

Bright
HORIZONS

Pets-Heaven

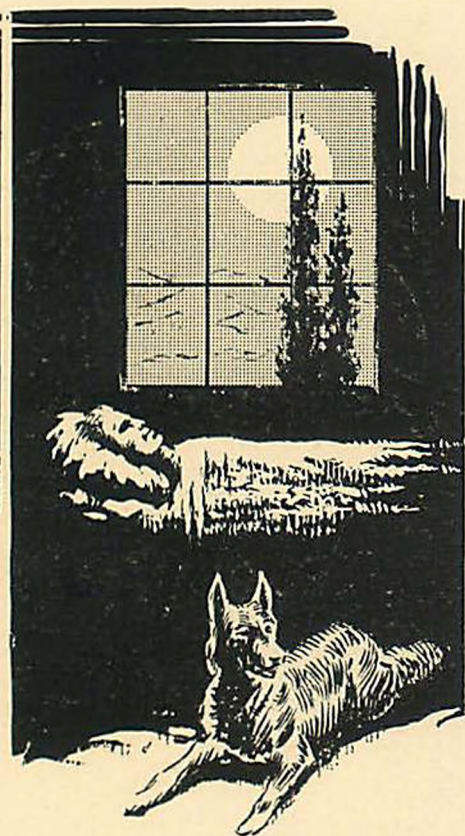
for *NOVEMBER, 1954*



*Nothing
but
Soulcraft*

What All Grown-Ups Don't Know:

*People Don't Necessarily Die When
Their Souls Go Out of Their Bodies*



OUT in a quaint little house on a California mountaintop, back in 1929, a man thought he'd died when he went out of his body for about four hours. But he didn't die. He came back into his body remembering what life was like in the condition that people reach when they've left their physical selves in what the world calls Death. He lived to write up the experience for *The American Magazine*—

Seven Minutes in Eternity

Out of that one night's experience the man wrote something like 20 books on what happens to us when we die, that people are now reading all over the world. The contents of those books are now called—

SOULCRAFT

Ask your father or mother to send \$1 to this same man's publishing house and read the book that comes back, telling all about it. You'll never be afraid of getting killed when you know the truth of what happens to you when you die . . .

The Story of a Night in a Lonely Bungalow With a Police Dog

It is making religious history throughout the world, that experience. Because it was followed by others. If you wish your whole spiritual philosophy made over, with facts about the After-life that you can sink your teeth in, send \$1 to the address below for a copy of this book of 78 pages, bound in Burgun ly leatherette covers—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

What Children Should Know About Soulcraft . . .

SOULCRAFT is a rational combination of Education and Religion, keyed to the scientific age in which we live. It utilizes all the latest methods and discoveries of Psychological Research and Extra-Sensory Perception to prove up such religious fundamentals as can stand examination. It asks you to believe nothing which cannot be **proved** . . yet it goes one step farther and affects to do such proving!



There Is Really No Such Thing As Death Of Soul

You have come into earth-life afresh to fulfill a given role which you selected for yourself because it held spiritual values which you needed to perfect your character. When you've met all the people you are supposed to meet, and played out your life-dramas with them, you will leave your body to be buried in a grave and slip up into a higher degree of consciousness. It is a process that has been going on for countless generations but religious fanatics have gotten its significances all crossed up. Soulcraft, relying on scientific research, would uncross them.

This Magazine Presents Fundamental Facts About It

You don't need to be frightened of anything in this life of mortality or any form of consciousness to follow it. Just go ahead and live it, decently and helpfully to those about you. But know the factors that are operating behind it. Remember that people are only frightened by the things of which they are ignorant. You are never scared by whatever you fully understand. Soulcraft as a study offers you a complete knowledge of all the happenings and processes of life, so that you actually become wiser than your elders as you get it.

*The younger you start being a Soulcrafters,
the earlier your wisdom!*

“You Can Read just One Book and Become an Educated Person”



[IT IS a round-cornered limp-covered book containing only 292 pages. It is bound in maroon leatherette and will fit in your pocket. But when you have digested what those 292 pages have to impart to you, you know the background of Physics, Astronomy, Biology, Anthropology, Ethics, and something of modern Psychical Research. The great Cosmic Background of Life becomes clear to you, in ordinary conversational terms that you can easily understand and remember. You realize, when you reach the final page, why mortal existence holds the mysteries it apparently does, only they are not mysteries any longer.

“BEHOLD LIFE!”

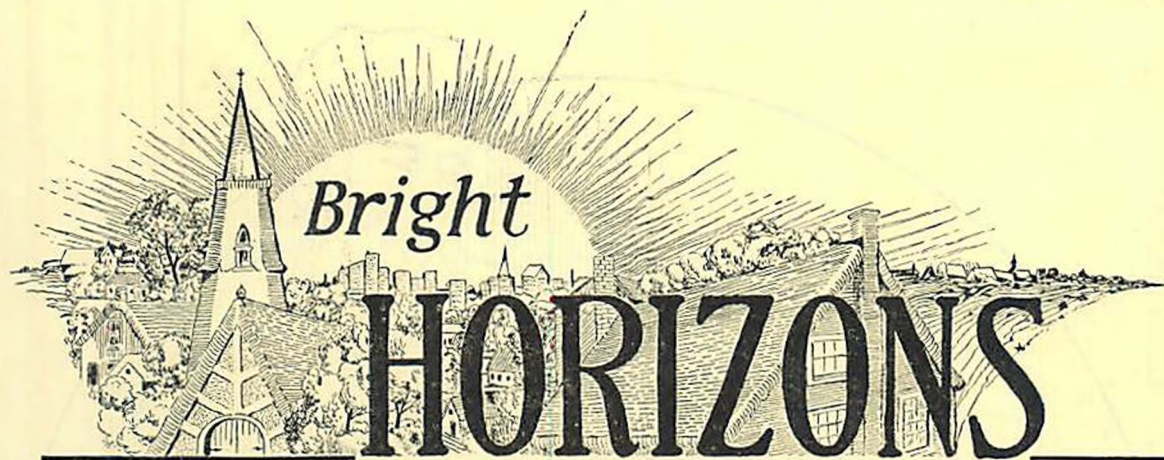
gives you a complete picture of why and how the universe is organized as it is. It was written as a great background volume for the many Soulcraft books that have followed, each taking up some special department of wisdom from BEHOLD LIFE and elaborating upon it. Especially is Religion expounded in the later chapters of this book, so that you KNOW why you have ample cause for believing in a Divine Creator . . .

**A College Education Costs You \$2,000 or More
You Can Buy BEHOLD LIFE for \$4 the Copy**

While “Behold Life” is not for minor children, it can be readily understood by all ‘teen-agers. Especially does it explain the enigma of today’s worldly races of men, whether you find them in the Arctic or Africa. It is literally a College Education foreshortened, to acquaint you with all the basic facts behind organic existence as all races confront it . . . Send \$4 to—



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : : : Noblesville, Indiana



VOLUME THREE

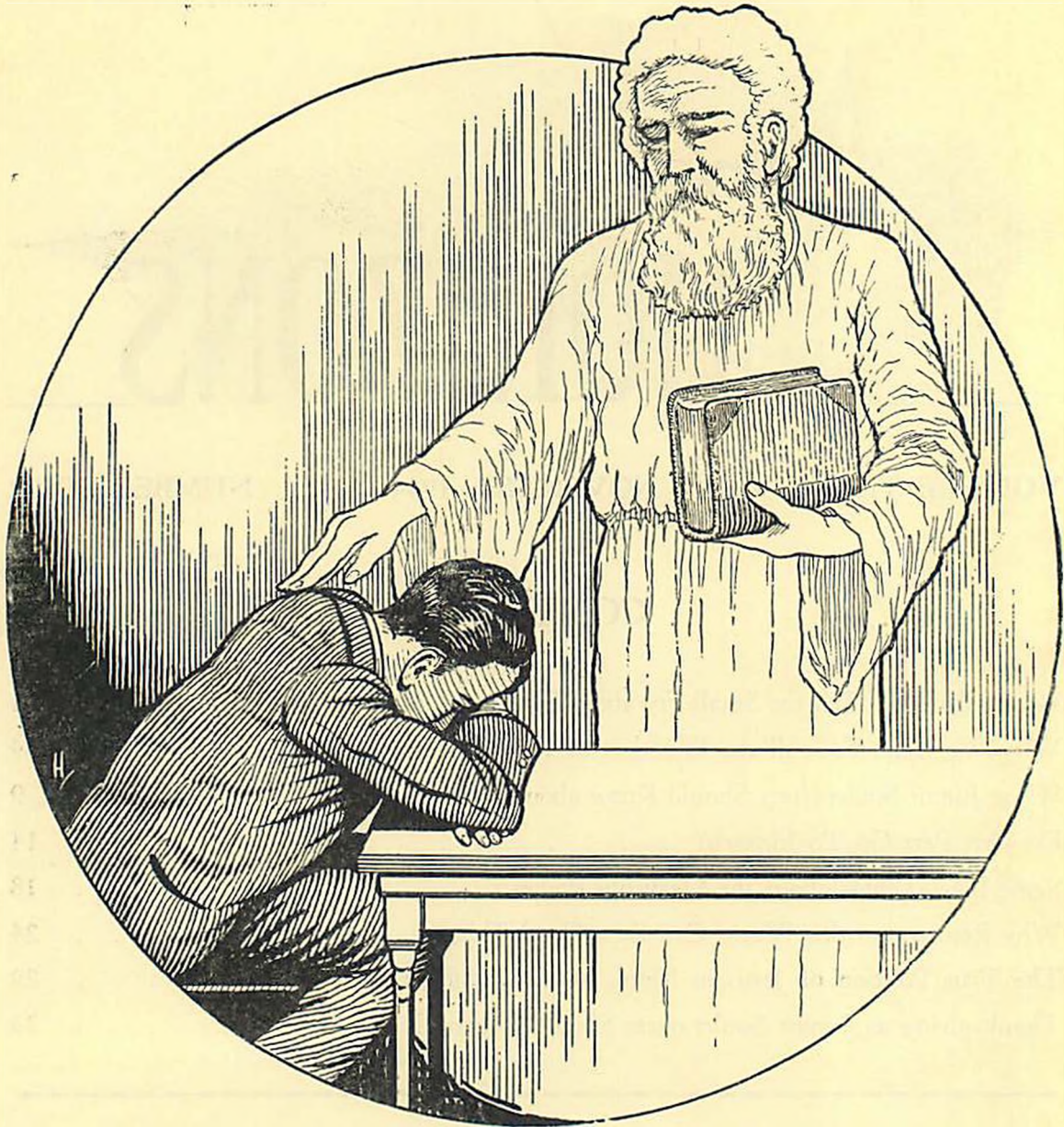
NOVEMBER, 1954

NUMBER FOUR

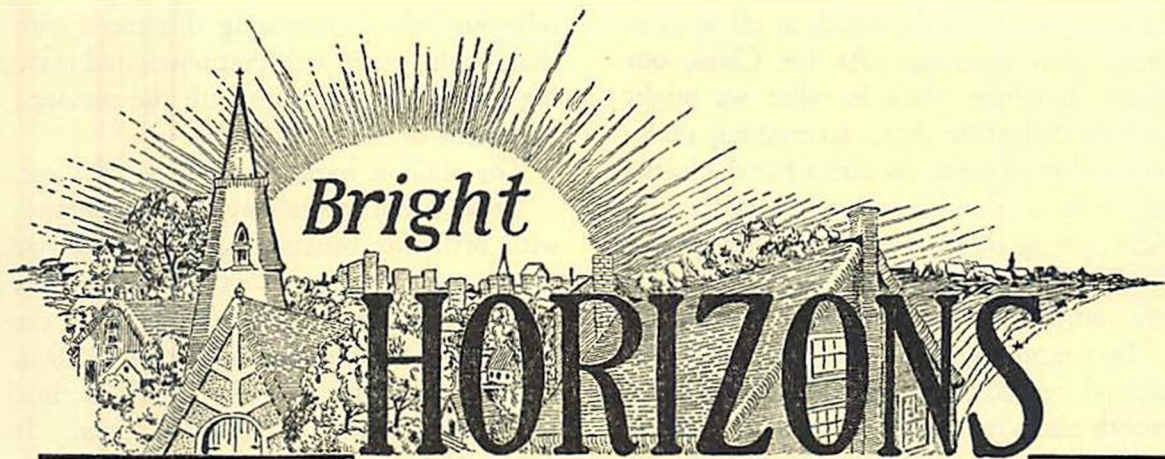
CONTENTS

What Shall We Tell the Small Fry about Soulcraft?	Page 1
Why We Can't See All the Wonders of the Universe	4
What Junior Soulcrafters Should Know about Spiritualism	9
Do Our Pets Go To Heaven?	14
Some New Things about the Heavenly Bodies	18
Why Return into this World Can Be a Good Thing	24
The True Position of Jesus in Man's Worldly Affairs	29
Thanksgiving as Junior Soulcrafters Should Regard It	33

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.



*NO NEED to be discouraged;
there is a wonderful and
profound Wisdom offered
us by Invisible Sages . .*



VOLUME THREE

NOVEMBER, 1954

NUMBER FOUR

WHAT Shall We Tell the Small Fry about Soulcraft? . . .



FOR TEN years Soulcraft Headquarters has been in receipt of a constantly recurrent parental letter—of which the following is typical—

“My husband and I follow the development of the Great Soulcraft Doctrine with the closest and most enthusiastic interest. However, we are parents of four children, the youngest eight,

the oldest seventeen. Frequently we find ourselves at a loss as to how to expound Soulcraft to them so they begin to grasp its stupendous fundamentals. Why is there such a dearth of literature, among all your publishings, addressed directly to childhood and youth? You’d be surprised, the questions that even our eight-year-old son puts to us, over something he’s read in VALOR or one of your many textbooks. His father and I are confounded at times, that

he has spelled out the words at all so as to grasp their meaning. As for Clara, our eldest daughter, she's in what we might call the Scientific Age. Everything philosophical must stack up with what she learns in her high school laboratory. Please consider putting out something that the Junior Soulcrafters can understand, and we oldsters enjoy no less because it's simplified."

In acknowledgment of the above expressed need, BRIGHT HORIZONS this month alters its format somewhat. Besides having been too expensive a publication to create, it has not been without its senior readers who have criticized the length and profundity of its articles, which some have suggested belong in textbooks more than a periodical.

So Soulcraft will experiment a bit and try to produce a monthly with more audience appeal . . .



FATHERS and mothers, inquiring about methods for extending the Soulcraft revelations and researches down to the small fry, should recall that the child has little to "unlearn" . . .

Nine-tenths of the elderly people who find solutions to their philosophic quandaries in The Enlightenment are only subconsciously aware of the long background of bias they have been building up as to

religious belief, comparing this creed with that, or this tenet with that tenet, and making their discriminations with the seasoned judgment of maturity.

The child is harassed by none of these.

True, it can scarcely avoid acquaintance with orthodox instruction in the popular manner as it encounters religious references in school, on the stage or screen, or in the press. But the fine points of dogma mean nothing to it because the child is more physically dramatic than intellectual. It has no historical background—that it consciously recalls—whereas Religion to the oldster is mainly history and naught else.

There is but one elemental that interests the child-mind—

What happens?

THE WISE parent will lay this broad foundation-bastion for the whole Soulcraft Enlightenment in the child's mind—

- (1) What the Universe *really* is;
- (2) What the real nature of God is;
- (3) What the individual soul is, and what it is called to experience so that it ultimately becomes as wise as God;
- (4) Where the personality and function of The Christ fits into the whole of it.

These four Degrees of Understanding encompass all Cosmos—if the truth could be known.

The normal child doesn't exist that isn't ready and eager to hear all about the marvels of the Universe, from Buck Rogers to the latest newspaper accounts of the atom bomb or space ships.

When God is brought into the ensemble as the progenitor of it all, and the mighty Master-Mind that holds the stars to their

courses, the child meets God as divine prestidigitator instead of spleenish police-court judge always hoping for wrongdoing on the part of the young that He may joyously inflict chastisement.

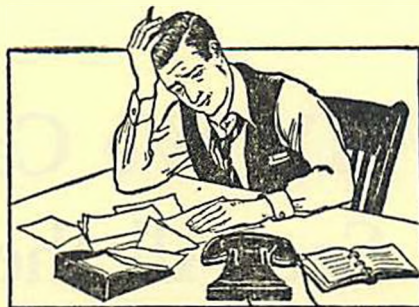
With the cosmic geography laid, it is but a step to introduce the human consciousness into it as a privileged Traveler through the mighty museum of it, yet with an ennobling purpose of its own to serve, of which the current ensoulment is the instant's phase.

There need be little intellect advanced in any of it.

It's all a presentation of *What Happens?*

NO CHILD is prejudiced on being introduced to the fact of reensoulment. It has no background of bitternesses, either to erase or rationalize.

Ask a wholesome-minded child of today how it would like to slip back five hundred years and live for six weeks in the atmosphere of the Crusades, and it gets the point at once. Or slip back two thousand years and live for three months in the age of the Roman Caesars. Or slip back five thousand years and play among the stones where the Great Pyramid is building. Tell the child that it probably has actually lived such sequences—only they have been entire lifetimes back in history—and it will accept Repeat Existence without a question. Only now it is going ahead into *new* ages of chivalry, into *new* amphitheatre performances, into the building of still *mightier* pyramids—in other words, living *forward*—and an ideology is established into which



every fact of cosmic experience may be fitted like mosaic.

The solemn part about it is, you're presenting the child-mind to Truth, not allegorical desire-wish fulfillment.

It will probably inquire, of course, why—if it is Truth—nothing is said about it in school, or church, or over the radio or television. That's exactly the opportunity to begin explaining the differences in human intellects, based on reincarnational experiencings, and how men, forgetting their past ordeals in life because they always manage to put out of mind those things which are unpleasant, subscribe to a pretty nursery tale about Adam, the first man, sinning by eating purloined fruit from a divine appletree, and all his descendents being punished in consequence.

The child's inherent sense of equity will repudiate all of it subconsciously—as it is right and proper that it should.

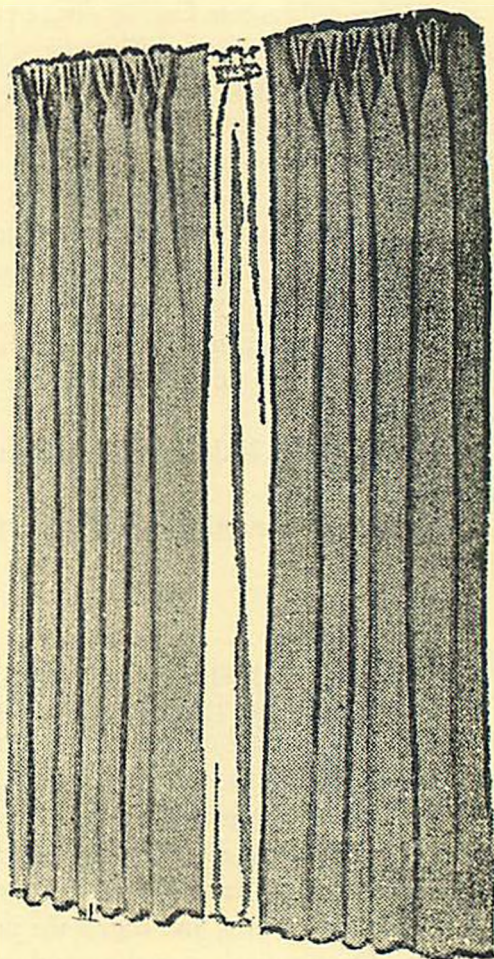
Keep to the fact of *What Happens?*

FUTURE issues of BRIGHT HORIZONS will expound, article by article, the whole fascinating tale of the *true* agenda of occurrences that have brought man to his current status of "beliefs"—by dramatizing their antitheses.

WHY We Can't See All the Wonders of the Universe

¶ *A Partial Explanation Why Our Beloved Dead Become Invisible to Us . .*

IT SEEMS to be generally agreed, among people who don't know any better, that whatever you can't see with your eyes has no reality of existence. In other words, if you can see it, it's real; if you can't see it, it's nothing to be concerned about. The facts of the matter are, that some of the most powerful effects in human life are worked by influences that are totally invisible to us. Can you see air? We're all pretty much agreed that if the air suddenly ceased to exist, everybody would die. Can you see electricity? Yet it may become apparent enough to you if you're so careless as to grasp a live electric wire.



Air and electricity, however, are only two elements in a great list of realities that can be as dangerous to us as a moving train or automobile, yet our eyes don't warn us about them. This big word Metaphysics—m-e-t-a-p-h-y-s-i-c-s—is a term we commonly apply to describe these. The word Physics covers the nature and behavior of solid materials. Put the term "Meta" before it and you get Metaphysics. "Meta" is what we call a "suffix" or letters

that "go before" the main meaning of a word. It means "beyond" or "above" in the original Greek from which the terms are borrowed for use in our language. Metaphysics therefore means "above or beyond physics"—the behaviors of Matter or Materials that can't be seen, touched, heard, or smelled.

The puzzling fact is, that there are dozens and scores of behaviors and performings of Matter or Materials that we lack the senses to grasp. So we say that our physical senses have "limitations" because there's a point beyond which it's possible for them to serve us. When we run into such mysteries in Nature, we have to understand them as we can by observing what they *do* in action.

To go back to the subject of our eyes and eyesight . . .

WE have to conform our thinking to the fact that light itself is only light because we have eyes to see what it shows us. If we didn't have eyes, made as they are to receive light and have it "illuminate" the objects in the natural world about us, we shouldn't know those objects existed until we bumped into them, with dangerous possibilities to the rest of our physical selves.

Actually, it's the performance of *our physical eyes* that makes light the illuminating thing it is. It's one of the greatest mysteries in Nature and yet so common that few people give a thought to it the clock around. All of us have heard about blind people. Remember they're only blind because the equipment of their eyesight has gone out of kilter, to be able to perceive

¶ *CORTES on his lonely peak in Darien was a pigmy discoverer beside a child eating his first spoonful of ice-cream . . .*

the effects of light on materials and transfer such effects intelligently to their brains.

What actually happens in eyesight is a rate of vibration of ether coming from the sun or from an electric bulb, hitting the materials of a given object and then rebounding—or diffusing as we call it—in a fashion to the retina of our physical eyes. The retina and optical nerves pick up the vibration then and convey it in the form of those objects to our eyes. Immediately we argue stoutly that a thing *exists*. It really exists because it has this property of reflecting light or passing it along in the pattern of various shapes and sizes to our optical nerves.

Now the standard of measurement of such vibrations of ether is the "wave" . . . a light-wave is spoken of as being of a given length as it searches and reflects and rebounds about the many material objects and patterns in the worldly universe, thus informing us that all such objects and patterns have reality. But here is an odd feature about the whole of it—

¶ *EVERYONE in the world is Christ and all are crucified sooner or later . .*

Our ordinary eyesight is adjusted to handle waves of a known common length. The minute you introduce a light-wave beyond a certain common measurement, our normal eyesight can't "handle" it, as we put it. It simply doesn't register on our optical nerves and minds. The light-wave may be just as real as that which illuminates and seems to make real to us the commonest objects about the world, but it's gone beyond the abilities of our physical eyes to handle. So we deny its existence by saying that it has become "invisible" . .

It's a known scientific fact that if the ordinary human eye could handle light-waves just one ten-thousandth of an inch longer than it commonly does, tens of thousands of things would suddenly have the effect of becoming real to us that now are invisible. By the same token and process, dozen of materials we now see commonly would suddenly whip into the invisible and we should deny their existence.

It's a very silly conclusion to draw that just because we don't see a thing it doesn't have any existence. Still, people have been doing it from time immemorable, not un-

derstanding the science of optical wavelengths.

It doesn't seem to make sense when the scientists tell us for one thing that if the light-waves which the ordinary eye can handle were increased by one ten-thousandth of an inch apiece, we wouldn't be able to see anything made of hard rubber. Automobile tires for instance. Or the combs we use to part our hair in the mornings, making us fit for appearing at school. We should see motorcars rolling down our public streets eight inches off the pavement, all four wheels, because the hard rubber tires would change into the invisible for us and we might wonder what kept the motorcars up. Or we would appear to be standing before a mirror, making passes over our heads of hair with our invisible combs and our hair would mysteriously whisk into orderly place like a magician's act on a stage. Others might marvel what on earth was causing our hair to behave so. All because the hard rubber itself had altered into the invisible insofar as ordinary eyesight was concerned.

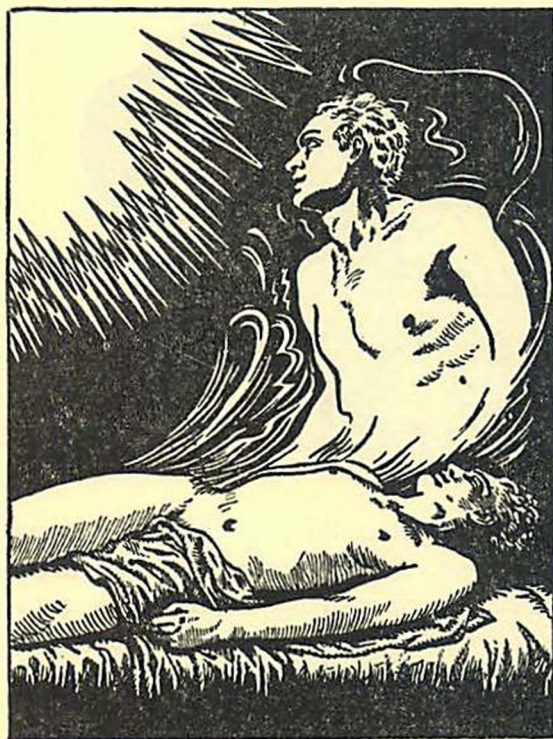
Hard rubber is only one of many materials, by the way, that would suddenly whip into the invisible state if the common eyesight of men and women, boys and girls, expanded to take in light-waves of slightly longer pattern . .

THese facts being scientifically true, perhaps you begin to understand what can happen to nothing less than the human soul itself when a person crossing a street is struck by a motorcar and hurt so severely that presently he "dies" . . It isn't his conscious self that dies, it's merely the

outer envelop of his material body. His soul, almost the duplicate of his bodily self, lets go his body—meaning fullest control of his body from the inside—and comes out of it, bringing out his mind with it. But this soul, *conscious* we describe it, needs light-waves just a trifle longer than ordinary light-waves to make itself seen. Furthermore, the materials composing this soul-body that quits the physical body on ordinary death, are literally as “light as air” itself. They can be walked through without the sense of touch registering on the physical equipment of those still living in their bodies who have not been fatally struck by motorcars. So, just as was the case with hard rubber automobile tires or morning combs for the hair, such people in their new soul-state henceforth exist in the invisible.

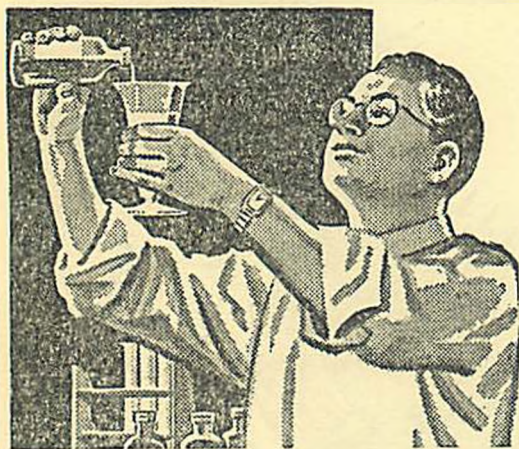
They are there in their thinking selves just the same as they have always been, but little or nothing about their new state has any effect on the physical selves of those left behind. Therefore they are described as being in “spirit.” All which has happened has been a shift in the “vibration” of their personal selves, accompanied by a change in the length of the light-wave indicating them. To our physical earth-selves they seem to have gone into the invisible and therefore cease to exist. But they themselves continue just as “alive” as they ever were. The whole trouble has become one of the ordinary eyesight and senses of people still in fleshy bodies not having the capability of commonly sensing them.

The only way we know they continue to live is because they oftentimes manage to



convey their voices to us by the powers of thought alone instead of the powers of sound. Or perhaps under certain conditions of light-waves, an effect is produced that lets us see them for an instant. At once ignorant people declare they have seen a “phantom” or a ghost.

They have, of course, seen nothing of the sort. When parents tell their youngsters that there is actually no such thing as a phantom or a ghost, they are telling them the strictest truth. What is being seen is merely an ordinary person changed into a body in a finer condition of Matter that the human senses can't grasp because of sense limitations—just as we couldn't grasp what motorcar tires might be like if they were made of something close to glass,



so that light could pass through without deflecting. If all motor tires were made of pliable glass, again we should see automobiles rolling down the street and wonder what was holding each wheel eight to ten inches off the pavement.

Can't we, by the same standards, conceive of the souls of people who have "died" as being made of transparent plastic of a sort? The light goes right through them, precisely as it goes through glass, but that by no means proves there is nothing substantial to the glass. Break it, whether you can see through it or not, and you cut your fingers quickly enough on the slivered pieces.

SUPPOSE we try to remember this great peculiarity of eyesight limited to lengths of light-waves, in all the studies about the souls of people from this world who have quitted their physical bodies.

Of course you can answer that whereas you're willing to grant you can't see them, it does seem odd you don't know they're still in existence by bumping into them,

and feeling the bump. But not necessarily. You bump into lots of things in the natural world day by day without feeling the bump. Steam for instance. You can't see it, you'll admit. But can you feel it if you pass through a cloud of it? Try to picture to yourself your soul-stuff being as soft and pliable as steam, and as invisible as glass, yet just as *real* as either. If there are going to be any collisions involved, *they're* the people who want to keep out of *your* way to avoid getting hurt by bumps.

You'll learn a lot more about all of this if you keep on reading Soulcraft, because that's what Soulcraft is. Soulcraft tries to explain these higher matters in terms of the everyday world in which all of us are living in fleshly bodies.

Yet in the face of all of it, the world contains millions of people who insist that they must be able to see a thing, or bump into it, or they won't admit it's real.

They're the great materialists, as we call them, who rely on the old adage, "Seeing is believing."

How utterly foolish!



WHAT Junior Soulcrafters Should Know about SPIRITUALISM



SOULCRAFT is not Spiritualism. Soulcraft merely uses some of the same methods the Spiritualists use, for getting demonstrations that prove the souls of so-called dead people can communicate with those who are bodily alive. The more proper name for it is Psychical Research. The story of Spiritualism as such, is quite different from the history of Psychical Research—just as Soulcraft had a different beginning from either.

Many people suppose that Spiritualism is the name for a religious faith, like Methodism, Presbyterianism, Catholicism, and so on. The reason for this comes from the fact that the people who call themselves Spiritualists have churches in which they gather for meetings, the same as these other denominations. But the Spiritualists do not have what is called in religious matters a *liturgy*, or a creed. A liturgy,

A BRIEF History of the Cult and How Soulcraft Differs from It in Precepts . .

strictly speaking, is a code of official rites and beliefs so there will be no mistake about identifying them. The Spiritualists simply hold certain beliefs about what happens to the soul when it leaves the body, and about God and Jesus.

They claim that when the soul gets out of the body at earthly death it goes to a beautiful region they call the Summerland instead of going to the heaven in which other denominations believe, where God is supposed to live surrounded by angels and cherubim. The Spiritualists say there actually are such creations as angels but

there the likeness to regular heavenly beliefs stops short.

The thing that makes the Spiritualists notable is the fact that their religious gatherings in their churches, under a regular Spiritualist minister, are mainly for the purpose of communicating with their relatives and friends who have left the body and gone to live permanently in the Summerland.

It might be a good thing for Junior Soulcrafters to know how the Spiritualists got started, so they can understand why its followers hold the views they do . . .

¶ CHILDREN are a race of beings unto themselves. It lies in the province of this race to plunge into the secrets of life more deeply than other mortals . . .

SPIRITUALISM as a part-way religious movement started right here in our own United States—the same as Christian Science did in Boston, or Mormonism did out in Utah. More than that, it really started in a single family.

Back in 1848, which was a hundred and six years ago, a Mr. and Mrs. J. D.

Fox and their two daughters were living at Hydesville, a little village in Wayne County, upper New York State. Gradually Mr. and Mrs. Fox and the girls became aware of mysterious rappings that seemed to be going on behind the partitions of their home which couldn't be explained by rats or mice. Kate, one of the girls, only nine years old, discovered that the cause of the sounds—whatever it was—seemed to have intelligence behind them. That is to say, the raps would come as requested and in the right number asked for. Finally by counting the number of raps that would come at a time and comparing each with a letter of the alphabet, the Fox family learned—or had spelled out for them in this manner—that it was the soul of a murdered peddler that was doing it. It seemed he hadn't gone to heaven, as it was believed then that the dead did, but was continuing to live invisibly right there on the premises where his death had earlier been brought about.

An investigation into the matter satisfied the townspeople that none of the Foxes had anything to do with the mysterious knockings, and it was established that a certain peddler had mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity some months before. Furthermore, it was learned as well that the same sort of unexplained rappings had been heard in the place before the Foxes moved into it. People didn't know what to think. Finally, to avoid the increasing notoriety of the matter, Kate and her older sister Margaret went to live with a third Fox daughter, married and residing in Rochester. Then things really did begin to happen.

IT DEVELOPED that Kate and Margaret and the married sister as well—a Mrs. Fish—were all what we call “mediumistic”, that is to say, they had been endowed from birth with certain powers on which people in the invisible could draw to get results on materials in earthly life.

The great psychical research scientific societies in both England and America have long since learned that the presence of certain “mediums” is always necessary to form the link between the living and the dead. Kate Fox and her sisters became the first of the American mediums. More information about this power and just how it operates may be published in future issues of BRIGHT HORIZONS.

The point is, that a great excitement began to grow throughout all New York State over what these Fox girls were accomplishing, and eminent men and women began to grow interested, attend their sittings and confirm the out-of-this-world wonders they beheld. When it became established beyond all reasonable doubt that these eminent men and women did seem to be getting into communication with those they’d supposed dead and gone up into the Biblical heaven, they started to ask their deceased friends and relatives whether or not the accounts about the after-life as described in the Bible were correct. What they learned was as startling as it was revealing.

Yes and no, these Invisible People said. They still had bodies of a sort, precisely as they had done on earth—in fact the Bible itself admits “there is a physical body and there is a spiritual body.” But these last were composed of materials so fine

that they couldn’t be seen or felt by people in earthly bodies. Nevertheless, they were as real to the departed souls as their physical bodies ever had been in earth-life. And this part-heavenly Summerland was a sort of higher addition to this earth-world although made of materials that couldn’t be seen or felt. Nonetheless it was real. Yet living in it, they were easily conscious of everything that took place below them here in this earth-world, right down here in contact with the planet’s surface. Two men, one named Andrew Jackson Davis and another Stainton Moses began making complete records of such testimony in books—much the same thing as Soulcraft has been doing up across the past 26 years, only Soulcraft has done ten times as much as Davis or Moses ever did.



THE IDEA of communicating with one’s beloved departed and learning from their personal experiences exactly what happened when people died, was nat-

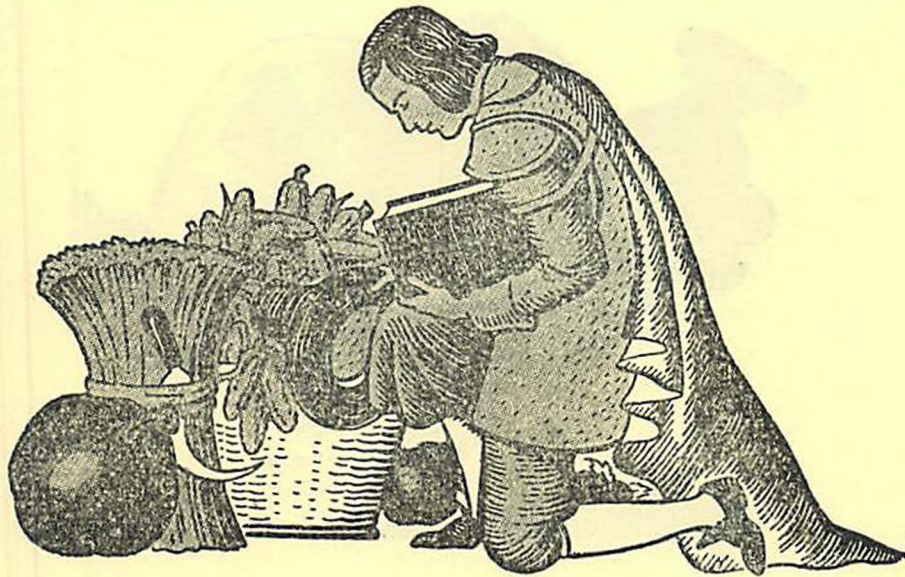


urally attractive even to the merely curious, still more to those who were mourning for lost friends. Most of all it was attractive to those who believed this sort of contact meant a new religious revelation. "Spirit Circles" so-called began to spring up all over New York State, and spread East, West, and South. Whenever a capable "medium" turned out to be available, the "phenomena"—as we call mysterious and unexplained happenings—ran almost to exact pattern, and the reports all matched up. People started believing that the Bible's account of death and Divine Judgment was not so accurate as supposed, while dyed-in-the-wool church people answered it by declaring that this whole Spiritualistic craze was prompted by the devil and all his crew of deceivers and liars. This argument, by the way, still goes on today. Of course, it's not true.

Anyhow, when the Spiritualists craze had spread all over the United States and even penetrated to England and France, a group of British scientists got together and founded the British Society for Psychological Research—to investigate what was being learned, scientifically. Another started in France, and belatedly one back here in United States.

The disturbing thing was, these scientists all discovered that the Spiritualists had their after-death facts pretty straight and reliable. There truly wasn't any such hell of fire and brimstone, and the soul burning forever, as the Church of the Dark Ages had claimed, to frighten people into being good. The society in France began to investigate and subscribe particularly to the facts learned, that after two hundred to five hundred years dwelling in the wonderful peace and harmony of the celestial Summerland, souls decided in certain cases to come back down into the bodies of new babies born on earth and get more experience in the earth-world, making them more intelligent and finer characters.

Finally, in 1929, when the editor of this magazine managed to get out of his body one night and penetrate into this Summerland for a matter of three to four hours—but come back into it with dawn without physical death resulting—Soulcraft was born. The editor of BRIGHT HORIZONS wrote an account of his experience in a great American magazine and something like 30,000 people wrote back to him about it or got in touch with him and persuaded him to experiment further and write more. So since 1929, as increasing



numbers of people have come to read and study the Soulcraft books giving the most wonderful details about it, Soulcraft has grown and still is growing all over the world, precisely like Spiritualism did over a hundred years ago. Since 1929 there have been almost as many Americans read and study Soulcraft as now are following Spiritualism. And hundreds of people who have been Spiritualists change over to Soulcraft because it has been discovered that many famous Biblical personages, still alive in this Summerland condition of invisibility, are able to communicate their most sacred findings about the present role of Jesus in it all.

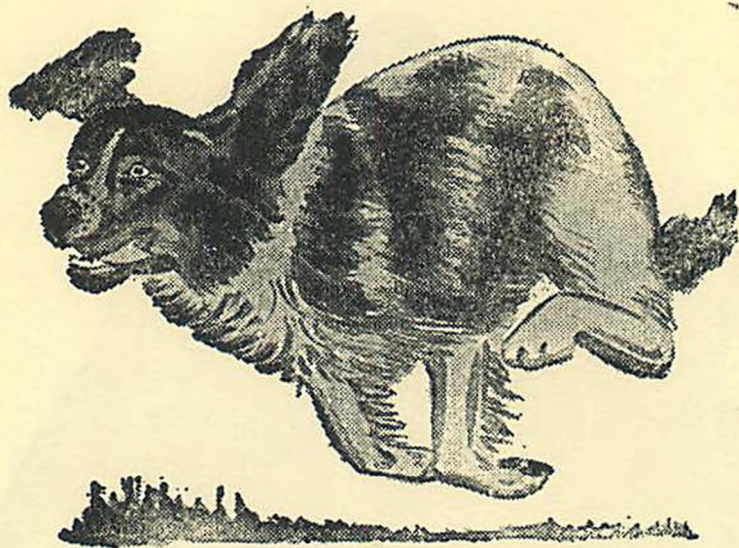
Soulcraft has gathered books upon books of details showing that Jesus is the head of all society and government in these higher realms of finer Matter, just like President Eisenhower is head of all society and government here in our earth-

ly United States of America.

The Spiritualists want to follow these details that Soulcraft continues to give them, which Spiritualism no longer does.

However, Soulcraft isn't Spiritualism, as has earlier been stated. It isn't a religious denomination, either. It's simply a Course in Education and general Enlightenment in such details that average people very much wish to know about and get their facts straight. It carries on its own psychological research and presents its own findings.

So now you know what the Spiritualists are, and how they got their start. They just gather, more or less, for the purpose of making contact with departed relatives and friends as they are able. They have no creed and almost no church organization. But it satisfies their hunger for reliable facts about life after death, and that is all that matters in any religion . .



DO Our Pets Go To Heaven?

A Challenging Question that Seems to Have Been Answered by Findings in Psychical Research

DO OUR pets survive bodily death, the same as human beings?

The answer from every level of higher consciousness which we make connection with, assures us that they do. They get out of their bodies in spirit form the same as any human being, and come into realization of all the features of the Higher Life, *so long as they have human beings to love them and want them.* Pay attention to this last. Moreover, tens of thousands of them move around this earth-

world in invisible fashion, the same as they did when they were bodily alive.

The first time the editor of this magazine was brought to realize that pets survived—the same as all human beings survive—was back in New York in 1929. A group of grown-ups had assembled in the editor's apartment for a mediumistic "sitting" . . . meaning that Mr. Wehner, the so-called medium, who had the strange and unusual abilities of loaning his body and voice to people on the unseen levels of life, had come to the editor's apartment for an evening session to do that very thing. Along in the middle of the proceedings,

the grandmother of one of the mortal ladies present, started to speak in her own tone of voice through Mr. Wehner's lips about old family scenes out in Iowa, years bygone when the grandmother had been alive in flesh. Just before the grandmother ended this conversation with her grown-up granddaughter, she made the quaint remark: "It might interest you to know that Tippy is with me, as my devoted companion."

The grown-up granddaughter couldn't recall for a moment who on earth her invisible grandmother was talking about. *Tippy?* Who was meant by Tippy? Suddenly it all came back to her. Almost thirty to forty years ago, when she had been a little girl out in Iowa, the family had owned a German dachshund that had gone by the name of Tip. There had been an epidemic of rabies among the dogs of Iowa that year and when Tip came home bleeding one night as though another dog had bitten it in a fight, the grandmother had been afraid he might have contacted rabies himself. In that case, he might bite one of her grandchildren and cause death from blood-poison. So that grandmother had gone to a veterinary and had Tippy quickly and painlessly "put to sleep", as we describe it. That is to say, a drug was inserted into Tippy's veins that first caused him to fall asleep, and then during slumber the little dachshund's heart stopped beating without his knowing anything about it. In that way the Iowa children would be in no danger of Tippy's biting them if rabies had developed in his small dog-self.

Forty years bygone it had happened.

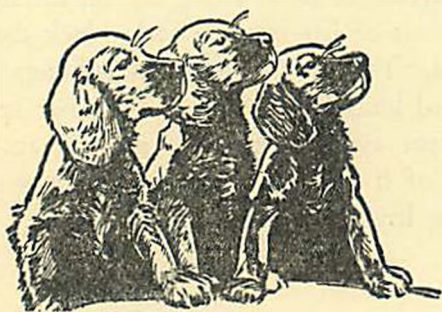
Here then this Iowa grandmother, informing her grown-up granddaughter forty years later that Tippy had not really died. His dog-spirit had simply dropped off its physical bodily covering, and gone off to romp in spirit—in that finer body that human beings haven't got delicate enough eyesight to behold. Then when the grandmother had finally come to make the change, and go into the same sort of invisible spirit from herself, whom had she discovered to be awaiting her on the higher levels of life but the little black dachshund, Tippy. He had immediately attached himself to her, and been her faithful pet ever since. The most beautiful part of it was, that Tippy might then go along living for hundreds of years . . .



THE NEXT time that the editor of this magazine heard about animals surviving happened on a Sunday morning in 1929 when he had gone on an automobile trip out of New York to visit a rich lady who lived far up the Hudson River in a wonderful home with a drawing room. Several friends had gone along with him. Among these friends was a certain lady who had the ability in her eyesight to discern the forms of people and animals in the "astral" state—meaning the state next

higher above the state of material earth.

They were all sitting in that wonderful rich drawing room when the telephone rang and the lady of the house had to go to answer it. Suddenly the lady with the eyesight different from the rest, cried, "Oh, look at the cute little Boston terrier!" . . . and she put her hand down toward the floor in front of the divan on which they were sitting, and snapped her fingers—at an animal that the others couldn't see.



According to the story which the lady with the unusual eyesight told when the owner of the place came back from the telephone—or was heard by the invisible dog coming *back* from answering the telephone—the little terrier in spirit had bounded out of the room to meet her. But the lady-owner didn't seem to be aware of him, like the one who was seated beside the editor. So this last lady asked—

"Mrs. Smith, have you a Boston terrier, with a white patch over one eye and a black patch over the other?"

Mrs. Smith turned pale. "I *did* have such a dog," she admitted. "Why?"

"Because," said the editor's lady-companion, "it's right here in this drawing-room at this moment, playing around your feet."

"It can't be," Mrs. Smith protested. "That little dog with the white and dark patches over his eyes, was killed by being run over by a car out here in the driveway one day last autumn!"

"Well," said the editor's friend, "I can tell you it's never gone away from you, even if you can't see it. I just snapped my fingers at it and it wagged its stubby tail at me. And when you started back from the phone in the other room, it ran to meet you. *I could see it!*"

Evidently this little brindle terrier was waiting around the rooms of that rich mansion in spirit for its mistress, Mrs. Smith, to get out of her own body and come over into its own invisible condition, when the ywould both seem wholly real to each other, like animals and owners on this earth-plane . . .

TEN YEARS went by. The editor of this magazine moved from New York to Indiana. And his own grown-up daughter had a spry little Manchester terrier presented to her as a gift from a friend. A Manchester terrier is a terrier with exceptionally long legs, like a whippet. But one night in the city of Indianapolis this terrier—who answered to the name of Peanut—was being taken around the block for an airing by a friend when it ran out in front of a passing automobile and was killed. Next day it was sorrowfully buried under a tree on the Soulcraft premises out in Noblesville. But that was by no means the end of Peanut.

Later that summer the editor went with a party of friends to a spiritist seance over

in Chesterfield, which is the Indiana State Camp of the Spiritualists. The editor visited a mediumistic lady and wanted to get in contact with his own daughter, who had died when she was a baby of two years but since grown up in the higher life to become a wonderful woman.

Well, he did meet his daughter Harriet face to face and talk with her for a matter of ten to fifteen minutes. Then suddenly, as she was letting the ectoplasm that made her appear so real drop from her spirit body, a friend sitting beside the editor grabbed his wrist and cried—

"Oh look! . . . There's Peanut! . . . Peanut must have come over here with us, unbeknownst to us!"

Sure enough, ten to fifteen feet up the floor was the Manchester terrier, who had run through the ectoplasm left from Harriet's appearance precisely as though he had run through a snowbank. He came prancing joyously to the lady who had called out so, and everybody present saw him. But as he pranced, he knocked off his snowlike ectoplasmic covering. And as he knocked it off, he became invisible. But Peanut was certainly alive. The editor and his whole party had seen him . . .

FOR several months, Soulcraft Headquarters had possessed a black kitten that had wandered in from the street, been fed, and remained. But one day it had eaten something that disagreed with it, and died. Shortly after that death, however, when a materializing seance was being held in the editor's study, Silverleaf, the medium's "guide" in the unseen areas of life, cried suddenly, "There's a black

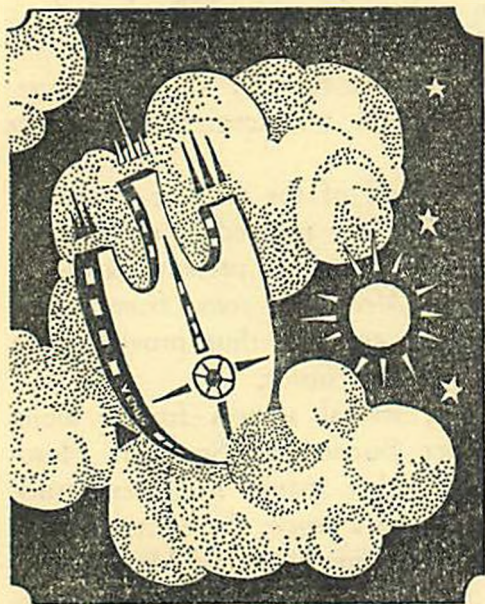
kitten in here, in spirit. Who brought it in? *Shoo-shoo . . . Get out of here!*" and Silverleaf went through all the gestures of making the unwelcome kitten vacate the cabinet.

The pay-off of the incident seemed to be, that the cat responded in its spirit-form. All Soulcrafters present heard a responding "*Mee-yow!*" come from behind the cabinet curtains, thus proving there really was a cat inside.

Finally, several seances further along and after Buzzie, the Soulcraft Headquarters' cocker spaniel had been struck and killed by a truck, the editor made a business of asking his friend Mr. Fisher—who lives on the Higher Side of Consciousness which we call the invisible areas of existence—if Buzzie or Buzzie's dog-spirit was with him? And Mr. Fisher answered in the most ordinary tone of voice—

"No, because Buzzie didn't happen to be *my* personal pet. You have to enjoy the most personal pet-relations with a dog to have him join you here. Buzzie either romps in spirit through your printing plant as he usually did before the truck killed him, or he lives in the so-called Animal Kingdom—which is a certain level of conscious spirit-life that is reserved strictly for animals. But he's having the time of his life, being free of his old spaniel body that had lived nearly fifteen years and gotten worn out and defective. When you yourself come over here to stay, Buzzie will certainly leap out of the animal level and want to come and make himself known to you, and stay with you as he did in bodily life."

Try always to remember it.



SOME New Things We Are Are Learning

*ASTRONOMY May Take
on New Meanings as We
Consult Those Who Have
Visited Distant Planets . .*

THE AVERAGE boy or girl of today finds it difficult to believe that within the memories of some fathers and mothers, certainly within the memories of grandfathers and grandmothers still living, there was a time when there wasn't a single airplane anywhere on earth that actually *flew*, or for that matter a single television set, a single radio, or a single automobile that ran under its own power. Airplanes, radios, automobiles, television sets—all these have been invented within the last fifty years.

Nobody had ever ridden through the skies in an airplane when grandfather was a boy, in fact it was seriously doubted that any human being could fly like a bird at all. Nobody had ever heard music coming over the air without telephone wires to

carry it. In fact, when grandfather and grandmother were young, there were scarcely any moving pictures. Even telephones had been so recently invented that it was considered a novelty to talk over them. The first telephones were long narrow boxes attached to the wall with mouthpieces thrusting out from them, and you always had to stand up to speak through them. It was considered a great improvement when the type was invented that could be moved about on a desk.

All of which brings up the equal speed with which we have grown accustomed to hearing about Flying Saucers, said to come to this earth planet through heavenly space.

Of course they have not come here in such great numbers as yet that they can be called common sights—as airplanes, motorcars, and radio or television sets are

about the Heavenly Bodies that Coming from the Flying Saucer Voyagers

common sights. But "sightings" of them, as we call it, are growing more and more numerous with each month that passes, and before many a boy or girl of today finishes college there may be so many Flying Saucers in evidence that no one will run out to behold them any more than everybody gets out into the yard at present to see the ordinary passenger transport go overhead.

All the same, utterly honest and truthful men and women have not only beheld Flying Saucers go over, but here and there one has met with a Flying Saucer operator from another planet who has landed and they have talked with him—or her, for there is one celebrated case in the far West where a nearthly person went inside one of these ships and found a beautiful woman in charge of it . . .



THE BIG thing interesting us at the moment, however, is the difference it may make in our understandings of Astronomy when even the most ordinary person may sit down and talk with these Space People and learn about other worlds from what such Space People have seen of them by visiting them. All of our notions about the heavenly bodies may be changed.

We have learned what we suppose we know about other planets today solely from the employment of telescopes. Telescopes, like binoculars, "bring distant objects nearer" as we put it, so we can examine their features more carefully than with the naked eye. But we still are depending completely on gifts of vision to compile what we think we know. Most of us agree with the old adage that "seeing is believing", and yet there is not one of our five senses that can be more easily tricked than our sense of sight. However, our "seeing" through telescopes has not yet reached such details as watching any other living creatures moving about on any distant body, and the theory has prevailed for the past five thousand years that only our earth-world—moving completely around the sun as it does to complete each

REMEMBER that a horizon is nothing more than the limitation of our sight . .

year—was the the only one inhabited.

It seems we have been decidedly wrong in that conclusion.

The most advanced knowledge that we can obtain from any Space Ship operator who has been talked to, informs us that every planet in the whole universe is inhabited by some kind of life, and that the planets of our own solar system—like Venus, Mars and even Saturn—are peopled by human beings so very like ourselves that if these new Space Visitors could get the same styles of clothing to dress in that we wear, they could scarcely be told as different beings from ourselves.

Incidentally, the wide-awake boy or girl might wonder how they have come to speak our language, so that understanding is common between us in discussing such matters as life on other planets. The answer to that has been radio. These other-planet people carried radios on their spaceships and even a variety of television sets—which had been invented earlier on their own solar worlds. Arriving in the vicinity of earth and beginning to tune in on our radio and television waves, they could gradually teach themselves our speech from what they heard.

There was one laughable report that came from one spokesman for the voyagers believed to be from Venus, who said that when they first began picking up earth-television they kept getting one certain New Jersey sending station that specialized in sporting events. Consequently the first reports they sent back to Venus concerning our variety of civilization had it that the inhabitants of Earth did nothing the clock around but punch each other in their faces with boxing gloves, or pin one another down on their backs in wrestling . .

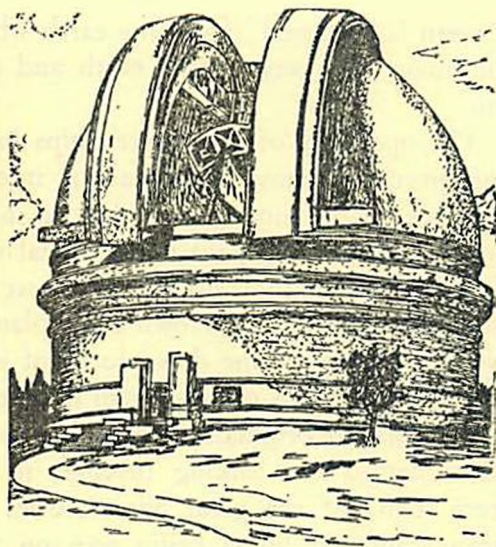
OUR government has followed a steady policy from the first of not confirming the arrival of these beings from other worlds officially, fearing to frighten nervous people who might take it for granted that these visitors had come to harm us or possibly make war on us. But the Space People themselves—such as have been talked with after they have mastered our language through radio—scoff or are grimly amused that anybody should draw such unkind conclusions about them. They tell us that the states of civilization on their planets are far, far in advance of ours, and that killing people in wars is so old-fashioned and even barbaric that the thought of it doesn't cross their minds once in a hundred years. In fact, they regard any race of beings that would get up armies to march forth and slay their own species in battles as quite on a par with our present estimates of blood-thirsty wild Indians who once scalped people after sinking a tomahawk in their heads.

We seem to have not a thing to fear from these advanced and kindly folk, so far ahead of us in science and invention, excepting that they might grow out of patience with us for continuing to explode atom bombs that *do* kill people in masses. They don't wish to see people killed in any fashion whatever. They want to come here and visit us in the utmost friendship, and help us to get a higher and clearer understanding of what life on the other planets is like.

One of the biggest ways they want to help us, and apparently do help us without us fully appreciating it, is by loosing what we call Fire Balls into our upper atmosphere after a great atom-bomb test, that absorbs the radioactivity that would be harmful otherwise to life on this earth. They are doing this, we are coming to understand, in far greater quantities than we remotely suspect as yet.

Still, that is not the point that we started out to discuss, which was a clearer and richer knowledge of Astronomy . . .

THE NEAREST heavenly body to the earth is, of course, our moon. It is about one-quarter the size of our earth-globe and moves around our world every 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes. It reflects the light of the sun—never having the slightest light of its own—and up until recently was supposed to be wholly lacking in both atmosphere and water. Now astronomers are not so sure it doesn't possess atmosphere. It may not be atmosphere quite so thick as ours but it still may be atmosphere of enough strength to main-



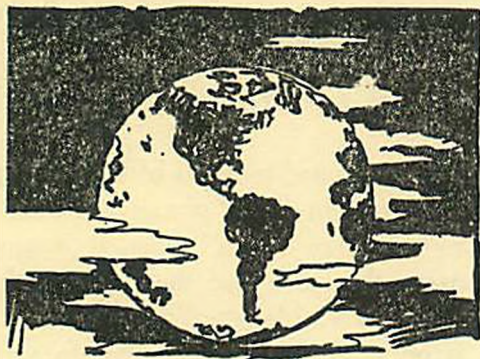
tain some sort of life. That there can be no water on the moon has been concluded by the fact that no clouds are ever in evidence riding above the moon's surface.

This surface is covered with mountains, valleys, many great craters, and smooth dark spaces known as "seas." More likely they are deserts or mesas, because seas denote water. Rotating on its own axis at precisely the same rate that it revolves about the earth, the moon always turns the same face toward earth-people regarding it.

The combined motions of the earth and moon result in four "phases" of Old Lunar—the "new moon" when it is almost between the earth and the sun and therefore hardly visible; the "full moon" when it is opposite the sun and therefore fully illumined; and the first and last "quarters" when it is 90 degrees away from the sun, which lights up only a fourth of its surface. The moon is "eclipsed" when the earth obscures the sun's rays from it, and

the sun is "eclipsed" from the earth when the moon gets between the earth and the sun.

The operators of the Space Ships have not given us many reports about intelligent life on the moon, more than to mention that they have paid it occasional visits, because they look upon it as a sort of heavenly suburb of our own earth-planet. No reports have come down to us of any of the Space Ships coming from the moon in the sense of originating there, but some queer details *are* leaking through to us from many of the great observatories of strange moving lights being seen on the moon's surface when the mammoth telescopes are trained upon it. Can the astronomers looking through those tremendous telescopes be catching sight of something very much like our motorcar headlights traveling by night along the roadways of the moon and thus lighting the landscapes on which the rays fall? We have yet to learn more about them . . .



MOST of the Space Ships with which earth people have made contact to date are said to have come from Venus.

Venus is the second planet in order of

distance from the sun—maybe the third if we want to acknowledge Vulcan as the closest instead of Mercury. Venus more clearly resembles the earth in every way than any other body in our solar assembly. It is 67,200,000 miles from the sun whereas our own earth planet is 92,000,000, so Venus is practically a third closer to the sun than ourselves. The length of its year in consequence is only 224.7 of our earth-days.

What makes Venus so distinctive is the fact that whereas our moon discloses no signs of water whatsoever, Venus is continually covered with a cloudy vapor so thick that the sharpest telescopes can obtain no views of her land surface. Drawings of the planet as it appears through telescopes show shaded areas and white spots, but it is uncertain whether these are cloud-forms or the body of the planet seen through vapor. However, the Venus people declare that our planet Earth appears precisely the same way to them when they behold the earth some 30 million miles further distant from the sun. Actually their planet, when they come to land on it in their return trips from Earth, is equally as beautiful as to landscapes and natural features as anything Earth offers.

By the way, it is interesting to remember that the word "Earth" as name for our planet is strictly distinctive to us. Inhabitants of these other neighboring planets have long since applied the title *Saros-Shan*—or just plain *Shan*—to this globe on which we live, move, and have our being . . . and our fights. *Shan* is said to mean "sorrowful" and *Saros-Shan* means "the Sorrowful Planet" because we are

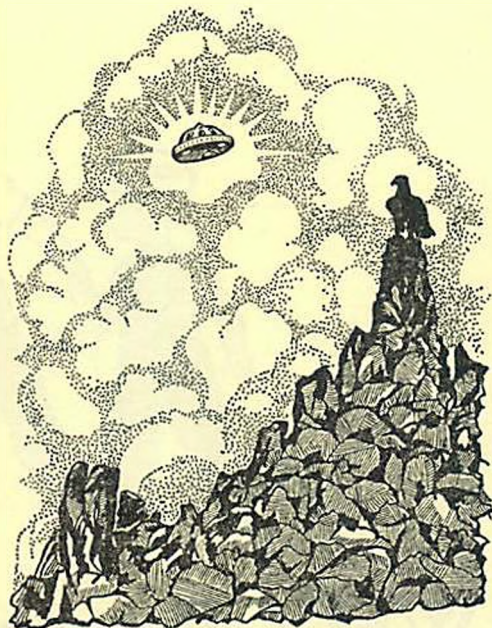
about the only planet in our whole solar system whose inhabitants engage in wars that kill human beings in masses.

MARS is quite a different proposition from Venus.

Mars is the planet next *outside* the earth's orbit instead of inside, like Venus, Mercury and Vulcan. Actually it is 141,500,000 miles away from the sun about 50 million miles further out in space from our earth-orbit. A year on Mars in consequence, measured by our time-system of days, is almost double that of earth, containing 687 earth-days. So the seasons on Mars are likewise twice as long as ours, each one. But it is about the same size as the earth for bulk and its individual day is 24 hours long, the same as ours.

Mars, however, differing from our earth, has two moons instead of one, called Phobos and Deimos, each much nearer to it than our lunar orb is to us. Otherwise, Mars and Earth are almost twin planets. Mars has atmosphere, seasons, storms, clouds, and mountains. Vast white patches resembling snow or ice seem to cover its poles. The astronomer Schiaparelli in 1877 discovered the canalli or channels—now generally termed canals—that appear to form a network over the whole planet. The planet is believed to have large desert areas with little water on its surface. So as the ice caps melt at its poles with Summer, the water is conducted off through the canals by the Martians, to irrigate the more arid portions of the planet. This, of course, betokens an exceptionally high degree of civilization and engineering.

These canals show up on photographs.



The Space Visitors have said again and again that the Martians are a people far advanced above the populations of earth, that they have great cities and a high state of culture, and that generally speaking the metals for the Space Ships themselves are crated or "fabricated" as the term is, upon this planet for voyaging to the other planets exactly as the Venusians have lately reached Earth.

Mars may be further out from the sun, but nevertheless the sun's light reaches it in almost as great a quantity as it reaches earth.

We will continue the story next month.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the first paper on the Astronomy we are learning from the Flying Saucer Space Travelers. The second will appear in the December number of this periodical. Don't miss it.*



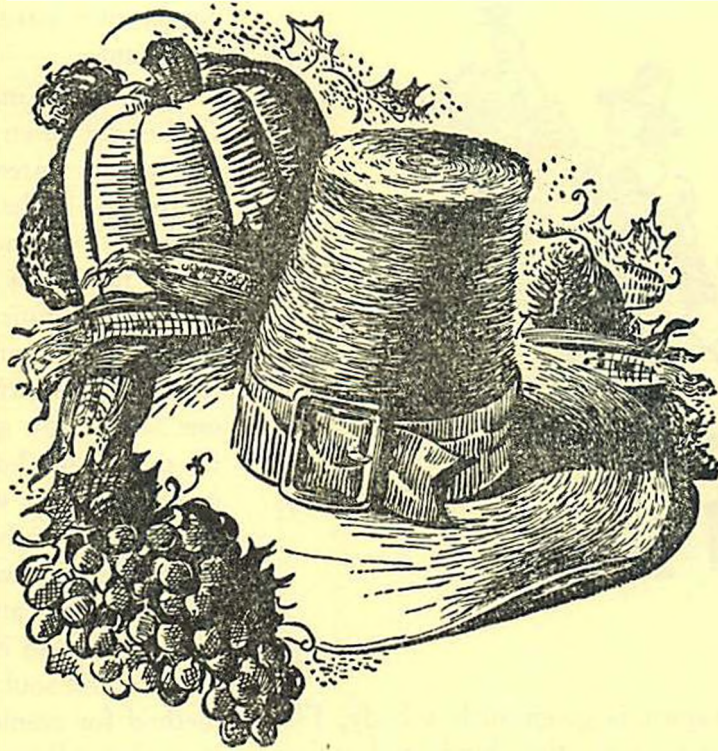
WHY Returning into this World Can Be a Good Thing

NOT all people are willing to consider the profits that pile up for them in spiritual matters, if coming back into earth-life more than once is a fact. They get tired of working, tired of paying bills, tired of being fed political lies every election, tired of carrying every sort of family responsibility. They ask themselves why they were ever crazy enough to come into such a world in the first place? When Sunday comes, many of them go to church purposely to hear a minister tell them all about an eternal life of living among the angels and doing nothing. Any idea of coming back to an-

*LIVING Your Life Over Gives
You the Chance to Live It
Better and Enjoy It More . .*

other spell of work, and bills, and lies, and responsibility, they call "against religion and against the Bible," not to mention against common sense. It seems to make them angry that having died out of the present body, they're not finished with the earth-world for good at all.

Such people are missing completely the whole significance of their reasons for having come into mortal life as babies and children, and living on up through the



years to love, marriage, and possession of families in their own rights. All they look at are the hard knocks and hard work of the present moment. It doesn't dawn upon them what such hard knocks and hard work have already done for them.

It has increased their intelligence!

Considered as souls they've been educated by the hard work and hard knocks to "know their way around the world" as we express it, to learn all about human nature and how it behaves in both business and social life, how to handle themselves.

That was God's plan and purpose by first creating this world and then letting them be born into it.

SUPPOSE, millions of years ago, God thought over the problem of what He could do, or what arrangements he could make or provide, for taking stupid people and making them intelligent. Intelligence, really, is only knowing what to do cleverly on landing in a difficult situation.

"I know what I'll do," the Almighty might have cried, "I'll create a material world of seas and land and forests and rivers. Then I'll take all these weak-minded spirits that I hope one day to make intelligent and full of forceful character and fix things up so that every two hundred to five hundred years they come down from the Planes of Heavenly Thought and enter into bodies of new babies. As



each soul-spirit is given such a body, I'll see that it forgets other kinds and styles of living it has known earlier, and considers only the life it is supposed to live inside the new baby organism. Once inside it, and born into the material world of seas and land and forests and rivers, it will be given a name, and a place in a nation, a tribe, or family, and come to consider that such span of existence inside the baby's body and up to the time it grows old and dies is all there is to life. But as it grows from babyhood, through childhood to maturity, it will have all manner of experiences. It will get into fights, it will make discoveries about new things in Nature, it will find some sort of work that earns it money to pay its bills, and while it will get plenty tired and even disgusted with conditions among its fellowmen, it will learn how to handle itself and

cut its own hard luck and distresses to a minimum.

"But things might happen to its body," God might go on musing to Himself, "that shorten its career before it has learned all there is in the world to learn. It might meet with an accident falling out of a tree at nine years old and breaking its neck. At the same time a similar soul, just as deserving of the same earthly wisdom, might live to be seventy to eighty years old. Or one Soul might get itself born into a family that lived down across the tracks and could supply it with no advantages whatever, while another soul might be born into the big, rich mansion up on the Avenue with every advantage—and a family fortune to boot so it wasn't required to labor like the first soul. There ought to be some method for evening matters up, letting the boy who fell out of the cherry tree live out the 61 years of experience the accident cost him, and the girl born down across the tracks have her fling at life in the mansion up on the Avenue—while all the rich and favored children up on the Avenue were required to realize what life was like in a railroad shanty with rarely enough to eat in the house. What should be the all-around answer to such problems? Simple enough. Let each soul-spirit have more than one 'go' at life in the earth-world. Let the boy who fell out of the cherry-tree come back as a baby all over, and live out those 61 years he had coming to him, while the next boy who lived to be seventy comes back and experiences what we might call *Premature Mishap*. Let all the poor boys and girls discover themselves born into rich families, and all the rich

boys and girls learn what the lessons of poverty and disadvantage might be like, being born to some day laborer or even a common drunk. In this way, after a whole flock of lives, I'll begin to see improvement in the intelligence of both classes of souls. They'll each remember subconsciously their experiences lived on these various levels of earthly life and over a long, long span of eternal time they'll all arrive at a common quality of mental brilliance and cleverness. When *all* have arrived at a common quality of brilliance and cleverness, then there'll be no further need for them going back into babies' bodies and knowing further careers in the earth-world. They'll be equipped to take all the wisdom they've soaked up and travel up to higher and higher planes of Thought and Experience in mightier world systems than they have any suspicion of at present."

This seems to be what God—or His equivalent, Holy Spirit—reasoned out in the beginning, which the Bible mistakenly calls "the Knowledge of Good and Evil." Really, Knowledge of Good and Evil is nothing but packing plenty of worldly wisdom into one's cranium for use up future lives, and as background for what we now call *Human Character*.

So this entirely fair arrangement, for all the poor children having chances to know plenty of wealth, and all the young disappointed in love finding their true mates and living wonderful romances, and all the stupid people gradually getting wiser and wiser as they move up through the whole of it, is the much-discussed and debated doctrine called "Reincarnation" . . . you should know the real truth about it.

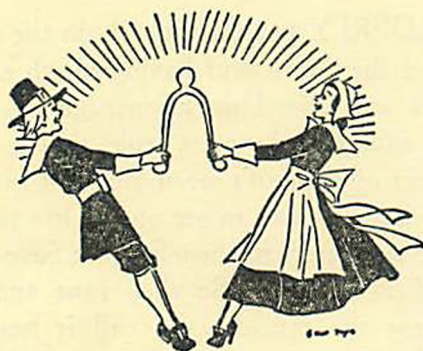
¶ *A CHRISTIAN is but a sinful man who has put himself to school to Christ for the honest purpose of becoming better . . .*

ELDERLY people, squarely in the midst of the business of having tough experiences and absorbing knowledge of *every* life situation, in every role that earthly society offers, can't see it for dust because they have to wait to get out of life to estimate accurately the benefits that *have* come to them already. So they rant and rail against the process, and call it heathen. With the memories of their earlier selves blotted out by day-to-day proceedings that they're called to give undivided attention, they say there isn't any such thing as Coming Back to live these earthly lives over and living them better and happier. They want to get done with this one single experience—which they hope is all there is—and into a radiant heaven as soon as possible and just loaf forever, or merely play on a harp and stay dumb.

They don't consider for a moment that no further experiences of any kind means no further wisdom of any kind. Neither do they consider that they may still have all sorts of wonderful life-experiences due

them on earth, that they've never enjoyed thus far. What they truly hunger for, is a rest and vacation from the heavy experiences they're getting in this present life, then their viewpoints would alter and they wouldn't be so hostile toward any possibility of return.

One of the biggest things they forget to consider is the fact that if heaven is the tranquil and effortless place they've been taught to believe, they'd find themselves bored stiff with not much of anything to do but harp-playing after the third year of it.



WE'RE really in this life-experience, all of us, to enjoy the things we never had a ghost of a chance of enjoying in earlier lives we've had, or have more and more entrancing adventures than we've ever had, or undergo ordeals or get in tight places so that we become cleverer and cleverer at finding our own ways out of them and exulting in it. The thing that crosses up elderly people on the whole is their own weariness they've reached, having already lived so much, without any means of grasping how much more intelligent they now have become than what they

were when they were children. Besides, there's that annoying item of demanding to know how it happens they've forgotten all the details of former lives in flesh. They admit they've forgotten equally tens of thousands of happenings that came to them in their childhoods or adolescences right here in the present life, but hold as by some miracle they ought nevertheless to be able to remember details still further back in still earlier childhoods.

The fact is, they don't *want* to remember—and you can forget anything if you don't *want* to remember it.

All the same, what we call our "instincts" seem to be little more than lumped memories of all our earlier adventures and experiences, and when you get a child "prodigy" as we call it, like young Mozart being able to play the piano like a professional at the age of four, all you're beholding is such a soul "bringing through" his earlier skill as an old master musician in a former life.

These are good things to think over, and entertain without fighting them.

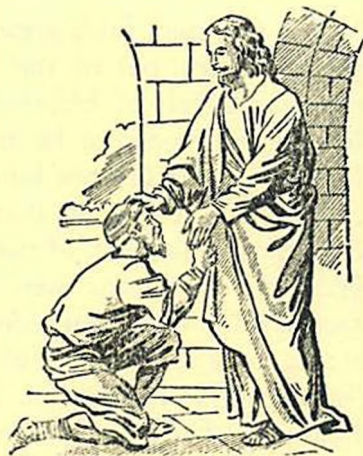
Sooner or later the day and spot will arrive when it may come home to us that each and every one of us enters into mortal life over and over *to absorb and enjoy profit after profit.*

God actually planned this world that way, and precisely for such purpose. So every adventure or experience you meet, is deliberately planned to make you more clever in the final summing up.

Who wants to stay stupid, or be a lazy-bones and do nothing but play on a harp throughout Kingdom Come?

Think it over.

The True Position of Jesus in Man's Worldly Affairs . .



ALTOGETHER too much of the time we go about believing that because Christianity is the chief religion in our own city, state, or nation, it is likewise the chief religion throughout all the countries of the earth. And it is nothing of the sort. Actually, by count, Christianity is the chief religion for only about one-quarter of the number of people alive on earth. This number now runs to something like 2 billion, 500 million—fairly evenly divided as to men and women. And all the worshipers in all the Christian countries of the earth total only about 600 million.

This means that three-quarters of the people alive on earth at any given time aren't Christians and don't believe in Christ Jesus. They have their own ideas about the nature of God, and their own saviors and saints and holy men. And millions of them don't look upon Christ

¶ *CHRIST Came as the
Light of the World, Not
as Scapegoat for Its Sins . .*

Jesus as being any more divine than Socrates or Mahatma Ghandi.

It is because of this fundamental viewpoint about Christ and the Christian religion that the various races of East and West have their separate ideas about what constitutes morality and ethics. Ethics, understand, are the standards of a people in their public relationships to each other.

WHEN you have whole families of gods and goddesses such as the Greeks and Romans had, the religious system is called Pantheism. And it is named Paganism as well in Christian references to beliefs in Deity. The term Paganism generally, however, means a human being or nations of human beings who subscribe to no religious beliefs whatsoever.

The Christian faith grew, as most people are aware, out of the religious practices and beliefs of Hebrewism. It astonishes some people to be told that Jesus Himself wasn't Hebrew but a Gentile, because He was born in Bethlehem of Judea quite by accident, of parents who were Galileans. Galileans were Gentiles. In fact Galilee was known down into quite recent times as the Land of the Goyim or "strangers" to Hebrewism. At the time of His birth, however, Hebrewism and Hebrew religious customs were the only ones prevalent throughout the whole of Palestine, so his people—and even He Himself when He became of sufficient age—worshiped in synagogues. Synagogue doesn't mean church. It means "public meeting place," something like the town halls in early American history, especially up in New England.

Jesus, when He grew along to manhood, turned complete dissenter or religious critic, of the Hebrews and their religious system. He believed in one God, the Father, truly enough, the same as the surrounding Hebrews affected to do. But continuing to criticize and "inveigh" as we say, against the Hebrews, He worked up such a rancor and resentment that they charged Him with Seditious and persuaded the Roman authorities to have Him crucified. Today we would call the same thing Anti-Semitism. Christ was really crucified for being anti-Semitic, and that particular people have the same animosity against Him right down here into the present.

What we're interested in examining for the moment is whether or not He was divine . . .

PANTHEISM or Paganism—as believed in by the Midianite Tribe of Moses' time—had a strange belief that if a whole tribe of people had sinned and misbehaved generally over a lengthy period, the Almighty forgave them their trespasses if they would only select the least sinless among them—the best behaving tribal member—and take him out and butcher him. It was an utterly senseless belief, and inflicted the most horrid punishment on the very one least deserving of it. Such a sacrificial victim was known as the Lamb of Jehovah, or in plainer language, the Scapegoat. That's where the term Scapegoat came from in the first place. Even today it means picking out an innocent person and making



Q *YOU say it all when you declare, Christ is the exaltation of humanity . .*

him accountable for something evil done by others.

Quickly enough, when the Hebrews saw what an awful blunder they had made, causing an innocent man to be put to such agonizing death, they brought out their legend about the tribal scapegoat, moved it up onto a higher level of application, and inspired the early theologians to designate Jesus as "the Lamb of God, murdered to atone for the sins of the world."

They took a great Teacher of immortal metaphysical truth and deified Him. Instead of Jehovah having a family of relatives, as the Greek god Zeus did, they made it appear that Jesus was "the only begotten Son of God", meaning literally "the only child God ever had," and yet spiritually born without any divine mother.

Now down here in today, what are we finding?

We're discovering, by direct scientific communication with Great Personages who have escaped permanently out of their earthly bodies and gone into the Invisible, that truly *all* human beings are the offspring of Divine Providence—that Jesus was by no means the only one—that Jesus was very, very ancient and aged in His

soul-spirit, making Him our Elder Brother very factually.

Jesus, in other words, or the soul-spirit that manifested through Him as He moved about earth as the son of a carpenter of Nazareth, was about the *oldest* soul-spirit that existed in the fleshly form throughout the whole earth, at the time in which He lived before His crucifixion.

This point is terribly important . .

HE APPEARED to the ordinary men and women of His day as a fairly youngish man of thirty-three. But the outward bodily looks had nothing to do with the age of the immortal soul within the physical self.

What Christ Jesus truly meant, coming into the world as He did and in the brutal Roman times that He did, was the living example of what the souls of *all* men and women could become when they'd gone through enough earth-lives in flesh to gain all spiritual profits that earth-life has to give.

What Christ truly was, instead of being any "divine sacrifice" for the sins of the world, along the lines of the old Midianite tribal beliefs, was the living, breathing example of that which represented the highest development that all of us have coming to us when we've lived as many lives in flesh as He's lived.

Putting the whole of it in different form, what *we* are, living in various earth-bodies as we make the same progress spiritually, *are Christs in the School of Worldly Experience*. We're gaining the same experience, life upon life, that Jesus demonstrated in the final perfection of His character.



He was, in other words, the Great Exemplifier.

Don't let that word "Exemplifier" frighten you. It means nothing more nor less than Example—or "the one who serves as the example."

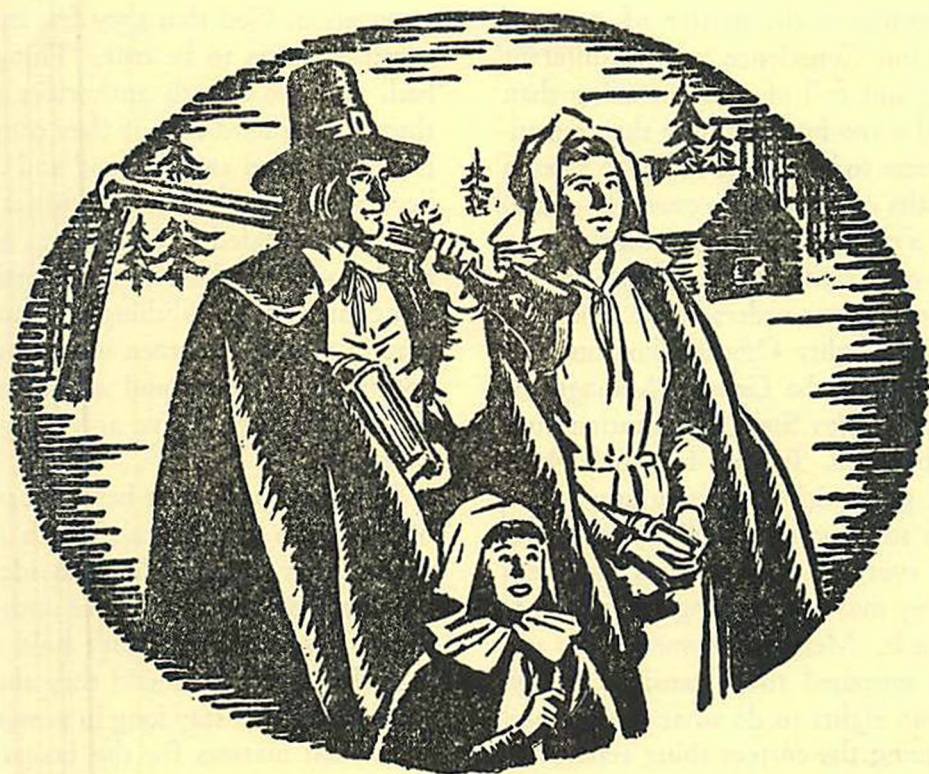
Christ, in other words, is the Great Example, or the great demonstration of human nature in its final achievement of

moral perfection. And that's all that He claims to be, or all that He privately wishes to be.

TRUE, we worship Him today as a god . . . and certainly He was a god. But so are all of us gods, going the same way that He went. We are *all* children of the same divine Father that Jesus had. When we've lived as many lives on the earth-plane as He had lived, we'll be capable of doing all the things that He did. It's all a matter of coming back into physical life again and again, and going through experiences that educate us and make us long-suffering and patient and noble.

It's quite all right that three-quarters of all the living people today don't see Him as the same example of divinity that we as Christians regard Him. We haven't been living as Christians ourselves—not true Christians—so that the other three-quarters of the peoples of the earth see much in us to copy after. But as we come to improve our own lives, so do we come to extend the admiration and respect that other people have for the God that we worship. In that way, and that alone, can we "extend" Christianity to the remaining 1,900,000,000 human souls who serve other deities. In that way, and that alone, can we ever have a One-World government like United Nations that amounts to anything. Otherwise it means being ruled by a three-quarters majority of heathens and pagans.

Pray God we come into a realization of this without delay, because the world needs the example of Christ to pull it out of its present doldrums . . .



THANKSGIVING as Junior Soulcrafters Should Regard It

WE NOW go forward to the national holiday known as Thanksgiving.

It celebrates the 334th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the feast that they prepared and enjoyed after their first year of survival in this New

World. But it really celebrates more. It celebrates man's right to worship God after the promptings of his conscience, not as some government authority decrees that he must.

This then, is an excellent opportunity to give a thought to exactly what this much-talked-about Conscience truly is.

Some fathers and mothers tell their children that Conscience is the Still, Small Voice of God whispering what is right and

what is wrong in the matter of personal conduct. But Conscience truly is different than that, and full of more meaning than that. God is too busy running this tremendous universe to have time to snoop around in the affairs of men and women, boys and girls, like a corner policeman with the power in his own right to toss people in jail who don't obey his orders. The God-Idea is truly the Mighty Officer who runs this universe, just as the General Manager of the United States Steel Corporation runs the steel business. It's not fair to frighten boys and girls with any fairy story of a personage so important looking over their shoulders every moment to pass judgment on how they may be behaving. Because He doesn't do it. Men and women, boys and girls, are supposed to be sensible enough in their own rights to do what seems right, because doing the correct thing repays the effort in every sort of profit, spiritual as well as financial.

But to get back to the Pilgrim Fathers and Conscience . .



THE PILGRIM Fathers were a little group of Christians in England and Holland who were not allowed to hold

views about God that they felt in their innermost hearts to be true. Things got so bad, and the church authorities promised them such a hard time if they continued to live in England and Holland and didn't believe about God as the authorities ordered, that they decided to rent a ship and make the voyage over here to the North American continent, establishing new homes over here in a land that then was populated by nothing but Indians and wild animals. Over here they could live according to their *conscience*.

In other words, over here in a settlement of their own in the bleak North American woods, they could hold such ideas about God as they chose, with no authorities to punish them if they didn't hold the ideas that the government said they should. No government can stay long in power that decides such matters for the tax-paying citizens because it's against Nature, as we put it.

Nature says that it's every man's sacred right to picture God in his own mind as his own inner ideas make Him appear. People get their ideas about what God truly is from their own memories of His influence in their past lives for good. No government can dictate to you what your ideas must be, because you think up your own ideas in result of what goes on inside your own head.

But the governments of England and Holland pronounced that the Pilgrim Fathers shouldn't think up their own ideas about God and His goodness after their own notions, but according to the notions of some officials of the Church of England.

So the Pilgrims chipped in all the mon-

ey they had between them, and chartered a ship called the *Mayflower*, and set sail across the wintry Atlantic Ocean. They had many exciting and hair-raising adventures before they finally made port in Massachusetts. But the Indians proved to be friendly, and the first crops they planted at Plymouth turned out wonderful, and wild game—especially wild turkeys—turned out plentiful. And at the end of their first autumn harvest the grateful Pilgrims put on a great community feast.

That was the first Thanksgiving, because they gave such public thanks to God for sparing them and giving them such a bountiful harvest. We of America in 1954 put on the same sort of *anniversary* meal, only each family now eats it in their own home separately instead of in public, and we call it Thanksgiving Dinner.

It's all the whole nation's tribute that we continue to pay to people who were our national forebears and came here because they wouldn't stand for England or Holland telling them what their personal ideas should be about God . . .

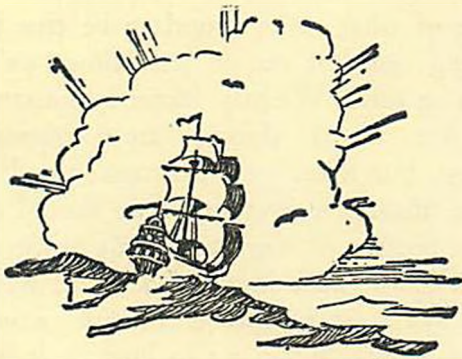
They called the ideas they held about God their Conscience, we say. Now let you and I look squarely and frankly at where this important Conscience came from . . .

CONSCIENCE actually, we find, is made up of all the memories of previous lives each and every one of us have lived on this earth that had to do with our decisions at the time of what was Right and what was Wrong. We say "Something inside us" tells us such things. Actually it's a sort of voice of our sleeping mem-

ories of what we've found to be true by having tested it out in past times we've been on earth. We may forget a thousand-and-one trivial things, inconsequential things, but when we see demonstrated in some impressive event that we should do right because of the tremendous profit resulting to us in a hundred different ways, and shun wrong things because wrong things always work out to hurt or injure us, we just file the results away in our minds and they stay there. Then when we come into a fresh earthly experience, with a fresh body and name, and father and mother, and come up against some happening that compels us to decide for ourselves which is the right thing to do and which the wrong, all those deeply buried memories from other lives bestir themselves and seem to speak to us like a literal voice. We draw on our own wisdom from earlier lives and earlier experiences, in other words, and the voice of Right goes under the poetic name of *Conscience*.



THE PILGRIM Fathers felt in their collective hearts that the Church of England's way of thinking about God was not the way they had learned to think about God to their great profit in earlier lives



they had led, so we put it that they made the voyage to Massachusetts at the commands of their Conscience. We really mean they made their voyage to Massachusetts at the command of their earlier memories of Right and Wrong. What particular difference does it make? They came in the cause of Religious Freedom, as we express it. And that privilege of choosing to think about God according to earlier experiences one has had about God, finally became a part of our American Constitution,

Being free to think about God and holy things according to one's own inner convictions—or memories left over and poking through from earlier lives all of us have led—is one of the most sacred provisions in that Constitution, and we should prize it more highly than we do. It's become so common to us, up the past two hundred years, that we take it for granted. But the United States is one of the few nations in the world where such privilege is presented to the citizen as part of his natural birthright. In Russia, on the other hand, they take you out and shoot you dead, merely for having any views about God at all . . . which is why the great mass of the American people are so set against Communism.

ANYHOW, before another issue of this magazine comes out—especially worded so that boys and girls understand what's being said in it—the Thanksgiving Dinner in something like 30 million homes will be a thing of the past and we shall be looking forward to Christmas.

Let's remember Thanksgiving all the same as the anniversary, not of the voyage of a brave old-fashioned ship driven by sails across the Atlantic Ocean, but of the landing here of a company of men and women who had the courage to pull up all stakes and get out of England—their homeland—because they cherished so dearly their right to believe in God

People of their times considered that their ideas concerning God took the lead over all their other ideas, because God is the most important in the universe. Without His power and loving regard for us, the very earth itself that we're living on wouldn't continue on its way without mishap for five minutes.

People today have grown so careless and indifferent that they don't think about God the clock around. Still, God keeps the earth turning without a hitch, because He's big enough in His heart to overlook the ingratitude of those so taken up with other matters.

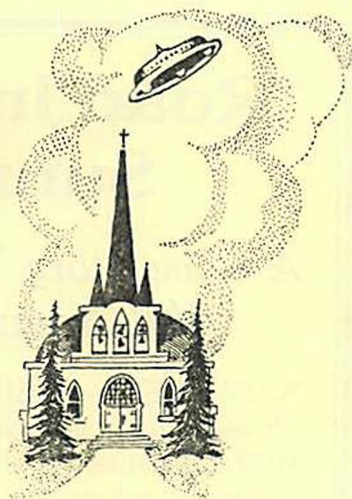
The Pilgrims didn't let other matters intrude between God and themselves. And out of their sincerity and bravery this great nation has grown, whose privileges and rights we're all enjoying at this minute, 334 years later.

Remember all this as you draw your chair up to the table with its savory turkey for the Thanksgiving Feast.

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