Disclosures of the Ageless Wisdom*



NO WOMAN goes far in Soulcraft before she begins making some perturbing discoveries. Particularly does she make some perturbing discoveries in regard to Matrimony itself.

Gradually as the *real* Plan of Life unfolds to her, in a comprehensive and rational philosophy of why life's intimate relationships are what they are, she finds that she must discard the former hit-or-miss theories of the evolutionists, particularly those of the Natural Selection School, and look upon her married state as one of two

things: either she is the close conjugal companion of what is descriptively called the Masculine Half of Herself, or she is substituting for some other woman in her husband's life whom he either can't find and maybe will never locate.

Of course the man of the partnership must make the same decision in respect to herself. Either she is the Feminine Half of Himself, or he too is substituting in *her* life for someone she cannot locate—or perchance both of them are paying off obligations to each other, originated in an earlier contact and association. More about this in a moment.

Clearer and clearer it becomes apparent to both, that when a man and woman are the correct complementing parts of each other—from which that hackneyed and much abused term, Soul Mates, has come—they never “fall out of love” nor divorce one another. They are too dear and close for any such ribald behavior. But when they are *substitutes* for life-partners who cannot be located—or at least haven't been located to the moment of disclosure of these truths—anything may happen. And it usually does.

If it be a karmic situation they are mutually working out, anything too may occur—good, bad, or indifferent. The point is, that in some previous career or contact one has gotten the other tremendously in his or her debt, usually through atrocious treatment, and they have come together in the current life-span to work out amends. The important thing is, when the amends have been made, will they stay together or will they break up? And if there be children, what about their destiny? . . . can it be callously ignored?

To get back first to this Natural-Selection error . . .

¶ **“MEN MUST be taught,”** said Pope, **“as though you taught them not, and that unknown proposed as things forgot . . .”**

THE PURBLIND Evolutionists and psychologists of yesterday have held the stage for a hundred years with the theory—and that’s all it has been—that a woman beheld certain appearances or qualities in a man’s personality that she “admired”, and when romantic love had flowered from such attraction, she surrendered herself to respectable concubinage under a religious or civil marriage contract, and physically became his intimate paramour.

So Church and State have regarded Marriage for a hundred generations.

The truthful history of Matrimony has been, that it originated in the status of Woman as a conceded spoil of war. The strongest or most audacious chieftain conquered an enemy tribe, clan, or nation, and had the women captives paraded before him. If there was one of outstanding grace, charge and pulchritude, he reduced her to lifelong personal servitude to his vanities or passions. Such was the beginning of wifehood.

To hear the evolutionists tell it, males and females played about a Paradisical world and the sexes sorted themselves into pairs by a sort of instinctive sixth sense, that joined all the finest masculine properties to all the most gracious feminine properties, and from such unions, ideal offspring peopled the earth and subdued it.

The facts of the case have been, that up to within little more than a hundred years, even in English speaking countries, the majority of marriages were arranged by the girl’s parents and the Poor Dear had to accept what Mother and Father stipulated. Moslem countries still sell women for breeding purposes in slave markets by the truckload. In France of today, all marriages are family managed. If anything has not been true, and not worked, it’s been the Natural-Selection formula. In the United States, only within the past generation has woman approached anything like parity with Man and man’s reaction to it is a good-natured cynicism that “woman is wearing the pants and running everything.” Woman has seemingly always made the best bargains with life that she could manage, and more or less gotten the tough end of the deal.

WHAT SOCIETY has yet to learn is, that a great law of Similiarity of Vibration operates to bring together specified men and women who belong to each other as life-partners, no matter what the type of civilization under which they are born. Each man and woman who are halves of the one divine soul-essence will be pulled together by a strange

cosmic magnetism though continents divide them. Once together, they remain together. This was undoubtedly the basis for the Biblical *clique* that "Marriages are made in heaven." What the Biblical writer meant was, that unions between soul-halves are arranged before ever coming into life as infants. But here is where all the seeming difficulty between the sexes appears to arise—

If it so happens that one of the cosmic complements is "sitting out a life" in the higher dimensions because of too fast a development for the other to match, the one in earth-life—with a gnawing heartache for the one not present in the current sequence—takes whatever substitute turns up as available, usually someone of similar temperament and appearance to the true mate. And this is the marriage that fails to work out. It fails to work out because the true magnetic coil connecting them is sparkless.

Or there is another cause for marital disruption—the man who finds and marries a certain woman to make amends to her for cruel and inhuman treatment in a previous life or lives, or some injury done her for which a life-sequence of support and cherishment can effect a balance. And the same circumstance may operate in the man's behalf.

So marrying a life partner because of his or her pleasing manner, or similar tastes, or sentimental affection that wears thin with intimate association, is more or less a fantasy.

THE WOMAN who would "marry her husband over again" is undoubtedly joined to her cosmic mate, whose wife and companion she has been for an untold number of lives. It isn't so much that "everything is right" about him; it's that she is utterly familiar with every twist and twirk of his temperament, and knows him quite as well as he knows himself—perhaps better. Being mated to the same cosmic Other-Half of herself for such interminable periods, he is the entity she calls up when connubiality is mentioned.



It isn't a question of whether or not she would marry him over again, or whether he promised this or that to her, and did, or did not, carry out his promise that she fancied made for happiness. She will marry her true cosmic complement again and again till all need for earthly incarnation ends.

Criticism of the married partner, that leads to so much "unhappiness", isn't criticism as an individual so much as comparison of him with the true mate she feels she belongs *to*, and *with*. In her private and subconscious mind—or perhaps not so subconscious—she has an image of the character of the mate with whom she is completely at home, and who fills her marital fancy because he vibrates at exactly the same magnetic impulse that she vibrates. It is disappointment that the current husband does not duplicate this so-called "ideal" of hers,

that brings about the incompatibility. Gradually the discrepancies between him and her originally magnified until a state of almost continual belligerence is reached.

Then there is another member added to the Reno divorce colony and life flows along as before . . .

IF YOU wish to learn the complete exposition of how the Bi-Sexuality of the Soul works out in practice—an agenda of behavior as old as the Orphic Mysteries of ancient Greece—you should acquire and give a careful reading to the fifth important Soulcraft book, *Adam Awakes*. The symbolism of the entire Edenic story is worked out in scientific mysticism of the Twentieth Century of 302 pages of surpassing wisdom, most of it obtained from great intellects who have long since graduated out of mortality.

But the woman who muses in the quiet hours, after she has gotten the children to bed, and the spouse has departed for the evening at lodge, billiard-hall or “work at the office,” whether or not she would marry the brute over again if she had second choice, is only playing with purblind fantasy.

She is married to that particular man either because her ideal mate has not yet located her—or she, him—or is not in life in the current generation, or she is working out a problem that only the husband-wife relationship can

solve. She has but herself to thank for it.

As for the offspring of such a transient or substitute union, wisdom more than sentimentality is needed to see the whole setup in its correct implications. No child comes to any pair of parents against its will, or without its knowing most of what the conditions are due to be, under which that parental pair will raise it. Those children are souls probably quite as old as the parents in the cosmic sense, if the truth could be known. They too have come into the current domestication to work out karma that lies between themselves and parents, or one another as brothers and sisters.

The chart of life is a fearful and wonderful thing, and requires long plotting and arranging, which is why so long a time is usually taken off between earth-lives to plot it. Furthermore, its length in preparation is the more truthful cause for the phenomenon of frantic Self-Preservation.

So if you feel you are an unhappily married man or woman, try to discover what the personal problem is, that you are working out with the current partner of your so-called Joys and Sorrows.

As the mystery begins to clear up, so will your rancors making for incompatibility.

You might be surprised how swiftly you lose your seeming hatred for that which you intelligently understand, and realize you have entered with malice aforethought . . .



WHY do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing? Because they will not be at peace with the values of life after they have been beneficently demonstrated . . .

What One Thing Is My Wife Teaching Me . .

*that I could get
from nobody else?*



THE BACK-SEAT driver has become an American institution. She is, of course, feminine. The standard jest concerning her is the excuse given the traffic officer by the much-married driver as to how the destructive accident had happened. "My wife," he lamented, "fell asleep in the back seat."

It is easy to censure the "bossy" woman. Too little attention is paid to the motives that bring the condemnation. To say that the woman in the average instance of husband-bossing has the more grey matter than the henpecked man is to treat the matter superficially. Why should such unions come about in the first place? Still more significant, why does any woman presume to play the dominating role in a marriage at all?

The common garden variety of psychologist declares from his profundities in the obvious, that the domineering or advice-giving wife is a case of aggravated maternity. She has played the role of child-guardian, nurse, governess, and withal counselor to immature child-souls she has nurtured till it has become second nature to include the husband in her directives. There is likewise a variety of feminine sentimentalist that will solemnly assure whomsoever listens that "all men are but little boys to women" anyhow—thus implying that the adult human female is the only mature creature alive.

That the average woman's constitutional prerogative—to supply gratuitous advice to her man in practically any situation arising in their common affairs—may have a more or less cosmic basis, is suspected only by the deeper student of Mysticism.

IT HARKS back to the difference between the mundane planes of consciousness and the loftier gradations of life and intellect. This plane of physical earth is the plane of action, contest, aggression, and withal experiment to

prove what causes result in what effects. These are masculine pursuits. We are solemnly counselled that the higher Thought Planes are areas of reflection, cogitation, analysis, and withal gestation and assimilation. These are uniformly feminine pursuits. In consequence of both, Man is the dominating factor in the earth-scene, whereas Woman is the dominating factor in the Thought-Scene.

When both souls are functioning in the physico-material world, the masculine takes predominance over the feminine. When both souls are functioning together on the loftier levels of life—in the long periods between physical existences—the feminine takes predominance over the masculine.

The popular way of putting it might be, "The earth-world is ruled by Men, the interim higher worlds—or planes—are ruled by Women," only "ruled" is too harsh a term to use for describing it. The "ruling" is merely an intuitive concernment for the general welfare of the husband, the family, or society, brought down from the Woman's World of the thought-planes and exercised more or less subconsciously. It is the very essence of motherhood, certainly, but in the case of the wife-partner to a marriage, we find it exercising militantly when the man is not measuring up to opportunities for improvement in character for which he came into mortality.



The woman, we might put it, takes it upon herself to see that the husband conducts himself so that the incursion will not be wasted.

She does not recognize consciously that such is the thing she is doing. But it amounts to that in practice.

EVERY man, in every life, is learning something more or less specific by being joined in domestic life to the woman he is—just as every woman is improving herself spiritually while on this plane by being the spouse of a given man. If they were not thus reacting upon one another for a mutual profit, the marriage never would have materialized. The actions and reactions from matrimony, derived over a period of years, are far too consequential to be indulged in from caprice. Of course there is always the type of marriage that is based upon a paying off of karma, but it is the exception and not the rule.

The average normal marriage is an open-and-shut case of two people having come together in connubial intimacy because each contributes benefits to the association—the woman by her criticisms, harsh or affectionate, which either make the man stronger or correct him in temperamental blunderings; the man in his defendings of the woman's personality in a scheme of existence where she is compelled to play the minor role, or tutoring her in ways of worldly wisdom that are strictly the awards of actionist-experience.

Lifelong association with the temperament of the average wife instructs and perfects the normal man in one or more attributes. The most common is command of emotions resulting in injustice to others. The next most common is cultivation of patience. The third is development of strength of constancy to an ideal.

LET US say that man has come into life displaying the tendency to a vile temper, with callous disregard of the rights of others, or an aggressiveness that too often creates karma whose payment concerns both of them. Legion are the noble women who have married such males and "gone to work on them." Ignorant relatives or purblind neighbors bemoan the fact that Isobel seems determined to "make Horace over" into something she appears to cherish as her "ideal." But considered of her-

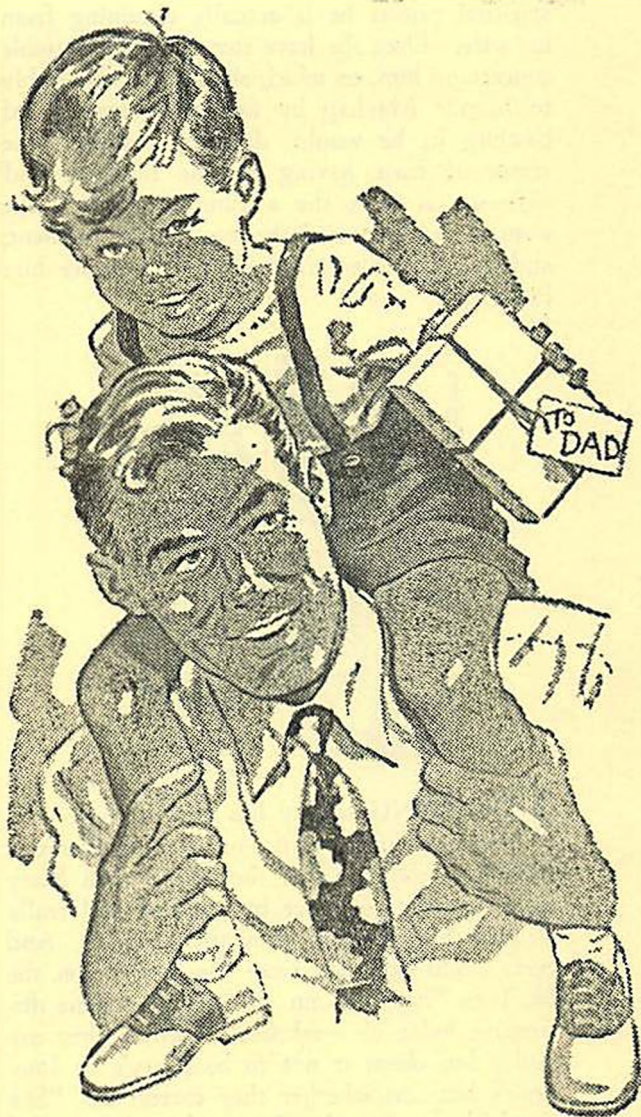
self, a little reflection brings the realization that Isobel must have some reason for making Horace over that by no sensible standards could benefit herself. Her ideal is Horace as she knows subconsciously he should be.

In other words, she is not trying to make Horace over for her own sake but for his. And the wise Mystical Psychiatrist sees the function of the complementing female-half of the soul in operation, carrying out the arrangement arrived at between them before getting themselves born. Over a lengthy period of time, the attention of Isobel's tenacities does alter her husband's character, much as he fancies he resists it.

When they arrive back on the Thought Planes, he will see that while the discipline developed its times of chagrin and even rancor, nevertheless she did a passably good job. Actually his love and devotion will deepen for her, because she stuck with it through blackest discouragements.

EVERY MAN is learning something every day from the particular wife with whom he is carrying out his prenatal compact. She may not forever be the loquacious and chiding type; she may be the reproachful-eyed gentle lady whose feelings are deeply wounded when her ministrations seem resented. Or the things he may be learning may not reach him in vocal form. She may be a woman who sets man his best example by her reactions to circumstances, and from accommodating himself to what seem to be her balances or foibles, he is gaining in his own character without always being aware of it.

Nine out of ten men, in their moments of being strictly honest with themselves, generally admit that many a case of turmoil might have been avoided "if they had only listened to their wives." Women, being more naturally psychic than men, are more readily open to warnings and wisdoms from invisible sources, and while they term this psychic sensitivity "intuition", their counsel is no less priceless. This is by



no means saying that every loquacious shrew is a masculine benefactress. But the average wife is far from being a loquacious shrew—she is a sincere feminine soul who wishes the best for her man, and wants earnestly to aid him to the utmost of her wisdom.

What Mr. Average Man should do is withdraw into himself more than he does, repress his outraged vanities, and take stock of the

spiritual profits he is actually obtaining from his wife. Does she have some particular foible concerning him, on which she seems insufferably to harp? Mayhap by facing it instead of battling it, he would discover precisely the secret of their having become husband and wife—or at least the attributes in which the woman has surpassed the man to the moment, and in which she intuitively strives to see him catch up.



TOO LONG society has viewed these relationships in ignorance or mystical illiteracy. Men have thought that they came upon Mary or Imogene at a dance by accident and really wedded her through romantic caprice. And every night and day since the honeymoon she has been "harping" on one string at some distressing habit or weakness of which they are guilty but deem it not to be Mary's or Imogene's business whether they correct it. "She should have seen what I was when she married me," a man will growl, "and not expect me to become something different just to please her."

But Mary's or Imogene's expectation of a man's becoming something different, may truly have been the esoteric reason why the marriage came off as prenately arranged. The cue to their situation is not stupidly to fight it but strive to analyze, comprehend and apply it. The day is ahead in social erudition when men

and women shall know more intelligently why marriages come about as they do. Even perfectly attuned halves of the same cosmic soul may not always be in strict temperamental balance. One may have "gotton more" out of a prior life than the other, and gone farther along The Path. Now, in life anew, if the wife be slightly in the lead in spiritual progress, she will feel a sweet moral tenacity to hasten her masculine half along faster, that they may arrive at the end of the Journey in absolute step, one with the other.

Taking marriages as they come and go, however, the "nagging" woman is merely the woman trying to assure her husband's progress, who has given up prematurely in discouragement because her efforts seem not successful enough to warrant patient concern. She resorts to a hysterical abuse that is cynicism executed through internal tears.

The truly astute man, awakened suddenly to great esoteric meanings behind most life relationships, will turn about and ask his loyal but weary spouse to tell him frankly and constructively wherein he is defective—and pay attention to what she answers.

Ninety out of a hundred wives will be telling their husbands truths that the husbands should pay money to hear, but won't.

After all, the poor dears are striving to do the best job they know how with what talents they may have perfected to a given life themselves. It's their intent that counts, and for which all credit to them.

And there's always the married type, trying to handle the steering-wheel on life's motorcar who sees complication approaching and cries, "Harry, Harry, what shall I do now?"

The husband never lived who could not forbear to respond, "Just relax, my dear, and do precisely what you'd tell me to do, if you were in the back seat and I beneath the steering-wheel."

God help all of us, . . . we seem to be so supersensitive about accepting criticism from those who love us most.

IN WHAT Respect Are You a "Natural-Born" Specialist?

Q *HAS Anyone Ever Suggested that
Your Instinctive Traits May Mark
the Reason Why You Are in Life?*



IN REALMS of Higher Intellect, where almost all esoteric enlightenment originates—meaning octaves of life higher than the mortal—it is taken for granted that no soul goes into mortality without aspiring to serve a purpose unto itself that is more or less definite. Only the ignorant, the purblind, the indifferent, or those who have never bethought to do much examining of the matter, accept that earthly life is a hit-or-miss adventure. People go into mortality to improve themselves, to undergo experiences that strengthen or refine their characters, or to perform some specific service to the race as teachers, artists, or leaders of spirit. There is no way under heaven that anyone could be forced into physical life, assuming he resented undergoing the ordeal.

Handcuffs or leg irons cannot be clamped on spirit-bodies. The only thing that can influence spirit this way or that is the proximity of a Majestic vibration in whose immediate neighborhood it cannot long remain because of the distress resulting. Spirit can remove itself from the vicinity of such vibratory force, but the same force cannot compel Consciousness to do anything against its will but depart.

The location that we call a Plane of Spirit is naught but an octave where the soul-entities all operate pretty much at the same vibratory velocity. It is an impious folly to think that such a plane or octave could be invaded by some variety of cosmic sheriff, who hunted down this or that soul and ordered it arbitrarily to "get down to the earth-plane and be born."



The fact of the matter seems to be, that

more spirit-souls want to get back into earth conditions voluntarily than there are gestating infant bodies to accommodate them—which appears to account for the selections of parents so incongruously made.

Some spirits, we are told—especially depraved spirits—will go to any lengths to get a mother to bear them.

Spirit is “free” on any plane of consciousness excepting the mortal, where it is circumscribed by limitations of the physical. Odd as it may appear, this is precisely the reason why the profit is so great by returning into mortality. Problems are projected in a state where the spirit is circumscribed by occupancy of the physical vehicle, which can be encountered nowhere else. Still, that is not the point.

Q A SIMILAR and consistent pattern for every life rears like a skeleton of steel through every age, giving it form. It cannot be altered by mankind since it was never man-made. When the individual has gone through all experiences he has either evolved a spiritual entity worth preserving or burned himself to a cynical cinder. This entity may reasonably be called the Soul.

CONVERSE with great intellects, that have become such from vast experience, brings the enlightenment that as the spirit-soul climbs higher and higher in the Afterlife, clearer and clearer its handicaps and defects are brought home to it. Gently and constructively it is convinced that the readiest and most effective way to overcome those handicaps and remedy those defects is to make a return trip into earth-life, in such family or civic relationships,

or in such educating environment, that it grows the strength and wisdom to “handle itself”.

This means that, to have any given life deliver the wanted benefits, two things must be determined with reasonable accuracy—

What actually *are* the defects that the soul-spirit wishes to overcome by drastic and educating earth-experience, and,

What environment or agenda of events involving such spirit-soul will turn it out with weaknesses discarded and intellect enhanced.

This sums up to nothing more nor less than the Charted Life.

THE CHARTED life, generally described, might be called a mortal career not alone in a definite family, financial, or civic environment where conditions will educate the spirit-soul in what it needs most to make it strong, brainy and poised, but where it proposes to achieve certain goals, or consummate specific works that perforce require the association of others.

In the long intervals between returns to earth—averaging 200 to 500 years in most cases—the soul has ample time to take note of its deficiencies, analyze what would strengthen it or equip it for higher progressions of Spirit in loftier spheres, estimate what the life-experiences would be in a given country, a given social state, against a given economic background, and prescribe for itself freely, constructively and intelligently as it has light. Then it sets about making its arrangements with others, with whom it has karma, to work out such karma, or perfect liaisons for mutual achievements when the group shall have gone down into flesh and reached years of maturity.

These arrangements, involving dozens, scores, and perhaps hundreds of colleagues and compatriots, may in cases be complicated affairs. But the average soul is not concerned so much with grandiose team-achievements as in strengthening and refining its own character. Therefore, environment that will deliver the necessary educating experience is its prime pre-

natal concern. It is, comparatively speaking, a fairly simple matter to make such specifications as to environment.

What we are interested in considering at the moment is the strange condition that constantly occurs after life in the body is assured, when the spirit-soul becomes bored, fatigued, or confused with the lessons it is learning, and looks longingly at other roles of a less drastic character. Subconsciously it obeys the conditions it has chosen for itself by the vibratory, numerological or planetary influences under which it made its advent. *The Free Will involved was exercised before the incursion took place.* But the experiences his neighbor in mortality prenatally chose for *himself*, hold a certain glamor in that they are less onerous or more enticing.

Therefore do we find people continually toying with the idea of seeking other fields of experience, or essaying sidelines and seeming diversions, for which no prior arrangements have been made, to the neglect of the benefits it had hoped to obtain from the incursion—and perhaps *is* obtaining—but which distract from the learning of the predetermined lessons, or emasculate the benefits of a life filled with rigors.



Every person comes into mortality with the accumulated talents and wisdom it has acquired from all previous visitations into this earth-world. Society, not crediting prenatal intelligence, describes this fund of specialized erudition as "natural talent" or "hereditary traits," that it thinks was acquired, by some mysterious process of transfer, from parental forebears.

But legion have been the persons who have discounted the dividends from earlier experiences in flesh, to chase the rainbows of glamorous careers or projects that were more or less experimental adventures, bringing increment indeed but by no means the type of increment that the soul-spirit needs most impellingly, making the current incursion the success that was visualized.

MORTALITY is not without its exhibits of humanity—meaning soul-spirit enhoused in the fleshly limitation—that is so utterly exasperated with its need of the thing it entered life to obtain that it puts up a barrier against it, diverting itself with exploits that lead nowhere and accomplish nothing. The world stigmatizes such characters as "ne'er-do-wells."

The person who truly takes out of any given incursion into flesh the things it expected to secure, refusing to be sidetracked no matter how glamorous the distraction, we call "strong-willed." If, as, and when they become hysterical in their intensity to make the mortal sequence pay off as expected and arranged for, is mistakenly described as "obsessed"—hounded by a fanatical *idea-fixee* as the French term it.

But deep down in every man's and woman's soul—that really seems to be the repository we carelessly describe as the Subconscious—is the positive innate realization of what his strengths and weaknesses truly are. The trouble is, too few people ever take time out to look at themselves and make conscious inventory of those intuitive assets that are not intuitive at all but prenatal.

Anyone's "natural talent" is his concretions of living and experiencings in all the careers he has known to the moment. If it be a worthy talent, he should give it fullest expression and exercise, else his getting of it serves no purpose. To test it and rely upon it is one of his main life errands. As for weaknesses in his character that demand shoring up, these too the Inner Soul recognizes, and whatever strengthens and improves the mind or the will should be received with thanksgiving and hospitably treated.

IF ONE has specialized in some earthly activity over a whole agenda of careers, his Mind or Spirit must show itself above the average in such specialty. Mayhap, that exceptional attribute is volatile and energetic because the soul-spirit has deliberately entered life to practice it and make it a contribution to current society.

But too often the one who would analyze himself, exercise his strong points and recognize his weak, is scared away from such precious activity by the chiding of some witless relatives, not to be "introspective."

Introspection is treated as though it were a form of secret vice, whereas actually it is the beginning of all character analysis making for intelligent and constructive self-improvement.

Summing it up, do the thing for which you have the natural bent, but if, down under all the turmoils and frustrations, you have a natural bent for something that you are not permitting yourself to express, consider what remorse may possibly be yours if—looking back on your current career and taking inventory of it—you realize that the very thing you entered life to exercise, you neglected, ignored, or let yourself be "talked out of" by some witless person whose counsels stacked up as little but mischief.

Remember, life is by no means the unendurable thing that the ignorant or purblind try to make out—not when you become assured by

some sort of demonstration that people have lived before, yourself among the number, and will live as assuredly again as many lives as you can manage.

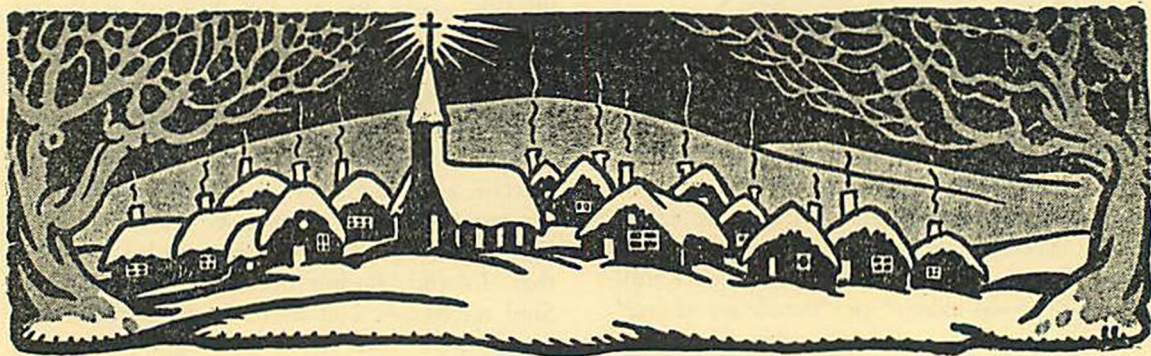
It is letting oneself be hypnotized into believing that "you have but one life to live and will be a long time dead" that makes the earthly sojourn so insufferable. You think of all the glamorous heights that others seem to have attained, that you never can obtain, and on the one-life-only basis you are discouraged and sick at heart.

Knowing consciously that mortality is a vast University of Experience, and that before you graduate—maybe up some ten to fifty thousand years hence—you will have attained and enjoyed every glamorous station and office that any man or woman has ever enjoyed or is enjoying at present, and you can relax and look dispassionately at the value of the experience you may be getting right at the moment.

It's the pressures of Things-that-Are-Not-So, that too often make physical existence the hell it seems.

Take the attitude that you're *Living in Eternity Now*, and given lives—meaning time—enough, you have every worldly experience and elevation coming to you, and a great sun of true celestialty starts breaking through to you.

Bathe in it richly. That too, is part of your curriculum.



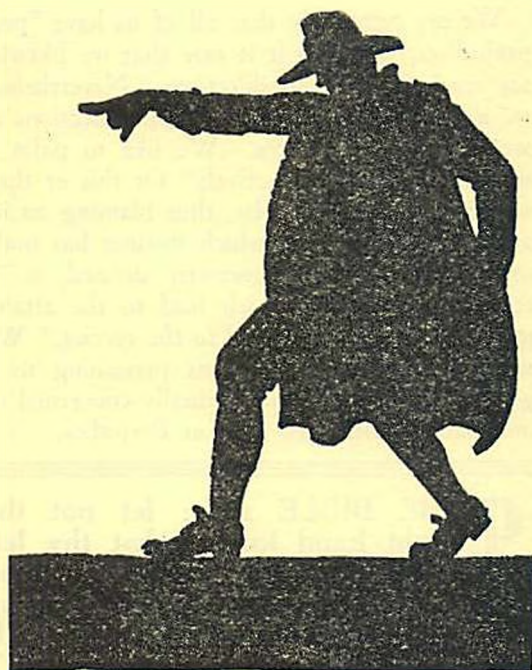
*Have You Ever
Asked Yourself?*

What Pet Prejudices Indicate . .



HERE ARE two words in the language that all of us should know more about than we do. One is Prejudice; the other is Predilection.

Too many people think that Prejudice means little more than Bias, or Bent, or Tendency to think or act in a certain way because in times past they have encountered unpleasant experiences acting in an opposite way, and "a burnt child dreads the fire." But Prejudice and Predilection mean more than capricious judgments about this or that. Prejudice means "a *preconceived* judgment or opinion, or a leaning to anything without just grounds or from insufficient knowledge." Predilection means the exact opposite of Prejudice, so we can consider them together.



¶ *Probably Nine Out
of Ten Come from
Memories of Dour
Experiences in
Earlier Lives . .*

It means "a prepossession *in favor* of something; to choose or like with partiality." Both mean passing judgment without considering evidence, one judgment unfavorable in advance, the other favorable in advance.

Now why on earth should reasonable human beings make up their minds *against* or *for* other people, institutions, movements, ideas or principles without adequate cause?

We say commonly that all of us have "pet" prejudices, although it is rare that we likewise say we have "pet" predilections. Nevertheless, we *do* have quite as many pet predilections as we have pet prejudices. We like to palm it off that we are "instinctively" for this or that, or against something else, thus blaming on instinct something with which instinct has nothing to do. Instinct, correctly defined, is "a tendency to actions which lead to the attainment of some goal *natural to the species*." We never talk about instinct as pertaining to a goal in which we are individually concerned or interested. But let's look at Prejudice.

THE BIBLE says: let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, but that's no license to pat a pretty woman's baby on the head with one hand while you pinch a homely woman's bambino with the other.

WE FORM likes and dislikes toward persons, movements or principles really from the Subconscious. We meet a new acquaintance and take an unreasoning dislike to his personality. "Subconsciously, something about him grates on us," is our common way of describing it. Or we put it colloquially and say, "Something about that girl to whom Joe introduced me, gets in my hair."

But two things may be at work.

The first and most common is, that the offending party unwittingly resembles someone we have known in the past, who either did us an injury or was connected with a sequence in which we suffered distress or loss. So we associate the features of one personality with the other, reasoning blindly—if we can call it reason—that individuals with certain traits of features, speech, or general manner in common, precipitate repetitions of distress or loss as natural performances when we are in the picture. We develop, in other words, what the garden

variety of psychologist calls a Complex—toward white eyebrows or loose bony fingers or deficiency in the tongue that causes saliva to misbehave if we stand too close during converse. We say to ourselves, perhaps more consciously than we realize, "The slimy so-and-so who euchred me out of my bonus money in World War I, had white eyebrows, long moist fingers and a tendency to fuzzy speech." So we take it for granted that characters with white eyebrows, elongated fingers and poor control over their pronunciations will euchre us out of military bonuses until all wars end.

The second thing at work may be more mystical but no less scouring . . .

ASSUMING ourselves to be male for sake of our exposition, three or four lives in the past, about the period that William the Conqueror was taking Britain, we had an odd predilection for a red-headed barmaid. She was cool, calculating, but withal enticing. Local roustabouts besought her favor, but because we had a generous legacy coming to us from an invalid uncle, she adroitly manipulated us into a marital engagement. The night before the marriage, she got us to make a general assignment of the property to her and had it recorded with the clerk of the manor. Next day she put off the ceremony till the uncle should have died. She kept finding excuses for postponing the nuptials until finally when the uncle did Pass Over, she disclosed her mercenary motives. She laid claim to the property as an engagement gift pure and simple, which, she contended, did not obligate her to go through with the marriage if she had cause to change her mind.

In other words, she swindled us romantically out of a rightful legacy so that we joined up with the Saxons, got into an exquisite scrimmage with Invader William, and ended up a week later with a Norse arrow through the heart.

That woman thus started a karmic debt.

To try to square it in the next life when

both were on earth in the Colonial period, she went through with the marriage contract, lived with us a twelve-month, and ran away with a handsome young Hessian at the close of the Revolutionary War. That deepened the debt.

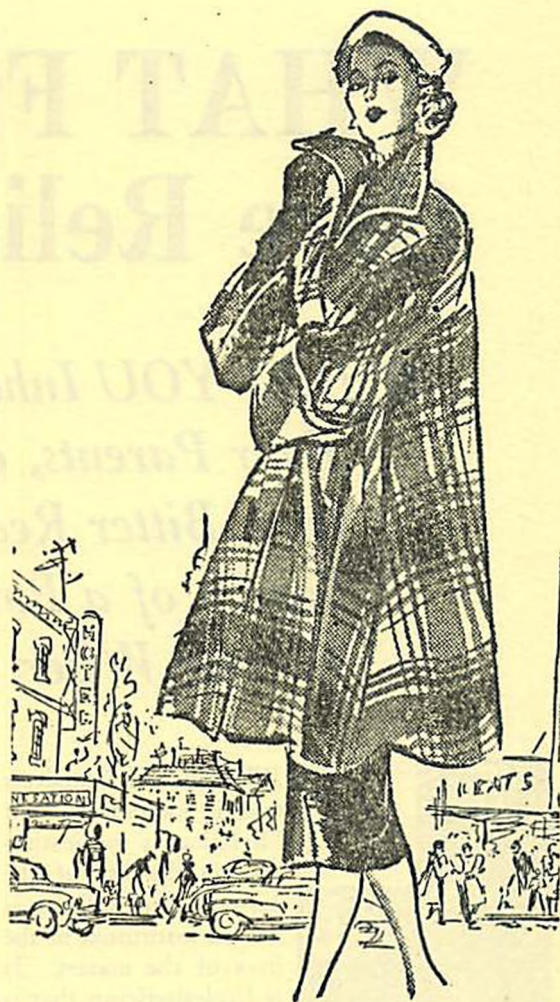
But in our prenatal memory something was registering. It was what was called an intuitive aversion to ladies with auburn tresses. They were "unlucky" for us. In a short period during the Civil War, the defecting redhead turned up again in the person of an embittered spinster aunt. She had that karmic debt hanging over her, and it tormented her, so she tried to make amends by adopting us when our parents were killed in a snowslide. Her rancor, at herself more than us, got the better of her, however, and the debt continued to pile up, because she gave us a loveless childhood. The red tresses she had brought through with her, life on life, always represented the wrong kind of woman in our eternal recollection.

When we run across her anew in modern life we despise her for her repentant and fawning manner toward us, and her somewhat poignant approaches to make amends without exactly knowing how. But we do remember that females with auburn tresses mean distress of some sort.

We have, as we say, a "prejudice" against redheads.

THIS IS a brief and overdrawn illustration but it does account for many of our pet prejudices in respect to types of people, or perhaps similarities between people. Due to our distresses from one redhead, we have prejudices against all redheads, and condemn them on sight as being avaricious, caloric of temperament, and generally insincere and unreliable.

We remember difficulties we have had by being involved with certain such types in the past or certain social departures, or certain religious or civic enthusiasms. We say we are prejudiced against people who talk too frankly or too irresponsibly or too audaciously. In the deep cache of the subconscious mind, we are toting



around every moment of our lives not so much the specific memories of our distressing associations with them as the *effect* of our involvements considered as effects.

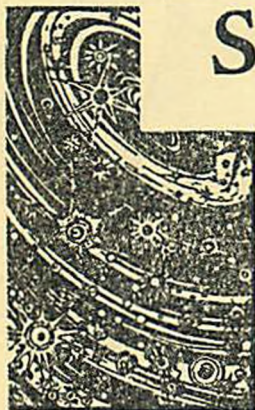
The alternative, of course, is to deliberately face the justice and releasing enlightenments that come when the mind is held open and tranquil.

But prejudices, and especially pet prejudices, in nine cases out of ten are complexes hanging over from previous careers.

To know what they are, is to turn the panacea of common sense and intelligence upon their causes.

WHAT First Brought Give Religion Serious

Q *DID YOU Inherit Your Faith from Your Parents, or Were You Fleeing from Bitter Realities, or Sincerely in Search of a Power Helping You to Become Wiser, Nobler and Stronger?*



SUPERFICIAL intellectuals take it for granted that "Religion is an institution in the life of the masses." But Religion is not an institution in the lives of the masses. It is Ecclesiasticism that is institutionalized.

Ecclesiasticism, correctly defined, is "the business of principles, forms, or practices applying to church government," and it comes from a Greek word meaning an assembly of citizens called out by the town crier. The berth is wide between organized theology and the mute appeal of the human heart for spiritual consolation and mortal succor in time of unspeakable ordeal.

Man from the most remote times has been either frightened or cowed by displays of su-

pernatural forces for which his so-called scientists had no explanation. So long as man proceeded from the brute reasoning that only that which is substantial has reality and therefore existence, the violation of such premise by invisible forms of life inspires him with either awe or terror—arousing reactions of a propitiation of forces that must logically be vindicative or they would make themselves intelligible.

So mankind reasons—if one may call it reasoning.

So from olden times there have ever been special persons psychically gifted, or brazen racketeers in tradings of Spirit, who have affected to deal officially with invisible and non-explainable forces. Back in the zodiacal times of Taurus, they were "medicine men", not far removed from the exorcists of the African bushmen or North American savages. In the solar month of Aries, they evolved into priest-hoods—performing rituals to the sun-god, of-

You to Thought?

TRUE RELIGION is the sensation of appreciative reverence for being allowed the gift of life in order to profit from the natural largess of a beneficent Creator



ficiating at burnt-offerings and even human sacrifices, conducting ordeals by fire. As world society followed the zodiacal course into Pisces, and worship throughout world society abandoned Fire—the Aries Sign—for Water, came another metamorphosis in those whose professional vocation was dealing with the Unseen. Clergymen became of note.

Christianity, perforce, was an intellectual theology, and thus the ranks of its clergy effected organization.

Thus was Ecclesiasticism born.

Never in the known history of the peoples of earth had this phenomenon been of note before. There was no ecclesiastic organization in Zoroastrianism, nor among the ritualistic potentates of Egyptology, nor among the Orphic Greeks and later the Romans, nor among the Asiatic lamas. There was ritualism but it was

isolated and strictly congregational. And it still is today.

It took the modern Aryan to evolve the dogma of Intellectualism, with an eye to power and the revenues, all in the name of the God of Hosts.

And it was a direct inheritance of Mosaic Judaism.

THE HISTORY of the Christian Church over the past nineteen centuries is a history of scholasticism dogmatically assuming to celestial suzerainty under a theological dictatorship, with the traditional fiat to make itself absolute. And the Reformed Church, called Protestant, has copied the structure but specialized in Dissension. "I think of God one way, you think of it another. Theology consists in logicizing which is right."

The average communicant accepts this condition as "religious", just as he accepted the theological assertions and dissensions of Ecclesiasticism with his mother's milk.

True religion is the sensation of appreciative reverence for being allowed the gift of life in order to profit from the natural largess of a beneficent Creator.

When one has said this, he has said the decalogue.

IF A MAN IS, he is wanted and has the precise properties that are required. That we are here is proof that we ought to be here.

BUT to how many does this variety of Religion arrive?

Small children of devout parents are "taught" to say their prayers, "Now I lay me down to sleep; if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." Thus do they have their resuscitated thinking on the mortal plane shaped to an infantile mendicancy. The Lord must do something for them, instead of their doing something to show their appreciation for the boon of life and opportunity to expand nobilities. "Lord, be the guardian parent over my soul while I'm unconscious. Lord, make this vigilance permanent if animation should cease in my body." Later, if they continue to develop under church auspices they will expand this mendicancy. Every time they want something that father or mother are incapable of furnishing, they go upstairs and appeal to the Higher Authority for it. "Lord, give me courage to win the football game Saturday. Lord, give me the tenacity to keep on fighting the Smith boy until I wallop him. Lord, see that I get a job that supplies me with enough money to marry my darling Elsie. Lord, see that Elsie gets through her motherhood all right and it's a boy."

All this is assumed to be very "religious."

A feeling of altruism toward society in general—which is a species of fellow pity for its stupidities and blunders—becomes sufficiently overwhelming emotionally to shape the career.

Horace is going to be a minister of the gospel and "give his life to the Lord."

Ethically considered, it is highly commendable. Intellectually considered, Horace is serving notice on society that he means mentally to ossify. He is planning to surrender his free will and intellect to the canons of a so-called "Faith"—which history has shown to be a formalized gesture in theological dissension.

Unless he does so, he gets no ordainment, neither a pulpit to preach in.

It is a Job with him, sancrosanct, but no less a Job on that account. A given number of respectable people desire a pastor who will declare over and over that which they already know, or subscribe to. If for one hour, Horace branches off upon his own explorings of the eternal verities, he is no longer a "sound" man. The firm has been a long time doing business at the one stand, and the customers expect the goods to be of a given trade-mark and quality. Intellectual hoodlums are resented in any sanctuary. Whenever God Almighty turns loose a real thinker in the ranks of the ecclesiastical, there is a gathering of community fuel for a first-class bonfire with a stake in its center. Yea, verily. Let us pray!

The true spiritual leader is a teacher. He came by his tenets in the dark and the cold. And the dark and the cold are conditions that must be fought out of, the hard way as well.

Complacent religious people do not wish teachers about. They run the risk of being taught something that conflicts with convention. Besides, real teachers cause the audiences to become student bodies. And students must think. Thinking hurts. Better to perform the spiritual amenities to thick aisle carpets and narcotic music, on the principle that the church should be a sanctuary for those who are troubled. Thinking religiously means more trouble. Do we not have enough trouble in our

national and international affairs six days a week without bringing it into the church on the seventh?

Let us therefore have intellectual coma on the Sabbath.

All of it is man-made reaction to Education of Spirit.

THE YOUNG man who meets the materialized Christ in a lonely place—as Dr. Robert Norwood did—and learns the Truth from His eternal lips, must prepare not to have stained glass windows above him but barred windows.

Don't stir things up.

Jesus stirred the whole earth up. He has 290 million followers, although the world today does hold two billions. Incidentally, He got Himself murdered in a particularly atrocious manner. Even the Son of God was no exception to the rule. But the average worshiper has no intention of "giving his life to the Lord" like our boy friend Horace. He gives thanks to the Lord for favors rendered, but he never forgets to ask God for three hundred percent increase in favors still to come. However, this thing *does* happen—

Comes the day and the hour when the prayer for succor seemingly is not heard. The household shades are drawn and the shutters closed. Kindly friends call formally and sympathize. The maid is kept hurrying to the front door to take in the prodigious floral offerings. A sanctimonious mortician sends his assistants hither and yon. And in an upper room, the great crucifixion of unutterable grief is happening. Tonight, and for all nights to come, "No little nightie to put on, no prayer to be heard, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

The heart goes through with it, because not enough Teachers have taught the Right Thing. Horace in his ministerial frock opens the services with the pronouncements, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Amen!"

It is Ecclesiasticism doing business, because

men have organized it after the pattern of their ignorances. The Lord giveth indeed, but He taketh *not* away. A small body may have departed a location, but the spirit is not eight feet away, and all the grief is due to the fact that mortal eyesight cannot see. Men and women should really be grieving at their self-imposed limitation. We shall all meet in Heaven, Horace says before he finishes.

Heaven? Where is Heaven?

Heaven is ahead, ten thousand years ahead, maybe fifty thousand, after the experiencing spirit shall have earned it by creating it. But better not tell people that. All they will see is the ten thousand lives that are duplicates of this recurring grief. They want a heaven directly upstairs, *and now!*

Anyhow, the funeral is memory. The maid cleans the front room and sweeps up the faded flower-petals. The shutters are opened, the shades run up. Life returns with its throb of weekly and daily bill-paying, and "Vote for Joe! He'll lower your taxes!" But a man and a woman have found God, not in the loss of the beloved baby but in their mutual discovery of their tenderness for each other, in result of a common bereavement.

That is life. Education!

Education in the source of the tenderness that wells in one human heart for another human heart, albeit male and female.

Incidentally, that's as near Religion as the human heart can approximate, earth being what it is.

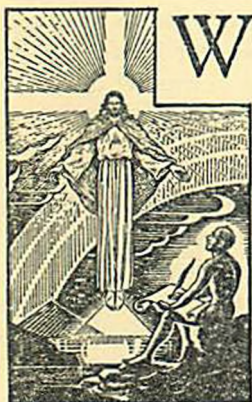
What first caused you to think about Religion? What matters the *incident*? That your soul was made mellow and receptive to nobilities, is the prime thing.

But men *will* ask for it the Hard Way, when it is really so easy and so beauteous.



What People Want to Know about the Change Called Death

¶ *THE CONSCIOUSNESS Suspends
for a Little Moment as in Sleep, then
Comes Equivalent of Physical Awaken-
ing to a Universe of Altered Aspect . .*



WHAT is it that people want to know most commonly about Death?

In nine cases out of ten they want to know into what mental or physical condition it bears them. The average person accepts readily enough the fact of survival. It is only the spiritual eccentric who is positive that

"death ends all," and such a person, truth to tell, is only striving to hide from himself truths that he lacks the courage to treat with.

The average person wants to know what his sensations and conditionings will be when he actually awakens "on the other side."

Well, in the first place, there is no "other side."

There is only "this" side, in a manner of speaking—or the side that he knows best and is fullest acquainted with, raised, as it were, into

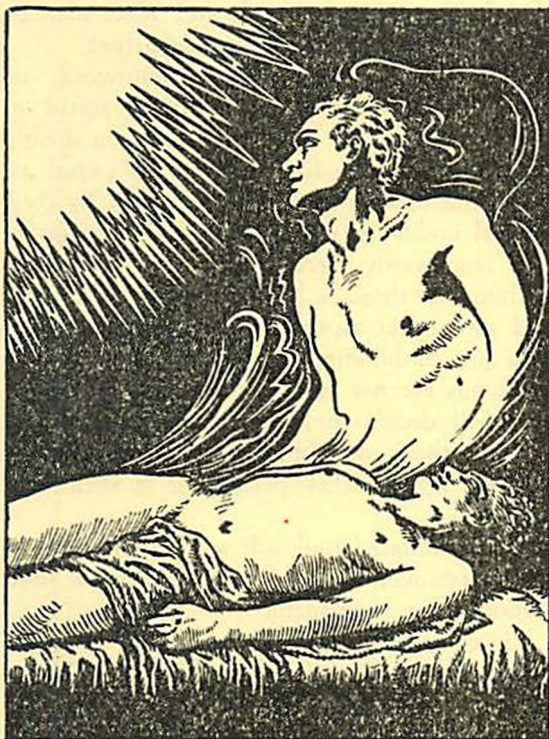
transports of materialistic finesse and elegance.

This happens to be one of the greatest mysteries calling for elucidation to persons while in flesh.

People imagine that with Death they are "going somewhere," and in a certain sense of mental reactions an drepercussions, perhaps the term is permissible. But they are not going anywhere in the sense of distance or destination.

What they are truly going to do is alter their condition, or their qualities or attributes of mental perception, so that they behold this present universe of cause and effect in infinitely finer and more tenuous aspects.

They are going to see things about this universe that they never saw before, and therefore never suspected as existing. There are going to be so many of these altered aspects, and they are going to present themselves in such multiple varieties and shades and degrees of meaning, as to make it appear to the spirit-souls that they actually have entered into a different and distinctive universe.



THE FIRST sensation, as stated in an earlier article in this issue, that a person receives or is aware of, in making the "passing," is one of astonishment at the altered feeling of his weight. His own buoyancy, so to speak, will appall him. He will want to speak to someone about it, or discuss it with anyone who can tell him what has happened.

Ten to one he will walk up to the nearest person and address him—only to meet with another enigma, that the person he is addressing doesn't seem to notice him and doesn't answer back.

He will probably discover that mirrors give back no reflection of him, in the sense that they reflect three-dimensional objects directly in front of them. Yet he will know that he has a body of a sort, for he can feel himself within it. Puzzled and no little perturbed by his feeling of buoyancy and wondrous relief

from heavy muscular exertion to get about, the person who has departed from his earthly sheathing will next make the discovery that he can move through walls, or solid substances.

At least these do not maintain as barriers to his progress, in whatsoever direction he may wish to go.

Walls, substances, various materials that formerly have obstructed his three-dimensional body, suddenly present what can best be described as a fragrancy or "odor of feeling," if the term gets across an idea to the mind.

AN ODOR or fragrancy of feeling—that is, reactive sensation—indicates a vibration within a given field. The newly transmuted person begins to note these "fragrant vibrations," these aerial delights, and to marvel at them—until it gradually dawns upon him that he is "seeing the insides of materials," or materials in their motivating aspects.

In other words, he is beginning to become conscious of the atomic structure of materials and substances.

This atomic structure will at first puzzle him, and perhaps affright him—for a time! But in the end, as he gets used to it, he will begin to perceive that they are produced by the same etheric substance as his Thought—as everybody's Thought.

Indeed, for a time in his new state, he may seriously mix up the nature of the propellation of materials with the manifestation of thought which will from time to time crowd around him and cause him no end of concernment.

What are people thinking about? It will come to him, not in terms of speech so much as in Thought Pictures produced in ether that are not unlike the production of all materials producing the substance-world which man in his incarnate state imagines to be so painfully opaque.

Probably the next thing which the newly graduated soul will begin to reflect upon, will be the decidedly altered nature or basic composition of Light—all light. He will cease

If Death should come with his cold
hasty kiss,
Along the trench or in the battle's
strife,
I'll ask of Death no greater boon
than this:
That he shall be as wonderful as
Life!

Carroll Carstairs

thinking or observing light as illumination and come to think of it, or discern it, as motion—movement—fine soul-stuffs of the universe in tremendous rolls of energy in process of transportation, or rather, being conveyed from a source of power to the scene of receipt of such power.

"Great heavens!" he may exclaim. "The whole universe is literally made of light—in all degrees of density and illumination! Even inanimate things are composed of light, or else light is made of the same material as dynamic energy. Which is which, and what am I looking at, when I see it?"

Light-Shapes, and Light-Manifestations will take curious patterns and degrees of opalescence. He will, as it were, begin to sense events in the making or events in their original design-processes, to be presently hurled into the three dimensional world in forms and terms of opaque substances, or recorded transactions of those substances, as they act and react upon one another.

Gradually the newly discarnate spirit will lose himself in imageries of similar nature which he can project, and does project, himself—just as though, by the powers of his brain-mind, he were the Creator in miniature degree.

These formations will so obsess him that he will begin to forget, or ignore, the type of world which he has left.

Probably not until he has gratified himself with all the various formations and types of patternings that he can fashion, will he begin gradually to return his thoughts to the world

that he has lately quitted, and what may be happening to it since his late departure.

He will be tremendously impressed, of course, by the effects of his altered status on those he loves, and those who love him doubly dear, now that he has changed his causal aspects and can no longer be perceived by their normal bodily senses. But it will only grieve him temporarily, because slowly it will dawn on him that those he has quitted, in the opaque and substantial aspects, are moving and living in a sort of blinding, hypnotizing fog. . . .

Things are not real to them—the graduated soul will decide—only as people make them real by their own blind acceptance that the universe is what they perceive it in their limitations.

The graduated soul will see that it is by no means opaque, by no means substantial, and certainly not permanent.

He can observe the changes going on, right before his gaze.

NEXT our discarnate friend will be amazed at the altered aspects of the people moving about him, and coming and going at will, through or despite so-called solid materials. He will already have discovered how his field-of-force body can penetrate or pass through these manifestations of Light-Energy without particular hurt to his thinking powers. He will marvel at the ease with which they accept all that is now about them, and about him, and come and go with an ease and grace that was not permissible so long as physical muscles and biceps had to overcome all natural gravitation-pullings.

"They truly are moving by the powers of thought," he will exclaim to himself, "and because they will this or that. Only what vast numbers of them there are, compared with those who still persist in the opaque, sordid, concrete state that of course must be physicality! Where have they all come from, or where are they going, or what is the nature of their employments?"

And he will begin to move about, to quit the confines of familiar but differently aspecting premises. And he will begin to note the universe for the marvelously synchronized mechanism that it demonstrates itself to be on every side. Everything is Light or an aspect of Light in some phase of manifesting! He will come to acquire a wholesome respect for the power and importance of Light, whereas formerly it meant but incandescence to illuminate his eyesight in darkness.

Now Light will be the formulating basis for all that is, excepting the volatile miracle of Thought, a motivation of dynamic spirit.

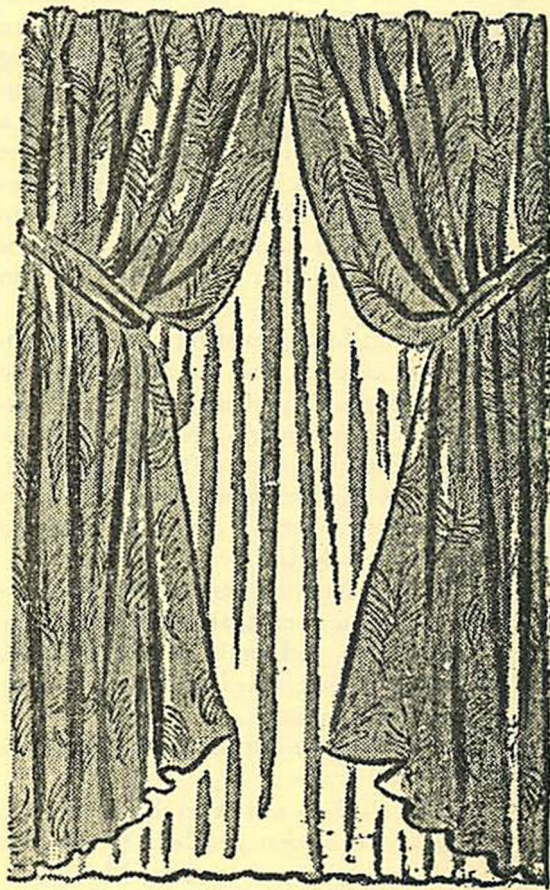
He will marvel at the quantity of it, but no longer will he marvel where it comes from. For it will be apparent to him that Light doesn't "come" from anywhere. Light "is" and doesn't have to be traced to any particular source. It may be weeks, months, and perchance years—as worldly time is figured by revolutions of the planet, or its journey about the sun—before he will feel any manifesting desire to explore his former haunts in opaque materiality or resume any sort of contact with those in the moribund condition of physicality.

PEOPLE on the "earth side" or three-dimensional encasement in materials, hold the egocentric idea that those who have made the Transition should immediately manifest themselves—if they can do so—and give evidence to those in flesh that their conscious individualities have survived and are just as much interested in fortunes of earth and relatives left behind, as they were before passing through the discarnating experience.

But the facts of the case would seem to be that people who have found themselves discarnate and subject to the altered conditions of environment and different perceivings of the ingredients making up the natural world, are bound to be far more interested in their new conditionings than in the old materialistic conditionings from which they have so recently graduated.

It is not unlike people's traveling to a foreign land—Japan or Switzerland, for example. The new sights and scenes engross their attention, and it is not until these have begun to pall, and a sense of homesickness sets in, that they begin to think of the friends or relatives left at home, and the latter begin receiving correspondence or telegrams from them.

People who have made the graduation, must be permitted time to orient themselves to their new conditions, their new surroundings, their new acquaintances, and their altered mode of doing and perceiving, before they can be expected to think themselves back into an earth condition in terms of any sort of communication with those encased in atoms of opaque substance.



THESE observations are more or less general, of course, and uniformly apply to the spirit-soul who "goes out" in a mental state of reasonable enlightenment and lack of corroding or paralyzing fear. For the latter—and particularly those who are so inhibited spiritually as to assume in the flesh state that "death ends everything," there is a long period of darkness, shading off into gray, before the aspects of things astral, or electrical, begin to become clear to them, or be recognized by them, and they gradually emerge into an illumination of understanding.

It is the period known throughout all forms and aspects of Cosmos as "coming through the Dark."

People who enter the next octave of consciousness with a fairly good working knowledge of what the true astral—and then spiritual—conditions are, which they are going to encounter, and do it as eagerly and interestedly as they would observe the features of a new country in which they have arrived, are frequently appalled to realize that the shift has been accomplished without enough shock to inform them that it has taken place. This is particularly true if they may have "died in sleep."

So, to sum up for the moment, if some morning you arise as usual, and start downstairs to breakfast with a feeling of unaccountable buoyancy, and upon encountering relatives or house guests you find that they do not notice you, you had better go back upstairs as quickly as possible and take a second glance at what you may have left on the bed.

If it bears a shocking resemblance to yourself, make up your mind that you have actually passed the Portals, and are in the Next World.

Better take it for granted and begin looking about you with interest.

Speaking from the earthly standpoint, you will be DEAD!

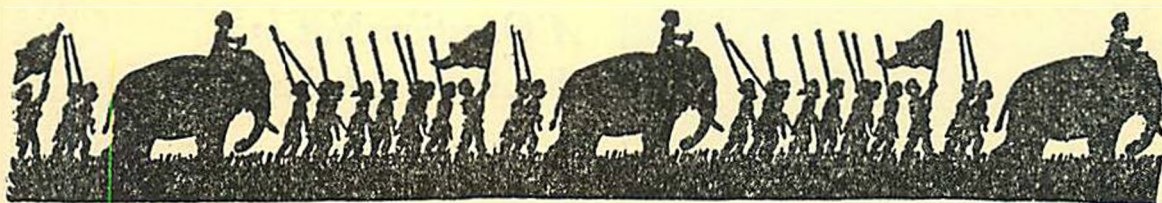
And that's all there will be to death, and you will be flabbergasted that people in their bodies make such a ghastly pother about it!



WHERE you go from there, and what you do next—meaning what explorations you make in the next higher octaves of Spirit, and how you contrive to make them—are subjects beyond the common analysis of Death itself. They pertain to the whole program of Spirit in its consummate afterlife condition. The prospect of dying, considered personally, however, is one of a "dream" that becomes actual and grows into enlarged vision and more facile personal operating.

The chances are ten to one that when you go through with the experience, you will scarcely realize it. At least, you won't realize it until it is behind you. And when you reach that realization, it won't make much difference to you, anyhow.

What then have you to be afraid of, except Fear by itself? Get over that, and Death is a DELIGHT!



VISTAS AND MIRAGES

PRAYER is a sally of the soul into the unfound Infinite.

LOVE is the one thing in the world that no spendthrift can squander.

OPTIMISM is consecrated ambition; pessimism is ambition misplaced.

GOD delights to isolate us every day and hide from us the past and future.

NO MAN ever prayed heartily without learning more than he he prayed for.

MAKE yourself necessary to the world and mankind will cheerfully give you bread.

EVERY healthy man should make at least ten mistakes a day. A lady is no lady if she make only one.

REMEMBER that most heartaches are caused by some sort of personal vanity that has failed to get expression.

A MAN inspires affection and honor when he is not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold.

"HANGING is the worst use a man can be put to." **WOTTON**

IT IS impossible for a man to really be cheated by anyone excepting himself.

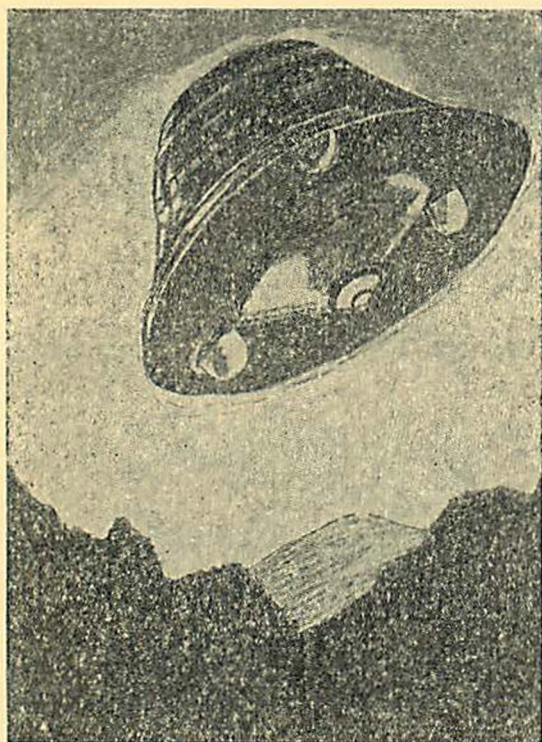
EVERY man must have a working theory of life. Most men name it Faith.

ON THIS tiny sun-splash of a of a planet, ask yourself honestly, What were you created to do?

THE NATURE and soul of things takes on itself the guarantees of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to lose.

SOULS are not born; they are evolved by action, by running the gauntlet of experience. Every man or woman decrees his or her own immortality in that he decrees by his reaction to this travail how long they are worth survival.

EARTHLY life is not unlike a great sieve by which people are graded by the meshes of trouble. Little people fall through the big holes at once. Big people remain for some higher and more exacting shake up.



A Question Not to Be Answered Carelessly

WOULD You Take a Ride in a Flying Saucer?

passengers had to continue in movement till the gasoline tank emptied.

The point is, that the individual motorcar was at most a curiosity. When it stopped along a curb, particularly in a business section, groups of mechanically-minded men gathered about it. They crouched and peered up into its vitals from between its wheels. If it failed to perform, they volunteered advice. Autos that were miniature locomotives, propelled by steam, carried the additional hazard of exploding on the road. Passengers not only ran the risk of flattening hydrants and telescoping against trees; a loud detonation might occur beneath them and in an instant they would be flagpole sitters with no pole to sit on.

Then two, three, four, a dozen autos appeared in a given town or city. Presently there were a score, a hundred. Motoring had come to stay. And yet for ten to fifteen years one could not take an auto-ride of an afternoon without passing two to five mishaps on the road—broken steering-gears, broken axles, broken crankshafts, broken heads.

The airplane was not so much questioned, because one did not keep a plane in a converted chickencoop in the rear yard and take it out for performance when the spinster aunt visited.



WITHIN the memory of millions of elderly people, the first crude motorcars, even more than the airplanes—were objects of alarm and challenge.

First, the automobile was a rarity. Cities and towns by the hundreds could not claim they possessed one. A vehicle that carried people without a draft animal to furnish motor power? What if its mechanism went frozen as to controls while power was "on" and could not be stopped? Laughable incidents indeed, remain in the memory of our oldsters, of precisely that thing happening. Cases were of record where gas levers failed to work, and driver and

Q *IN EVENT of Great
Terrestrial Alteration,
What if the Saucers
Came to the Aid of
Meritorious Humanity
in Tens of Thousands
and thus Fulfilled
Some of the Prophetic
Promisings of the
Golden Scripts? . .*

WE ARE practically in the same status today in respect to interplanetary vehicles that we were, back at the turn of the century, in regard to Fords, Wintons, Marmons and Stevens-Duryeas. Cities and towns by the hundreds have not yet had the sight of a Flying Saucer. Just as provincial folk back in the hills of 1900 had their doubts there could be such a contrivance as a vehicle that moved without a draft animal, and carried passengers at the dizzy speed of twenty-seven miles an hour—faster than the fleetest horse could gallop—so millions have their doubts today about the actuality of a Space Ship operated by terrestrial magnetism and carrying physical life at a thousand miles an hour. One was even clocked by theodolite recently, that apparently traveled 18,000 miles an hour.

Twenty-five years from today—perhaps far less—the Space Ships will be as common as automobiles at the opening of World War I. And just as provincial humans as well as horses, screeched and galloped when one chugged into sight, so we of today have the instinctive reaction of terror at that which we fail to find familiar. Raised on the bizarre pabulum of so-called scientific fiction, which mistakenly characterized interplanetary geniuses as emotionless and soulless, bent on “conquering” our world by mystical weapons against which humanity had no recourse, an Orson Welles could send a dozen States into panic by a spurious radio report that Martian ships had made mass landings in Jersey meadows.

There is a vital point we forget, or overlook, in this estimating of mechanical ingenuity in advance of our own attainments. It is a brutal and fear-breeding paradox that forever depicts denizens of other planets as coming our planetary way to execute pillage or even carnage.

The older a people grow in civilization, the more compassionate and understanding they become of those of backward development. The greater the age of their culture, the more spiritual they show themselves, automatically. Experience makes them so.

A people capable of constructing aircraft that could leave distant bodies in the galaxy and journey to this solar orb, would be so profound and venerable of intellect as to regard our terrestrial provincialism as a display of racial childhood. Souls hoary with age and experience of earth—and human suffering—don't harm or “conquer” children.

Any residents of neighboring planets, or even planets of star-suns far out in the Infinite, coming through our skies to visit us, would perforce have institutions and resources besides which our natural possessions would be as the crude elementals of either savages or youngsters. Their reactions would savor more

of pity for our immaturity than sanguinary desire to commit atrocities against us. Why should they commit atrocities? What would they gain?

So long as we exhibit a neighborly courtesy to these visitors from higher climes, we could be inviting intercourse with creatures who beside ourselves might appear as gods . . .



OUR UNITED States contains people of reliability and distinction who have not only beheld the Space Craft in close proximity but conversed with their occupants who have landed their aerial vehicles and descended to this planet's surface. The publishers of BRIGHT HORIZONS have been privileged to correspond with these personages—the people of reliability and distinction—read many of their reports, study the photographs of the craft at close range which they have secured with commonplace cameras.

And what is the outstanding characteristic of these visitors from other worlds? One and all emphasize the extraordinary development which the Space People appear to have made spiritually and psychically. One letter states—

“They pick up your thoughts like a beam of light. But they are very shy people. Odd that most folk are afraid the Space Ship occupants will be hideous monsters. *We* are the monsters. *They* are physically beautiful beyond earthly description. *There is a light which shines forth from them!*”

Evidently these advance scouts of civilizations attained on other planetary orbs are examples of what Man may inevitably become after several thousand years more of living, experiencing, and developing.

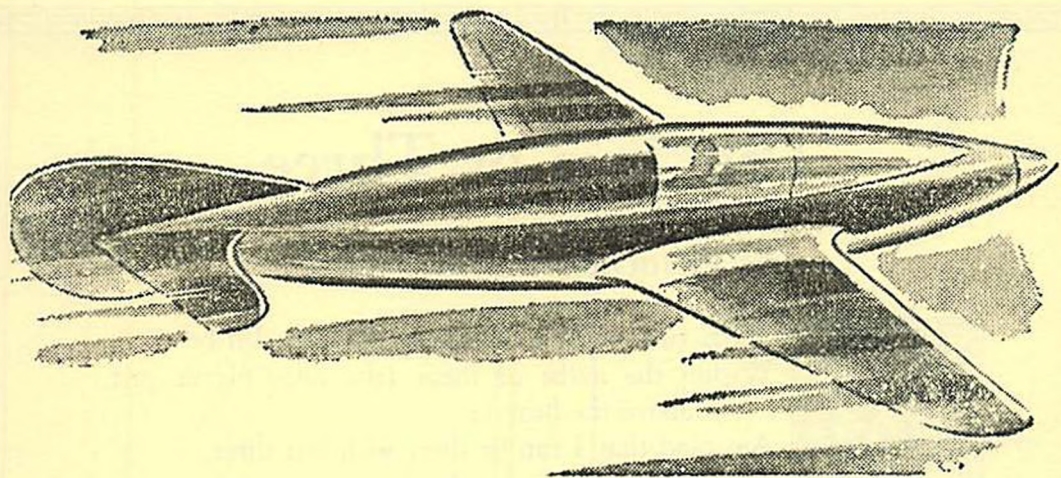
The big mystery that occurs at once to the skeptic is the item of language. How do the Saucer occupants converse, unless they know English as a language, and how would they learn English? The conjecture has been made that they could pick it up by tuning in on our radio programs. But the adept in Extra-Sensory Perception can appreciate what the psychological ignoramus does not. A Thought-Impression is a telepathic projection, which the recipient translates automatically into his own tongue in the tenth of a second.

Instances seem to be reported where the Saucer people have literally tuned in on the thoughts which earthly contacts are thinking, and “gotten their ideas” instantly. We stand on the threshold of the marvels of Extra-Sensory Perception just as we stand on the threshold of marvels of interplanetary voyaging.

Still, none of this is the real point at issue—

IT IS known to scientists and meteorologists that the climate of our earth is warming at an alarming rate. Great sections are becoming so arid, and water at such an increasing premium, that only within the month the Chief Executive bethought to call a convention of the Governors of all States to consider the continental stringency of water as a national emergency. It means melting of the glaciers and polar icecaps of the world and eventual rise of the water content of the oceans. This means inundations of land of all continents. It means many things more appalling than gradual inundations. It means that oceans becoming deeper with greater water-content, are due to weigh more. Greater water-weight is bound to effect alterations of the earth's crust in submarine areas. Ocean floors over wide areas can give way, where underlying structures prove to be faulty. New lands may arise as others are submerged.

What if the Saucer voyagers, knowing these things of the same wisdom that brings about the creation and operation of their necromantic craft, *came at a time when universal First-Aid*



might be gratefully accepted by an infantile people unable to help themselves because their knowledge was immature?

WE HAVE known, in our day, helicopters being mechanically employed to hover over submerged lands as river floods were raging, and "take off" the threatened or marooned from disintegrating terrain. Would it be beyond the bounds of logic that the Saucer people from other planets or solar systems, might put in earth-appearance at the suggestion of some great Oversoul Guardian like The Christ to ameliorate the plights of vast sections of population who stood helpless before the alterations of nature?

This is the thing we had better think about.

The query is uttered in semi-facetiousness now, "Would you take a ride in a Flying Saucer, that sealed its apertures and arose forty miles up in order to surmount terrestrial conditions where global changes were operating wholesale?" You might think at first it would mean certain death—as the early passengers of motorcars and biplanes were sure that passenger experiences meant the end of one's days—but if the lowlands of a whole State were being submerged, the ride might resolve into a lesser of two evils.

Under such conditions, the ride might be

accepted as the altruism it would be. But if one accepted the help and naught resulted of serious nature, the reaction might be one of overwhelming gratitude and enduring friendship for the rescuers.

At any rate, nothing could so perform dis-service to the self as gestating a morbid and provincial fear of a people perhaps fifty to a hundred thousand years in advance of us in compassionate altruism, who might be here to afford us the instrumentalities of Christlike assistances.

All the reliable contacts with the Saucer occupants to the moment indicate their well-nigh angelic natures.

It is, on the whole, a time for us to be readily civil and even hospitable to these celestial friends—for we may yet come to consider them that—and see what the service is they may perform.

As for Jeannie and Joe and Tom and Annabelle making up a party and taking a ride in a Saucer just for the thrill, it may be a long time before that happens.

The people at the controls of the Saucers have more serious business.

But would you take a ride in a Flying Saucer if your life depended on it? Store the answer away in your memory because you may have use for it.

The Two or Three

By Winchester MacDowell



HERE two or three are gathered, there I'll be
Within the midst of them (the solar plexus just
above the heart);
Am glad that I can be there with but three,
The Father's loving teaching to impart.

Men say that of Compassion I AM Lord
No place within the Scripts do I condemn;
Am come to lift, to help, to place upon his feet
My brother, tho' he be the lowliest of men.

Compassion is a holy gift to hold
When one can hold it e'en tho' to tree,
And so we pray "Forgive them for they know not what they do"
Rejoice with me for humble two or three,

Who think enough of me, to serve and live,
Inquiring daily as they struggle on life's way,
To learn the lessons which each life can give
To him who seeks and waits the newborn day.

Those who do parch with thirst, rush to the well,
The groper in earth's night longs for the day,
Forget not that 'tis said "The very angels sing,"
When ONE lost sheep returneth to the way.

I say rejoice with me, my people, I am glad
For e'en the very few who seek for me,
Join hands with them, and be exceeding glad,
The Scripts appeal to seeking two or three.

Are You Worrying Needlessly About a Day of Judgment?..



A LADY in the Midwest writes, "Ever since childhood I have been hounded by the thought that when I come to Judgment, I am going to be condemned. At some time or other I feel I have been guilty of every crime in the decalogue. How am I going to escape being held to accounting?"

And she lives her life with an inferiority complex tormenting her. She feels herself doomed beyond peradventure of a doubt. *But is she?* What if the whole business be but an absurd rendition of Egyptology brought up here into this Twentieth Century? What if there can be no Judgment Day by the sheer logic of the circumstance? Suppose we consider it.

The ancient Hebrews—who have bequeathed us our Bible—supposed that this earth was the center of the universe. They took it for granted that the only God of all Creation was the Personality who had addressed Moses on a Midianite mountainside from the flames of a Burning Bush. What the average Christian of today confronts upon peering through the new 200-inch telescope now operating on California's Mount Palomar, laughs to scorn the provincial notion that our little solar planet is



the center of the universe. Our particular little solar planet isn't even the center of our

own galaxy. There are something like 400 million star-suns, most of them greater than Old Sol, just in our galaxy alone and it takes 50,000 light-years—or the distance light travels at 186,000 miles per second an entire year—to get from one outer rim of it to the other. And how many similar galaxies exist in celestial Space is well-nigh beyond count. Either the Supreme Being made all these, or He did not. If He made them, they must call for His supervision.

Putting it practically, just when is the Almighty going to have the *time* to “judge” human souls on the old-fashioned formula of Egyptology?

Granted that this were the only planet in the whole universe on which life in the human form maintained, how much justice could the Celestial Magistrate accord the individual soul, considering the numbers involved?

Q “I DO NOT know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel—because he has never thought upon the subject.”

JOHNSON

STATISTICIANS generally agree that the population of the earth runs around two billion people in all countries. Whether the figures were that large twenty centuries or more ago, we have no means of knowing. Certainly we know that North America had no such congested population as it has acquired within the present century. On the other hand, there is no reason for doubting that countries like India and China were just as congested per square mile as they are today, and to offset the millions of North America, there were other millions in Egypt, Persia, and Turkestan who have now ceased to exist, along

with their ancient kingdoms and governments.

Very good, let's say that there are two sets of people on earth every hundred years. Let's estimate that fifty years are required for a generation to get born, come to maturity, and have children that come to maturity likewise to replace the parents. Actually, the figures are nearer 33 years, or three generations per century. But suppose we stick to two.

That means four billion people a century, living, dying, and presumably coming up somewhere for ultimate judgment.

Four billion people a century is 40 million a year, inducted into life or going out of it. That figures out to 109,589 persons coming to the end of their earthly days every 24 hours, 4,566 persons per hour, 76 souls a minute, about a soul-and-a-half per second.

Granted in all solemn sense that the Almighty had worked at this job of divine judgment every second, of every minute, of every hour, of every day, of every year, of every century, since the Divine Judgment proposal became of note, He could have given less than one second's attention to the separate soul—scarcely a time-span long enough to call the name of the individual having its good or evil deeds brought before Celestial Attention.

What sort of “trial” could be staged, and an individual consigned to either heaven or hell, in less than one second of solar time?

It fails to make ordinary sense.

THE ORTHODOX churchman squirms around it, of course. He dismisses this complication of the time-element by declaring vaguely that “with God all things are possible.” God could do all this judging of earthly deeds done in the body on this astronomically insignificant little planet, by somehow proceeding on a different time-system than is employed generally throughout nature. The orthodox churchman truly covering up for the universal ignorance of the ancient Egyptologists as to the numbers of people on earth, has no evidence in all the phenomena of Creation, of

one time-system being used for the operation of the galaxies and another time-span system employed for the separation of human sheep and goats insofar as divine rewards and punishments are concerned. He merely resorts to this hackneyed alibi because the Time Element in the numbers of people who live and Pass Over per century, make a sad absurdity of the whole Divine-Judgment possibility. Granted this were the only planet containing human life, Divine Judgment couldn't happen from the sheer size of numbers of the persons coming up for such judgment.

The early priests who developed the Judgment Hall of the Dead symbology were childishly unaware of the numbers of human beings dying throughout the earth every twenty-four hours, they were utterly ignorant of the size of the earth, they were utterly ignorant of its insignificant place in Cosmos.

And a dear American lady in California is approaching the end of a baffled life, in a sheer defeat-complex, over something that doesn't happen because it can't. Still, it's considered impiety to call attention to the fact that it can't.

What an imposture on logic! Logic is supposed to be a sign of human intelligence in all phases of life but the operations of Deity. But wait a moment! . . .

Comes a different school of thought in respect to the Divine-Judgment business and says, "You're all wrong in your criticisms, because it truly has not happened yet! The Good Book makes it overwhelmingly clear that all the people who have ever lived and died since Christ, are 'asleep in Jesus'. But the Day and Hour will arrive when an archangel will sound a trumpet, and all the dead will arise and come forth to be judged. And all Eternity exists for consummating that event, soul by soul."

Very good, let's look at *that* too, by the test of numbers . . .

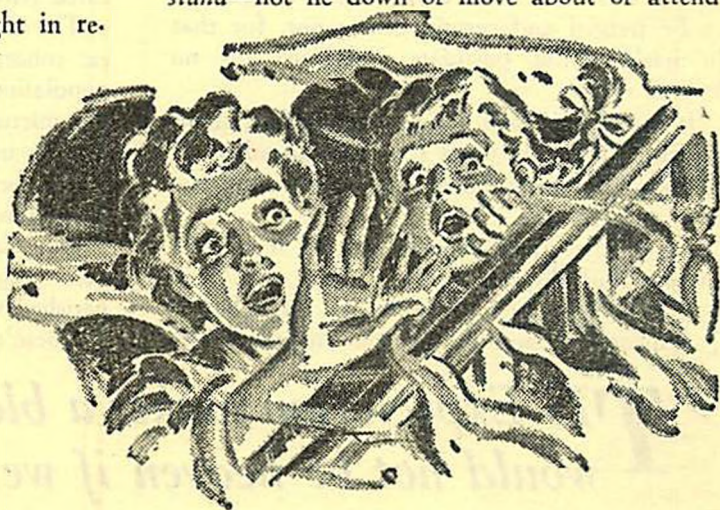
THE VERY technical Christian maintains that prior to the advent of Christ, all possibility of spiritual survival was not only unknown, but didn't happen. Christ was "the first fruits of them that slept." In other words, He made Judgment Day probable by starting the business of human survival.

What does this call up for us?

Let's say this arrangement was celestially installed somewhere about 53 A. D.—providing a 25-year leeway after the Crucifixion. So for 1,900 literal years people have been living and dying at the rate of four billion a century. That means a back-log of something like 76 billions of past dead people that has piled up in the nineteen centuries since the original Easter morning. Have we any idea how big that number is?

Well, let's say that each soul in that 76 billion needed 9 square feet of personal standing-space merely to occupy after being restored to physicality for the purpose of being judged—three feet each way in which to move arms and feet without overly crowding his neighbor. That would total, by common arithmetic, 684,000,000,000 square feet.

There are 27,878,400 square feet to the square mile. So they would first require 24,538 square miles of real estate on which to *stand*—not lie down or move about or attend



to the ordinary demands of nature, not to mention providing themselves with foodstuffs to supply their hunger after the first ten hours of it.

Well, how long is it going to take to judge any such assemblage of individuals, good, bad and indifferent? Would at least an hour not be fairly equitable time to call up in minute review all the data of any given life and determine whether the soul goes higher or is to be heartlessly thrust down to utter annihilation? Ordinary homicide cases in modern courts run anywhere from one day to six weeks, but ordinary homicide cases have to expend much time over the hamstring and hair-splitting of attorneys—both prosecution and defense. Suppose God gave each and every soul one hour of undivided Divine Attention, however, and called case on case the clock around, six days a week. We'll concede He might rest on the Sabbath, as He is said to have done upon Creation.

He could dispose of exactly 144 cases per Divine work-week. And with 76 billion cases to go, He would be using up 527,777,777 weeks, or 10 million and a fraction years—which would be a fair eternity in itself for the 76 billion folks standing on 9 square feet of ground waiting for their special cases to be called.

We can't say that only certain people are to be judged and certain others not, for that in itself would postulate judgment for no known reason.

It would be a long, long time, standing about waiting 10 million years for those ahead of us to have their cases called and heard—only one hour to each case.

Again the sheer impossibility of it defeats the sense of disposal.

What then does happen? If there be no Judgment Day according to our inheritance of

the allegory from Egyptology, wherein do we err in our religious thinking?

WE ERR, first of all, in assuming that these have all been new and separate cases of individual souls, living independent lives in each century or generation. We are learning from the loftier octaves that actually there are only about 6 billion souls, masculine and feminine of temperament, in all earthly Cosmos. About a billion men and a billion women are in physical life at once, as that is about the proportion that the physical earth can support. The other 4 billions are awaiting their turns to get in, from the Thought Planes.

They are the same conscious entities that have come back again and again, every third or fourth generation, to repeat on earthly careers and improve on lives lived before. And judgments and verdicts are self-imposed, as the soul realizes what it may lack, to keep its place in spiritual society and move onward and upward, dispensation by dispensation.

Revelations are coming to light that *this* was the true message that Jesus preached in Galilee, but it was considered heresy by the Hebraic clerics who had the universe figured out according to the ideologies of the Egyptian-educated Moses.

The Egyptians, however, lacked the remotest conception of the size of the world as to populations and terrain on the one hand, and the microscopic unimportance of the earth as a mote in the celestial system on the other.

Numbers stop us cold, when considered in application to the Osirian Hall of Judgment.

Our California lady is worrying herself sick over religious fundamentals that should have perished with the Pharaohs.

Doesn't it make sense?

'TIS Expectation makes a blessing dear. Heaven would not be heaven if we knew what it were!

What Is an Angel and Would You Trade Roles? . .



ONE OF George Bernard Shaw's outstanding witticisms—or rather, cynicisms—was the adjuration to bear in mind that “in heaven an angel is nobody in particular.”

What Soulcrafters are interested in knowing is not the details of angelic social standing in the Hereafter, but whether in the light of modern psychical research, such forms of life exist? It is easy to make error in mystical examinations of disdain-ing or discarding all forms of biblical refer-ence as allegory, whereas many biblical de-scriptions may symbolize the truest part of truth. On the other hand, in no department of Eschatology—which is the word we apply to the doctrine of Final Things, death, resur-rection, and the Judgment—is there more mixed up and muddled human thinking than in the identification of superhuman beings.

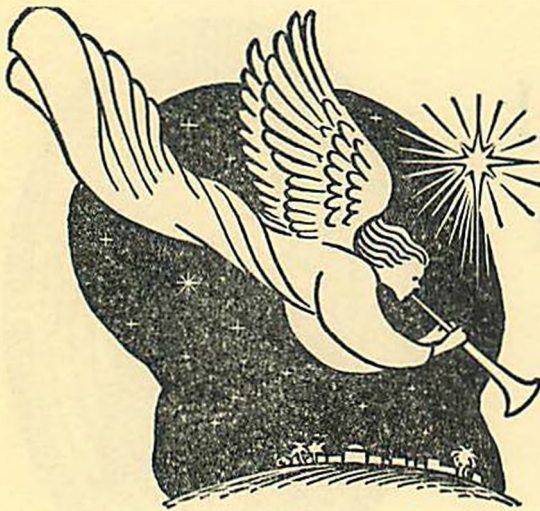
Particularly in orthodox Christianity as con-tracted with Judaism do we find a strange con-fusion of ideology, even to making it appear that when human beings die they shall them-selves transmute into angels. This is a pretty

¶ *THE GOLDEN Scripts Clear Up the Mystery of the Heavenly Host*

sentiment often instilled into children. Most of us recall the childish hymn that begins, “I Want to Be an Angel, and With the Angels Stand.” We who are only striving to find out the truth, especially from rational disclosures of scientific research, discover that the evidence for Angelism is apparently based on something more than myth.

But what?

IT IS first of all interesting to the scholar to note that in both the Hebrew and Greek con-text, the words popularly translated as Angel



actually contain no other meaning than "messenger", without any distinction as between human or superhuman messengers.

It is natural that the Hebrews—from whom most of the text of the Christian doctrine is derived—should have thought of God as surrounded by a court or retinue. Borrowing their whole celestial structure from the monarchical ideas of their times and governments, they envisioned the one true God as a potentate of surpassing power and splendor. But there is, in the early writings, a remarkable degree of restraint in speaking of Angels. They seem to have been brought into play only when needed in some critical time, and then mostly to explain the sacredly supernatural that was beyond the scientific erudition of the period.

Angels in the Old Testament bring instruction and encouragement from God to those for whom He has some special message. They are uniformly nameless, meaning that they have no identification of their own. They are simply God's agents, chiefly the means by which the Creator was assumed to communicate with mortals. Except in the late writings, the appearances of angels are all to be found in the narratives of Abraham and Jacob, the guiding experiences of the Exodus, the stories of Balaam, Gideon, and of the parents of Sampson,

the destroying angel in the time of David and the one incident in the life of Elijah. In all these places the word is singular except in the revelation to Abraham of the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah and the visions of Jacob on his journeyings. Queerly enough, Jehovah does not seem to have had them about to assist Him in the arduous work of Creation.

INTERESTING it is to note that when the great prophets came on the scene, they were supposed to be the sole medium of communication between God and man. They received their messages directly in the fellowship of spirit with Spirit, and there was no need for angelic appearances. But with the exile there came a growing belief in the transcendence of God. He was too great and too far removed from earth for personal touch with men. So the angel "came back," we might regard it. And in Zechariah there is a special interpreting angel different from the others.

Thus are we introduced to the idea of orders and ranks which play so large a part in later angelology. The expressions "Holy Ones" and "Host" refer to the court by which God is surrounded, and with these are to be associated the Seraphim. These last are not angels in the ordinary sense of messengers, nevertheless they attend upon Jehovah and upon occasion share His counsels. They form that great and glorious company whose presence in heaven helps us to conceive of the majesty and royal splendor of God.

In the New Testament the general belief in angels is assumed, but it is significant that many extravagances of the Hebraic literature are removed or set aside. Jesus is substituted for the angels as the intermediary between God and man. Then comes the Epistle of the Hebrews that adds something hitherto unrecognized, that the angels were created for a special purpose, and that they are universally subordinate to Christ.

Take note that they are not inferior deities, but fellow-servants to man and are therefore

not to be worshiped. Paul especially rebukes angel-worship as one of the errors at Colossae, that became widespread in later times.

Finally came the pretty sentiment of the Guardian Angel—that each person had assigned to him a special protective agent. Jesus is reputed to have made constant reference to the legions of angels that he might have called up to serve Him, and in the Elder Brother's own account of His Awakening, He speaks of a Mighty Being whom at first He took to be a demon but whom He later discovered to be an agent of The Host.

As for the Bethlehem Story, without the angelic host in the Nativity skies, it would be meaningless.

To what could the Master have been referring, in the light of modern psychical research, the disclosures of the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar, and the advent of the Saucer Men? More than all else, are we to understand in all sympathetic rationalism that Man as a spiritual species either attains to angelhood or passes through it in his general cosmic evolution?

WE MUST not blink the fact that the revelations of the *Golden Scripts* are rich in referings to higher orders of creation existent throughout Cosmos in a celestial representative capacity. On the other hand, in all semi-scientific psychical research and "twenty-five years among the dead", as the Soulcraft Recorder's experiences have been described, not once has there been a single manifestation of an angelic order or a report from survived persons on higher octaves that they have either confronted or seen creatures of the sexless winged description. But the trouble seems to be, not that the Higher Beings do not exist but that purblind Man looks for beings identifiable by his own peculiar notions as to anatomical construction. Man has built up a great ideology of heavenly denizens. When the reality departs from his detail, the "heavenly deni-

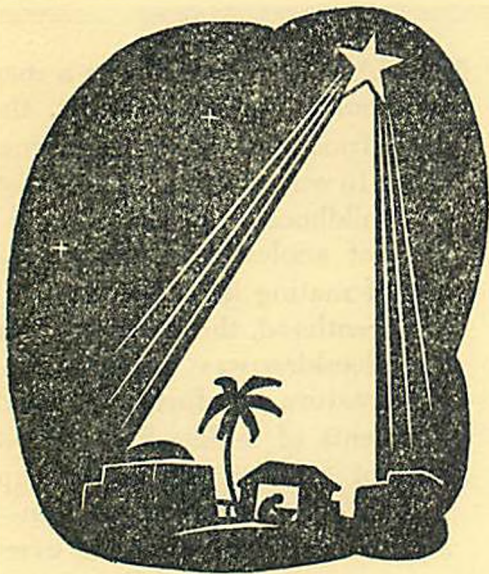
NO MATTER in what age a man or woman happen to exist, the same fundamentals of experience come to one and all. The pangs of childhood's disciplines, the fogs of adolescence, the ganglions of mating love, the treadmill of parenthood, the alarms of war, the thanklessness of struggling for creature comforts, the readjustments of middle life, the pitfalls of Success, the gradual approach of physical termination—all these are the heritage of every generation whether belonging to the era of the long bow or Browning gun, the ox cart or the jet plane. It's how one meets these that scores.

zens" are not recognized. That does not mean they are mythical or fantastic.

The *Golden Scripts* and the accompanying Soulcraft expoundings tell us quite clearly of what or whom the Host is composed. It is by no means made up of a great ensemble of winged creatures, anatomically impossible.

When evolving and expanding spirits arrive at such status of development that they are beyond all need of further mortal reincarnation "but have not yet succeeded to incarnation in universes," they are listed as composing that awesome cosmic congregation popularly known as The Host.

That this expanding universe does its expanding in consequence of Creative Thought forming island universes to surfeit, on and on into eternity endlessly, is the Great Truth that Man must come to conceive. And the wider examinations of the universe performed by the



new 200-inch telescope seem to bear it out.

Apparently it isn't the petty question of whether or not *you* would exchange roles with an angel, or whether an angel to the Hereafter is nobody in particular. It is the broader and mightier concept of the spiritual evolution of each of us—from lowest to highest—ultimately reaching such a gradation of majestic functioning in Cosmos that "we become as gods ourselves, knowing good and evil."

SUPPOSE we recall the fact that from first to last, every utterance the Elder Brother has made us has both attested and emphasized that *Man himself is divine*—an angelic being of his own composition to start with—whose very destiny in the galactic universe is to rule over solar systems not yet coagulated. As the Beloved Teacher said, "No man's mind encompasseth the heights to which we rise." But little purblind clerics, their ideologies based on earthly kings and courts and retinues of potentates, would impose on the grander vaster concept the antiquated notion of an Egyptian judgment hall conceived in the days of Osiris, with the Mohammedan Paradise waiting for all the "good" souls on the one hand, and the

Inferno of Dante for the "bad" on the other.

And all the while, true Man is but a god in process of evolution.

It is one of the supreme ironies of Cosmos that man is continually raising his eyes to the skies and casting about for divine beings, *when he is one of them himself*. If a whole continent of angels suddenly got down on their celestial knees and started raising prayers for an angel to come among them, how paradoxical we might consider it. Millions of devout Christian people enact weekly the character in the O. Henry story who was weary of society references to the "Man about Town", and started out deliberately to hunt, locate, and converse with this personage. He visited clubs, cafes, hotels, and business offices. But not a single person could he find that fitted this journalistic creation of the Man about Town. Finally, starting back home in disconsolation and disgust, he met with a traffic accident and was killed. Next morning all the Manhattan papers identified him as "John Jones, Esq., Well-Known Man about Town."

All the time he had been one himself.

All the time we upon this earth-ball are celestial beings, but because we refuse to accredit and utilize the higher sensory gifts that we consider should identify any higher order, we pray for the helpful presences of those who have perfected their divine talents on loftier octaves.

AN INTERESTING phase of aura-detection and photography is the unaccountable shape of the light-emanations from every human figure in such manner that a decided wing-silhouette is perceivable backward from each shoulder-blade. What focus of force within the human body causes such light-projection is not known to us as yet. But undoubtedly the ancients who happened to be endowed with psychical second sight discerned such aura phenomena and thus acquired the idea of wings.

Winged creatures make a pretty medieval painting, but anatomically such pinions would

be futile. The muscular organization about the human skeleton permits of no such lifting force to raise the corporeal ensemble through the air against gravity. Take note that an eagle's pinions take the place of arms, in comparison with the bipeds, with the wing muscles attached and manipulated from across the chest, as the human arms are manipulated. Assuming an angel of mythology stood 5-feet 8-inches and weighed 150 pounds, comparing with a human creature of similar proportions, the legs would become vertical weights, which hanging suspended under the torso, would soon develop muscular discomfort. Again the eagle or hawk retracts his claws up against its body in flight, streamlining its anatomy. The human figure in the biped form cannot thus streamline. Besides, why should it?

SO-CALLED angelic powers are merely powers of Thought-Control over circumstance and materials. In such respect we can declare that Jesus Himself was an archangel, without the accredited allegorical pinions.

Which means literally that wherever you find a higher and more altruistic spirit sacrificing and laboring selflessly for the cosmic betterment of the mortal species, *there you find an angel identified already*. Because, conversely, the supernaturalism that motivated the early clerics to conceive of angels, was really but the psychical activity of advanced "people" on the Higher Octaves, finding ways to communicate the fact of their existence in times when little or nothing was known of discarnation.

And yet, in the Recorder's case, this awesome thing *did happen* . . . Speaking one night in 1929 about a Mentor's reference, the Recorder challenged the existence of such a biblical character as Gabriel.

"You'd better revise your ideas on that," the communicator warned. "I know the gentleman well, and his intellect and character is so far advanced over anything you have in your earth-world, that it isn't funny."

"Gentleman!" the Recorder exclaimed. "You refer to him as a gentleman?"



"He's a normal intellectual Spirit but far up in the Christ Consciousness," the communicator explained. "He carries out some of the supreme orders of the Godhead particularly respecting this solar system. The idea of a Being of feminine dress, transporting about by physical wings, is of course an attempt to reproduce the celestial in terms of mortal form. Anatomically, one of Dante's angels couldn't fly fifty feet. The wings-symbology has come from the incident of these Higher Personalities transporting faster than the speed of light, from universe to universe. Ancient man could only interpret such locomotion as 'flying' . . . Yes, Gabriel is very real as a Personage and very much of a *Gentleman*. All of The Host are gentlemen. Pray God that we all arise eventually to become *such gentlemen!*"

Food for thought—verily.



Short Master Messages . . .

Not Included in the Golden Scripts . . .

"I Am Son of God on a Mission . . ."



MY DEARLY Beloved:
Know that I come from far planes to address you; I say things of necessity that are concerned with your future.

2 Your writings have been seemly but they encompass not enough; matters await your pen that are greater of import; they come to you

in substance from me and my servants. I tell you what to write. Ye write it and I lead you to agencies that publish it.

3 Ye have heard my voice saying: Peace unto the world! I say that it behooveth us, beloved, to ring this tocsin loudly.

4 A man cometh unto the nations; verily cometh one who would save them from themselves; cometh one who loveth them; he stretcheth out his hands to them and they are healed.

5 Verily I say, ye do know that man.

6 Greater than all else is this message of peace. Naught which ye write is more pleasing unto me; I say unto you, beloved, be about your business.

7 Start that which seemeth goodly in circumstance, that men may know I am watching the nations and take my counsel with the godly.

8 Know, my beloved, that men are blind and ignorant; they come unto me crying, Lord,



save us! I smile at them in pity. They have not understanding;

9 They say things they know not; they decree decisions and counsels that have no place in my heart but they tell the world that such is my will. Verily, beloved, the will is the heart of a child, not the proclamings of sages.

10 It is an abomination unto me that men do look to me for counsel having hardness in their hearts. They say, Master, Thou art God.

171 *I am not God—I am Son of God Who hath a mission*; had I no mission, verily they would not have known me.

12 They say, Master, save us lest we perish! Lo, they perish not, except in their own conceits. Verily do I love them for their weakness but their weakness is not necessary. Tell them I say it.

13 I am of Light. Behold I am the Way, the Truth *and* the Light. Ye have heard my words.

14 I come unto earth as one who leadeth a host from far planes, bringing man back into fellowship with eternity.

15 Believe that I teach you . . . PEACE



*Every Woman Should Read
the Latest Soulcraft Book
on Romance and Mating*

“ADAM AWAKES”

treats of this great subject of Man-Woman relationships from communications by Extra-Sensory Perception with Great Wits on loftier octaves of Consciousness. How they view the matrimonial relationships should be known to every mortal soul, struggling with the problems and quandaries of romantic and domestic life. That they do not hold similar attitudes to our Fundamentalist theologians on the divorce question, is made articulate and plain.

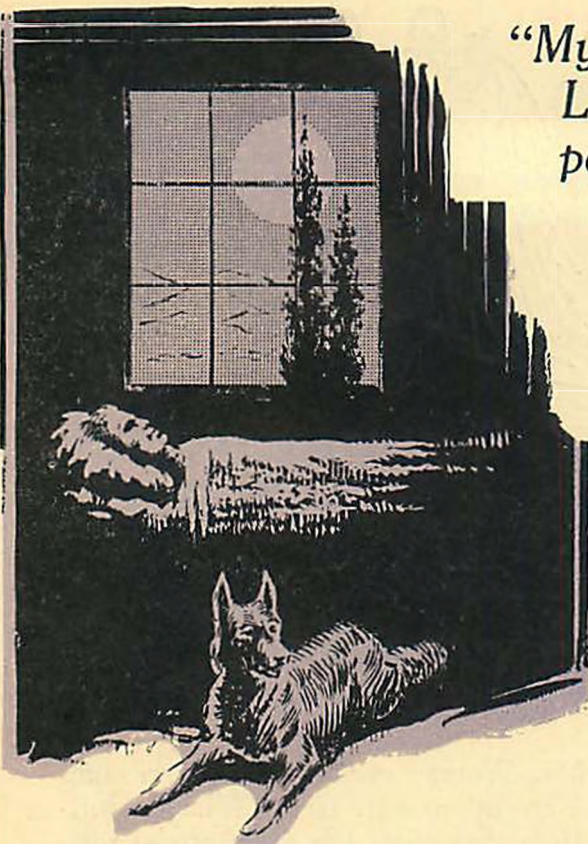
Woman's position on the Higher Planes of Light is an inveigling one. This volume explains the true nature and origin of the Eve-Creature that Adam found beside him when he was brought from his strange sleep in the Garden of Eden . . .

Particularly a book for adults having matrimonial troubles. They will bless the day they bought it and became apprised of the real truth behind Sex and the Man-Woman pairing. Include it in an early order—

\$5

Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville, Ind.



*“My only companion was
Laska, a mammoth
police dog . . .”*

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
in beginning the article that was
to make magazine and metaphysical
history in America under the
title of—

“My Seven Minutes in Eternity”

Perhaps you recall the furore this
article caused when printed in the
March *American Magazine* back in
1929. Its author had gone to sleep
of a May night in a California bun-
galow to find his soul-consciousness
quitting his body and gaining to a
plane where he encountered scores
of “dead” acquaintances face to face!
Returning to his body, he stayed in
touch with sages on the Higher Oc-
taves by a dramatically aroused Ex-
tra-Sensory Perception.

*The entire great literature of the
Soulcraft philosophy, a million
or more words, came from this
transcendent spiritual experience*

You can now buy the story complete, in a
neat pocket-sized leatherette, containing the
author's observations on its significance af-
ter twenty-five years, for only \$1. It is an
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Here is a story that has
confirmed the faith of a
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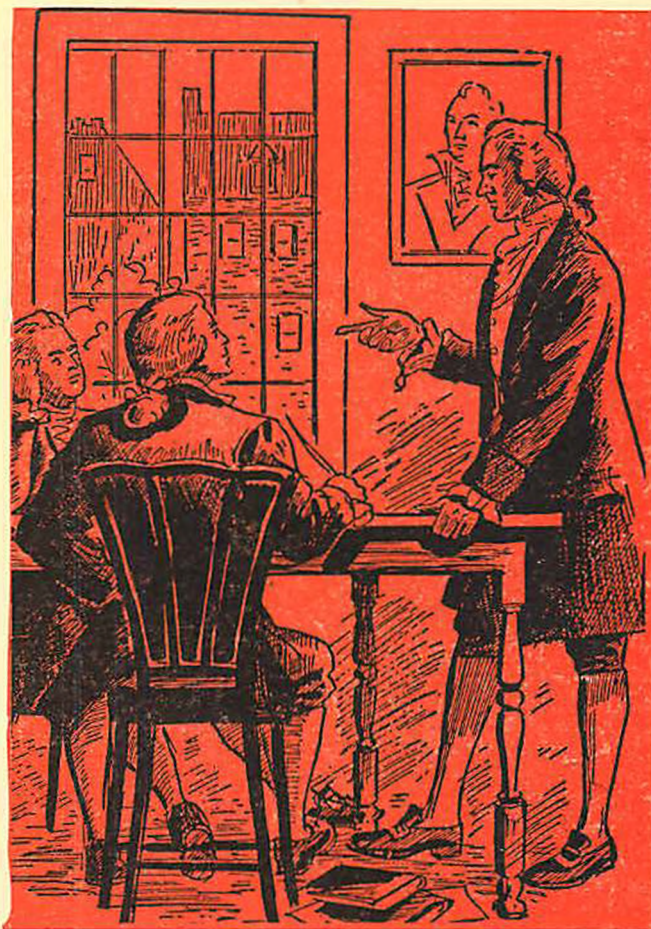
SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

If You Are Interested in the Prophecies of Nostradamus

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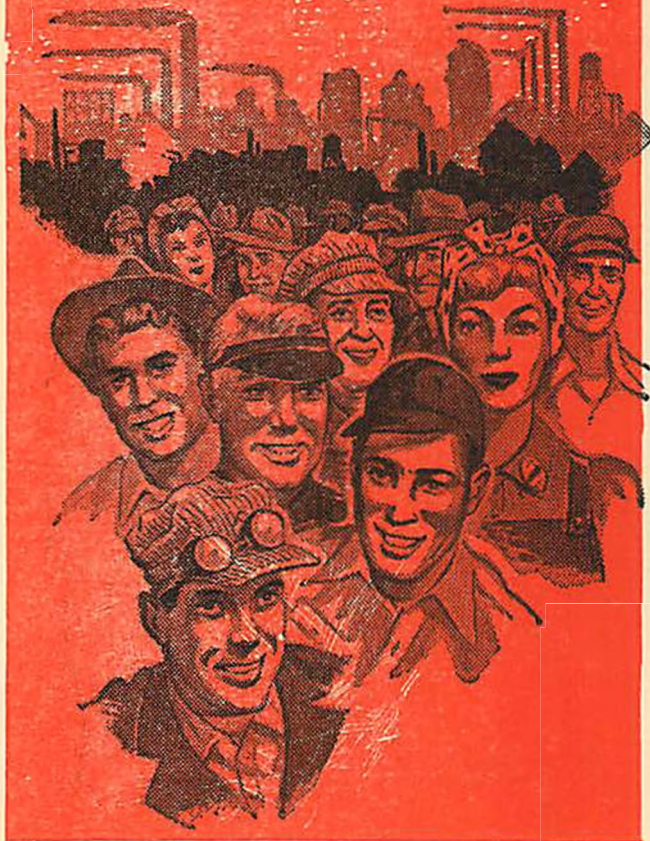
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