

Bright
HORIZONS

Nothing but Soulcraft

for JUNE, 1955



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*—

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SALUTE

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of 1955 stretches ahead, replete with great national and international happenings. One stumbling step after another, humanity climbs the colossal mountain-steep of Wisdom toward open recognition of its own Godhood. Man first discovers the universe, then he discovers Divine Providence, then he discovers himself and the phenomenon of his own soul. But to know that soul of his to the utmost, with all the complications of its ingredients and possibilities for experiences, is admittedly a task for more than any single generation.

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without religious fixations, and gain to a poise in affairs of Spirit that bygone generations never reached nor enjoyed. Souls by the million are coming into earth-life in these fraught days, purposely to be present and salute Truth as mankind makes more and more startling discoveries about the nature of Consciousness and Materials, and origins of both. New minds seize upon new ideas, and new ideas bring new concepts, that mark the progress of the race up formidable vistas of Time. SOULCRAFT is pacing a new tempo in metaphysical discovery. Know it and be mentally emancipated . .

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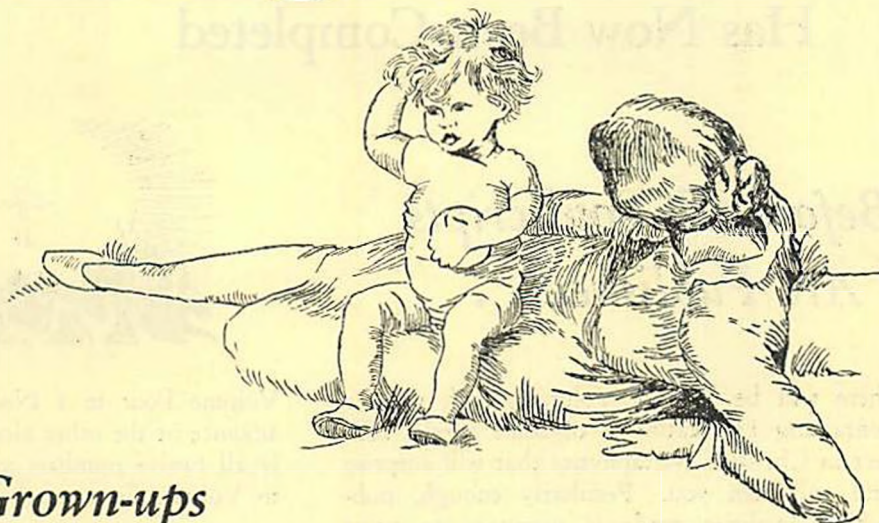
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VOLUME FOUR

JUNE, 1955

NUMBER FIVE

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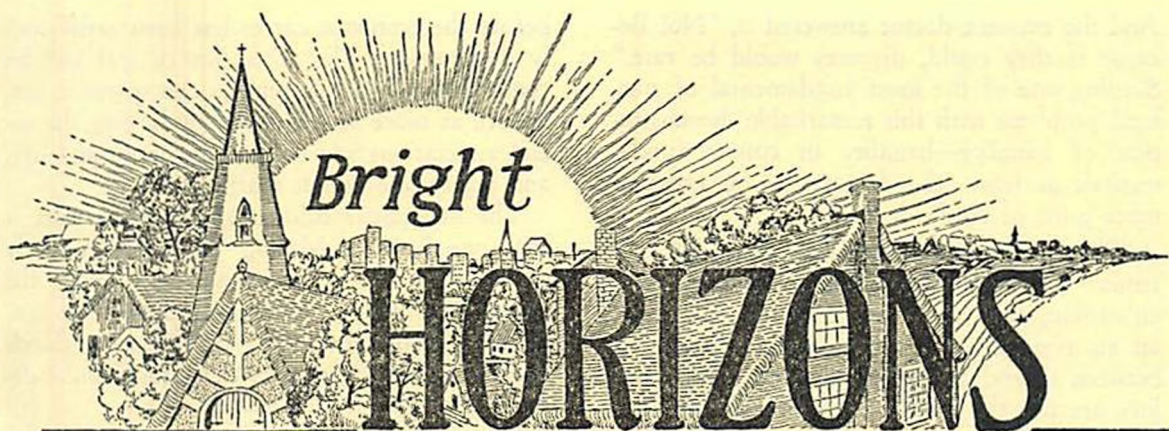
Have I Cared Enough?



PASSED through a heavenly garden
Where the fairest of roses grew,
And I gazed on a blossom forgotten
By the sun and the twilight's dew.
I loosened the sod at the plant's feet
So its face turned to skies above
And I thought of all souls in the Garden of God
Who wilt for their night-bath of love.

I marveled how often I'd passed it
And sensed not this blossom's need,
But what of all souls in the Garden of God
I'd passed without taking due heed?
Had I given a thought to their sweetness
Or held a heart-throb for their plight?
Had I sought to reflect what they meant to themselves
As I did of that rose last night?

. . . Through Greta Volea



VOLUME FOUR

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CAN People Tell Whether They Truly Are in Love? . .

THE "Let's Explore Your Mind" feature running from year to year in the daily newspapers, conducted by Dr. Albert E. Wiggam, affects to pass along authoritative counsel to millions with psychological problems. On a recent May morning it proposed this query: *Can People Tell Whether They Really Are in Love?*



And the eminent doctor answered it, "No! Because if they could, divorces would be rare." Settling one of the most fundamental of spiritual problems with this remarkable demonstration of banality—banality in cosmic fundamentals at least—the doctor goes to expound more gems of fiddle-de-dac.

"Physical attraction develops first," he contends. "No man ever fell in love with a woman's brain, and vice versa. The fact that girls, on an average, have two to eight infatuations between 12 and 20, proves that infatuation and love are not the same. The chief sign of love is intense desire to make the other person happy, not just seeking one's own happiness."

Whereupon the column passes to equal asinities attempting to answer the question, *How to Pick a Mate?*

These being matters more or less peculiar to the marrying month of June, suppose we regard the first interrogation more from the Soulcraft standpoint of knowing something about the causes for "attraction" between the sexes from the "behind life" approach . . .

¶ *THE CHAIN of wedlock is so heavy it takes two to carry it . . .*

THE FIRST factor to examine is the mating instinct itself.

Two boys—or it may be girls—in a given family will be raised under identical conditions, with hereditary backgrounds exactly alike. But one will be a "girl-chaser" or "boy-teaser" from grammar school, irresponsibly flirting his or her way up through high school and college and becoming engaged and possibly married almost

before the economic career has been satisfyingly determined. The other boy or girl will be constitutionally indifferent to the opposite sex, behave as more or less bored by having the social associations and obligations of normal life, and marry late or not marry at all.

The newspaper column psychologist puts it that one has the Mating Instinct excessively developed and the other has not. And the physiologist comes along and opines that ten-to-one the difference is one of endocrine glands—the first over-developed, the second under-developed.

No causes are assigned as to the Why of such circumstance. The glands "just happen" is the superficial viewpoint. According as they proceed and life advances, happiness or loneliness is the fate of the individual.

And orthodox religion comes along with the theory to the lovelorn that such abnormal or subnormal lives are due to the soul not loving Jesus earnestly enough but come to Thursday-night prayer meeting and all will be "sublimated" in the subconscious.

Soulcraft tosses the whole dissertation out the window as trash concocted by people who haven't the faintest fundamental notion of what they are talking about, and looks to the more basic nature of the Soul-Spirit itself.

The Soul can't be psychoanalyzed without taking into consideration eternity and imperishability. Both of these attest that such Thinking Phenomenon is not an object or item so much as an *element*. The formation of every concocted thing is Ether acted upon by Thought.

This Thought-Element or thinking unit comes up through a thousand evolutionary forms, occupying such physical vehicles as perfect and increase its awareness of self and ultimate goal, until it comes to Man, or experiment and experience in the so-called Human Organism where its individuality starts to be distinguished by temperament. This may be compressing much into a half-dozen paragraphs, but the hypothesis is there.

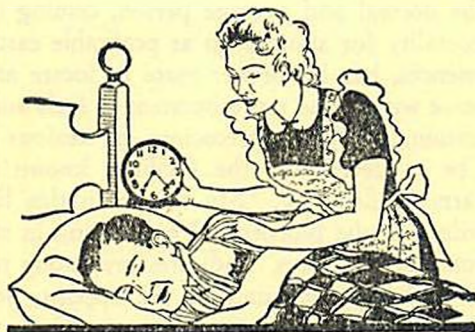
VERY good. The temperament of the soul, slowly fighting its way upward through all the educating experiences of this earth condition and into advanced forms of consciousness having nothing more to do with earth, always and forever dictates *psychosomatically* the general behavior of the bodily vehicle. This in the current instance is another way of saying that it is the prearranged blueprint of what the soul intends to do, as charted and drawn before taking on the physical vehicle of any new babe, that makes for what materialistic-minded psychologists haphazardly term the Mating Instinct, or absence of it.

Instincts, the Higher Psychologist knows, are merely subconscious memories and recollections of what that same soul has acquired in the way of cosmic wisdom in earlier excursions into, and occupancies of, flesh.

If a given soul has said to itself, taking stock of its spiritual progressions, "I dissipated myself and had a sterile spiritual profit from too much sex association in my most recent lives," it will display as "cool" toward romantic associations almost from childhood onward. If, on the other hand, its brevet to itself in the new career calls for closest polarity and teamwork with its cosmic mate, it will seek assiduously to find and join itself to that mate, splurge in romanticism, and, becoming wedded, go on to a happy and prolific family sequence—the children being instances of karmic obligations in process of mortal-plane repayment.

You really are required to be what the benighted world calls a "mystic"—and more or less adept even so—before you can hope to comprehend Mind and its direct relationship to male and female organism.

ALWAYS and forever, whether the materialist-psychologist scoffs at it or not, the subconscious mind—which in nine out of ten instances is the prenatal or imperishable Mind—is obeying insistences of the blueprint settled



upon for the forthcoming life in flesh, just as the body in turn, most certainly the endocrine glands of the body, are obeying the dictates and supervisions in turn of the subconscious.

Applied to the romantic circumstances, therefore, the question: *Can People Tell Whether They Really Are in Love*, resolves itself to the proposal, can people tell consciously whether they're meeting or courting the member of the opposite sex with whom their prenatal plans are concerned, or merely some party in life who resembles the one they're seeking?

No, they can't do it *deliberately* unless they are carried through the experience of having the memory lifted as to prenatal prescribings for themselves. On the other hand, such deliberate knowledge isn't necessary. Life and its reactions, in practical occurrences, will take care of it amply.

Consider it in this fashion—

First, the romantic temperament that sparks the celebrated Mating Instinct, indicates that the strong tandem tendencies come from previously acknowledged and arranged-for relationships with a member or members of the opposite sex. The soul not given to it, what we call in mortality the bachelor or spinster nature, will obey the dictates of prenatal mind and observe the celibacies consequent to it. Thus the very procreative glands of the physical self will receive no thought-incitements making for their activities.

The normal and average person, coming into mortality for another go at profitable earth-experiences, has his or her mate to locate and unionize with. The more insistent it feels such obligation, the more precocious or zealous it will be in developing the facilities known as the arts of flirtation. "My karma in this life according to the blueprints I'm carrying in my subconscious," it says, "indicates my strong polarity with just *one* unit of the opposite sex. So, when I feel subconsciously the magnetic vibrations from other units that warn my subconscious of similarity or sympathy frequency with my true mate, I respond to them."

Which he or she does.

Of course if the identification be faulty, misalliances and divorces may result. But that is no tragedy excepting as the principals contrive to make it seem such. The Higher Wisdom assures us that *no part of man's experience is purposeless*. Even in marrying the incorrect man or woman because they have come so close in resemblance to the true one being sought, there is widening and broadening knowledge. So nothing is really lost.

Subjecting Love itself to analysis under such cosmic circumstances can be done blindly or it can be done intelligently. But in practical effects it will resolve pretty much to this—



SEX LOVE is *neither* physical nor mental, although it may take both forms for expression. Sex love is subconscious acknowledgment that the individual's role in life is to be lived in polarity with another, not in the sex isolations of the bachelor, spinster, or misogynist. Further than that, it also means that the etheric constitution requires a quantity of odic force that is not sufficient unto itself in individual allotments but must be augmented by

the complementing force of the beloved. In such association the strength of the power is not doubled but quadrupled. Procreation of young, which the sensualist thinks so "natural" really is but incidental to the spiritual requirements being served.

The episodes of adolescent girls having three or four infatuations before settling into the conventional love affairs are mere precocious concurrences in what the subconscious mind holds by way of identified obligations that maturity must materialize. They are not love affairs in themselves but immature hypotheses of attachments which the impatient adolescents are eager to be about—hence the *bon mot* that certain young females are not in love with men but in love with love.

Really their subconscious brevets to mate with definite individuals and play the roles of spouses are more insistent than they can control, and the blueprint design is mistaken for the finished structure.

The Marrying Month of June is a good time to take stock of the fact that practically everyone in life, masculine or feminine, eventually meets and marries the party with whom he or she has unfinished cosmic business. Unions that aren't supposed to happen just don't jell.

Whoever may protest that he or she is by no means "happily" wedded, is open to the inquiry as to what purpose was served then, when he or she prescribed their specific partners as conditioners of experience for them in the current sojourn? Find that out, determine it, and the going through with it ceases to be ordeal and becomes a type of challenge to adventure.

At any rate, transpose the word Love in the romantic sense for "successful compliance with the cosmic blueprint" and most unions make sense. Fight them and you fight destiny.

And Destiny was never yet beaten since Adam went through with his original matrimony in the Garden of Eden and lived to be evicted from the premises for nonpayment of moral rent!



WHY Do Some Types of Lives Seem Romantic

and Others Drab?

SCORES of times a month we come across people who behave as though wearied with living. "Nothing ever happens to me!" is their lament. If they be male, they envy the lean and handsome lad who tosses a neat shank over his saddle and gallops off in pursuit of the festive dogie. If they be female, they dream themselves into fairy castles with mandolins strumming beneath casements on nights of full moons, or crash a dish in temper on the kitchen floor next morn because no more romantic character than the fullerbrushman has pressed their house bells in a week.

What basically is afflicting such folk? Why do humdrum lives, devoid of dramatic happenings, appear as punishments extending away into interminable mists? Why do nine out of ten people keep telling themselves over and over that "someday things are going to be different" and Time alone is going to release

them from the prosaic tasks of three-meals-a-day living?

If we proceed on the theory that each and every one of us prescribes most of the major events which we shall encounter on this earth-plane, why then should some of us have chosen careers of mediocre provincialism while others fated themselves to sail Spanish Mains in symbolic galleons? Then again there's the "round peg in the square hole" who discovers himself forced to follow some distasteful occupation in order to subsist. Why should one get in such a plight if there's anything truthful about the hypothesis that we exist throughout lives that hold pretty much what we require from the spiritual standpoint?

This whole matter of satisfying environment in which to pass our days is a difficult quandary for the logical-minded person to accept. Even with the Ageless Wisdom to enlighten him, he feels too many times that he only receives help up to a certain point.

IN the first place we want to remember that none of us come into life with the earthly blueprint so carefully worked out that we can consult the agenda and say that at half-past

ten o'clock of the third day of the fifth month of our thirty-fourth year we'll be pouring anthracite down a coal-hole from a truck which we drive for sixty-two dollars and eighty cents carry-home pay every Friday, or sanitizing an infant that's dampened its seventh pair of three-cornered pants since sunup. Our prenatal prescriptions are broader than that.



We enter a given orientation in the forthcoming life, it seems, to develop sinew in a certain strain of character where we are cosmically deficient. Or it may happen that we enter life to perform one single high-voltage deed that will write our names large in the history books and naught else, and how we put in the time up to the Crucial Moment doesn't matter so much. Or we may land on a western cow-ranch because several close members of our group have incarnated on a given stretch of western real estate and it's the debts owing to them that necessitates us branding kicking calves—which appears so romantic to the book-keeper back in Detroit who never branded anything more exciting than his own anatomical rear when he sat down precipitously on a hot floor register one winter's night by slipping on a pat of butter which a maid had unpardonably dropped from a supper tray. But if we're

born to be a cowhand on a Montana ranch, it becomes just as prosaic to us after the fourth year as entering any sets of figures in books as nondescript attaches of the motorcar industry.

We're required to consider the great cosmic values contained in the particular dilemma in which we may find ourselves. What are we learning about the living of life *itself* that may broaden or deepen the quality of our consciousness?

A THOUSAND-and-one people may have a thousand-and-one reasons for incarnating as they do, but it's rarely the task itself that matters. Are they learning to be sufficient unto themselves in life's predicaments as they come along? Are they learning the great lesson of compatibility with some specific person, repressing successfully the innate desire to do a homicide upon him or her every Thursday night? Are they learning how to be at ease with large numbers of strangers, and make themselves agreeable when the times are out of joint—not for any particular foolishness about being the life of the party but to develop the self-confidence that makes for increased individuality? Are they perfecting themselves in some particular mental or scientific pursuit that's to make them outstanding in a service rendered humanity physically, mentally or spiritually as time goes on? Are they learning how to adapt themselves to change and alteration, or the ordeals of kaleidoscopic fortune? Are they ballasting themselves in judgment and discernment of moral values so that if they're left a million dollars by the eccentric maiden aunt, they'll use it constructively and as a worthy trust and not squander it to the four winds in a twelvemonth? Are they exploring spiritual values for intellectual gains, or tutoring themselves in minor management of private affairs so that as time goes on they'll be efficient in managing the public trust that may be waiting for them? Are they keeping a date with some big teaching or artistic job

that's due to lift them into a mentorship of all society?

People rarely put these larger questions to themselves when their backs are aching with what seem to be humdrum tasks of moderate living in circumscribed environments. They see only the tangible object beneath their fingers. Certainly it doesn't occur to one in twenty that no matter *what* types of lives they may find themselves living, every last feature and factor is not precisely the same as it was twenty-four hours previously.

Actually, the world alters perceptibly every twenty-four hours. No matter what sort of house you may be living in, a certain amount of its materials have corroded or pulverized since this time last night. One's children have grown exactly one day older and their maturing bodies altered that much in consequence. Someone has invented a new gadget since yesterday noon that presently is going to be easing the manual aspect of your labors or offering something making for a wider and more enjoyable recreation when time comes for play. The world is so constituted that no one can say definitely twenty-four hours ahead of time that the dearest—or the most annoying—person in one's affairs won't be lying motionless in the neighborhood embalming parlor at this same hour tomorrow.

The one great thing which the person most bored with life should assure himself, is the cold unassailable fact *that no aspect of the world is standing still.*

The mere living of life itself is a constant and continual "going on." The changes may be imperceptible but they are taking place, regardless. Every seven years, every cell in your physical body is renewed excepting a few in your brain.

You didn't prescribe the exact job, as a job, which you're now filling. You solicited a given man and woman of prenatal acquaintance to espouse you as a soul in a new body—male or female as the case may be—after they had been eighteen years or more in life. You knew

they were people of a given strata of intelligence and thus provide or make such-and-such a domestic environment. You knew, unless you recognized openly that you were taking on a group-mentor's job after you reached flesh, that they would fill such-and-such a social and economic position when and while you were a member of their family—and *a role in it held something that you particularly needed.* So your current role is reaction from such action, or effect from such cause.

The fact that you may feel bored with life, therefore, is probably conditioned upon two things: You have either gotten what you solicited and are ready for a major change in result of it, or you're taking the gains for granted and never making the effort to analyze *everything* contributing to your career and crediting gains that are rarely wrapped in tinsel or bunting.

¶ *NOWADAYS a couple marries and first thing you know they have a little divorce . . .*

REALLY profiting from life's gains is a slow process. It takes a lot of experiencings to make a definite and permanent impression upon the average man's temperament. The desired results may be coming to you too slightly for you to be able to label them, or your quality of consciousness may have become such that you could stand ordeal in larger and heavier doses but provision hasn't been made for it.

Regarding various other occupations in any light of "romance" is purely an item of sharp contrasts.

As previously stated, the Montana cowboy is only romantic in the eyes of the Detroit bookkeeper, rarely in his own. It's a dusty, monotonous, muscle-exhausting job, sticking in a saddle around the clock and roping refractory bovines. The bookkeeper's life in a great metropolis, where one may spend an evening at a tavern with theatrical entertainment taking the form of a spicy display of female cuticle, may appear so romantic to the cowhand that it affects the soundness of his nocturnal slumbers. The girl in the little Massachusetts insurance office may consider the acme of her dreams to be cast as the feminine lead opposite the lad with the Greek profile in the next Hollywood screen spectacle, but the weariness in her own bones at heart the while is no match for the tired ingenue who has just come off the set at 7:30 p. m. after rehearsing under hot Kleigs since the taxi delivered her to the studio at 8 a. m. with only twenty minutes off for lunch.

It's all in the point of view, plus familiarity with the background.

BUT the truest grounds for complaint against the humdrum life is admittedly the fact that the spirit feels it can absorb more experiences, or the increment from more experiences, than it seems to be getting.

"I could take more and get more out of it!"

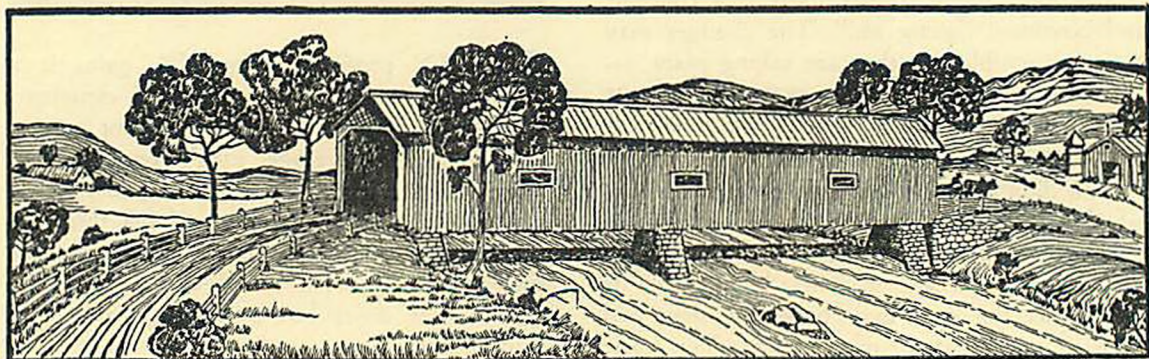
is the real essence of the average heartcry, when the complainant is fed up with what seems the making of endless motions. And when the job becomes such that the increment is well-nigh zero, life has a peculiar trait of altering its setup. Things happen of themselves that shift one from a given occupation into another. Just as the ancient adage had it, "when the pupil is ready, the teacher appears," just so when the malcontent is ready the alteration occurs. The very vibrations that he's giving out, hour on hour, are working toward alteration, to say nothing of one's private guides on the higher octaves.

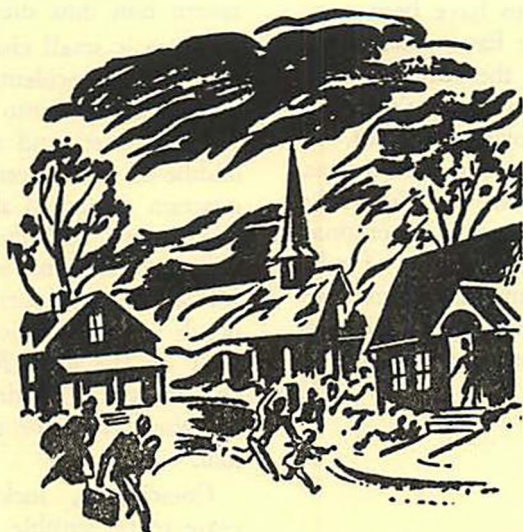
No part of your experience is purposeless, say the Golden Scripts over and over. And BRIGHT HORIZONS says it over and over, and will say it again. Everything happening to you, even the most mediocre daily task, is leaving its indelible impression on your consciousness. No mother goes about her home caring for her beloved babe day on day, drudgery though her duties may seem at times, who is not learning more about life than the most celebrated psychologist who ever writes books. Commonness of tasks is by no means criterion of their cosmic import.

Try to determine from your own boredom, if you feel it, what great *overall* profit may be coming to you from what you are doing.

Try as well to overlook the nature of the detail, in the broader aspects of true spiritual discipline . . .

They're worth it.





DO Clairvoyants Look Ahead and View Actual Events?



ONLY the ignorant or the bigoted scoff at Clairvoyance—or ability to see events that will happen in future—as being necromancy or lucky guessing. The people of every age and culture that the world has known, have had

their Seers and their Prophets, their soothsayers and their augurers. True, in decadent aspects, thousands of these have been mere frauds and sorcerers. But that there has been “something to” the acceptance of persons with future-reading gifts, is attested by our documented evidence that monarchs and scholars up five thousand years of history have accredited them and shown them every confidence and respect.

Sometimes the people of whole races have the tendency to Clairvoyance as an attribute of temperament. The Scotch are particularly

noted in this respect, the popular term for such ability being Second Sight.

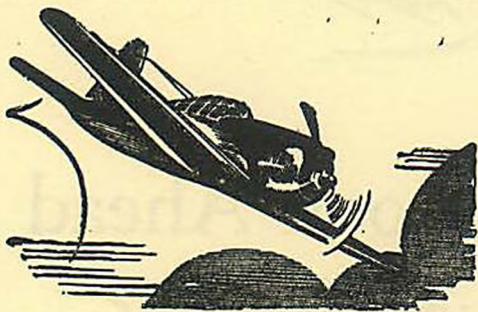
In the old Sumerian and Egyptian monarchies, the Court Seer was one of the most revered and adulated of men. All the old Biblical kings and patriarchs had similar retainers, on whose predictions they consummately relied.

In the eleventh verse of the 24th chapter of II Samuel, we find these words: “For when David was up in the morning, the word of the Lord came unto the prophet Gad, David’s seer, saying—” Therefrom do we obtain Biblical confirmation that David had his Second-Sight attache; furthermore, that seers and prophets were considered the same, and that it was accredited that God Himself spake through them and conveyed His wishes to His earthly potentates.

Surely, the profoundest men of every age—the kings and philosophers whose worldly

achievements proved them to have been anything but fools—would not have placed reliance on these foretellers of the future, unless their prophecies turned out to be more accurate than the utterances that proved fallacious.

It is a fact known only to church historians and scholars that the Roman Catholic Holy See gets its designation because in its original form it was supposed to be made up of religious "seers" or prelates supposed to exercise the gift of reading the future and indicating what the Almighty had in store for His church.



NOW men and women of truly philosophical temperaments, admitting for the sake of argument that bona fide clairvoyance is a fact, ask themselves what physical process can be involved, or attested to, in a person thus gifted in the present being able to discern accurately what is to happen to a man, a group, or a nation, next month, next year, or next century.

As has been briefly recorded in the case of Nostradamus' making his predictions regarding Louis XVI, we have to consider a man sitting in a French garret in or about the year 1550, writing down what he "saw" as happening to a specific king of France on a date, and in a situation, not occurring till 241 years later.

Not only did he give the correct forecast of specific events, but he recorded the name of a minister who betrayed the king, and the name of the seemingly inconsequential innkeeper on the edge of a province, who would recognize him in a coach, disguised, and restrain and

return him into the hands of revolutionaries.

There is small chance for fraud or fabrication in these incidents. We have Nostradamus' quatrains, made into a book by Bonhomme the Lyons printer, and authentically dated in the middle of the Sixteenth Century. We read the quatrain composed about 1550 regarding King Louis' fate, and the names of the men who were to betray him, and we are now far enough forward in time ourselves to see that what this occult scholar predicted in 1550, came true in 1791 on the nail. Moreover, this was merely one of over a hundred similar prophecies that likewise have come true in the interim on the nail.

Coincidence, lucky guessing, imagination, cease to be sensible explanations.

SUCH a specific instance—calling and recording the name of a common innkeeper who would function in a certain way, and do a certain act, two hundred and forty-one years in future—faces us with this proposition—

Are all events that ever are to be, already transpired, and is the seer thus observing actual happenings that Consciousness "has not yet caught up with," or must we believe that no program of social conduct or personal act takes place in mortality that is not prearranged and cast to a definite time-and-circumstance matrix from which the least of us cannot escape?

In other words, is the whole drama of earth-life—from the planet's coagulation in ether till its ultimate arrival at disintegration—foreordained and predestined to its smallest particular, like a photoplay fixed on celluloid, and is the present moment in eternity also a "fixed" situation that cannot alter in the slightest particular no matter how many times the reels are run through the divine projector? Or is the matrix of event prescribed in advance, like a theatrical production that is written by a playwright, and soul-spirits given the choice of volunteering to fill certain roles—or turning them down—as the play is produced?

How did Nostradamus know that a king of France, Louis XV, would be a dissolute and irresponsible character, ruled by two women who through him ruled the country? Was the role of Louis XV already stipulated æons before the earth-planet with its subsequent human society was thought of, and did a free soul-spirit elect to play the part of Louis when the exact moment came for him to stalk upon the stage? Or did Nostradamus project—or enlarge—his consciousness to observe the integration of earth-events as they would happen in a kaleidoscope of free souls, acting on impulses from Free Will? If the latter, then why should not the process hold to encompass *all* events that ever take place up the future of Cosmos, and arrive at the end of them?

At what point up the agenda of events-to-be does the observation cease? And why?

If Nostradamus knew, out of the sight-profundities of his adeptship in 1550, that a war against Reds would break out in Spain in 1936, and last until 1939, then it must have been known by someone, somewhere, before 1550 had arrived. We have our right to the conjecture: When was it *first* known, and by whom? Was it known back in the year 100 A. D., 500 B. C., or 10,000 or 100,000 B. C.?

Was it known before even the earth as a planet began to manifest in Free Ether at all?

If it was known, then why should we not take the position that all that ever is to happen, is also prescribed? And if all that ever is to happen is likewise prescribed, then why should we not conclude that no mortal—regardless of his conduct—is responsible for his acts, that whatever role he plays has been prescribed from the “first,” whatever that “first” may have been, and that future reward or punishment is as senseless and unfair as actually hanging a young actor like Tyrone Power for acts committed in the role of Jesse James, in a recent historical photoplay?



WE ARE confronted here by two of the great controversial fundamentals of Christian Orthodoxy: Foreordination and Free Will. This is not the place to discuss them, for at the moment we are discussing the simple subject of Clairvoyance. But theologians of every age have wrestled with the problem as to whether some people are born to enjoy the good fortunes supposed to result from the bestowal of Divine Grace—in other words, the “elect”—while millions of others are “born to be hanged.”

This controversy could not have “just happened.” Some process in Cosmos, about which humankind has become confused, must offer a basis for its endurance.

Clairvoyance in our day doesn't lie in the realm of the religious any longer, of course, but in the realm of the metaphysical—or the Physics of the Mind.

The case of Nostradamus gives us documentary proof that it was known to a hair's breadth of event in 1550 that in 1791 a revolutionary innkeeper would betray the King of France, thereby causing him to lose his head. To say that some superior being in a higher octave of consciousness told Nostradamus of this happening-to-be, and that he recorded it at

the behest of a Greater Intelligence, does not alter the premise of our inquiry.

Whether Nostradamus learned it through Advance Sight of the specific occurrence, or through hyperdimensional communication, the fact remains that someone knew it, and we are seeking to determine how.

If plans for the world are prescribed to the smallest detail, so that even innkeepers of definite names do prescribed acts at the proper moment, why can we not say that the acts of all of us are prescribed for performance at "the proper moment"?

¶ *SOCRATES was asked if it were better to marry or not to marry? He replied, "Either way you'll repent it."*

Accepting this hypothesis, why should we not go one step further and decide that whatever we do—good, bad, or indifferent—is concretely the result of playing a role that is foreordained?

Why should not a murderer plead to a jury: "Why stretch my neck or electrocute me, when what I did was merely a role in this great social drama that had to be enacted whether I wanted to be a part of it or not?"

Mind you, the word "should" is used here, and we are only asking hypothetical questions. We are by no means deciding that such is the case.

That King Louis XVI was "born to be guillotined," however, is something that it is difficult to refute. If he hadn't been born to be guillotined, then Nostradamus would not have known about his betrayal by the landlord Sauce. Nostradamus did know about his betrayal by the landlord Sauce, which postulates that King Louis was predestined to lose his head beneath the knife, which in turn postulates that the French Reign of Terror was not a chance creation by earthly malcontents, but a prescription of Great Cosmos.

And what goes for Louis XV and Louis XVI, applies as well to all the persons, royal, theological or proletarian, who ever draw the breath of life.

NOT only did Nostradamus predict the end of the French monarchy, but he seems to have been aware of the exploits of Napoleon. Said he regarding the Little Corporal: "An Emperor will be born near Italy whom the Empire will acquire at great cost. The French will discover in him less of a Prince than a butcher."

Every schoolchild is aware that Bonaparte was born on the island of Corsica, that he was an Italian and not a Frenchman, and that his ambitious schemes cost France an indescribable sum in blood and treasure.

Here again we have a reference in 1550 to a war emperor to come nearly 300 years in future.

"Seven years," penned Nostradamus, "will a Louis prosper. He will humble the barbarians. Then in the middle of his reign, he will suffer a reverse. A young hot-head will block his power."

Louis Phillippe reigned successfully and prosperously from July of 1830 to February of 1848, conquering Algiers, but defeated by the future Napoleon III.

Commenting on the creation of the United States, Nostradamus set down: "The West shall be free of the British Isles, the discovered shall pass low, then high. Scottish pirate shall on the sea rebel, on a rainy and hot night."

Looking back on English and American history, we know that it was the young Scot, John Paul Jones, who broke the British control over American colonial sea-power, capturing the English ships *Serapis* and *Drake*. Moreover, the great sea fight took place "on a rainy and hot night."

From first to last, Nostradamus' batting average for correct prophecy seems to stand at 98 per cent.

Protest against it as some of us would, we begin to get our first cues as to how such future events can be determined by understanding something of what is meant by the principle present in nearly all metaphysical doctrines, that this mortal scene is not the casual world but the effectual!

In other words, Free Will does exist and operates to universal degree, but not in this octave of selective experience.

This is the octave of Results from Cause—or rather, Results from Election.

More of this later, in its proper place.

This octave of Results from Free Election is probably the state referred to, and discussed, by theologians under the subject; Foreordination—or even Predestination.

We are told that Great Mentors, in colossal high dimensions, decide and decree what the

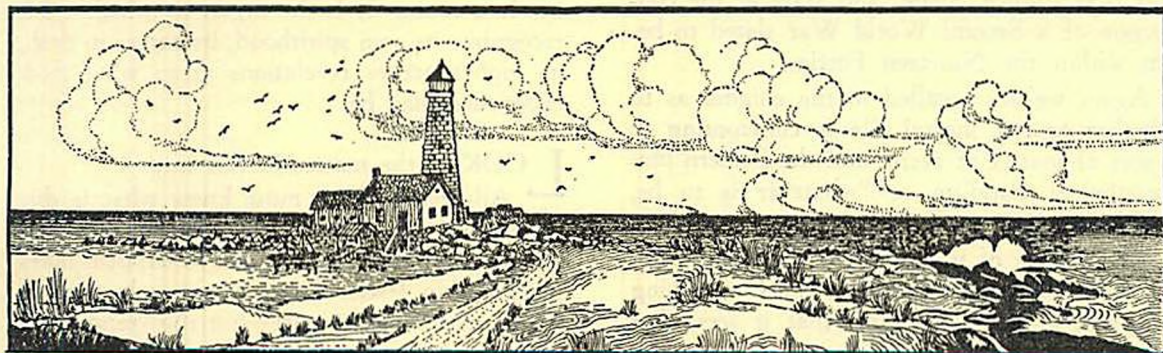
events of a zodiacal cycle are to be. In other words, the drama is written by divine playwrights, according to celestial conditions peculiar to the cycle, and the karmic obligations and adjustments of those who shall play the parts.

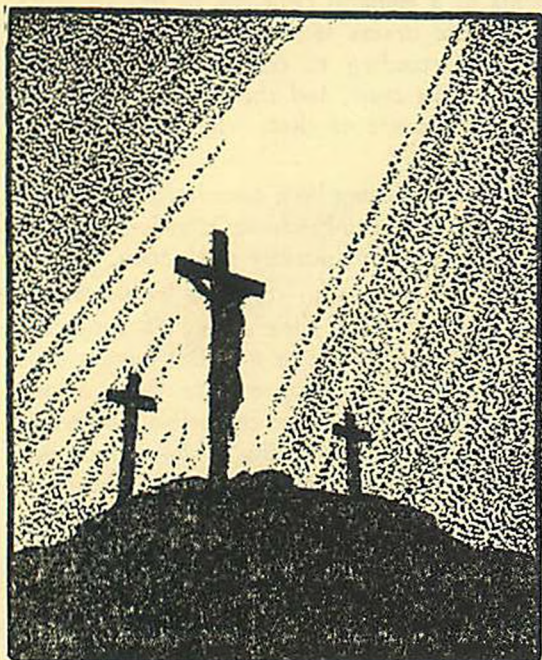
The script having been completed and passed upon by the Great Producer, it goes faultlessly and flawlessly into worldly production.

The soul-spirits who are to be known as the mortal actors, have their choice of appearing as persons in the cast or not. But having once left the wings and appeared in sight of the cosmic audience, they are compelled by circumstance to perform according to the agreed-upon script, because the preponderant numbers in the cast performing according to the script, are circumstances whose mandates are undefiable.

Nostradamus we must assume, had some way of knowing about that script in advance, and the century-long series of happenings which it integrated.

He read the earthly scenario, written for the cycle, so to speak, and could thereby forecast the future precisely as the director of a modern photoplay usually knows what his concluding scene is to be, before he starts the "shooting" of his first!





HOW Life Is Planned by Dispensations

¶ *OUR Gains from Clairvoyance about the Forces Operating in Life's Background . .*

IT IS, as we say in the vernacular, "cutting it pretty fine" for a man to sit in a garret in a village in southern France back in the year 1550, and write correctly the name of an innkeeper who would apprehend the escaping king of France two hundred and forty-one years later, or say that the German monarchy would be superseded by a dictatorship under a man "who was not a German," or that a king born in 1894 is to rule over France, Spain, and Italy at the conclusion of a Second World War slated to begin within the Nineteen Forties.

Again we are recalled to the enigma as to whether or not mortal life is confronting to a sort of matrix of event, and the Eastern philosophy of Fatalism or "whatever is to be, will be!"

The essence of the matter is not wholly conjectural. The eye of the mind is a far-reaching eye, and it is not so much that it sees, that counts, but what it knows.

To speak of an eye's "knowing" is a weird term, indeed. But the eye does know, or rather, it recognizes. People who are clairvoyant are possessed of a Third Eye, the same that Jesus spoke about when He said: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

This single eye is all-absorptive, all encompassing—in that which is, and that which shall be. It is more. It is the organ by which spirit recognizes its own spirithood, its career in flesh, its higher octave revelations as to what flesh experience shall be.

LOOK at the matter in this way—
All-Seeing Spirit must know what is due to happen, universally and eternally, because all that does happen, or is due to happen, takes place within Itself. Spirit is not only part of it—the participating part—but the "rendering" or motivating part as well.

Free-Thinking Spirit operates in "cordons of events." That is to say, it embraces whole structures of happenings, each making for some grand postulation in eternal evolution.

No one incident is disconnected, nor can it be disconnected, from the great ensemble of happenings making up an epoch or a cycle. A gradation, or qualification, of happenings—known as smaller, or contributing events—can and does take place, but these are forever parts of a Master Program that gets its concoction or realization by multiplicity of particulars.

We in our earth-world, commonly think of happenings as disassociated, one from the other, things "happening separately" or in isolated circumstance.

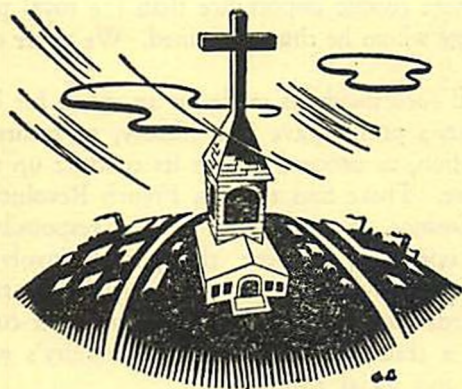
The vaster matrix of eternal character for all humanity, the compilation of results that is to represent a stupendous upward movement in terms of flesh, lays out a design that once agreed upon by all contributing essences, is unchangeable and irrevocable.

The way is opened for man to do this or that in his smaller personal affairs, but in matters of vaster portent, where—in a manner of speaking—all humanity is involved, the events are forecast to the smallest particular.

FATE, by the way, is not what men commonly consider it, at all. It is not a harsh and unyielding projector of Ordeal, so much as the master pattern for all human life to follow, coming in touch with, or exercising its "apparancy" on the individual.

All lives are guided, in a measure, by Fate. That is to say, all lives have foreordainment controlling their avenues of activity from day to day and year to year. If this were not so, earthly existence would become chaotic. There would be neither unity nor euphony in human society.

Somebody, somewhere, "casts the pattern", and persons in the discarnate state agree to



abide by it, or take advantage of its educational benefits, by entering into, or under, its directings.

You say Fate decides this or that. It really does not "decide" anything. It postulates. It reminds the earthly person that he must keep to the brevet he has chosen for himself, and abide by the "controls" of the circumstance which he entered life to profit from.

Therefore, it is not so difficult nor enigmatic as we might deem it, for a given seer to look forward a number of hundreds, or even thousands, of years and say that upon a given date a given person is going to do that or that. The event postulated is a definite pivot in a cycle—for all cycles must have their pivotal incidents upon which whole sections of human affairs revolve. Given a certain happening in General Circumstances, a whole series of master events will evolve from it, or swing around it. The thing that mystifies us is the proposal of a given soul spirit to incarnate to perform a certain pivotal act a thousand years from the present. We deem it miraculous that an "unknown innkeeper" should turn back the King of France and cause him to be dispatched by the guillotine. But what makes us take it for granted that the said innkeeper was of no more cosmic importance as to personality than he seemed to be in the earthly ensemble of nondescript humanity? Mayhap that innkeeper was

of more cosmic importance than the royal personage whom he thus restrained. We never can tell.

All such incidents made up an epoch for humanity's profit, gave it a history, or rather a tradition, to proceed on for its conduct up the future. There had to be a French Revolution in Cosmos, to underwrite certain responsibilities operating between the parties involved, that they might not only work out their karma towards one another but that they might compose a tradition for universal humanity's welfare and social education.

¶ *By Education I learn
to do by choice what
other men are con-
strained to do by fear*

THE ALL-SEEING Eye of Spirit is usually aware of what is to take place within range of its omnipresent vision, before the whole panorama of earth events, in sacerdotal aspects, may well be charted, and often is charted, for whole cycles in advance. Cosmos does not proceed to arrange these things by days or by months, but by centuries and by epochs. We learn that oftentimes it becomes known what certain incarnations will be by thousands of earthly years, in advance. One, two, three, six, sixteen, or sixty lives in advance, is no great "planning" for the stupendous mentalities at work on the charts for the earth-scene as it is later played in circumstances. Lengths of time appall the person whose worldly tenor is oft concerned with mere cosmic months. Up in the loftier "researching" octaves time and social

developments for bevy of spirits are figured by ages, civilizations, and even æons. We mortals deal with mere moments in eternity. Great Cosmos deals with years in tens of thousands. We beggar the mentalities of those who have charge of our social evolutions, by exclaiming at their perspicacities in this, and expecting they should be of the same mental considerations as ourselves.

Verily, we are treating with mental giants indeed in these matters—divine chess-players of the most supernal order, who from a few simple moves on the boards of eternity can postulate whole civilizations, the rise and decline of empires, the appearance and disappearance of worlds, when they get together and start conjecturing eternal improvements.

Clairvoyance, in the ordinary sense, is a sort of supernal mental association with such colossal wits, understanding their program-designs, and seeing the events to be enacted in material circumstances through their eyes or rather with their attributes for planning.

True, the pictures seen, representing such events, are "real" enough. They are not real in the material sense, however, but in the imaginative "thinking" or conjecturing sense. We are wrong when we say that a given clairvoyant "moves into" an event not yet come to pass. He doesn't do that literally. He shapes it in his machinery of perception so that the divine thought takes on the aspects of realism, and with such he is content.

It is not a matter of giving up anything physical or material. It is a matter of momentarily escaping the physical or material and appreciating the evolvments of Cosmos from the standpoint of participating in the foreordained knowledge of what is planned to happen.

AGAIN, look upon the matter as extra-sensory. Our earthly children hear their elders planning an excursion, a business deal, a bit of house construction, or a scheme to make much money. They listen round-eyed,

and strive to interpret what is being proposed in terms of their infantile concepts. Next day, in their play in the yard, they repeat what they have heard, sometimes in garbled form, or try to enact it out themselves as a figment of their own undeveloped receptivities.

Now then, if such children overheard the plans for a motorboat's construction that would be followed out and the boat delivered in a week's time, they would not be exercised, beyond trying to imagine what forthcoming boat rides in the water-conveyance would be like. But let the same elders discuss the prospectus of a corporation that is going into the business of shipbuilding, constructing vessels that are to explore the seven seas, visit foreign ports that the said children have never heard of, and the whole project be underwritten by a great corporation whose official life is granted by the State for ninety-nine years, and the thing will be more or less unintelligible. At the most, it will partake of financial, geographical, and time elements that were above the infants' grasp. Fifty or sixty years hence one such might have a hazy recollection of those plannings, if in a distant world port he beheld one of the company's ships—a company that was only "on paper" when he overheard his elders discussing it back in his childhood. He might marvel at the "strength of mind" it took to project such a line, actually construct and operate vessels, and bring into existence a great transportation company, whose arena of operations is the whole planet on which he lived.

But again, to persons of adult attainments, the venture seems very simple. The plans were drawn for the company, the vessels were estimated and constructed, it was known to the projectors of the venture who the seamen were that were to man the craft after they had been brought to being.

Well, plans for Eternity in a vast cosmic cycle are much like the steamship line, and earthly clairvoyance is not unlike a person in flesh playing the part of an infant in the foregoing metaphor, stilling earthly clamor amid its play-

things to "get a load" of what its cosmic elders are proposing—for the benefit of their own pocketbooks or the accommodation of a traveling public that may be yet unborn.

Do not be confused by the time elements involved.



When we are "out in Space" in the truly discarnate sense, we cannot think of Time in days and weeks and years, for these are strictly astronomical. That is, they are predicated on the issues or elements in motion to complete a given track around the sun or a centrosome. When we have no sun, or rather, when we have *all* suns, by which to gauge our actions, we must search for a different measuring of event.

Those in the infinitely greater reaches of cosmic time, go by astronomical cycles after a fashion, it is true. But these are purely relative. The greater measuring-stick is the Growth of Result from Cause.

(Continued on Page 22)

"Behold Our Progress"

"BEHOLD our progress!" the Assyrian
cried,
Viewing beneath the brilliant blazing sky
His lofty towers and walls of sun-baked
brick,
The brazen gates, the ponderous ramparts
high,
The roll of chariots in the narrow way,
The glittering crowd, close-thronging mart
and street,
The gleaming flash of spears beneath the
sun,
The shaking tread of conquering cohorts'
feet;

"Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they passed.

The moon shines cold above the desert sands,
The thin winds scurry lone across the waste,
The shifting dunes long-since have rolled
and curled
Upon man's vaunting cities, Time-effaced.
The monuments and towers are o'erthrown,
The tablets tarnish like the sword-blade's
rust,
And all the glory that the past has known
Has crumbled, like the builders, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" Hear proud Egypt's
boast:
Temples and pyramids and painted stone,
Pylons of savory smoke along the blue-waved
Nile,
Across the world of old for wealth and
magic known.
Rich galleys clustering on the river's flood,
Learning and wisdom cultured in her halls,

Vast monuments of power above the jeweled
sand,
Ranked gods of stone, and massive sculp-
tured walls.

"Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they passed.

The jackal yelps amongst the prostrate stones,
The painted tombs no longer shrive their
dead;
The desert winds besport with mummy-dust,
The gods are fallen and their glories fled;
The bats at twilight flutter forth from holes
Wherein sear shreds of human clay were
thrust,
The silken sails and gilded galley poles
Have toppled, like the boasters, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" Hear the shout of Rome.
The tramp of iron legions on her stone-paved
Ways;
Clatter of the chariots, thud of marching
feet,
Blazing pennants crimson 'neath the dawn-
mist rays.
Mistress of world and word, from pine to
palm,
Art and adornment filched from every land,



gress!"

Monarchs in chains behind her Triumph's
wheels,
States that paid tribute to a conqueror's
hand.

"Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they passed.

The broken pillars in the Forum spill,
And shattered fragments strew the Circus
floor,
The loathsome beggars loiter in the shade
Of walls whose vaulted echoes wake no
martyrs more.

The brassy bucklers turn no foeman's steel,
The short keen sword no longer makes its
thrust,
And all the Empire Stern that lauded
Cæsar's pomp
Has crumpled, like proud Cæsar, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" Emperor King, and
Czar!

Navies far-flung and battle-flags unfurled;
Europe a checkerboard of blood and flame,
Armed minions mustering 'round a wounded
world.

Hear once again, while red the ruin roars,
The puny voices vaunting, each to each,
Whilst on the other's shoulders thrusting
blame,

Make once again the vapid, age-old speech:

"Behold our progress and enlightenment!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they pass.

The dreadnaughts drown beneath the Channel's
tide,
The cities flame, the lees are black with dead,



The highways shake beneath the tread of
hosts
That flee the bomb-wracked heavens over-
head.

Women blank-eyed, the cuddling hamlets
chilled,

Where needy seek in vain Starvation's Crust,
And all the gain of hard-wrought Bills of
Rights

Is crumbling, with their wresters, into dust.

"Behold our progress!" See the virile scene:
A lithesome Boadicea, stalking up the West,
Athwart America her people rear great piles
Of steel and stone that challenge Sinai's
crest.

Symbols of wealth and craft, of visions
bright,

Yet doth the cry of old still daunt the
Master Brain,

Whilst plot and counterplot send mischiefs
bleak

To desecrate the Temples of her Gain—

"Behold our progress! Sense our strength!
We are the people! We shall surely stand!"
—And speaking thus, they wait.

The killer strides across a joyous land
Where sightless Justice stoops to hold life
cheap;
A Slavish Press and nuisance Radio combine
To keep young stalwarts locked in blight of
sleep.
Youth's hope is now no more, gone is the
flame
To hold the public weal a sacred trust;
Must these: Wealth, Glory, Truth and
Valor High,
Be trampled with past vanities, in dust?

"Behold our progress!" Hear the tocsin ring
From every land and race where pride has
ruled;
Now brethren of the Chrystos take it up
But cry it softly as that pride is schooled.
And o'er it all a Loving Father's care
Makes mantle for the strong who richly die,
With added word, chance-heard o'er land

and sea:

"Know thus that your redemption draweth
nigh!"

Behold our progress? We, the people, verily
do stand

And take the nobler gift of Life, although
We never see the Giver's Hand.

Behold your birthright, men of midget mien,
Lay off your tawdry coats of guile and
shame,

Discern the gracious fullness of the Gift
That leaves its bounty rare, although it hide
its name.

Let this your tocsin be, and this your song—
"We are the legatees of all that Time would
birth,

The sands, and spires, and minarets of grief
Are blended in the Galilean Saga, not of
earth.

Chrystos appeared, enthroned, acclaimed,
enshrined,

Auguring the Perfect Progress, sired by
Mind!"

—ANONYMOUS



Something to Think About

WHAT is Progress? The dictionary says it means "to advance toward a goal or objective." But what goal or objective is man advancing toward? Too often the word is used to describe a mere refining or complicating of his culture, or natural evolution of society to more circumspect treatment of the individual. In religion there can be no progress, because according to orthodoxy, all had been revealed in the beginning. Retrospecting over the course of history, we see man making merely a series of discoveries: First, the universe, then God, then himself. Now at long last his own immortality of consciousness. So Progress truly is only advancement into greater cosmic knowledge . . .

ARE YOU PSYCHIC?



IT WOULD seem to be an easy matter to be psychic. You see an older and wiser person "taking messages" from the Invisible and fail to see why you should not take them also. You know nothing of the tremendous training and conditionings from Experience that have gone into the achievement of the supernal gifts that enable your psychic friend to "communicate" with such apparent ease with the higher echelons of consciousness. So you "hear voices" and you start in. But presently the "voices" are telling you things which you discover later not to correlate with fact. You discover that promiscuous made you do not mature. You have accepted that anything coming over the telepathic radio must be simon-pure and bona fide simply because they arrive by processes not accredited of the world.

The fault doesn't lie, as you are prone to believe, in the falsity of origin of such instructings. It lies in the fact that you have not served your apprenticeship in the technique of true communication and are the butt and victim of mischievous instructors who delight to confuse and disrupt. In the East this period is designed "Pledge Fever." It is the period in which the psychical novice "learns the ropes" concerning this most mystical of all gifts, learns what not to do and what not to accredit.

Men and women have been ages mastering these supernal attributes and not learned all that exists to be learned, even yet. The many Planes of Consciousness do not correlate with the readiness that you, in your naive self-confidence, had assumed.

It is a serious responsibility, being really Psychic. It is not something to be entered upon carelessly or for the novelty of it. You may be grievously involving yourself in the karma of others by what you attempt to do with your knowledge.

All of which boils down to the admonition: Thank your God that perchance you are NOT psychic. The reason you did not come by psychical gifts naturally was because you lacked the emotional stability to handle the product that must inevitably result. At any rate, the thing is by no means as "easy" as it looks.

But that doesn't mean you are not to pay strict heed to the recordings of adept psychics. They have paid severely for their talents.

They are attributes to be respected.

Life Planned by Dispensations

(Continued from Page 17)

Certain vast solar influences are going to throw their peculiar vibratory natures hither and yon, and involve certain types of beings in definite sections of the universe. How long will it take those beings to properly react to those influences, and properly unfold? How long does it take a rose to bud and blossom under the energizing warmth of sunlight? If we can figure that, and use it as our time-measure, then we have some idea of what is meant by the Grand Procession of Cosmic Transactions.

People enter life to learn to become Infinite in their perceptions, their mental operations, their responses to divine stimuli. They are expected to be as gods, or as gods traditionally appear to them in their comas of handicapped and circumscribed mortality.

Well, it takes a given number of mentalities, of certain attributes and sensitivity to stimuli, a certain number of cycles—popularly called æons—to arrive at certain degrees of understanding. All sorts of seemingly trivial incidents in corrective world design, appear to enter in, and as we say, little things seem to throw big switches.” They were never little, of course. They have simply been pivotal. And an incident can be pivotal without involving princes, fortunes, or political strategies.

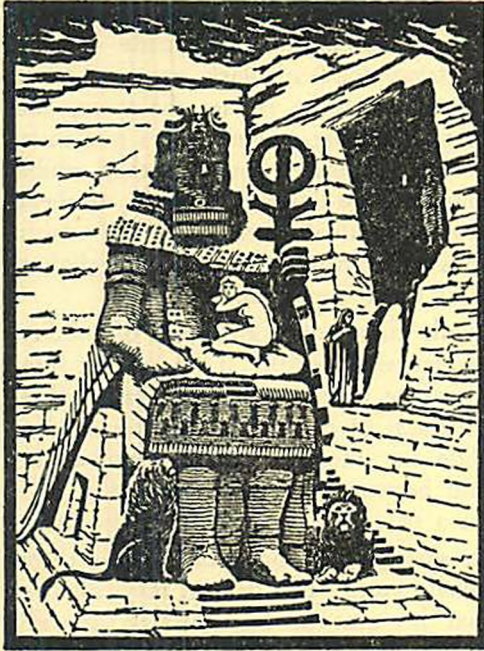
Let us get over our ideas that clairvoyance is particularly necromantic. It is only so, in so far as we omit from our consideration the adaptability of spirit to think in whole cycles.

CERTAINLY we can put it down that a man named Sauce was due to incarnate some two hundred years from the time that the incident was perceived by a Mind in Flesh. It was known to him, it was known to the Cosmic Elders. It was a pivotal circumstance, his turning back the King of France escaping to the border in a coach. Sauce was there at the edge of that province to ply exactly that innkeeper's role and do specifically that act in that specific moment. He did what he was supposed to do because, as we say, “circumstances” forced him to so distinguish himself.

But those “circumstances” were naught but fiats of the Cosmic Blueprints—or rather they were the Divine Flanges keeping him as a mortal vehicle to the rails of definite performance.

The wonder is not that such things are provided long in advance in the matter of pre-arranged details. The wonder is that earth people think only in relative moments and seconds. Our mortal comas will not permit us to do otherwise!





DO Discarnates Depict Events Past or Future?

¶ *PROBING Clairvoyance Unearths Some Strange Premises for Phenomena*

CLAIRVOYANCE is commonly defined as the power of perceiving without the use of the organ of vision, or under conditions in which the organ of vision with its natural powers alone would be useless. It comprises the "sight" of things past, present, or future. Various methods of clairvoyance are recounted within the philosophies of all peoples and races; by direct vision of things at a distance—opaque substances being no hindrance—by looking into a black surface; by looking into water or a crystal; or by laying the object whose history is to be described, on the head or chest of the clairvoyant, although this last comes generally under the head of Psychometry.

Generally, however, clairvoyants represent the cerebral region as the seat of illuminations.

From remotest antiquity the possession of such powers has been believed in, and unquestionably demonstrated. Instances of other clairvoyants of note besides Nostradamus in mod-

ern times may be mentioned in Jacob Boehme, who lived from 1571 to 1634, and Emanuel Swedenborg, the great Swedish scientist, and founder of the so-called Church of the New Jerusalem, who lived from 1688 to 1772.

The phenomena of clairvoyance have been most carefully observed. The clairvoyant state seems to be intimately connected with the mesmeric, the somnabulistic, and the condition known as "trance," though just what trance is has never been satisfactorily described—not, at least, by materialistic psychologists.

Trance is generally recognized as a condition allied with sleep, but differs from it as regards duration and profound insensibility to external impressions. Death Trance, however, is a positive status, and so recognized by psychological and medical authorities. It is a period of repose, the duration of which is sometimes definite and predetermined, though unknown.

The basis of Death Trance is suspension of the action of the heart, of breathing, and of voluntary motion; generally, likewise, of feel-

ing and intelligence. The vegetative changes in the body are suspended and with such phenomena is joined the loss of external warmth, so that general evidence of life is gone. Yet strictly speaking, the person is not dead; that is to say, the spirit has not departed the bodily enhousement.

That all of these states, in some mystical manner, free the thinking mind from the distractions of its entrapping mortality and permit it to exercise in areas of activity that are not psychologically definable, apparently points to some of the elements making for clairvoyant expression.



MESMERIC somnambulism and Clairvoyance were first brought to notice by Puysegur in 1784. The clairvoyant is usually in a state of trance, which may easily be induced by mesmeric passes. In this state, he is sometimes conscious only of his mesmerizer. In others, his clairvoyance is unrestricted and he does not need a mesmerizer. Relaxing himself, he gradually withdraws his faculties from sensations originating around him, and fixes them on a peculiar inner focus. He becomes unmindful of his environment, then of his physical feelings. He loses the realization of being enhoused in a body.

At first the ordinary phantasmagoria that accompany the closing of the eyelids—moving colors, shifting clouds of black, gray and white—continue. But as he relaxes the more, and concentrates on those moving colors and shifting clouds, he begins to note that they exhibit high-lights and low-lights. The murk of them, the confusion, gradually wears thin, and wraith-like forms shift to and fro across the lighter portions of Inner Consciousness.

Gradually these adopt an aspect of solidity, of three-dimensional reality. Then, in that form of clairvoyance that is technically called Bilocation, the seat of consciousness seems suddenly to slide out into this three-dimensional activity and become as much a part of it as a person is a part of a room in which he sits.

When such phenomena apply to this three-dimensional world, the person may discover later that his seat of consciousness actually was transferred into the scenes and surroundings that first appeared to him as kaleidoscopic fantasy. He will note what is going on about him, and after recovering from the state, will be astounded to find from contemporary reports that he actually visited a scene miles distant, or even upon the opposite side of the earth.

More miraculous still, it has happened that persons so transferring their consciousness have discovered that they moved, operated and observed, amid occurrences that will not transpire in worldly actuality for days or weeks.

How do they do it?

They cannot, themselves, make answer.

SEARCHING for some logical explanation that fits the ideology of a material world, we must consider the following—

Ordinarily we think of Consciousness, and the Soul, as "things," that is, essences with an objectivity unto themselves that, permanently enhoused in a mortal mechanism, compose what is termed a "living" person.

When the consciousness, or soul, "vacates" the body—and goes levitating off unto itself

in ether—we commonly say that death has occurred, and that the person-soul has become discarnate. Its status, in other words, is no longer connected with the carnal.

We get the notion that the person-soul is an entity, because even after death of the flesh, the electrical or light-pattern body persists and under peculiar etheric conditions often exhibits in so-called materializations—ghosts, wraiths, shades, and all the rest of such “psyche phenomena.”

Again, however, the electrical light-pattern body is not the consciousness itself, but only the tenuous energy-form which consciousness takes in manifesting so that it is perceptible to those in materiality.

States of society even exist, in which these finer light-pattern bodies are as recognizable as those who compose this normal physical world that is commonly called Life.

But sooner or later, studying into such phases of Reality, we become aware of the fact that individualized consciousness eventually dies out of these electrical patterns also. It seems to be true that utter discarnation has ultimately to be arrived at—and is arrived at—before there can be another cycle of incarnation.

CONSCIOUSNESS seems to be a self-aware knowing, and when we have said that, we have described something utterly subjective and to a degree unknowable to all outside itself. But how far that knowing extends, above and beyond the simple act of self-awareness, is something that probably never will be, nor can be, determined in this octave or dimension.

Seeking to rationalize Clairvoyance, we confront the proposition that perchance Consciousness in its utterly disembodied or discarnate state is a condition of Pure Knowing of Everything that Exists to Be Known.

Incarnation, or a residence in some type of animate Form, may be a qualified or partial loss of such Knowing, that spiritual discipline may be accomplished.

In other words, from a pristine state of Pure

Knowing—encompassing a realization of all that ever Was, or Is, or Will Be—the individualized or self-aware Consciousness may proceed down into graduated conditions, or circumscriptions or limits to knowing, that over a series of such—termed lives—it may come to recognize its real intellectual omnipotence.

It sounds like a silly paradox to say that Limitlessness comes to perceive itself, or understand itself, by voluntarily undergoing limitation, but that seems to be the way Cosmos operates, regardless.

Put in another aspect, we get this startling idea—

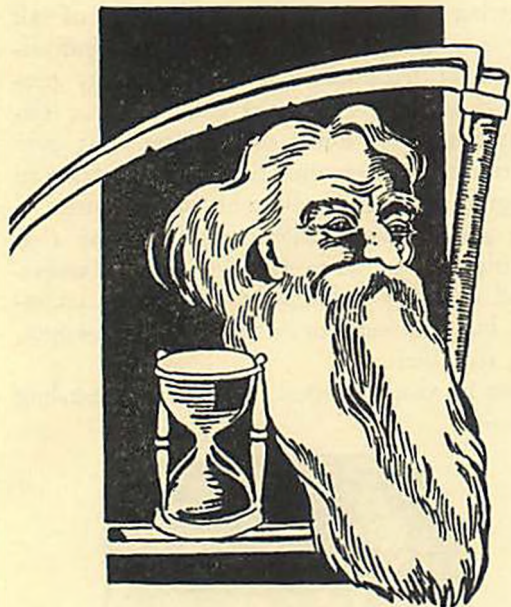


People in physical vehicles for material operation, carry around an illusion of being alive, when what they truly are experiencing is a degree of death, that may the better recognize and evaluate Real Life when Consciousness gains it back.

Again and again, in pursuing our explorations into Higher Octaves, we meet with the puzzling information that “such-and-such a personage is dead into mortality”.

What is meant is, that by enhousing itself in some form of mortal organism—that is, incarnating—the individualized Consciousness has entered into the appropriate degree of circumscription and limitation. To that degree it is “dead” in so far as Consciousness in the status of omnipotence or omnipresence is concerned.

The occupancy of the physical carcass stunts, blunts, blinds and handicaps the spiritual self to the degree that a wanted spiritual lesson is needed.



But when the soul-spirit is out of such entrapment it looks upon itself as truly "alive" because it has overcome all restrictions of Time and Space as quasi-dead "mortals" conceive of these terms.

Again and again, persons whom we popularly consider to be "dead," get no small amusement out of having their mortal relatives so designate them. Comparing their own unfettered status with the blindness, circumscription, and thwartings of mortality, they recognize plainly enough that person-souls in flesh are the "dead ones" but don't know it.

Now returning to the methods for concrete achievements of a great mystic like Nostradamus, we know that he passed whole nights seated motionless in his Salon village garret, gazing fixedly into a pan of clear water. We have the testimony of his servant Chavigny, for this. Literally, Chavigny's master "did not seem to be there." He had inductively lost all sense of time or place, or body or environment.

It might be suggested, in other words, that without actually going so far as to disengage

his personage-spirit from his physical body, he had found ways to temporarily come out of the death trance that is life-in-flesh, and return for a period to his prenatal or utterly discarnate state of Pure Knowing.

In such state, it became recognizable to him in terms of form, precisely what the Scenario for his Cycle contained, that folk in the blindness of death-in-flesh must play out, in order to be recognizable actors in the mundane play at all.

Nostradamus must have detached his mind utterly from all inhibitions or distractions created by the flesh he occupied, and resumed periodically the full life-freedom of his cosmic self.

In such state, he entered a condition of thought from which "the slowness of time" had been subtracted, and all events to be comprised by the Cycle, or that made the Cycle itself, were present in an unenacted aspect.

If you want an illustration of what is meant by this: go back again to your modern photoplay.

The scenario is written, the drama is projected in thought—or as we say, in imagination—down to its smallest detail. The actors are chosen, their costumes designed and donned, and the play put on celluloid. When that photoplay is "shot," the producer has the events in the lives of a dozen actor-people, perhaps extending over a score of years, in seven rolls of film which can be carried beneath the arm, stored beneath the seat of a motorcar, thrown from a moving train, or used as a temporary seat at a picnic. Those events are all real enough when seen on the screen, but they are thus compacted because the time-element has not yet become the adjunct of them in exhibition form.

Start in at the beginning of reel one, and show the photoplay to a watching audience. It requires twelve minutes to a reel, and by the time the seven reels are run, an hour and twen-

ty-four minutes of the audience's time has elapsed and curiously enough in addition, the audience may have seen an integration of events that has swept it in imagination or thought projection over a period of half a century.

Rewind the reels, store them back in their seven containers, drop them into a valise, and the drama is still present, and may be carried in entirety down the stairs and shipped to the next exhibitor. But the time-element has been withdrawn, precisely as in Consciousness-Omnipresence. To repeat, "the slowness of Time" is not a factor in the events as events. It requires time to enact these events in consecutive order, and make all the motion incidental to them. But the events as occurrences "in the raw" could be recognizable and interpretable without such chronological "stagger."

And all-pervading, all-comprehending Consciousness in its totally discarnate state might recognize them as events, along with their principal participants, without actual projection being necessary in a three-dimensional world of mortality and materials.

MEDICAL authorities who have examined and compared the testimony of drug addicts inform us that there are certain kinds of dope that play all manner of havoc with the addict's perception of time. Marijuana, it is said, will lengthen time in the consciousness. A marijuana addict will start to play a note on a musical instrument that seems only three or four seconds in duration to the normal listener. To the addict, it seems that the note runs for a full quarter-hour. A marijuana smoker may observe an automobile coming toward him in the distance. The automobile is truly but a couple of hundred feet away to the ordinary spectator, but it seems to require the better part of an hour for it to arrive and pass, to the person using marijuana. On the other hand, certain concoctions of opium will shorten the consciousness of time, and make the experience of hours seem as a matters of minutes.

What then, is Consciousness itself, if Time be merely an illusion that requires moving materials to measure? Mayhap in the examination of Consciousness and Time we shall find the key to the mystery of Life itself! . .

No Such Thing As Privacy



THE AVERAGE unlettered person fancies he can "get away" with this or that bit of deceit, bluff or petty skulduggery because he beholds no living person in his vicinity to see or know of his behavior. What might the conduct of the entire human race be, could it be seriously realized that perchance there is no such thing as real privacy, that everything we think or do is witnessed and registered somewhere, with someone, that we are hour by hour compiling a complete compendium of our acts and thoughts automatically as upon the traveling tape of a gigantic dictaphone? What seems to be the emptiest of rooms to the physical eye may contain a score of observing or listening souls in the invisible dimensions, with the results coming back upon us if our behavior be not truthful or above criticism. At any rate, it is something to think about and remember. Sentimentally considered, this has undoubtedly been the premise for the adjuration that the "eye of God" sees everywhere. It may not be the eye of God so much as the eye of our guides and mentors.



WHAT to Know about Nostradamus

¶ *Famous 16th Century Seer Forecast World Events for Seven Thousand Years*

BACK at the turn of the Sixteenth Century—the year 1503, to be exact—a boy-child was born in Lyons, France, to people by name of Nostre-Dame. The child's paternal grandfather, Pierre, had been a surgeon and profound philosopher at the court of King Rene of Provence. Pierre's closest friend had been a scientist and brother physician by the name of Saint-Remy. Pierre's son married Remy's daughter. Such was the immediate background of one of the most extraordinary men to live in recent times.

His first name was Michel. When he subsequently attained to world-wide fame he was known by his family surname. The metaphysicians of the world recall him simply as Nostradamus.

Nostradamus was an honest-to-God prophet of such extraordinary powers that he has baffled and confused every man of science who has since considered him.

Most prophets have lived in days so long ago, and become so legendary, that it is difficult to distinguish the fact from the fancy

in the events reported, concerning their lives. But Nostradamus lived a career, every detail of which is not only known, but documented. Moreover, he wrote his prophecies in a book, in four-line verses, copies of which are still in existence.

This man was a clairvoyant of so vast a skill that he even predicted the opening and closing dates of the recent World War, the rise of Adolf Hitler in Germany, and most extraordinary of all, the outbreak of Franco's revolt in Spain, saying that it would start in 1936 and end three years and seven months thereafter.

And it did!

In fact, with an average of practically one hundred per cent for accuracy in predicting all the things that have happened since 1503—particularly to France—the scope of his clairvoyance goes into the future by something like 7,000 years.

One Mace Bonhomme, printer, of Lyons, France, published his book of prophecies, and scarcely one prediction in that volume has failed to come true to date.

No one interested in the mystical, can ignore Nostradamus or the display of supra-

normal attributes which he overwhelmingly exhibited.

BY THE time Nostradamus was only seventeen years old, he was acclaimed as Montpellier's most distinguished student. His celebrated grandfather, Pierre, seems to have been his tutor throughout his early boyhood and imparted to the lad his own zeal for explorations into science, the occult, alchemy, and medicine. But Nostradamus was well advanced into manhood before he began to exhibit the extraordinary powers that keep his name alive today. It seems to have been a shattered love affair that turned his mind on events of the future.

As a young man, he had fallen deeply in love with the exquisite Adriete de Loubéjac—a celebrated beauty of the times—and married her. Two children, both boys, were born to the couple. Everything seemed propitious for the grandson of Pierre de Nostra-Dame to enjoy a long and normal family life, when tragedy descended like the afflictions on Job.

¶ COULDN'T proph-
*esying about the future
be classed as looking
for trouble in a profes-
sional manner? . .*

SOUTHERN France was suddenly visited by the Black Death. Today we know it as Bubonic Plague. Despite all Nostradamus' skill in medicine, his adored Adriete was among the first to succumb. Then his two sons sick-

ened. He saw all three die horribly before his eyes.

A word about this weird epidemic might be written in passing.

It seems to have been caused from a peculiar germ that inoculated the body through the nostrils, got into the lungs, and permeated the glands. Tumors started, and erupted in inky blotches on the skin. These ghastly boils poured a fatal poison into the bloodstream. The disease acted swiftly, frequently the whole process from attack to death consuming only a handful of hours.

This Black Death first broke out in the county of Dorset, in England, in the Fourteenth Century, from whence it advanced through the counties of Devon and Somerset to Bristol, and thence got into London. From England, the contagion was carried by a ship to Norway, where the plague broke out in its most frightful form.

The whole period of time during which the Black Death raged with destructive violence throughout Europe was from 1347 to 1350 on its first visitation, and from 1520 to 1540 on its second descent. Each time it stopped as mysteriously as it began.

Strange to narrate, Nostradamus himself was not seized when the Black Death made its second appearance in Europe, felling his wife and boys. But the tragedy left him spiritually stricken. He abandoned his career, his friends, his prospects, his possessions, to withdraw into a musty garret and live the life of an embittered recluse.

Sometimes the traveling fit seized upon him and he took long pilgrimages. He would be absent from France for months at a time. Where he went in those periods, no one knows accurately. There are spotty reports of his being seen in many of the principal cities of Europe, where he visited the leading alchemists and mystics.

ONE DAY, strolling through Milan, he encountered a young Franciscan friar, Felix

Peretti. After a long and piercing glance at Peretti, the travel-stained Nostradamus startled all in the vicinity by abruptly plopping himself down on his knees.

"I bow and kneel before His Holiness!" was the aging mystic's inexplicable announcement.

A group of prelates who were with Peretti, smiled indulgently at the strangely garbed fanatic who thus saluted one of their common brothers of the Cloth.

But years afterward, they recalled the words of the lean, hollow-eyed Frenchman when Brother Peretti became none other than Cardinal Montalto, and then—in 1585—Pope Sixtus the Fifth.

When Nostradamus' life was viewed in retrospect, it was noted that this had been the first public demonstration of the man's uncanny gift. A few years more went by, and Nostradamus—wearing from endless travels and toil among plague victims of various countries—finally settled in the village of Salon, in the district of Loire.

Employing caution at first—because such practices might endanger his life—then gathering confidence as he went along without raising too much animosity, Nostradamus began to lift the veil from the future.

He escaped persecution as a socerer by allowing the idea to prevail that he had become deranged. Nevertheless, it is of historical record that the laboratory he maintained, held all the accoutrements of the alchemist of legend: astrolabes, magic mirrors, alembics, pentacles, divining-rods, and prisms. It is reported that night after night he would sit in his murky retreat for hours, gazing into a metal chalice filled with clear water, as though focusing his Inner Eye upon something in its depths too profound for human vision.

THE COLLECTED data from these self-imposed trances became his book: *The Centuries and True Prophecies of Master Michel de Nostradamus*. As we can see for ourselves in copies still preserved for us, they were



written in French, in rhyming quatrains. Many of them have proved too cryptic for modern interpretation, but the greater portion of them are easily decipherable. Their number runs to hundreds.

The prophecies began, naturally, with predictions as to immediate events involving contemporaries and royal persons.

For instance, Henry II of France, was the subject of one quatrain, the prophecy affecting the monarch declaring that he would first be blinded in a duel and later experience a strangely painful death.

"Perhaps there is something to this fellow Nostradamus," Henry told his Italian wife, the notorious Catherine de Medici. "Bring him to see me."

Catherine—herself a disciple of the occult—also wanted to meet Nostradamus, for she had three boys whose futures troubled her. So a royal coach was sent to Salon and bore the attic mystic to Paris.

What Nostradamus immediately discerned for Catherine's sons, so horrified him that he refused to divulge it. He merely told the royal mother that all three boys would ascend to

thrones—and let it go at that. As for King Henry, the monarch had to be content with what Nostradamus had already pronounced. The mystic evidently realized what fate might hold for him, if he told the truth too brashly.

Historical record proves the absolute accuracy of what Nostradamus told the Henrys. Catherine's sons did occupy thrones, though not those the doting mother had expected. One after the other ruled France, and one after the other met his end.

The king fought a duel and was blinded in the encounter.

It preceded an extremely painful death.

The news that Nostradamus had "called the shot" with positive accuracy in regard to King Henry, flashed through Europe's courts. And much like Rasputin of Russia in a later day, he began to take on Gargantuan proportions in the eyes of those who were unduly superstitious.

"The great Empire of England," wrote Nostradamus, "will be all-powerful for more than three centuries. Great powers will cross by land and sea. The Portuguese will not rejoice."

This prophecy, with others substantiating the details, came true on the dot. The English expedition destroyed the Spanish Armada in 1588 and thereby started Britain's role as the world's ruler of the seas. By doing this, she displaced Portugal, particularly in the East, and secured control of the wealth of India.

Again: "The London Senate will put to death its king," wrote Nostradamus. Charles the First was the hapless monarch, making good this prophecy. Of Oliver Cromwell, Nostradamus wrote: "The old one, frustrated in his chief hope, will realize the apex of his realm. Twenty months he will hold the kingdom in absolute power, a tyrant, cruel in leaving worse behind him."

Cromwell disbanded Parliament in 1655 and ruled as absolute dictator for exactly twenty months! When he died, the country bordered on anarchy, resulting in the Restoration.

Nostradamus foretold the decline of the

French monarchy and the rise of Napoleon. He literally wrote French history before it happened, just as he has written it for centuries still to come, as we shall see.

Of Louis XV he prophesied: "This great monarch will lead a lubricious, immoral life. By his indifference he will concede everything, so that in the end the Salic law will not obtain."

The Salic Law meant rule by males.



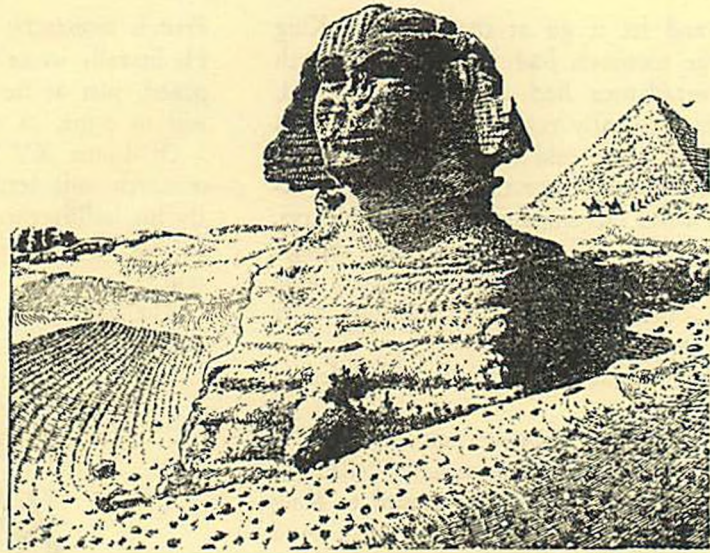
Louis was France's most licentious king and Madam de Pompadour and Madam Du Barry, his mistresses, literally ruled the country by playing to his passions and cupidities.

Of Louis' son, Nostradamus says:

"Too good the times, too indolent the king. He does and undoes, too careless and too sudden. He will follow the false ideas of his light but loyal wife. By his very good will he will be put to death."

Describing the last days of this king before the Reign of Terror, Nostradamus went so far in his power as to set down names of persons then unborn:

"The husband (Louis) will be decorated with the mitre (or revolutionary tricolor cock-



ade). An attack will be made on the Tuileries by five hundred. A titled traitor will be Narbon, and another, Sauce, watcher of his ancestral oil kegs."

We know now that the mobs mocked Louis by making him wear the cockade, and the Tuileries—which did not even exist in Nostradamus' time as a royal residence—was besieged by five hundred federated Marseillias who massacred the Swiss Guard and overran the royal suite.

Louis's war minister was Count Louis Narbonne, notorious as a politician whom all sides hated and distrusted. Sauce—and here the clairvoyance of the Lyons mystic approaches the miraculous—was the name of the innkeeper at Varennes, who recognized Louis in his attempted flight to safety, detained him, and surrendered him to the revolutionists who later beheaded him.

WE CANNOT, in thus having Nostradamus' marvelous abilities brought up for our consideration, fill our pages at this point with prediction after prediction of his, that came true to the hair. For upwards of forty years, Nostradamus applied himself to

the receiving and compilation of his prophecies, then on the evening of July 1, 1566 his health beginning to fail at last, the mystic bade his faithful servant goodnight with the statement: "At sunrise I shall no longer be here."

He had foreseen his own end, for sure enough, the following day they found his haggard, lifeless body on his workbench near his bed.

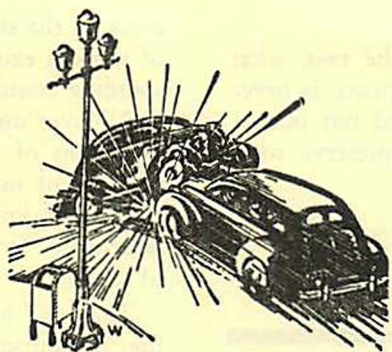
The following epitaph was cut upon his headstone—

"Here repose the bones of the most illustrious Michel Nostradamus, alone, in the judgment of all mortals, worthy of recording with a pen almost divine, in accord with stellar influences, the coming events of the entire world."

Millions of quack soothsayers have from time to time tried to duplicate Nostradamus' feats of prophecy, but he has never had his equal—unless we make exception of the supposedly divine wits of the architects of the Great Pyramid.

Does Nostradamus' career suggest that the Pyramid forecasts may have been determined by means similar to those by which this haggard French mystic predicted the denouement of modern affairs up 7,000 years?

Have we a cue?



ALL Wise People Are Those Who Show They Can Take It

*¶ You Learn about Life by Living It; there Is No
Other Reason Why You Are in It*

COLLEGE is a place where uppercrust Youth goes for four years to have its first experience away from parental jurisdiction. Supposedly it specializes in some exploration of knowledge that may train it in a lucrative field when the grim business of self-support begins. By no means does it elevate the quality of the intelligence. It may accelerate the *exercise* of the intelligence. But only participation in pertinent affairs *elevates* the quality.

As a matter of fact, more drivel and trash has been written about the quality of the intelligence, and what can be done with it, than almost any other subject outside of Deity.

What is one talking about anyway, when he speaks of "elevating" the intelligence? Indeed,

what is one talking about when he refers to intelligence at all?

Originally the word came from the business of "in-telling"—that which is told to the inner self and presumably heard and retained. But life does such by *events* and their lasting effects on spirit. It is by no means an increment derived from lettered books.

Every little while the request comes to Soulcraft—

"Please advise me what to read to raise the quality of my consciousness"—which means the same thing as quality of intelligence. Again and again Soulcraft is fain to reply, "You don't read it, *you live it!*" The difference between them is, things you live you don't forget. Things you read are experiences presented to you vicariously, and you only retain them as you feel that eventually you may have some

practical use for them.

Another peculiarity between the two, what you read may be trash but experience is never trashy. Perhaps it may be sordid but out of every experience you take and preserve some values worth-while.

But to "lift" the whole quality of your reception of it! How can you lift the quality of a reaction?

¶ *THE REAL college cheer is the check from home . .*

WHAT such persons are actually asking for, of course, is maximum keenness of discernment as to *values* of what they have elected to store away in the cells of etheric intellect. But we must remember that discernment is ever the business of comparing one conspectus of fact with another conspectus of fact and deciding which set of value seem the more beneficial to espouse. But again the question of what "benefit" truly comes in. The wisdom of one school of Embryologists may be superior to the researches of another school but what is that to the metallurgist who expects to make his living as an executive in a steel mill?

The average parent who can afford it, considers that the sending of his child to an institution of higher learning should be excellent, in that, to say the least, it must "train him to think" . . which is another blind acceptance of the assumption that intellect itself can be lifted, "trained", or otherwise manipulated to show an improved progression year by year or decade by decade. What really happens in the case of the average college induction, is to im-

press on the student what a stupendous amount of wisdom exists to be absorbed, with the spirit standing contrite in the face of the mass of it.

All over our land this Marrying Month of June tens of thousands of souls in the neighborhood of mortal majorities are receiving certificates of knowledge called Diplomas for satisfactorily "completing" of prescribed courses of study.

They will have "completed" absolutely nothing, of course. The term "Commencement" is more wisely used. Forthwith those tens of thousands will "commence" to apply what has been brought to their attention to the experiences of life that the prescriptions of earlier men may guide them toward successful accomplishment. The process is not far removed from Edison's principle of never starting to work out an invention until he had read and mastered all the information available as to what earlier authorities had explored and found what *not* to do.

The average college education turns out the graduate with an overwhelming sense of the immense amount of erudition it is logically impossible for him to absorb in any given lifetime, along with coded reports of what previous men have discovered regarding special researches to their profit.

But "training" him to think, or lifting the "quality" of his thinking—these are performances in a different arena and concerned with different media . .

IF WE truly are concerned with grasping what "training" or "lifting" the consciousness or intelligence is, consider a given human being's experiences at learning the laws of gravity the hard way. Incarnated, shall we say, as a primitive savage in a jungle, he beholds coconuts up near the top of a somewhat lofty palm tree. He can climb a stalk eight feet high, why should he not continue to expend physical agilities and climb a stalk eighty feet high? At any rate, he does so. At sixty-five feet he misses his toe hold and goes crashing back to earth, re-

ceiving a broken neck from which he expires.

He has had his quality of consciousness raised just that much—the higher you climb away from Mother Earth's surface, the harder and more disastrous is the bump when you hit it upon returning to it.

Next life he's born into a hamlet in Switzerland. The district has mountains. On these mountains are slopes, crags and peaks. So the day comes when he substitutes a given summit for his earlier palm tree. Reaching a lofty crag, he ventures close to its edge to observe the depth of the drop into the valley below. A section of the icy stone on which he stands gives way, he joins a colony of human bird-life without wings, and two days later sorrowing relatives find what's left of him and bear it homeward on a door. He's had the quality of his intelligence in respect to mountain heights "lifted" by experience. Next he incarnates as a city dweller in a metropolis like Manhattan.

He is beginning to learn, however, that going up in skyscrapers affects him unpleasantly. He gives it out that "he simply can't stand height." He doesn't specifically remember when he plunged down the palm tree, or went over the edge of the Alpine glacier. Nonetheless, the recollection of those tragic mishaps are in his subconscious. He may never have been in a skyscraper before, but education in past life experiences has "trained" him to think respecting the calamitous pull of gravity on his person.

Let's say that vaingloriously seeking to inure himself to the squeamishness from such intelligence, he deliberately engages himself to work for a firm of window-cleaners. He will wash all the windows on floor two, then floor three. By the time he's worked up to floor ten he "won't be afraid of height." He'll have oriented himself to it by degrees.

One morning, however, oriented to the thirty-sixth floor, his safety-belt gives way and he starts down toward asphalt. The asphalt is not going to budge the fraction of an inch at imminent impact. What the morgue wagon comes

and removes isn't a human being, it's a mess and our window laundryman is *messee*.

Freed etherically from his third shattered carcass, the first friend he starts telling his troubles to, answers, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Then quit cold. No use being stubborn about it."



But what our friend is doing, life by life, is lifting the quality of his consciousness concerning heights and gravity. When he slipped from that palm tree as a savage, or went over the edge of that Alpine precipice, or felt himself plunging backward down thirty-six skyscraper stories, he never once exulted academically, "Marvelous! I am now about to raise the quality of my consciousness!" Actually he might be doing so, but it stood no comparison with what he was precipitously *lowering* and which was due to be apparent in a matter of seconds.

Born as an aviator's son in southern California in the middle of the Twentieth Century, his father feels a keen disappointment that his son has not the slightest inclination to succeed to his dad's air exploits.

"You couldn't get me up in one of those flying machines if you locked me in the cabin and took away my clothes!" he is fond of telling his intimates. It all is due to the quality of his consciousness—or intelligence—having been raised to a maximum respecting gravity.

All his complexes are synonymous with experiences.

True, it is the product of a program of disasters. But the principle applies the other way—constructively . . .

PEOPLE declare they want their quality of consciousness lifted so that they may be eligible, as they assume, for psychic adventures. If they had a very high quality of intellect they should be able to hear Aunt Mary Jane tell them bedtime stories once again as she was wont to do before her passing when they were nine, or get advice from Grandfather Smith—who lost his shirt in the panic of '93—on how to make a million in the stock market.

But they can't lift the quality of intellect to hear Aunt Mary or Grandpa Smith by reading about psychics in a book, any more than our jungle savage who ended up the aviator's son, could have acquired his complex about elevation from motion pictures of aviation. Get out and take falls. Get out and have experience. Get out and witness every psychical phenomenon that's described in volumes on mysticism. They'll raise their quality of consciousness about psychics, never fear. Just as the college student who's majored in Metallurgy will have plenty of lifted intellect for conducting a steel industry by the time he's had two thousand CIO pickets breaking the windows of his plant and dynamiting lifting cranes.

You forever lift the quality of your consciousness or intelligence by plunging into life and doing it.

The product from plunging into life and *living* it IS the raised quality of consciousness or intelligence, and there is naught between Polaris and Bootes to substitute for it.

That is precisely why existence in the earth-world is as harsh as it seems. This is the one plane where units of consciousness, no matter what style of vehicle they occupy, meet up with Nature's laws in their unadorned aspects. They *are* laws because the slightest infraction toward violating them makes for a product that is best to cover with dirt as soon as convenient and say as few words as possible about, and those wholly sacrosanct.

We learn that we carry these "must" fixations from Nature's laws all the way up the many octaves surmounting the earth-world, and once having learned them by what we call Bitter Experience, offer little or no argument about their positivity.

It's a thought to take away with us until next month at least . . . no experience coming to us, no matter how distressing, *is purposeless*. Every instant, in every situation, we're adding to our store of erudition that's lifting the quality of our eternal consciousness and our intelligence.

What are you griping about? Don't you want to be wise? Then take what's happening to you as part of the great God-provided program of making you more intelligent.

People who never have anything happen to 'em, look at 'em! . . .

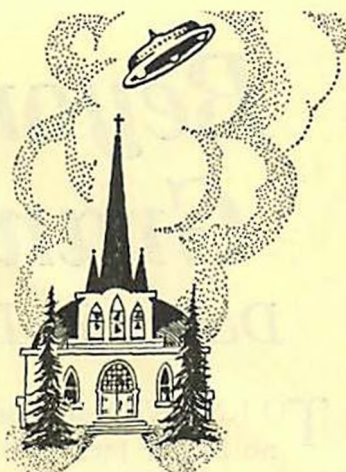
But don't envy 'em. Whether you grasp it or not, the world's supply of morons is amply sufficient.



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She Approves of 'Adam Awakes'

March 25, 1955

Wm. Dudley Pelley,
Dear Sir—

For some time—in fact since the second or third reading of *Adam Awakes*—I have planned to write you some of my reactions to the book. It seems rather absurd, I know that any one who can express his revelations in as superb language as you can—and do—would be interested in my attempt to phrase my impressions of those ideas.

However, who is not delighted to know that his arrow has hit the mark or his gift has reached the designated?

The number of volumes you have "authored" since your *Seven Minutes* experience in Pasadena is almost incredible. Especially, is this true since the quality of your writing is of such an unusually high order. Let me say, as a sort of an aside, that the manner in which these brain children are dressed is most acceptable. The type is bold and readily readable with fine wide margins on paper, excellent in quality. The off-white reduces glare to a minimum. The binding is strong enough to endure my repeated perusal without disintegration.

I possess only three of your books: *Seven Minutes in Eternity*, *Beyond Grandeur*, and *Adam Awakes*.

Perhaps *Adam Awakes* answers more for me than the others although the *Seven Minutes* was a real treasure, unearthed at the Good-Will Store!

I am one of the many who want answers for the problems on *this* plane. The idea of a perfect mate seems to have entered this life with me. Back, even to childhood it was so. That is, I realized it's truth for myself. I knew it as the ideal. I do not know of

anyone in my environment, who believes so. There may be some but I do not know of them. I have had at least one vivid dream that seemed to verify my inner knowing. No doubt psychiatry would have a different explanation of the dream than I placed upon it.

It is most pleasing that you know very well the questions your reader is forming as he or she is greedily snatching your verbal plums, and you answer these questions in the next paragraph. *I like that.*

I like also your whole picture of the interplay of masculinity and femininity. I begin to think that even in the lives of many women like myself, there may be some contribution to their unfoldment and to their partners development although our lives seem circumscribed.

It seems to me *Adam Awakes* is a perfectly decorous treatment of a matter which all adults should be mature enough to understand and use. It is handled in a completely proper manner. No child or high school boy is going to read far into the book and yet, any serious student of life will be benefitted by carefully considering each page.

There is much of which I'd love to speak in "Grandeur and Beyond". Let me just bless you for your last chapter. It repeats in a slightly different key, the beautiful melody of *Seven Minutes*. How much these revelations help! A purpose there is in this life of seeming frustrations! There must be a purpose if life is to have a meaning and with a purpose, life is adventure, progress and joy!

Many blessings and "thank you".

Mrs. N. C. B.

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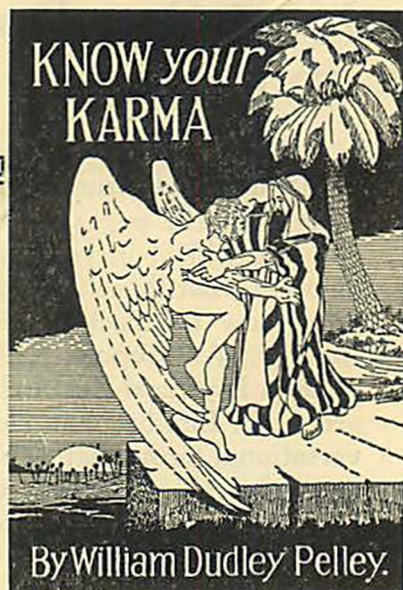
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