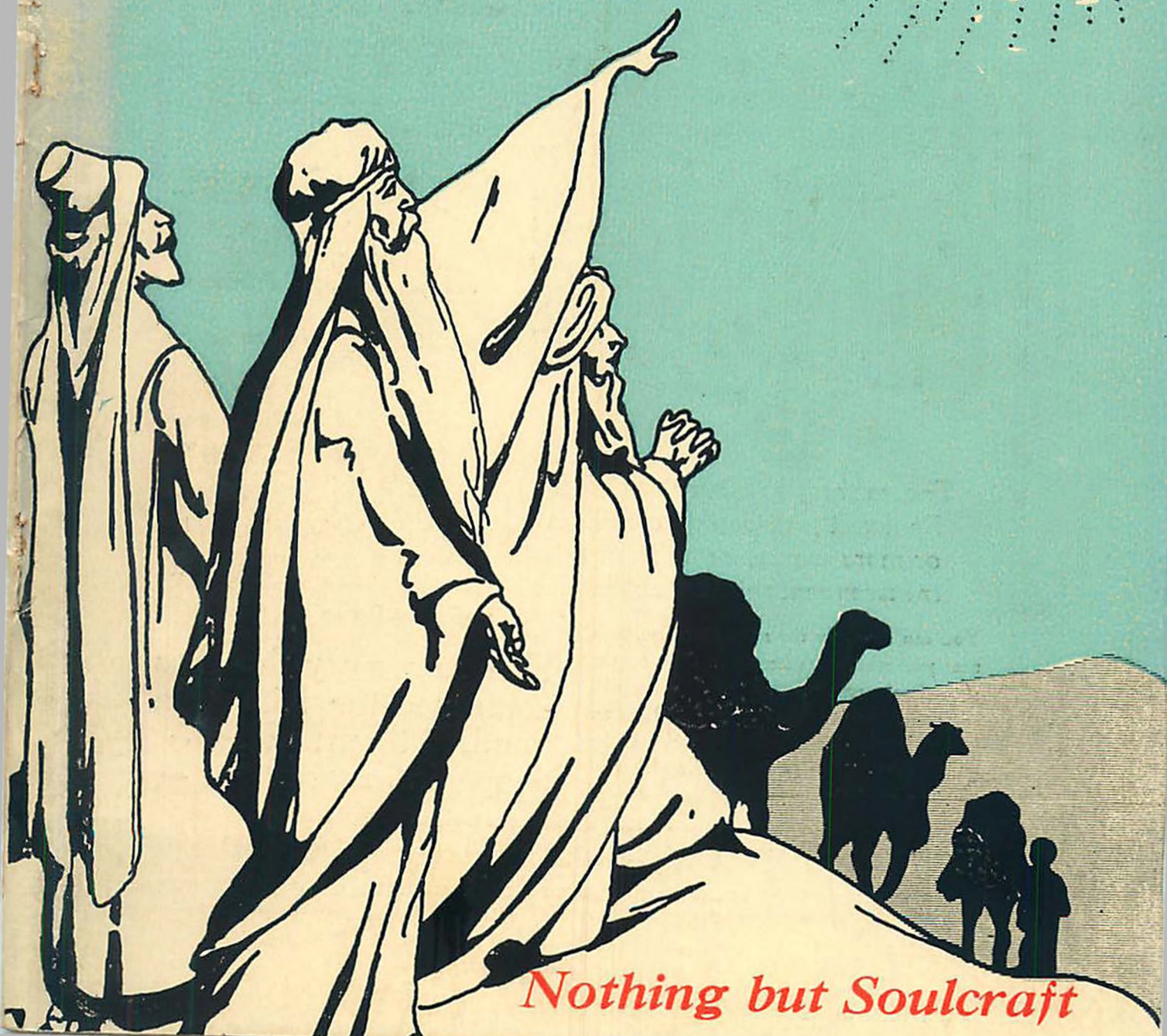
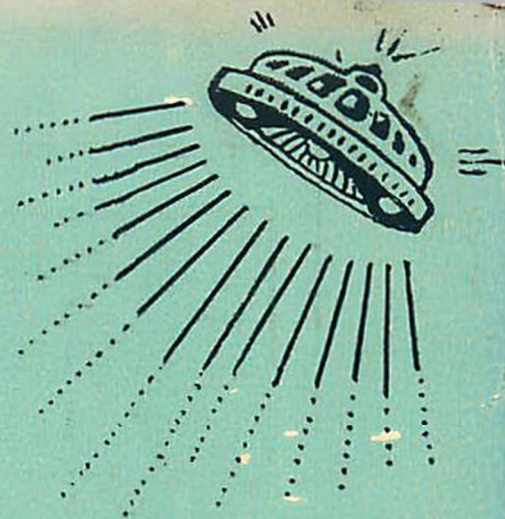


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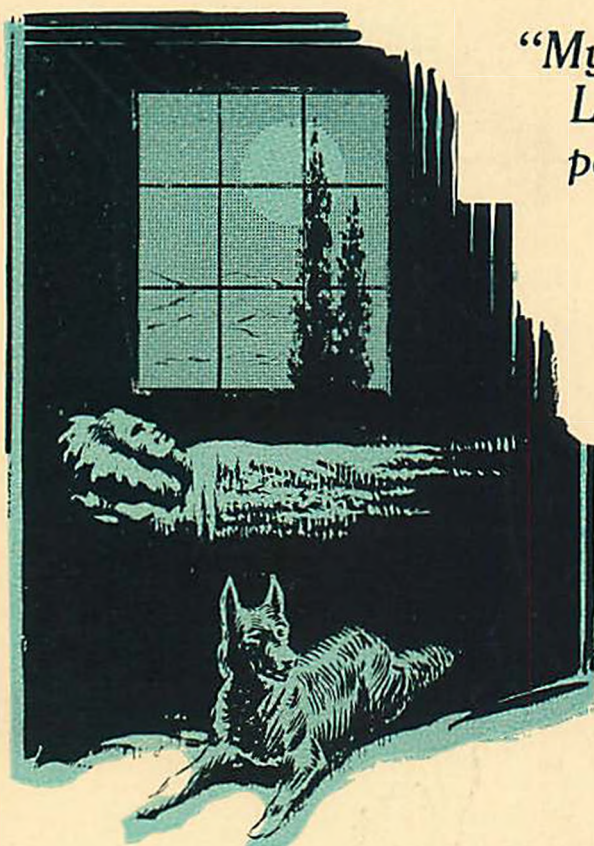
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50 Cents



*Nothing but Soulcraft*





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

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

### *"My Seven Minutes in Eternity"*

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

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

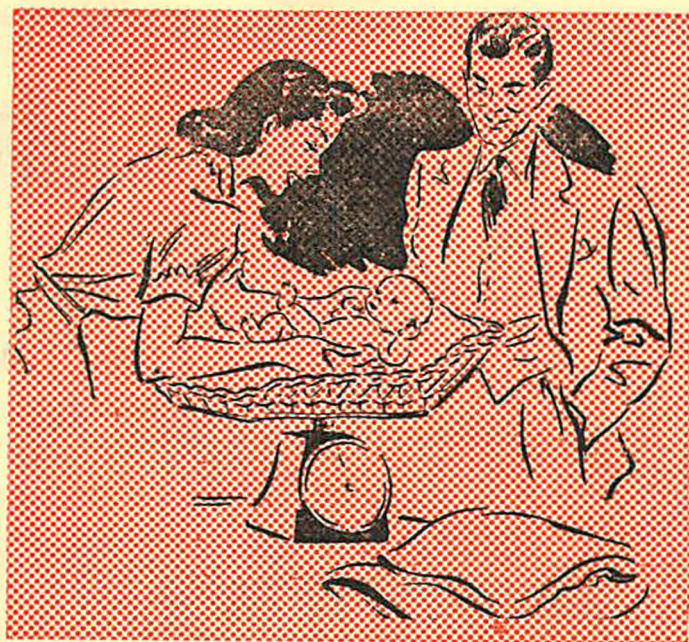
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**SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana**





## *A New Baby and a New Year*



**A**S A SOLAR year, when we stop to consider it, bears startling resemblance to a mortal life. It is born, it matures, it is slated to include a pattern of progressing events, of successes and tragedies, of defeats and victories. Just as we are wont to remark that "The year so-and-so was memorable for such-and-such," so the given life must ever become memorable for such-and-such.

Some years are actionist years, as some lives are actionist lives. Some years are contemplative years, all years are spiritually profitable years, just as all lives are profitable lives. But some years, like some lives, may stay recorded brilliantly in history.

**U**NDoubtedly when we come to regard it in long retrospect, we shall identify the Year 1954 as the Twelvemonth of Great Enlightenment. Enlightenment means Knowledge and Wisdom riding tandem up the Paths of Destiny. So too, lives of those in the current dispensation are contributing more to man's spiritual evolution than has come to him in the last five thousand generations.

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So we are off, on the year's program of Bright Horizons . . .





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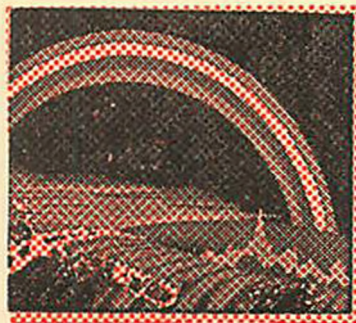
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# BRIGHT HORIZONS

*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

JANUARY, 1954

NUMBER SIX

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## *The Tribute Money . .*

And they sent out unto Him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, . . "What thinkest Thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar?"

But Jesus perceived their wickedness and said, "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money." And they brought Him a penny.

And He said unto them, "Whose is the image and superscription?"

And they said unto Him, "Caesar's."

Then said He unto them, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's . . ."





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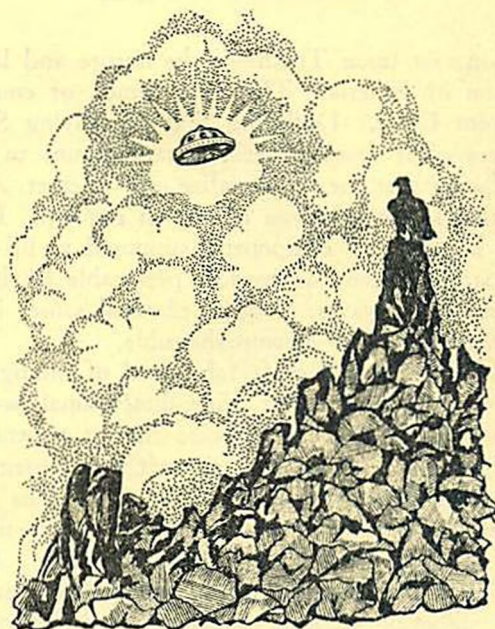
JANUARY, 1954

NUMBER SIX

## IS This Earth the Reflection of a More Celestial State?



A GREAT controversy rages about the nature of the Space Ships. It isn't so much, from whence do they come, but, of what are they constructed? Are they fashioned of metals as earth's motorcars or planes are fashioned? If so, by what necromantic process do they seem to turn invisible



at will? . . . that they do turn invisible at will is coming to be conceded by observant pilots of our Air Force. And almost from the beginning, metaphysical experts like the Borderline Science Researchers contended the Saucers could not be of this world. They came from Etheria.

What the average, three-meal-a-day American wishes to have explained—if such conten-





tion rest upon Truth—is the nature and location of Etheria. The term comes, of course, from Ether. Declaring that the Flying Saucers come from Etheria is tantamount to declaring that they materialize out of ether. And ether is not a known or proven element. It is a hypothetical component, supposed to fill the space between the worlds, permeable by light and radio waves. But to physical senses it is intangible and incomprehensible.

How can any craft fabricated of intangibility manifest in our three-dimensional world with such force or impulse that it neutralize the ignition of modern aircraft or disintegrate jet planes venturing too close to it? The materialistic—not to mention the scientific—mind refuses to deal in such imponderables. Machines designed by advanced inventors upon neighboring planets to earth, it will accredit. Machines constructed of “nothingness”, becoming solid or tenuous at the impulse of pilot or occupants, are fantastic.

Man, taken en masse on this planet, has not evolved beyond the intellectual point of regarding as real anything he cannot see, hear, touch, taste or smell. Apparently the big lesson he has to learn in respect to materials is the fact known to all “mystics”, that Reality consists merely of intelligence and environment operating on the same velocities . . .

When Man breaks the secret of Etheria, Man probably breaks the secret of the only “heaven” that exists. To come into a knowledge of Etheria is to come into a consciousness of something as revolutionary as it is terrific. Supposing we consider it.

**T**O GRASP such revolutionary hypothesis as the Saucers may soon demonstrate beyond all trace of doubt, consider the composition of the atom as nuclear fission experts have broken it.

Different varieties of substances, from hardest granite to tissue paper or maple sugar, are each and all a matter of different numbers of electrons revolving around one or more proton-centers or nuclei. Hydrogen, for instance, is created by one electron revolving around one proton. Thereby it is the simplest element. Carbon is created by six electrons revolving around a single proton. Iron or steel is created by twenty-six electrons to each atom. There may be other factors in each isotope, such as neutrons, but differences in materials generally would seem to be traceable to differences in *numbers* of protons and electrons, done up in one package, the proton being a positive charge of electricity and the electron a negative.

It is in the relative distances of these to each other within the atom, compared to mass and specific gravity, that make for hardness or softness of a material. But the greater point to be noted is the planetary spaces within each atomic unit. Atoms actually are little planetary systems, the proton being the sun and the electrons the satellites. Back in the 1920s, it was Prof. Eddington of Cambridge University in England who startled the international scientific world with the statement that “if all the interplanetary space within all the atoms in the body of a 150-lb man or woman could be subtracted and withdrawn, so that naught but pure protons and pure electrons pressed tightly together remained, the pure ‘solid’ matter in such



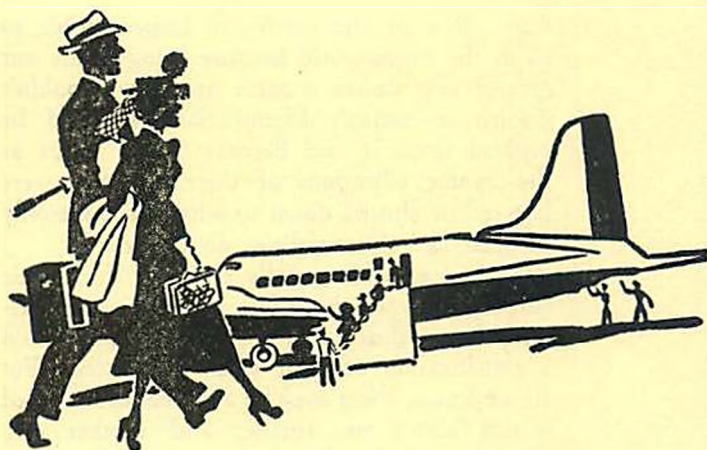
man's or woman's body would barely cover the head of an everyday common pin." The body of the average man or woman, in other words, is 999,999,999/1,000,000,000ths space. Even the cells of the brain, supposedly responsible for consciousness, are composed of atoms—and space.

Outside of water—made of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen—carbon is the predominating element in the human body. Our bodies are approximately 86 percent water and six percent carbon. Eddington gave a picture-image of the minute size of the carbon atom by comparing its proton to a walnut suspended above the information kiosk in Grand Central Station, Manhattan and its six electrons comparable to six wasps at varying speeds about the great concourse's walls.

Start visualizing it for a moment—and the hypothesis is no longer mere theory or we should not at this moment be worrying about the atom bomb—and soon the astonishing thought occurs to you: "Where, in all this atomic galaxy, of infinitesimal worlds, is the conscious entity that is *me*? If my physical self is overwhelmingly space, in just what single microscopic proton or electron does my thinking self reside? If I tell myself that I reside in all of them—at least all of them that compose my physical brain—then I'm residing in more free-space than 'solid' matter. Thus, scientifically considered, I'm actually living as a self-conscious spirit in free space at the present moment—free-space within the atoms of my body instead of the free-space outside them. If I'm not picking out one atom and saying I reside in it particularly, then I must reside in two or more—or nothing."

And from this simple exercise in very realistic scientific analysis, the realization comes that spirit-soul is some sort of thinking entity apart from substance in matter . . .

**I**T'S FROM this stupendous realization—or grasp of scientific fact, as you prefer—that



the great certainty of the continuity of existence arises. During mortal life we live *within* the free-spaces of our body's atoms; when we have vacated the mortal coil, the same consciousness lives *outside* the free-spaces of our body's atoms. So-called "death" is but the shifting from one to the other. While "inside" the body's spaces, we feel the atom-satellites whirling about us and we declare we are inhabiting and directing a physical or organic "vehicle." In such condition, all environments, to seem real to us, must vibrate at similar velocity. However, when we move out into free space outside the body, a different velocity of substances in matter becomes apparent to us, that we never could grasp while operating at the lower and grosser rates of organism.

*Actually, this is the environment that the esoteric scientist is talking about when he speaks of Etherial!*

**F**OR COMMON understanding of it, he isn't speaking specifically of Nothingness; he's speaking of what we perceive of phases of the universe perceptible to the higher and faster velocities as we progress up through them, one at a time. If there happened to be something resembling a magnetic platform or sheath around our material globe, say ten thousand feet up, and a great civilization or culture had come to fruition on it, a sort of up-



stairs floor of the earth—all imperceptible to us in the lower world because being inside our grosser and slower organic atoms we couldn't discern it—today's Flying Saucers could be evolved upon it and become "real" to us as the atomic vibrations of their materials were lowered or slowed down to what we commonly describe as substantialities on this earth.

Both worlds are equally real, but the atomic ensembles of which they're made are only perceptible to those soul-spirits vibrating within a classification of their distinctive rates. For all we know, there may be a dozen such serried worlds above us, further and further out. There's nothing abnormal or fantastic about any one of them. It just takes organism in finer and finer velocities of sense attributes to recognize and accept them. But so what?

The "so-what" is, that for ten thousand generations, the people of the lower or lowest octaves or strata have ever referred to those regions further and further up into varying degrees of fineness in velocity as "heavens" or "Heaven." And the spirit-souls existing in them and carrying on their activities even as we on this octave-plane carry on ours, are accredited as being angelic or divine. But the terms angelic or divine refer only to creatures of finer and finer gradations of atomic phenomena in Matter. Actually, we don't know just how far out or up these layers of reality exist, or how many worlds of more and more tenuous realities are sheathed about the hard core of our planet that we call our earth's "surface."



Now think of these octaves of heavens as "planes" . . . and Mysticism loses much of its mystery. The only true mystery is, how could an intelligent soul-spirit transfer himself from one gradation, or octave, or level, or heaven,

or plane, to another, and not only be perceptible to the organic denizens of that lower plane but discern in its own right the type of life on such lower vibration?

Solve that and you've solved, apparently, the mystery of the "disappearing" Flying Saucers . . . Provenly they know how to do it! . . .

THUS WHEN we risk the inquiry, "Is This World the Reflection of the More Celestial State?" we're confronting the same situation that might face us if we asked if the cellar of a home were the "reflection" of the first floor, or the first floor were the "reflection" of the second floor. It's not any case of being "reflections", it's a case of progressions of consciousness and civilizations more and more advanced the higher one climbs up the floors of atomic velocities.

What Soulcraft's George Fisher told us about the Saucer occupants being "arisen souls", was naught but this floor-upon-floor progression. But those on the higher floors know how to lower their vibrations—with the powerhouses of the Mother Ships to draw upon for energy—and reappear a tangible reality to the world of primary activity actually lowest down upon the globe's surface. Coming back down again and again until all the education each floor has to offer has been acquired, then staying on the higher floors for keeps, is naught but the much-debated process of Reincarnation.

Correspondence, contact, and visitation from one level of attainment to another, however, is absolutely scientific . . . when the true idea of what exists and what occurs, is grasped.

All of it does make for absolute confirmation of spiritual deathlessness, nonetheless. Spirit knows no such thing as Death, as organism knows vacating and abandonment.

This is the great enlightenment that the Saucer folk may bring us in startling fashion. They're our own people who in turn have graduated to the higher and faster velocity rates above us.

What a disclosure!





## HABITS that Result from Karmic Recollection . .

### ¶ *HOW Disdain of the Social Graces Goes Hand in Hand with Lack of Initiative because of Bitter Experiences in Earlier Lives*



**H**AVE YOU ever stopped to give serious consideration to what a habit is, and whereof it originates?

Webster's Dictionary has this to say in defining Habit: "A custom or practice, an aptitude or inclination, for some action, acquired by repetition and showing itself in facility of performance or in decreased power of resistance."

A fine cacaphony of words that tell us exactly nothing. A wheel is something round that whirls upon an axis. So too an electric

fan. So too is a solar system. We resort to our higher esoteric mentors and ask them what a Habit is. Listen to their reply—

*A habit is a tried and proven way for doing things whose costs in energy we have learned, assented to, and minimized—or a mental activity that has charted its way through the brain to attain an expected result.*

That would seem to tell us something.

It would seem to tell us backhandedly that there are ways for doing things in life whose costs in energy we have not determined, that require we must expend initiative to arrive at an expected result. It implies that we do not fancy expending energy without knowing positively what we are due to get in return, while as for initiative, it sometimes causes us actual distress to lay out.



Now why should the expenditure of initiative cause us any sort of distress to lay out?

Contrariwise, why do certain temperaments lay out energy in initiative without the slightest distress? Perchance we may learn something about our inner selves, as well as our intimate companions, by examining it. . .

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## ¶ *ALL that is human must retrograde if it does not advance . .*

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A CERTAIN mother has two sons. As they grow to maturity, one seems to be naturally ingenious in discerning instantly the easy and facile way of tackling a situation or performing an act, and does it with an artlessness that we commonly attribute to a high I-Q. Asked to tackle the same situation or perform the act a repeated number of times, he seems to do it automatically, without giving it conscious thought. He "falls into the habit" readily, we express it.

The second son is exactly opposite in temperament. He resents being required to face a new situation calling for expenditure of intellect or physical energy to solve. Performing any act, he does it clumsily and without enthusiasm and no matter how many times he has to repeat it, he seems required to give each instance conscious attention. Thrown into a set of circumstances where he must rely on his own wits to extract himself from complications, he behaves as though utterly lost. That there are things requiring to be done, which he should do, never seems to occur to him. He isn't "creative", we say. New ideas are not alone foreign to him, he subconsciously resents them.

The endocrinologist gives it out with a spurious profundity that son number two has a

sluggish pituitary, limiting his "responses." Son number one is supposed to have an ultra-active pituitary. One would imagine that the soul performed or failed to perform strictly according to the facilities of the glands. And yet the glands in both sons are composed of the same kind of tissues, made of an identical number and assembly of atoms.

Soulcraft takes the position that every gland, every organ, every function in the physical body is controlled by Mind, which is the brain of Spirit. Malformation of glands or organs is not concerned in the matter we're discussing. No telephone switchboard can function properly when it contains fused contacts or incorrect connections. The same spirit-message may flash over two switchboards but if one be mechanically deficient, it will not perform as efficiently as the other.

Something must have happened, or be happening, in the spirit of one of our two sons that has not, or is not, happening within the spirit of the other, making for their differences in expressed character.

What can it be?

WE CONFRONT the twin secrets of Laziness and Sprightliness when we lift the lid on the spiritual histories of these two souls who have acquired fresh bodies from the physical processes of the same pair of parents. We say carelessly that one is stupid and the other is clever. But that again is describing a wheel as a round thing that turns on an axis.

We do know that there are certain people who are brought to suffer a definite amount of distress, even pain of a sort, to *think*. Approach them with a new idea and instantly they recall and display a resentment. They find themselves disturbed to be called to compare one value with another value, to exert the slightest imagination and entertain any picture-image not previously in their minds. As for drawing conclusions from such comparisons, they behave as though you were offering them insult to suggest it. They are not necessarily timid



souls. They are stolid and even phlegmatic.

The most logical explanation we can find for their behavior, knowing the karmic Facts of Life as we do, is the conjecture that in lives immediately past they have drawn upon themselves some sort of unmerited reprisals for displaying too avid a curiosity over matters not commonly understood, or have been inhumanly chagrined by rebuke for essaying to "step out of line" in respect to the authorities of those about them, for whose approval they cared much.

If a given soul has been required to live the type of existence where it was continually "sat upon" for giving rational and normal expression to itself, where it had been either brow-beaten or derided for assuming to hold that it was any social consequence in the world, we can understand how it might gradually arrive at such an inferiority complex toward itself that it decided, "No matter what I say or strive to do, I've had it proven that I can't win. So why try?" It will drape the mantle of indifference to the castigations or comments of others about itself. Any feeling of self-confidence in its own powers and capabilities will be ruinously shattered. Finding itself in life afresh—say for the express purpose of curing such complex—it will adopt the Don't Care attitude as a trait of character. Its callousness will cause it to do "just enough work to get by," as the saying has it. Let others in the world go ahead and scatter themselves all over the place if they feel like it; the phlegmatic soul believes it has learned that nothing lasting or compensating will come of it.

This viewpoint, persisted in, will exhibit in the soul-spirit—ushered into a new life—as a subconscious indifference toward the performances of others in contrast to itself, or itself in contrast to others. As for the originating causes of such a complex, we're informed from the higher octaves of Consciousness that few situations in life surpass in such effects the loss of one beloved in a romance.

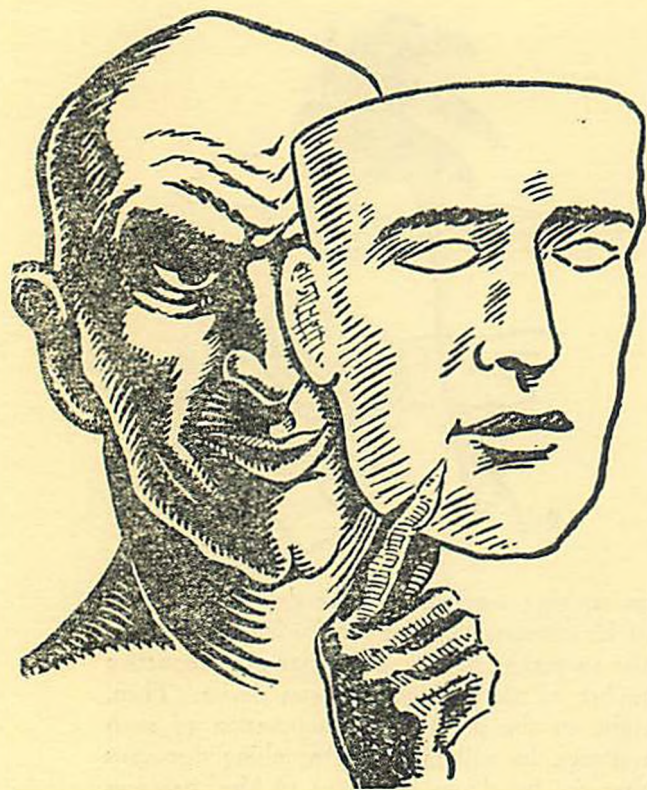
A sensitive and highly strung—meaning highly organized—youth will fall in love with



an enticing woman. All the delicate antennas of his character will be heavily loaded with desire to make himself as popular and attractive to her as mortal ingenuity can devise. Then, right on the point of consummation of such romance, he will make the numbing discovery that the loved one is untrue to him, or cares for him to no such extent as he cares for her, and he sees her depart permanently with a rival suitor. All the sensitivity and affection in his character will turn to ashes overnight. His highest and keenest desire is turned back upon him as farce and mockery. He will live out the balance of his days a thwarted and disillusioned male. It has happened in thousands of cases. Or the same thing, in all erotic aspects, applies to a girl in relation to a man.

Half the people in life, it would seem, who display a stupid indifference or phlegmatism to the incitements and enthusiasms of those about them, might well be chalked up as souls who have been frightfully disillusioned or tragically hurt in earlier years or earlier lives, and who are merely making a bad matter worse by continuing to let their frustrations dominate them instead of casting them aside by taking thought and returning to a state of normal equanimity toward their everyday associates. . .





**N**OW HABIT of itself may seem slightly different from phlegmatism or callousness traceable to prenatal relationships of an unkind or shattering nature. But the human temperament does hark back consistently to "all that it has learned of life" in previous earthly tenures. The one who is "stupid" or lacks consistently in initiative, must at some time or other been penalized—by either law or circumstance—by a chilling humiliation or withering loss that he expects to be repeated if he throws out similar initiative in the current life. The one who is brilliant, facile, or clever, must have drawn magnificent dividends by being mentally alert and practically imaginative—and carries this expectation of reward forward into the current life as well.

We say that "use doth breed a habit in a man", quoting Shakespeare as authority. What

actually are we saying but that use doth make for spiritual acceptance of all the factors involved, and so long as naught arises to challenge or upset such calculations we will duplicate such pattern of performance until the end of time? The longer we conform to a certain usage, breeding what Shakespeare called a habit, the more certain we are spiritually that the way we have embraced is the right and the only way with no improvements necessary nor called for. Obversely, abandoning such assurance and attempting to find a fresher and more economical way to get a thing accomplished, calls up the energy expenditure of redetermining values, and this we intuitively resent as challenging the accuracy of our perceptions and conclusions in the former method. What we are doing, in seeking new and better ways of achieving a certain result, is rebuking or depreciating ourselves for lack of cleverness in the first instance. And of all rebuke, self-rebuke can be most humiliating.

The man without initiative then, has either been fearsomely penalized for his experimentations in former lives, or never seen the awards for bigger and better ways of operating in his current life. If such a one's wife and children were starving, and every job he tried to hold was lost to him because he never bothered to think an idea profitable to the firm the month around, he would quickly enough put his imagination to work to provide innovations that would save the concern money and make him the most valuable man on the staff. So the Life Job provides the starving wife and babies and prods the breadwinner into doing some constructive imagining.

We can leave it at that for the moment. . .

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**Q** AGESILAUS said of certain verbose statesmen, "I do not think that shoemaker a good workman who makes a great shoe for a little foot."



# IS Your Marriage Cosmic or Karmic? . .

*and do you know  
the difference?*



EVERYONE has an interest in Marriage. Even bachelors and spinsters who never expect to take a life partner by no means ignore matrimony as an earthly state. But when we explore into it along lines of the higher esoteric knowledge, we turn up some odd and unsuspected qualifications respecting it as an institution that can generate either happiness or distress.

In the first place, no one can understand Marriage in its higher and subtler nuances who does not accredit and understand that life on the earth-plane is a process of progressive ensoulment—in other words, that every person alive has come and gone in fleshly bodies times beyond count. If one doesn't comprehend the





significances of progressive ensoulment, one is unable to understand the basis of all human relationships. People around us are the associates—and even relatives—they are because as a general thing all of us return into earth-life in order to be members of given groups. Particularly is this so of family and domestic groups. Having come along together as a group up across the generations, we have problems to work out as between one another. That

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¶ *THERE are no ugly women; there are only women who do not always know how to look pretty*

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isn't saying we don't lose some members of the group or family as we progress higher and higher, or don't take on new members as the experiences of earth-life cause us to become attached to new persons. But everlastingly, life after life, we keep more or less in a revolving relationship with our familiar tried-and-proven loved ones. However, it's the men or the women we bring ourselves to love in physical intimacy that we're chiefly interested in considering at the moment. Who do they happen to be particularly and how do we "get that way" with them?

Understanding Progressive Ensoulment—more or less vulgarly or stupidly dismissed as Reincarnation—the first concession we make in the matrimonial situation is the acknowledgment that almost no marriages happen by chance. If they do, they don't survive. Find-

ing, meeting, and loving a certain man or a certain woman, so that an earthly family develops from the union of fleshly lives, is almost universally a matter of prearrangement. In other words, it has been settled upon before the earthly life starts, in the instance of both participating parties.

But the reasons behind such matings, viewed from the eternal cosmic standpoint are never quite alike for any two couples.

There are two kinds of matrimonial matings. One may be designated as Cosmic.

The other is karmic.

NOW in a handful of words, what should we consider the difference between the Cosmic and the Karmic? The cue is no further distant than the handy dictionary. Look up the word Cosmic in the dictionary and you find that it pertains to that which is eternal, harmonious and orderly—from the Greek word *kosmikos* meaning "higher world" or world outside of strict mortality.

Look up the word Karmic and you find it derived from Karma, which means the whole ethical consequence of one's acts, considered as fixing one's lot in any career in flesh.

Cosmic Marriage then, would seem to indicate a matrimonial alliance that has come to pass from an orderly and prearranged career in the world, with its factors determined by the ethical increments involved, and souls coming into the bodies as children in a systematic and expected manner that they may have definite earth-experiences through the tutelage of familiar parents.

Karmic marriage can best be described as the sort of union that results when men and women as individuals in an earlier earth sequence have gotten what the world calls "messed up" with one another, with little or no stipulation ahead of time, and incurred debts or obligations toward each other that must be paid off in kind. They seem to be the sort of matings that result from one party doing the other party an injury, or forcing him to undergo some sort of experience that has left wounds of spirit—



all of which must be mended by giving proper time and attention to the marriage relation.

Cosmic marriages may occur over and over with the same pair of beloved participants, gaining deeper and richer profits from it with each successive mating, the two—masculine and feminine—being practically divisions of the original master-soul. The world often refers to them in facetiousness or derision as Affinities or Soul-Mates.

Karmic marriages are unions that work out a "pay-off" and they are rarely noted for their domestic tranquillity. Affinity is rarely involved. The romances that seem to have brought them about are caloric and ephemeral; they are probably "half-souls" of some other man or woman unknown. And the karma that started them originated in some especial exhibit of vanity.

In Cosmic marriages something deep, beautiful and sturdy is working out. In Karmic marriages any old flat or roost will suffice, and having gained to it the somewhat poignant participants proceed to "fight their battles." In Cosmic marriages as well, the principals generally have a confident inner realization of "belonging" to one another—in a mutuality of understanding which no jealous rage or misfortune can disrupt. Divorce is unknown between them, being generally unthinkable.

But both have their bastions down deep in What Has Gone Before in some form or aspect of prior meeting and performing.

**C**ONSIDERING such fundamentals, the demand, of course, is instantaneous, "If I'm finding myself in a crass, unhappy, karmic marriage, what do I do to get out of it? Besides, how am I to know for sure that it is karmic, anyhow?"

Well, the subject is involved and deep, and not to be settled by a paragraph in a book. The only perfect proof is the somewhat radical spiritual experience of discovering the memory being lifted on events of lives predating



the current one—thus recognizing consciously what particular mischief brought you together or affected you so deeply that more than one lifetime has been required to work it out. For the average couple, not having the wisdom or opportunity to undergo Lifted Memory, certain symptoms must suffice.

First, has the attachment been from the beginning more or less physical?

Second, does an intuitive feeling exist toward the other of almost mystical obligation—"sticking" with the other on a sort of performance basis with the sensation in the background of the mind that after a certain period, some sort of change must come?

Third, if the relationship terminated suddenly by drastic or even tragic means, would an inconsolable grief result or a feeling of unwholesome relief?

Fourth, could "almost anybody" substitute for the matrimonial partner without much disruption of emotion?

Fifth, is there more or less of a lack of intuitive "understanding" of the other's motives



or habits—and particularly would you drop the other out of your life and scarcely miss much, if there were no parental responsibilities involved, or economic dependency, or family condemnations?

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¶ *MOST women will  
remember the first  
kiss long after most  
men have forgotten  
the last . .*

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THE AVERAGE person in life today, taken by and large—purblindly ignorant of the great cosmic processes that shape lives and careers on earth—accepts that men and women marry from caprices of natural selection, live the incitements of physical intimacy, become “fed up” with each other’s eccentricities and idiosyncrasies, and witness love “dying” between them until a degree of dispassion be reached that makes matrimony an ordeal of nerves and nagging criticisms.

Those wise in the eternal verities are aware, however, that love never undergoes such a contradiction as “dying.” . . love expands and increases. Love couldn’t be love and suffer death.

The men and women who join their lives legally because they belong to one another, being parts of one another, never give a thought to love “dying” between them the clock around. They may become exasperated with one another upon occasion for some lapse of service or comity, but there is nothing fundamentally disruptive about such episodes. Their regard for each other is silent and steadfast. It is

taken for granted. Each seems to know what the other is about, as though from telepathy. Truthfully it is a fact that “they couldn’t live without each other,” and it occurs to them to attempt it vicariously. Children as they arrive, only bind such couples closer. They are the kind of husbands and wives who not only cheerfully but eagerly would marry one another over again. In fact, there is always something a trifle disgusting and repellant about the thought of some party of the opposite sex taking the place of the loved one. Death may indeed dissolve such a union—and for spiritual reasons often does. But other marriages for the survivor are quite as unthinkable as infidelity would have been while the beloved was alive.

THE ONE great truth that exploration of the Eternal Verities does disclose about it all, however, is the adamant fact that it is utter nonsense and fallacy for a miserable married partner to cry, “Oh, if I hadn’t gone to the dance that night against my parent’s wishes, what a lot of misery I’d have saved myself, because I wouldn’t then have met Judith.” Or, “I should have had sense enough to realize from the way Horace treated his mother and sister, how he’d treat me—why couldn’t I see it?” If we came into the current life to settle scores with Judith or Horace, we’d have met them in a submarine or up in a balloon—but we’d have met them so long as there were scores to be worked out.

The Big Thing is possessing the information to work them out knowingly—and grasp when they are worked out.

Read the recent volume in the Soulcraft series, *Adam Awakes*, if you’re wholesomely curious to learn what goes on Behind Life . . meaning before we ever come into it.

But if you’re happily married to your Cosmic Twin, don’t touch it. The book is not for you. As for the other kind of marriage, the thing to be wise in, is the significance of your release . .

More about this in future issues.



# How One Doctor Cured Epilepsy by Accrediting Discarnates

## ¶ Were the "Unclean" Spirits Cast Out by Christ Similar to Today's Epileptics?



**B**EFORE epilepsy and some forms of insanity can be correctly understood it must be recognized that it is a common occurrence for the *psyche*, or actuating mind, to leave the body or brain and operate elsewhere. Thousands of people will testify that they have consciously left their bodies, functioned in complete awareness outside of their physical selves, and looked at their sleeping or unconscious bodies, from the outside. A rather typical case, among many that we have received, is that of a man who reports—

"I was lying in bed in the early hours of a quiet Sunday morning. I had been doing some listless dreaming after daylight but on two occasions was brought wide awake in a none too agreeable state of mind by hearing neighbors on both right and left back their cars noisily from their garages for Sabbath outings in the country.

"**S**UDDENLY as I lay staring at the ceiling with my hands behind my head, this thing transpired: *I found myself being elevated physically up from the surface of the mattress without disturbing the bedclothes.*

"It did not seem particularly queer at the moment. Not till I seemed to turn and glance downward. Directly beneath me my body was lying in a state of light doze, the arms behind the head, the eyes closed, the chest rising and falling with inert breathing. I studied myself, every lineament of head, face and body. I recall how queerly the hair looked on the uncovered flesh of my arms. When I had inspected myself sufficiently, I gently descended. I dissolved into my body and awakened!"

Unique to recount, several of these people—not only in New York but elsewhere—have reported the phenomena as occurring on a Sabbath morning. The reason for this being, not the significance of the day, but because there is a minimum vibration in matter in the early hours of Sunday morning. Also there is a subconscious relaxation of great potency in the knowledge that "one doesn't have to get up" with the rigorous discipline of week-days.

**S**INCE childhood most of us have been led to believe that the quitting by the conscious spirit, of the physical sheathing that is the body, either brings about or epitomizes "death." How the body can remain "alive" without a soul occupying it, is scientifically unthinkable. Yet on every hand metaphysical investigators are confronted with a deluge of per-



sonal testimony—to say nothing of phenomena—postulating in nearly irrefutable detail that the physical body may not only be vacated without “death” resulting, but more than one individualized consciousness can function in the same body interchangeably—and frequently *does in so many cases that medical science cannot see the forest for the trees!*

Which has its most profound evidence of validity in the phenomena of Epilepsy.

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**Q** *DOCTORS are too often men who prescribe medicines of which they know little, to heal diseases of which they know less, to cure human beings of whom they know nothing*

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**W**HAT IS an Epileptic?

There are metaphysicians in America who have irrefutably proven what makes an Epileptic. They have done this by a technique employed to effect permanent cures. But in addition, erudite persons in higher dimensions of Matter have taken pains to explain to those with clairaudient attributes still in the three-dimensional universe, just what it is. And the two coincide to a hair.

An Epileptic is a person whose separate and conscious soul—separate from its physical organism, that is—occupies its physical equipment loosely, as a garment that doesn't quite fit tight enough to hold it all times securely. And malicious or mischievous individuals in other phases of matter who want to slip across the gap and operate in a physical body for purposes of malfeasance or otherwise, *recognize*

*this and try to push or frighten the rightful soul into the discarnate state that they may take unlawful possession of the body of the other.*

The so-called Epileptic is subconsciously aware of this “looseness of possession” of the physical equipment. And by perceptions which the man in the street might not credit—because Science has not yet told him that he may believe it—the Epileptic is likewise aware of the propinquity of some discarnate person seeking to adapt himself to conditions where such an occupancy may be accomplished.

*The Epileptic Fit is the subconscious fright amounting to stark terror that seizes upon the hapless individual thus loosely organized in spiritual and physical coordination, while at the same time he makes a superhuman effort to hold possession of that which is rightfully his own!*

**T**HERE LIVED until recently in New York City a lady physician of advanced years, well known to the editor, who treated and cured scores of cases of Epilepsy upon the discarnation hypothesis.

She stated that she got the idea for her cures from phenomenal photography that was done in France, of subjects under hypnotism. A boy who when hypnotized was able to report accurately whole series of events going on at a distance, was placed before a camera with a quartz lens in a semi-darkened room. Having succumbed to the cataleptic trance, he was told to investigate what was happening in the home of friends five miles distant. As he leaned backward in his chair after thoroughly understanding what was wanted, a flashlight photograph was taken of him.

*It disclosed when developed, an ectoplasmic image of the boy about four feet from his inert entranced body with a face turned away from the camera and bodily motions indicating him in a state of locomotion.*

The boy's “seat of consciousness” was actually going to the distant spot to see for himself what was transpiring there.



AGAIN AND again the experiment was tried. Each time the quartz lens "picked up" a portrayal of the boy's Light-Body in a discarnate state, actually drawing out of his physical assembly and either going or returning on its mission of spatial perception.

"It was that series of pictures that absolutely convinced me," the physician declared, "of the actuality of dispossession—that the 'seat of consciousness,' the Soul, the etheric or astral body, anything you care to label the imperishable part of the human organism, *can* vacate the body without death resulting. If, thought I, this is a real occurrence under hypnosis or any other form of trance, what prevents other souls or entities who may be without physical bodies, from wandering into the entranced person while the rightful *psyche* is thus absent?

Mayn't the fact that this actually does happen, account for thousands of cases of dual personality, insanity, the obsessions of inebriates, and what not?

"During this period I was actively engaged in instructing—meanwhile studying—a large class of epileptics in my care in an institution to which they have been committed as menaces to society. Some of my wards behaved so strangely that I soon became convinced that the same individual souls were not operating within their physical selves at all hours of the day, although the physical garment and brain-cell contents made it appear otherwise to the careless observer.

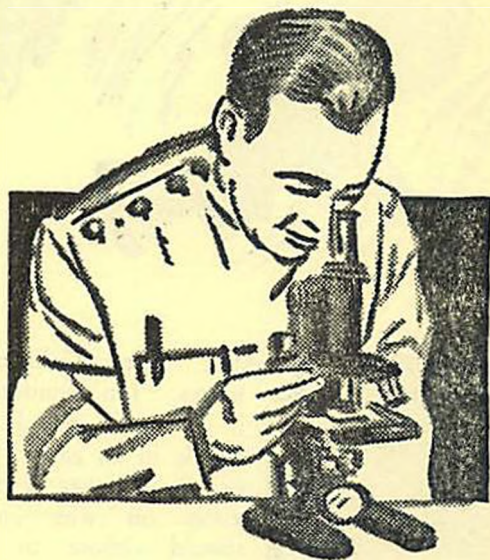
"OUT OF my observations, I determined on this mode of procedure—

"The instant I saw one of my charges approaching what appeared to be a fit, I hurried to him and struck him a stinging blow or box on the ear. This was not to be brutal *but to divert the epileptic's attention from the discarnate entity in his vicinity*, whom he sensed psychically and who was threatening him with ejection of his rightful body. Then before the victim had recovered from the astonishment of the blow, I got my arms tightly about him and hugged him maternally, talking explanation

of what what was occurring as fast as my tongue could function.

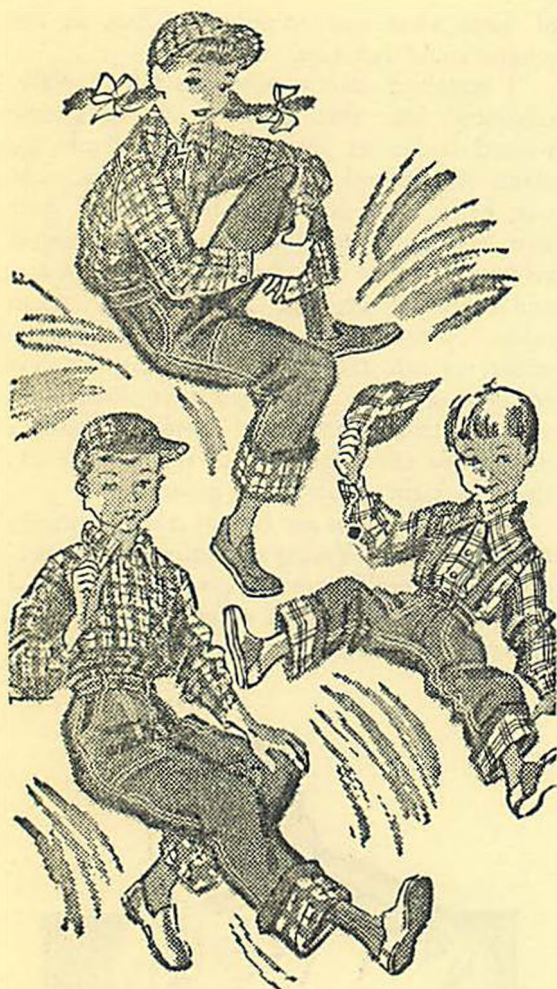
"I explained exactly what was taking place, convinced him that if these unseen people wanted bodies of their own they should go about the natural way of getting them, that was, being born as infants and growing their own, not trying to oust others from physical vehicles they had gone through the trouble and annoyance of growing from infancy themselves. Uncanny to relate, not one epileptic under my care fought the explanation but every one of them acquiesced that "something was frightening them" and thereafter made a determined effort mentally to retain what was theirs by right of birth and growth.

"*I never failed in the cure of a single case by this hypothesis.* Young epileptics hitherto pronounced incurable grew up, married and had families of their own in which no evidence of epilepsy showed—on being discharged from my care."



IT IS a genuine contribution to civilization that is being made by that host of fearless investigators, willing to accredit the unseen and imponderable in order to arrive at an explanation of the seen and ponderable.





## WHAT Is the Significance of Twins? . .

¶ *ECONOMY of  
Maternity Apparently  
at Work When Any  
Mother Gives Birth  
to More than One  
Baby at a Time . .*



LADY from California writes, "I'm wondering if you could include an article in an early *Valor* or *BRIGHT HORIZONS* on why souls should choose to be born in multiple births. Some very close friends of mine are twins and much interested in your esoteric information. They have inquired if

there is any particular reason for identical births?"

The subject is doubtless a challenging one for others besides these California friends, especially so in view of the newspaper accounts on a recent morning of the birth in Indianapolis to a Mrs. Cecil Hartley, 27, of a boy with two heads and four arms. In a joint statement, the doctors said, "Medically, the boy is classified as one child." The biologic "curiosity" was delivered by Caesarean section to a mother who already has three other normal children. The birth occurred on a Saturday after the infant was three weeks overdue, and late on Sunday the two heads were breathing and functioning normally. A newsman who



saw the bi-cranial "baby" said that the heads were facing each other and the arms interlocking. Officials of the local Medical Association said that while it might not be the first of its kind, "it is certainly very rare."

A former instructor in anatomy in an Indiana college declared, "Obviously the birth is one of 'like twins' which did not fully separate. The ovum usually separates into two completely separate individuals. This is a case of imperfect development of 'like twins'. It is a Siamese-like birth of two individuals and ought to be considered two individuals from medical and philosophical standpoints. It apparently has two brains and two nervous systems."

Another specialist, an instructor in obstetrics, offered this opinion: "Some such infants have lived to adulthood. I am sure there are records of infants with two heads surviving. This condition was caused by the incomplete separation of an egg which would have been identical twins. The infant is not all of two persons, but about one-and-a-half. Occasionally this happens on the lower portions—babies with four legs and a normal head and torso."

Reports had it that the Hartley infant from the hips down was normal.

THE SOULCRAFT Enlightenment is chiefly concerned with the performings of the souls involved. A mother was due to have two children. Probable arrangements had been made to that end before even the parents ensouled in the physical. Conception occurred and the embryo began development. Then, almost chemically, something happened in the behavior of the genes involved, making for unbalanced physical members or features. Cleavage was not perfected. The two incarnating souls had already inducted themselves into the twin-embryo, or what they supposed was such, undergoing amnesia during the gestative period. Delivery disclosed the directive action of the genes had been disrupted. Now, whether the two souls

elect to go forward with such major life handicap depends upon the spiritual errands being consummated. As of the date of the compiling of this article, the joined babies are still alive.

The whole problem is still the problem of identical twins. The physiological miscarrying might or might not have been karmic—one would be required to know the full soul-history of the individuals concerned to determine that, and strictly speaking it would be nobody's business but their own. Of the problem of identical twins, however, there is not so much "problem" as the unlettered in such matters would imagine . . .

The biologic processes of conception are not for discussion here, but one all-important matter is apt for discussion—or rather, exposition—the insistent circumstance *that there are ever more souls clamoring to get into physical life to adjust karmas than there can possibly be infant organisms waiting to accommodate them.*

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¶ *WILLIE had confessed to giving one of the boys in the next house a black eye. "I just had to do it, Ma," he explained, "you see they're twins and I had to have some way of tellin' 'em apart."*

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THIS dilemma alone, we are informed from Higher Octaves of Intelligence, is responsible for the survival of more freakish births and monsters than any other single factor, but more than that, it does account for more desperate clings to life, and fanaticism about mortal self-preservation, than society dreams. It isn't so much that mortally ensouled spirits





fear Death as death, as the difficulty of having the opportunity for occupancy of physical organism when the demand for physical organisms runs about three-to-one under present conditions on this solar satellite. When you've been strategizing and fanagling for 200 to 500 years to get a chance at earthly return, or when you've realized that not for another 200 to 500 years may all the identical souls with whom you wish to adjust spiritual balances be incarnate in life in their own rights, you can become slightly frenzied at possibilities of lethal accident or fatal mishap shortsuiting all of it.

Then again, there is also the case of the "renegade" soul that refuses to accredit that anything other than earth-life in a physical organism is Reality, and who will "grab anything it can get" to effect the return and continue to gratify its sensualities and physical appetites. Understand, this by no means has reference to ordinary twins, alike or not alike. It has reference to the offspring of dissolute women, prostitutes, morons, or female criminals generally, and even in the case of legally illegitimate infants and some foundlings—souls gaining into earth-life with no concern whatso-

ever about the parental care they may be given.

In the case of twins born under normal circumstances, however, about all that seems to be involved is time-economy in breeding. A given mother happens to have two of her children—or even three, four, or five—born at one confinement instead of a year intervening between maternities. Souls involved in her karma, or she in theirs, merely take advantage of that fact. They would equally take the same advantage of the mortal possibilities opened if the normal time for maternal rest occurred between pregnancies.

Remember it is said to be the genes, or chemical determinants contained in the paternal spermatozoa, that most often dictate the physical features or give the physical aspects which are said to be "inherited". These genes are said to be so atomically microscopic of size that enough to determine the physical characteristics of all the people on the North American continent at one time, could be contained in a receptacle no larger than a woman's ordinary sewing thimble. None of it is saying, however, that a strong and self-determinating soul may not alter its physical aspects, as it grows and approaches maturity, to the light-pattern of its eternal self. Not that people look alike from life to life, because they do not, yet psychosomatic bodily effects do become pronounced, conforming to the character-attainments of the en housed soul. Thus of two identical twins grown to manhood or womanhood, the spiritual attainments or lack of them may cause one to exhibit a harsh and austere countenance while another may appear compassionate and meek.

**A** GAIN and again in the Enlightenment—or while it was being accumulated—inferences were plain that in almost every birth there are invisible assistants and advisors to the surgeon or obstetrician presiding, who mentor and advise him in the care or handling of



both mother and babe; no doctor ever superintends a mortal birth solo. And this Higher Octave supervision begins long before actual delivery, else there might be very few infants born to illiterate persons or mothers in a state of primordial savagery. "We have doctors on This Side," the Intelligence has stated, "whose function it is to enable souls to 'die' off the Thought Planes and take electric possession—or possession through synchronization of electrical velocities—of the gestating embryo in the mother's womb. When it does not happen, or when there is inexpert attention from the Higher Side, the result of course is a still-birth."

In the case of twin brothers or twin sisters, either identical or non-identical, there is the karmic domestic relationship activating the participants, precisely as would be occurring between brothers and sisters born at separated times. The odd affinity that like-twins are said to feel for one another upon occasion may occur from close karmic association, or intimacy of interests up many thought-planes, but it is spiritual in the first place, not qualified by the circumstance of simultaneous birth necessarily. This seems to be proven from the fact that by no means do all individuals with similar twins experience it.

**V**IEWED in perspective, we might on the whole conclude that twins represent an economy of maternity on the part of any mother—as well as permitting two souls who are exceeding close to each other, life upon life, to appear in the mortal coil at an exact time and period. There are no indications anywhere of any enigmatic or arcane process being served.

The chemical reactions of genes, or qualifying spermatozoic factors, during any mother's pregnancy, generally operate to a pattern. However, when they do not, no great cosmic balances are upset. The item of Time alone is involved, and souls especially close to each other, or whose karma may be vitally interwoven, may take advantage of what is happening and enjoy the same parentage and life-vibration. It is seriously to be doubted whether any factors commonly exercise that would not exercise if twelve solar months intervened between acquisition of physical vehicles.

If we were to inquire what might be operating in the karma of a mother who has had three normal youngsters and suddenly undertakes to give birth to an abnormality, we might be embarking on a theme with which twins have naught to do. And the same thing might be said to apply to a degree to the instance of unlike twins of opposite sexes.

Factors of fertilization occur in the latter case of which candidate souls take advantage—such would seem to be the sum and substance of it. Two forthcoming major Soulcraft books, *Getting Born* and *You Have It Coming*—a treatise on every aspect of karma—are due to go exhaustively into such matters. But answering for the time-being our California correspondent's query, the "thing that is happening" in the birth of twins or triplets is an opportunist camaraderie between spirit-souls with karmic relationships to appear in earth-life at the same time and period in each other's physical company because the opportunity is open.

The Siamese-twin relationship is something to be discussed in a separate treatise.

Actually it falls under the heading of karma.



**FLYING** rumors have no trouble making landings



# SHOULD All Misfortunes Be Regarded As Karmic?

¶ *COMING Right Down to It, Do Any of Us Truly "Own" Anything from the Cradle to the Grave, So How Speak of "Loss"?*



**W**HAT, within the definition of the Eternal Wisdom, can truthfully be classified as "a bad break"? . . . In the light of the somewhat hectic lives we are all of us being called to live at present, how should we judge and identify good fortune and bad?

Broadly considered, good fortune is that which happens to us, leaving us gainers in some aspect of obvious increment. Misfortune is that which involves us, causing us to suffer some variety or degree of loss. It matters not whether we gain or lose in property, prestige, health or the affection of another, we qualify it all as "fortune."

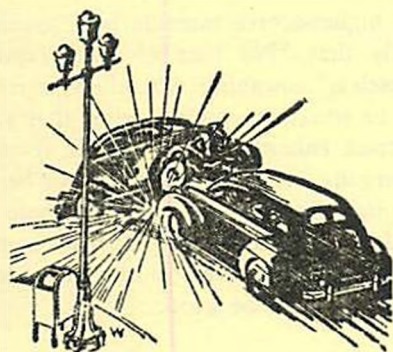
Now it is time that we began to conceive of what we "own" or don't "own" in a higher and more eternal stipulation as to possession. Too many of us don't give an analytical thought to what constitutes "ownership" the month around.

It should go without argument that ownership is a state or condition of owning. But coming right down to it, what do we mean by that? It should jolt some of us to realize that owning a thing—or a whole lot of things—carries no greater connotation than exercising lawful title in the eyes of society. And yet "lawful title" means what? It means that the laws of the land recognize our exclusive supervision over it and even disposal of it, with no one obstructing us or denying us. Beyond that, ownership does not exist.

**W**E ACQUIRE some odd notions about ownership.

Commonly and carelessly considered, we take it that by succeeding to the status of Ownership, we make a given thing a part of ourselves. We encompass and absorb it. Frequently we behave as though the things we own couldn't exist apart from ourselves. We say, "That is my house, my car, my dog." We have toiled and received money for our services from neighbors, government, or employer. We have taken given amounts of it and exchanged it for—what? The house itself? The car itself? The





dog itself? No, merely the privilege for a limited time of having suzerainty over the dwelling, the conveyance, or the animal, and profiting in comfort, facility, or security from the relationship. What we truly are acquiring, if we stopped to think of it, is a tenure of shelter in the residence, transportation in the car, vigilance against trespassers or thieves in the dog. Tomorrow we may make an unlucky business deal, or a bank may close holding all our savings, or the car collide with another car, or the dog be stolen. We say we are "helpless" in the face of such "misfortunes". We are evicted from our domestic premises and a new occupant replaces us. An officer with a warrant may "reclaim" our automobile and all mechanical transportation stops for us. Our dog may plunge beneath the wheels of a passing bus and its affectionate organism be turned into something that by no stretch of imagination can be identified thereafter as a dog. We, of ourselves, have undergone no change. Nothing has been subtracted from us, or eliminated, that is an essential part of us. We have simply lost arbitrary rights to unchallenged dictation over structure, locomotive contraption or four-footed companion.

When we really stop to face it, it gradually dawns upon us that ownership is really a hypothetical condition, something we have thought up or taken for granted. What we accepted as a part of ourselves suddenly comes home to us as a mental concept only.

Actually, while we have arbitrary domination over a great many things as guiding masterminds of their uses or destinies, there is not one single material item in all the universe that we can truly call an intrinsic part of ourselves. An intrinsic part of ourselves would be a part that we could not suffer to be separated from and remain exactly the creatures that we are.

OF COURSE, the pedant might arise up and ask if we don't own our bodies, or the beefsteak and French-fried potatoes that we pay too much for these days and put into them as nourishment, or the child that bears our name, sprung from our physical loins and for whose sustenance and education the authorities hold us responsible. But a sheriff comes with a warrant and carries our bodies to the town bastille—being highly indifferent as to whether or not our thinking and sensing selves are compelled to go along inside them—the porterhouse and potatoes dissolve in our digestive tract and by tomorrow night have ceased completely to exist, and the child, if a girl, grows into maidenhood and runs off with a trap drummer, or if a boy, is drafted by the government and sent out to China to be shot.

We as spirits have no *absolute* suzerainty over anything—meaning a suzerainty that some authority outside ourselves cannot override or negate. If, so, what is it?

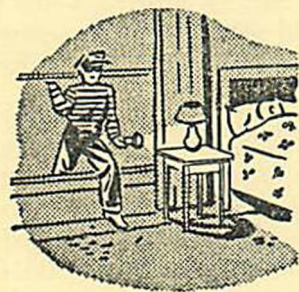
From the instant that the family physician holds us suspended by the heels and spansks the first sharp breath of life into our infantile lungs, up to the moment when another physician drops our wrist listlessly and pronounces, "He's gone!" all our vaunted suzerainties are shown up under analysis to be sufferances. Of all illusions, the illusions of "ownership" is the most fallacious. Taken, that is, in the material sense.

In the spiritual sense—in the Out of This World sense—there is quite a different proposal to consider.

*We do possess absolutely the character attributes we have acquired as the increments*



from educating experience. These truly have entered into us, and become part and parcel of us, and cannot be subtracted from us by any agent under heaven but ourselves.



THIS FACT would, we might contend, prove to us that Man is not a material creation in any sense, at any time, in any location. He is merely an observing consciousness proceeding through illusions of possession translated into images for the sharper realization of his own personality. All things are provided extraneous to himself, by some power outside himself—call it God, or political authorities, or economic circumstance. In time he even shuffles off the very organism by which these extraneous properties create the images for his consciousness that it may function in the repetitive memories mistakenly called Thinking.

So to come back to Good and Bad Fortunes and their possible karmic origins when everything sums up into ultimate loss excepting spiritual assets or character attributes, the thing that really confronts us is the positivity of eventual gain from having associated with their effects and improved or damaged our ethereal characters. *Because even in our fancied damagings, we have the gains from the contact in recipes for future behavior when like circumstances repeat for us.*

Of all so-called Values of Life, the fact that "All is fish that comes into our net" is the one and eternal value whose worth is demonstrable and therefore not to be gainsaid.

Great higher-octave mentors have assured us repeatedly that "No part of your experience is purposeless", meaning that there is no relationship or situation you can enter that you do not subtract enhancement to Spirit from having undergone it. You simply cannot help but take the increments from experiences into yourself, and as even the worst experiences irrefutably have increments, all in the ultimate that comes to you must be good.

PEOPLE split too many hairs over Karma—what it is and what it is not. "If I do this or that, shall I be required to repay in kind? Am I raising up new karma by taking this course of action or that course of action? If all happenings are the denouement of some causes set in movement, how am I to know which among them I may be responsible for activating?"

*What difference does it make?*

Each and every mother's son and father's daughter is always and forever increasing their qualities of consciousness—that is, perfecting it—by whatever their organisms or intellects are summoned to confront.

When you come to accept this fiat and assimilate it in terms of eternal verities, it turns over in your mind that even ill-fortune is an illusion because there is naught else than increment so long as consciousness endures and functions.

Even in the worst experience which you may well have invited, you are learning—or taking aboard knowledge—of how not to do it if the situation ever repeats. You can even look physical death itself squarely and unemotionally in its bloodshot countenance, knowing that what is transpiring is merely another phase or sequence of rare experience to consciousness. People think you are valorous when what you truly are is supernally analytical.

All of this may be an odd way of answering the question, Are we to accept that all misfortunes are karmic in that we ourselves have positively caused them and must therefore suf-



fer their distressing effects in denouement? By realizing the fallacy of there ever being such a thing as a Loss or a Damage, we even discover the one solitaire way of cheating karma—or cause and effect—itsself.

Of course misfortunes taken of themselves in the sense of physical tenures being disturbed or disrupted, are karmic—to the 9th degree. And probably the greatest karmic situation of all is the mortal entry as a procedure, because regarded for what it is, it invites all Effect to grow from the Cause of behavior itself.

But God has decreed that Man shall vegetate upon a planet in solar space to learn a sense of his own being and individuality by juxtaposition to that which he confronts. He is a Spiritual Something entirely surrounded by material—which counteracts on Spirit, being different of essence.

The whole plot is one of attainment of absolute self-realization and seems to have no point or purpose otherwise. The *plane* of Reality on which consciousness so functions at any given moment or period, is purely relative and carries no significance. All properties going to comprise the universe are set up and exhibited purely as loans to spirit-man, to enhance his intellectual status, generally termed his personal I-Q. Actually, he is on a one-way road—expansion intellectually through the concretions that come to consciousness from dilemma or ordeal. And no matter where in the Omniverse Man finds himself, at any time-

marking in eternity, *he continues learning* by continuing to react to that which is as an exhibit.

Thus the pauper actually gets quite as much out of any life as the prince—only he gets a different variety of circumstances. Thus the philanthropist gets quite as much out of any given worldly career as the mendicant, since both are profiting from the karma that has temporarily made them what they are as they have felt its effects on their permanent receptivities.

What does all of it mean in the practical sense?

It means that you can't beat God in His conspiracy for doing you good. All you can beat is your own vanity or self-illusion that you assume you want one thing when you are presented with another. Whatever is presented to you must increase your sense of personality to yourself.

You *do* own your sense of personality—forever and a day, amen!

So take what happens to you in stride and remember that spiritually considered there's no way for you to lose. Not in the Great End.

The only loss you *sense* is the loss in suzerainties over conditions or situations where you arbitrarily demand something you fancy is for your immediate good, only to discover that the Good took more time in coming to you than you were of a mind to accept. Rationalizing?

Think it over and relax.



**C**ONSIDER the man who marries for love, only to make the shattering discovery that actually the girl of his dreams has money . .



# IF You've Never Beheld You've Missed Marvels



**J**UST what happens in a psychical materializing seance? Those who have never attended one, may wonder.

You present yourself at a house or hall where a mediumistic personage, either man or woman, is expected to go into materializing trance. If you happen to be introduced to this medi-

umistic personage ahead of the evening's proceedings, you meet an entirely normal individual who takes what is expected as a matter of course. Ten to one a goodly percentage of those to be witnesses of the phenomena will have undergone the experience on a prior occasion and accept what is anticipated as an ordinary fact of life, nothing extraordinary about it whatever. There is none of "The dead are coming back into life here tonight," sort of sensation. Death or its atmosphere doesn't enter into the proceedings in any aspect. Truth to tell, what will happen presently will convince any reasonable spectator that Death as the man in the street considers it, simply doesn't happen. Nobody ever dies—he only changes the form of his vehicular expression. You are to see proof of this, in a matter of hours or even minutes.

The time for the trance approaches and the spectators select seats. There need be no particular pattern of sitting in order to secure re-

**ECTOPLASM Serves**  
*as a Coating to Make  
the Eternal Soul-Body  
of the Manifesting  
Loved One Tangible  
in Earth Dimension*

sults—not with honest and capable mediums who know their business.

You notice that either a room-corner has been screened off, or a velour draped "cabinet" has been constructed, for the medium's occupancy. In it there is nothing but the medium's chair—usually an ordinary kitchen chair turned sideways to the audience. Nine out of ten mediums prefer to have curtains drawn and the cabinet "shut" until they have reached deep trance. There are two legitimate reasons for this.

The facetious or the ignorant assume that the cabinet is in evidence to screen hocus-pocus of some sort—chiefly the entrance of impersonating entities who come up through trapdoors or down through ceiling apertures, palming themselves off as the lately "departed."

One of the real reasons for the enshrouding

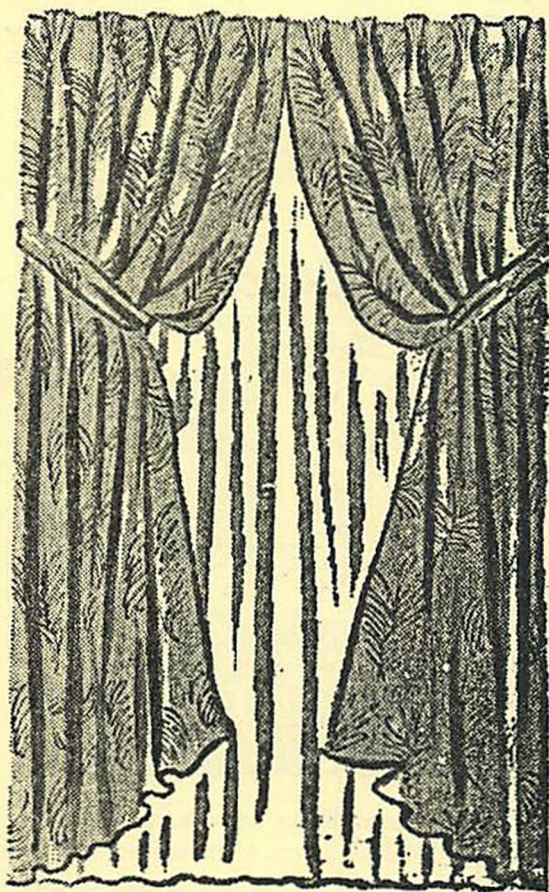


# a Materializing Seance Like These:

cabinet is to concentrate and confine the build-up of odic force that effects the phenomena you are about to witness. The other is to screen from the view of the audience what is sometimes offensive to the fastidious and not a little terrifying to observe, . . . in some mediums the visible emanation of the outpouring of ectoplasm from the orifices of the body, and its concentration into a pool about the medium's feet. It looks to be a white, vaporous substance, but analyzed chemically—as has been scientifically done—it is found to contain precisely the chemical constituents of the medium's physical self. More about this presently.

THE TECHNIQUE of the normal seance requires a director of ceremonies who sits at one side of the cabinet outside to make announcements of identities of those who use the medium's facilities to materialize, calling up those to whom the former may wish to address themselves. It also requires a ruby lamp somewhere in the room to illuminate the proceedings, usually toward the back. Again this is not to low-light the happenings so that fraud can pass undetected. Yellow or white radiance, such as lights the ordinary compartment for evening use, contains the actinic ray that has the effect of "sun-burning" the supersensitive concretions of consciousness that are the "returned" persons in their ectoplasmic vehicles. In case of quantity light rendered suddenly it can produce an effect of sunstroke on the principals, and perhaps result fatally.

Cases are of record where malicious and ignorant outsiders, wishing to break up a seance



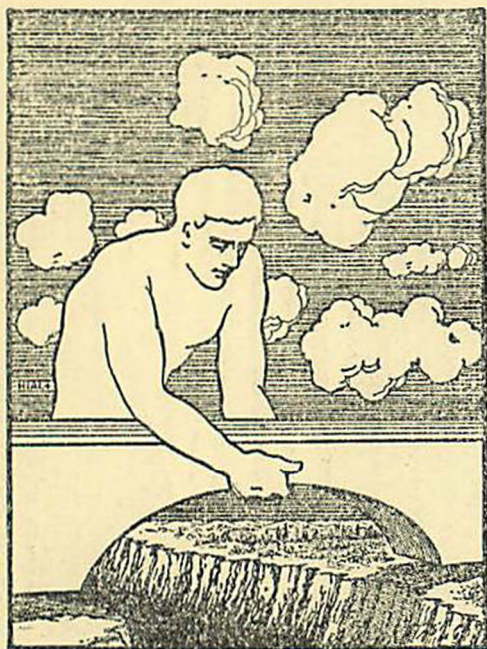
under the assumption that full radiant yellow light will disclose fraud, have switched on light bulbs full strength and inflicted first degree burns on both medium and materialization. The mere rays of the incandescent bulb have done this, not physical contact with any searing hot surface.

Some mediums have even met death from such burns.

Incidentally, it is this same actinic ray in



white or yellow light that ruins your camera plates or film if you attempt to develop them in any other than ruby light. To accuse a bona fide medium of using ruby light to cover fraud is about as logical as to claim that the photographer goes into a dark-room and lights his developing by ruby light to cover his frauds of photography . .



**M**OST materializing seances open with the Lord's Prayer recited in unison, and the singing of hymns. These are neither in affectation nor sanctimony, as the skeptical are eager to believe. They are to attest to the utter seriousness of the proceedings and the devout and earnest attitude of those attending. The hymn-sings, particularly, not only soothe the medium into sleep-trance but distribute relaxation of minds and nerves among the spectators. Tense, irritable, abrupt people with their nerves keyed to a snapping point, can obtain no results worth witnessing at such affairs.

Proceeding upon the assumption that there is neither fraud nor fabrication of any sort, the

first manifestation after five or ten minutes of such harmonious relaxation will undoubtedly be the voice of the medium's "Control" on the discarnate side. A word about this "Control".

It is necessary for the medium to be protected in his or her deeply unconscious state from the intrusion of facetious, hoydenish, or malicious souls who might otherwise take over the affair for their own capricious purposes—mostly fourth-dimensional exhibitionism. When a dozen or more people have gathered for the sacred purpose of beholding those formerly near and dear to them reappear in pseudo flesh and converse with them, they wish to be certain that only eligible souls on the discarnate side have such privilege. The Control, sometimes called the "Guide" serves in such office. He announces audibly the names of those for whom materializations have been or are being effected, establishing correct identifications between those mortal and discarnate.

In the celebrated Candler seances, Silverleaf—a Cherokee Indian girl—usually accomplishes the first visible materialization herself, "breaking the ice", so to speak, and orienting those who have never witnessed such a wonder, for the imminent appearances of particular dear ones who will look, speak, and act as they formerly did in mortal flesh . .

**T**AKE the instance of a spectator who has some particular loved one on the higher side. Suppose it's yourself, and you have recently lost a beloved wife or husband whose voice you would pay any price to hear again, or whom you would consider it the wonder of wonders to behold once more and even touch—or be touched by them. One of two things may happen, when the witty raillery of the Control or Guide has dissipated nervous tension and made the atmosphere or reappearance as normal as possible. The exarnate husband, or the wife, will utilize the medium's ectoplasm inside the cabinet, "building up" into tangible reality, or for special reasons the reconstruction may occur in front of the drapes and in full inspection of all present. How this is ac-



complished technically is a subject so lengthy that it requires separate treatment.

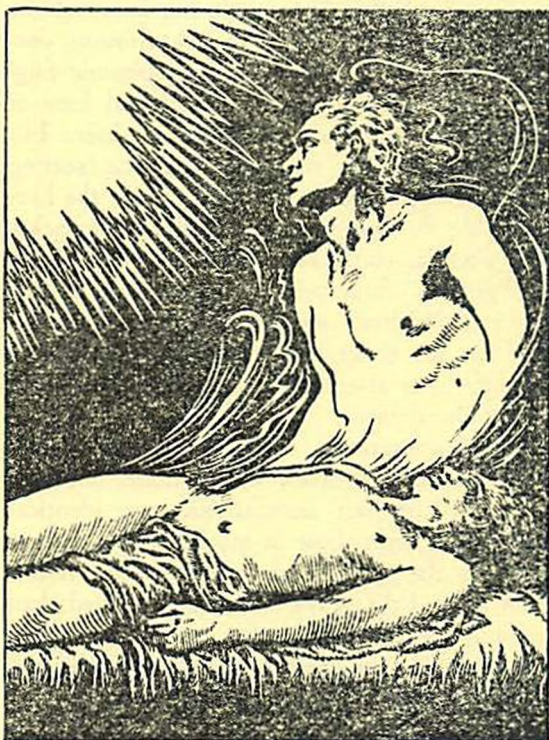
Spectators at some materializations have witnessed what first appeared to be a sizable, formless, ectoplasmic mist pulsating and oscillating in the space before the curtains. It was not unlike a person in kneeling or crouching position over whom has been cast a mantle of white tulle. Fumbling and groping blindly as it proceeds to arise to its feet, it finally congeals the white mantle about or against itself snugly. The moment this is done, lines and contours become distinct and features of dress and countenance discernible. In one brief instant of spasmodic shock, one grasps the identity of the other at whom he is looking. The individual that has been accepted as perished "forever", has not perished at all but is right there in the room, two or three feet distant, speaking in a remembered voice one recognizes. The Light-Pattern body or spirit-soul has acquired a material covering that is perceptible to all the senses on this plane. Even the costuming will be consistently distinctive.

In the Harriet Pelley manifestations, the same mature woman always appears, *irrespective of the medium supplying the ectoplasm*, dressed in a bejeweled gown, with a tiara of brilliants designated as "spiritual lights" across the front of wavy chestnut tresses, proceeding to address her intimates on this side in the one characteristic voice—which, by the way, carries a peculiar enunciation of her "esses" or letter "S" in the plural. She will, moreover, manifest this same personality whether her father be a spectator or not, and whether the sittings be held on opposite sides of the continent or not.

People in an hysteria of benighted ignorance argue loudly that "mass hypnotism" is here at work—whatever mass hypnotism may be. But in this day of electronic tape transcription, it is nonsense to say that mass hypnotism can extend to a mechanical microphone or recording instrument, which will accurately register in permanent form what such materialized persons may utter. Others delight to rationalize

that the medium in trance is an expert ventriloquist, even imitating the deep bass voices of men. This is disproven by the scientific expedient that different degrees of voice register will result according to the distances the microphone is manipulated from the Returned One's lips.

As to corporeality, if sand or flour be spread on the floor of the seance room, as has been



scientifically tested, either or both will show footprints as of living persons. If the spirit-soul so manifesting should happen to dematerialize in the center of the floor, the footprints will end at the point where the dissolution has taken place . . .

**YOU MUST** be prepared, if the materialization be an accurate one by a medium of repute and capability, to behold your beloved spouse becoming present again before you, exactly as you knew him or her in mortal life. Every aspect of figure and face will be the



same, every inflection and intonation of the familiar voice will be the same. The beloved personality on whose white waxen face you formerly looked down amid the beautiful lilies of a funeralistic casket, will be living again and standing before you, talking to you as he or she formerly talked, and about matters only known to him or her—and yourself.

The pay-off on the accuracy of such happening occurred in Boston during many of the Margery Seances when Walter Stinson conceived the reproduction of his ectoplasmic fingerprints by pressing them into dental kerr at the bottom of a bowl of scalding water. His materialized hand could endure the searing temperature of the water, which made the kerr amenable to the impressions, but Massachusetts skeptics could not endure the clincher in the "ghostly" fingerprints flawlessly corresponding with Walter's mortal fingerprints left behind on his toilet articles before his Passing from flesh, as attested by experts in the Boston Police Department.

Facial appearance, voice, sometimes a definitely distinctive frock or costume, intimate knowledge of past associations, even identical fingerprints with those in mortal life . . . what more in the way of proofs of such "return from beyond the grave" could be supplied than contained in the annals of a hundred such performances, as reported in the scientific records of the various Psychical Research societies?

If you are a novice at such encounter, when you see and hear your dear one—again restored to you for several moments of converse—all

your preconceived fixations about Death and the theological Hereafter go into a tailspin forthwith. The husband or wife you so dearly loved, who was "torn" from you so agonizingly, cannot possibly have departed for the allegorical Heaven or even "that bourn from which no traveler returneth." When he or she compassionately assures you that neither have ever left your company or vicinity for a moment since sloughing off the mortal flesh, you are compelled to accept it. No one could ever impersonate your loved one in every liniment of face, body and voice, fully equipped with all the mutuality of knowledge that in the last analysis truly establishes identity.

There you have it.

The orthodox person dismisses it all contemptuously as Spiritualism. But it is not Spiritualism. It is demonstration of a process in life that only goes by the name among the unlearned because the Spiritualists have concreted a religious denomination around it, and Spiritualist "churches" offer mediumistic principals the most sympathetic atmospheres for the exercise of the abnormal talents with which they were born.

Now let us examine what the condition or situation of the exanimate soul is, that it can take advantage of such circumstances to demonstrate the fact of its nonperishability . . .

*(This is the first of a series of papers on the phenomena of ectoplasmic manifestation. The second will appear in an early issue—Editor.)*



**R**EMEMBER, there is only one thing in this life worse than being talked about, and that is the humiliating prospect that we are not talked about!



# AFFIRMATION

*By Winchester MacDowell*



CAN be just, and true, and right  
By holding every thought within His might.  
I can be well because the springs of health  
Are inexhaustible. I can have wealth  
Because I seek for Truth's unminted gold  
Before all else. I can be fearless, bold,

To claim my highest heritage today.  
I can have Light, for I can humbly pray.  
I can lift up my thought and be imbued  
With lasting peace and power and gratitude.  
I can be beautiful, for loveliness  
Becomes the poor in Spirit's radiant dress!  
I can be kind, and pure of heart, and free,  
I can be joyful with His joy in me.  
I can go forth in faith that shall not dim  
Because all things are possible with Him!  
I lift my heart with God's Eternally Free  
For service unto Him—the God in ME!





## VISTAS AND MIRAGES

THE FIRST coeducational institution was Eden . .

WOMEN are made to be loved, not to be understood . .

THE BEST thing about a popular song is that it isn't popular very long . .

MANY a man stays home nights because he finds he has the house to himself . .

PYTHAGORAS when asked what Time was, replied that it was the soul of this world.

THE DEAL the little nations get from the big ones is usually from the bottom of the pact . .

NEVER give your son all the allowance you can afford; hold back some to bail him out . .

CATO observed, "I would rather men should ask why my statue is not set up, than why it is?"

WOMEN too often treat us men just as humanity is inclined to treat its gods, along with worshipping us they are always bothering us to give them that which they haven't got . .

AS SOON as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all . .

A PESSIMIST is often a man who thinks everybody is as nasty as himself, and hates them for it . .

MEN are born with two eyes and one tongue in order that they may see twice as much as they say . .

A GOOD husband is one who feels instinctively in his pockets every time he passes a mail box.

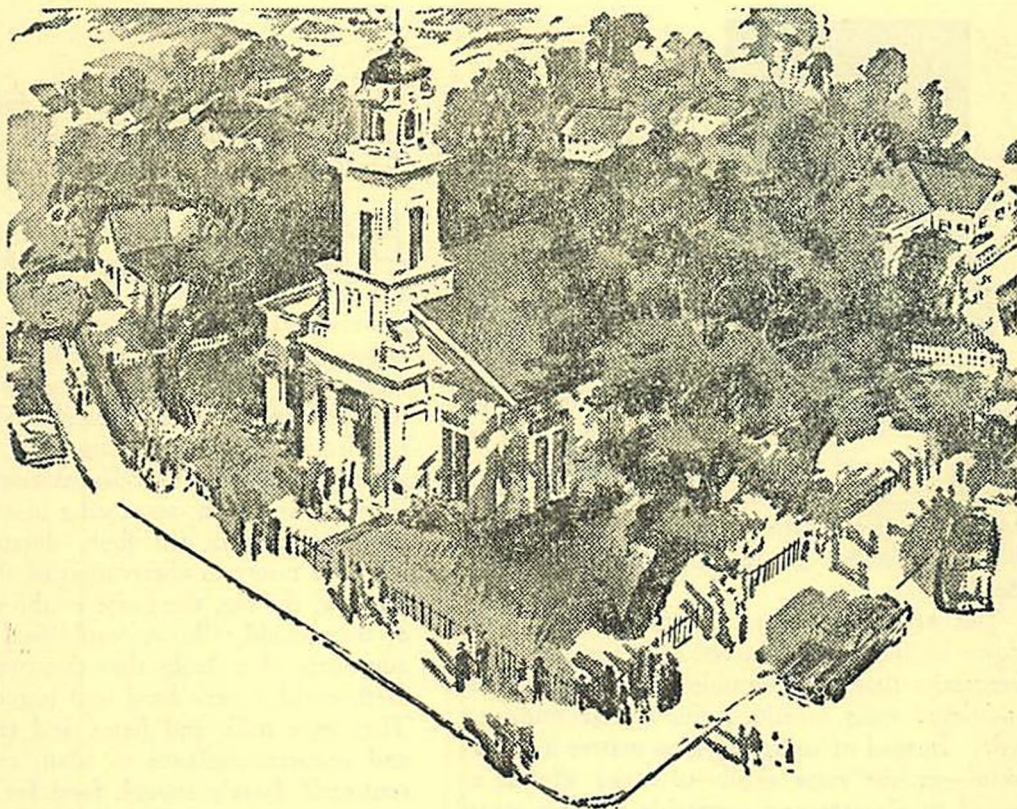
"SOME BOOKS are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."  
BACON

FOR EVERY woman who makes a fool out of a man there are two women who make a man out of a fool . .

EARTH'S cemeteries are filled with people who held the idea that the world couldn't get along without 'em . .

THERE is just one time in a woman's life when she can be perfectly satisfied, that is when she can look ten years younger than her daughter . .





## Where You Probably Got Your Ideals Making for Religion



MAN—declared a medieval sage—is “the only religious animal.”

People read such bon mot and generally endorse it, but it is the run of brute creation that rises in their mind's eye, not the “reflection of Divinity on earth.” When, where, or how humankind as a species derived its interests in

matters spiritual, is a closed book to our fellows generally. That the sheer fact of the Religious Urge may be our greatest confirmation of Progressive Ensoulment, life upon life and age upon age, seems to be lost on our vaunted super-intellects.

Tell the average orthodox communicant that the Religious Urge is no urge whatsoever *but reactions to Memories* and he will label you a crackpot, if not a fanatic or stirrer-upper. “You will have your dratted doctrine of reincarnation,” he complains. “I’ve told you forty times I don’t believe in it . . . will you please go far,





far away and drop dead?"

Thirty to forty years ago, we could have heard expression of similar sentiments in regard to radio, aviation, or television. Talk around the globe without wires? Fly in the sky like a

bird? Sit in our homes and watch and hear the President address Congress a thousand miles away? "I don't believe in such positive rubbish . . . please go far, far away and drop dead."

But according to transcripts obviously sent down by the Space Visitors, it is precisely such perversity that is responsible for the social and industrial mess in which this planet finds itself. Instead of using the grey matter in one's skull—or the mass skull—to make life in a world so pleasant and profitable that we *want* to return to it as future chances offer, we contaminate and pollute it until it is veritably the interstellar pest-ball that gives insult to intelligence to wish to live upon more than once. Man's frantic desire is to get away from it and go elsewhere—with every logical assumption that so long as he persists in his present malevolence and repudiation of the principles of Christ he will contaminate and pollute "elsewhere" as quickly—makes him wobble up the Truth of the Repeat-Life program like an unwanted newspaper and hurl it out the window.

What does he *settle* by doing that?

Nothing! God Almighty says, "You persist in making a trash-can of the planet I've accorded you . . . so continue up serried lives to dwell upon it until you've learned the lesson of Retribution, that what you've dirtied you must inevitably cleanse."

Meanwhile, people who do hold open minds

on Truth and understand the forces that are exercising, are the ones to escape the automatic penalties . . .

**BUT TO** get back to the Religious Urge.

As little or nothing enters into man's consciousness that he has not first witnessed in some aspect of cosmic manifestation, the claim is seriously put forth that Man could not entertain the ideology of a heavenly world unless he carried in his ensemble some sort of recollection of it. Saying that Man could grasp the features of celestial existence by antithesis, that is, in contrasting idealism to what he encounters in the flesh, doesn't stand up when we resort to observation of the animals—the cow, the pig, the horse or the dog. If any of these could talk, we would find beyond pre-adventure of a doubt that they too believe the earth-world a very hard and unpleasant place. They give milk and hams and transportation and property-vigilance to Man, and what are returned? Barely enough food for organic sustenance, any sort of shed for shelter, and a whip or a kick if they fail to perform. Still, we have no indications they ever worry about the future of their souls.

Man does a lot of worrying about the future of his soul—worrying over whether or not he will eventually be fortunate enough to return to a condition of life that he has known by experience before ensouling in mortal limitation. He calls this Salvation—in orthodox cant. Whether or not he is *worthy* of "salvation" merely because he is alive and thinks, doesn't trouble him. Make the widow over in the back street pay her rent on the nail or see that she's evicted the second of the month. Tell those envoys from Pantagonia that we've got a bigger navy than they, and if they don't accept our proposition we'll blow their bailiwick to Neptune. The neighbors reported that the Fuller Brushman remained overlong on the premises with the Missus Thursday afternoon,



and as she's missing from her domestic drudgeries this morning without explanation, acquire a shotgun and slay the two of 'em on sight. Moral penalty? We can always plump down on the knees before the altar rail, tell God we're sorry and "believe" in His Son, and the barbaric retaliations will be cancelled on the spot.

Inhabitants of other planets see it all as infantile barbarism—intellectually regarded.

"Be careful about landing promiscuously on Earth," their commandments apprise the Saucer pilots, "because its inhabitants are too dangerous."

Yet these same "dangerous" inhabitants do confess to Religious Ideals and Urges. They mustn't be expounded, however, in that they might involve elucidating the divine fiat that "as ye sow, so also shall ye reap." Sow and reap right here in mortal flesh. If one life isn't long enough to see it happen, then any number of lives are available. But people *will* close their minds to such possibility. They won't "believe" in it. They insist on taking off into the atmosphere without settling their debts, expecting to be "forgiven" in that a couple of thousand years ago the Avatar-Christ was executed by a crowd of conspiring Luciferians and that squared the works.

Only God who conducts the Cosmogony doesn't agree with them or let up with the retribution for a moment. So long as they *will* persist in living and behaving in the morally barbaric manner, there's no place for them to go to relieve the tedium of eternity but back into flesh-bodies, because their own lack of qualifications precludes them from going higher. They can't go higher until they face the consequences of their willful and callous acts and pay to the utmost farthing . . .

**B**UT ALL the same, they do remember vaguely an interim of life that was sweet and wholesome and equitable and splendid. The Great Intellectual Mentors presiding over it bore the aspect of gods, goddesses, or at the most, angels. Actually these had only been one-time ordinary people who met *all* their ob-

ligations and reached an equanimity of concepts where earthly ensoulments could supply them with no more. Direct and specific memories of the interim-life contacts have faded and fused into idealistic emotions, not to mention very graphic and sometimes painful hungerings.

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## ¶ *RELIGION is too often insurance in this world for fire in the next, for which honesty is the best policy*

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It is these idealistic emotions that society would now term Religious Urges.

It is instinctive response to that which is anti-ethical to the beastly and purblind in mortal performance. It is concession to the ideology that Man *can* enjoy spiritual Utopia, the exact instant that he has earned it . . . meaning when he has properly qualified to reside in it and maintain it.

On the higher planets, we are suddenly learning, Multiple Ensoulment in organism is so generally accredited and evidenced that nobody but morons stops to evidence the first trace of skepticism toward it, or regard it askance. Meaning that the culture on these successive planets is so advanced over ours that nobody in his senses essays to challenge it.

At present, on *this* primordial planet, the average mortal doesn't even accredit that he lives in survival of his fleshly envelop—not really accredit it so that no doubt lingers in his subconscious mind regarding it. Great psychical research and metaphysical societies



spend their hundreds of thousands with every revolution of the globe about the sun, merely to confirm the persistence of personality outside the organic envelop. Thus primitive and antediluvian are we in our spiritual unfoldments. Spiritual unfoldments on our kindergarten planet in fact have scarcely evidenced as yet so as really to be called such. Man is too fearful, apparently, that he may learn something to his disadvantage or that plows up his vanity or self-complacency.

Divine Providence says, "A fig for man's vanity and complacency. He may not believe in tornadoes, either, but if he finds himself tossed two miles skyward and lives to tell of it, he'd better believe in them next season and provide himself with the proper cyclone cellar."



SO THE religious urge is not strictly an urge but a recollection fused into the status of an emotion. Man himself is a god in school—but as of the present, scarcely inside the door of the first primary grade of the schoolhouse. It positively shocks some intellects to be advised that up two million years of lives they will have gained to such knowledge of Cosmos and wisdom in spirituality that they too will be regarded as the holiest of gods by what-

soever creatures inhabit the earth-globe, if it exists.

They will do this whether they desire it or not. The sheer expansive nature of experience in its effects on Spirit will assure it. Get some such concept of the universe and life, and even Religion itself assumes a national aspect.

Religion is the subservience that Youth pays to Age or Ignorance pays to Wisdom, assuming in the inhibited and undeveloped intellect that age or wisdom can be *bestowed* instead of achieved by the hardest kind of responsive effort. Progressive Ensoulment indeed! What can Ensoulment of any nature be in the final analysis but progressive anyway, considering that no experience is either purposeless or profitless?

But explore the somewhat stupendous possibilities in the inexorable Cosmic Process or Program and gradually it begins losing its penal aspects and demonstrates only increment and growth. Strictly speaking, it's the *Beginning* of Wisdom. Disdaining and repudiating it merely because one believes he has had a hard life and lacks the stamina to go through it again and exercise in more capable pattern, is about as brilliant mentally as refusing to go across the lawn and watch the neighbor's television set because there must be fakery or falsehood causing the images to move upon its screen—no one could possibly transmit animated photography from a distance, especially lacking wires.

Oh well, God help all of us for our infantile perversities.

We shall come out of them.



¶ *THE TERRIBLE thing about the search for Truth is, that too often we actually do find it . .*



# WHY Horror Assails You in the Presence of Death . .



**I**T IS one thing to hold idealistic views about immortality and sing the glories of the orthodox Hereafter. It is quite another to be told by one's physician that one has become afflicted with a malady that means the positive termination of mortal life within a month. Quickly it is demonstrated

that the celestial idealism is philosophically academic and intellectually abstract. Ten thousand disgruntled mortals will solemnly affirm that life is not worth living, yet let a maniac get loose in the public streets with a loaded gun and they will duck for cover with the worst atheist who ever preached that death terminates everything. No matter how adept in metaphysics a given savant may become, still he would consider it an ordeal to be required to make his bed knowingly for a night beside a corpse.

Earth people almost without exception have an inborn horror of ending the worldly tenure. And in this the Saucer Men contend they are unique. Occupants of neighboring planets hold no such views. Williamson's short-wave informants told him that on all planets but earth, the matter of making the Passing

## ¶ *WHY Organic Demise Is Necessary to Teach Spiritual Endlessness by Antithesis . .*

from mortality into Spirit is accompanied by manifestations of joy and exultation. They *really* believe in spirit survival. More than believing in it, they accept it unquestionably as a fact of life. Man, however, shudders in horror that he must give up this low vibratory occupancy and take his chances elsewhere.

How has he gotten so? What has been responsible?

**I**N THE first place, Man might well ask himself, What *is* death as he conceives it? . . . Any school child can answer that it is the end of the functioning of personality in any given organic sheathing. But what if it is? Why need it upset him so drastically if man can eventually provide himself with another?



The true philosopher, understanding the life processes as they manifest, looks deeper than popular abhorrence of things lethal and wants to know how man has come by his aversion to the discarnate.

Is it not due to the apparent fact that in the evolution of the human soul on any planetary system, up through millions of years, there is a fundamental necessity for it to start off by conceiving of the life phenomenon as definitely having a Beginning and an End? And this concept of consciousness and organic animation having a Beginning and an End could not supply its increments to intelligence—which the developing spirit requires as part of the proposition of appreciating self-awareness—unless the Beginning-and-End ideology held something conclusive and effective to mark it.

In other words, how could the conscious spirit grasp the fact of what Eternity or everlasting consciousness was, or is, unless it were introduced to a condition where everything seemed to begin and everything seemed to end? This fact adamantly scored on the understanding, the lesson of Eternality would be brought home by contrast.



Unless you live for an allotted time in a condition where you're devastatingly persuaded there is a beginning and end to consciousness quite as much as organism, the concept of consciousness as an endless condition is inconceivable. It is a fundamental feature of consciousness that it can only conceive that which comes within its range of observation or involvement.

Thinking in any form is perforce a review of picture-images, or their combinations,

which one has first received from some phase or phases of Cosmos itself. When the Bible declares that Man is an image of his Creator, it might better have it that Man is a mirror or reflection of what the Creator has first propounded. Unless Man had the Cosmos to supply him with picture-images, thinking in any form would be impossible for him. Man cannot originate anything for himself. He is, in such respect, a *reaction* to Cosmos. Or put it that he knows himself because Cosmos has come first and thereby supplied him with original contrasts by which he can identify himself for what he is.

The first beginnings of life—assumedly in the human pattern since we are considering that—would require therefore that Man be introduced to cosmic reactions in short, graphic sequences. To arrive at the reality of such sequences there must be Birth and Death as concepts. Something must be started and run and finish. Thereby, from contrasts of the opposite, he can conceive what absence of Birth and Death propounds.

This starting, and running, and finishing can be conveyed to man's mentality by a sojourn in the fleshly vehicle which has a start and tenure and termination. True, it is only a feature of Man's great curriculum of education in Cosmic propositions, but it is seemingly a fundamental feature, almost, we might put it, *the* fundamental feature—seeing that so much is built generally upon it up through endless worlds.

Man must be able to carry the recollection with him throughout all his lives to come, "Once I suffered the reactions from a primordial state that brought my endlessness home to me by antithesis. By apparently living and dying—or what I supposed was living and dying—I received into my intelligence the basic meaning of deathlessness. Likewise, along with it, I had demonstrated what Spirit Mind could perform in manifestation of atomic velocities, animating a body of molecules and atoms that gave my similar velocity of con-



sciousness a sense of material realities, dwelling for a specified period in occupancy of it while employing it as a vehicle for the performance of social acts. When I came to the enforced termination of such occupancy, I held the illusion that I was facing spiritual extinction and the proposal horrified me. But it was a phase of my spirit education that I had to go through with. Of course Spirit cannot experience extinction—that I now discern. But I had to come by my abilities to discern it again by antithesis, or confronting what was apparently the opposite. I proved my own deathlessness by being convinced that death was actual—by witnessing the cessation of physical animation—then by being as graphically convinced that it was not actual. With this discovery arrived at by remarking on contrasts, I have had a basis for reckoning all that has happened to me since or can happen in future."

**TAKE NOTE** of the one fraught statement in the above: "I held to the illusion that I was facing spiritual extinction and the proposal horrified me." Do we not truly find in that the key to the secret of why mortal termination and physical conclusion add up to inescapable terror? Every time a heart stops beating, or a body stretches lifeless on sidewalk or greensward or mattress of illness, are we not visualizing the awfulness of spirit losing its cosmic identity and returning to a condition where its thinking is zero?

We shrink from death because of what it may typify in the spiritual sense. It is a throw-back to the illusion which all mortality in the organic function is meant to provide as the basis for Spirit knowing itself—and knowing itself stronger and sharper up all worlds *ad infinitum*—and which becomes so factual to us that we can not separate actuality and precept.

The very proposal of what we term in mortality, Self-Preservation, is only another phase of it.



True, Self-Preservation may also be motivated by a fanatical desire to maintain ourselves in the fleshly vehicular form until we complete the errand unto ourselves or the world that we ensouled in the earth-condition to consummate. But blended in with it, or rather forming its bastion, is also involved that adamant fixation that the concept of endlessness must be earned through demonstrations of serried "life-spans" that cast us in many roles for many spiritual purposes—or rather, many purposes of spiritual acquisitions. Dreading or abhorring death as presented to us in the debacle of the vehicle then, *may truly be the inverse display of the value we place on the boon of endlessness.*

Having learned this lesson until it has become almost an essence of character, not to mention temperament, we are qualified to proceed onward and upward to demonstrations based on endlessness and nothing else. Be-



cause endlessness of spirit in itself—or at least the adequate concept of it—may play a major part in developments on the higher planes of which in this sluggish three-dimensional world of materials is really a basalt foundation. The real question we might ponder is not whether denizens of Venus, Mars, Jupiter or Saturn have greater and older civilizations than ours, but whether it be not a fact that each of them in turn have had to evolve through the same sequence of illusions and contrasts in order to arrive at their current degrees of supernality of concepts.

Really it may be the sternest part of truth that everything in all the worlds that exist merely has worth by comparisons. Nothing has value of itself excepting Spirit's capability of knowing itself through a series of graded illusions.

Bereavement of itself, however, would seem quite another matter.

**B**EREAVEMENT is the business of one spirit remaining longer under the spell of the illusion of perishment—or at least possibility of perishment—than another, and the one that remains longest, lamenting that it is denied the association and camaraderie of the one that has undergone metamorphosis. Grief results from this, which is mental suffering from an irremediable loneliness. One has graduated out of the illusion of life limitation ahead of another and left behind no substitute.

"O for the sound of a voice that is silent,  
And the touch of a vanished hand."

What actually has happened is, that one has completed the mortality-errand unto himself or associates ahead of the other—or had the shorter or less consequential errand in the beginning.

However, there is, of course, no such reaction upon the part of the true and enlightened philosopher who has mastered such fundamentals—unless he find a morbid enjoyment in self-pity. Most grief, forsooth, at bereavement, is not so much self-pity as inconvenience at having the way of life disrupted by the elimination of one who has been both helpful and sympathetic. At the most, the true philosopher appreciates that the separation is but temporary. The Beloved One has merely "gone abroad" on an extended trip, and the one left at home will presently join him in foreign parts and resume the camaraderie. If the Beloved occasionally call the one left at home on the long-distance psychic wire, meaning ESP, or makes an instantaneous trip back in the bodily form as in materializations—to confirm the fact of his continued existence—the separation is not unendurable.

But all of it boils down to the inescapable conclusion, unkind as it may sound to mention it, that corporal Death is only existent to the cosmically ignorant—and the degree of the grief is the degree of the ignorance.

Actually *there are no dead.*

Holding to the contrary is merely enforcement of the illusion.



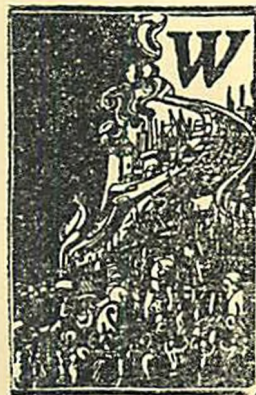
**U**NCLE TOM said, "It ain't de things yo' doan know dat gets yo' into trubble but de things yo' knows fo' sure dat ain't so!"



# WHY Should You Have a Backward Child? . .



¶ *TALKING Softly  
to the Simpleminded  
in Sleep May Reach  
their Eternal Minds  
and Work Cures . .*



WHEN SOULS are re-born in the bodies of so-called idiots, it is usually a form of retrograde—so we are told by Master Intelligences on high octaves of spirit. They chose those roles because they have been fearful of meeting the problems of sound mind and bodies with attendant responsibili-

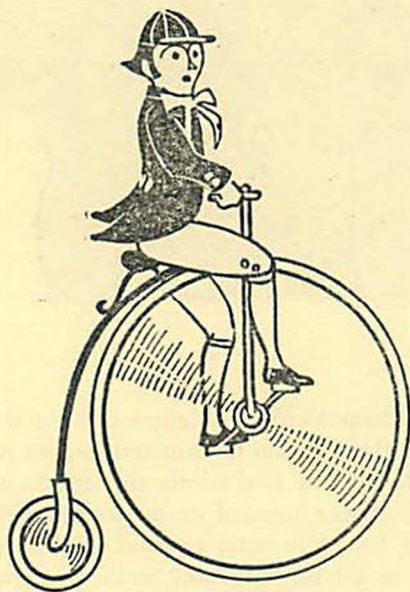
ties. "Permission" so to enter life—in the simplest classification of humanity—does not enter into it. The soul selects and directs its own destiny, either upward or downward. No one can be forced to enter earth-life who does not desire to do so, but many souls do come into mortality under protest, or in an angry chagrin that it is necessary in order to learn certain lessons from experience or pay off karmic debts which they resent having incurred. And, being indifferent to earth-life, they do seek to shirk what they discover awaiting them. Often such shirking takes the form of enacting simple-mindedness. All of which is saying that the average and most typical form of what society knows as idiocy may be disgraceful play-acting of a sort. The subject is a big one and no two



cases of simpletons, or even idiots, are exactly alike.

Understand that such explanation for the moronistic mentality by no means applies where cranial malady may actually be paralyzing or handicapping the activities of brain cells. For instance, the sufferer from paresis may not be intentionally shirking social responsibilities by affecting a subnormal mentality.

It is the soul who begins to exhibit in life as the "backward" child, with no congenital taint that is apparent to ordinary diagnosis, and who retains such childish mentality up to maturity, that is employing the ruse of mental deficiency to gain concessions from life to which it is in no wise entitled. . .



**T**HIS ATTITUDE of the Soul toward the earth-experience is indicated by childhood conduct in more instances than we suspect.

"I don't see what in the world ails Helen's baby," a grandmother or maiden aunt may exclaim. "It seems to be perfectly healthy physically, and yet it has kicked and screamed from the moment it got into life. Anybody'd think, from the fuss it's made, that it hadn't been keen about being born at all."

That grandmother or maiden aunt may be speaking more truth than either realizes. Maybe the soul inside the diminutive organism that is Helen's infant *didn't* want to leave the pleasant tranquillities of the loftier planes to come down into this subcellar of wars, quarrels, dissensions, corruptions, and economic competitions. Yet it had known it was carrying a great load of unpaid debts it had contracted in earlier careers, toward a host of persons who mightn't be in flesh again to receive the payments for a couple of thousand years of lives, and it couldn't go onward to higher and finer glories of spirit-attainment until those debts had been discharged. So it had made the incursion under a sort of cosmic disgruntlement, or disgruntlement at cosmic circumstances involving it. With the precise memory of details more or less benumbed or obliterated during the uterian gestative period, it therefore finds itself again encased in biologic organism and proceeds to voice its disgruntlement by being "a bad-tempered baby."

Soon it is carrying such disgruntlement to the ignoring of tinselled toys displayed before it, whose brilliant colors bring the normal infant a gurgling joy. It refuses to respond to maternal enticements. After weeks, and perchance months, of it, the family physician looks concerned. "The child's reflexes aren't normal," he pronounces—as if that explained anything but a symptom.

The child is setting up a variety of defiance to life and the situations and quandaries life entails. It stares listlessly into space, or shows an indifference toward its bodily functions, or is indifferent to parental admonitions. Under certain circumstances, it can translate its rancor at having to undergo another painful life-experience, by acts of outright viciousness or cruelty. In its social adjusts it is nil. Subconsciously it desires no part in social adjustments. Expressed in slang, it is demonstrating a very rude "peevishness at the world."

So it is humored—as it is demanding to be humored. That it may be breaking the heart of a loving mother and father is neither here



nor there. It simply hates the idea of having to live again physically, and coming into life under protest, it intends to get a reverse compensation by making it cost others as much as possible.

Behaving like an outright moron by the time it has reached puberty, it finds itself excused from penalties or circumscriptions which the average human being is expected to meet in gracious spiritual adjustments. In its subconscious mind it seems to be saying to itself, "I hate myself for having incurred these debts, and I hate everyone around me toward whom I'm supposed to discharge 'em. So I'm going to make it cost somebody plenty that I have to go through with it."

All a piece of petulant and not very clever play-acting. Because the rebirth experience isn't a penal sentence. It's the opportunity provided by a compassionate Creator for souls who have made messes of previous lives to go the same route over again, in reaction to much the same persons, and do the acts of such life correctly instead of stupidly or maliciously. How do we know such diagnosis isn't a fanciful hypothesis?

We know because there is a therapy that frequently applies whose success confirms reincarnation beyond preadventure of a doubt. . .

**U**NDERSTAND first that all "idiots"—or simpletons or even morons—are not hopeless, by any means. They may be cured by love in its highest form, when they are brought to recognize the foolishness of their behavior and that in the long run they are shortsuited no one but themselves. But how to bring them to recognize the foolishness of their behavior?

The most astonishing results have been achieved by talking to their eternal minds as they slumber physically.

In a manner of speaking, there are two minds in every human being. There is the mind of the current organic occupancy, engaged with the activities of the three-dimensional world in its present phases. There is also the mind of that soul which has gathered the load of all

the experiences it has undergone in all the earth-careers it has ever lived. The mind of the current organic occupancy is, so to speak, merely "new memories" added to, or superimposed on, the eternal mind. This eternal mind knows that consciousness is deathless, that what is known as demise is merely the vacating of the fleshly vehicle. It is the eternal mind that has been doing the play-acting, and the foggy or "backward" mentality is the ensemble of "new memories" purposely being received into the eternal mind in grotesque or irrational form.

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¶ *NO MAN ever wet  
clay and let it lie, as  
if there could be any  
bricks by chance and  
good fortune . .*

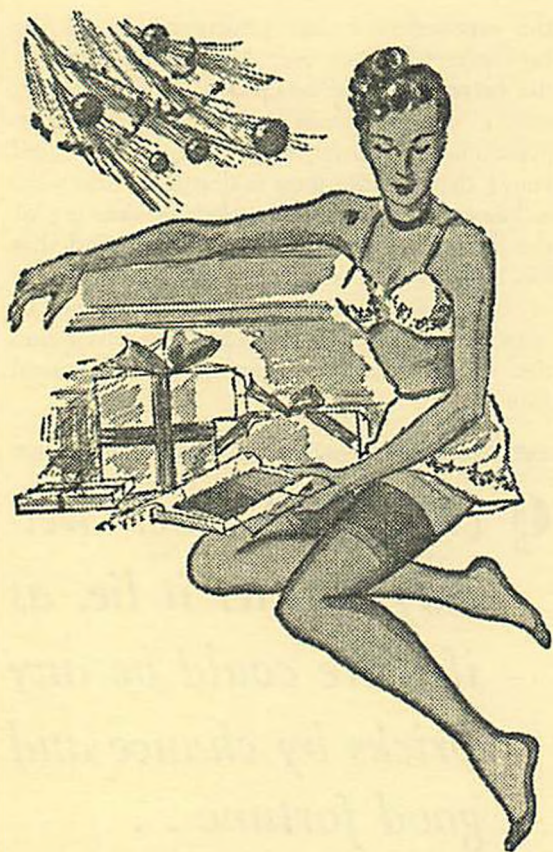
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It is this "new-memory" mind, incidentally, that goes into coma for the physical recuperation of any given night. But the eternal mind—too often misnamed the Subconscious by those who do not understand the distinctions wrought by reincarnation—never loses its conscious vigilance. The "new-memory" mind being quiescent, the eternal mind may be addressed.

Soft and soothing words of loving advice and constructive counsel, explaining how absurd or even silly the idiotic course appears to those engaged with its earthly welfare and that it has the hard commonsense within itself to correct bogus "aberrations" any time it desires if it wishes to exercise it, leave an indelible impression on eternal mind and cause it to do subconscious self-accounting.





The ignorant call this throwing out hypnotic suggestions to the erring soul while asleep. But hypnosis isn't concerned in it at all. Or rather, in nine cases out of ten what is termed Hypnosis is mere converse or intercourse with eternal mind as distinguished from temporary mind. Talk to this eternal mind in accents not calculated to arouse bodily wakefulness but addressed to the perfectly sound and logical eternal self, and the self-afflicted one gradually may indicate signs of "improvement." One Therapist has even worked out a series of adjurations on electronic tapes on which such corrective advice has been dictated by someone not known to the patient, then the machine secreted near the patient's bed or cot. An alarm-clock mechanism starts the speaking of the counsel softly and mysteriously during the hours of deepest physical slumber. And the

suggestions, or argument, fall on eternal mind in a manner not recognized for what it is. Eternal mind, in fact, has difficulty in distinguishing whether the counsel is coming from eternal sources or from within its own recognitions. But the truths imparted stay with it and come to the conscious brain correctively during hours of daylight.

The point is gradually reached where the afflicted soul decides to behave normally and play the game as all balanced mortals play it, because after all, the playing of it is for the benefit of the soul itself, not for any other person. True, a sort of conflict may ensue—as the soul comes to face the bitterness of its own conduct. But normality gradually manifests.

**T**HIS WHOLE great technique of getting a soul into the physical body anew and properly and constructively launched upon a fresh life voyage—where its human and social contacts are due to increase its sagacity and benevolence—is too profound to enter upon in one short article. It can be summed up by declaring that the soul is able to go into life at will but all do not choose to do so wisely.

The counsellors are willing to help the Soul choose the parents and moment that will react to the Soul's best earthly profit. But the return into physicality is too often blocked by the rebellion of the bodies of the parents in receiving certain souls, or the rebellion of the souls to buckle down to the discipline coming to it from certain parentage.

Sooner or later those who wish to return to earth conditions find the way to do it if they have not lost their desire for earth's conditions before the time comes. And sooner or later, if the futility of their behavior comes to conscious attention, complete mental "cures" can be effected—which are nothing more or less than exorcising one's own spirit of devilish perversity. All in all, idiots don't "come" from anywhere.

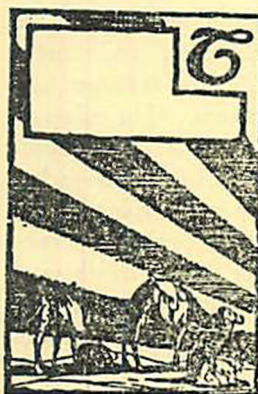
They are made.

If disease has not done it, their own tempers and other spiritual deficiencies *have!* . .



# Why Must Timing Be of Import in Processes of Holy Spirit?

## ¶ *WHAT Makes for Flowering of a Civilization So that Its Quota of Souls Feel They Have Acquired the Lessons It Has for Them?*



THE interesting intellectual challenge arises, What makes a given civilization "flower"?

Does some anthropomorphic God, sitting on a Throne of Glory in the skies, decree that such a predominant culture as that epitomized by Egypt, Greece, Rome, or what have you, shall be planted on earth and

come to full harvest—like seed that is sowed by a farmer in a field? Furthermore, what makes such a culture follow the pace it does, come to an apex, and begin a decline? While it is rising and declining, who innovates or establishes its essential features, or decrees the pace at which they shall develop? If such a decline as visited Rome, for instance, spreads ruin throughout a hemisphere, and God has ordained it, then couldn't we say in all integrity that God had been responsible for the sufferings of helpless people?

We put such interrogatories to the Great Intelligences on lofty levels of Life and Character and we get some astounding answers.

God as any Personage isn't concerned with it at all. The great creating force responsible for all the worlds and what goes on within them, is known to us for want of a better term as Holy Spirit . . . or Wholly Spirit, to write it accurately. But what Wholly Spirit has seemed to have done is postulate or propose definite fiats for the running of the Omniverse as a whole—the Omniverse being the All-Universe, or everything contained within all universes—and mankind's spirit progressions on any earth-world known as a planet fall into undeviating pattern.

These definite fiats stipulate what the planetary conditions shall be from celestial month to celestial month—planetary conditions in more than mere items of fertility of terrain. And these definite fiats are executed by what the astronomical world knows as Cosmic Bombardments. The side-parlor sentimentalist knows them as Astrological Influences. Actually they are features of what we might describe



as Celestial Weather. Before clarifying anything further, what is meant by Celestial in the great cosmic glossary?

THE DICTIONARY defines "celestial" as "anything pertaining to the sky or visible heavens." The religionist defines it as "anything pertaining to, or characteristic of, the spiritual heaven, or divinity." Practically, we can describe it that "celestiality" refers to anything that is higher or more permanent than the human.



Now, known to but few average people, the celestial universe by such definition, does have a weather. Or it has a set of reproducing conditions and reactions as planetary bodies alter locations in free space. These in turn are reflected in the organic—and to a degree spiritual—life upon the globe's surface . . . in fact, any planet's surface.

To understand it we should realize that there is, in Astronomy, what is called the Celestial Year. It is the time required for our solar centrosome, or sun, to make complete revolution in its orbit around its own sun-centrosome carrying its ensemble of satellites with it. This

Celestial Year, or super-year, is 26,857 of our earth-years and is divided into "months" of 2,157 of our earth-years as well. These celestial months are most popularly known as Signs of the Zodiac, starting with Aquarius and ending with Capicorn. In other words, substitute Aquarius for January-February, Pisces for February-March, Aries for March-April, and so around the earthly calendar, you have what amounts to workable designations. And here is where the "celestial weather" comes in—

As our whole solar system revolves around its distant centrosome sun-star—believed by most astronomers to be Arcturus—its planets as a body circulate under an encompassing ring of constellations, corresponding to these zodiac names, and take the radiations of cosmic rays proceeding from them, some in greater degree, some in lesser. To render it easier to understand, suppose we said that some of the constellation-groups project heavier bombardments than others, with corresponding reactions on our earth-planet. And humanity and human institutions—especially religious institutions—respond to such bombardments. The effect of the bombarding rays from the constellation Aquarius, for instance, is to lift man—rather, quicken man—stupendously in his spiritual perceptions. Literally, the mass brain or mental processes of the human race on the Earth satellite, become so accelerated that everything culturally he attempts proceeds at a faster and surer rate than under, say, Aries or even Pisces.

As if this were not enough to stimulate world activities of a spiritual tenor, the solar system in revolving of its own right through space, mathematically encounters great cosmic dust-clouds lying in its track, that act as filters for various celestial rays of another pattern. When the ancient prophets gave it out that "in the Last Days the sun will be darkened and the moon will not give her light," it was by no means clairvoyance that made them say so. The solar system's celestial track through Cosmos was known and so the heavenly conditions could be predicted as accurately as today's



astronomers predict an eclipse of the moon or sun. But the shutting off of certain rays by the insulation of the cosmic dust clouds into which the solar system plunges, generally invisible to telescopes because of their lack of luminosity, also decreases the bombardment of another sort of rays and this too has its reaction on human temperaments.

WHEN WE talk about the "tempo" of Wholly Spirit therefore, and its accelerating or retarding of the "flowering" of human institutions, we see that it is adjusted or regulated, not by any anthropomorphic Deity but by the interstellar conditions which the planetary orientations have set up. Certain types of cultural institutions encounter the most propitious circumstances or galvanisms under which to grow or prosper—in one celestial month—when they would not do so in other celestial months. In our solar year, we think it nothing extraordinary that farmers prosper in the months of spring and summer and get little or no encouragement from Nature in the autumn or winter. Nature has arranged a spontaneous fertility of soil and seed in the summer months that does not distinguish the fall and winter. By the same token do the celestial months favor spontaneous fertilities of intellectual soils and seeds, and the "tempo of Wholly Spirit" resolves down to the steady progress of the whole solar system through the circumference relations of the constellations.

God, in other words, established or set up the celestial year to run itself and not require His annual supervisions in order to function. And humanity proceeds through an intellectual pattern as well, as human spirits germinate and fructify under the favorable conditions demonstrated.

But as if this wasn't enough, we are now being advised by the communications of higher wits from more advanced cultures on other planets that our entire celestial system and perchance many of the bombarding constellations themselves are issuing into a wholly virgin territory

in Omni-Space that has never before been occupied or penetrated since man began keeping historical records.

The cosmic ray bombardments in these virgin areas are going to etheralize the planetary conditions of all the solar satellites and may even have major influence on the future behavior of our sun itself. Magnetic influences are going to apply terrific strains and stresses to the earth's fragile crust. We know that already they are exerting a major change on our weathers terrestrially and that the atmosphere



of our entire planet is decidedly warming up. The "Ice Age" is receding to the point that glaciers and polar ice-caps are melting or otherwise disintegrating. We can even reach a condition on this planet where snow and ice become curiosities to our great-great grandchildren as tropical foliage spreads out and encompasses the earth, with waters of the sea rising from the melted ice additions and inundating the lowlands of the continents so as to reshape the territories of existing nations . . .

THAT HUMAN nature and human institutions are affected by this cosmic progres-



sion through the constellations can easily be grasped when it is recognized that a warmer climate universally means a lethargizing effect on organic life. As the North and South Temperate Zones become hotter, the populations living in them have more and more difficulty working efficiently. The tropical siesta in the "heat of the day" is bound to cut down man's creative energy.

So it is the "track through the solar constellations" that dictates what shall happen to mass populations on the earth, and which nations shall flourish and which decline. No caprices of Divine Providence are necessarily a work. Divine Providence, forsooth, displays no caprices. The grub that falls on the hot sidewalk—made blistering by July sun—and suffers all the educating adventures of being toasted to a golden brown, doubtless has its own views of the mercy and compassion of Divine Providence, but ignores ten thousand fellow grubs that fail to fall on blistering sidewalks. Tell the grub that does fall, that he really suffers from the Tempo of Holy Spirit at work amid the solar bodies and if he recovers from his first degree burns he'll join the Communist Party on principle because of its atheism.

CIVILIZATIONS "flower" under the zodiacal bombardments according to whether the Cosmic Seasons symbolize Earth, Fire, Water or Air. Back in the celestial month of Taurus, some 6,000 or more years ago, culture

was prevalently agricultural and man worshiped the gods and goddesses of animal fertility and husbandry. It was the period of Druidism and the worship of Nature gods. The next 2,157 years in the celestial month of Aries—a Fire Sign—saw Nature gods abandoned and the worship of Fire and Sun. Burnt offerings were made at fire sacrifices, with Zoroastrianism evolving the ideology of Arimazda, God of Light, and Ariman, Satanic progenitor of Darkness. When the celestial month of Aries had run, the solar system entered under the bombardments of the constellation Pisces—a Water Sign—and it was the period of world religion going to baptism, maritime discovery, steam engines supplying power, a Messiah who walked on the waves and bade the stormy seas abate. Now we go into Aquarius, the Air-Sign celestial month, with the nation that has the Eagle as its national emblem suddenly taking the predominant lead in affairs of the globe.

These are factors not to be ignored. Undersand them and one's pulses do not quail at unusual happenings in earth or sky. Certainly one doesn't display infantile terror at landings of Space Men in their saucer-like ships, coming down from Etheria into our three-dimensional world of atomic substance.

Man's cultural evolution is, to a degree, a stellar reaction.

Let's not ignore that great adjuration of old Heroditus, "If one is sufficiently lavish with Time, everything possible happens."

Pray, why not?



**N**EVER MIND asking how many of the enemy there are; be the kind of soul that merely asks where they are . .





# Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

## "Keep Strong in the Knowledge of Our Kinship"



**B**E ASSURED, my dear ones, that I am with you. I have told you that no harm reacheth your persons. Why do ye not trust me, loving me?

2 Be not distressed. Ye are nervous without cause. Why can ye not perceive that by letting nervousness assail you, ye do lay yourselves

open to the enemy's hecklements? He lieth in wait for harassments to tranquillity.

3 This is my word to all of you, be calm! The morning is beautiful, the day is bright with promise. Be truer in your hearts to the world about you. *Do not cohabit with the enemy in your minds.*

4 There are matters about which it is best that ye know. Flesh weigheth your spirits, yet are ye not of it. Ye have been made mortal for your missions. Those missions are interpretations of the Miracle. Verily are those missions great inasmuch as travail of spirit afflicteth



you ere mankind be brought to recognize their significance.

5 Not in a moment, nor yet in a year, will the world accept that I live and reign. Men will scoff as of old. Men will doubt as of old. They will break faith as of old. The enemy will capitalize upon the phenomenon to incite the illiterate; he will cause vast numbers to believe that Satan hath wrought play-acting to further his purpose.

6 Stand ye, I say, in the council halls of earth and tell those who make the laws that they transgress against Holy Spirit when they violate my commandments pointing unto peace.

7 There will be those who will seek to destroy you; there will be those who will revile you and persecute you. Rejoice in such persecuting, behold naught cometh out of it. Ye shall be honored by future generations.



8 *Keep strong in the knowledge of our kinship.* Keep strong in your fortitude that the Son of Man is Prince of Earth. Ye are His emissaries, let not your hearts be troubled. There cometh a day of beautiful reward that ye have so served.

9 There are those who discredit you already for My sake. There are those who do love you and admire you, in that ye carry my message unto men. Those who do love you and admire you are my sheep. I say, feed them well.

10 Fear not to reveal unto them that which Holy Spirit prompteth you to feed them.

11 When ye do speak, let your words be Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay. Let your hearts be judges of your tongues. Men will see your good works and your words shall be borne on the wings of achievings.

12 Fear not to tell of personal reactions to Me. Know that in such times do I come close and harken with a gratitude. For this were ye sent among this generation.

13 No matter whether ye do bear testimony of me unto the million or the one, they are my sheep whom ye feed, and my love and benediction and blessing and heart's gratitude goeth with your soundings.

14 I am coming unto you to tell you many things that no pencil must record; they are not to be written in any books. When I thus come, ye will know whom ye are, and thereupon envision the future as I see it.

15 The way hath an interest though tumult filleth it. It carrieth you to far places and across strange waters. No matter. Know that ye were sent not unto a country but unto a world. Ye have been born into flesh to know the advantage of life in a nation that is the world's leader of all old nations, in attestment of myself. Ye have been born of humble parents that ye might know the joys of humble times and sorrows of humble living. I, too, chose humble parents.

16 We have come a long and torturous road to greet each other. Know that ye are whom ye are. It was part of the covenant. Know that ye did go through childhood, youth, and early maturity having earthly vicissitude for similar reason. Behold ye were called to pass through strange valleys whose steeps ye could not interpret by any earthly standards. Yet were ye watched over and guarded by my servant from your births into flesh.

17 So it hath ever been, until now the cycle closeth. Let yourselves be at peace. Increasingly shall ye realize that ye are whom I have disclosed unto you; it shall be your shield and your buckler, your shibboleth and insignia, your transport and your passport.

18 Be of calm joy and loving toleration for all earthly creatures whom ye resemble. They have their heights to scale *even as ye have scaled yours and found me on the summit!*

PEACE



**S** AID Aurelius: "Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last, and every act of devotion as if it were thy first!" . .



# What's this Plan of Creation? . .

**T**O KNOW what Life—and Soulcraft—are all about, you should start at the beginning. Sages on majestic Heights of Intelligence yet contactable through Extra-Sensory Perception have supplied us with the full agenda of the Plan of Creation, and the colossal fundamentals have been put into book form, in a volume that offers you a college education in Mysticism—providing “you can take it”! *Don't be too sure that you can!*

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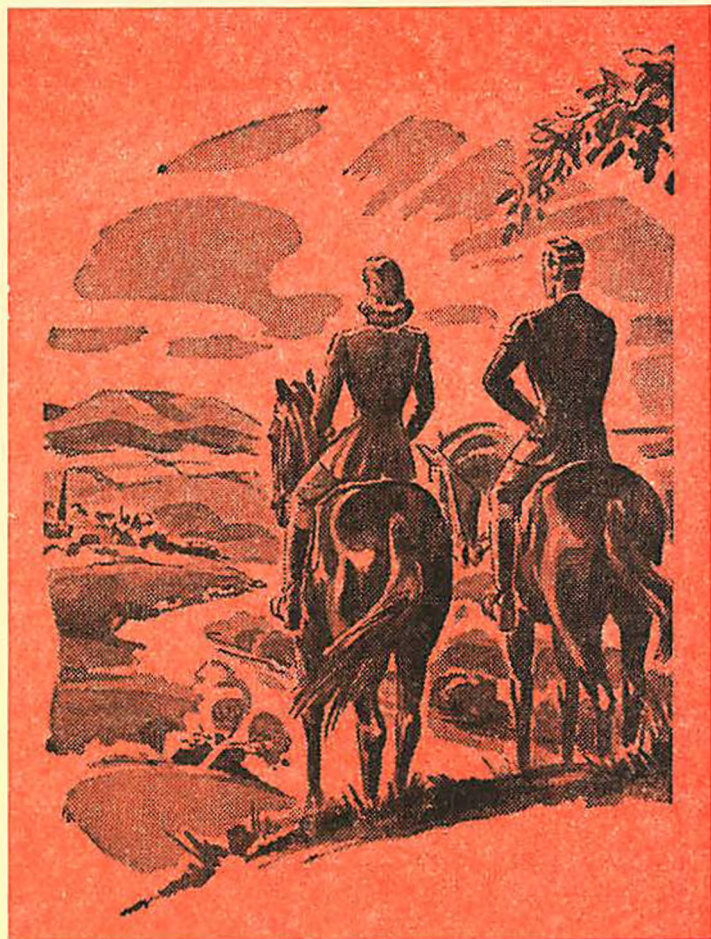
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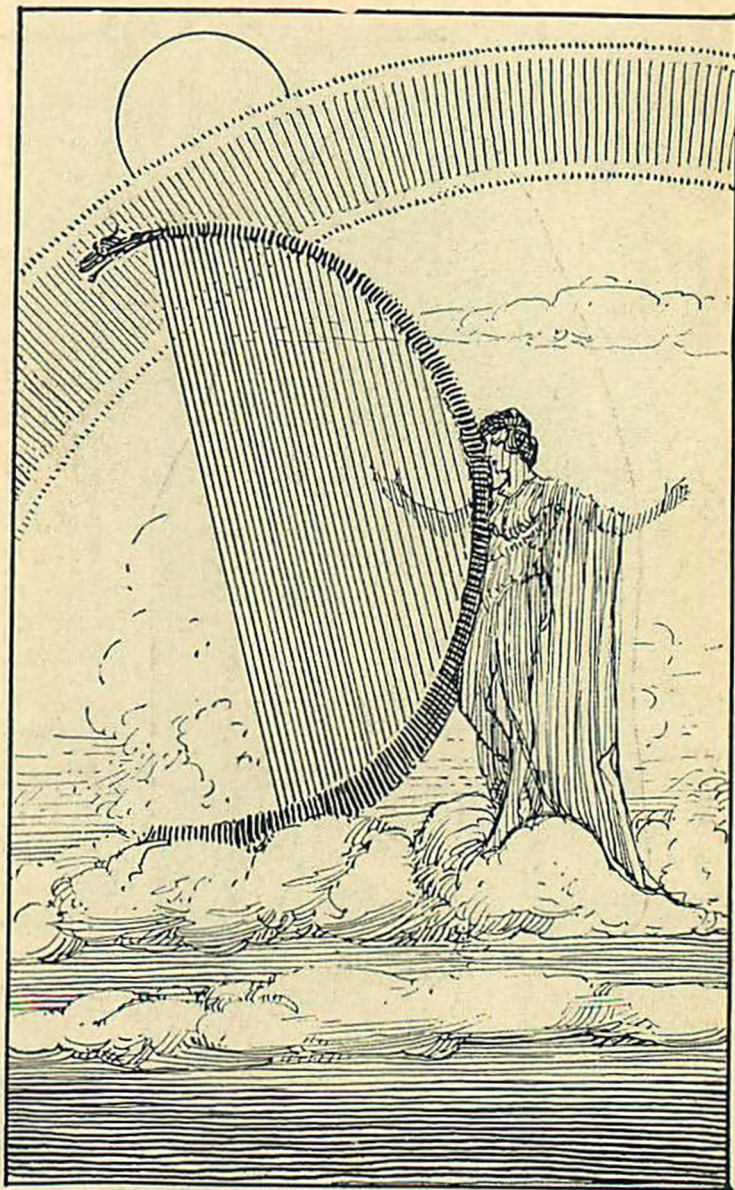
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