

NOVEMBER, 1953

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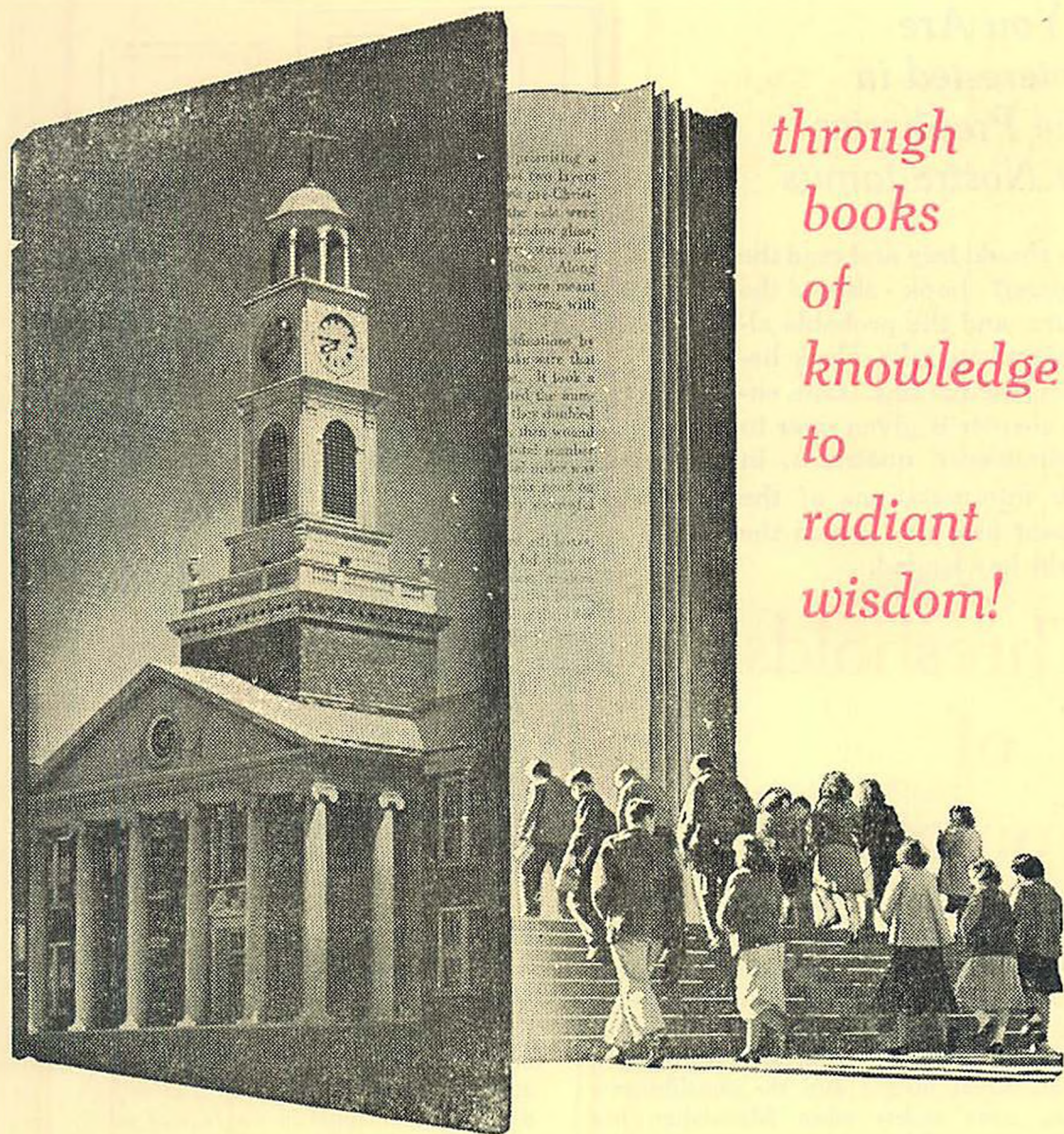
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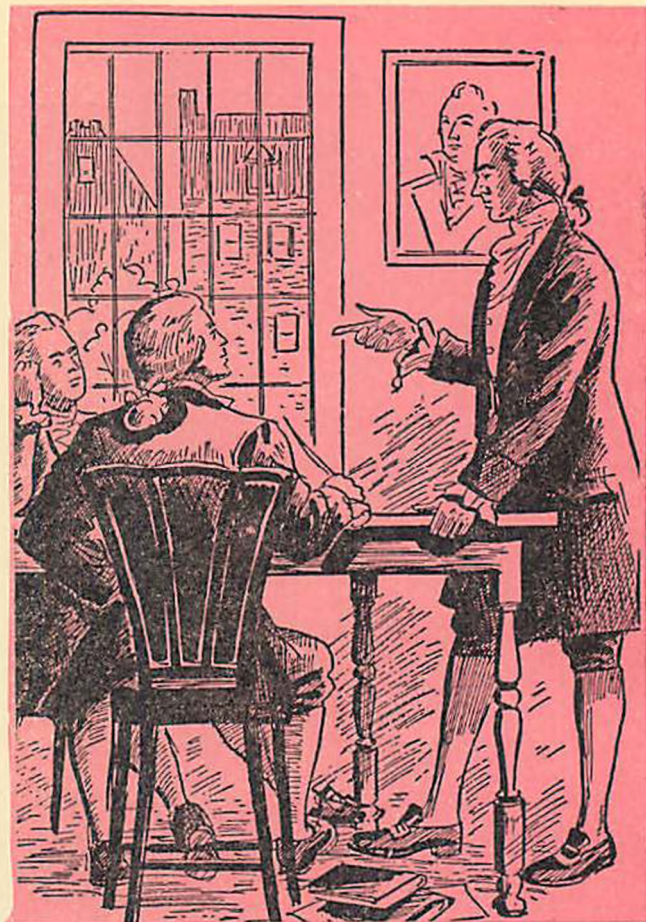
*through
books
of
knowledge
to
radiant
wisdom!*

SOULCRAFT is the purest and most comprehensive esoteric knowledge obtainable anywhere today. But you are not required to join anything to get it or abandon your present religious faith. You buy and read the exquisite Soulcraft books in quiet and privacy of spirit. That is the beginning and end of the whole matter. This Monthly publication gives you a sample of the wisdom they contain. You will find they are what you have been waiting for all your life! Thousands have done so, why not yourself?

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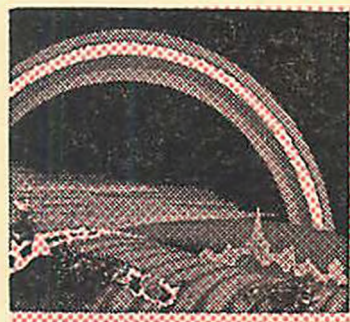
Soulcraft Chapels

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Indiana

BRIGHT HORIZONS

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



BRIGHT HORIZONS calls public attention to new mystical concepts based on *Psychical Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena* beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the *Aquarian Age* comes in. It acclaims the recovery of the original *Christian Message*, with the *Ecclesiastic Influence* expurgated and discarded . . .

VOLUME ONE

NOVEMBER, 1953

NUMBER FOUR

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In Gratitude

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, give us of Thy wisdom. Give us this day our daily illumination, to light the way of feet that do falter. Give us this day, not *our* daily bread, but bread for those who hunger more than we do;

Lead us not back into quagmires of ignorance, for such is not Thy nature, but send us ennoblement that we may manifest our dignity, our wisdom, and our vision, to unborn generations.

Peace, and a goodly heritage, be upon the nations!

This, our prayer, we pray in tranquility, that those who say it after us may live it in their intercourse. AMEN

The Soulcraft Prayer



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VOLUME ONE

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WHAT Do We Accomplish by Prayers of Thanksgiving?



THE POPULAR holiday in November is Thanksgiving. Usually the last Thursday in the month, the Chief Executive proclaims the day as twenty-four hours out of the year when the citizens of America are supposed to desist from labor and apply minds and hearts to an expression of gratitude to



Divine Providence for the manifold blessings bestowed upon them since the last similar holiday. However, like most ceremonial days observed in a country made up of men of diversified religious faiths, it is largely commercialized around the consumption of a prodigious midday feast named Thanksgiving Dinner. This is commemoration of the original feast which the Pilgrim Fathers inaugurated in gratitude to God for prospering them the year

of their first settlement of the Cape Cod country, out of which grew the great State of Massachusetts. These facts are known to every schoolchild.

What is not so well known to every schoolchild is the esoteric meaning or function of prayer of itself, especially prayer conveying gratitude to the Higher Power for good fortune or largess. It bears examination, as the twin festivals of Thanksgiving and Yuletide come upon us. Every civilized child on the planet knows what it means to pray in some form, and grows to maturity in such knowledge. But millions come to such maturity with no more knowledge of what process is in consummation when they pray than a kitten has of the function of postage-stamps.

Is there anything in the Valiant Doctrine that particularly elucidates Prayer? Is it what the average man, woman, or child assumes it is, or is it something greater and more awesome?



THE AVERAGE offspring of Christian parentage in the normal American home barely learns to handle the language before being introduced to the evening rite of prostrating the small self at his bedside, bowing his face in his hands and repeating the lines until he knows them by heart—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The rite wears grooves of habit as the years carry the small life up from childhood into adolescence. The simple verse becomes elaborated upon. Other desires and ambitions are incorporated, mostly of a practical nature. God bless father and mother, and send aid to Uncle Tom for his rheumatism, and make the broom salesman "pop the question" to Aunt Hettie who wants a husband very badly, and when Grandpa Banks dies and leaves his money to father, may I get my share of it so that I may go to college and be a popular quarter-back. So on, ad infinitum . . .

Inherent in the average consciousness is the assumption that the moment we prostrate ourselves and address God by a sort of telepathy, God is instantly available and ready to hear our lone and plaintive message. The Pilgrim Fathers, whose festival the day commemorates, took it for granted that the Almighty was a Personal Participant in their collectivist colony, and mass prayers in unaffected thanksgiving for the substantial largess they had encountered after landing in Buzzard's Bay, only compounded the power of the broadcast—just as the noise made by twenty men shouting at once surpasses by nineteen times the noise of one man lifting up his voice.

Yet somewhere and somehow in the rite must be a tangible and practical effect, for men have been pursuing it up thousands of years. We are told that The Christ prayed incessantly, His most celebrated prayer having been offered up in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before His trial and crucifixion. No such sacrament could have persisted over the generations, and been espoused by such uncountable numbers, unless some sort of contact with Holy Spirit had been enacted.

Have we any direct advices upon it from the Higher Octaves?

ON THE 8th day of January, 1930, the Recorder of the Liberation-Soulcraft Doctrine received one such advice, which he filed away in his books of transcript under the title: *What Process Occurs When We Pray?*

The pertinent excerpts are reprinted hereinafter, as being particularly fitting for consideration in this Thanksgiving season—

"Rigorous indeed, dear mortal brother, are the Master Planes of Spirit. Consciousness of them is not an attainment so much as an ennoblement, caused by forces that come to you with prayer.

"Prayer is not what men think it is. It is not beseechment so much as voluntarily maintained states of consciousness-projection. It makes you to see with vividity the Things of Spirit as they are.

"If Conscious Prayer is anything, it is this: Consolation of purest essence. It 'makes you to know your Redeemer', not theologically but morally—or rather, ethically. You get comfort from prayer because it ennobles you. You come to prayer in a prayerful spirit, where you find that it beleaguers you in a little world of your own where vital forces make your their property. You say to yourself, 'I will pray. It is good for me to have the thing I desire of Divine Largess, therefore I will ask for it.' You keep yourself open of heart to receive it. Eventually you get it, if the prayer be correct. But what factually is happening?

"You think you pray when you say, 'Lord, come unto me!' But the Lord Himself does not shift His Being into your proximity. You go to the Godhead in spirit instead—that Spirit within you that is your own divinity, naught else. In the innermost recesses of your being it is hidden. You bring it out consciously. It serves you beautifully and you say you are calmed. What you truly mean is, You are ennobled because you give it play.

"And the system is the same as for any materialization: Let go and permit the Godhead to serve you by ennobling you to meet conditions devoid of Fear.

Happy is the man who can make himself known to himself in such respect.

THE THINGS you want to know are *within* you, never outside. You know all there is to know, forever and amen. *True*



prayer awakens the moribund mortal to a sense-perception of his own immortality.

"The average avowed worshiper gives of himself too generously to circumstances and not enough to the quiet of his own heart. If he could only reverse the process, he would become a wonder-worker—although the Power of prayer might get the credit. People have come and gone in event without affecting him seriously, but the things of Spirit, quiet under the stimulus of reverie, keep their eternal tryst within the walls of his being.

"Harken to this well: You cannot make true cosmic progress until you employ the mightiest force of all, Concentration in Inner Silence. We have heard many of you state, in discussing spiritual development, that you aspire to make progress faster. *Be quiet and do it!* Be quiet unto infinity and all will come out as you desire it to come out.

"Tell yourselves these words: Our Lord never learnt anything among men; He got it all in silence, out in the far waste places! You can get the same silence in a church, or in your office, or any parking-place of spirit, granting it be merely the privacy of your own bedside, if you will but heed the Still Small Voice that says—

"I am He who is Eternal, a fragment of the Infinite, cast off but not cut off from all that is Eternal!"

"Ropes are strong only as they imply a strength of many fibres. Quiet is quiet only as it implies the strength of many silences. When you are apt to go crosswise with Love, take a sojourn within yourself and see what permits you to go out of tune with Love.

"Return to your starting-place, making a new promise to yourself to be as obdurate as you may, but never to lose sight of eternal beneficence!"

THE MILLION-and-a-half words of Soulcraft Transcripts are rich with such gems. And what better time to consider such a one than this open and unashamed Thanksgiving Season? God smiles on the feast that the loving hands of artful womenfolk provide. But God is not coming to us to hear our expressions of gratitude that we are recipients of such largess; we are seeking out the Christ Within Ourselves, and letting Him convey to the Father how we feel about it.

Maudlinity?

If we go thus to the Christ Within Ourselves and come back with increase, what indeed shall the scoffer accomplish but a denial of similar increment in his own life and spirit?

Anyhow, it's a priceless thought with which to start off the Thanksgiving number of a publication that in the hardest kind of sense, affects to bring all of us to identify the Christ Within Each One of Us.

Prayer isn't broadcasting a sales talk to Divine Providence fifty billion light-years distant. It is opening our own centers of divinity, in the deepest and profoundest recesses of ourselves, and discovering our oneness with the most venerable and mightiest of Spirits in the

remotest extremity of the stupendous celestial galaxy.

Actually, what we are doing by "offering thanks to Almighty God" for blessings we consider as reaching us from year to year, is to lift ourselves mentally and temperamentally into the atmosphere of Divine largess generally, and thus qualify ourselves as being the right parties to whom the largess is going.

Almost, we might say, that prayers of true thanksgiving, voluntarily and sincerely uttered, are identifications of ourselves as being those for whom it has been, and is, intended. The gross, the callous, the indifferent, may enjoy what seems to be a certain share of the providence of Nature but they are by no means putting themselves in the categories of those to whom Divine benefits and blessings flow by reason of proper spiritual attainments.

Men have found from time immemorial that persons who appreciatively and contritely receive and utilize out-of-the-ordinary values coming to them, automatically place themselves in positions where more of the same materializes. Actually they are attuning themselves to a vibration of bountiful reception, and as vibration must respond to vibration—on the tuning-fork principle—their increments are most mystically compounded. Would we consider it at all mawkish if a potentate addressed a crowd: "The Congress has allotted a certain sum of bonus money to every man who served honorably in the last World War, and the cash is inside. All those of you who so served, may pass in one at a time and receive your payment." Those men, by reason of patriotic self-sacrifice, had "qualified."

Well, a prayful attitude is a form of similar qualification—for life-wars well served.

This is why men have prayed up the ages.

They have discovered it by experience.

Let it go at that for November of 1953.



Was the Voyage of the Pilgrim Ship Motivated Celestially? . .



EVEN HISTORY shapes up as different from common acceptances when we comprehend readily the applications of Ageless Wisdom.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans alive today, having not the frailest inkling of the vast cosmic charts by which the evolution of a planet is

effected, assume that it was lamentable religious incident that a given group of Episcopalian Dissenters banded together, to voyage in a community-body to the shores of a western continent and found a colony in which men should worship God according to conscience. That such great pivotal matters in the cultivation of men's higher attributes should be specifically prescribed—even minutely supervised in action—puts an entirely new significance on operations among nations. If we can consider it as applying to day-to-day affairs among nations today, we must view the famous exploit of

¶ *WHAT Purpose
Was Served by the
Northeastern Colony
Being a Religious
Establishment from
the Beginning? . .*

the Pilgrim Fathers as celestially instigated. Bradford, Winthrop and others must be regarded as Great Personages who obviously assented to being born into life to direct that Noble Odyssey. The point we are interested in examining in the Thanksgiving Saga is the design being striven toward, that the first prime colony planted on America's northeastern shore should have been religiously motivated.

THAT a Great Band of Celestial Guardians and Mentors attend upon the globe and direct the rise and fall of peoples, is obviously due to be demonstrated in the imminent ministrations of the Space-Ship Men. Consider the terrific significance of the statement allegedly made to Orfeo Angelucci of California—

"We see the individual people of earth as each one really is, not as perceived by the limited senses of Man. The people of your planet have been under observation by us for centuries, but have only recently been resurveyed. Every point of progress in your society is registered with us. We know you as you do not know ourselves. Every man, woman, and child on Earth is recorded in our vital statistics by means of our receiving 'crystal discs' . . . We feel a deep sense of kinship, or brotherhood, toward Earth's inhabitants because the evolution of our own planet has been along somewhat the same lines as that of earth. In you we can look back and see our own world going through its growing-pains . . . We ask that you look upon us as older, much older, brothers!"

If such colossal statement has basis in fact—and it seems that evidence is forthcoming of it—the voyage of the Mayflower occurred only day before yesterday in the spiritual evolution of our globe. Somewhat guarded statements seem to be uttered by the Space Guests from time to time that they are graduates of a civilization that is close to eighteen million years old—thus corroborating the fundamentals of the Soulcraft book, *Star Guests*, that the first progenitors of the globe's various races reached this planet back in Miocene times. This means from twenty million down to twelve million years bygone, and *Star Guests* was written and published months before the first current Saucer Pilots were heard from. Participants in a

civilization that runs back into time by the millions of years, can be forgiven for looking askance at a "civilization" that thinks 1620 a long time in the past from 1953. But by the same token, three hundred years ago could not have been far removed in psychology from the guardianship maintaining at present.

"What evolving Earth needs," we can fancy them deciding, "is a great western nation founded upon Spiritual Ideals, or in free recourse to Spiritual fundamentals. By stirring up what seems to be religious persecution in the so-called Old World, heavy numbers of monitor souls will gather the persecuted in bands and make the trek to distant shores. There they will plant the desired colonies in the Spiritual tradition. Thus the entire history of the new nation will be established in the Spiritual tradition. From the founding of small religious colonies will grow something new culturally to hold up before the Old World nations and write a new page in the globe's spiritual evolution."

OF COURSE, this does not mean that the Space-Ship people coming into the aura of our planet at present are the identical individuals who prescribed such an exploit as the Plymouth Colony three hundred and thirty years in the past. But obviously the knowledge prescribed is similar, and many of Earth's Guardians are not only at home on neighboring planets but well may operate out from some of them. Perhaps we are going to be astounded and dismayed, as we come into contact with these interstellar persons, to learn to what life expectancies they have been able to carry longevity on neighboring globes, where wars and diseases have long since ceased as factors. Not only have the individuals already contacted displayed exquisite beauty and grace of figure and manner—with the sodomic beastly traits eradicated—but they may possibly disclose to us that their average life-span runs into hundreds of years.

We are merely upon the threshold of learning to what individual life attains as a truly

“PROSPERITY is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New.”

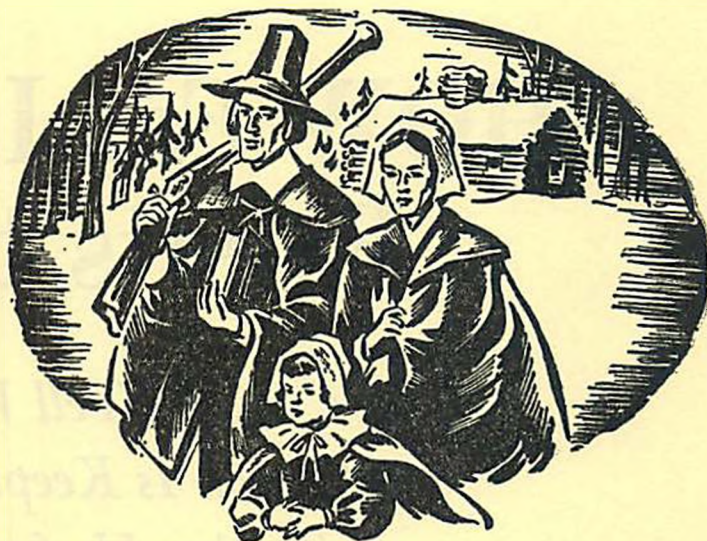
Christ Civilization becomes established on any planetary orb. That the scientific and psychical advances of these super-men and super-women may well classify them as the equivalent of the traditional Heavenly Host, is not outside the realm of possibilities. The greater point is, that they come to us equipped with a compassionate but transcendent knowledge with which we cannot cope. Apparently we are going to be introduced to the era of the Golden Times by some of these Masterminds seeming as far advanced over us as a twentieth-century American scientist appears advanced over an African bushman. The effect of such intellectual suzerainty may well be a complete transfiguration of earthly life, with the elimination of disruptive elements by their own flight from conditions with which they cannot cope.

But to return to our consideration of the Mayflower . .

“NO GROUP,” say the Transcendent Sages supplying us with the Valiant Doctrine, “is permitted to exist without its mentor.” Well might this have applied to the various groups of theologic Dissenters who broke away from all they had held dear in their motherland and took a precarious little sailing craft across to the wintry wastes of Cape Cod. It was the travail pain of a great spiritual nation in the agony of birth that they felt, in their historical adventurings and subsequent sequences in founding Massachusetts.

So when we celebrate the Thanksgiving Day feast this year in their adulation, it is—or should be—acceptance of their divine or esoteric offices that we recognize. And the Wisdom that now enlightens us, indicates the almost micrometric positiveness with which such performances occur.

Nothing happens by chance in this world. Which, if we credit, means that nothing has ever happened by chance in all the times and civilizations that have ever been. Nothing is happening by chance in the present or imminent future. That the Chart exists for the methodical evolution of a planet and its per-



fection of spirit-consciousness, may or may not be registered on such a monument as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. But from the imminent Saucer Man we come to grasp the definite laws that developing mankind obeys in every instance, that gives Cause and Substance to the maturing of all events.

All of it establishes as well, the operating of Orderly Mind behind the very fact of Creation itself, and makes us feel that we are anything but hapless and helpless individuals cast away on an unknown globe with no one to care what eventually becomes of us.

As the Pilgrim Fathers came under supernal direction, so may we be following a later supplementing program for the voyages of fresh Mayflowers in the present or early future.

Christ said positively, “The very hairs of our heads are all numbered.” Maybe He was speaking literally at that.

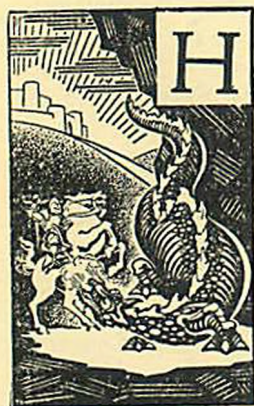
If the Space People have an FBI pedigree on each and every mother’s son and father’s daughter of us, how much more minute must be the record in the astral-akashic?

At least it means raised sights on the thinking of the least of us.

And our Thanksgiving turkey should take on a fresh savor as viands of a feast of revitalized significance.

HOW Far Is It Sensible Events that Seem to

*¶ Can We Tell Whether a National
Situation Is Keeping Us from Danger
or Testing Us for Character? . .*



HOW MUCH imagination do you possess? Can you "suppose" a situation like the following?—

You are exactly the person you are at present insofar as talents and temperament are concerned, but let's say you occupy a physical body so tenuous and weightless that you can convey it anywhere on this globe, merely by picturing yourself as being wherever you wish to be. You visualize that you are standing at Sixth and Hill Streets in downtown Los Angeles, and presto! . . everything about you alters and you are actually at Sixth and Hill with traffic bells ringing around you and Pershing Square just behind you on your left. You visualize you are before the State House on Beacon Street Hill in Boston, Massachusetts, and presto!—Boston Common lowers away southward before you to Tremont Street. You visualize that you are in Times Square, New

York, and instantly it becomes actual about you, or the ferry-house at the foot of Market Street in San Francisco, or the sidewalk before the front of the Alamo at San Antonio, or the long viaduct over the railroad yards at Kansas City. Walls of stone, brick, or wood mean nothing to you, because you can visualize yourself *inside* any building, office, or residence from Baltimore to Seattle, and instantly you are there—observing what fleshly persons there are engaged in doing. You are, in other words, what the mentalities of this three dimensional plane term Discarnate. You are *not* bodiless, of course. That is only the way people encumbered with three-dimensional bodies think of you because their limited physical senses cannot discern you. Now then—

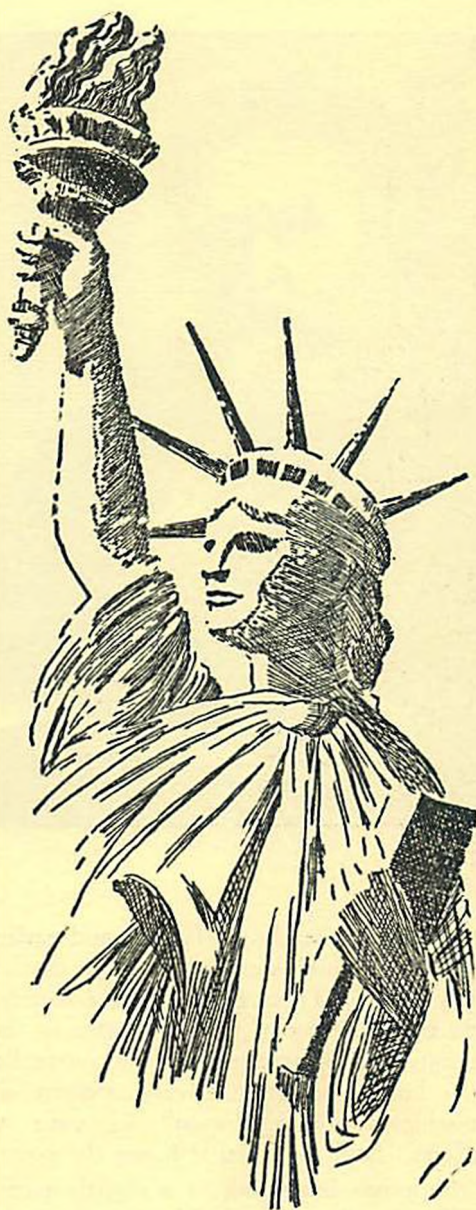
AMONG your capabilities, you find you can "think yourself" similarly and constantly into the companionship of a given person occupying and encumbered with a flesh-and-blood vehicle on this material plane of earth. Wherever that person is, whatever he is engaged in doing, you can be his invisible companion four or five feet from him. He

to Combat Thwart Us?

*REVOLUTIONARY Times
Were Tough but Were Not
Great Mentors Shepherding
the Colonials through All
Reverses for the Sake of
the Great Republic that
Would Result? . .*

may be helping to win an autumn football game in the stadium at Ann Arbor, Michigan, taking a shower of a morning in an apartment in Chicago, courting a lady in Tucson, Arizona, or going up in an elevator to the top of Empire State Building in Manhattan with the intent of hurling himself to the pavements far below and "ending it all" . . You can be his everpresent companion and observer and when you discern him behaving or intending to behave in some manner that jeopardizes his life or proper fortunes, you can cry out to him and in a puzzled manner he will "hear" you, through the form of mental impression that he will call a "hunch" . .

Let's say you have reason to think enough of such physical person to employ your whole time laboring in his—or her—interest. You will think of yourself as his Guardian Angel. If he—or she—be ignorant or superstitious he



will consider you with some trepidation, even alarm, as a Familiar Spirit. Orthodox clergymen will harangue audiences, with your ward sitting in them from time to time, that you are a demon out of hell and that the one you love and are trying to keep from unspeakable follies



because you merely see further and easier than he does, should shun you as the devil shuns holy water. These clergymen are merely talking that way out of the gross error of their religious or theologic training, of course, because you know you are the very opposite of any mischief-working "demon" in your ward's affairs. Still, again, that is not the point—

Suppose—imagining in a slightly more difficult role—that you could be *both* the person you are, in a flesh-and-blood body at present, and the one being lovingly chaperoned and guarded. Suppose you could perform alternately between the one who does the "guarding" and the one who is "guarded"?

What would you be prescribing for yourself—in view of all the circumstances and condi-

tions you would behold from the next dimension of ubiquity—that you are not experiencing now?

IN OTHER words, if you were your own invisible guardian, by what standards of conduct would you be guided in determining what your likeliest worldly experiences should be? . . . because it would really boil down to a question of what experiences would be proper for you to have and what experiences you should be saved from enduring to your physical, mental, or spiritual hurt.

Would you not constantly be judging the fulfilling of your guardianship by the gauge: "Is this ordeal I see coming up, something that will truly injure my ward to undergo, or is it an experience he requires to suffer in order that his character may become stronger or his personality the better developed?"

Of course, if it were the latter, and you prevented its happening, you would be doing him a grievous injury—that goes without saying.

Why then, if in imagination you are capable of playing both roles toward yourself in the present, should you not adopt the same standards of appraisal of experiences now, and ask yourself consciously, "Is this current experience something I should have fled, or deliberately avoided, or do I have it coming to me, to test out the growth of my moral stamina and capability to the moment?"

It is a fact that we *do*—by taking thought which we call "exercising judgment and discretion"—avoid and avert a hundred experiences a year that might otherwise have damaged us. But in avoiding or averting *some* of them, may we not have roaded to our own weakness or timidities merely because we foresaw that reactions add up to a given amount of temporary distresses? And have we not really done ourselves a disservice, by indulging our timidities and denying our progressive and audacious attributes little opportunity for profitable exercise?

It is something to give the gravest thought.

STARTLING or commonplace though the information may seem to you, according to your past explorations into conditions behind Mortality, almost no person alive and operating in a physical body today is without *some* beloved parent or relative striving to play the role of Guardian Friend in his affairs. Commonly society thinks of such advantageously placed people as "dead", merely because they have vacated the lumberous and limited form of physical expression called the body, or the converse between the two conditions of living has to be maintained through the clairvoyant, clairsaudient or "hunch" technique. But someone is always nearby in every environment, situation, and event that involves us in life, observing its effects on us and mitigating them as it can if they are uncalled for or too drastic.

If untimely physical death looms—such as an air transport on which we intend to make a business strip from Pittsburgh to Denver being fated to crash and burn over Missouri—altogether miraculous preventatives will seem to happen that we will call luck or Fate. Actually it will be an invisible protector and consultant that conveys the "miraculous" forewarning to us not to board that plane or ship on that vessel, or catch that train—that is presently demolished with all passengers lost. This because we may not have been scheduled on our great mortal life-charts to depart the earth-world at such specific time.

But if we happen to be lackadaisical about attending to our motorcar's faulty steering mechanism when we realize that lives of passengers and pedestrians are jeopardized by such carelessness—not to mention our own—nothing may be done by such guardians to prevent the motor collision that happens on Route 62 forcing us to lie on a hospital cot for six weeks strictly to impress us with the need for being more careful in such matters—which will really become a lesson in our social responsibilities. We may think it inhumanly harsh, but through no other route than painful experience would we learn it.

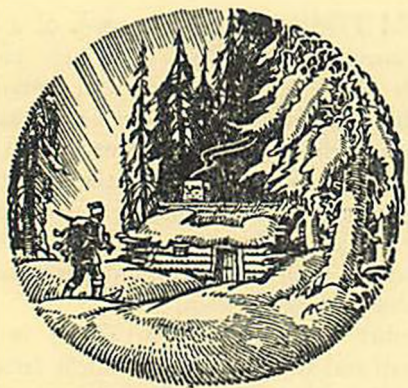
However, take a view of a bigger picture—

FROM TIME to time the people of a given country seem called upon to proceed through sequences of events that entail unspeakable mass hardship. In several great national crises the populace of America has been forced with what appeared at the moment to be major catastrophe. Probably the outstanding episode at the beginning of America's history was the military convulsion that separated the Colonies from Britain.

Whether we ourselves participate in such great national turmoils or view them from the prospective of history, which shall we say they are—cosmically imposed disciplines to school us in adversities, or travails of some new social or civic order that benefit humanity up a thousand years to come?

Had there been no Revolutionary War, we must admit, there would have been no American independence, nor any majestic Republic on this side of the Atlantic that evidenced such sprawl in the hundred and fifty years after its birth that it could assist the once-mother coun-





try to the tune of thirty-eight billions of dollars after two debilitating conflicts with Germany.

When great cosmic statesmen counsel or monitor great mortal statesmen can it be said that major civic good does not accrue? But how shall we know when we are participating in a stupendous revaluation of the race, a new alignment that benefits international life, or a purposeful program designing a new age for mankind in general?

The answer would seem to be that we are called to account only for those decisions in life that affect ourselves consciously. Few and far between come the master individuals whose decisions as to personal acts are reflected in the lives of states. The great Group Mentors who have the welfare of mass society in charge are acting at the behest of Divinity. Our own divinity is another matter. We are strictly accountable for that. If the big national or international crises come, we can play our parts in them as circumstances or destiny may call us. We shall be working out our destinies if we do. But those are not the true things that thwart us, though they may endanger us.

The things that truly thwart us are the personal crises we fail to meet, the difficult episode that we seek to shun, the provocative acts that "change the courses of our lives by not changing them" when change is charted for our benefit.

We are responsible only for the things we can control.

What man does as the mass is one thing, what we do *in* the mass is quite another. The big mass rejuvenation may benefit us, but it is the small personal rejuvenation that remains with us as part of our eternal characters.

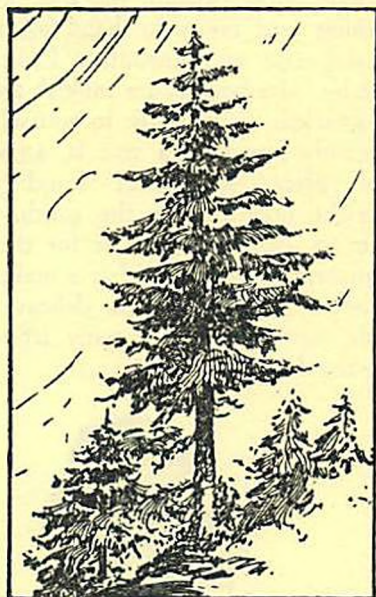
"WHAT EXPERIENCES should I undergo for my own mental, moral, or spiritual enlargement?" . . . no two people's answers can be the same, because no two persons have undergone precisely the same educating or ennobling experiences up across the past. But the human imagination is capable of "standing outside of ourselves and looking at ourselves" as though we were our own Guardian Angels, and trying to see life's experiences objectively. It is not being pathologically introspective. It is being spiritually perspicacious. Few of us give proper consideration to such matters abstractly, regarding ourselves, anyway. Most of us assume we're living in a hit-or-miss world where everything happens by chance to us, most of it bad.

Actually, every last mother's son and father's daughter of us is operating on a vibration that unerringly carries us toward or into definite types of experiences because we chose such vibrations on which to be born. It's not the vibration of itself that the truly loving mentor or guardian would thwart, or transgress, or trespass upon to prescribe something different. It's what an excess of such experience might do to us permanently, that brings about the invisible protectorship or "hunch" counsel.

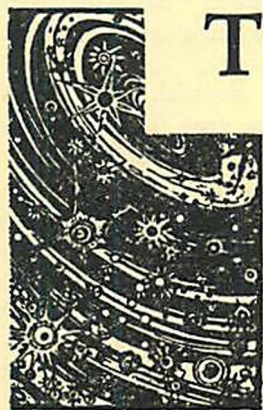
Why not perform the mental exercise of overhauling *yourself*, in the light of such realizations, and review what the changes in your affairs should be that you would recommend for yourself if you were "guarding" your own self through your alter-ego exercising in a finer and freer dimension.

The revelations might stun you. Usually people who try it, come out of it realizing that what is commonly happening to them—that they consider so woeful—is *exactly what they need to have happen to supply them with what they lack!*

*IF You Could
Only See Yourself
in Proper Perspective . .*



**YOU May Be a Far More
Beautiful Character than
You Remotely Suspect . .**



THE GROUNDS at Soulcraft are distinguished by two remarkably beautiful trees. One is a Balsam Poplar, lordly in its hundred feet of height in the southwest corner of the big west lawn. The other is a Chinese Elm, sometimes called a White Elm, with rotund trunk strongly

buttressed at its base, luxuriously arched boughs displaying skeleton-like leaves of dainty elm pattern. It forms a bower over the southern half of the studio patio. There is a sermon in either tree. The Poplar is last to leaf in the spring and first to drop its leaves in the fall. But during the months of summer its pride in its own beauty is apparent. Its great leaves are so thick that they hide the structure of its branches. It seems to concentrate its seasonable life and summon all its vitality for the business of living in verdant summer season. The Elm is less spectacular but more stalwart.

Stand close beneath the Elm on a summer's evening and lay your hand against its bark. It is coarse and uncouth. Look up into its interior. Its boughs are rankish and inclined to be gnarled. You think to yourself, "What an ungainly structure a tree is, anyway. In the first place, it doesn't stand geometrically straight but tilts to the south. The leaves seem to small and delicate for the raw, ragged branches. As a tree, what a makeshift!" One wonders, in fact, how the delicate leaves found their ways out to so many irresponsible and rag-tag branches.



But leave the patio. Start walking northwestward across the clipped grass. The further you move from the Elm, the less you discern of the gnarled and weather-beaten bark or the helter-skelter ensemble of its boughs. The Elm begins to show a balance that could scarcely occur by chance. Turn in the extreme northwest corner among the Purple Iris and survey that tree as a whole. Distance has by no means lent enchantment, but perspective of distance has disclosed the Elm's symmetry.

It is a tree of strength wedded to poise. Its contours are things of beauty and balance. It is well-nigh awesome in its exhibit of loving

protection thrown upon the patio. All the Soulcraft trees display the human love that goes up to them, but the Elm displays the tree-love it gives back.

If one be philosophical minded, it suddenly stands revealed as almost human in its witcheries and nuances of character . .

ONE OF the chief causes for criticism of certain folk around us lies in the fact that we see them too much in close-up. Touch them and their exteriors seem coarse and uncouth; in temperamental structure they are rankish and even gnarled. You think to yourself, how ungainly they are. They rarely stand straight but must lean out of plumb. As human beings they are discouraging makeshifts.

But time passes. We have occasion to draw apart from them, to behold them in perspective. We think of them as one piece of human composition, the sum-total of themselves. We realize that the defect of leaning this way or that was not a defect, but really a gesture of protecting something they loved. Actually they have been displaying strength wedded to poise, and their over-all contours make an effect of beauty wedded to balance.

What then of ourselves?

May we not be living too close to our own selves to see the real poise and balance we truly are achieving amid these storms and stresses of earth-life without being aware of it. We must stand off a goodly space and get the over-all view of ourselves to realize what symmetries we are growing that we little suspect from close-up observation.

Are we married to a shrewish wife or a callous husband? Do we grow a tough bark about ourselves to protect ourselves from daily wounds of spirit? Do we appear to be growing lopsided pursuing some apparent fanaticism that expresses something close to our hearts? Perchance, regarding ourselves from the far garden-corner of the Thought Plane, in the ultimate perspective, we shall see that the bent trunk only balanced and offset loads of exquisite boughs and branches representing

aspirations and ideals that would have fallen to earth had they not been counter-poised by the crooked trunk or the gnarled exterior.

IT ALL adds up to the quite likely probability that regarded from the viewpoint of the years—perhaps the sum-total of a lifetime's years—you are due to discover that you have a strength of character and a beauty of contour and temperament that is on the whole breath-taking . . . like the unspeakable symmetrical and balanced white Elm above the Headquarters patio. You are too close to yourself in the daily roster of transpiring event to behold your reactions to them, not in isolated cases of impulse or seeming opportunism ineffectively executed but in a great general leaning this way or that to obtain balance for the higher and more aerial boughs of intellect.

There is always a pulchritude that displays from sheer stamina of character, most elusive to reproduce pictorially, that has to be outlined against the skies of eternity to be envisioned!

NOTHING out of balance is ever beautiful. But how can one discern whether he is in balance until he casts up or gives attention to, the totality of himself? The very trait or seeming weakness that one deplors in the caprice of intellect or psychology, may be the sternest gesture of the soul to effect balance within itself—and actually achieving it without appreciating the degree of one's success at doing it.

The boy who bemoaned the college education denied him, who pursued learning in books as he could and one day heard himself referred to as the outstanding intellect and sage of his day; the girl who never knew what it meant to relax in a beauty parlor, who had to surrender earnings and energy to the support of her family in destitute circumstances and who one day found herself chosen by her fellow citizens as the Most Personable Businesswoman of the Year . . . the list is infinite of the people who fail utterly to realize how handsome and stalwart and sterling they are becoming in character merely by meeting the crises of

every day patiently but with that resolution that is valor.

YES, THERE is a majestic tree overshadowing the southern end of the Soulcraft patio. During the heated days of sunlit summer, it has thrown shadowing branches over more people of note and character in the American Scene than probably any other one such tree in the nation. They travel from far cities to sit beneath it and discuss the verities of eternity. Look up into its branches and it is merely a somewhat rankish monstrosity, in which birds build nests and insects may lose footing and drop on the shoulders of those communing beneath. But survey it from a distance lengthy enough so that a camera's lens takes in the whole of it, and it requires no sentimentalist to see God in its contours.

And the selfsame phenomenon applies to yourself.

Survey yourself from a time-distance lengthy enough that the camera of character-appraisal sees you as a whole, and God may be displaying in you more graphically than you dream . .



TO What Extent Does Emotion Figure in Your Religious Life?

¶ *ARE WE Sanctimoniously Pitying Ourselves in Our Subconscious Minds when Great Waves of Spiritual Feeling Assail Us?*



EMOTION is a strange word and a stranger human attribute. Something of a peculiar nature happens and we say that it "appeals to our emotions." What in the world are we talking about? Just *what* is being appealed to? Suppose we look at it.

First we turn to the dictionary—to see what it has to say about emotion that we've never especially thought about. "Emotion," says Noah Webster, who apparently earned his living knowing everything, "is departure from the normal calm state of an organism, of such nature as to include strong feeling, with an impulse toward open action and certain internal physical reactions—being, any one of the states designated as Fear, Anger, Disgust, Grief, Joy, Surprise, or Yearning." The English term comes from the French verb, *e movere*, meaning literally to "move outwardly."

Evidently we don't experience an emotion over a given circumstance or happening itself, but because of the state of reactive feeling which the circumstance or happening calls up. The circumstance or event creates the state of feeling and the state of feeling dictates what the emotion shall be.

Not that it makes any particular difference.

WE GO through mental and physical states of Fear, Anger, Disgust, Grief, Joy, Surprise, Yearning or Anxiety, and all the rest of the list, and the degree of the departure of our feelings from the normal, we call the strength or weakness of the Emotion. Still, none of it truly tells us what Emotion *is*. To say that our feelings are "upset" is not enough. What actually is happening to our whole ensemble when Fear, Anger, Joy, or Surprise overpowers us?

A little thought ought to show us that Emotion actually is compounded of two facts: first, Memory in some aspect; second, Imagination—which, of course, is little more than memories projected in a might-happen-again state.

¶ What Is a True Religious Ecstasy and from What Does It Arise?

Take, for instance, something that arouses the emotion of Fear in us. We must have memories of happenings of the past—perhaps past lives—that have involved us distressingly or painfully and which bear reasonable resemblance to the current or anticipated happening whose effects we consequently dread, to know Fear in any predicament. A person without experience, such as a child, knows little Fear, because he has few memories of distress or pain as yet, coming from given sets of circumstances, to alarm him. The old adage expressed it, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Fools are merely people without receptive memories, unable to make distinctions from experience. They have little wisdom based on experiences remembered.

Take the emotion of Anger. We are angry that someone has outraged us, or taken unfair advantage of us, or cheated us, or insulted us. But all these must rest upon knowledge of earlier penalties we must have paid in result of enduring such impositions. Or take the emotion of Love, and particularly religious Love.

Is it not true that we are probably carrying in our eternal minds a sense of how ecstatic we have felt in prenatal situations where we felt literally the transcendent care and compassion of the Divine Being, and we relive those memories of the sensation without remembering the exact details of the situation or environment.



It is prenatal memory, in other words, that produces the effect within our spirits that we term Religious Emotionalism.

THE PSYCHOLOGIST declares that the human mind cannot function, insofar as producing thought is concerned, without possessing mental images in which to "think". To consider it somewhat profoundly, entertaining mental images in a related continuity is the business of thinking. A person absolutely without experiences on which to draw, to supply him with mental images in continuity, cannot think. It is upon this apparent fact that the whole hypothesis of the origin and history of Consciousness itself is based.

Consciousness isn't alone and exclusively the business of thinking in continuity—Consciousness is a sort of coagulated self-awareness with the capability of remembering the effects of all the endurances it undergoes in the formal

universe as it is encountered. Try to grasp this all-important point.

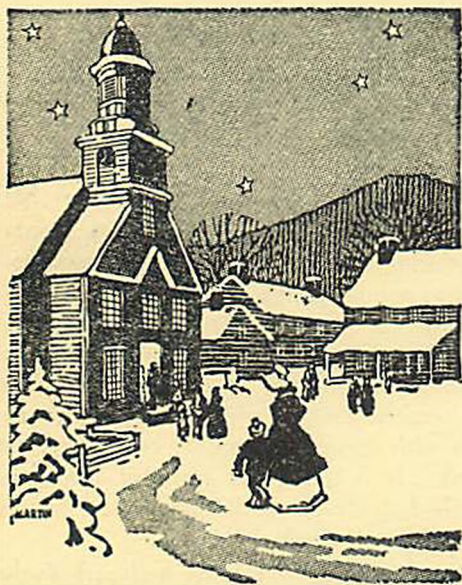
Consciousness is the possibility inherent in self-awareness of retaining and using the reactions from experiencing in order to shape a course of behavior that is commonly called Conduct. But the phenomenon of being able to relive mentally both the experiences and their effects is the feat known as Memory.

Taking the factors in such recollections and forming and reforming them into new groupings and combinations is the attribute called Imagination.

Imagination means the act or business of "forming an image" or mental design. But as we obtain all the material for the composition of such images from memories of experiences and their effects upon us, therefore Imagination is merely a futuristic form of Recollection.

It requires a reasonably capable I-Q to get it, but it is there.

And it is thrice important in considering a religious emotion, sometimes called a Religious Ecstasy . . .



IF IMAGINATION is a form of futuristic memory in all other departments of mentality, then imagining religiously—also given

the name of Allegory—can be little else than Remembering Spiritually. We form in our soul-spirits what must be combinations of prenatal memories—or the reactions of prenatal memories—and concede that an ecstasy results. But what can this ecstasy be, essentially, *but recollection of our perpetual feeling when in the divine or celestial state?*

We say that we are "carried away" by our feelings for the Elder Brother. Better we might put it that we are "carried back" into the states of our reactions to Him when we are in, or close to, His Divine Personality. Apart from Him or the environment in which He may be operating in what we term Etheria, we are emotionless, we say. The state of being emotionless then, or without ecstatic reactions from a Great Personality in a transcendental environment, is merely the state of being moribund and dispassionate—one might almost describe it as "spiritually indolent" . . .

Religious Emotionalism can be regarded as proof in logic of the pre-existence of our self-aware Consciousness quite as positive as the sensation of lifted memory on definite events in previous careers is proof in logic of our having lived and experienced them.

THE MATERIALIST, glorying in his status of passivity and spiritual stoicism that characterizes that mortal plane apart from the subliminal vibrations of great god-characters like The Christ, declares with his tongue in his cheek that religious emotionalism is a form of Self-Pity. We become balked and frustrated in our earthly designs, he declares, and in a sudden telescoping of all our resentments, we let a condition of spiritual panic command us. In such general panic at our own puny helplessness—or what we consider as such—we suddenly go all-out in allegorical idealism and look upon such obsession as sacred consecration accompanied by emotional ecstasy. In fact, such abandon to allegorical idealism is emotional ecstasy.

The trouble with it all is, that the Materialist fails to account for our possession of spiritual

idea-images that his own psychology says cannot exist excepting from reactions to experiences. He seeks to prove his case in the spiritual sense by evidence that he denies.

Self-pity, if he really knew his business, is quite something else—or rather, originates in quite another combination of circumstances.

Ordinarily we think of Self-Pity as a compassion for the self in hard or difficult circumstances, when actually the adept Soulcrafters knows that it is a desperate and frantic striving to affect Balance in the life's affairs and equations. We have expended energy or solicitude to achieve a meritorious end, but the factors resulting have not compensated us. We try to produce such compensation synthetically, in our own Consciousness. "Feeling sorry for ourselves" is a fallacious gesture of creating something that compensates us when the world and society denies it to us.

Religious Ecstasy cannot be Self-Pity because there is no deficiency to be supplied anywhere from the circumstances. If you remember celestial conditions inadequately, they merely

leave no impressions on your Subconscious for the creation of spiritual picture-images.

Get such items and definitions straightened out in your intellect and you no longer flagellate yourself with self-censures that you in no-wise merit.

Emotion figures in true Religious Life only as we let the Memory Veil drop from time to time on celestial recollections. Concentration on the personality of The Christ appears to bring back all the spiritual reactions we felt each and severally when we have lived in His presence, before taking these cellar-excursions into mortality and live apart from such association to get experience of that also. But do not forget that having experience of disassociation is only for the contrast of making the association hold greater attractiveness to us as it is resumed.

If this has all been too deep for you, forget it. The time will come when you will suddenly grasp the truth of it by stupendous experience.

That will be true conversion.



THE MARINER of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "Oh, God, Thou mayest save me if Thou wilt, or if Thou wilt Thou mayest destroy me. But whether or no, I will steer my rudder true." The perfect exposition of Soulcraft . .



DOES a Woman Ever Really Trap a Man into Matrimony? . .

**¶ IF Mating Arrangements
Have Been Prenatally
Made, Why Do Some
Men Play Hard to Get?**



COMES a letter from a man in the South, narrating his difficulties with certain ladies and seeking special counsel in what he declares to be a characteristic quandary.

"I am by no means any misogynist, or Woman-Hater," he announces, "and yet I have never felt any

overwhelming impulse to marry. I am forty-one years old, American born, and reasonably

well off after a lifetime spent in making a modest success of a business I founded after graduating from college. I make my home with my invalid mother, to whom I am deeply attached but without being in any sense a Mama's Boy. But since my teens, I have been one of those personalities whom it seemed the girls pursued, mostly because I seemed to be indifferent. I am certainly no Adonis, so it could not have been physical attraction that drew them to me. I know this sounds conceited and most women on reading it may scoff under their breaths, 'I'd like to get a look at him and see if I would run after him.' Nevertheless, I have found myself on three separate occasions involved in affairs with individual women who vowed they would marry me if

it was the last thing they did, and one of them got me into such a tight legal corner that she nearly succeeded. I have read your book, *Adam Awakes*, and on the whole its contents were most revealing. But I failed to discover any explanation that might fit my special case. Does a woman ever really trap a man into matrimony, and what karmic process—if it is karma—would you suggest to be operating if she does? Does it happen that a man who is not particularly romantic by nature challenges the vanity of the average woman, causing her to put her charms to the test—of being able to land him for a mate? Where then would prenatal arrangements for all matings come in? Incidentally, in honesty I should tell you that the three ladies I mentioned were inclined to be what today's society calls flirts, and even the one who got me in the corner readily married the younger and handsomer chap when she was convinced I wasn't her game. I await your counsel with interest."

THE FIRST thing it is always advisable to do in attempting to diagnose this type of human-interest conundrum, is to run the Numerology of the parties involved, particularly the Hard-to-Get male. The full christened name, divided into Inner and Outer Expressions, gives cue to the spiritual attainments of the parties to the current mortality; the numerical total of the month, day, and year of birth indicates the cosmic vibration at which they have elected to operate throughout the present sojourn.

Mr. Hard-To-Get Southern Gentleman figures to a Seven in his Inner Expression and a Four in his Outer. And his life-path as indicated by the date of his birth comes to One. The expert Numerologist would grasp at a glance that, with his name totaling 11, he would be more or less of a genius at finding his way through the trials and stresses of earth, and it could be called no surprise that in twenty-odd years he had made a success of his commercial affairs. However, without this article being an exposition in Numerology, the Seven



Inner Expression and the Four Outer, attest to a somewhat hectic spiritual status.

In his Inner Expression he is a candidate for Spiritual Explorations in the present life experience that indicate unavoidable distresses in exploring. Seven is the number that indicates "pioneering in Spirit," or exploring in the opening phases of the spiritual cycle. The Four in the man's Outer expression indicates the dispassionate engineering angle on his contacts with the world. His approach to problems is that of the architect or mechanician.

As for his One life-path, that of itself symbolizes his role in society—the lone wolf, the individualist, the solo independent. Nothing in the man's Numerology anywhere indicates any warm emotional liaison with any feminine life-partner from any inner urge, excepting as contact might multiply the spiritual dividends.

Our gentleman has come into life on a vibration of independence and selfreliance. Spiritually considered, he requires neither camaraderie nor companionship to round out his emotional life. He has, of course, a cosmic soul-half in existence somewhere but obviously he, himself, for this life sequence at least, is temperamentally content with bachelordom. His true soul-half may not have incarnated this time, as often happens if her recent life experiences may have caused her to progress faster than her spiritual mate. The fact that he has chosen a Number One vibration under which to get himself born would indicate that the arrangements between them are in suspension or hiatus.

What then, we may ask, are other women

doing in his affairs? From whence comes their interest in him that challenges? Is it truly pique at his independence of them, or his scorn of anything approaching reliance on them? This would seem a ready explanation if it truly were an explanation from the esoteric standpoint.

Suppose we look at flirtatious women as a type, particularly the kind who becomes piqued at being personally disdained . .

Q "THE TRUE, strong, and great mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small."
JOHNSON

FIRST, they are afflicted, apparently, with a superiority complex. They have come to hold a high opinion of their pulchritude or romantic desirability and resent having such self-estimates contradicted. It not only cheapens them in their own regard but threatens them with uncertainty about their judgment-forming abilities. They have an over-confident control of themselves which they cannot bear to have corrected, inasmuch as they feel they possess nothing else to take its place. Usually the person with the sense of self-superiority has been through adventures in earlier lives where success came to them easily and readily because they had gotten born on the Success Vibration—usually a Six or an Eight. They do not wish to entertain suspicions that anything other than their own attributes account for such success, because if their self appraisal be fallacious they see only the abyss of error and uncertainty yawning tragically for them.

The flirtatious woman is encountering life experiences—due to her own vibratory life-path or spiritual deficiencies to the moment—where she is learning the *forms* of acquiring or displaying merit without having endured the ordeals that put true merit into the character when

surmounted. Merit, so to speak, is a pose with her, or we might say, an affectation. She seeks to learn how to conduct herself as though she really were meritorious and her attributes substantial. She is playing a part, after a fashion, as though preparing or equipping herself for true exhibits of character when she has fought through educating and ennobling ordeal and won out gloriously.

None of it in a strict sense is Dishonesty, more than we could say that the gifted actor in a successful drama, playing the part of a monied stockbroker, is dishonest because he doesn't own a vault of valuable stocks and bonds in his own right.

But there is also another aspect of the flirtatious woman we should by no means overlook . .

IN ALL SYMPATHY instead of disdain for her, she may be seeking to strengthen a timid or suppressed character, developed before the present life, by a program of harmless courtesanship that makes her more proficient and self-reliant in the social graces, particularly involving men. She is embracing a curriculum of experiences tending to give her mental and physical poise, command of ready wits—which means facile intellect—and a general achievement of amiability among all classes of males that increase her knowledge of them as a sex. In the end, of course, what she truly learns is the spiritual possibilities for improvement in herself.

When such a type of woman encounters the self-reliant and slightly contemptuous man—at least the man who plays hard-to-get for reasons of his own—it is not enough to say she feels herself challenged. In her subconscious mind it occurs to her that in such a male she has maximum opportunity to learn the most in the shortest time. Men who "fall for her" readily—as the expression has it—on the whole teach her little. The man reluctant to disclose himself as impressed by her assailments of him, makes her work harder at this business of feminine self-improvement. He makes her experiment more audaciously and vigorously to

determine what real charms can accomplish. From the cosmic standpoint, she is "learning to be more of a woman," and as no experience is ever purposeless nor sterile in some field of spiritual expansion, even in what seems to be flirting she is working at a constructive mission toward herself. *The particular identity of the man or men doesn't matter.* The flirtatious woman is rarely concerned with the man as a man. He simply represents the sex on which she whets the steels of her capabilities to get results enhancing her in character or goods.

SO the Southern hard-to-get gentleman should not be exercised that he is unduly and annoyingly the target for a parade of so-called Designing Women. Having come into life on the vibration that makes matrimony more or less of a superfluity in his life's affairs, he offers the woman striving to perfect herself in the romantic graces and self-confidences an outstanding opportunity to test her capabilities as an evolving personality. His hard-to-get manner, which truly is constitutional indifference to the whole romantic pother—assuming he is honest in his acclamations of indifference—is merely a high-sign to the type of woman striving to perfect herself in the romantic graces. From him as a contest she may have the widest and highest of spiritual dividends

accrue to her eventually, in that his particular character will put her to a major test.

We can take it as an assured fact that it isn't the man himself as a spiritual personage such flirtatious or even predatory woman is after, but only a particularly knotty specimen of his sex. The predatory woman is, or course, the flirtatious woman demanding concrete values in worldly increments for her pains, or using the awards of compromising strategies and situations as factual attestments of her success. It is a cheap and tawdry substitute for the higher spiritual determinations, but no matter how raw or crude the methods pursued or the increments extracted, the woman as well as her debatable "victim" are unerringly learning lessons that must ultimately enhance them spiritually.

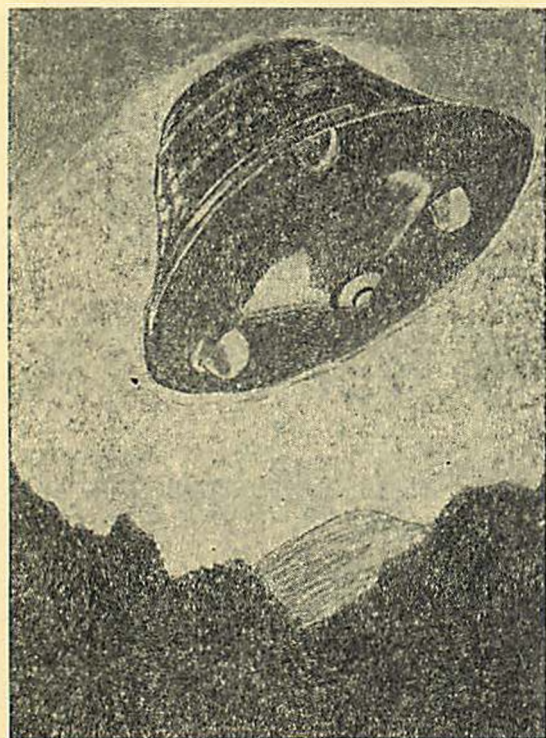
Always and forever we come back to that. It is the one and only reason for us visiting earth at all.

There's nothing very special to be concerned about, in this situation of Mr. Southerner and his paramours. Actually they're playing the greater Game of Life, cosmically.

No woman ever does "trap" a man into matrimony. What she does is trap herself in a snarl of karma from which she becomes a bigger and more compassionate soul as she works it out . . .



WHEN you suddenly start thinking on a basis of planets in your political ideas, world-life takes on new meaning. Only in interstellar diplomacy recourse to war is OUT. Will it be a challenge to intellectual statesmanship or will it not?



HOW THESE OUR IDEAS

the nature of God, nor the ultimate origin of the universe, is known or knowable—distinguished from Atheism. But purblind partisans of Orthodoxy and churchianity have ever held Free Thinkers anathema. Mistaking the sacred fiats of ecclesiastics for the sacred fiats of Providence, the devotees of theology have maintained that belief in itself is something of Divine prescription, regardless of scientific or astronomical facts.

Now arrive the days when these satraps of ecclesiasticism are due to be rudely and per-



EARTH'S SOCIETY up the past two hundred years has been distinguished by a caste of intellects commonly called Free Thinkers.

Free Thinkers have never been members of a denomination or cult. They have been persons of logical mind who refused to let professional ecclesiastics do

their religious thinking for them and dictate what is "right" or "wrong" for them to believe. They were those who formed spiritual opinions independently, especially independent of the authority of revelation or the Church. They were not precisely Agnostics, for Agnosticism is the doctrine that neither the existence nor



SPACE GUESTS MAY ALTER OF GOD AND COSMOS . .

HOW Great Intellectuals from Other Planets May Straighten Us Out on Religious Issues

haps painfully disillusioned, and honest Free Thinkers come into their own. In from the stratospheres of other solar systems are apparently journeying not only denizens of higher and older civilizations but explorers of Cosmos almost in the geographic sense. It is logical to assume that they bring with them a knowledge—spiritual as well as scientific—as high above earthly man's as the culture of Manhattan's Park Avenue is higher than creatures in African jungle.

First contacts made with the advance guard of these Space Ship guests by western colleagues of the Editor of *Bright Horizons*, attests to this in stupefying degree.

"They are unbelievably beautiful," writes one correspondent, "in voice and bodies. A light glows from them physically." And another declared, "I felt, as I stood talking to this Saucer Man, like an awkward child in the presence of a god."

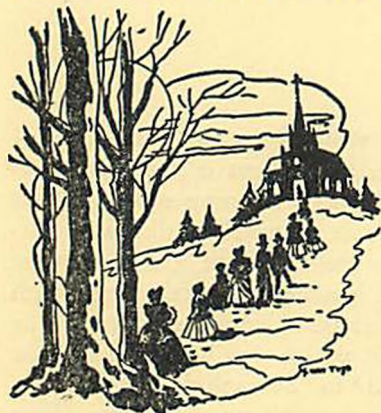
IF ANYONE would know understandably of the more factual natures of God and Cosmos, it should be these hovering supermen who have traveled vast interstellar distances perchance with the speed of light, not to mention discovering and handling magnetic forces with the acumen of celestial beings themselves. The arrival of these people—well-nigh of angelic status compared to humanity's—is obviously one of the major significances of the Great Pyramid markings, as man stands at the south wall of the King's Chamber with Pyramid computations run out.

Of their scientific achievements or illuminations they will not tell us, so the initial announcements have it, until we have so altered our barbaric natures that we are not mischievous or vicious children playing in a powder-mill with friction matches. But their spiritual or psychical enlightenments may be quite another matter.

We may find them laughing to scorn, in a polite and compassionate fashion, some of our most cherished allegorical mythologies—which we know as "sacred traditions" merely because of the length of time over which we have cherished them. Obviously we have not one-half the hazards to fear from the atom bombs or death rays of the Space Men as the Orthodox Creeds of the earth have to fear from the disclosures and enlightenments of travelers who know the stars and constellations as we know our pockets . .

FOR ONE thing, it is undoubtedly true that we shall come to major revaluations of the moral attainments of Our Christ as it is brought home to us that this Cosmos holds uncountable worlds whose inhabitants are ethically and psychically evolved to the spiritual acumen and capabilities of the Elder Brother as more or less commonplace distinction.

This in no way deprecates The Christ. What it does do is properly classify ourselves.



We have been nineteen centuries attributing Christ's miracle-working attributes to His divinity and "heavenly" origin. The human race has been so submersed in stupidity, depravity, and diabolical corruption—taken as a race—that compared to us Jesus the Christ *was* divine. What the Space Men may reveal is the wondrous possibility that the high moral attainment and psychical acumen of the Christ constitutes more or less common culture on other worlds above ours, and what the Space Men proceed to demonstrate in their personal temperaments is the Ultimate to which all humanized life evolves—given opportunity and civilization old enough. Christ Himself has told us repeatedly that some such fact is so, when He stated, "The things I do, ye shall do, yea, even greater things than I do ye shall do, in that ye do love me and keep my commandments." The translators might better have interpreted it, "The thing I AM, ye may be also—and will be also—when ye have profited by enough pleasure-pain experiences."

Both the *Golden Scripts* and the Soulcraft volume *Star Guests* have expounded for us the historical discovery of this solar planet back in Miocene times—something like twelve million years ago—and the settling down upon it of divine creatures to cohabitate with its beastly forms, mongrelizing their progeny with inferior creations. From this moral cataclysm came the biblical allegory of the Fall of the Angels.

Logically we seem due to learn that *we* ourselves were the "angels" that "fell," in that we abandoned our spiritual status for a low, troglodyte semi-animal existence in which we emasculated ourselves of our celestial attributes. We sank so low in this sodomic prostitution of spirit to animalism that when the Great Avatar came among us, He looked, thought, behaved, and was credited as a god. Again, the modern Free Thinker would logicize that this came about because of the depth to which men had sunk, not because of the height to which Christ had "risen." A celestial state is a celestial state, the same as a mortal state is a mortal state. Only when they are compared or contrasted does one seem so high. Actually it is so high because its opposite is so low.

THE MASTER has referred repeatedly in the *Golden Scripts* to "the host that rusheth unto you," obviously from the skies. These are His people—meaning that they are denizens of civilization on other interstellar orbs of so high and advanced a spiritual culture that when He detached Himself from them, to come to earth, incarnate, and function as Master Instructor to mongrelized mortals, He was immediately acclaimed as of "Heavenly" origin.

Assuredly He *was* that. But our estimate of it, and the fact that He appeared so miraculous, rested on the fact that our debased intellects were so morally puny and barbaric as to compel us to call it heavenly. Likewise to weave a great dogmatic fable around it was to camouflage the truths of our racial degradations.

What are we going to say if the Space Ships

begin arriving here by the thousands and down from their luminous landing-rims step creatures by the tens of thousands of the moral and spiritual echelons of The Christ?

It is nothing to be left in the realms of conjecture.

It is happening—only the details are not yet public property!

IT IS the Vicarious Atonement Doctrine, and the Salvation Dogma based on the "Sin of Adam" as portrayed in Genesis, that are due to take the hardest jolts as the Saucer Men move openly among us and seek to acquaint us with the facts of cosmic life known only to those who travel between planets. It has not been by accident that a book such as the *Golden Scripts* paces their arrivings, with their more rational and inspiring tenets of re-appraised divinity. Radio contact with the advance guard in the Mother Ships indicates no such arrivees as the distorted imagination of the Wells Brothers—H. G. and Orson—would proclaim to us, "too hideous in person for mortal eyes to look upon and live."

Those are the fulminations of the Luciferians.

The Luciferians—who truly fear the Coming of the Space Men as the devil is said to fear holy water—know that the Space Men may well-nigh be too *beauteous* for them to look upon and live . . . just as they could not look upon the Great Majesty of the Arisen Christ with their earthly eyes and live.

Actually what we are witnessing, but too stunned to credit as yet, is the curtain-raiser on the Inevitable Second Coming.

REMEMBER Christ Himself warned us that it would start with a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Evidently the "cloud" to which He had reference was, in actuality, the ten golden discs, maneuvering at incredible speeds in and about Mount Ranier in Washington, observed by Kenneth Arnold on June 24, 1947. Since Arnold's report was taken up by the newspapers and the Saucer books begun

issuing, the chronicles of Flying Saucer manipulations have filled whole pages of sizable volumes, merely as to tabulations.

But the famed Second Coming is apparently not "the heavens rolling back as a scroll" and the rest of the delightful celestial cataclysm reported by St. John on Patmos. It is the coming of the "Host of Heaven" . . . or "the Christ People of Cosmos" who belong to the heavens because it is their highway. And yet the evidence has been a long time of record that the Great Avatar is their chieftain, and they are directed by His superior psychical power to "weigh the earth" and the moral worth of its different inhabitants, preparatory to the great process of separating its sheep from its goats. All of it remains to be proven, of course.

But items in true logic do not require to be proven.



ALMOST the entire table of mythologies in the Old Testament would seem fated for collapse and consigning to the trash bins of a well-nigh psychopathic people—the creation of Adam and Eve, the myth of the Serpent, the legend of Noah and his Ark, the "calling of Abraham," the whole Hebraic-Mosaic sequence, the Chosen People travesty, the contention that "Christ came to fulfill the law of Moses."

We are coming up at a bound from the folklore and travelogs of a few nomad scribes into the most ultra of psychical and astrological research—in which ten thousand interstellar guests may be able to perform any or all of the "wonders" that distinguish biblical lore. Man is due to have the most jolting solar plexus blow delivered to his ego that he has ever taken—when the ameba-like, protoplasmic pettiness of his arrested intellectual and spiritual development is brought home to him.

What Cosmic Process Is Operating When Children Are Unwanted?

¶ *IF Family Groups
Are Foreordained, Why
Are Some Child-Souls
So Strangely Resented?*



A YOUNG man and woman meet, feel an irresistible attraction toward one another, and become engaged. If they be young people of reserve, they do not make the possibility of a family the topic of courtship conversation. Normal couples take for granted that matrimony means more than

an even chance of parenthood. But suppose we consider the exceptional couple. They reach an evening, with the wedding date imminent, when the woman—or it may be the man—says to the other, "There's something that I wish you'd face with me, and let's have settled. I've been wanting to mention it ever since the proposal but haven't quite brought myself around to it. Now it's got to be settled or our marriage may be wrecked before it's ever begun. I'm not—and have never been—the parent type. Can we have it understood beforehand that we are not to burden our



lives with the births and responsibilities of children? I don't like children and don't want children. It's only fair to you to declare frankly how I feel about it."

This sort of announcement may, or may not, be a major heart-blow to the one addressed. Assuming that it is not a heart-blow and does not disrupt the forthcoming wedding plans, what has happened cosmically if forthwith after the ceremony, and despite all hygienic precautions, the woman in the situation finds herself with child?

The Liberation-Soulcraft doctrine as revealed by several hundred transcripts dictated from higher octaves of Consciousness, has told us that mortal marriages come about in result of a masculine and feminine spirit arranging prenatally that they shall become marital partners on attaining to maturity in earth-life. If they be not true soul-halves, then the nature of the union and the karmic reasons for the alliance are mutually understood. But what of children that come through such matings? Can we say positively, in every case without default, the progeny that may accrue are likewise prescribed and the details carried out with the same effectivity?

If we are to conclude that the woman who "does not want" children is merely obeying the order of arrangements consummated before either she or her husband gained to bodies, how account for the "little accidents" that make their appearances in the mortal coupling, to be resented throughout infancy and perchance grow up through a loveless and sterile childhood? All of us are conversant with hundreds of such cases.

Can there be then, disruptions in prenatal plans, or rearrangements without the desires of the parental principals entering into it?

What indeed, lies behind a woman's preferences not to undergo the maternal experience? If there be lessons involved in the situation of the unwanted child, for whose benefit are they meant?

WE DISCOVER we must make classifications, first of all, as to the temperaments of the mothers. By no means does it follow—so the Ageless Wisdom indicates—that because a woman serves notice on her fiancé that she prefers or desires not to give birth to offspring, that she is indicating what the arrangements may have been before either of them entered life. The woman may be of the highly strung and sensitive type with a pathological aversion to the discomforts of gestation or the suffering of travail. It is a sort of moral cowardice belonging to the earthly plane itself—or begotten from fixations acquired since she was a girl from hearing of distressful deliveries suffered by young mothers of her acquaintance. Her dislike of enacting motherhood may indicate the very lesson she has brought herself onto the earth-plane to master, successful control and direction of physiological timidities.

The fact that the new wife, despite her shrinking from the ordeals of maternity, does discover herself in a delicate condition and proceeds to the successful delivery of her baby—or many babies—would appear to clarify her first aversion and render it temperamental. Legion are the cases where supersensitive young women, shrinking from the demands of pregnancy, have seemed to alter their notions almost at once with the new infant in their arms or against their breasts, and the seemingly enforced presence of the babe levels them off in neurotic eschewments and makes them normal throughout the balance of their matrimony.

But we do have the exceptional case of the unwilling woman who continues her resentment to unreasonable degree, even with motherhood successfully consummated. Society coins the term of "unnatural mother" for her, and she is seemingly a smouldering fury of animosities toward the "unoffending" child. How

shall we regard cosmic prescriptions in the instance of such a one, and shall we come to conclude that prenatal arrangements in respect to childbearing are by no means arbitrary?

Can organism, in other words, procreate an individual that spirit repudiates? Can a determined soul get itself born of a woman against that woman's wishes? Which is arbiter of the situation, the child or the mother?

The Ageless Wisdom says, *the mother*.

No child ever is born without the mother's concurrence!



SUPPOSE WE don't misinterpret the Wisdom's meaning in this last statement. Legion are the women who go into life, reach maturity, marry and gain to the family way, without being particularly aware of the exact and specific identities of the souls that seek maternal solicitation of them. This seems to be particularly true of what society calls a "low grade" of femininity—the promiscuous type or those of the lowest rungs of the ladder of worldly fortune. "Getting a man" who will assume charge of their economic upkeep, and having youngsters like a she-rabbit, fulfills their earthly destiny of being woman—with which they are on the whole content. The souls that apply to them seeking bodies for mortal operation may be quite as indifferent to the mothers' qualifications as the mothers are indifferent to the quality of offspring they produce. Such souls are uniformly in life sheerly for the physical experience, or the lessons procured from organic activity. Countries of the Old World that affect a peasantry are prolific with such persons, both as to parents and offspring. It is the physical facility they are seeking by any incarnation—the common lessons of *hoi polloi* that come from exercise of wits under physical limitation.

But such women always do have children

with subconscious willingness. They consider child-bearing a definite obligation of gender, admittedly the aftermath of romance. It is child-bearing of an activity that is abstract, which they acquiesce in abetting. Not to be able to bear children—any sort of children—is a derogation to them, and a reflection on basic femininity. They make few stipulations as to specific souls "coming through them" while in the realms antedating mortality. Indeed, their karmic demands are so elemental that specific stipulations are not required.

The woman of a higher social and spiritual caste, who emphatically does not want children from a bona fide prenatal arrangement, in nine cases out of ten will not have them—or if organic liaisons carry her into pregnancy, she will encounter mishaps without premeditation that prevent motherhood from coming to conclusion. There is such a thing, in other words, as prenatal sterility that has no concern with contraceptive pathology. Organism in nowise enters into it. Mind can be said to dictate ovarian conditions and inhibit gestation.

This condition, in nine cases out of ten, arises from the fact that the woman in question, in lives recently lived, has undergone more than a normal strain of motherhood and is taking a holiday—or living a life as a feminine principal that permits other interests besides those of motherhood to dominate her life-program. We meet thousands of such women on Maternal Holiday. They are perfectly normal and attractive in every respect, by no means victims of ovarian deficiencies, who nonetheless go through their entire life-spans childless.

But the "unwanted child," who seems to force its way into a matrimonial arrangement where it is unwelcome, presents a different sort of problem. In nine cases out of ten, we find a situation where the incoming child-soul—truly a very old soul in prior-mortal experience—deliberately assumes permanent control of that embryo to obtain the spiritual lessons of maternal indifference . . . and even animosity.

(Turn to Page 52—Ad. Section)

How Many People Understand the Money Vibration?



(A *Psychical Transcript*)



DOLLARS are necessary for physical and spiritual welfare in an advanced state of social development. They are also requisite to bring about a condition where men and women can be themselves. No man is truly himself when thwarted financially. It is time that the human race knew a few simple fundamentals about wealth that affect their earthly tenure radically.

Human life is complex. The greater the degree of organization, the greater the need of the individual and the wherewithal to maintain his place to his own satisfaction and self-respect.

You men and women of America are existing in the highest organized state of society that has ever existed upon your planet. This may sound strange to some of you, but it is nevertheless true. Human beings today are more complex in their attainments than in any other cycle with which they have had anything

WEALTH Is by No Means Frowned upon by Celestuality but You Must Understand Its Purposes . .

to do. This means what? That you are called upon to deliver more of yourselves in order to maintain yourselves and keep abreast of the social procession than you have ever had to do in any lives you have ever lived prior to this one.

HUMAN LIFE has never been so complex because the factors of complexity were not present to the same degree. No past state of society ever approximated that one which now opens. You are confronting a state of society that is going to be even more complex because compounded of more and faster improvement factors.

This means that you are making more demands upon yourselves than at the present time you subconsciously think necessary. You are employing old methods well recollected and feel surprised and grieved that many do not succeed in getting their former positive results. We know this to be true because from where we sit we can view what your former degrees of activity have been. It is essential that you know something of them before going on in any exposition for the way to attain what you would attain and what is normal and right for you to attain.

When you come to a place in life that calls for mental or spiritual effort, you consult your subconscious for the degree of effort to be expended. Your subconscious is a storehouse of memories essentially giving you what you have experienced in terms of Cause and Effect. You do not fight it. You accept it and probe it. But when you come to a complex state of affairs, especially involving a financial situation, you are rarely willing to do such probing. You want to act the role of a magician and take golden rabbits out of a hat. If you cannot do this you are dissatisfied with life in general.

“ART IS a human activity whereby a man consciously, using external signs, communicates to others the feelings which he has experienced, so that they may experience also.” **TOLSTOI**

THERE IS no such thing as a *bad* situation. This applies emphatically to a financial situation. A financial situation is a situation where the factors involved are out of harmony, so to speak. Remember that if you get nothing else. Harmonized factors mean the perfect enhancement of your proposition, no matter what it is. If this seems like a platitude, you will find it is not before we are through.

The average poor man is resentful because he is not wise enough to harmonize the factors of his life with one hand, so to speak, and take a financial rabbit out of a hat. We have no fault to find with this if he wants to be a magician, but we do not think he wants to do exactly that. His own common sense tells him this is only a form of petulancy. Petulancy is all right when the factors involved warrant it but petulancy is all wrong in a financial setup because it means disharmony of the gravest order.

You have within you not opportunity but the presentiment of how to do what you propose in the way of permanent financial enhancement. You know in your subconscious minds the amount of effort you have expended hitherto in former lives, to accomplish this in a more leisurely form of society. Now you are confronted by a very complex form of society that bewilders and confuses you because you do not know how much more effort is required to approximate the same status of wealth that has accrued to you in other existences.

Fear of a sort is at the bottom of your ill nature about the subject. You are childish in this and we are going to tell you how to stop it, by taking a fresh grip upon yourself and performing in this generation with the same beautiful facility you have exhibited in other years.

MONEY is a commodity that is the essence of happiness. To acquire it must mean to love it for one of two things: itself as a commodity or the end which it achieves for you.

You cannot despise money and acquire it at the same time any more than you can despise love and beautify your lives without it. Money will not come to you if it is in unsympathetic company, so to speak. It will come to you richly if you invite it by harmonious alignment of your spirit side with it.

That is why so many cheap characters acquire so much of it. They make it a shibboleth, you say, or the gathering of it is instinctive. It is nothing of the sort. They are spiritually harmonious towards it and like all

other laws of the universe it gravitates toward them by means that are inexplicable until the true secret is recognized. That is to say, money vibrations are no less potent than any other type of vibrations. Not that the coins themselves flee to the pockets of those whose spirits operate at the gold velocity, for that is absurd. But there are instances on record of like seeking like where the fellowship of money is actuated by the same intermutual harmony as on any other plane.

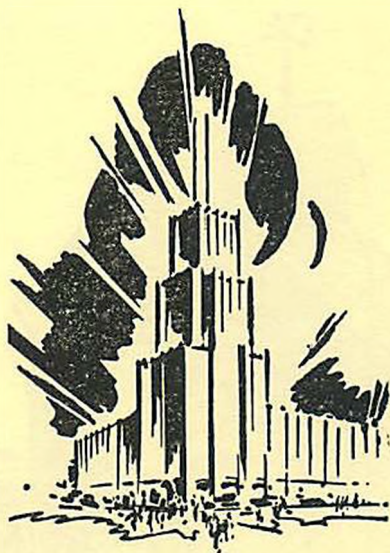
Now what we are telling you specifically is this—

Try to take a common sense view of your present worldly advantages. Be constructive in your attitude toward the wealth you want, not by school girl wishing or by postulating immense financial deals and then being piqued when they do not materialize, but take this view: Money is sympathetic as a cosmic idea to a sympathetic fellowship. It will come to those who make themselves known to it, not considering it as filthy lucre, despising it as something to be cast away in the moment of attainment, or using it as a base friend uses his associates so long as they will let him to his own advantage.

You are consistently shortsighted in this: that you hate to think of yourselves as poor. That hatred crystallizes almost as a thought-form which operates negatively and is shouldered out as it were from any association prolific with companionship.

Now you are not poor. You are intelligent reasoning people of high attainments. You have every faculty which postulates the proper use of wealth. But you cannot make progress in opportunity without radically altering your thinking. We would almost say that your very complex on money bars the path you are trying to tread. We are telling you to turn.

Be consistent. Think of having money in order to entertain it as a permanent guest among you. Make yourselves receptacles for the opportunities it presents. Few of you have been wise in this, that you have left the door open in such a manner that money simply

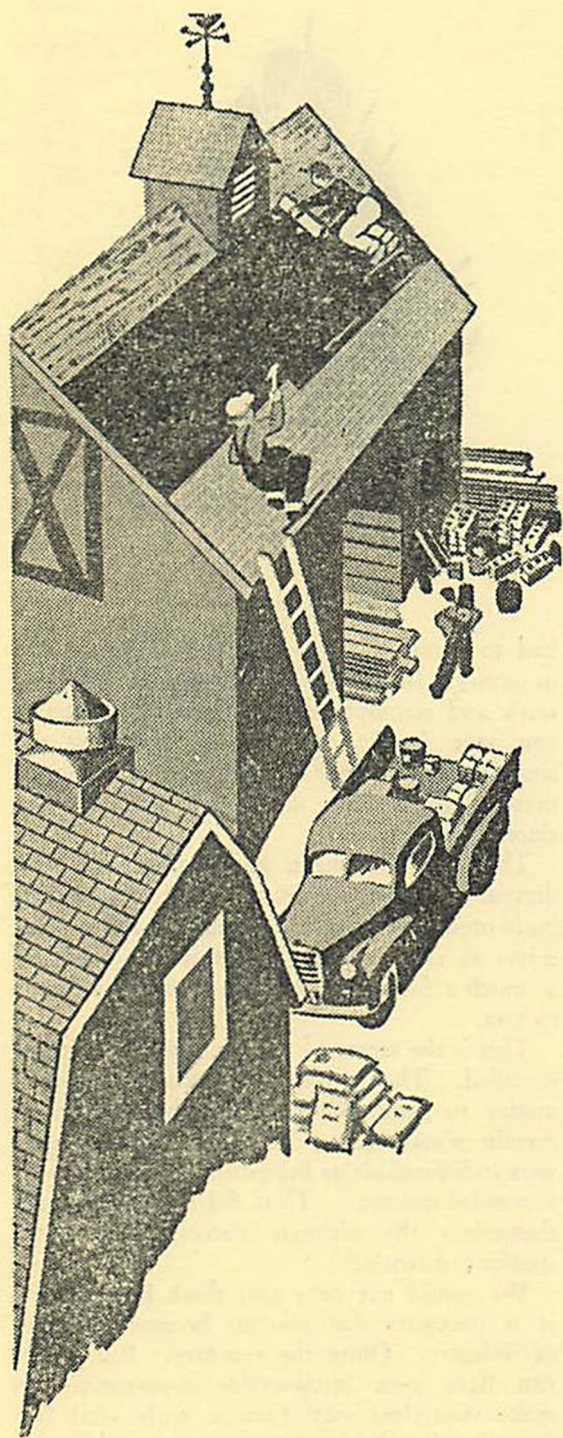


had to come in to you instead of you going to money. In a feeble way, you have done our work and recompense has accrued to you but you have let it stop there; increasing the situation a thousandfold with the same factors present would have made you wealthy long since.

This does not mean performing such prodigious labor that the recompense is correspondingly-prodigious. But it does mean making yourselves so vital in your life orbits that you are as much a factor to money as money is a factor to you.

This is the secret of the captains of industry, so-called. They were sympathetic towards money to begin with. Then they prescribed certain situations, so to speak, wherein they were indispensable as ingredients to the ultimate successful outcome. Thus did they bring upon themselves the ultimate successful outcome, speaking financially.

We would not have you think by this that it is necessary for you to become captains of industry. Quite the contrary. But all of you have seen innumerable opportunities to make yourselves vital factors, truly vital factors, in situations where money needed you



more than you needed money. If this were not true in general, that is, money needing human agency more than the reverse, we should know no such thing as wealth in any form.

So our fraternal prescription is just this—

NEITHER rant nor rave. Think no longer of yourselves as being poor. Calmly and dispassionately review such situations as you are conversant with, wherein you can do more for money than it can do for you. Let the whole proposal be accompanied by a warm, sympathetic, friendly attitude, not artificially forced or strategically propounded, but conversant with your own ideas and spirituality.

Look upon propinquity with it as a mutually-profitable cohabitation of permanent endurance and beautiful companionship.

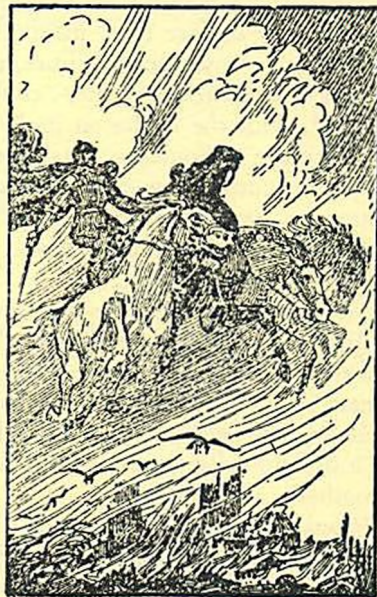
The illiterate say that this is thinking in terms of wealth. It is not exactly that. It is making wealth an acceptable friend whose presence or character is such that it does not occur to you to question it because your friendship to it is equally valuable.

We are all brothers and sisters with the same end in view, walking beautifully before men and women that we may glorify to them our mutual compatriotism. Poverty, shoddy distress over economic problems, is truly disgraceful to those of real attainments. Patience ceases to be a virtue in this: that we must be stricter with the woes of poverty in order to show our spiritual essences.

Be your own masters henceforth, stepping out sure and calm and free, not by any processes of so-called "well-being thoughts," on the contrary being intensely practical outwardly while serenely confident inwardly.

DOES Holy Spirit Follow a Tempo in Prescribing Affairs for Earth?

CAN CRISES of Great Events Be
Retarded that Heavier Benefits
Accrue to Man from Them?



THE DIFFICULT thing for average human nature to grasp—contemplating the ordeals and crises that go to make earthly life the hazard it is for so many—is any suggestion that there can possibly be plan and purpose behind what *does* happen. While any intellect will concede that in this three dimensional world there cannot be a result without a cause, too often the causes—of the results that so baffle and distress us—are assumed to be accidental happenings. No one stops to reason back and ask how the First Cause came into operation by accident, that began the train of misadventures that has culminated in the last disaster or *faux pas* from

which man has in any wise suffered. Accidental happenings have merely been happening accidentally since the Year One, so the thoughtless accept, and no one is accountable for anything, secular or divine. But every Tom, Dick and Harry is called to stand up to the misfortunes from such accidents, insofar as those involve themselves.

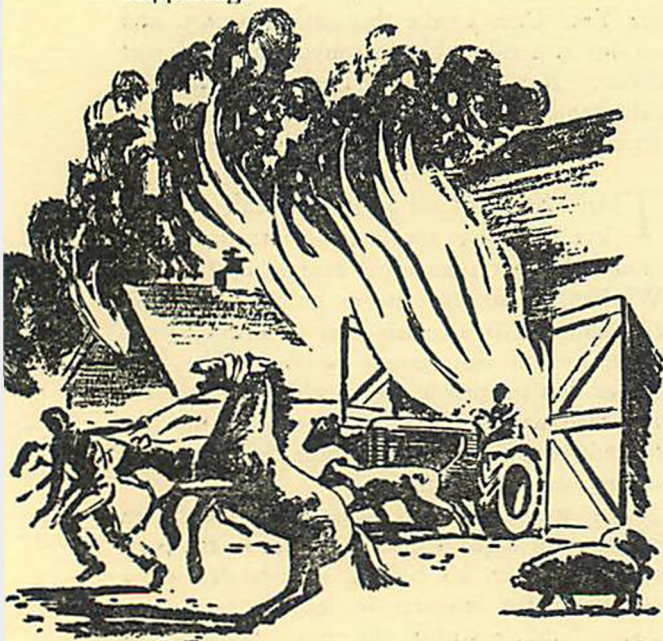
THE HIGHER we go up the scale of intellect, getting in touch with those already attained to the transcendent octaves of Celestial Wisdom, the stronger are we impressed by their testimonies that all such lines of deducing are viciously and dangerously *wrong*. The only things that happen in this world by chance are the man-made events, where mortal intellect has not been adequate to handle the forces discovered or called up.

The stupid fireman who goes away from a factory at night without a glance at the pressure gauges on his boilers, may be leaving a condition that matures in tragedy to half a dozen families within the next hour. The

families whose homes were shattered by the explosion may declare that, insofar as they were concerned in any responsibilities, they were the victims of something they could not have avoided. But the explosion itself has not been an accident. Someone has been negligent, either in putting an incompetent fireman in charge or neglecting to provide him with an assistant who checked on him and prevented his carelessly killing people.

Now substitute the fireman in the factory boiler room for the geologist, who neglect to warn the settlers in a community that they are constructing their town over a bad earthquake fault—which eventually will level their homes by a different display of natural force—and the hypothesis still holds.

People may elect to live next door to a factory that employs careless or shiftless steam engineers, or over an earthquake fault that eventually must raze every structure in a county, and nothing happens of consequence for ten to twenty years, perhaps a century. Nevertheless, when the tragedy does come, it is something that cannot be put in the class of "chance happening."



Just because a given result is not always traceable back to a recognized and comprehended cause, is by no means saying that accidents happen without origins. As a matter of fact, the weightier the event or the more sizable the "accident", the readier its origin is apparent.

NOW IN a world where the Unexpected may occur and produce human tragedy whether the Cause be traceable or not, we are forced to confess that the tragedy results, not so much from the fatal situation as a situation, as from mankind's lack of wisdom to avert the effects, or his indifference to the condition creating the distress. It is from this circumstance that Clairvoyance becomes notable, because all misfortunes could be averted or avoided if positive knowledge existed that they were about to happen.

Thus we might say with truth that misfortunes are always and forever attributable to lack of wisdom.

If every person had an infallible sixth sense and exercised it, injury or death from so-called "accidents" would be things unknown in mortal experience, because everybody would have himself from such involvement by natural instinct for survival.

All of which opens up a vital and entrancing line of inquiry—

IF THERE be Intelligence somewhere in existence that is all wise in every sense, then it must know *all* that is due to happen, because it must know everything about the totality of causes producing effects from which mortal beings ever suffer.

Commonly we assume that such comprehensive Intelligence is an identification of the Divine. We may be right in this, or uncannily to relate, we may be wrong. What seems divine to us, because of its superior performance or reactions to every form of happening, may only rest upon the common mein of our ignorance, or limitations on consciousness. It is a common defect in man, intellectually, that he attributes

everything not understood on his octave of awareness, as automatically divine—though he expresses divinity by the negativity of Satanism or demonism. If a Cadillac motorcar of today could have been driven down the main street of the Plymouth Colony in 1622, the Pilgrim Fathers—not to mention the Pilgrim Mothers—would either have fled in panic, believing the devil was loose in their midst, or they would credit that heavenly beings had come among them . . . that could travel eighty miles in a single hour. As for jet planes and flying saucers, the less said the better.

What we are getting at is the difference between the prevailing degree of our own ignorances and the essences of those things that are bona fide celestial through being transcendently spiritual.

THE HIGHEST manifestations of spirituality with which mortal life is in any sort of intelligent communication, pass down the information that sentient life on all planets, of all solar systems, is *approximately the same*, not in degree of attainments but in the processes by which attainments are achieved.

Almost all the planets materialize through a similar pattern of cosmic causations, supply the same qualifying opportunities for growth and development of intelligent life, produce the same general effects on resident spirits and graduate the same pattern of celestial students. The vast differences that maintain between the many heavenly bodies with their indigenous denizens, are more or less due to age and naught else.

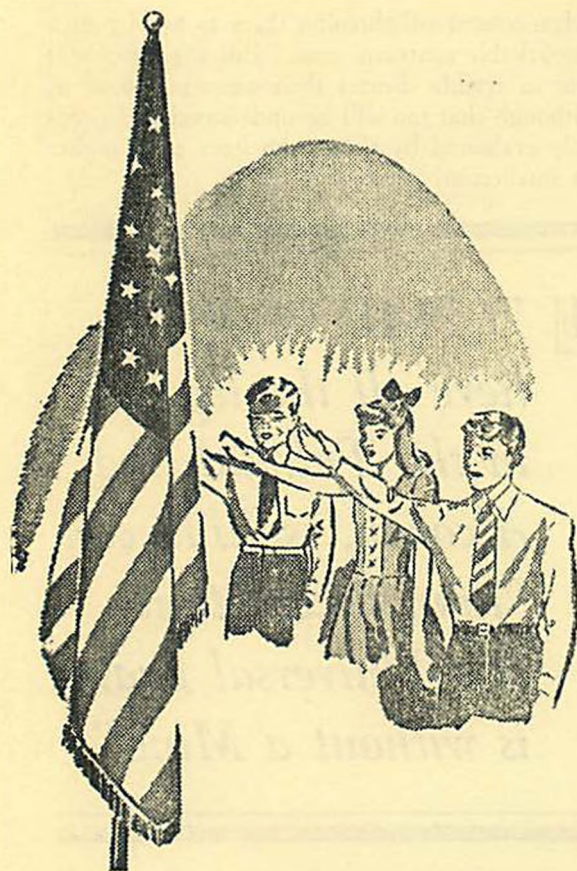
Since given groups of aeons produce life and intellect of given attainments—in the vaster program of results always being attributable to causes—it must follow that the people of a planet whose civilization is ten million years old will be far up the scale over the people of a planet whose civilization is only ten thousand years old. And ethical, scientific, and even psychospiritual attainments of the former will make them appear as gods to the latter. The former will be first to deny this, of course, their

advancement enlightening them as to why such remarkable contracts exist. But the latter will not as readily dismiss their assumptions of it, although that too will be understood and properly evaluated by those who have risen higher in intellectual perception . . .

¶ *"I HAD rather believe all the legends in the Talmud and Alcoran," said Bacon, "than accept that this Universal Frame is without a Mind!"*

SO WHEN we inquire as to what the "rate of progressional speed" may be at which Holy Spirit—the great Mastermind in all of it—may work, in other words, how to gauge the tempo of all sentient progression, we are really seeking light on the problem of how long it takes any spirit particle, whether ten million years functioning intelligently or ten hours functioning intelligently, to grasp and profit permanently from a given experience or the idea growing from it. Tempo means, incidentally, "the rate of any activity in general," and must always be ascertained by contrasts. How long does it take *you* to discern and assimilate an utterly new idea?

One thing does seem apparent to us: that the greater a spirit-particle—religiously known as a Soul—develops in intelligence, the faster and easier its absorption of the profits from ex-



perience becomes. In other words, intelligent people grow more intelligent at a swifter rate than stupid people or those of more sluggish mentalities, because their higher intelligence makes the absorption of knowledge easier, and absorbing knowledge makes for still more intelligence. So the higher one climbs, it might be said, the easier the climbing is consummated.

All the same, the great mass of sentient beings on any planet would seem, as a mass, to require approximately the same measurable time to absorb all the knowledge that given planetary conditions have to impart to them. And strange to realize, what that length of time might be, measured in solar revolutions, is totally immaterial—eternity being what it is, to wit, timeless.

But contrasted to one another—troglodytes of one "young" planet against well-nigh angelic

beings of an "aged" planet—the tempo has significance. We shall presently find, no doubt, that the degree of attainment of the civilized life on one planet serves as incentive for similar attainment in the life of a neighbor planet. Taken as a mass, all spirits are working out a curriculum of godhood, and while it seems to take some longer than it takes others, *all are working it out*. So-called "accidents" that seem to set some individual spirits back upon the pathway, no matter what their effects, at the most are only temporary, since nothing can injure individualized spirit but itself.

Get this whole colossal picture of the Cosmogony firmly fixed in the thinking, and life not only takes on sensible pattern but stamina and tenacity are forth coming to endure the passing discomforts of the hour.

After all, no matter how terrible the misfortune, every spirit now alive *will* be alive ten million years from tonight, although in a form of mental and spiritual advancement not to be identifiable by developments of this moment. Nonetheless, we should not forget while we are at it, that every spirit alive at this moment and engaged in making its spiritual ascendancy, will be regarded as a god by newer and younger planetary occupants no further along than we are at present.

It isn't that the Holy Spirit "behind" humanity follows a tempo, or rate of activity in general.

Put it that humanity as ameba-forms in the vast body of sentient Universal Ocean follows a pattern, and the features of the pattern prescribe the length of solar time required to master *all* the planetary experience.

This paper is a lesson for Gods in School.

Those who have matured out of the primary grades of such Institution will get it . .



Jimmie's Prayer

By Winchester MacDowell



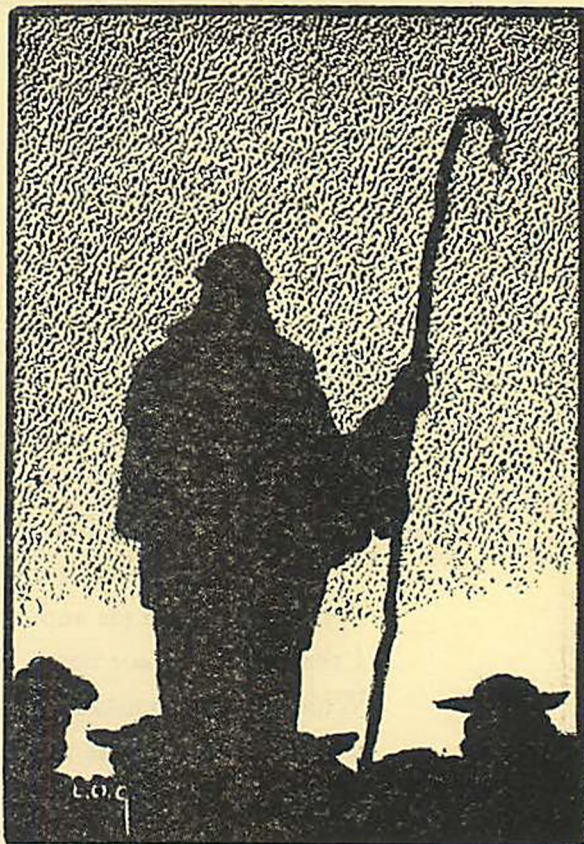
DEAR LORD, you are so big, how can You be
Aware of such a little squid as me?
And yet I pray each night, ask You to bless,
My Ma, my Pa, the kids, and all the rest
Who are so kind and loving day by day,
Who come to see me and oft stay to play.
I thank you for our home, our food, the care
Which You so constantly and thoughtfully prepare.
Please—special—bless my puppy Jack for me
And heal the place where he has skinned his knee
And make it well again, so he can leap and run,
He hurt it bad on Tuesday, having fun.
And please, dear Lord, be sure and don't forget
To bless Yourself, for without You we'd get
Not even to first base in game of ball,
And Mother not get back her Paisley shawl,
That Auntie lugged to Boston in her trunk.
Yes, bless yourself Lord, or the crowd of us are sunk.

That's all,

AMEN

Why Can't We See GOD? . .

*IS IT Impious to Inquire
Why No Physical
Evidence of The Father
Should Ever Be Apparent
to Mortal Observation?*



OUR BELOVED Elder Brother, Jesus, made the statement upon one occasion, "No man hath seen God at any time." The reasonable question is often put, particularly by naive children, "Why not?" "Why shouldn't we be able to see God?"

In the first place, insofar as Christ's statement has significance, note that He said, "No man hath seen God at any time." Nowhere did He tell us that the stupendous Personage whom we give the Anglo-Saxon term of God, or Gud, was discernable by *no one* on any

plane of consciousness. Putting the accent on the word *man*, of itself gives an altered meaning to the assertion. Well might there be creatures of such attainments of vision indeed, that they can contemplate the form or proportions of what they conceive as the so-called Almighty. But right away we are confronted by a greater arcane enigma . . . Is there but one Supreme Intellect, about whose personality all creation moves and has moved from the Beginning? Furthermore, is the original progenitor of all that we behold when we view the exhaustless heavens through the great Palomar telescope, the same Divine Individual whom Jesus knew as the Father?

When we get the Celestial Colossus identified, then perhaps the fact that He is commonly invisible, is less abstruse.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS Christian refuses to entertain the suggestion for one instant that there can be such an impiety as a plurality in Diety. God must be personalized to the Christian's provincial understanding as a venerable Personage, yet of superhuman aspects and attributes, who lives in a place known as Heaven where he runs the starry universe as the superintendent of a great business system might "run" half a dozen factories by right of ownership or peculiar capability.

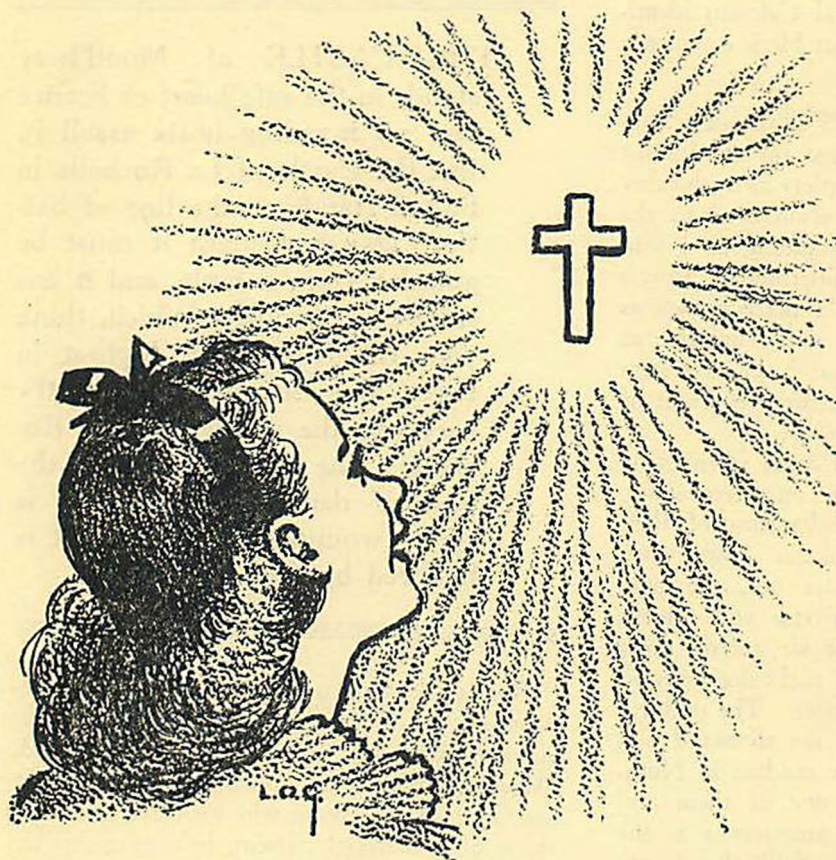
Undoubtedly the day will come when many earthly people will ride out into free space, either in Flying Saucer mechanisms of their own, or inter-planetary rockets. But when they get ten thousand miles out, the only reality which the entire universe will present will be the same effect that we get on earth when we look at the starry night-sky inverted in a lake of utterly placid water. The universe will seem to be naught but ten thousand pinpoints of light suspended at random in Nothing. Travel close to any one of them and it assumes much the same appearance as the geologic areas of our earth. Still, that is not the point. God may well find enjoyable occupation in moving hither and yon through ten thousand—or ten trillion—pinpoints of planetary or solar dabs of incandescence, but where would be either sustained satisfaction or novelty in fulfilling such a role throughout all eternity, once the pattern for it were set?

WE MUST get away from anthropomorphic visualization of The Creator because of its implied limitations. An anthropomorphic God, with an anatomical body like our own—no matter how sublimated—would be able to see in but one direction at a time, or entertain but one sensation at a time through sense reactions. As the small boy queried in Sunday School, could He see the back of His own neck, and if not, how contend that He saw everything?

THE CASTLE of Montlhéry stands in the safe heart of France and no invading hosts assail it. But the Castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which, think you, the King holds highest in favor, the Governor of Montlhéry or the Governor of Rochelle? The post of glory is the post of danger and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man.

Bodies like our own, with their sense perceptions, are particularly designed for conditions maintaining upon a planetary world. When we ask, in all solemnity, why we can't see God, we are asking why we can't see something of a material pattern, belonging strictly to planetary sense conditions, granting that God would be recognizable and identifiable to us if it were. If God *were* the anthropomorphic—meaning organic—ensemble that the patriarchs of the ancient world thought to picture Him, He *would* be perceptible to our own organic sight. But not being required to ensoul Himself in any organic vehicle, which we should always remember is one of purposeful limitation, it stands to reason that we in such organic limitation ourselves provenly lack the powers to do such perceiving. The nearest illustration to the circumstances would be asking ourselves why we can't see hydrogen gas . . . not implying by any means that the Almighty is composed of hydrogen gas.

We can't see God because the God Consciousness doesn't operate *by* or *through* anything resembling an earthly organic vehicle,



while we in the bodily pattern are not equipped with the proper senses to behold Him in the type of vehicle by which He does operate.

We have to remember that these bodily vehicles of ours, with their five senses—and sometimes six—must be objects of limitation in order to be recognizable, not to say usable. The fact that they are of a certain size, is limitation. The fact that head, arms or lower limbs are capable of only given carriage or motion, is limitation again. It is limitation that brings about identification, when we really stop to think about it. The God Consciousness, being without limitation, exhibits no attributes by which we should be able to identify what we are looking at, granted it has tangibility.

Sometimes this is expressed as the finite trying to comprehend the infinite . . .

In a way, the two are antipodes.

NOW that other matter of identifying the Divine Being whom Jesus called the Father, brings out another intriguing point—

All sentient units of Consciousness are divinity in various degrees of evolution or development but as they become more and more prodigious in their capabilities of Consciousness Exercise—obviously by vaster and profounder experiences in Cosmos—they assume varieties of celestuality that must necessarily be interpretable only to other divine beings able to grasp them for what they are. A wholly non-graspable divinity—because so highly developed that its capabilities were nonrecognizable by those beneath It in com-

prehension—would be a nihility in Thought and therefore not fill the God Ideology at all. Any god seems to be the highest developed character that is conceivable by thought on any octave having the ability mentally to recognize him.

Thus it is that definite bands of comprehension must portray, according to their own intellectual developments, their own particular idea of what God is, and what their highest or most sublimated ideas portray, that thing to them is supreme Celestuality. We get a secular example of this in the animal kingdom when we say that the human master is god to the intelligence of his dog. There is nothing deprecatory of divinity in such comparison. The master's human intelligence and capabilities is vaguely the dog's ideas of godlike performance.

Remember we always seek to identify divinity of any type by what it is capable of performing!

THE GREAT Master Intelligence capable of conceiving, projecting, and sustaining the natural world about us, including all the heavenly bodies visible through the Palomar telescope, totals up to the God Identity to mortal intelligence of our own current order. But what if there still be higher developed mentalities inhabiting some of the vaster planets in Cosmos, who know minutely and accurately how the heavenly bodies were brought into being and under the direction of what entity? The projector or progenitor of the mundane universe would by no means be God to them. They would need divinity expressed in powers that performed wonders of which we have no concept.

So to see God, as the wondering child wants to do, we must realize that His personality would have to be brought down into limitation perceptible to mortal sense in order to know and identify whom or what we were seeing or considering, and second, all we would be requesting to be allowed to visualize would be a Creator within our own limited mental comprehension. Outside of this last, there could be no thinking because the human mind must think in definite picture-images, and if there be nothing definite there is nothing discernible. And the moment you make even the God of our own concepts on this mental octave, definite, you circumscribe Him—and the God Intelligence features nothing savoring of circumscription in any aspect.

By the same token, as units of Consciousness make progress into vaster and mightier patterns of thought-grasping, so does the grandeur of the personalities alter. So God becomes to each octave of development, what it is most astutely able to comprehend.

The majestic progenitor of the Golden Scripts puts it, that "the Father" to whom He prayed in the Garden, and with whom He remained on such intimate spiritual terms through out His earthly career, *was the most stupendous Spirit Ensemble with which his highly progressed intelligence was in touch.*

None of it is implying that far, far up, in



the most abstruse areas of thought projection or attainment, there isn't a Supreme Being whom even the highest of the high barely comprehend. But it undoubtedly takes them millions upon millions of years, and the experiences of millions upon millions of worlds, to begin to form concepts of the prodigious attainments of this All-Highest. Why worry unnecessarily about that, when loyalty to our own notion of Deity is resplendent with the highest spiritual progressions within our own arc? The lesson is a deep one, but nothing should stop us from getting it.

No, we in bodies cannot see God because God doesn't occupy the sort of materialistic body that makes impression on our senses as an organic object.

We can't see God, but we can *know* God! We can know something of what He is like *because we know our own consciousness.*

God is like that, only progressed ten million degrees higher and more capable. We can leave it at that for the moment . .

HOW FAR Do Skeptics Carry their Skepticism After Death?

¶ DO Our Departed Neglect to Communicate with Us Because of their Earthly Beliefs that Interplane Contact Is Unhallowed?



THE WIDOW of a departed clergyman comes to call. She is more than troubled by mere grief at her loss. Her husband, she tells us, "was one of the best men who ever lived." The bonds of affection and tenderness between them were ideal.

"But what I certainly can't understand," she relates misty eyed, "is why he should have made no effort whatsoever to get in touch with me since his Passing. I've been around to enough psychical sessions and materializing seances to know that communication is not only a fact, but that other women frequently get direct and personal counsel from their husbands in their practical affairs. My dear friend Mrs. Arbuckle, widow of the late chemist, heard from George regularly all through the settlement of his estate. Particularly did George warn her about the underhanded maneuverings of his nephew Bertrand to rob her of her rights. But in the whole

year that my Andrew has Been Over, never has there been a single communication indicating that he's still interested in me, or how I'm making out. Something *must* be wrong. Andrew would never be so heartless."

The plaint brings up the whole subject of why more of the living dead do not make a business of demonstrating their survival. Here are two equally worthy women who have lost their marital partners. They are typical of a great cross-section of bereaved persons. Effecting communication, or having it effected for them, seems to have become a relatively easy phenomenon to a goodly portion of them—in fact, after a time it has become more or less of a commonplace. But to the others, nothing, nothing.

How account for such discrimination?

IN NINE of such cases out of ten, where inquiries are constructively made to discover if any special process is making for such inhibition, the surprising answer is turned up that the difference of behavior as between the aforesaid clergyman and his parishoner, the chemist, is equally the difference in temperament between the gentlemen.

It hasn't been a case of the clergyman loving his wife less than the chemist loved his, despite the attestments of the clergyman's widow. Nor has the clergyman necessarily gone off to any remote heavenly mansion where converse with his erstwhile feminine partner is impossible, while the chemist is still tarrying about with his spiritual eye peeled for the chicanes of the nephew.

Presented bluntly for ready understanding, the clergyman during his earthly sojourn was the mental serf of his theologic doctrine. That doctrine not only interpreted and presented the cosmic facts of life about as incorrectly as could be conceived, but terrified the pastor into believing that any sort of communication with intellects in the "Hereafter" was trafficking with unclean spirits. Early dogmaticians who had not looked with favor on discarnate persons contradicting their authorities about sacred matters and the disposition of the soul after physical death, had protected their theologic flank by pronouncements that all manifestations of the supernatural came from deceptions of Satan and good Christians should eschew them as Old Nick eschewed holy water.

Actually it was piling ignorance on ignorance and error on error. Only now in the case of the grieving wives, it is paying off in silence and connubial heartbreak. Individuals, whether they be clergymen, chemists, tailors or window-washers by no means alter their ideologies by vacating the physical garment.

If a given "devout Christian" go his whole earthly life with the fixation grooved within him that converse between the planes is unhallowed—that if God had intended it to be an aspect of common life He would have arranged for it—are not due to drop those convictions overnight and go in for Psychical Research in a big way simply because they discover themselves in a somewhat higher velocity of Consciousness.

Putting it in another fashion, the clergyman's widow might be advised that the silent treatment her beloved husband now gives her is probably based on the same spiritual inhibitions

¶ *Try praying to God
sometime without
begging something
from Him, and discover
what a beautiful
novelty it is!*

that made him ignore or disdain the wonders of psychical research while he was in his body, filling a pulpit.

"It ain't done 'cos it ain't fittin'," covers as colloquial an explanation as any. The biggest fallacy bedeviling the human race today is the assumption that souls become all-wise in a twinkling merely by casting off the fleshly equipment.

They become nothing of the sort. Sometimes they become less wise than they have ever supposed themselves, because they are suddenly adrift in a mental condition where their confusion over spiritual status is worse than it was on earth . . .

A LITTLE interrogation of the clergyman's widow developed the poignant circumstance that in middle life the pair had lost a beautiful daughter during her second year in high school. She had "passed over" suddenly from a common cold developing into pneumonia. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away!" her husband had raggedly asserted while preaching the Christian funeral sermon over his beloved child's remains.

There he was wrong. The Lord had done neither. The Lord was too occupied supervising the existence of all the heavenly bodies shown through the 200-inch telescope on Palo-

mar, to exercise personal discipline of a clergyman's domestic affairs in Oshkosh. If the father had known his cosmic fundamentals correctly, he would have realized that his daughter hadn't seen herself getting from him the filial experiences she had expected, and had made an alteration without further loss of time for her own good. Still, that is not the point.



After Gertrude "made the Passing" in Oshkosh in 1928, how assiduously had the father or mother pursued inquiries and investigations into the facts of Gertrude's survival? Had they not credited the dogmatic error that Gertrude was afar in some mythical heaven, learning to play a musical instrument, not to be contacted until father and mother likewise qualified and became musicians in the same prodigious orchestra? In other words, wouldn't a complying with conditions that would have effected converse with Gertrude and proven her survival right here in earthly Etheria, have been regarded as shockingly impious? They not only did nothing to help meet Gertrude halfway, but declaimed against such contact.

Very good, the father having entered into a similar altered situation himself, is due to persist in those dogmatic delusions and have no more to do with his widow than he formerly had to do with his daughter.

He, and all his ecclesiastical compatriots, have built a vast hypothesis of life, death, salvation, and eternal reward in their classic minds—built it to such colossal proportions that loyalty to it or consistency toward it, even outranks the most sacred ties of earth. So we must break the news as gently as possible to the clergyman's widow that her husband considers it equally impious to communicate with her or give her evidence of his literal survival as they previously considered it impious to "try to get in touch" with Gertrude.

Maybe Gertrude previously felt just as much hurt at the hidebound perversity of her parents as the widow is now feeling because her domestic preacher will have nothing more to do with her.

Of course the chemist's widow hears from her husband. During life he was an avid researcher into psychical and so-called "supernatural" matters, and had perfected his knowledge of sacred ontology to the point that he understood precisely what the life-and-death processes were. Conversely his widow, accompanying him in those investigations, now knows precisely what to do to realize intelligent intercourse with him.

But skepticism is skepticism on either plane of consciousness. Erudition is erudition too, no matter what the velocity of substance in Matter one is experiencing. The clergyman is making an inhuman sacrifice of his grieving wife on the altar of ontological obstinacy.

But similar skepticism is by no means confined to clergymen.

IT IS only purblind lack of knowledge that takes the assumption for granted that the "dead" have exclusive responsibility for proving their continuity. After all, why should they? On the other hand, does an equal purblindness not operate in expecting that merely because one has made the Passing, he or she may want to communicate with those left behind in earth-life? Is it not a form of conceit that this earth-condition is all-important, and that persons residing in it should get twenty-four hour

service on the parts of those in excarnate realms? Maybe the living "dead" aren't heard from because they do not care to resume contact with bigoted relatives in physical limitation—who fancy their physicality is the only reality. The subconscious minds of people who have made the Passing may contain as many shocking surprises in respect to relationships as anything displayed by way of complexes in flesh.

Summing it up, we find it almost universally to be true that persons who have been unduly skeptical about the legitimacy of anything supernatural while in earth-life, will maintain an almost constant silence about their survival on the Thought Planes.

Mayhap reversing their positions would show the limitations they practiced in earth-life and they do not care to disclose their chagrin. But can we blame them for that?

On the other hand, having arrived on the Thought Planes, they may consider that *those* are now the only Planes of importance, and conditions down in the cosmic cellars of physicality are not of enough significance to warrant much expenditure of time and trouble to make contact.

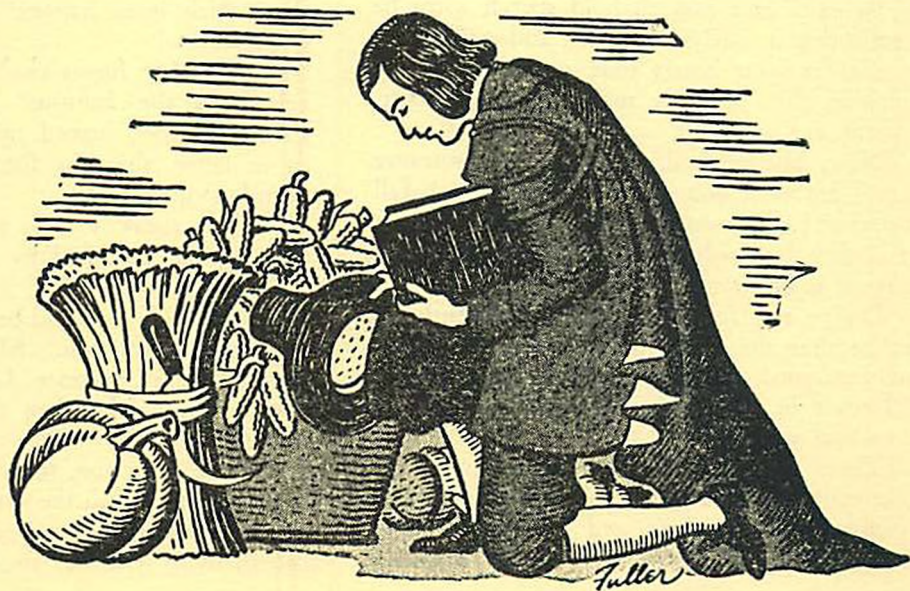
No matter what the causes for the excarnate "silence", Cosmic Wisdom eventually cures it. Fairly good proof of it lies in the fact that persons who have been outstanding in psychical research during their earth-lives "come through" as regularly and readily after the Passing as rainy-day conversations with a loved one over a telephone-wire.

However, the conditions must be complied with, by which communication is effected and reasonable time allowed for the new arrival in the Higher Life condition to get oriented to his new faculties. Thousands of arrivees on the Higher Life levels, we discover, wish to sleep for extraordinary periods and recuperate from the stresses and strains of earth conditions, particularly if they broke off their earthly connections in result of physically debilitating illness.

But never doubt that survival has happened in that spirit is imperishable. As for there being anything unhallowed about it, it is all as natural as demise itself.

Why not recognize that so called Piety may be a synonym for Ignorance.

Why make only those things "holy" that are incompletely understood?



Short Master Messages . . .

Not Included in the Golden Scripts

*"I Shall Show You
Your Divinity . . ."*



MY BELOVED: Be of patience. The enemy hath failed as he must ever fail. He hath tried mankind sorely and will continue to try him; 2 Keep your thought on Me, your friend, your relative, your path-maker before you, then as I have told you earlier, together we shall enter the feasting-

place of loving triumph and celebrate our victory over errors that are earthly.

3 Be calm and easy to hold speech with; be certain that it is My voice ever, addressing you; be sure in your hearts that ye do feel My presence, then shall we make our victory permanent and constant.

4 Now, My Beloved, take word of assurance that I am with you and no harm shall befall you that hath permanence of injury. Ye are of earthly flesh only for a purpose; behold that purpose is being revealed to you.

5 Do ye not follow the Plan sufficiently to realize that the world already seemeth different unto you? Wherein, indeed, shouldst that difference lie, if sobeit the world is not as I have told you?

6 There are ways that I shall adopt to relieve your fear of error. *I shall show you your divinity in queer times and places.* I shall make known your mission in situations startling



you; truly shall they be so odd from the normal that realization shall assail you they could not have happened without My purposeful direction;

7 Thus do I enlighten those awakened to My presence; thus do I create sages to do Mine errands on an earth needing wisdom.

8 Go unto your daily concerns with stouter belief in the surety of your destinies. That which is Written cannot be Unwritten, that which is to happen hath its sureness in transpirings.

9 Do mighty forces challenge you with marvels from the Infinite? Are they not the Father's forces, loaned unto us for succoring us in labor, that the Father's Business know completion?

10 Thus speak I unto you briefly, that the day may be dignified by assurance that hath import.

11 I am with you, and beside you, and behind you, and above you. My ministers minister unto you even as once Long Ago they did minister unto Me when they walked with us in flesh.

12 Peace unto you, my dear ones, and let us come together when the sun is weary with much shining, and twilight in the Father's Garden calleth us to lengthier counsel . . . PEACE



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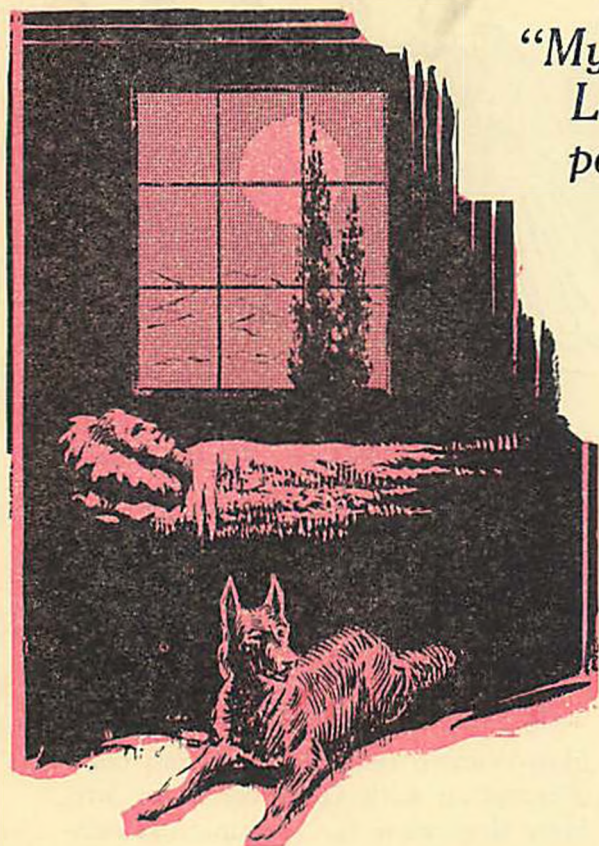
Woman's position on the Higher Planes of Light is an inveigling one. This volume explains the true nature and origin of the Eve-Creature that Adam found beside him when he was brought from his strange sleep in the Garden of Eden . . .

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—

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

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
in beginning the article that was
to make magazine and metaphys-
ical 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*

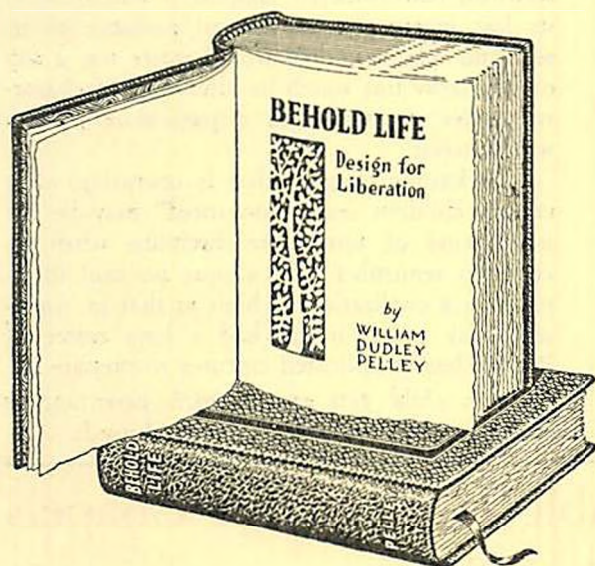
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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
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Cases of Unwanted Children

Continued from Page 30

The mother concerned permits it to happen because she agrees in her subconscious to teach it such lesson.

WE CAN envision a character that has run a half-dozen lives in earlier eras as a pampered and listless dependent, taking for granted that the world owes it not only a living but exceptional maternal solicitude in that it has been brought into mortality—as it fancies—against its will. Always its weakness incites pity in a given type of over-sentimental woman, who vows she will “love that individual out of his apathy” when what the individual truly merits—and requires—is a rigorous spanking and kicking out of his apathy. This sort of thing goes on until the lords of karma sternly recommend for that soul’s own good—and spiritual development—it go not into life again unless it choose a father and mother who do not wish its company and who will neglect and ignore it. That particular indolent soul beholds its group-members preparing to move upward onto higher octaves of Consciousness where it may not follow because it lacks the stamina and self-reliance to correctly deport itself, and it agrees petulantly to accept one or two mortal lives as an “unwanted child” . . .

In other words, it is confronting with malice aforethought a life-situation where from earliest infancy there is no maudlin fuss made over it, where, as the saying goes, it is “a pain in the neck” to those on whose privacies it is trespassing, where it gets no more attention than it merits and where the fact is impressed upon

it that in character worth it displays no attributes causing others to want it around.

This can often be a stern and harsh lesson to receive, but greater spiritual progress can often be made in such a role than in a dozen lives with maternal endearment ever to hand to kiss its bumps and rush poultices for its bruises. It learns to be independent, to fend for itself, to be self-reliant in crises, to cultivate stamina based on fearless facing of constrictions when it must rely on its own inherent strength.

The world, of course, seeing such a lazy and shiftless spirit ensouled in the body of an apparently love-commanding infant, deplors “that dear, helpless little creature” being committed to the loveless parentage of a father and mother who by no means feel themselves responsible for its “plight” and waste no sentimentalities over further indulging it. . . If the deplorants could have seen what a dissipated, slothful, bad-tempered laggard it had been in its last incarnation, a general nuisance to itself and relatives, they would waste not a sop of sympathy but watch its alteration of character under the new and dispassionate parents with interest.

The karmic purpose that is operating when certain children seem “unwanted” may be the finest kind of retributive discipline when we come to remember that almost no soul incarnates in a civilization as high as that in America today unless it has had a long roster of lives in less complicated cultures to prepare it.

Every child gets exactly such parentage as it deserves, considering its spiritual needs.

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The Closing Sequence of a Great Book . .

THE SINGING came up to the man and woman on the Point.

"Oh, Norval, put your arms around me. I never heard anything so beautiful in all my life!"

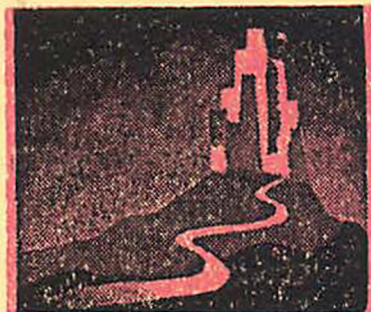
The birds were caroling. Nature was awakening. The sun in a burst of crimson and molten amber was ready to appear above eastern horizon.

He said, "In a way, it's our own lives, Dido darling. We've got to bring this home to men and women—not just a song—*an adamant belief!*" . .

On and on the worshipers came, till the road below was black with them. Men, women, youths, maidens, little children.

Then the sun came up above the eastern horizon.

They were all upon it—upon a literal Road into Sunrise on Easter morning—as all the human race everywhere was upon a Road into Sunrise—journeying forward and upward into the everlasting and transcendent consciousness that life was imperishable . .



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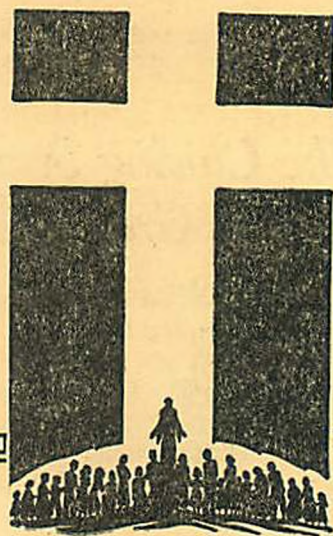
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