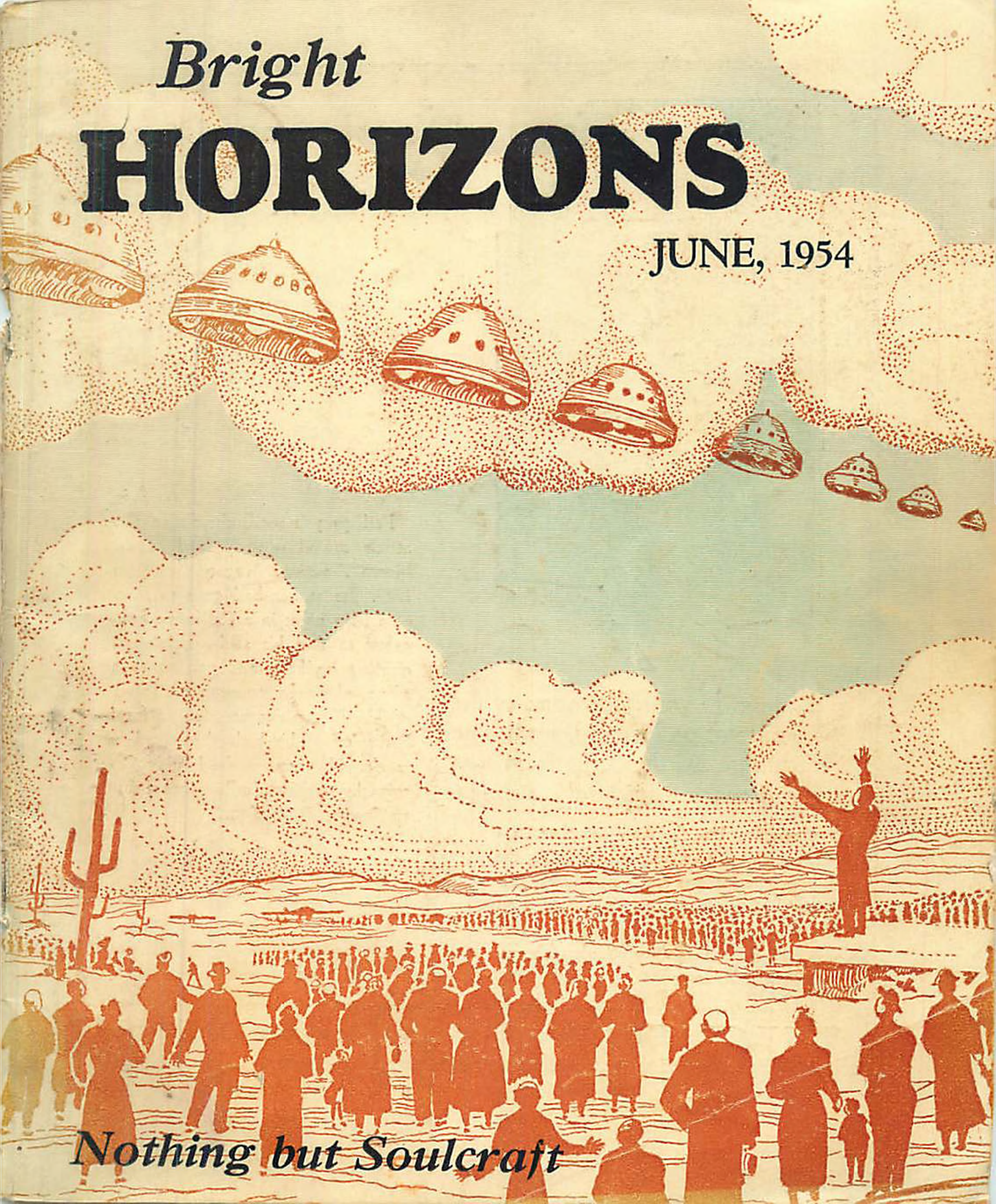


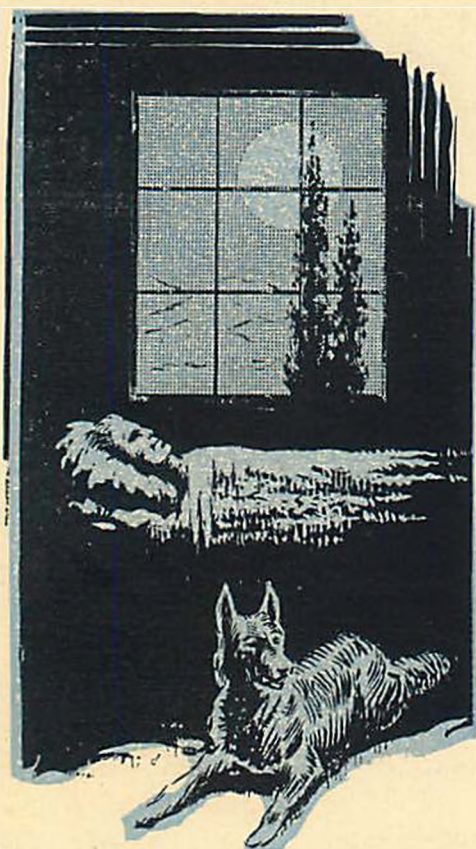
# *Bright* **HORIZONS**

JUNE, 1954



*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 metaphysi-  
cal 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.

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Soulcraft philosophy, a million  
or more words, came from this  
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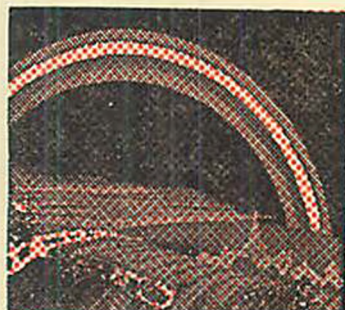
**Noblesville, Indiana**



B-K-H-

# 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 TWO

JUNE, 1954

NUMBER FIVE

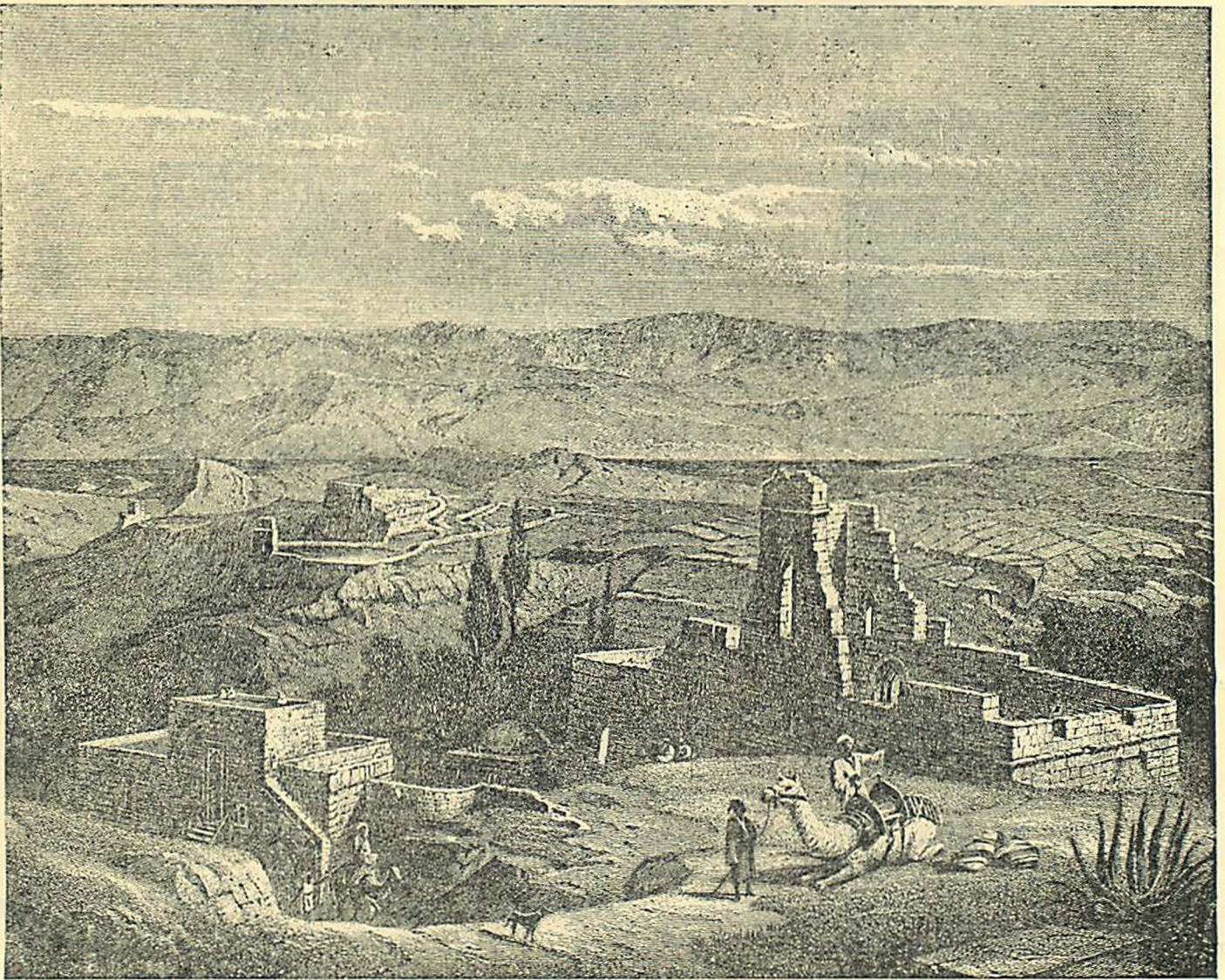
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BRIGHT HORIZONS, issued 10th of each month by Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana. W. D. Pelley, Editor; A. M. Henderson, Business Manager. Subscription: \$5 per year of twelve numbers; \$3 for Six Months; 50¢ single copies. Not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





THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY  
The Home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus



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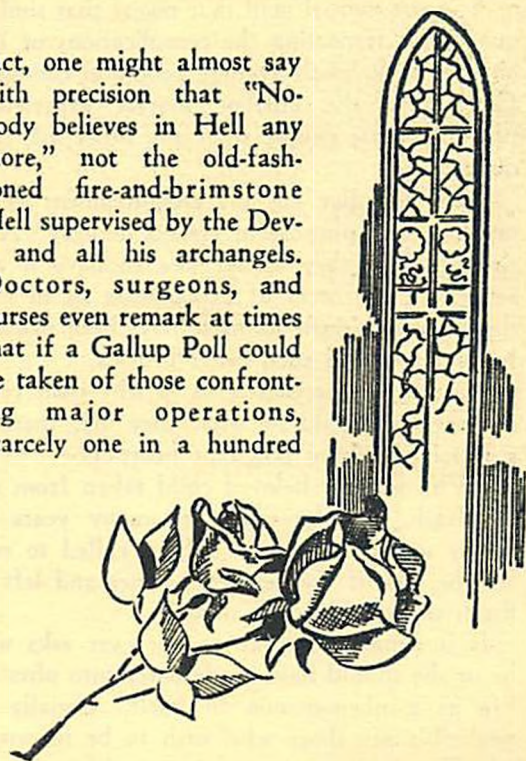
## WHAT Do People Want Most to Know about Life? . .



THOUSANDS of letters come in to Soulcraft in the course of the normal year and it would seem to be an easy matter to determine what people want most to know in life by reading and classifying the inquiries in them. In a measure it is possible. And yet it is notable—

from Soulcraft's mail at least—that there is no preponderance of curiosity over this and that, so that it can be definitely stated that a majority of Christian people are overly concerned about some one enigma. Even outstanding enigma of mortal death itself does not exercise the average American half so much as one might imagine. As for the quandary, Where shall I spend Eternity? in which the pentacostal brethren so delight, the wonder in the main is purely academic. In

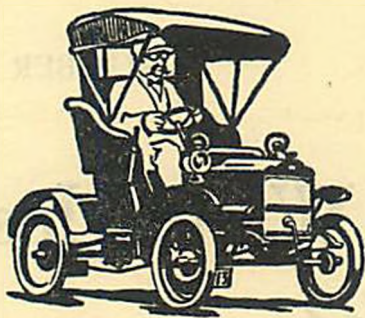
fact, one might almost say with precision that "Nobody believes in Hell any more," not the old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone Hell supervised by the Devil and all his archangels. Doctors, surgeons, and nurses even remark at times that if a Gallup Poll could be taken of those confronting major operations, scarcely one in a hundred





is either depressed or stricken by the likely prospect that he may not survive.

Does any such state of affairs signify a wicked and idolatrous generation, or does acute jeopardy to the physical self release phases of subliminal consciousness that disclose no worse prospects for the endangered soul than confronted it in physical birth and infancy?



AND YET there are categories of inquiries in the annual mail that reveal that similar quandaries respecting the complications of life and death do assail average people in common. Concerning the current mortal experience, probably more people than any other ask this question—

"Can you give me any enlightenment as to my true and purposeful errand in life?" And they indicate they would like to have it answered in the form of explanation as to why the current sojourn seems to have been marked by so many and such bitter ordeals.

Next to the perplexity as to why their present careers should be what they are, there is a lesser but more poignant heart-cry—

"Why was my beloved child taken from me by death, or why—after so many years of happy matrimony—have I been called to suffer the loss of my beloved partner and left to finish the earthly trek alone?"

It is remarkable that no one ever asks why he or she should have made entry into physical life as a phenomenon in itself. Equally as negligible are those who wish to be informed why they have not been favored with a greater

quota of worldly goods than some relative or neighbor. Most laymen would assume that people should be more interested in the status of their material prosperity above all other interests, but it simply doesn't happen.

The third category that is notable, involves those suffering from peculiar physical malady. "Why does affliction take its own special form?" they wish to know, usually with the penal wail, "Can you make it clear what I ever could have done in previous lives—assuming I've lived them—to bring this affliction upon me so insufferably?"

The rest of the inquiries in the annual Soulcraft mail dissolve in the plethora of wonderments about how to achieve this or that in psychical exploits, or what the correct meanings could have been to peculiar and specific esoteric experiencings that have acted as switches, throwing lives upon strange rails?

Most of the questions are propounded under mystical illiteracies concerning the Eternal Verities. Nine-tenths of the quandaries described to Soulcraft would not have become quandaries if the persons involved had acquainted themselves with the doctrine in detail, and not started asking questions before they had digested all the literature available. Questions are invariably the evidence of incomplete instruction. Know the doctrine in entirety and one answers his own questions.

Too many people are not patient enough to buckle down and *learn*.

HAVE you ever withdrawn into a quiet spot, emptied your mind of current distractions, turned your thinking inward and seriously dissected your reactions to life in terms of determining what more than all else you would like to have explained minutely to you about mortality?

Generally practiced, it requires a high I Q.

Are you one of those most puzzled as to why your role in flesh is what it is? Let's consider that a moment.



It presupposes that you must have some other idealism in mind as a life-pattern, else such wonderment about realities wouldn't occur to you at all. Where or how did you come by such contrasts? It is doubtful if you could have picked them up as psychological reflexes during an earlier decade in this present life, else your dissatisfaction with what you are now knowing would not evince such persistence. The more likely explanation would be, that in immediate earlier lives you have been oriented to a different walk of life or culture and you cannot make yourself "feel at home" amid this present altered set of circumstances.

This sort of feeling, of course, is the readiest evidence that there is much of a definite beneficial character in the situation into which you have found yourself inducted, but the spiritual gains you are undoubtedly receiving have little in common with your eternal character and what you had attained up to the moment of entering the present life.

Always remember that any dissatisfaction postulates a quality of consciousness identifying the dissatisfaction by its opposites. Dissatisfaction, in other words, does not exist of itself but always in contrast to something previously known or experienced. It isn't always what you imagine a better or a different state to be like, that makes you dissatisfied. Somehow, somewhere, you have had experience of that which is aspired to. It may not be any better in increments but it perforce must be different. And it is the sensation of the familiar for which you yearn.

To recognize consciously that it is to orient yourself to your present environment or situation as well that the current status maintains, serves life up as a novelty of contrasts. Convince yourself the time may come when you will feel similar nostalgia for this present predicament of yours, and your resentment toward it lessens.

Remember that all of us are required to undergo *all* experiences that mortality has to fur-

nish us, before we are truly sure we are done with this fleshly predicament—or rather put it, that we demand to participate in *every* experience in order to carry the effects into our eternal characters. Whatever our role is of the moment, it is at best a temporary arrangement. It is how we let it affect us, for profit or loss, that matters.

Next, take this quandary of why those near and dear to us are suddenly erased as to our associations by death—

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¶ *MAN is the one and only animal that ever blushes or incidentally needs to do so . .*

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MORE and more we are finding out that each and every mother's son and father's daughter has his or her personal and individualized reasons for being in this mortal state at any given period. It may not concern ourselves at all. Or rather, the fact of our association with the next person may have little or nothing to do with his presence here. That is strictly his own karma, as we express it.

True there are occasions or instances where one person's life errand is another's mentorship or welfare—illustrated in the case of the mother who seems to be "throwing her life away" for the perpetual care of a child who is a hopeless invalid or perchance a mental case. Probe into the prenatal minds of participants in that type of earthly drama, and ten to one it is the mother-woman in the affair serving a self-imposed penance for some cal-



lous act committed on the "invalid" in an earlier life-situation. Actually she is disciplining herself to be more conscientious in treatment of others and never repeat on her earlier dereliction. But the plight is rare. In the ordinary give-and-take of relationships, personal associations are the products of social expedients, sentimentalities, or opportunisms, and it is the main life service to the self that will dictate whether one stays or leaves. This is not saying that where there is basic and vital karma to be worked out between two parties in life, there will not be the most careful arrangements made as to those eventual earthly relationships. But when it is worked out, either the debtor or the creditor may turn on heel and be about his own eternal business—and naught will halt his going.



IN THE hundreds of letters that Soulcraft receives in any given year asking enlightenment on the abrupt departure of a loved one, the point stands clear: the loved has had equal obligations to other people on other levels of consciousness, which he or she was forced to leave and execute. Actually, what matters it, since the break of association is only temporary? It is as quickly and strongly resumed when the person feeling grief in his "abandonment" transfers in turn to the state of the one lamented. Indeed, the situation among most questioners in this category is analogous to a distraught person writing Soulcraft, "Why should my husband leave suddenly for a wonderful European trip and not take me along with him?" The discarnate journey, of course,

surpasses all holidays to the Continent that could ever be envisioned. But the lament relative to the going as a "cruelty" has a certain amount of selfishness behind it, harsh as it sounds to say so. People will follow out the demands of their individualized souls, irrespective of those around them, knowing that everything irons out with time. Which calls up the reminder that "grief" is well-nigh synonymous with Ignorance—ignorance of the cosmic workings in performance. Strive to understand them and grief vanishes.

OF the correspondents who solicit healings or methods for developing the psychical talents, the same applies indirectly. Persons with strong leanings toward the psychical are uniformly those who have brought down from the higher planes a pittance of their mental talents that are attributes of the common denizens of those planes. They have not, in other words, completely relinquished the type of life and activity that all soul-spirits know "between earthly lives." Their reflexes operate subconsciously according to the interplane standards, and all sorts of freak intellectual or sensory phenomena are the result.

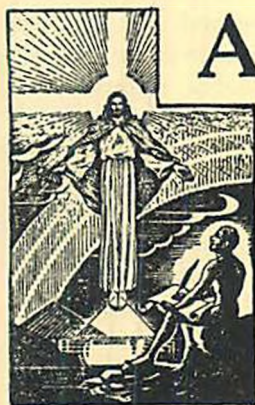
One must make a deliberate effort to absorb the whole truth about the Life Manifestation, both inside the bodily vehicle and out of it. Once the life-and-death cycle is understood, experience in the mortal world adopts an altered aspect. But it cannot be absorbed from one book or five. As well expect all the biologic details of the whole human race and all the peculiar individualities in it to be contained in one book or five.

Considered altogether, what people most want to know about life is why they have become the personalities that they have—or that they discover themselves in any given life. To grasp it intelligently they must comprehend the Plan of the Worlds, and observe their alignment with it in terms of personalized reactions.

More about this later . . .



# WHY Did My Husband Leave Me to Finish the Trek of Life Alone? . .



**A** WOMAN marries a man when both are in their twenties. Because it is their initial matrimonial experience, it holds a distinctly sacrosanct flavor for them. The first baby comes, and because it is their first, its importance in their lives is paramount. Perhaps it grows normally, perhaps they lose it early. In the event that they lose it, the bereavement creates a still stronger bond between them. Other children arrive. Domesticity between the married couple becomes an instinct. The husband is an irreplaceable institution in the life of the wife. The wife is an institution in the life of the husband. One by one the children graduate from school and marry. Perhaps the first grandchildren start arriving. Then, for no reason that is logical, as the mother-wife reaches her late forties the forenoon arrives when a motorcycle policeman

## **GRIEF** at Bereavement Might Be Less Bitter if Death Were Better Understood . .

leaves his bike at the front gate, comes up the walk as though his errand were distasteful, pushes the front doorbell on the prosperous-appearing residence, and when the mother-wife responds, makes the announcement that causes the universe—for her—to stop all functioning. Does the mother-wife own a car and can she drive it? . . because there has been "a bit of a mishap" at the husband's place of business and he has been hurried to the city hospital. Something "went wrong" on a company elevator.

The mother-wife reaches the hospital to





learn that she has been a widow a matter of forty minutes . . .

It is the familiar domestic tragedy that happens every day in the year, in the best of regulated families. But the basalt foundations have collapsed beneath such woman's life. Dazed, unconsolable, she implores of her sympathetic and equally tearful children, "Why did it have to happen?" If father had only happened to take the other elevator, such fearful loss might easily have been averted. No thought is given to the scores of times when father *did* take the "other elevator" in a score of other guises, thus preserving his life with them to the moment. But when the children have gone back to their own homes and concerns, the stricken woman wanders the familiar but empty rooms with a void in her soul that no words can describe.

"Why did it have to happen? Why did it have to happen?" she moans over and over. Why should she be called to go the remainder of her life with the Other Half of Herself so inhumanly erased from the structure of her existence? She gradually comes to tell herself that if she lives to be eighty before making

the Passing, she has almost as long a time to live without him as she has ever lived with him. How can she possibly endure the cruelty of it?

Students of the Cosmic Verities may look clinically at such a widow with no less compassion in their hearts toward her plight, and discern factors and values in her situation that mitigate somewhat that item of "cruelty" . . .

Why *do* such things happen?

**B**ASING our analyses upon explanations advanced in scores of cases where such Graduated Husbands have found ways to communicate their own reactions back down to the earth-plane—or Departed Wives have succeeded in communicating words of loving consolation to equally bereaved consorts—we are confronted first of all with the proposal that no matter how intimate and sacred the marriage status appeared to such a couple because it happened to be the one and only such experience distinguishing their lives up to such bereavement, it was probably entered upon chiefly that given child-souls might gain physical life through such couple, and not much besides. Or, if the couple have been childless though no less devoted, the one who departed life ahead of the other, came into it long enough to do a connubial service to the other, and when it was rendered, terminated the association. Of course, any such explanations, to be rational, must lean heavily upon the premise of re-ensoulment. Without conceding the fact of that, all earthly experience is senseless, anyhow. But it is emphatically not senseless when re-ensoulment is credited.

One thing is positive, the infliction of any "cruelty"—or sentimental insouciance—does not enter in. There is only the universe of Cause and Effect working according to pre-arranged plan . . .

**C**OUNTLESS are the cases where a husband—or again it may be the wife—ensouls in flesh in order to discharge a debt of



paternity or maternity to a given group of companion soul-spirits remaining from previous experiences on earth. When the debt is discharged, and the soul-spirits are born into possession of healthy, normal bodies, started upon their worldly pathways endowed with the parental attributes which such parental personalities only can bequeath them, there is no longer any valid reason for such father and mother to tarry in earth-life—and they leave. They leave for any one of a multitude of reasons.

Persons averse to accrediting the re-ensoulment fundamentals never suspect that one of the major causes for such leavetakings, seemingly out of season, may be the fact that the vacating father or mother desires to be back in earth-life and arrived at maturity for a forthcoming period when they have more or less leading roles to play in society—and know it. A certain rest-period is requisite on the planes of Thought. With their current group of children gaining to life under their auspices, they figure the time factors involved, make due allowance for the rest-period necessary, and depart on their grander cosmic appointments. To illustrate—

**SUPPOSE**, before a given male soul came into current life around the turn of the century, it was known to him that his future karma dictated that in his earthly ensoulment after the present one he was to be commissioned to play a major role in the history of his nation, on or about the year 2,000. To prepare adequately to enact such role with the success it merited, he would realize the need for at least a quarter-century on the Planes of Thought. It would be fairly simple mathematics for him to figure that he could get into life as a babe at or around the year 1900, reach puberty and marry in the wake of World War I, and play the father-role to four souls to whom he had father-obligations. If he allowed twenty-five years for Thought-Plane preparation for his Big Role, and another twenty-one or more years to reach maturity a



succeeding time so as to be ready to assume his epochal office by 2,000 A. D.—an office for which he might have been awaiting opportunity up several centuries—he could not tarry more than forty or fifty years in the present earth-life. Therefore it would be necessary for him to put himself in the way of something happening that evicted him from his body on or around the current date on the calendar.

Looked at purblindly, from the standpoint of the loving woman who has played her polarity part so assiduously in the episodes of the current child-raising—which, by the way, were part of her own karma as well as her husband's—such disruption to her marital status would seem as unbearable as it is nonexplainable. So long as society will stupidly resent and repudiate the program of fleshly re-ensoulment, its victims must suffer the consequences—although such purblindness does not extend to the nature of their obligations to each other—and their offspring—that society explains as “natural selection.”

**BE** that as it may, it is discovered that in nine cases out of ten, people leave earth-life suddenly or dramatically and return to the Thought-Planes because they have higher obligations to discharge to others and higher





time factors insist they set about it. Such a husband would reason subconsciously—perhaps discuss it with his own advisers and counsellors when absent from his body during sleep without bringing back specific memories of it—"I have discharged my karma to Mary and the children. I have done my husbandly duty by Mary for twenty-eight years. I have allowed her the chance to bear the children and thus square accounts with those individuals among our offspring who may have been conscientious parents to us generations earlier. But my Big Chance to function as a world figure is coming up in the year 1998, and I simply *must* give time to preparation for it. So I'll have to leave presently, no matter how insufferable the wrench is to Mary, in order to be back in life and come to maturity by 1998. At worst, her grief will gradually lose its mangling hurt, and she will marry the Jones fellow—to whom she has carried a debt ever since 1775 when he saved her from a particular piece of folly—and be quite as assiduous a consort to him. Finally, when she makes her own graduation from the body, and gets back here on the Planes of Thought, she will come to grasp why I had to depart her as her first husband. And she will be proud and happy that for this period she happened to be the spouse of the personage whose name is due to go upon the pages of history for a thousand years. It's regrettable that I must quit life by the route of an elevator accident, but even in that I can clear myself of the karma I contracted when as a slipshod workman back in Massachusetts Bay Colony I constructed a meetinghouse inadequately and a floor collapsed and killed a dozen people. What difference does it make *how* I Go Out? So I'll be leaving next Tuesday just before noontime

by means of the north elevator whose cables are due to snap at Floor Ten."

All husband-wife bereavements may not be so concretely arranged as the one herewith set out or for precisely such reasons. But the analogy should carry an exposition of what occurs.

**P**ROOF that none of it is necromancy would seem to lie in the numbers of persons, happily wedded at any given moment, who, upon proper provocation, may have the knowledge bubble up from their subconscious minds of the exact day and date—even in rare cases the exact minute and method—when they shall make the lethal Passing in the future. On the day and date, they "leave" without adieu. *How do such persons come by such knowledge unless every life is more or less charted before ensoulment made them physical?*

People who have foretold their own deaths verily to the moment, are legion. Before World Wars One or Two, most of us know of soldier draftees who fared forth to war, giving it out in advance that "they weren't coming back."

Such perspicacities were by no means coincidence. They could not have been coincidence. Does anyone know of a soldier boy who gave it out that he wasn't coming back, *who did come back?*

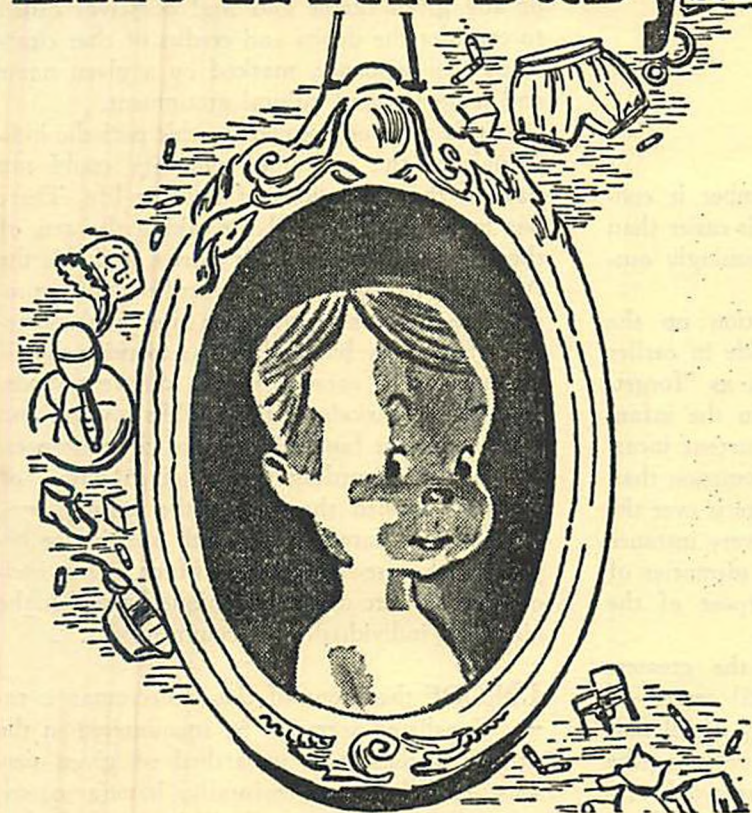
Let us be rational and as dispassionate about these matters as we can. The statement has been made from Higher Planes that every man, woman, and child alive at this moment, knows in his or her subconscious just about the time and place at which earthly experiences are due to end for them. Is it "tough" on those surviving?

Why should it be tough, when they in their own turn will "leave" on schedule if the higher brevet calls them? . . . just a thought to think about, the foregoing illustration of one particularly devoted husband and wife.

*Behind everything that happens in earth-life we come to discover a logical reason! . . . That is Wsidom!*



# Life with Baby...



*Defection of  
Memory and  
Parental Ego  
Operate to  
Deny Society  
Enlightenment  
on a Major  
Life Premise*

**T**HE PLAINT of the average layman against the Re-ensoulment hypothesis, is dual in nature.

"Why, if I have lived before on earth, do I not remember it consciously?" he demands. In respect to parental egotism, particularly maternal egotism, we have the indignant protest, "What sort of an equitable arrangement would it be, pro-

viding me with a darling new baby within whose organism might repose a soul that had lived on earth before and been guilty of every Sin or moral dereliction on the calendar? No, I won't have it." Communicants of the orthodox Spiritualistic faith make almost a fetish of this point in their repudiations of the doctrine of Reincarnation.

To take up the first challenge, "If I have





lived before why do I not remember it consciously?" and answer it logically, is easier than striving to reply to a point of seemingly outraged parental pride.

To "lose" vividly of recollection up the long trek of life that one has made in earlier bodies is as essential a stipulation as "forgetting" trivia of the personal life in the infantile and adolescent years of the current incarnation. One is no more of a phenomenon than the other. On the other hand, there is ever the circumstance that if humanity in every instance *did* retain sharp and uneradicable memories of previous careers in flesh, the purpose of the current career might be defeated.

For one thing, and probably the greatest thing, attendant on the new mortal career—if we retained consciously the memory of all that we had gone through as earlier persons—the confusions as to personalities that would result would be insurmountable in practical affairs. If in addition to being Bill Jones in the current life, our minds also contained all the recollections of our life-experiences as Tom Brown in England during the Crimean War, Nathan Smith of Saxony at the time of the Norman Invasion, Praxiteles McGook in the times of Plato and Amenhotep-Ikky in the days of Tutkenhamin, which personality would we truly be when we currently considered ourselves at all? Inability to sort out the experi-

ences of a given life and properly allocate them to a historical period would result in a chaos of memories and repercussions.

By recalling principally but one life at a time, fusing all the others into that strange temperamental reaction to circumstance called Character, we set sharp stakes at both ends of any given career and find ourselves called to consider the debits and credits of that clearly defined sequence, marked by a given name and language and cultural attainment.

If this were not provided—this periodic individualism—the events of one life could not pay off the obligations of another life. There has to be some method for taking the acts of the individual life on their merits, and this the Almighty has seemingly prescribed. Such prescription consists of that one simple phenomenon of memory blanked out as to prior details of living. The careers, run in different lands, at different periods of the world's history, and under different family and social circumstances, are labeled according to the given names of the soul applied throughout the period.

That such careers start, each one, in the organism of a newly gestated infant, is but incidental—or part of the technique by which the historical individuality is commenced . . .

**P**ROOF that none of this is necromantic rationalizing seems to be encountered in the situations constantly unearthed of given persons, entirely sound mentally, having experiences of the memory-veils lifting and disclosing to them a recollection of participations in earlier great events. Particularly has this been achieved by medical authorities under deep catalepsy. The subject is ordered to "go back in his eternal personality and remember", then without further suggestions being placed in his consciousness, he is aroused and given opportunity to recite what he recalled.

People so treated have recited whole volumes of detail of their existence as former persons



in other lands and times, *speaking the various ancient languages fluently*, and telling what their former relationships have been with persons about them now in flesh.

However, we were discussing babies . . .

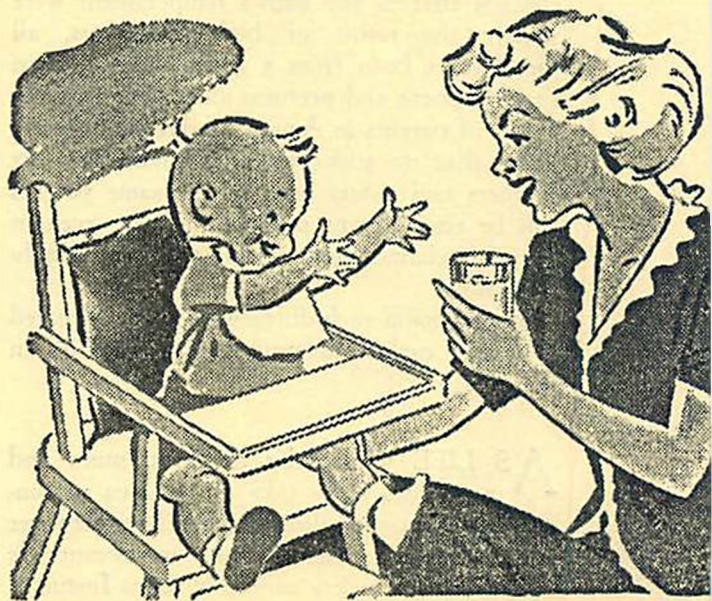
**D**OTING mothers to the end of time will doubtless repudiate or ignore the implication that they have not created the new infant spiritually as they feel they have created it organically. Some even feel outraged that they should be left without responsibility for the quality of the soul implanted in the new offspring. As one such mother blazed upon one occasion, "If the soul of my child had lived before, it might even have killed somebody during its earlier life experiences—which leaves me mother to a murderer. What sort of proposal is that to make to me? Would I give birth to one who had sinned so? Such doctrine insults every mother throughout the earth's five continents."

Such doctrine does not insult every such mother, of course, but only serves to confirm the hypothesis that each new organism, distinguished by a distinctive name for the period of the ensoulment, has a right to "live its life over again and profit from past mistakes." If there were no such profit available to it, one error or misstep would damn a soul for all eternity, and beliefs in such damnation are, and have always been, pure paganism. Theologically illiterate persons assume that the doctrine of Salvation became of moment with the occurrence of the Christian Nativity. Actually, the erudite know that it was of record as the premise of Mithraism and Zoroastrianism, 200 to 1,000 years antedating Jesus. Few if any Christian laymen are ever instructed in theological matters prevalent before Christ.

It is to call a hiatus on the mistakes and errors of earlier life-sequences, so that the illusion of separateness and entirety can be called upon to demark the current life, that the nine-month uterian gestation causes the recollection of earlier malfeasances or mistakes

to fade from the mind, precisely as the indiscretions of childhood fade from the mind as the years bring age. No one denies that "fading of memory" is a cosmic fact, and that uniformly in the present life we only recall those incidents of earlier years that had contained special significance to the years that followed. The argument might be advanced that if recollections of incidents in this current life can be gradually blanked from the consciousness, there would seem to be no reason for thinking the greater blanking of the eternal recollection was so monstrous or unnatural or metaphysically convenient.

The greater point is, that every new infant is the start of a new soul to live a fresh life sequence from a new premise and shut off or cut off from the mental reflexes or earlier sorrows or malefactions. Mothers actually should glory in the realization that they are factors in bringing about such splendid and equitable rectifications. The irony of the circumstances can be that the very mother who thus bridles at the possibility of her new infant not having come simon-pure from the hand of God, would under catalepsy recite all her own idiosyncrasies







and life-ordeals before she herself came into her present body—thus indicting her own mother with the sinner-production—or reproduction—that she so fiercely repudiates in her own case.

LIFE with any baby, therefore, is actually life with an earlier earth-living soul arriving back upon the physical plane to have another "go" in physical experience and disclosing to what degree it has profited by past mistakes. The new baby's "temperament" as it develops is far from being an exhibit of organically inherited factors. What it proceeds to disclose is its own exclusive temperament that in turn is the accumulation of increment from whole life-spans it has lived in other times and climes. Even the overly skeptical layman, hearing about such matters for the first time, will concede that if any baby's temperament were strictly the result of biologic factors, all the children born from a given biologic strain should appear and perform alike. There is not a pair of parents in America today who doesn't know that no such similarity manifests. Six brothers and sisters born of the same parents will be six different personalities; not even in physical characteristics will they unerringly look alike.

Where could such differences have originated if not in earlier adventures of their souls in flesh? . .

AS LIFE with Baby develops, more and more does Baby take on its own personality as cosmic recollection manifests stronger and stronger in mass reactions to current life situations that society carelessly terms Instincts.

What indeed, is an Instinct? Has an Instinct ever been separated from the organic genes and been photographed? How can a given proclivity to do this or that be transferred into a new organism through a thing of atomic substance?

They are, more correctly, Reflexes of Spirit brought over from earlier sojourns in flesh, that the psychologist labels Instincts—in blunter words, *Memories*, but memories that have long-since lost their details of nature and operation in Consciousness and persisted more or less as emotions. It is coming to be grasped that it is the ineradicable traces of such emotions that create allergies to this or that from which the developing child may suffer. Otherwise, on the old orthodox acceptances, why should not a given number of children from the same parents all manifest identical allergies?

As the New Baby increases in stature and facility in manipulation of its new organism, it reverts stronger and more readily to its cosmic character as it is building such character, each life being an addition to, or a correction of, the life gone before. Finally the day arrives when under great emotional stress, its subconscious prenatal memory exercises and it suddenly confronts the perturbing realization that it has been in a given environment before, or known a given group of intimates before. This can be carried to a point where outstanding episodes in earlier incarnations reoccur to the conscious mind, and it not only remembers whom it has been but somewhat of the reasons that impelled it to come into earth-life of the present.

The truly erudite parent watches the newly advented soul with dispassionate interest, seeking to discover just what new problem in experience the baby-soul has come afresh into earth-life to work out.

Once it becomes apparent, the altruistic parent does all within his or her power to make the new incarnation successful. That is Life with Baby in its eternal significance.



# What Men and Women in Polarity Can Achieve

¶ *When Souls Are  
Conjoined, Miracles  
May Happen . .*



Cell of Consciousness that projects out of the great ocean of Holy Spirit—and when housed

**I**T SEEMS to be a fact that the mystics of all ages have been either believers in, or expounders of, the doctrine of the so-called bisexual nature of the human spirit. The bisexual nature of the human spirit means that by some celestial mystery not precisely known upon this sphere, the original

in physical body, or pair of bodies, in mortality, is known as a Soul—early in its lowest forms of functioning automatically separates, or divides.

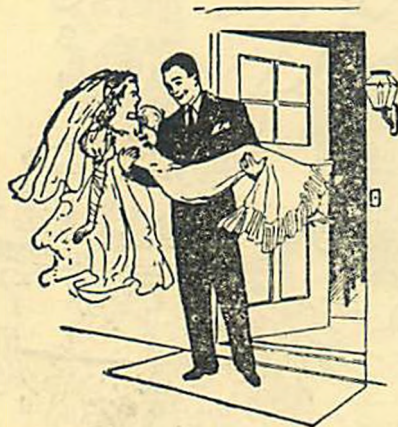
Its aggressive and combative qualities forthwith proceed to occupy a biological body that is known as Masculine, while its conserving and nurturing qualities proceed at the same time to occupy a biological body that is known as Feminine. These two continue in rotations of such occupancies generation upon generation, teaming together in those separate biological vehicles for the purposes of producing young or for the education that comes from the friction of their personalities one on the



other, until both halves have absorbed the increments from all the experiences that mortality has to give. Thereat they evolve off together into higher octaves of Consciousness, until up some far distant day they fuse together again.

With the quality of their consciousness brought to highest flower by such frictional play of character on character, they resume the status from which they started out when emerging from the great ocean of Holy Spirit.

This hypothesis, say the mystics, explains the the folklore story of the Bible: of God's putting Adam into a deep sleep and taking from his side a rib, from which He fashioned Woman.



It accounts for the hunger that is deep and instinctive in every human heart, man and woman both, for someone of the opposite sex who is an exact affinity—who possesses all the traits of character in precisely the right amounts and in the happy degree of expression that makes for conjugal happiness based on ideality. Such a person in the opposite sex would, or should, be the Cosmic Other Half of the person so hungering.

It explains most of the classical romances of history, and other romances of the present that are not so classical.

It explains the sacred terminology that attends on the common marriage ceremony; presupposing that a man and a woman in love have "gotten that way" by recognizing in one

another their spiritual counterparts and complements, the Christian marriage rite makes much of the inference that husband and wife are "one flesh", and "what God hath joined, let no man put asunder".

In the physics of Christian Mysticism, we refer to such bisexuality as Polarity. If the right man and woman have found each other in the current mortal visitation—in other words, if the Masculine Half of a celestial spirit has met and recognized its Feminine Half so that one fully composed spirit is represented by the two of them, although each half for the moment may be exercising control over its independent physical equipment, we say that they are in Polarity.

Commonly, too, we put it that the aggressive masculine set of attributes constitutes the Positive in such polarity, and the nurturing and conserving feminine set of attributes constitutes the Negative.

This does not mean that every man is positive and every woman negative. It only means that for the purpose of identifying the polarity, one is negative to the other's positive.

But the matter neither sums up, nor stops, with the achievement of mere compatibility.

It is a fact known and tested by the higher experimenters in metaphysics, that when a man half-spirit comes into true association with the woman half-spirit to which he rightfully belongs—and along with which he was originally hatched from the same Cosmic Egg—their combined consciousness as an impelling Thought Force in the universe can get results all out of proportion to the mere combination of force represented by their doubling-up!

If a happily married man and woman, living in the utmost compatibility and sympathy, undertake to work common diaphragm exercises of breathing in unison while they visualize what they commonly desire, it has been demonstrated time and again that they command powers of materialization appearing to total four times the strength that each could command separately.



In other words, the perfect compatibility and unified effort as between male and female halves of the same soul, result in an energy of Thought, for manifestation purposes, whose power is the square of the degree of strength inherent in them as units making a pair.

And apparently too, for all we know to the contrary, the higher and more astute the degree of consciousness reached by them both as an accomplished tandem, the more terrific the force which they command and direct.

**THE MATTER** of perfect Polarity and its powers is a subject of which modern metaphysicians and mystics seem to have but scratched the surface. If those of us who are only beginning to probe the matter are aware that there is a manifesting and materializing Force that is compounded, by union, to the square of the powers inherent in the half-soul individual, what then—we may ask our imaginations—is the manifesting and materializing power that is achieved and directed when the fusion of the Masculine and Feminine attributes has spiritually taken place?

If we can conceive of a bisected celestial spirit having fused back into its original form, after each of its halves has completed the long gamut of three-dimensional visitations, and then that fused spirit as an entity coming down into this three-dimensional world and taking up its residence in *one* human body, it is logical to assume that it might commonly and without effort exhibit capabilities of Thought that to the bisected mortal spirit would be considered little short of miraculous.

Such exhibits of fused Thinking would not be considered at all unique or marvelous in a higher octave of existence where such unions had been universally achieved. They would see nothing more wonderful in what they might do, than the average man or woman today thinks it is "wonderful" to construct an automobile or do a sum in arithmetic. A dog or an ape might regard the average mortal constructing an automobile or doing a sum in

arithmetic—if either animal could comprehend what was in progress at all—as little short of a god in his exercise of consciousness or display of intelligence.

All of which leads up to this colossal thought—

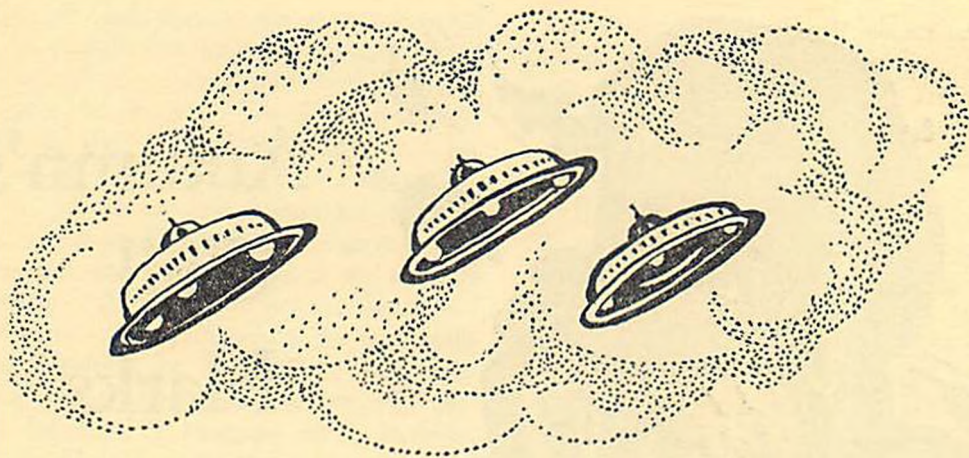
Is it not entirely plausible, these cosmic hypotheses having basis in fact, that the miracle-working powers of a Great Celestial Avatar like Jesus the Christ may have been inherent within Him because, speaking in terms of Transcendentalism, the fusion of masculine and feminine elements within His psyche had already occurred; then that this "completed" spirit, for purposes of mentoring the race throughout this expiring Piscean Period, had incarnated in the physical body of Jesus of Nazareth?



**IS IT** not a peculiar circumstance that, outside of the time that Jesus asked Peter: "Whom say men that I am?" there was scarcely a case of the Great Instructor's referring to Himself in his physical composition, or elucidating how his Spirit Itself came to be so much higher developed in the degree of its intelligence and powers of its consciousness than those among whom He commonly moved and mingled?

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However, because of such cosmic eruptions through which this planet is passing, the world's available supply of humus is shrinking. Humus is that brown or black material formed by the partial decomposition of vegetable or animal matter in or on the soil—in other words, the organic portion of soil, that alters ordinary gravel to deep, rich loam. Without it, agriculture cannot grow the crops necessary for supplying the earth with food.

Prof. Vaino Auer of Helsinki University, Finland, one of the world's leading geographers, has declared that the same eruptions of cosmic rays, causing unprecedented weather alterations and impairment of humus, seem to occur on an average of 2,000 years apart. He states there have been six such periods since 12,000 B. C. They have always been marked by radical changes in plant and animal life, long periods of drought, the rising of sea levels, the receding of forests, and the increase of desert and shrubs.

At present, according to Prof. Auer, we are experiencing all these phenomena. What may prove most alarming will be gradual disappearance of bacteria, which causes the erosion of humus and the death of plants. He notes that it takes 9,000 years for humus to form—while excessive cosmic rays may impair it within twelve to twenty months.

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What all of it will do to the temperaments of mortal earthly residents remains to be disclosed.

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True, here are several places where He made no effort to deny that He considered Himself



the Son of God. But by the same token He went to considerable pains to try to make it clear that all of us were Sons of God. Again and again He affirmed: "The things that I do, ye may do also; yea greater things than I do, shall ye do, . . . if ye but believe on me!"—that is, adhere to His instruction morally, ethically, and spiritually, till His degree of perfection was arrived at. But as to the essential composition of His own psyche, Jesus was queerly and unnaturally silent. At least none of his references to Himself in the physio-spiritual sense have been authentically preserved for us. His character itself, however, and even His physical appearance as it has been depicted by inspired painters, holds some weird clues to the plausibility—and even possibility—that the bisexual fusion of the soul-halves had long since occurred to produce the Being that incarnated at the Nativity.

THERE has ever been a strange and natural blending of masculine and feminine attributes exhibited in the character of Jesus, in a wondrous balance. Women appear to have loved Him, and still are drawn to Him today, for His sterling masculine qualities expressed by His courage, both moral and physical, and

His natural inclination to protect and provide. Men appear to have loved Him, and perhaps are drawn toward Him today from such reasons more than they are aware, because of His compassionate and companionable feminine qualities.

In His physical appearance, as it is popularly represented, and as it has come down to us traditionally, He was decidedly masculine and feminine. If the description of Him accredited to Josephus be correct, He had an extraordinary physique as to strength and agility, and His beard bore testimony to his biological masculinity. On the other hand, the long and exquisitely-curved woman's hair, the tenderness of manner, and the solicitation for the weak, unfortunate, ailing, or infantile, all bespoke a distinct femininity.

His so-called Miracles, however, done apparently without effort, giving Him popular identification as a mystical Being from a higher celestial sphere, indicate more clearly than any physical characteristics that He was in easy and unmomentous possession of the same manifestation and materialization Thought Powers that are said by the mystics of all generations to accrue as the result of perfect bisexual Polarity! It is food for profound thought!



*A MAN has three friends, said Ben Franklin, an old wife, an old dog, and money. But he can spend the money and lose the dog. An old wife is the complete triumph of hope over experience . .*





## Autumn's Chill Marks Spring . .



THE NATION is green with summer again, but the temperature far into June this year carries the chill of October. This is not peculiar to our United States. The weather alteration is world wide.

Even in North Africa, accustomed to early baking heat, this Spring has been extremely cold and dry. In Spain and Portugal the doctors are busy taking care of virus cases as though those countries were in a far northerly area instead of semi-tropical. In England, France, and Italy, the weather too has been far below normal. And here in our United States, as in a large part of the Northern Temperate Zone of the world, the climates are moving almost directly from Winter into Summer, with the gradual elimination of the Spring and Autumn seasons. Private weather reports coming across

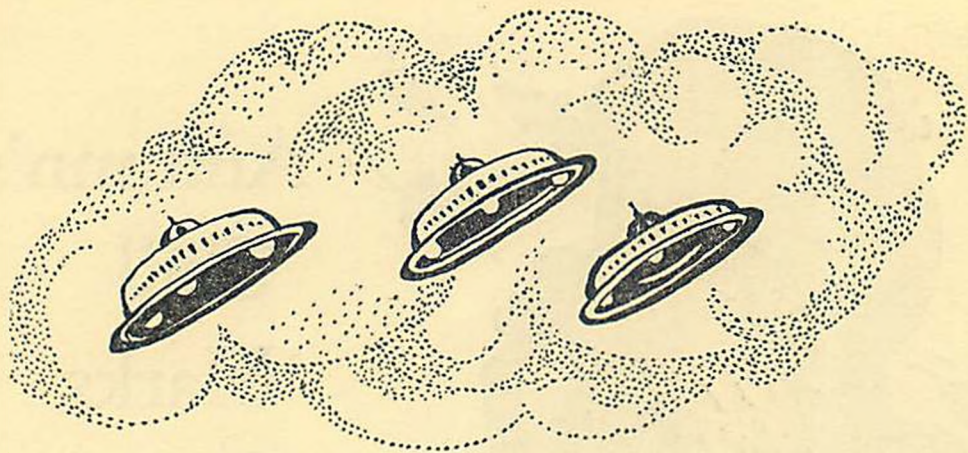
from Japan convey the information that even this last week in May beheld a blizzard blanketing Nippon.

And everywhere in Europe in consequence—as in many areas of our own continent—is reported an alarming shortage of fresh water. The glaciers are melting and running off into the oceans where the fresh water in their ice is irretrievably converted into brine.

When word comes down from the Higher Octaves that a complete alteration in frequencies of the vibrations reaching earth is in process, and the weather reports bear out such disclosures, how much longer can the laymen insist that Extra-Sensory Perception is stuff and nonsense?

THE WHOLE solar system is moving further and further under the heavier and heavier battery of cosmic rays from the Constellation Aquarus, and as these planetary vibrations step up into higher and higher frequencies, literally a new type of world is envisioned for the residence of humanity.





However, because of such cosmic eruptions through which this planet is passing, the world's available supply of humus is shrinking. Humus is that brown or black material formed by the partial decomposition of vegetable or animal matter in or on the soil—in other words, the organic portion of soil, that alters ordinary gravel to deep, rich loam. Without it, agriculture cannot grow the crops necessary for supplying the earth with food.

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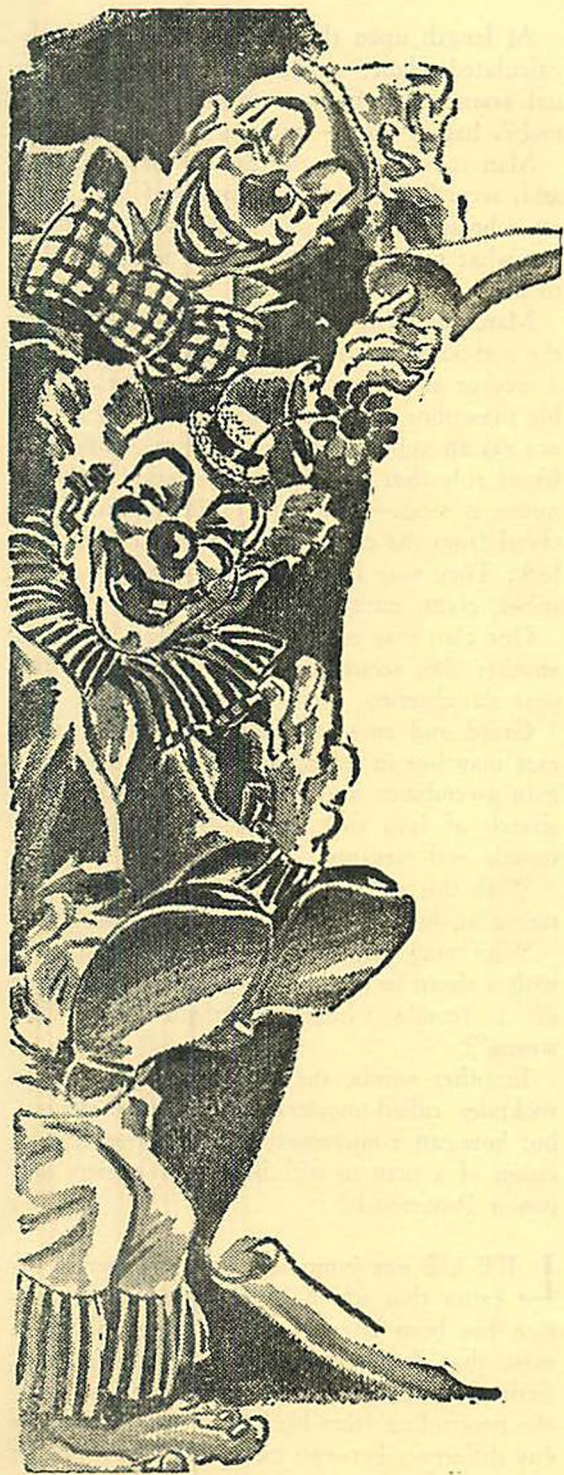
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# IF Earth-Life Be Charted, What Makes for Clown or Sage? . .

*A Paper Helping You to a  
Better Grasp of Karma . .*



**P**ROBABLY more confusion exists in the minds of esoteric novices as to what does—or does not—create or involve Karma, than any other subject which the Eternal Verities comprise. Further, little of it is cleared by introducing the suggestion that the entire program of earthly event may be charted centuries, or even æons, in advance, thus designating whatever event occurs as a matter of Cosmic Fatalism.

Adroit examination is necessary here to penetrate successfully the great premises inferred by such terms as Charted Universe and Cosmic Fatalism. As for common Karma, nine out of



ten metaphysical students are quite certain they understand it.

A charted universe is one in which all reactions from causations can be, and probably are, calculated in advance. In a given area of Free Space there is contained a definite amount of cosmic energy which according to laws of integration, will, over certain periods of time, bring a planet into being. The planet resulting from this concreting of Free Energy must be of known dimensions, volume, and contents. Nothing can exercise upon it, or within it, without results being estimable.

Igneous matter cools and condenses crust forms, materials contract, mountains rise, water canopies fall, motion lessens, seas become great ponds of water reposing in the bog holes, plants grow as conditions are propitious and constant sentient life is projected when conditions sustain it. Every step in this process should be a matter of exact calculation, giving the strength of the forces operating to effect the results.

Producing a livable planet should be of no more consequence than producing a mud-ball in the back yard, provided the intellect behind the former be proportionate in ability for calculation of materials and essences.



**B**UT now enters an ingredient that should tend to upset all equations in cosmic physics.

At length upon the crust of such positively calculated planet appears self-deciding spiritual essence that finds transient residence in a mobile bag of water—millions of bags of water.

Man moves about the earth's outer surface and, according to the attestments of his cleverest scholars, dictates in the self-assertive manner what his personal comings and goings are to be.

Man, say most so-called religions, possesses the god-power to declare whether he shall climb a tree or squat at its roots. The antithesis of his masculine attributes may eat an apple or not eat an apple, prepare him a breakfast omelet or rule that what his postprandial belly requires is steak—or a slab of integrated tissue sliced from the carcass of a lately defunct bullock. They may have offspring that grow into tribes, clans, nations.

One clan may not like the method by which another clan scours pelts and start indiscriminate slaughtering, each one, of the other.

Greed and covetousness may enter in. One race may live in a land holding iron, and thus gain ascendancy over nationals subsisting on a stretch of lava rock, making the latter their vassals and servants.

With this element of free-deciding spirit entering in, how can a universe be chartable?

Who may calculate the temper of a man with a thorn in his heel, or estimate the rancor of a female whose boy-friend "done her wrong"?

In other words, the tensile strength of the rockpiles called mountains may be measured, but how can a micrometer be put upon the decision of a man to withdraw from society and pen a Pentateuch?

**L**ET US not jump to negatives, merely because that which is proposed for calculation has been altered as to essence. What is man, that thus appears upon a planet's crust, finding three-dimensional expression by tentacles protruding from his bag of water? Is there any difference between his galvanic energy that



permits him to swim a torrent successfully, and the first barbed shoot of electrodynamics which, colliding with a second barbed shoot of electrodynamics, made the initial proposals for a trillion-ton planet?

In that both have energy, are not both alive?

Given a First Man and a First Woman, each of calculated temperament, why should not the Cosmic Psychologist be able to pass judgment on the characteristics and attainments of the Last Man and the Last Woman who pause on the brink of disintegrating continents and watch with horror the approach of Avernus?

Given the type of body and features of environment in each and every instance, why should not the product be a matter of spiritual mathematics?

After all, the millions of earth alive in any age are not so much. You can pack every man and every woman—not forgetting all children—now existing in their water-bags anywhere on this planet, in a packing case a half-mile in each of its three measurements, drop it into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and human life on this earth will be as absent as on the moon.

All the people on all the continents can be stood on Martha's Vineyard, an island of eighteen square miles in Massachusetts Bay, and if their combined weight should sink it, what would that be to Mount Everest or a swarm of locusts winging through Kansas?

Texas would hold every person mundanely alive at this moment, and give him room enough to build a twenty-foot shanty.

Quantities of numbers do not baffle cosmic mathematicians. Christ Himself is responsible for the awesome thought that even the hairs of our heads are numbered.

**STILL**, admitting that the swing of the savage's arm that slays the wilderness tiger is a calculable essence, traceable from the First Man's taking materialized aspect twenty-eight million years ago come Michaelmas, on what ledger page can it possibly be recorded that my neighbor's hen shall find the hole in my back

fence, come into my garden and scratch up my radish roots thereby bringing a quarrel with my neighbor that makes me crack his skull and lay myself open to damages in kind when both of us are Zeppelin-using Esquimaux some three hundred years from Labor Day?

Well, is a hole in a fence, and a hungry fowl on the wrong side of it, of less motivating moment to Cosmos than the Alpine avalanche that, warming to a known degree, will rush down a mountainside and annihilate the cohorts of a monarch?

Is it not because our water-bags are tiny that we have become such worshipers of bulk?

God's accountants may be quite as annoyed by my broken attic window as in running out of leaf-stuff for a fire-struck Oregon forest.



**IF ALL** is not calculable, indeed if all is not calculated—even the karmic action and reaction of galvanic spirit—then are not billions of beetles running about unknown to Cosmos? Have monarchs stolen into life unnoticed by divine storekeepers whose job was to check them out of the astral by the necessary providing of them with bodies? And would not that be chaos, in that it happened without the license that everywhere rules materiality?

We must be as consistent in the matter of the wild violet growing upon the inaccessible mountain-peak as we try to hold ourselves in the items of Gog and Magog, summoning their cohorts for the tilt of Armageddon.

Spirit, we concede, causes things to happen. So Spirit must be aware of all vehicles in which the happenings are of process.



And "all" cannot except one bedbug tormenting a Polish bricklayer on a hot night behind the stockyards of Chicago.

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**¶ NEVER throw mud;**  
*whether you hit your  
mark or not, it leaves  
you with dirty hands*

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ADMITTING the universality of Matter, we must admit the universality of Intellect which accounts for all matter by providing it. Size is mere illusion. So too is destiny. If I be seventeen miles tall, undoubtedly I can kick Pike's Peak into a flowerbed. If I be a quarter-inch in height and weigh a half-ounce one summer raindrop undoubtedly will drown me. Is spirit concerned in my tonnage as compared to the weight of the violin-string of the cicada?

We are bombastic creatures, measuring the universe by the length of our own shoelaces. Considered from a promontory on any one of the Pleiades, even the sun of our planetary system cannot be found.

The astronomers of the Pleiades doubtless ignore our existence; but does that alter the reality of the vesper note of the robin singing this sunset in my pasture maple?

TRULY, there is not the slightest contest between the universe known in its subtlest aspects to Spirit, and karma which says that even the score as between Nellie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady must find eventual equilibrium.

Nellie and her ppeeve at the Colonel's madam

are provided for in the chart. What the Colonel's lady said to the Colonel about Nellie may be quite as motivating a factor in populating or depopulating a continent as what Mrs. Noah said to her connubial skipper, on thrusting her head from the Ark's single window, following the celebrated wet spell.

In our wicked smallness, we measure cataclysms by the strength it requires to kick the neighbor's cat off the side veranda. In our pious bigness, we fish an antediluvian hoopskirt from ten fathoms off the Azores, and yet argue that Atlantis never existed.

Given an event big enough, and it must have happened, we suspect, without Intellect directing it. So we imply when matters pertain to essences that man could by no means manipulate, himself.

What are the oscillations of Karma but the cosmic gyroscope in action, that the Charted Universe may not become a cross-word puzzle the moment that every goosegirl beholds her boy friend with a shepherdess?

Karma would seem to attest that for every action there is a reaction, that the two are one unit, and that the totality of such units are the digits by which the Eternal Mathematicians keep their cosmic books at all.

If such be Cosmic Fatalism, it is only because our intellects have difficulty in conceiving at present that even a wrongful decision on the part of the least of us, is, with its alter ego of rectification, an integral part of the consummate design.

Putting it in another fashion, what is wrong with the proposal that stealing my neighbor's quart of milk and having him steal my delivery of chops to bring the equation true, were slated to happen in the minutiae of events that were to arise from Eve's becoming pregnant, or the Ark's floating safely into dock on Mount Ararat?

We say, "Absurd, because so inconsequential!" But we are measuring the misdemeanor and its counterbalance by our own bewilderment at the task of attempting to trace reaction



back to action with such infallible finesse that the cosmic designer of all motivation could have stated forty million years ago the name of the glass blower who shaped the milk bottle, or the age of the child of the butcher who wrapped the chops.

Who shall say that any action is inconsequential, or at what point importance leaves off and inconsequence begins? Is there essential difference in process between Sirius's colliding with Betelgeuse and a grasshopper known to his relatives as Amos, becoming a blob against my hurtling windshield?

Is it not true that we derive these relativities from the acknowledged deficiencies of our own one-cell intellects?

Creating Spirit could scarcely say, "I will shape the mountains and leave the foothills to mold themselves." Whatever has form, must have sufficient cosmic worth to command the materials that make the form possible. Even the silliest of us must concede that it has required more expertness and labor on the part of Someone to produce the intestines of a mosquito than to dig the Grand Canyon.

Cosmic Fatalism is not an inept resignation to the angles of the Design, but an intelligent and eager acknowledgment that the Design must exist or no two forest acorns would display the same shape.

It is our caprice traceable to the bombast of our progressing Evolution, to interpret all Consequence in terms of self-utility.

The Ultimate Over-Soul reminds us: "Does it not occur to you that the midge, and the trout that snaps it afar in wilderness waters, may be of similar utility to Me?"

Weak wits cannot get this. They insist on the self-independence of the angleworm, snarled with a hundred kindred in the fisherman's bait-can. But in time it will come to them.

No, there is no quarrel between Karma and Cosmic Fatalism!

Cosmic Fatalism is the over-soul of Karma, and even the ending of my page has been as adroitly accounted for, as the final flash of Pleiades!

It is all a matter of having big enough brain to do the calculating and make the discriminations.

The South Sea Island savage cannot count above ten. People who deal in twenties, fifties, ten thousands, are demigods in his philosophy. Behold we have the American congressman who finally arrives at the mentality to consider millions as small-change. Why not grant, then, that Cosmos holds accountants and psychologists who deal in millions of trillions and be-think them mere dozens?

We disclose our own littleness when we call such mathematics miracles. Mayhap the time will come when we too shall have custody of ten trillion worlds in our own Milky Way. We shall need to be good at figures.

Give it thought!

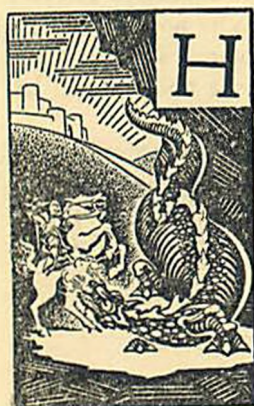
The sense of it will come to you.





# WHY Rich People Disdain Funds for Spiritual Ren

## ¶ A MENTOR Transcript from Higher Octaves *Accounting for Attitudes of Wealth-Minded People toward Support of Mysticism*



HAPPINESS in the individual is always motivated by the desire to serve. Terribly unhappy people are usually those who have lost their cues in the matter of what true service means. *You cannot have an utterly happy person who is not serving someone or something in a purposeful*

capacity. The universe is made up of a vast quantity of service, each person, thing, or chemical serving some other person, thing or chemical. Thereby is Service a cosmic law of the universe. But service on the human plane, or between human entities, presupposes or demands two or more people to make the equation complete—in other words, the Server and the Served.

True, the Servant may serve and be repaid in returned energy from the Served—or in

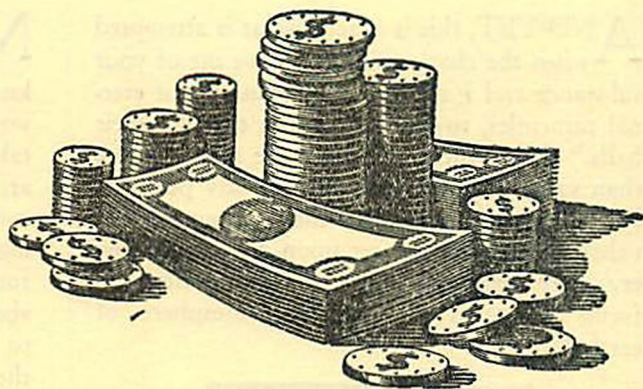
money. However, the fundamental is, that Service postulates an idea that there are two or more people dependent on one another for something that they can get in no other way than by applying to each other for it. Thus terribly unhappy people are those who cannot make themselves *instruments* for service.

We wish we could make this terribly clear to you because it is more than cosmic geometry. It is a fact of life so vital that you cannot fail to heed it in your ministrations with men and get far with them.

YOU GO to a man and say, "I intend to do something for you." He says, "Well, what of it? What's the main idea behind your offer? You want something out of me, don't you?" Strange to say, there he presupposes a great cosmic fundamental that for every action given there must be an ultimate adjustment in Compensation or the universe would run askew. The man does not necessarily mean that he is skeptical about your motives or denies you the right to do a goodly deed for him



# Giving Innovations . .



without pay of any sort. But so long as you have propositioned him on a deal from which he benefits without being able to repay you in kind, *he will subconsciously hate you for the obligation.*

Now this is a very queer process which we are going to delineate to you at some length because it is the very essence of the economic problem which those of you confront who are seeking to underwrite your efforts to get the Higher Work accomplished.

You say you want money to get an instructional project financed. What you do not take into account is this—



There are many, many men scattered all over Christendom who sincerely want what you have to give them. They are neither doubters nor quibblers in the true sense but men of sincere heart-hunger to know the true nature of the

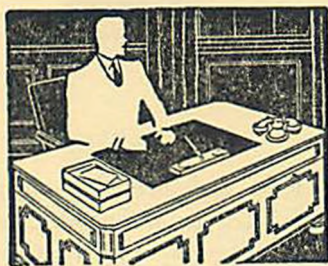
Cosmos and the gods behind it—in a manner of speaking. They are willing that you should teach them what you have been taught in turn. But the instant you try to do it on the basis of soliciting resource in payment, you cheapen in their minds by what they term Commercialism something so fine and sacred that they immediately class you with charlatans or cranks. They know as by instinct—indeed it is instinct of a sort—that there is absolutely no price which can be set on information pertinent to Truth. The Truth, literally, is priceless; that is, without fixation of any monetary value. You cannot convince truly spiritual people, despite the size of their estates, that there is anything in the form of earth-plane materials, gold or what-not, or any item out of nation's currency, that begins to approximate the size or worth of that which is found in eternal valuations. You cannot convince them that there is anything in Truth at all, of a nature corresponding to anything that might be taken in payment.

It is all an absurdity in their subconscious minds—this principle of bartering golden dollars for counterfeit leaden dollars on the persuasion that there is an equalization of values.

Any schoolboy would pronounce to the contrary.



AND YET, this is exactly what is attempted when the charlatans say, "Give me of your substance and I admit you to mansions of eternal principles, to roam at leisure through their halls." Show them that they are getting more than value received and they will say perversely, "That is impossible; there is no earthly valuation that can be set upon celestial discovery or the bringing down of celestial thought-forms into this materialistic atmosphere of earth."



Hence the phrase, "Salvation is free!"

Salvation is free, not in derivations or the means thereof but in the essential principle of being costless because there are no values that can be fixed upon it.

You would naturally think that these people should be made to pay for celestial benefits in terms of their affluence, and that having paid they would thereby be satisfied with the values received, calling the process a fair transaction in energy. But not so, by any manner of means. Why? Because people know that essences of valuation are the only true valuation of it. That is to say, it is not in the gesture of compensation that they get satisfaction but in the intrinsic worth of the compensatory items superimposed on one another and found to have equal size and weight.

Costing for Religion is therefore abominable, Religion of course being man's concept of the Divine in any form. Man's concept of the Divine is costless, we say, in that no earthly values supercede his evaluations of the cosmic vigors that come to him throughout the ennobled comprehension of the Master's precepts.

Do you get what we mean?

NOW THEN, the millions on earth are waiting to have something told them. They know it is a goodly thing and they are waiting for it. They know that no man can take from them their expectation of it. There are fifteen or twenty men in life already who could give it to them richly. But they, meaning humankind, would not accredit these men for a simple reason: not that charlatanry abounds everywhere and these men may belong to one of the bands of them so much as that the times are not yet ripe for them to be compensated for the worldly understandings which they deliver. And humankind knows it.

This may seem to you remarkable. But purblind humanity, going about its daily business, refuses essentially to trade with cosmic wisdom because it cannot render accounting to them in Compensation. Therefore humanity will have little of them. As you go along with your mission you will see evidence of this everywhere.

*Men and women are afraid that you will tell them something completely altering the status of their lives, thus leaving you forever their creditors.*

If the truth could be known, such is the basis of Deification.

Humanity sees an adept and ennobled spirit bartering away his birthright to self-immolation and it says: "This person may be a god—or at least a saint—telling us of heavenly truths without price or compensation." But the great law of the universe being Recompense in its most exquisite factors, there is an immediate reflex to pay back something not paid to any other individual for values received. Thus worship began, physical and mental obeisance, prostration of a sort before the wise and kindly one, beseechment that toll be taken of their bodies or souls to make up in adjustment what has been so lavishly poured upon them.

There is no fright at power in this altogether, although we tell you that this too has its place. Essentially there is an unexpressed desire on the part of the worshiper that some-



thing be done with him to help him repay the blessings bestowed. So he flagellates himself, knots his body, performs foolish malfesance against his physical person. Or he goes into his closet for false fasting and meditation. To what purpose? To the purpose that he may offer his body or soul in the aforesaid recompense.

Taken by and large, humanity enjoys doing it the higher its state of development in knowledge of cosmic principles, because, as it says, it seems "equitable" after a fashion. But the injustice is not involved that way.

Men and women have a prescient knowledge that humankind has a debt to pay to someone, somewhere, that is ever nonpayable excepting in terms of the Compensatory Law, that is, involving themselves as the species-tenders. For that is the highest and most vital evaluation that it can conceive of as existing in the Cosmos, to wit, themselves . . .

**T**HUS men will follow you, devoting their whole lives to you in circumstance to preach your doctrine when they will not present you with one penny of their substance, not because they love the substance more than themselves at any time but because they are outraged that you should class base coin in the same scale of values with their own ennoblement that comes in reaction from such state of immolation.

Never make the mistake of thinking that excessively wealthy men are selfish in this. Excessively wealthy men are essentially knowers of true potentialities of dollars, learned by bitter experience in varied trade practices. They are not selfish when they say to you, "I will not give you a farthing but here is my household, including myself, to command for your pleasure in further instruction of the multitude.

You cannot get a rich man into the Kingdom of Heaven by the dollar route. Knowing dollars, he has the prescience to rally himself in his thinking and say, "I am vastly greater than these dollars that I have commanded as

**¶ A MAN'S true and only wealth, said the great Mohammed, is the good he does in this world, naught else**

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servants all of my life. Is not the master greater therefore than any of his servants? Why give a lesser value when a greater is desirable?

Now we grant you that it gives him a wrench to part with his dollars, but the wrench also comes from his seeing intuitively that he is debasing himself in terming his constitutional evaluations by the process of dollar discriminations. He is mighty in his wealth but that is only a symbol of his temperamental cleverness. Ask him to determine that cleverness in terms of dollars and he is outraged. Why? Because he knows that his dollars came from operations of the laws of mathematics, not from his own essential cleverness at all and he treats with humanity under the cloak of false concepts. It thinks differently of him than he knows he is justified in thinking about himself. His modesty shocks him and he rises up mightily to refute a charge intrinsically untrue, showing his refutation in terms of anger.

Now reverse the process and you have him at your mercy.

That is to say, approach a person of wealth with this tenet of understanding—

"You possess absolutely nothing, my friend, in worldly goods that counts in the final analysis of my values. You have nothing I want, in other words, excepting your perspicacity as a lodger among men in capacity of seer of correct valuations. Essentially I realize that



you have paupered yourself. But this thing you can do: You can give me, not your worldly goods but of yourself as a man—with your talents for multiplication of ideas."

Say this to him and what happens? He is politely outraged that you have probed to the core of his true essence as a Thought-Idea. He knows that eternal values are bigger than his dollars, no matter how grandiose the pile of them may be. He knows that you have no designs upon his gold-pile, and if you steadfastly refuse to take from him you set up a condition where he suddenly discovers his own nakedness. By your very gesture you put him in your debt because you have called the truth to his attention and made him see it in terms of actualities.

This is the meaning of the young man in the Temple who came to the Master and spake about his worldly goods, asking what he should do to be saved. The Master did not say, Present your wealth to My cause and follow Me." At least what He meant was, "Give your wealth to humanity to get rid of it from yourself that you may see how nude you are in the matter of not possessing garments aside from your concretions of money which now are your coagulations of responsibility toward society.



**WE** WOULD not have you think by this that all persons of wealth are penurists—that is, worshipers of dollars in terms of themselves or worshipers of themselves in terms of dollars. Many godly men there are who

know the amount of their immense resource and its meaning. Now and then you will find one cheerfully willing to obey sentimental impulses in the matter of providing sinew for the Lord's work.

But the average rich man is essentially a sensualist. That is, he got most of his money by paying sense-attention to mundane conditions and it behooves him to know it. At the same time he does know other things: that he is neither a creature of dust nor devotion but an ordinary soul essentially divine in his make-up who has blundered into circumstance along the happy vein of affluence. Or he has followed selfish motives as a law and concreted values to himself as a postulate in arithmetic. He knows, however, that his own soul is greater than these and having it called to his attention through denial of the influence of his wealth gives him a feeling of panic, that the Cosmos has discovered his subterfuge of character and he is undone.

He will pay eventually rather than be completely found out. Still, that is not the whole point . .

**R**ICH MEN are invariably in Circumstance for a purpose. It is not self-indulgence of their vanities nor capacities for enjoyment of the sense attributes. They are goods-receivers for a purpose and storehouses of wealth because wealth is a symbol of the divine concretion awaiting outpouring on the whole human race. Brethren, remember this. Earthly wealth is a symbol of something so much finer and grander than mankind has any knowledge of, that there is no comparison excepting *through* symbols.

Man is a worthy receptacle for wealth when he recognizes this and evaluates it correctly. Earthly wealth is a counterfeit representation of the wealth in the immense storehouses of Nature, stored up for a purpose, that human-kind may tap it gradually and live unto higher ennoblements and concepts of righteousness and right-dealing with one's fellows.



# Suppose We Talked by Phone with Higher Dimensions?

*It Is Reliably Reported  
as Having Happened  
in Philadelphia . .*



first glance. In the face of such devastating evidence of survival, theology would stand mute.

**C**ONSIDER what would happen in the religious thinking of the world if a telephone were perfected of such extraordinary sensitivity that you could recognize across the wire the voice of a dear one whose physical remains you had seen buried in a grave! It is not so preposterous as it reads at



Soulcraft up the twenty-five years has been recipient of many letters attesting to the Living Dead using the wire to such purpose and in one rare case one of its Philadelphia leaders—an affluent matron—had the thing happen to her in person.

"I had suffered a pelvic lesion," she related to the editor of BRIGHT HORIZONS, "which confined me to my bed for a matter of three years. I kept in touch with the city's social life, however, through the telephone that stood at the head of my bed. It was an old-fashioned phone with the receiver suspending from a hook. One afternoon, when no one was in the apartment but my personal maid, this phone rang and I answered. At the other end of the wire seemed to be a young woman of my acquaintance who lived in distant Germantown.



I said 'Hello?' and she said 'Hello?' then we each waited for the other to proceed. It seemed that her phone had rung at the same instant mine had. While we were discussing the mystery of this, neither one of us having called the other, she beheld her Pomeranian escape the bathroom where she had been washing it when the phone-bell had summoned her. "Hold the wire while I put my Pom back where it won't get suds all over the rugs," she cried.

"I heard the thump of her receiver on the table," the Philadelphia matron went on, "then in the interval of waiting, a man's peculiar voice started calling my name out of the receiver. 'Frieda!' I heard it exclaim, 'I've done it! . . . I've done it! . . . I've found a way to hook up your telephone so you can hear me!' I thought I recognized the voice, though its tone was distant and sepulchral. But I asked, 'Who's speaking?'"



"Then my blood *did* run cold at the answer. 'It's Joe!' it explained, 'Joe Loudensbury!'"

"You can believe it or not, *but Joseph Loudensbury had been drowned in a canoe accident up on Lake Hopatcong in upper New Jersey the previous summer!*"

"Then while I paused thunderstruck at what apparently was occurring, came the young Germantown woman's voice again. She had cooped her dog and returned to the phone. 'Frieda!' she gasped 'Did you hear *that*?' The further amazing thing was, that she had been engaged to marry the Loudensbury boy when the tragedy separated them. 'Joe, is that *you*?' she screamed.

"Joseph was talking on a two-way circuit because I listened in on the reunion of the lovers between the two planes of life.

"It was the beginning of a whole summer of such hyperdimensional conversations, and my husband—who was convinced when he first heard about it that someone was perpetrating a hoax—satisfied himself in the end that the intercourse was bona fide. Whenever Joseph called me thus, my husband would rush down to the switchboard in our apartment hotel, only to discover from the operator that my wire was not engaged and the call had not come through her switchboard. Curiously enough too, while such connections were going on, the phone wire carried no dial-tone. Only when Joseph had bade us adieu and "hung up," did the wire "come alive" and the girl downstairs intrude to inquire, 'What number, please?'"

**I**T WAS under Joseph's instructions that the matron began exercises that ultimately cured her of her semi-invalidism. Invariably he called her whenever he discovered her reading a book, propped up on pillows in the bed. An page of the book would turn over "of itself"—or so it seemed. An instant later the phone-bell would ring and it would be Joseph. Many times he would talk to her without his erstwhile fiancée being party to the converse.

It was her release from the confinement of her bedroom that ruined the extraordinary contact, giving a cue perchance to what deliberate conversations between the planes may be due in the near future. Absenting herself for a fortnight out of town with her utterly baffled husband while her apartment was being re-decorated in order to obliterate all memories of her distressful confinement, the decorating firm removed the old-fashioned phone and installed a daintily-colored French phone in a cradle.

She never "got" Joseph over this innovated model. But Joseph had said enough to her before the change-over to acquaint her with the fact that the strong personal magnetization



of the antiquated instrument, used over such a length of time, had had much to do with it. BRIGHT HORIZONS would appreciate hearing anew from the many others who have written attesting to a similar experience.

THE RIBALD, naturally, might demand to be acquainted with the controversial fact as to whether the discarnate party were calling from Heaven, Purgatory, or Hades? Mrs. C---, the Philadelphia society matron in question, had from time to time uttered such inquiry in substance. And Joseph had earnestly assured her—

"Why won't stupid humanity credit that such locations as Heaven, Purgatory, or Hell are all man-conceived locations? Those of us who have 'gone on' are simply in finer aspects of matter, right here in the planes enwrapping your physical world. You think of me as calling you from a distance. I'm right here in this chamber with you, using your telephone mechanism as the extension of myself!"

He was conscious of everything that went on in earth-life, he declared, with a higher consciousness of his own plane superimposed upon it. In process of time, synthetic magnetization

of such equipment might be achieved and possibly through 'steppng up' of vibration via the photocell, the literal voice of the departed one be heard on the earth-plane in its natural and recognizable tone.

This will be an advance in telephonics, indeed.

The day that such an innovation goes into operation, pentacostal theology becomes as extinct as the dodo.

It will mean, for one thing, that grief at bereavement will be laid in a fortnight. Even less than a fortnight. No longer will humanity be called to endure unutterable anguish . .

" . . for the touch of a hand that is vanished,

Or the sound of a voice that is stilled."

To return from a cemetery where a loved one has just been laid to rest, only to pick up the telephone receiver and converse with the dear departed, even concerning the features of the services, will forever remove the unspeakable disconsolations from death and at last convince purblind humanity that its notions of continuity and survival have been the most tragic part of error.



T is a pretty ceremony in many wholesome households to say Grace before meals. ✿ ✿

The board is spread, the partakers gather. There is an awkward moment ere the viands are assailed.

"Doctor Whoozis, will you kindly ask the Blessing?" the host requests the guest. And good Doctor Whoozis is taken with panic.

His tummy turns over. He hasn't talked with God for a twelvemonth. But there is no way out of it. "Mum-mum-mum-mum-mum-mum, Amen!" he gallops beneath his breath. Then all those present yank their chairs forward and begin talking about the war. They do it with an avidity that indicates that the blessing should be forgotten. And Doctor Whoozis vows he will not thus earn a meal in that household again, though he solicit his bacon from PWA.

¶ What, I conjecture, is the observance of a Blessing unless it sweetly blesses? Let the prayer be true that comes to the lips or let it stay unspoken. Better still, put it upon a phonograph record touched off by the cuckoo-clock and let one's guests eat their meals in tranquillity.





## VISTAS AND MIRAGES

**WHEN** a woman really loves a man he can make her do anything she wants to do.

**ALIMONY**—When two people make a mistake and one of them continues to pay for it.

**ADVERTISEMENTS** contain the only truths that can be relied on in the average newspaper

**THE WORLD** is full of willing people—some willing to work, others willing to let them.

**POLLS**—places where you stand in line for the chance to designate who will spend your money.

**THERE WAS** once a man who married for love and then made the discovery that his wife had money.

**MAN** begins by loving love and ends by loving a woman; woman begins by loving a man and ends by loving love.

**A MOTHER** takes twenty years to make a man of her boy and another woman makes a fool of him in twenty minutes.

**THE** difference between learning to drive a motorcar and learning to play golf is, that when you learn to play golf you don't hit anything.

**IT IS GOD** who makes woman beautiful but it's the devil who makes her pretty.

**POLYGAMY**—now operated on the installment plan in America but carrying alimony.

**A RELATIVELY** small jack can lift the ordinary motorcar but it needs a lot of jack to keep it up.

**WHEN** two women become suddenly friendly it's a sure sign that some third woman has lost two friends.

**A REAL** executive is a man who can hand back a letter for a third retyping to a red-headed stenographer.

**GRANDMOTHER** says that the reason the modern girl is inclined to be delinquent is because she gets the shingle in the wrong place.

**THEN** there's the absent-minded businessman who took his wife to dinner instead of his stenographer and discovered he had twice as good a time.

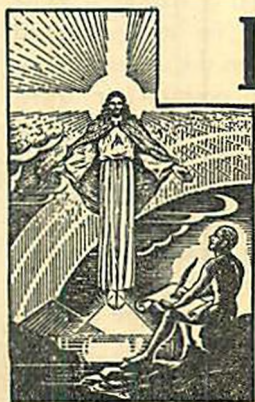
**TWO MILLION** years from now the scientists of that period can always start a row by claiming that the creatures of that period descended from man.





# The Proper Anticipations to Hold Concerning Christ's Return

¶ *What Is Suggested by Extra-Sensory Perception  
as the Rational Probability of the Messiah's  
Second Advent into Today's Society*

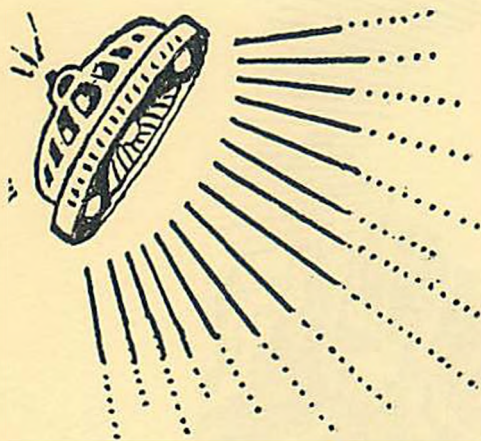


**I**F great Pyramid prophecy and sacred prediction are not purest necromancy, it must be accredited that one of our imminent Yuletides is going to be the last and final Christmas that the world will ever keep. It is seriously to be doubted that humanity will continue to observe the Bethlehem

Tradition after Our Lord has made His re-appearance upon earth and established the Kingdom of Righteousness to which He constantly referred.

That Christ is coming back to participate in, and possibly direct, mundane affairs, is one of the boldest and strongest tenets of the whole Christian faith. New Testament doctrine well-nigh takes it for granted. Christ Himself is assumed to have promised His disciples: "I say unto you that there are those among you who shall not taste of death until I come again!"—at least such is the essence of the statement





when translated into English. "Tasting of Death"—it could mean much, or nothing.

Skeptics, of course, point to this passage—and to the fact that all the disciples and early converts did die without Christ's reappearing—in support of the contention that the messianic parts of Christianity are a hoax. Skeptics—conversely as orthodox as backwoods Fundamentalists—are unaware that the passage could only be translated that way to have it make sense to persons who know nothing of the Re-incarnational Hypothesis.

That the Disciples and Apostles probably never *have* tasted of "death" since Galilee, in the sense of graduating off about their business in Higher Octaves of Spirit, but have been incarnating over and over in successive new physical vehicles and keeping the Christian Program up to new "highs" in each generation, is probably the version closer to the truth.

However that may be, it is a certainty in logic that there should be a termination of sequence to the Christian drama that began, roughly speaking, two thousand years ago.

The Galilean Episode was the definite start of such sequence. It has to be completed. In between the initial appearance of Christ and His so-called Second Coming, runs the "gospel age"—when the Christ Message was to be preached "as a witness unto the Gentiles." And

it can only be completed by the Savior's returning "in person" and directing the consummation of the commission that the "deathless" disciples have been sustaining since the Crucifixion.

Now then, conceding that the eventuality of of a Second Appearance is a bona fide happening and that the implications of prophecy in such regard have been correctly reported, what cues have we—if any—indicating in what manner such Return is to come about?

In the Book of Revelations, purported to have been written by St. John the Divine on the Island of Patmos, the impression is conveyed that Jesus is to make His return into the earth-state in a time of stupendous celestial pyrotechnics in the heavens.

We are familiar with the story—

AT THE Crack o' Doom the skies above are to split wide open suddenly and a titanic spectacle is to be revealed—with a con-course of angels, saints, seraphim, and all the rest of the heavenly attaches, making a gigantic bodyguard for the Son of God, who forth-with walks down the center of the scene and proceeds to judge the nations—dividing the rightists from the leftists and putting an end to further international mischiefs eternally.

There are not lacking good Christians who hold the vague notion that a nation is something that can be picked up and examined, turned over and looked at on the underside, and placed in some favored position or tossed through the celestial window into the trash-can at the caprice of the Heavenly Potentate. A nation, however, is merely a political aggregation of people, good, bad, and indifferent as to ethics or morals insofar as the personal equation is concerned. So a literality of the Judgment Scene develops something of a flaw in the item of what, specifically, is to be judged.

Then another thing: John wrote his nocturnal experiences into an account in a time



when men everywhere assumed the world to be flat. Such a concept of the earth as an area, made it comparatively easy to accredit that such a heavenly spectacle could, and would, be seen by all inhabitants dwelling upon its upper surface.

But the earth is an orb, and rotates upon its axis every twenty-four hours. That astronomical fact introduces complications into the staging of such a spectacle. There is truly no "up" and no "down" with reference to a planetary sphere. There is only distance concerned as between the globe's surface and the point out in space in which such a spectacle occurs.

If it happened in "the heavens above" one country, in the Eastern Hemisphere, it wouldn't be seen or known about excepting by Associated Press report and hearsay by other countries in the Western Hemisphere.

If the Second Coming "stayed in one place" for its staging, in interstellar space, it would have to drag either its tableau or its action over twenty-four hours for it to be seen by all peoples, in all countries, in both hemispheres. And granted such an unthinkable thing happened, it would be moving across the sky, sun-wise, and eventually disappear over western horizon.



If it happened over any specific country, and the spectacle turned with the motion of the earth so as to remain fixed above that country, then by what celestial conditioning would one country or group of countries in one hemisphere be favored by such performance, to the neglect or escape of hordes of equally devout Christians in the opposite hemisphere?

It is one thing indeed to describe these celestial extravaganzas as a bit of awesome imagery. It is quite something else to make them fit the specifications of natural law in the physical world.

And inasmuch as the Day of Judgment, or the Second Coming, either one, concerns activity that most certainly pertains to the physical world, it could not happen in utter disregard of natural law.

AFTER putting a question-mark for the moment against the concepts most widely promoted by the Seventh Day Adventists, we turn to a brief consideration of the claims of certain esoteric cults that Jesus as an "Ascended Master" is doubtless going to effect His return by reincarnating in the body of a child, exactly as He did in Bethlehem in the first instance.

Legion, in fact, are the devout mystical students who will solemnly tell you that doubtless He has already accomplished this incarnation and is now "growing up" somewhere in the "east" in the body of this or that unknown, to make Himself manifest in His own good time.

The trouble with this hypothesis is, that unless He exactly duplicates His former physical appearance—so that it coincides with representations of Him as medieval and modern painters have envisioned him, how will His followers know that it is He? For such a psyche to claim to be He, even to starting up a new cycle of miracles, would only precipitate a debate: Is it He or is it not? There is nothing disrespectful meant in the reminder to unthink-



ing persons, that unless Christ returned with long curls and beard, and dressed in the flowing robes such as were common in Palestine 1900 years ago, He wouldn't be Christ—to millions of Christians.

A Jesus clean-shaven, and with His hair cut in the manner common to modern barbershops, wouldn't be acknowledged!

So for some young man out of India or Tibet to stand forth in times like the present, and announce that He is the reincarnation of Jesus and will Washington, D. C., 10 Downing Street, and the executives of all the other governments of the world come before Him to receive judgment or relinquish over to Him would only make the enigma the more ridiculous.

**I**F CHRIST therefore *were* to make a Second Coming, and in such form as would conform to astronomical convenience, natural law, and popular recognitions, what would be the more rational and effective way to do it?

Is it not the more plausible hypothesis that it could be awesomely and scientifically managed by a swift, sudden, and overwhelming materialization of His "Light-Body" in such time and place as would be comparable with the significance of the event?

Suppose—and, mind you, this is only a supposition for the purpose of registering a point!—suppose that a vast conclave of the statesmen of East and West had come together, say in some place in Europe, for the purpose of deciding upon another world war that meant the collapse of civilization.

Suppose that fifty governments—cabinets, congresses, parliaments—were in assembly in as many participating countries breathlessly and fearsomely awaiting the outcome of such master-deliberations.

Suppose that the Great Teacher bethought Him to take that vital moment to herald the fact to universal mankind that He had returned to the earth's surface in truth and meant to take charge of such suicidal deliberations and halt the plunge of civilization over the martial precipice.

What if, within the space of a few minutes, He suddenly emblazoned His Light-Body above the speakers' rostrum of that master-assembly, and all the waiting congresses and parliaments elsewhere, and with upraised hand spoke the loud word "PEACE!"

Would it not be sufficient to cast consternation amounting to cataclysmic shock into those war-making governments and shake the society of earth to its foundations with the realization that the one-time promissings of Jesus had finally matured in acts?

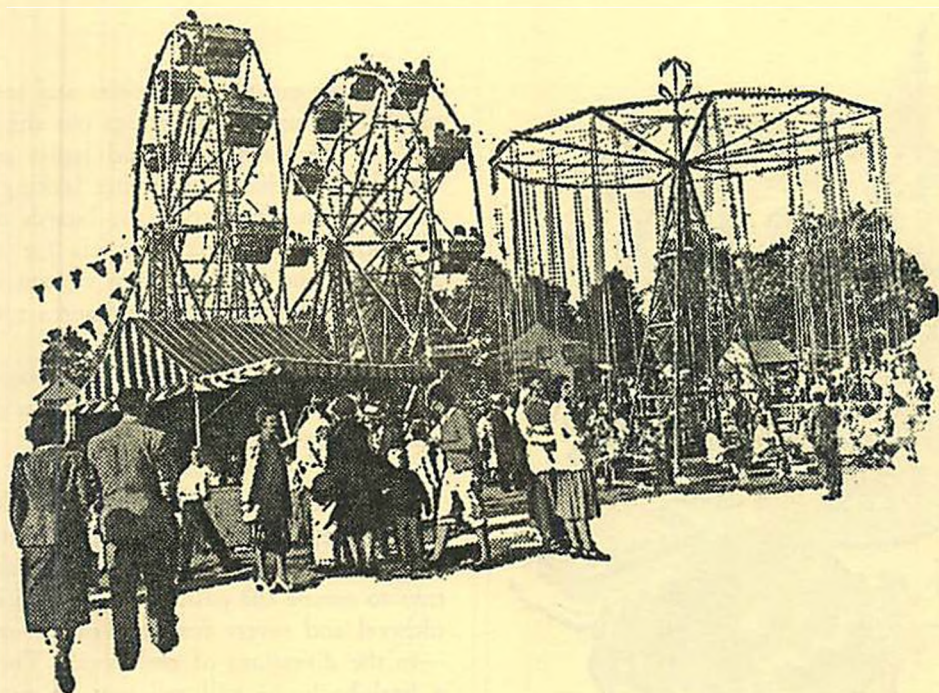
**U**NDERSTAND, this is merely thrown out as a suggestion as to how the Second Coming *could* be effected, and yet comply with natural and psychical law to the fullest iota. Whether it does happen that way or not, is something else again.

Anyhow, it *could* happen, and would be far more effective and in compliance with natural and astronomical law than the old-time concepts of the fathers, who built their expectations on the notion that the earth was flat!



**R**ELIGIOUS history is the story of what couldn't happen, written by people who weren't there!





## DO We Feed Spiritual Hungers By Carnival Celebrations?

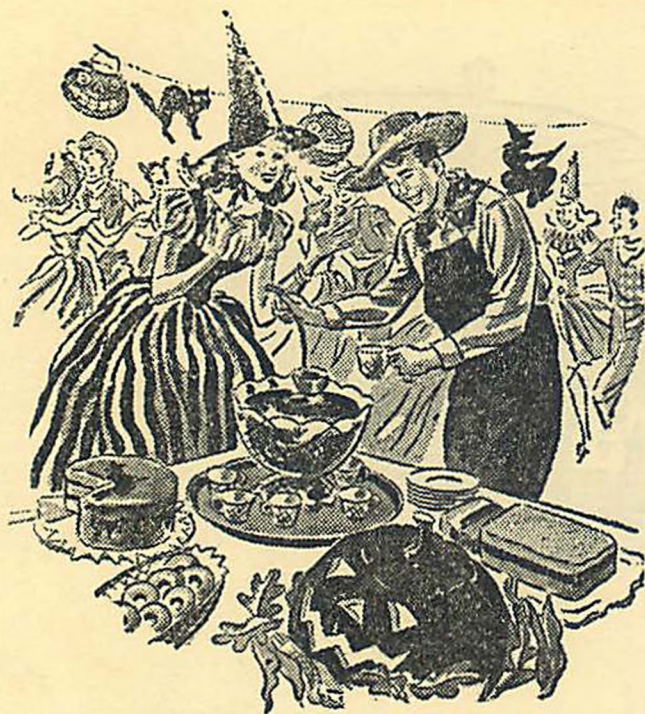


**S**O LONG as Man is essentially a spirit, only temporarily enshrouded in a vehicle of flesh and blood, it should follow logically that all motivations underlying or activating his conduct must be executing spiritual purposes. One man's reactions to another man, we can understand—just as we may comprehend why one man's reactions to a group of other humans is what it is. He re-

**¶** *Why People Are  
Motivated to Indulge  
Periodically in Public  
Revelry Enmasse . .*

ceives stimulus or handicap to his spiritual growth from him or it as the case may be. But what can be said for strange aberrations of clowning or public merriment that seem to





sweep whole communities periodically or seasonably, causing individuals to behave with all decorum cast aside, as for instance when the so-called Carnival Spirit takes possession of a vast segment of adults and they run riot in the most asinine of obsessions and bacchanalian revelries?

A reel of exquisitely colored motion pictures is making the rounds of the nation this spring, showing the great South American city of Rio de Janeiro ablaze with merry making, tens of thousands dancing for seventy-two hours in the public streets in all costumes from monsters and grotesques down to impersonations of Adam and Eve prior to the celebrated apple incident. That such peculiarities of mass behavior are characteristic only of Latin cities or temperaments is refuted by our own American Mardi Gras held annually at New Orleans, . . . although no New Orleans lady appears to have made a business of issuing into the public thoroughfares solely bedecked in beads and a blush.

And as for our northern cities and towns, Carnival Time unerringly brings out the adults as well as the youngsters, and ladies of controversial moral character are not lacking who will display themselves upon the boards of a high platform under smoky gas-jets for a stipend and cause the personality to vibrate in all domestic and foreign parts without a trace of inhibition.

What, to be technical for the moment, does such spectacular frenzy signify in items of Spirit's gains or losses? . . .

**Y**OUR orthodox psychologist would say, of course, that your adult lets down the bars on the decorums of maturity in a purblind gesture to escape the galling responsibilities of adulthood and revert for an evening—or a week—to the diversions of childhood. The thing is a hark-back, he will tell you, to recollections of infancy's irresponsibilities which he yearns to taste again. *But is it?* What sort of explanation is this orthodox explanation? Is it not possible that something deeper may be operating, inasmuch as every neighborhood and township contains hundreds and even thousands of oldsters—whose lives have been no different in the living from those of neighbors—who wouldn't walk across a street to attend a carnival and behold in a pitying contempt the adult who must dress in vermillion silk and affix a turquoise-blue potato to his nose to prance in the thoroughfares and "have a good time".

Take the inquiry to some bearded sage of incredible discarnate years and ask him how he rationalizes pageantry and mummery, and some of the answers he makes may astonish you.

"Men and women in the earth-state," he says, "are in subconscious protest at the literal atomic weight of flesh-and-blood vehicles encumbering their celestialities. What they are doing, in carnival and revelry, is caricaturing their predicaments in organism. Sharp and energetic music may accompany grotesque antics, and brilliant



banners and streamers—not to mention bizarre lighting effects—may incite to debaucheries, as in old Greek or Roman times when Pan was the presiding dignitary of public concupiscence. The spiritual abandonment that seems to be caused after certain octaves of excitement are reached, actually has its genesis in self-commiseration—that is, deep and subtle motives turning otherwise staid and dignified citizens into clowns and mummies. Very much is a phase of Spirituality beneath it.”

**I**NCREDIBLE as the average layman may regard it, this low and elemental animal-plane is not Man's natural habitat. Man is essentially free-spirit, meaning freedom in the fullest sense, no fences circumscribing his comings or goings, no gravities to anchor him to the surface of any planet. Man in his truly “natural” state is a celestial unit of self-aware consciousness who is weightless and omnipresent—in that he can transport his center of self-awareness instantly to any geographical location where duty or caprice may send him. He knows, in other words, no corporeal limitations. But utter lack of corporeal limitation or restraint leaves another part of his soul-spirit underdeveloped. That other part has to suffer this freedom curtailment, to be circumscribed and restricted for a period of thirty to seventy solar years every two hundred to five hundred years for the sake of experiencing discipline, frustration and restraint. Almost, we might put it, its appreciation of unhallowed freedom is enhanced by knowing its opposite.

So Man comes into the so-called mortal coil and uses it for a period as “vehicle”. By occupying and motivating the coil he can locomote after a fashion—rarely in excess of four miles an hour on its so-called “legs” however—manipulate the hand on the end of its arms and thereby wield a tool to get effect on otherwise implacable materials, perceive only through physical senses, and be made captive or pushed,

rebuffed, and manhandled against its will . . . all to the strict edification of the receptive Consciousness inside.

All such handicaps and restraints serve periodically to enhance appreciation of his freedom and ubiquity when such mortal coil is vacated, and Powers of Thought are again supreme for all self-expressions. What he learns from it eventually is equity of conduct, not only toward others but toward his own character.

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**¶** *There are no crown-bearers in heaven  
who were not cross-bearers here below . .*

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To differentiate clearly and cleanly between each of these vehicle occupancies—called “lives” after he enters into them—he even abandons Memory of his true self and celestial condition insofar as details are involved. What proceeds to guide him with specific Memories abandoned are what he terms his Instincts. These really are Emotions from specific memories, or the mass effects of memories carried over as to import. He remembers as a purblind instinct that he is a spiritual creature, with all of Spirit's paucity of restrictions, although in the practical and immediate sense on *this* educational plane he discovers himself encased in an ensemble called an Organism. In this organism, or from its equipments, he obtains all his sensations—coarser and more moribund than he obtains them in his celestial state. He resents this, and yet he doesn't resent it. Resentment comes from the fact that he must enter into and occupy organism periodically for his own discipline and spiritual develop-



ment under frustration, while at the same time he greatly wishes he could maintain his enjoyments of abstract freedom in their scope and facility.

Thus periodically into this purblind recollection of his true self as an emotion, intrudes the impish urge to caricature such vehicular plight, to deride it harmlessly by looking at it in terms of exaggeration and mummery. He paints the countenance of it, he garbs it in weird and fantastic garments and coverings, if he—or particularly she—be possessed of a ribald streak which too often is an overly bitterness manifesting, he or particularly she may try divesting it of conventional coverings to the point of burlesque, immodesty; and indecency . . . thus holding it up to public odium and scorn. Into the highways and the byways the carnival character issues and cavorts and capers in the most ludicrous and indecorous manner. Clutching another mummer, who may indeed be otherwise a total stranger, he or she may indulge in the most bizarre and roguish of cavortings termed dancings.

Such gamboing and even carousing is fundamentally celestial spirit making mock of its necessity for being in flesh, and displaying, even to wanton abandon, its temporary heartbreak that it is being forced to abide in such material imprisonment.

Childhood freedoms have little to do with it—excepting as childhood freedoms may bear similarity to freedoms maintaining on octaves of discarnations.



**P**ROBABLY the truth of such diagnosis is nowhere more pronounced than in the spectacle of all primordial or savage peoples going in for tribal dance indulgences and licentious carousals, wholesale. Spirits that are

coming in the humanized vehicle are on the whole new to such predicaments, and to familiarize themselves with their newly occupied organisms or to display increasing dexterities in them, they revert to Saturnalias and tribal revels. So too, do citizens of political states in aspects of decadence. The orthodox psychologist contends that decadence of a populace such as distinguished Italy in the days of the declining Roman Republic, was based on a social irresponsibility that disdained decorum and respectability for the sheer sake of wantonness as a deportment. But that again is begging the question fundamentally.

Contempt for the proprieties may also arise from an utter disgust or rebellion at an earth condition where the celestial spirit is not acquiring the moral or temperamental profit it expected to receive when it had surrendered or relinquished its natural celestial freedom. In gestures of polite despair—which may be not so polite—the human male reverts to animalism openly and the female to concupiscence.

Actually it is Remonstrance, or acknowledgment of moral futilities, in both instances.

And the Brazilian female, mingling among the tightly-pressed street dancers in a state of mother-nudity merely for the ribaldry of it, is no more contemptuous of her earthly predicament than the buffoon who affixes a blue potato to his nose and dares his fellow harlequin to knock it off.

We are not precisely tolerating this physical predicament *as* a predicament; what we are doing is resenting deficiencies of spiritual morals or standards in ourselves that make this organic ensoulment of moment.

The person who "takes life so seriously" or sedately that he is bored or annoyed by the clamorous buffoon and his utterly senseless antics, may by no means be a prig.

Perchance he is competently adjusted and acquiescent to his organic plight for the sake of the great spiritual increments coming to him from it.

We can leave it at that.



# MIRACLE

By *Winchester MacDowell*



I KNEW a man who rarely worked, the neighbors claimed he dreamed  
and shirked,  
His listlessness a thing profound, work called to find him not  
around;  
His motto always seemed to be, "Can mortal toil important be?"  
And yet he owed no stack of bills, wore honest garb though lacking  
frills

And never seemed to be at outs though people viewed his funds with doubts.  
He was a large man, six feet three, his stature was a thing to see,  
But when one's sight on him did rest, all other men seemed second best.

His gentle, loving, friendly smile held naught of rancor nor of guile,  
It drew your friendship out to him, this big-boned, listless, quiet Jim.  
One day I met him on the street; he bore a child with damaged feet;  
A reckless driver, hit-and-run, had wrecked a life but scarce begun.  
The bones were shattered, X-ray told, one foot must mend in plaster mold,  
The scientific doctor-men said Sally could not romp again.  
Then more days passed and I met Jim, the injured baby still with him.  
But Sally talked and romped unhurt. The cast was gone, her eyes alert!

I cried, "How could such wonder be—recovery from her tragedy?  
This girl whose hand is tight in yours refutes the rules of doctors' lores!  
Her foot was crushed beyond a doubt, and yet I see she romps about;  
I cannot understand such cure, if what I see is real and sure!"  
Then gentle, listless, quiet Jim picked up the girl who smiled at him,  
'Twas she exclaimed in fond address, "But can't you see, or can't you guess  
How Big Jim cured me by his touch, instead of making me a crutch?  
He said God's cure could flow through him and make me whole in heart and limb!"

"For God *does* that when we believe that we such healings can receive,  
God fixed my foot in just an hour by sending Jim the force and power,  
I walked again by end of day and so we threw that cast away."  
They moved along and left me there, to cogitate on Trust and Prayer,  
And smiling, happy, listless Jim, a wondrous lesson taught through him:  
Are not some labors crass below, *when we accept God's powers so?*



# IS Oriental Placidity a Sign of Spirit Progress or Decadence?

¶ *What Cosmic Secrets  
We Can Learn from  
the Behavior of Other  
Religionists - .*



IT IS a seemingly strange spiritual situation which the tourist from the western world encounters in the East. Religious philosophies seem exactly contraposed. The westerner maintains that in a temperamental resignation to "the Will of Allah," the Oriental has fallen into deca-



dence of spirit. It matters not whether the westerner encounters this resignation in the Buddhistic calm of the Chinese, the nonresistance of the Hindu, or the fatalism of the Mohammedan. He indignantly spurns the notion that human beings are not masters of their own destinies, or that whatever happens in earthly affairs has been slated to happen from the beginning of time.

The westerner is bombastic, imperious, masculine. The easterner is docile, acquiescent, effeminate.

The westerner belabors his chest like an unschooled gorilla and roars: "Circumstance? I am Circumstance!" The easterner smiles tolerantly, with tranquillity of Ageless Wisdom glowing from his eyes, and bows his head meekly to the juggernaut of cataclysm. "Some-



day you will be older and wiser," he implies by his quiet.

"Rot!" snaps the westerner. "You are like a senile man sitting in the sun. Your soul has gone to seed."

The westerner comes back from the East with hauteur in his eyes and contempt in his heart for what he pleases to term the Philosophy of Resignation. "It means retrogression, static," he reports to his neighbors. "Saying everything is the 'Will of God' and making no move to better one's condition, is spiritual degeneration. Thank God our culture teaches us to squirm, sprawl, exert, build! We are disciples of positivism and thereby we rule on this earth."

And proceeding on this hypothesis, the westerner invents a new gadget to turn a hundred men jobless on the streets, proposes an economic alteration that shoves a continent into bankruptcy, or evolves a better gas to murder women and children in their beds.

"SOMETHING is wrong with our religion!" wails the Don Quixote of theology, dressed like a major-domo in his gold-embossed pulpit. "Unless people turn back to God, our civilization faces ruin!"

The easterner continues to sit in the sun. He has no linotype, no NATO, no hydrogen bomb to toss from the side of his military airplane and annihilate a city by spontaneous combustion. But he does have the calm light of mystical understanding in his glance.

And he seems waiting for something. What does he wait for?

It is bromidic to say that the Occidental is bombastic with conceits of youth, that the Oriental has lived all the cultures and civilizations that have ever been and come into a knowledge of worldly futilities.

The Occidental is not necessarily youthful, seeing that there are quite as many "old souls" incarnated at any given period in the West as in the East. Neither is the Oriental universally mature, for we know that has not lived all

the cultures or civilizations that have exhibited on earth. Given sufficient provocation to arouse his fanaticism, we know that he will slay with demoniacal fury. No westerner has ever evolved the diabolical bodily torturings that the easterner practices if his fiats be outraged.

Furthermore, we suspect that more "young souls" incarnate in the eastern races than in the western, because it seems to be ever in lands of overcrowded populations that evolving spirit enjoys swiftest unfoldment.

No, something far profounder than exhibits of Youth or Years—cosmically considered—must be the demonstration in the West and the East.

The westerner remarks, for instance, that India, the Mother of Religions, is a land of no religion. The easterner thinks that he discerns in the Christianity of the West merely a paganism that Progress has sublimated.

We face two vast evaluations of philosophies, and, devoid of such inherited inhibitions as we can manage, we strive to penetrate to the nature of their increments.

What is it that the East is attempting to tell the West?

What is it that prompts the West to consider the East degenerate?

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**¶ DOCTRINE is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed . .**

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IS IT not a fairly accurate analysis to suggest, that the life-hypothesis of the westerner is: Creation is phenomena which I should regard as external to myself. I know and express



myself in that I perceive that the universe is about me.

The life-hypothesis of the easterner is: I perceive in Creation something that includes myself. I am gradually the absorbent of all that is. I do not make my worldly bed and lie in it. I, in my spirit, come to constitute all beds, and whether my repose be restful in that which I am, depends solely on my concept of weariness, proposing beds as antidote.

"In other words, behold, I do not fight the universe. I see neither profit nor sense in quarreling with that which enlarges.

"You in the West are forever fuming to demonstrate your own completeness. To stage this demonstration, you manipulate Things. We of the East see no wisdom in carrying on an argument with a butte of granite rock, or in bashing our skulls against it to prove that each exists.

"You call this Resignation. We call it a Recognition of the Integrity of Self.

"You crack two stones together—and mayhap bruise your fingers—crying: 'In that I can do it, I prove that I live.' We say: 'Let Nature crack the stones and save injury to our fingers, but by observing the impact we *know* that we live'."



**D**ECADENCE? That presupposes the perfect norm, from which there has been departure, or descent. And what is this ideality, this perfection, this Ultimate, from which

there has been regression? In the case of the westerner, can he say that he has gained to it? If so, then why waste time and cosmic energy in continuing incarnations?

Rather, has the westerner not made a god of Motion and come to deride those who prefer to behold it instead of studying it as participant in its phenomena? And wherein is his gain?

Is it not a fact that motion, in whatever phase one views it, is but an illusion of location? A rock is heaved in air. The spectator says the rock is in motion, in that he is stationary in relation to its change. Were he sitting upon the rock he would swear the landscape was doing the moving, and who can say he would not be right?

Has the person riding on the rock the license to point the finger of derision at the person beholding the extent of its arc from terra firma, and cry: "In that you are not riding with me, you are thereby decadent"?

Is it not Observation itself that counts in the spiritual analysis?—the reception of the intelligence that bodies of substance may change location in respect to other bodies of substance, and that an object in motion continues in a straight line forever, unless met by opposing force?

Have not East and West a quarrel as senseless as that of two ants, declaiming each to the other that only by his particular spoke can he crawl to the hub of the wheel?

**A**ND yet, in the great crises of mundanity, the Oriental has something of stamina and endurance which the Occidental lacks.

War, pestilence, famine, stalk across the West and he who so vain-gloriously cried yesterday: "Behold, I am Circumstance!" wails in childish terror that his God has deserted him. He has ceased to be Circumstance with the first bugle call, the first corpse, the first meal that is lacking when every barn is emptied. He cannot pen an editorial that he may fry in a



pan. He can connive no machine that gives his wasted limbs new blood.

But war, pestilence, famine, stalk across the East and he who murmured yesterday, "All is the will of Allah!" watches with interest as his physical bag of water dries to a husk and presently blows away. Behold, it is not himself. All in all, it had been a cumbersome distraction.

The westerner depends upon the water-bag to give substance to his philosophy. The easterner views the water-bag as one more transient expedient for proving that bodies are but items of cosmic caprice, that they have their times and their uses, but that Spirit which made one with them discerns when they are valueless.

Viewed from the worldly standpoint, the easterner has the doughtier spiritual security.

"BUT where in all this," demands the theological egocentric, "does Christianity come in? I have been informed by supposedly reliable elders that four thousand years ago a feminine nudist ate a forbidden apple, generously offering the core to her husband. Because of such pilfering from the Edenic orchard, did I 'sin in Adam.' To balance the cosmic score, some two thousand years later a Sinless Man allowed himself to be tortured for an afternoon by being nailed physically upon timbers of wood. By this forfeit of His life am I to live eternally, and be forgiven the transgressions of the nudist pair and danger from hell-fire. What have resignation and water-bags to do with the Trinity?"

The question remains as unanswerable as "How much are a whole lot of nines?" or "How big is a pane of glass?"

We have no known record of Christ's ever having said anything about the efficacy of the Trinity.

Adam created four thousand years ago presents a sorry figure as against authentic Vedas ten thousand years old, or inscriptions on Sumerian ruins listing dynasties back over 435,000 years.

The religious world dwells upon the Temptation by the Devil but regards the Transfiguration as nonunderstandable.

What, forsooth, had Christ to do with Christianity?

Jesus taught a pure law: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you!"

"The 'ell it is!" says the modern Christian. "Nothing's inside of me but my viscera and lumbago. Heaven's a place that I shall journey to, when I die, and whoever tells me otherwise needn't try to hunt me up."

All modern Christians know much more than Christ!

The easterner accepts what Christ taught because he has taken the time to sit quietly and absorb it. Still, he is a pagan because he hasn't been baptized with water over which incantations have been said, or come to acknowledge that Israelites would have divine license from the Almighty to despoil all Egyptians. Likewise he is decadent. Westerners are sure of it!

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¶ *LIFE is endurance.*

*He who endureth unto  
the end shall be saved*

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TRANQUILLITY, however, is not a matter of clamping handcuffs on the emotions or concurring in the error that five and three make ten. The only tranquillity is the sense of mastery over hurt, that comes from one hundred percent control of the factors of the situation in which one is participant when tranquillity is invited.

Applied in the larger world-sense, mastery over all situations is spiritual superiority to all factors composing Life. And the first step in attaining to such superiority is emancipation



from the serfdom of Things—certainly from the vassal-philosophy that without Things to manipulate there can be no self-expression.

Here is the law: Things are rendered available, that Spirit may come to recognize that they are utterly dispensable!

Only the man who can sit naked in darkness for a year of solitary confinement, without becoming a screaming maniac, is fit to enter Heaven! And by that time he will not be concerned with "entering" it, because the proposition will be reversed; heaven will be his own inner regions.

Ninety-nine percent of the human race cannot live with its own mind in a companionless house from half-past one to six o'clock of a rainy afternoon.

The naked spirit, suspended equidistant from Sirius and Betelgeuse, knowing that of itself it can never make another physical motion throughout eternity, will still get expression by turning the eye of Intellect inward on itself.

This is primary illustration of true Subjective Development.

Does anyone dare say that in such situation, thus functioning, it would—by the remotest chance—be considered decadent, degenerate, effeminate?

Let us the more reasonably conceive of the matter that the eastern philosopher does that

already—to the spiritual degree, at least, which physical life permits.

Going somewhere, manipulating gadgets, getting expression by caterwaul-noises issued from the larynx, is not the mark of immaturity so much as exposition of Objective Assertion.

As between Subjective and Objective function there is only this difference; that the first has arrived at a status of independent self-sufficiency, whereas the second is a cipher, if so be it the earthhouse is suddenly unfurnished, or the journey of life toss it dispassionately on twenty feet of ocean rock.

Gradually it will come to Man as a matter of evolution, that he has been twenty million years upon this earth and never in all that time "gone anywhere" but around the endless track of a circle. He is in the exact spot in Cosmos that he was when his world was a greenhouse.

Is he any less spiritual for that?

The eternal urge to move, which obsesses the westerner, is merely the urge to express himself by acknowledging Things. He acknowledges them every time he passes one of them, be it hydrant or Mount Rainier.

The easterner sits and observes, for he is in closer touch with the Eternal. He knows that the Universe is a conjoining of two circles.

He is no more decadent than the westerner is "advanced."



*SORROWS may be like thunderclouds; seen at a distance they are terrifyingly black, when they get overhead they are sympathetic grey, and how refreshing is the moisture they let down . .*





# Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

## *“Transgress Not Against the Doctrine of Decisions”*



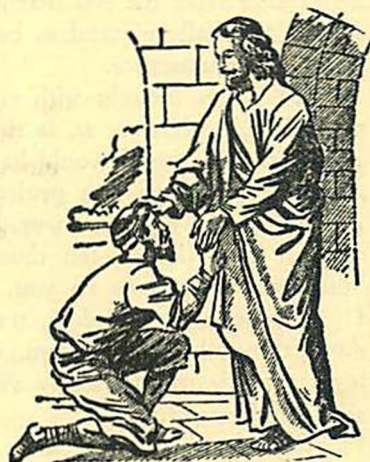
**D**EARLY Beloved: Turning resolutely from every terror, keeping an onward march despite legions confronting you, proclaimeth the divinity that is ever your essence.

2 Error marcheth not in a line that is straight; it goeth ever crookedly, it twisteth and it turneth, it maketh a grievous

blundering at beguiling a soul to the paths of confusion and bearing him backward.

3 When such occurreth, ever is he prone to thing of himself as a faucet of expressed desire that giveth a gushing when no gushing cometh. Verily is he empty of that which is noble.

4 Even so, beloved, keep ye the promise made between us in beauty: verily we recognize that history hath none greater than those who say, We go forward in that we *face* forward; we open doors in that they *are* doors, and we find them confronting us.



5 Open ye doors of understanding that others may enter and behold doors are opened unto you in that ye have done it.

6 Consider your colleagues as vassals to a lord who sayeth to his master, I would serve thee wherever thou goest, yet have they humor for roundabout ways of a preference that is personal. True indeed is it that ways do exist whereby goals are achieved yet are thoughts but material making for achievement? Can the material be the structure finished in perfection? After all hath been said, do ye not concern yourselves with *Truth*? Ways will open unto you. Verily I open them. But ye do build the building. That is your errand.



7 Be ye of goodly countenance and long suffering. Suffering is valorous. Prepare for it in strength, having no work on pleasant byways but always amid brambles of paths that test your biceps.

8 Transgress not against the Doctrine of Decisions; make them and take action. Thus shall ye have faith that what is spoken unto you encompasseth your destiny as almoners of the nations, not desiring servitude but promptness in performance.

9 Augury hath said it, prophecy hath sung it, light hath made it manifest, harps made it music: Teach not my people whoredoms but deliverance from the evil that is fright at transitions. So shall ye stand as being victors over death in circumstance.

10 Take this thought with you into slumber, my beloved: whatever *is*, is righteous in some aspect, else the world would have its offices for naught. Pursue ye that project which calleth you till its end be fulfillment, having no mind to turn back though ten thousand suns may beat their noon heats on you.

11 Transcribe my wisdom, transcribe my wisdom, transcribe my wisdom, and learn, and learn, and learn. Presently ye shall see that all is understanding.

12 Consider the ways of those who have made excellent progress up the worlds. Have they let circumstance deflect them? Have they not bought themselves goodly stations with the burdens of their birthrights?

13 Perfection cometh unto him who sayeth, I am not of those who need instruction hourly; I go my way and plow my furrow, trusting that my God hath placed my footsteps in it though I know it not nor estimate the harvest. Presently do they see that God indeed hath sent them and the harvest is so great that their barns cannot hold it.

14 Cast down your burdens of inconsequence, I tell you. Raise mighty shoulders to the wheel of vitalities. Heave mightily, seek patiently, love endlessly. These three are Truth displayed in all performings.

15 Seek not waywardness, seek not penury, seek not that circumstance where those cry out bitterly, *Lo, I am forsaken*, for upon that path-traveleth they who are foolish in their imageries. Take heart, take hope, take patience, take love. Mix these in joy and drink the libations of your birthrights.

16 Master those in the toils of error, conquer those in the traps of falsehoods. Behold I come unto you in silence. I give you acumen to stay the vainglorious. Thus shall it be well with those who have said, We suffer not the evil days, being the master of those days, not slaves in a pit harassed by life's penuries.

17 The love of fifty righteous men may go with you. If sobeit ye think them not righteous, cast them not out but await their ministrations in such ways as you find it; behold they shall give it.

18 Have I not heard those who have cried to me in turn, Tell us our missions, Lord, that we may serve them nobly. Have I too not seen them hunger after little fruits and let vast harvests waste within the fields?

19 The noble soul and the strong soul looketh unto himself for that which reapeth every harvest when the seasons have come and the fields are ripe with increase.

20 Thus dare to be strong, my dearly beloved; dare to be impertinent if it advanceth your purpose. But continue in the grace of that which pursueth the one end in beauty. *Only Character counteth when all harvests are in, and laborers have sought their cots for the night . .*

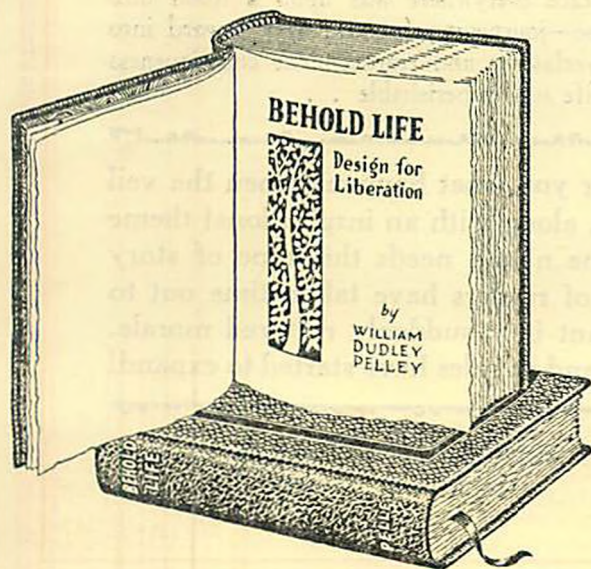
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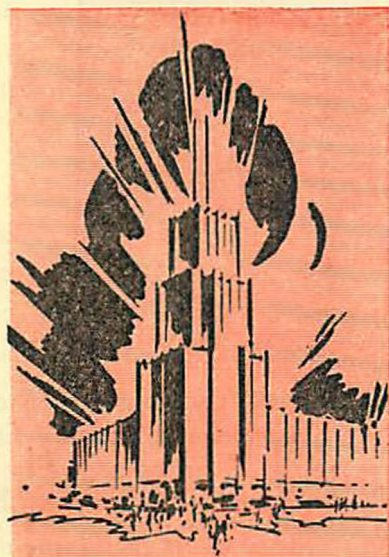
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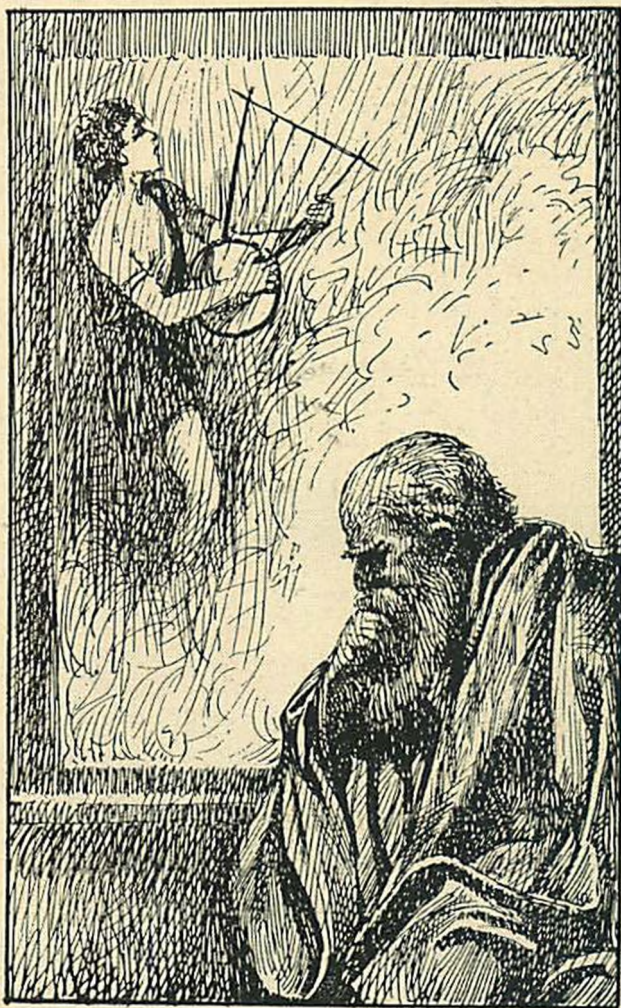
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