

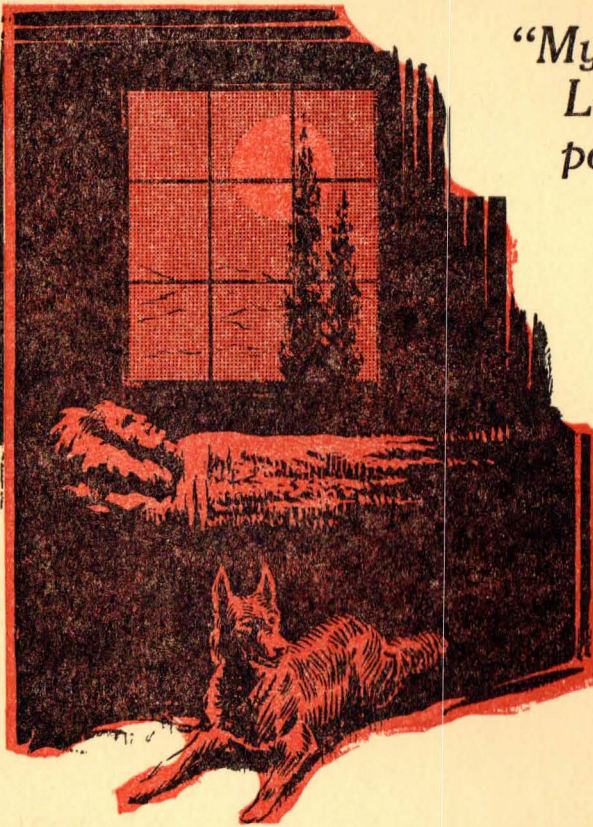
AUGUST. 1953

50 Cents

H O R I Z O N

Nothing but Soulcraft





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

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

“My Seven Minutes in Eternity”

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

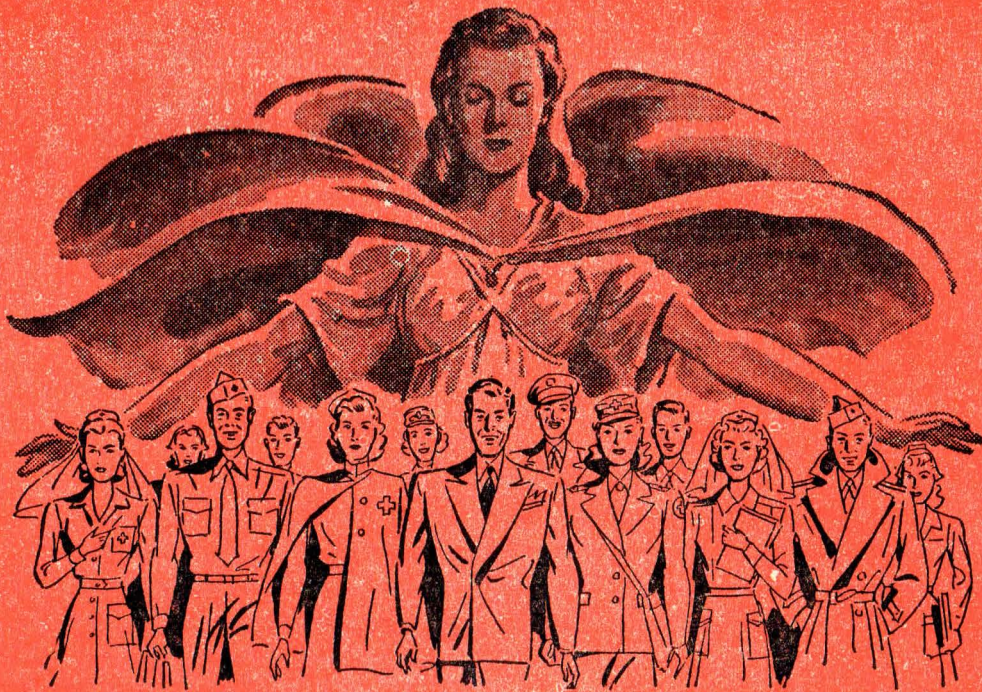
*The entire great literature of the
Soulcraft philosophy, a million
or more words, came from this
trancendent spiritual experience*

You can now buy the story complete, in a
neat pocket-sized leatherette, containing the
author's observations on its significance aft-
er twenty-five years, for only \$1. It is an
edition intended particularly for those who
wish to start the study of Soulcraft's stu-
pendous revelations.

**Here is a story that has
confirmed the faith of a
hundred thousand
people in Survival \$1**

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS : Noblesville, Indiana

The Spirit of Soulcraft



On the Horizon, the Dawn of a New Spirituality

IT IS fitting that a monthly periodical given over to nothing but the higher inspirational tenets of Soulcraft should bear the title, "Horizon" . . .

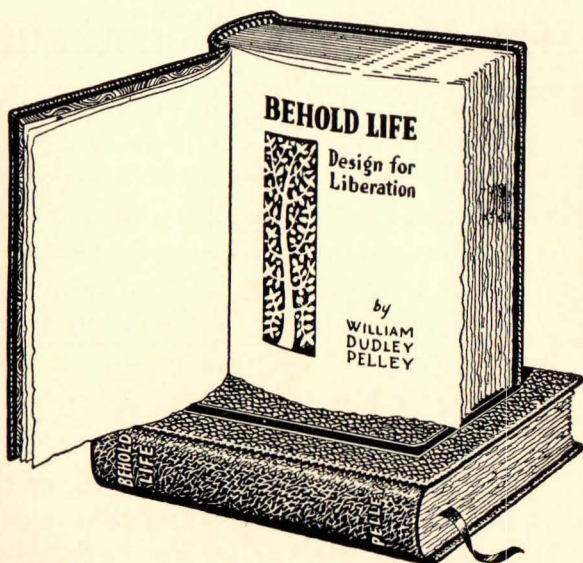
The day of new spiritual consciousness dawns on a confused and yet hopeful world. Men have gone as far as they can go with Theology. They have gone beyond fiction in their attainments in Science. There is something vaster and more resplendent with equity than anything embodied in their conventionalized institutions.

A monthly magazine containing no current or secular comment, but given exclusively to sacred declensions of the Eternal Verities and the Golden Scripts has a place in the lives and intellects of those who think of Life as more than food and raiment, or politics, transportation and entertainment.

"Horizon" will appear the 10th of every month, expounding the Spirit of Soulcraft, which is the throwing of the mantle of replendent knowledge over those who falter amid earthly shadows.

What's this Plan of Creation? . .

TO KNOW what Life—and Soulcraft—are all about, you should start at the beginning. Sages on majestic Heights of Intelligence yet contactable through Extra-Sensory Perception have supplied us with the full agenda of the Plan of Creation, and the colossal fundamentals have been put into book form, in a volume that offers you a college education in Mysticism—providing “you can take it”! *Don' be too sure that you can!*



“BEHOLD LIFE”

is the first Soulcraft book you should read. It is by no means a history book nor a work on biology. What it does is acquaint you with the whole massive Plan behind conscious life that the universe is perfecting under supernal guidance. For the first time in your life you begin to grasp what you are doing on earth, and why.

Beautiful Deluxe Books

Most students of this great illumination try to compile a library of these exquisite volumes, done on ivory paper in wine-red leatherette covers. All the Soulcraft books run to pattern.

*You can buy your first
copy of this book for \$4*

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
Noblesville, Indiana



HORIZON

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

HORIZON purports to call public attention to new mystical concepts based on Psychological Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the Aquarian Age comes in. It acclaimes the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .

VOLUME ONE

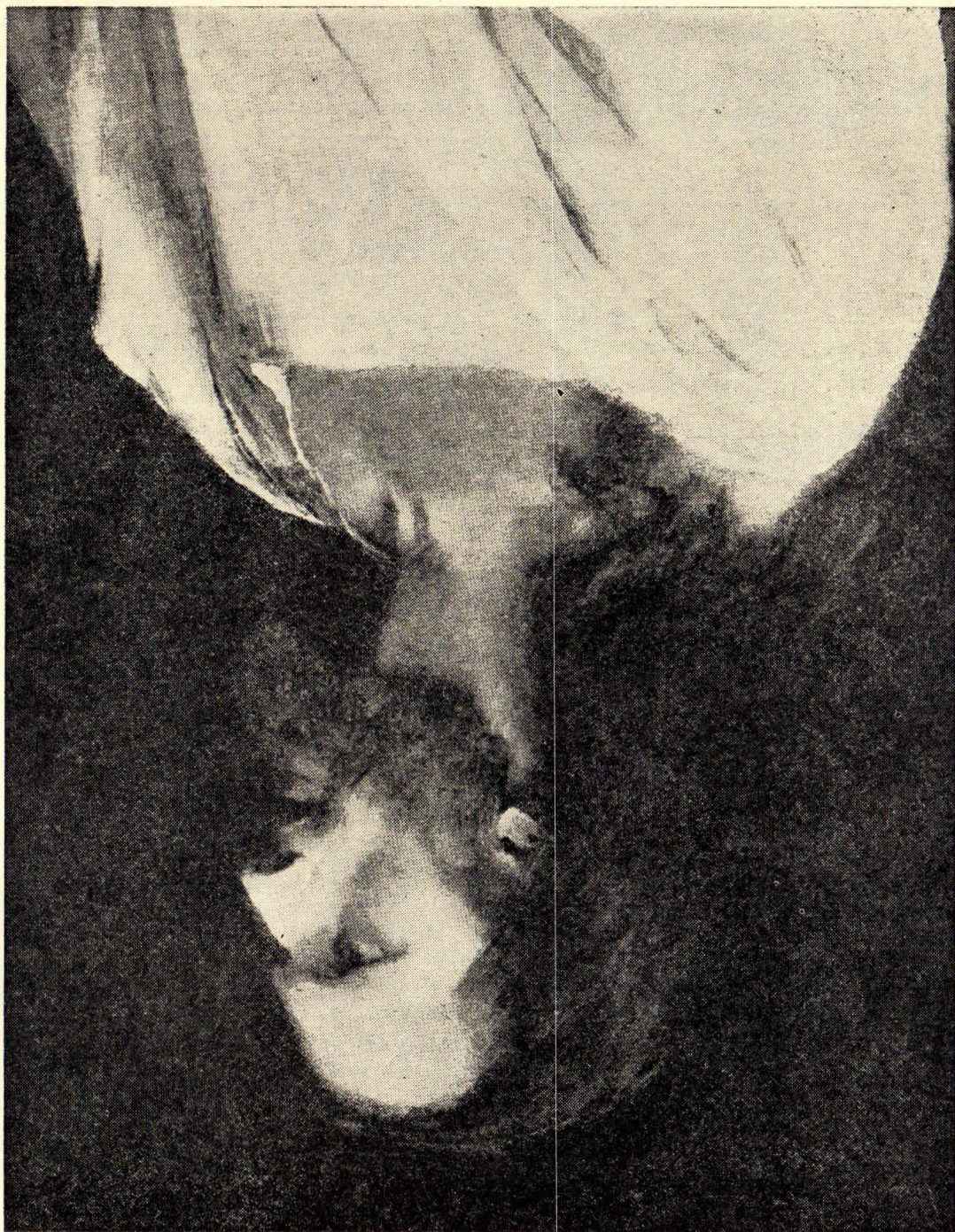
AUGUST, 1953

NUMBER ONE

CONTENTS

Nothing but Good Is Ahead for Happening	Page 1
Religion Can Be All Joy and Gratitude	5
Does Prophecy Achieve Any Worthwhile Purpose?	10
Discard The Crutch	13
The Start of Ancient Mysticism	14
What Coming Back and Living Again Can Mean to You	18
Vistas and Mirages	23
A New Way of Viewing Yourself as a Life-Force	24
Why Should Other Worlds Wish to Conquer Us?	30
Matters We Overlook in Fearing the Day of Judgment	33
Don't Scold Your Child for seeing Invisibles	36
Why Women Subconsciously Disdain Other Women	40
Are You Striving to Reach Psychic Skill through Difficulties?	44
"I Speak through Many Servants"	48

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



HORIZON

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

VOLUME ONE

AUGUST, 1953

NUMBER ONE

NOTHING but Good is *Ahead* for Happening



TO SHOW the utter disdain that Liberation-Soulcraft holds for all the blood chilling prophecies of woe and disaster sweeping like an epidemic across the world, it chooses the fraught month of August, 1953, to found a monthly of instruction and inspiration from sources behind or above the mortal. It does this, not in bravado but basing its performance on what it identifies as sacred assurances from Higher Octaves of Time and Space—received through adept Extra-Sensory Perception—that naught but good is imminent for human residents of this planet, and much of the stark fear working havoc with the intellect of millions comes from a de-

¶ *Prophets of Disaster
Are by No Means in
Communication with
Higher Sages or the
Fact Would Be Im-
parted that No Ca-
tastrophe Impends*

sire-wish for more stability and acumen in behavior of governments.

Governments being conducted by entirely human men, prone to accede to pressures of

organized greed and selfishness, have blundered the past two generations in such colossal gestures that millions making the races of earth are appalled. Their perturbation over what little men do when lifted into big positions, they translate into Judgments of Divine Providence, visiting the countries of this planet with a sadistic displeasure and about to hurl firebolts from celestial realms to destroy the whole travesty.

Soulcraft does not subscribe to the idiocy that Divine Providence can be so petty.



THE WORLD does hold its theological zealots, naturally, who point to the Book of Revelation as foretelling the disappearance of universal civilization in a bath of fire. Along come the British-Israelites, struggling with huge and formidable charts showing cross-sections of the Great Pyramid, solemnly proclaiming at a certain day of a certain year, at nine o'clock in the morning, the sun will be darkened and the moon not give her light. All the stars of heaven will go epileptic, a choice assortment of all the best earthquakes will split open the older and more antiquated cemeteries and rattle out the bones of the blessed spouses and Beloved Consorts. Judgment Day of theology and folklore will have come. Woe, therefore, to all audacious and unsavory publishers who dare to start magazines with that sort of a stramash on the make. In the heat of such traditional conflagration,

how long shall printers' rollers function unmelted on presses?

Soulcraft checks with Great Wits of Cosmos who long since have given factual demonstration of their reality and sagacity, and asks in all reverence what sort of thermometers to provide against that sequence of caloric atmosphere?

The Great Wits of Cosmos survey the eruptive possibilities of the solar system, make their own inquiries of still Higher Sages, check on the pressures in the boilers of the planet's furnace-rooms, and come back with the report that Man Alive seems to be needlessly alarmed.

All is under control.

Divine Providence does appear annoyed at times, that the human race fails to show more intelligence in the choice of those it elects to wield the scepters of authority, but after all, that is Man's affair. If he *will* persist in providing himself with bad government, then let him go straight ahead and suffer the expenses and reverses of Bad Government. But the birds, beasts, and flowers are not affected. Not a single honey-bee in the whole world is worrying in the slightest over what St. John dreamed in his celebrated nightmare on Patmos. Wild orchids still put on their fanciest dress in the jungles of the tropics, just as the tender arbutus is due to come up in a thousand Merry Months of May on New England and other hillsides, no matter what the newspapers print on the subjects of atom bombs, Flying Saucers, super-sonic jets, or the price of champagne in Red Chechoslavokia.

God's world, in other words, is proceeding calmly along minding its preoccupied business and supplying fussy human folk with a pretty good planet on which to reside.

Man alone develops the obsession that bad fortunes must, of course, be punishment for something, and as he is rarely satisfied with his fortunes, no matter what they are—good or bad—his self-conjectured God is perpetually a God of Wrath.

As Man develops spiritually, he comes to grasp how very childish is such viewpoint.

THERE ARE two ways of looking at human vicissitude, the childish way and the adult way. So long as the mass mind insists on living the days with a Punishment Complex, then punishment is the thing that the Mass Mind will get. And the direst punishment that the Mass Mind can conceive is complication or penalty that pays off in Death.

The Mature Mind understands Death, by having examined it and discovered its fallacy. If every line in the Book of Revelation were due to materialize tomorrow, say at twenty-five minutes after two p. m., and the shower of fire from heaven, with the earthquake and the Big Cemetery Heave were fairly well completed by a quarter to five, the Mature Mind would say, "What a pity to break up so beautiful and beneficent a world merely on account of a few perverse humans. However, it's quite all right, if that's the way God wants it. Nothing worse can happen to me however, than dying . . . and that's pleasant release from this burden and limitation."

Furthermore, it would probably be insufferably bored from sun-up till the couple of hours after lunch—because attempting any labor would be absolute futility.

But it wouldn't be frightened.

Fright is the panic at inadequacy of stamina to meet a given situation and either control it or display bona fide dispassion toward it.

Any person who does not feel the slightest qualms at confronting the end of the physical sequence is always self-adequate at facing the Eternal Verities and dealing with them whimsically.

SOULCRAFT is man's study of, and understanding of, the Infinite—as opposed to the Finite. Having gained to some knowledge of the beauties and freedoms of the Higher Dimensions, the adept Soulcrafters bases his dispassion toward catastrophe on intelligence resulting from his own psychological explorings. Therefore is he able to identify doleful prophecy for much that it is—a subconscious contagion based on the Punishment

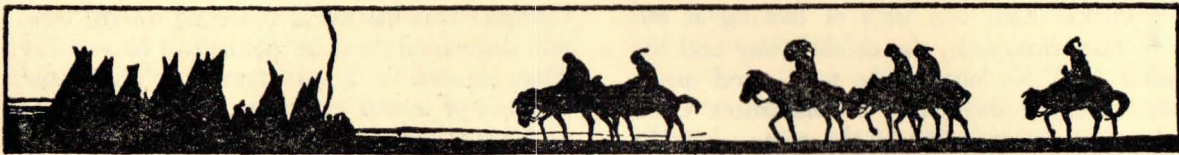
Complex that the world is reeling toward eternal damnation because politicians have given Man inexorable government and would tax him out of hearth and home.

A magazine that says, "Bless you, my children, take things easier and try to get the Eternal Viewpoint"—and then sets forth lucidly and constructively what that Viewpoint is—ought to be founded in the year and month of traditionally acclaimed catastrophe. Because the let-down is due to be terrific from here on out. When the heavens do not shower fire, and the sun and moon keep right on performing faultlessly up the next thousand years of the Golden Times, and seed-time and harvest follow each other with mechanical surety, somebody is due to decide that someone has fooled everybody. And mayhap the cynicism will groove its chisels deep.

Remember, cynicism is usually faith gone to seed..

¶ Man wants to be told what he can have faith in, shown by confirmation of event in demonstration. Man to the moment has placed his faith in the wrong values, making little effort to explore those foundations that endure rock-firm through every secular dilemma and challenge. Now is the Millennial Dawn, when it is time to teach him wholesale what true Faith is, and upon what it can be indestructably built . . .

SO THIS new periodical proposes to handle Matters of Spirit in a practical and understandable vein, disclosing what man can place his trust in that will not let him down, taking metaphysics out of the "sweetness and light" category and making it an open book



for the better order of maturing society. No other publication in America quite does the service that will be supplied by HORIZON.

In format, older Soulcrafters will note, it follows closely the original *New Liberator*, the first publication of the Movement and incidentally its most successful publication. However, there is still another motive being served, adding this monthly to the Soulcraft List at this time.

THE BOOKS of the Recorder, or bound copies of originals of hundreds of manuscripts written at psychical dictation over the past quarter century, hold scores upon scores of short treatments of vital subjects that are not of a nature to be used in the Soulcraft deluxe books nor of a length to be utilized as *Soulscripts*. To go through them month by month, cull out all this short material, edit and print it, requires a vehicle like HORIZON, that in the end everything may be released to the public. It is the final phase of the whole Liberation-Soulcraft work, editing and supervising this material officially, so that nothing is discarded or overlooked that has instructional value, and the private and personal forever sealed.

All the same, the material in HORIZON will by no means be cuttings or culls from more pretentious dissertations. Thousands came to know of the original Liberation work through buying the *New Liberator* upon newsstands and discovering its pages holding spiritual incentives that made it distinctive over a matter of years. Although the weekly VALOR will in no way be affected by the addition of the monthly, it cannot be sold upon newsstands because of difficulties in weekly distribution. An attractive monthly HORIZON will not be thus inhibited.

It is one thing to say, "Nothing fearsome is going to happen," from a whistling-in-the-dark morale, or an animus at provisions of orthodoxy which too often approach atheism. It is another thing to say, "Nothing is due to occur that you can't *take* if you understand its causes, or how to insure your spirit against it by proving for yourself life's infallible survival."

THERE will be no treatment of current affairs in HORIZON as in "Valor"—only articles and expositions of permanent spiritual import and profit . . .

HORIZON starts publication in the much-acclaimed King's Chamber year—indeed! It is the beginning of a new dispensation.

The King of Glory is coming in!

Would He be coming in on charred embers of an incinerated world that is split and cracked as well with the sacred demolition that John of Patmos revealed in?

Soulcraft repudiates it.

HORIZON undertakes to furnish proof that a shift of values in our ideas will bring a Reformation of Faith, creating a new age and a surpassing civilization.

The magazine throughout its life will be all Soulcraft.

Which means that it will be all Light, and Cheer, and Wisdom, and Explanation, and Spiritual Ballast for life's voyage, however stormy.

No secular comment. No wishful thinking.

The real future is so lush with every good and perfect gift that man needs to grow a new Mind to evaluate it.

RELIGION Can Be All Joy and Gratitude

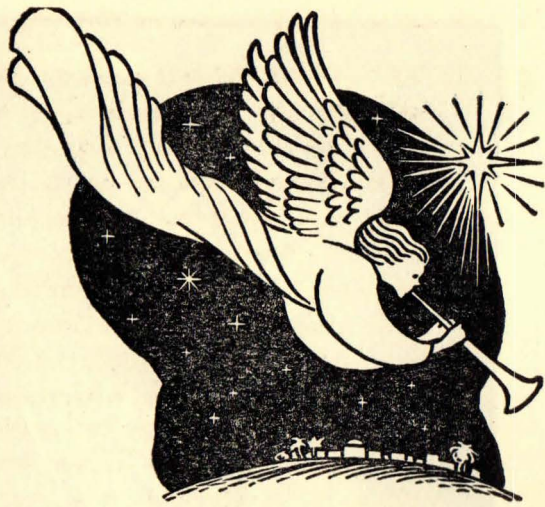
*Get the Facts Behind
Cosmos and You'll
Be Astonished at
How Little Exists
to Worry about . .*



A HUNDRED Letters a month reach Soulcraft, poignant with a suddenly-found emancipation from the pressures and threats of common theology.

"This is what I have been waiting for, all my life!" cry so many in concert that the exclamation has become a by-word. One woman in the West went into detail about her reactions. "Ever since childhood," she wrote, "I have known in my subconscious mind—or perhaps we should call it merely my heart—that nothing could be 'wronger' than many of

the strictures and stipulations that Theology clamps on the natural instincts within us concerning matters of spirit. First we are told that we have been born in sin and conceived in iniquity. We have inherited all the moral delinquencies of our ancestors, and from them we must be 'saved.' Saving means going into a grand fanfare about Conversion, and "accepting" the Lord Jesus Christ, and giving up the 'lusts and desires of the flesh' and being assiduous at church attendance, and holding a more or less priggish attitude toward those not of our denomination. The accent of everything is upon the negatives. Using the language of today, 'nobody gets any fun out of it.' People affect to tell about the joy they are getting from their religious beliefs, but they know they're misrepresenting their true



feelings. Either they've been scared into embracing some faith because they fear what might happen to them if they got killed in a motorcar accident next week, or they've known such rotten luck generally in worldly fortunes that they're simply sick and tired of living in a world that seems to have no rhyme or reason to it, in which nothing is stable and where the devil seems literally to be taking the hindmost. I despaired of the whole of it long ago.

"Frankly, I despaired of the whole of it because, while I certainly did believe in God and Christ, I was tired of being scolded and threatened into being good. Furthermore, I was tired of having heaven held out to me as some destination I might attain in an indefinite future if I kept all the rules in the book, didn't get myself talked about, and was kind to dumb animals—human and otherwise. I wanted to be happy because God was in His heaven and all was right with the world. But true happiness and religion didn't seem to belong in the same category. God, by theological standards, didn't have anything greater to do in the universe than follow me about with his eye and detect me in technical trespasses. Christ was a Man of Sorrow. Hell burned under our feet, and perpetually yawned for us. And it seemed we only did make heaven in the end by living as unnaturally as possible and doing

all the things that somebody else said we had to do, without giving valid reasons how they came by their authority.

"SOULCRAFT has come along and opened a new world to me because it has opened a vista on the Positive side of existence. It makes articulate all the things about life and eternity that I've always felt intuitively were so. I'm no longer a condemned felon, hoping against hope that some sort of divine pardon will arrive before the cosmic jailer comes around to turn me over to Satan and have me burned at the stake. I'm a student in a Great University—the Great University of Life—with the definite promise made me that I can attend the institution until I finally graduate with honors, no matter how many courses I take, or how long I remain enrolled. I can come back year after year—only let's call them lives—until I've obtained all that that institution has to give me. Nobody's holding any club over my head for anything. I'm a free and self-reliant soul, spinning up through Cosmos, entitled to all its benefits. God doesn't punish me for flunking any class or subject. I discipline myself. In fact, I imagine I discipline harder than God himself would discipline me, if the truth could be known, in my eagerness to keep up with my earthly classmates. As for Christ, what He truly is, is my Elder Brother and coach, my private tutor, so to speak, taking loving pride in my progress under his counseling.

"I can be happy with God, Christ, and the mortal arrangement, under Soulcraft, because the threats and pressures are discarded. It's a point of pride to make good in my cosmic studies and justify the faith and confidence of Christ in me to make good in the end.

"What a wonderful concept. And what an incentive. It is just what I've felt in my private heart from childhood the Divine relationship should be, but couldn't discover anyone with the wits or courage to put it into words."

There is more than a sermon in this expression. There is soul-redemption . . .

THE FACTS of Great Cosmos, and life up through it, as we valorously and fearlessly explore them, open the astounding discovery to us that most of the woes and moral pestilences which we find treated with such sadistic relish by the average theologian of the past, have been all man-made, man-originated, and man-promoted notions. We had "only one life to live" and God save us for how we lived it. If we stumbled just once and went down, we were down for eternity. Where was "religious solace" in being saved from such dolorous predestination?

But up here in the Twentieth Century, the century of nuclear fission, radar and television, of global aerial navigation reckoned in hours, we approach Psychical Research and Extra-Sensory Perception. Communication is established with souls that have lived on earth in bodies in recent lives. More than communication is established. Using the uncanny substance called Ectoplasm, in a thousand seance-rooms from London to Los Angeles, from Toronto to Australia and South Africa, exactly the same technique is followed to get the strange wonder called Materialization. People reappear as they have been known and recognized in life, speak audibly by voices that likewise are recalled, and converse on matters only intimately known to themselves and relatives in their former lives together in flesh. And when questions are put to them—no matter where on the globe the questioning may be done—the data supplied in the responses is ever the same in substance—

When they quitted their physical bodies did they lose consciousness of themselves or surroundings? . . . No, the great majority of them declare they did not. It was like waking from a foggy slumber into an atmosphere of freshness and radiance.

Did they suffer in the process of making the alteration in condition? . . . No, they did not. Whatever pain they had felt had been of physical origin before the soul left the physical self.

Did they travel any distance to reach a ce-

Q IF TEN THOUSAND persons, all strangers to one another, visited a given country, bringing back identical reports of its aspects and features, we would readily concede the country was thus-and-so. When ten million souls visit the Hereafter and return with similar reports of its aspects and features, why must we insist they are quite something else—because some be-whiskered prelates said so two thousand years bygone? . . .

lestial place? . . . No, none of them had ever undergone any sensation of traveling; they awakened—if we choose to call it awakening—into a freer and wholesomer aspect of life and reality that existed in an interpenetrated condition right here in our atomic and molecular world of three dimensional materials, to find visible to soul sense all the persons or relatives they assumed they had earlier "lost" by death.

Had they confronted God, Christ, or angelic beings, not forgetting the cherubim and seraphim of theology? . . . Christ, yes. Thousands had confronted the ineffable and compassionate personality of the Elder Brother of the New Testament, literally and face to face, and He was more wonderful than the New Testament had ever depicted Him. But no indication of any anthropomorphic God, nor of angels, nor of cherubim or serphim.

What had been their initial sensations on finding themselves thus situated and surviving? . . . An indescribable incredulity that they should be thought of as dead, in view of the fact that they possessed a finer, lighter, and freer bodily equipment than they had ever known on earth. It enabled them to levitate



anywhere in the universe in almost an instant by the propelling power of Thought. To "think" of themselves in a place, no matter how distant, was to discover themselves forthwith in that place. Especially was this true, if loved ones they might have left in the three-dimensional plane were sending out calls of anguish, confusion, or appeals for help. At once they were drawn to those persons as by some gigantic magnet.

Were they still conscious of earth conditions and could they keep themselves acquainted with what transpired in mortality? . . . Indeed, they were conscious of earth conditions. They could, upon occasion of a given person possessing an extra-sensitized ear, address thought-speech to such individuals and be heard by them and carry on lengthy conversations, or discourses, apprising the relatives or loved ones in mortality of precisely what their experiences were from day to day and hour to hour.

Why then, if this sort of subliminal life went on, in octaves in touch with earth-life, did not average people become more acquainted with their constant loving presences? . . . Because of the sordid, skeptical, disbelieving temperaments of those encased in bodies—bodies equipped with physical senses too sluggish to make the higher and finer distinctions.

What then, was the purpose of earthly life, as those who had made the Passing beheld it? . . . Earth life was a phase of existence necessary for the acquiring of experience that made for character development. People came into life of their own accord, and more or less by prearrangement with those who would act as parents, in order to live through experiences

that particularly strengthened them morally or ethically, so that their spiritual development might be positive and constant.

Then there were no harps, no spectacular Judgment Day, no being hauled before any throne of God to be charged with deeds of an evil or ignorant nature done in the flesh? . . . No, no one has ever reported seeing or experiencing the slightest evidences of these, nor for that matter of Hades or Hell, or the Devil, either. All of that appears to have originated in the allegorical imagery of an earlier and more barbaric day when men imagined those paradisaical conditions in order to compensate themselves for earthly tribulations which they could in no wise understand.

SO MUCH for what spirit-souls who have gone through the experience of making the metamorphosis into Spirit, say in testimony of actual conditions in the Higher Life. From plane to plane these progressions go, until it comes home to the soul that many of its lives it ought to return and live over again, to extract more profit from them than it did the first time. And such request is rarely denied. The soul that wishes to "go back and live an earthly life over again" can always do so, providing parentage can be arranged. It has been this privilege, considered rare by the truly enlightened, that has given rise to the mistaken Hindu doctrine of Reincarnation, what it stands for, and why it may happen. But souls who confront conditions in the hereafter that cause them to realize they lack experience to meet and vanquish greater spiritual crises, that could only be obtained from more profitable lives on earth, appear to turn back again and again at their own behest and solicitation. Thus do we get heavy cohorts of teachers, artists, writers, and social and spiritual leaders, coming back again and again—as Jesus had said Elias came back in the personality of John the Baptist—to assist in stupendous works that improve the earth and make life a greater and sweeter experience for all to live.

But in the whole of it there is no Divine



Schoolmaster, no birch rod, no threat, no duress, no harshness, no spiritual cruelties—only a celestial compassion and understanding of the problems of unlearned and humble folk that surpasses understanding.

People feel so chagrined at the way they have squandered their opportunities to progress spiritually, that they are frequently more cruel toward themselves in the penalties they devise for themselves, than ever would God be.

Thus does Divine Love become a tangible and demonstrated thing.

IT IS all in Soulcraft—from the beginning to the end.

The peace of mind that comes from apprising oneself of the true provisions of the after-life is the tranquillity of intellect that comes from understanding just what Divine Providence seeks to work out by conducting and maintaining this earth-world at all, and suddenly acquiescing in it and advancing it.

Religion?

Religion is the simple and honest business of seeking to advance the Kingdom of God upon earth, and living the sort of lives that Jesus so particularly emphasized, conforming to the celestial program that He designated over and over as "works" . . .

If you could take that which is fundamentally truthful in Universalism, add that which is fundamentally truthful about Spiritualism, Christian Science and Theosophy, and put these "fundamentally truthful" features into a great compendium of tenets that have the currently living Christ as their figurehead, you would have Soulcraft—a philosophy by which to live based on actualities which are provable, that ask the communicant to take nothing for granted.

Can Orthodoxy say the same?

But with duress and penalty and threat and "wrath" gone from the whole celestial picture—malicious man-made concepts strictly—the ideology of Divine Providence and its office becomes a thing of joy and fellowship and beauty and perfect trust in God's true paternity over the purblind human race.

These incidentally are the bedrock premises for the religion of the future, not denominational quarrels, or vicarious atonements, or lip-service conversions with tomorrow's backslidings because little of the ideology of Hell and eternal punishment has any credence in Man's *eternal* mind, anyhow.

Thus when people exclaim, after examining a little way into Soulcraft, "This is what I have been searching for, all my life!" they mean it is what they have known to be true from spiritual memory of the realms from which they came to earth before infancy, suddenly made articulate and practicable.

Soulcraft has no crows to pick with any religious faith because all religious faiths must be based upon Truth, to endure, and those not so based will not long endure anyhow, lacking foundation in cosmic fact.

Look into possibilities of this new revelation to modern mankind and a door is opened onto a Magnificent Upward Highroad that one has never trodden before—and yet has trodden in his heart the past million years. Yet there is nothing to join, nothing to promote, nothing to agitate. The only expense connected is paying for the books of loving and helpful knowledge thus acquired, at practically what they cost to produce.

It has been a quarter-century quietly and indomitably growing and expanding in this land. It happens to be "on the up-and-up" . . .

Pitifully enough, that's why so few can credit it.

DO PROPHETS Achieve Any Worthy Purpose?



SOMEWHERE back over the centuries, the terms *Prophecy* and *Prophesy* became of moment in the language. The first meant such type of prediction or religious counsel as is uttered by a prophet, and its last syllable is pronounced as though spelled "see". The second meant to utter with,

or as with, divine inspiration or speak under the influence of religious experience, and its last syllable is pronounced as though spelled "sigh". Actually in practice up across the past twenty to thirty centuries, Prophecy and Prophesying have dealt with the sacred occult and been chiefly concerned with declarations of imminent or eventual doom. The Prophet is generally conceded to be some variety of "holy" man, and endowed with exceptional clairvoyant gifts, giving him an inside intellectual track on the operations or performings of Divine Mind.

The word is strictly Levantine in both its origins and employments and asks the layman to take for granted that there are persons set apart in the social body to speak for Divinity as circumstances dictate. Who set such persons apart specifically, is conveniently ignored. Uniformly they have been voluntary reformers, imbued with a zeal for impressing civilization

Q *ARE People Who
Are Scared into
Being Good Truly
Benefitted by the
Social or Spiritual
Improvement
Resulting? . .*

with some altered procedure for conducting its affairs, fanatically obsessed with pulling humanity out of its prevalent path even though the price be martyrdom for themselves.

With no disrespect intended, how do individuals "get that way" and what is the value of their crusading zeal taken by dispensations?

THE QUESTION resolves itself to one issue only: Are people ever made righteous in their social deportment, whether as a race, tribe, sect, or individual, by being threatened with celestial retribution if they continue their misconduct?

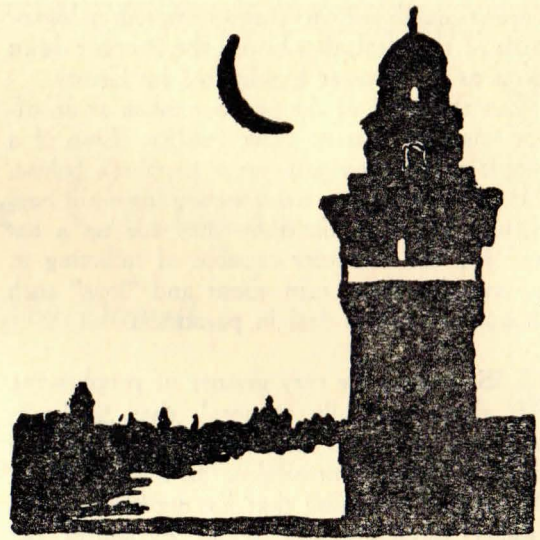
It is common practice with offspring in childhood to give a parental order, accompanied by the threat, "Papa spank!" if it be not heeded. We call this disciplining the child. Animals are "trained" similarly. Reward them with a dish of rich food if they accede to instructings, punish them with a kick if they prove obstreperous. In time they come to associate the wishes of the supervisor with one or the other: allotment of food, or physical chastisement causing pain of body.

Obviously from time immemorial the self-styled Prophet has come among men motivated by similar parental psychology. Do as God says and ample viands known as Divine largess result. Do as God prohibits and sizable hailstones will fall, or fire from the skies, or trembles of terre firma, or the king of the next country will proceed on a marauding expedition and lay all houses and barns waste and drive off herds of valuable cattle.

Where, in it all, is any intellectual distinction rendered for acting out a given line of conduct because of the automatic dividends resulting because the given line of conduct is fecund with them?

How wide is the gulf between conditioned reflexes of reward for good behavior or punishment for bad, and intellectual distinctions clearly propounded that certain acts should be performed for their own sakes and because their enactments produces the greatest profit to the greatest number?

WHY BLINK the fact the old stlye Prophet usually dealt in threats, effecting to speak for God in the "Papa spank!" promissings. We recognize, in the light of today's researches in Extra-Sensory Perception, that the Prophet was primarily a natural clairaudient. Not knowing, however, about the possibility of communications from the astral planes of life, he leaped to the conclusion that the "voice" addressing him was of logical inference, God's. Whatever was invisible, or otherwise outside the realm of materialism, must of course originate celestially.



Imbued with the occult wisdom of these clairaudient contacts, the Prophet of old began prophesying. Partly to give himself prestige and partly to frighten the authorities—usually as ignorant or superstitious as he was—from issuing orders to have him cast in the nearest dungeon as an annoying stirrer-upper, he rhundered forth his adjurations for improvement of the social order in the name of the Divine.

Of course, none of it carried much weight with the authorities unless he stirred up too much, then he got his head severed from his person, or his person tied to a stake in the center of a bonfire, just as joyously as though he had prophesied in the name of the Masons, the Oddfellows or the Knights of Pythias. But when he had thus been successful in achieving such martyrdom, additional weight was given his speakings as a sort of commendation of his moral courage.

None the less, humanity and its satraps went right along oppressing the poor, collecting outrageous taxes, burning the barns of the Opposition, and having its way with the scurrying females, as though the Prophet had never breathed and sacrificed himself.

Remember, it is usually admiration for moral

courage displayed in the attempted achievement of the ideal, that brings the Prophet down to us as a character highlighted by history.

But the office of the prophet taken as an office has been one of utter futility. Even if a people mend their ways at a prophet's behest, they are doing it to avert something ugly happening, and subconsciously they stir up a hatred for the authority capable of inflicting it. To say they must turn about and "love" such an authority is to deal in paradoxes.

IT IS because the very gesture of prophesying is thus spiritually immoral, that Soulcraft does not effect to propound any prophecies from its clairaudient origins. In the first place, the type of mentality that has uniformly done Higher Soulcraft Counseling recognizes the foregoing fundamentals and will not indulge in forecastings of gloom.

Gloom, uniformly, is naught but the perturbation of the soul at having to experience ordeal and not being certain about its capabilities to come through successfully. The depth of the gloom is the extent of the uncertainty. No fearless, resolute, self-confident man ever suffers Gloom. And the Soulcraft Mentors, realizing this, disdain it.

Why become maudlin over human timidity?

Outside of the general predictings of massed Thought producing catastrophes and Man thus creating his own retributions, *there has been almost no predictings of forthcoming calamity in the entire agenda of Soulcraft en-*

lightenment. "Don'ts are only for a race in its childhood!" came the declaration from the Mentors early in the transcriptions.

It does no people any constructive good to know dire calamity impends, inasmuch as they cannot alter it by making bargains with the Almighty. In nine cases out of ten, it is a known fact likewise that certain souls have come into life purposely to experience the effects of natural or economic turmoil. On the other hand, if great Good promises to accrue to a civilization or a race, the effect of announcing it before hand must only be one of incentive to measure up to it. But no Prophet ever derived distinction by prophesying of great Good accruing to a civilization or a race. In the first place, it would make his own office of no significant importance, and all prophets want to feel important if they feel nothing else.

Prophecy as prediction of divine wrath therefore, achieves no worthwhile purpose.

The True God is incapable of "wrath" to start with.

To tell the poor benighted human race of all the excellent features and measures in store for it is not only humane but sagacious. The true prophet therefore is he who has the forthcoming calamities indicated to him but has the charity and benevolence to keep his bearded mouth shut.

The office itself bespeaks the religious kibitzer. And humanity already has suffered from too much kibitzing.

That is what chiefly ails it.



Discard the Crutch

By Winchester MacDowell



FILLED with a strange new hope they came,
The blind, the leper, the halt, the lame;
Frail of body and spent of soul,
"So many as touched Him were made whole."

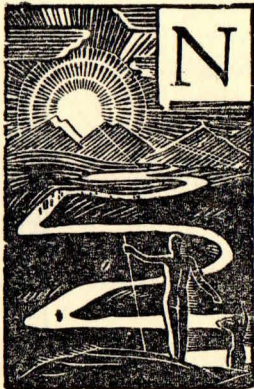
On every tongue was the Healer's name,
Through all the country they spread His Fame
But a few held tight to the wooden crutch
Saying, "We must not expect too much".

Down through the ages a Promise came;
Healing for sorrow and sin and shame;
Help for the helpless, sight for the blind,
Healing for body and soul and mind.

The Christ we follow is still the same
With blessings that all who will may claim
How often we miss Love's Healing Touch
By thinking "we must not expect too much".

The healing of Christ is as true today
As it was when His Presence passed this way
Expect full Love and in doing such
Have faith supreme: "*Let Go The Crutch*".

What You Should Know about the Start of Ancient Mysticism



NOW AND THEN in the Sunday papers you read an advertisement about Swami So-and-So coming to your city straight from India to deliver a series of lectures on Yogi and Mysticism. Or you turn the ads in your favorite magazine and meet with an offer to have a course in ancient Egyptian

wisdom sent you for reading at home, ten easy lessons at so much per lesson, after absorbing which the ads imply you will be some sort of super-person, able to command riches and popularity beyond present dreams. Just what is it these swamis and occult societies offer to impart to you, and why is there so much out-of-this-world mystery about it? Do they really supply anything particularly new under the sun, and if they possess real spiritual merchandise to impart for a consideration, why shouldn't everybody know about it?

Suppose we really try getting to the bottom of it, and see if it's anything with legitimate claims on our attention . . .

PUTTING it in a nutshell, human men and women from time immemorial have encountered aspects of the Supernatural in this

¶ **SUPERNATURAL
Marvels Have Terrified All Ages, but They Were Nothing Not Duplicated in Last Evening's Seance Room . . .**

world that have consistently perplexed and terrified them.

Witches, spooks, and goblins have been characteristic of every age, in every country and civilization under the sun.

Truth to tell, it has been the attempt to explain such manifestations and apparitions that has given rise to medicine-men, priesthoods, and religious prelates of every sequence in human history. Most of them, however, have gone at it blindly, or from messianic motives. The supernatural happenings, they have said, were manifestations of the Divine in mortal affairs, or God was indicating that they, and

they alone, had been designated as holy prophets to convey His rebuke to the masses for their special sensualities or greeds. Affecting to speak for God in these matters, has saved such savants from being stoned or burned at the stake for traffic with the Evil One.

Scientific psychical research and extra-sensory perception were, of course, unknown, in such earlier ages. The supernatural certainly did occur and only the medicine-man or priest affected not to be terrified by it. That both medicineman and priest gradually came to use the prestige thus gained over ignorant and jittery masses to advance secular ends, is neither here nor there. A great fund of data began to be built up about the nature of such happenings and their probable causes, unexplained on any other basis but that of the Deity in manifestation, or the physically dead continuing to live in some invisible pattern.

And into the interpretations of this or that phenomenon crept every known variety of hocus-pocus . . .

Why not indeed, when the medicine-men and prelates were actually as ignorant of the facts behind the universe of manifested life as any of their communicants?

THREE great systems of religion evolved from the convictions of the ancient medicine-men and prelates, however. Remember that what we are now discussing, happened long before the advent of the true Messiah and the establishment of today's Christianity.

The first great religion of which today's history takes note, was Persian Zoroastrianism, founded by a Levantine prophet named Zarathustra about 3,000 B. C.. It divided the world's activity into two categories, those behaviors and ceremonies that adulated Aramazda, the God of Light, and those behaviors and ceremonies that did obeisance to Orimand, the God of Darkness. Today's Christian world has inherited Orimand in the traditional character of the devil. The devil was the theological creation of Zarathustra and seems to have been cut out of whole cloth to explain, or lo-

cate responsibility for, the sin and evil that features human conduct.

The second great religion was Egyptology, or the worship of Isiris, along with a whole pantheon of lesser gods, with bird heads and animal bodies, which King Ikhnaton lost his life 2,300 years before Christ, seeking to reform by the idea of the One God, long before Moses of the Hebrew faith was ever heard from. Today's Christian world has inherited from Egyptology the famed Judgment of the Soul after death, and its consignment to Pæradise or Hades according to its record of deeds done in the flesh.



The third great religion was Orphic Pantheism, or the worship of the Greek god and goddesses—later taken over by Rome under a lexicon of other names for the separate deities—the distinguishing feature of which was the sanctification of certain oracles that manifested audibly in various caves or temples. These oracles were the voices of discarnate entities, advising the Greeks and Romans what to do in their spiritual and civic affairs, and were distinguished for their emphasis on philosophy and esthetics. Today's Christian world has inherited from Orphic Pantheism the ideology of the psychic prophet, endowed with the Gift of Tongues. But the "oracle" was little other than the "audible voice" of today's psychical seance room, up here in the present.

The Hebrew religion that began to expand and gain influence about a thousand years before Christ, was a borrowing and compilation from all of these forerunners, with the virtues and powers of celestiality centered upon a local deity of the Midianite tribe called Yahveh or Jehovah.

So the various theologies began to be built up from the intellectual assumptions of the prelates, but not till up here in the opening years of the Twentieth Century did rational Man bethink to do any exploring for himself as to what Supernaturalism might be in its origins.

The various religions were one thing, the manifestations that operated behind the various religions, giving them consequence, were quite something else.

THE VARIOUS theologies began to be built up from the intellectual assumptions of the prelates, but not until up here in the opening years of the 20th Century did rational Man bethink to do any exploring for himself as to what Spiritualism might be in its essence . . .

THE ESTABLISHMENT of Spiritualism in 1848, and the founding of the pseudo-scientific psychical research societies in the various Christian countries back in the 1880s, began to turn attention to the probabilities of soul survival and the performance of conscious personalities in dimensions of Space and Time that man's physical senses cannot penetrate.

Without the slightest doubt, it was from such dimensions from time immemorial that the manifestations originated that gave rise to the orthodox religions of history. Only it is

incorrect to call them "religions." What they truly were, abstractly considered, were theologies or cults.

Then, twenty-eight years after the present century had opened, in a mountain bungalow up behind Pasadena, California, a strange event happened that advanced man another long mile up the spiritual grade toward better understanding of physical life's significance—

A New England American, 38 years old, who had been a successful businessman and newspaper publisher, suddenly was removed out of his physical body one May night, apparently gaining to the same higher planes of spirit frequently mentioned in the writings of Swedenborg, St. Paul, and Plato, stayed out four to five hours, and came back with psychical centers awakened in himself that presently enabled him to transcribe the most incredible messages of information and illumination.

Between 1928 and 1942 this man preserved upon paper something like a million-and-a-half words, by the special talent now coming to be popularly called Extra-Sensory Perception, explaining and expounding every phase of the origins of mystical and supernatural happenings.

This was the definite information that savants up the centuries had been striving to secure.

REALLY, such tenets and explanations are what the Hindu swamis and the various esoteric cults seek to impart to the public for a commercial consideration. But there wasn't, and never has been, an ymonopoly of them by the swamis or esotericists, and when the New England newspaperman wrote up his illuminating experience and published it in a great national magazine like *The American*, it marked the beginning of a new order of wisdom for the average man or woman in modern spiritual acceptances.

The revelations of the Facts Behind Life and Supernaturalism, as this man began to disclose them, were first named the Doctrine

of the Liberation—but “doctrine” sounded like another theology superimposed on all existent theologies. Eventually the trade name of SOULCRAFT was employed, implying the craft of the soul in making its way successfully up the grades of earthly predicament to splendid adeptship and super-consciousness, ending the necessity for ever coming back into the mortal coil for my repeat performance.

How much you know about the great subject of Esoterics, therefore, depends on how much you know about the processes in operation *behind life*, causing mortal people to be born what they are, and in the stations they are.

This knowledge has been determined and systematized, and acquiring it explains in startling fashion about ninety percent of the quandaries that ordinary mortals confront.

ESOTERICS means, “that which is designed for, and understood by, the especially initiated alone; the abstruse; belonging to any circle initiated in the principles of cosmic origins.”

The Hindu swamis that come to America and give high-priced lectures on these matters are merely “teachers” in their own land, “swami” meaning teacher and nothing else. The various cults that advertise lavishly in the magazines, offering to make you an adept in the Ancient Wisdom in ten easy lessons, are merely commercializing something that you can get in much more satisfying and uncircumscribed form in books reprinting the great wealth of information communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, supplying you with a post-graduate course in these Higher Disclosures for nothing but the cost of paper, ink, and binding.

The material in this magazine merely gives you examples of the instruction and illumination that is available in these great supernatural and fundamental mysteries of the universe as Extra-Sensory Perception has captured them and made them available for ordinary people going about ordinary activities. Thousands



have discovered the profounder values and worthwhile enlistment in the Soulcraft psychological texts, and become eternally grateful for having their attention called to them.

You will discover the truth of these statements for yourself, as you examine what has thus far been made available.

And the entire great mass of erudition became of modern moment because a newspaperman went out of his body one night in California in 1928!

This last is most important.

What Coming Back and Living Again Can Mean to You



SEATED opposite a celebrated metaphysician at a Manhattan dinner some years ago, the writer overheard the following: "You know, my dear Doctor," exclaimed a portly and bejeweled lady on the metaphysician's right, "I'm a thorough believer in the doctrine of Reincarnation because

of the attractive way in which you're constantly expounding it."

"Thank you," said the Doctor. "Thank you very much!"

"Not at all, my dear Doctor. Perhaps you would be interested in knowing that I'm a very old soul."

"It affords me great pleasure to hear it."

"Yes, Doctor. I'm quite convinced that I've had at least four lives before my present role as Mrs. Smith."

"How many?" the Doctor gasped.

"Four! And would you believe it, they were practically all celebrities. My mentors have told me that I was first Boadicea, the Pict queen of England. Then I was Queen Elizabeth—"

"You're very fortunate, madam, to have made such swift development."

Q "OH, IF I only had my life to live over again," might be answered in so literal a manner that it would shock society to discover the truth!

"What's the matter, Doctor? Don't you believe it? Could my mentors possibly have been wrong? How many lives have you had?"

The Doctor chewed the stone from an olive. "I should estimate," he responded, without the slightest attempt to be facetious, "that the times I've returned to earth must be something like thirty thousand."

Splash! The dowager dropped her lorgnette in her soup.

"How many?" she asked faintly.

"Thirty thousand! I'm certain it would have required that many to bring me anywhere near to my present Quality of Consciousness."

"But—my goodness!—if you've had thirty thousand lives and you managed to attain even to your majority in each one of them, they'd have taken at least six hundred and thirty thousand years to live, granted you took

no time out in between them!"

"I probably averaged something like two to five hundred years in the discarnate state between each one."

"But that totals—five hundred and twenty-one years multiplied by thirty thousand—?"

"A mere fifteen million years or so, my dear lady."

"But that goes back before the Stone Age! You must be counting the times when you were a lizard—"

"We know from the records on Sumerian monuments in Asia Minor, madam, that society was sufficiently organized to have had kings and dynasties four hundred and thirty-five thousand years before Christ. The akashic records indicate that humanity has been on earth something like twenty-eight millions of years. So I congratulate you that in four lives, your development has been so rapid!"



IT IS, on the whole, not of much consequence or practical profit to know exactly how many ages ago one's spirit started to function in the mortal aspects of consciousness. The thing that concerns the sincere student of Christian Esoterics is to gain to some dependable inkling of what his status of spiritual development is at the current moment—and how many more careers in mortality may be requisite before he is eligible for earth-graduation.

Nine out of ten people—even sincere believers in the hypothesis that the soul of man lives on earth countless times—affect to believe that this is practically their last sojourn in earth-life. They cannot tell you why they think this is practically their last sojourn in earth-life. Press them, and they will tell you that they just have a feeling that impels to that conclusion.

Others there are who will solemnly assure you that they have really "washed up" the necessity for any more incarnations many lives ago. They are merely back here of their own volition, they assert, to help their "dear ones" or "mentor the race." . . .

Not one in fifty of these "graduated" or "to be graduated" souls can give you the first rudiments of the principles by which such graduation may be determined.

Not one in a hundred is aware that there are any standards whatever, by which such eligibility may be judged.

Start any crowd of esoteric students working on the problem and ten to one they will jump at the same conclusion—

A soul must be ready for graduation, or have graduated, they will reason, when it is demonstrated as psychically mediumistic or when it has attained to such wisdom in esoterics that it has a metaphysical answer or solution ready for every enigma in the universe.

One would imagine, to hear these conjectures, that the end and aim of completed life was to turn out the capable metaphysical magician.

Here, however, is the more rational suggestion—

The soul is probably ready for graduation when two—and perchance three—things have taken place within the spirit: An utter indifference been birthed as to where it functions, but a decided boredom generated at continuing to function among the futilities and sterilities of Things!

IN THE first place, it can safely be advanced that no soul has ever found itself in physical life at the behest or fiat of an arbitrary higher power. Souls are born into life because they choose to be born into life and have some definite end to serve by being born.

But souls that have extracted the profits and benefits from practically every experience and situation which mortal life can produce, may still be lingering in and about the mortal octave for reasons peculiar to themselves.

They may be waiting for someone whose cosmic destiny is closely linked with theirs, to achieve the conditions conducive to graduation. Or perchance they have come back to beautify or mechanically enhance earth-life for those whose graduation is still far in the future—or mentor the race in some ethical departure.

Two things distinguish such spirits, as aforesaid.

Their location in this, or in a thousand future worlds, is quite immaterial to them—since they have long since gained to the wisdom that consciousness, to itself, is quite the same in all. On the other hand, they are consumingly and overwhelmingly “fed up” with the predicament of being always and forever surrounded with an externality of objects.

To these a third qualification might be added, if it did not come under a somewhat different category—

They are entirely unmindful as to whether or not they must be identified by some form of enhousing physical mechanism. They are not appalled in the slightest at attaining to such discarnate consciousness that all that the senses of all the beings in all the worlds could perceive of their existence would be a ball of pale blue fire—and sometimes not even that!

TO TREAT these three subjects conversely for a moment to understand their meanings, we might sum the matters up from these opposite viewpoints: If you want to identify a soul that still has long earth-lives to go, listen to it rant against earthly return because it imagines it wants to get away to “heaven,” observe the affection that displays for material possessions, and harken to the perturbation it expresses over the horrid possibility of not having some sort of body by which to recognize itself.

Truly old souls, ready for graduation, smile contemptuously at all three.

It makes no particular difference to such Old Souls on what specific heavenly body they find themselves functioning—the planet Earth included. If it were required of them to be

born back into earth-life another thousand times, they would make such returns without a spiritual whimper. Localities of function, in this or any other solar system, mean little or nothing to them because they have long since learned how to orient themselves to life in whatever environment opens.

The thing that more aptly designates their cosmic age is their quiet irascibilities over having to live, move, and pursue their careers in a condition that makes the mundane universe resemble an over-furnished house.



First, each one of such spirits must be weighed down and handicapped with 150 pounds of fleshly organism, which must be sustained with food three times a day for the processes of chemical metabolism. Those fleshly organisms must be protected by coverings against the weather's temperatures. They must be constantly conveyed about the planet—when change of locale is required to serve life's commissions—by transportation aboard automobile, train, or airplane.

This insufferable weighing and circumscribing Thing known as a body wends its way through a life that is filled with pitfalls for the feet and low beams for the head. And in whichever direction it turns the eye, there

stretches an interminable vista of material objects—trees, rocks, houses, fences, flowers, freight trains, factories, billboards, trash cans, hydrants, cemeteries, motorcars or alley-cats.



Mayhap far, far back at the commencement of its thirty thousand lives, such things as trees, rocks, mountains, human habitations, stars, animals and flowers were somewhat of a novelty. The properties of them were something to be examined or explored. But after whole series of lives, he who has seen one tree—and understands what it is—has seen all trees. One mountain is a heap of dirt, like every other mountain. New shapes, patterns, designs and combinations of materials may be brought forth and submitted to the Old Soul's inspection. Still, he knows that there are only ninety-odd chemical elements in all the materialistic universe and whatever is, is some re-assembled combination of the number.

Things! Things! Things! The Old Soul is weary of them, and of observing them objectively, because his objectivity in his own physical right imparts no more especial expansion to his awareness of himself or recognition of further fecundities in his spiritual Field of Force.

Some anonymous writer once wrote a bit of blank verse which describes the lament of a truly Old Soul—

“Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes—”

THE YOUNGER spirit, that has not yet reached such dissatisfaction with life's sterilities in the matter of a surfeit of Things and Objects, might retort: “Well, unless you are as balmy as a demented squirrel, what is it that you want? Of course, there's nothing to eat but food, and nothing to wear but clothes! You're on a material planet, surrounded by whole continents of interesting things. Get out of your funk! Travel! See new sights! Get some new thrills!”

The truly hoary soul smiles tolerantly within itself. It isn't a change of scene that it hungers for.

What it longs to know is an alteration in the performance of its consciousness. Living, having experiences, meeting with fortunate or unfortunate adventures, arousing the adulation or castigation of one's fellows—all these contribute to mere differentiated aspects of the great plight of Objectivity.

The Old Soul is ready to change the essence of his consciousness-functioning and find a way to dispense with the sensation of seeming to be a mere object himself moving about a world already cluttered with objects to surfeit.

Presumably it would enter into the next Octave of Consciousness, which by no means indicates a graduation into a universe similar to the present one, only bigger or “more harmonious” or more sumptuously furnished.

It would enter into an Octave of Consciousness where its excuse for existence is not to get awareness of itself by bumping into, avoiding, or even observing objects, but by participating in some aspects of the miracle of Creation—concreting, materializing, designing, shaping Things—never stirring out of one spot over a million years, if necessary, to do such things and yet gaining to quite as much enhanced identity in its own regard, or even in the regard of its fellows, as it ever did as a sensate object in a three-dimensional world shaping its destiny through a museum of substantial objects.

IT SHAPES up now as a sorry fate for a young or immature soul to confront: staying in one place, so to speak, for a million years.

"What a ghastly dilemma!" it exclaims to itself, "—never going anywhere and seeing anything different, over a million years! The very notion is enough to drive one crazy."

But the immature soul thinks that, and says that, because it has not yet completed its career amid objective materials. It must have "change of scene" and variety of adventures with other souls or amid a museum of insensate material-patterns until its education in self-awareness has run its course in that particular octave of cosmic expedient.

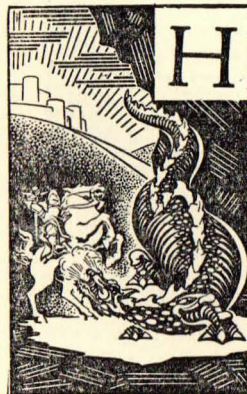
When it is ready—really—to change the octave of its consciousness, it will have gained to the realization that watching the exhibits in a cosmic museum of pattern and form in material supplies only one type of spiritual expansion. Mayhap there is a type of spiritual expansion that comes not from altering location amid pattern and form but from being responsible for pattern and form of itself.

We get a faint analogy to the idea being conveyed, when we consider the difference in the angle of consciousness displayed at a ball game.

A man confined in an office all the week pays two dollars for entrance to a grandstand and watches eighteen men play a big-league ball game. He does, in a matter of speaking, gain to an increased self-awareness by bawling insults at the umpire, shouting himself hysterical when some player makes a two-bag hit or home run, purchasing cracker-jack and drinking pop. We might liken such a spectator's experiences to one octave of consciousness.

But if the same man left his office, went to the same ball park, donned a flannel uniform, and proceeded to be one of the eighteen men actually playing the game itself, he would be exercising in another octave of consciousness and obtaining a different variety of self-awareness. He would cease as a person being objective to that ball game and by participation become subjective.

And actual participation in Creation—in self-educative form—is doubtless what the soul is groping for, when it comes to a boredom with surfeit of mundane Things! It is ready to step up higher in Cosmos and exercise Consciousness differently from the fecundities of its Field of Force. And yet—actually to step upward into a higher octave of Consciousness and not the mere discarnate state between earth-lives, means to cease being a mobile form amid millions of mobile forms, and exhibit the individuality mainly as a pattern-projecting Cause.



HUMANITY in general, in its simple-cell mentality whereof all must partake of objectivity in order to be identified, even by itself, has never been able to tolerate the notion that a cosmic personality could ever be recognized for what it *does* instead of how it impresses itself on some instrument of vision.

Yet it is a fact that William Shakespeare could have dictated his plays into earth-life, never have come into a mortal body at all, and still have been known and adulated as William Shakespeare simply by his mental-spiritual product—if discarnate existence were generally accredited.

This octave of Consciousness in which a prior humanized Field of Force is recognized and appreciated just as much for what is produced because such product exists, as it may before the physical form that it presents to the eye or touch, may require quite as long to run as the Odyssey of serried earth-lives.

Thus being accredited, we should see that to the soul truly eligible for graduation into higher spheres that actually are such, there should be nothing abhorrent about "losing the identity" that is based solely on design effects for physical identification.

These are rigorous tests and standards indeed, to apply to oneself—if one holds the notion that he truly has finished with all the careers of profit that physicality has to supply him.

The unique feature about such eligibility of the soul to the Higher Octave is, that uniformly such soul is indifferent to the change. Persons who want to make it, probably are not prepared to. Persons prepared to make it, scarcely humor it with a thought!

But the latter certainly do give thought to their exceeding great weariness with Things! Things! Things! If the truth could be known, this is doubtless the outstanding reason why the truly Old Soul has long-since lost desire for material possessions. So-called "ownership" of them only increases the boredom of his objectivity to them. He wants to alter the

relationship of his consciousness in regard to them. And such alteration means bidding adieu to the phenomenon known as Environment—any kind of environment—and functioning instead as an entity in the Essence of them!

Such a notion is difficult for the young soul to understand, for Life to him without objectivity would be no life at all.

If you entertain yourself at times with the thought that you have no further need for incarnations, can you apply the test to yourself of being ready to "stay in one spot" for the next million years and get your expression through pure mental creation?

If you can conceive of, and accept, this type of expression, then the next octave of Consciousness will come as a Condition and not a Place!



VISTAS AND MIRAGES

“KNOW thyself!” the ancients counseled. SOULCRAFT has the better suggestion: “NO, thyself!”

SOME people dearly love to re-live their sins in thought, and call it conversion because all they can do is think,

LIFE may be a Balanced Equation, but the people do turn up who find ways of pressing a toe on the scales.

LIVES of great men all remind us, we can make our own sublime, by departing, leave behind us, nothing owed to pay next time.

GOD doesn't judge Man till the end of his days. Then all He says is, “Soul, go in the Backroom and give yourself what you believe you deserve.”

HUMOR is the great lubricant of Love, say the matchless GOLDEN SCRIPTS. Too bad more people don't conduct oil refineries.

LOVE may make the world go 'round, but let us not overlook the suggestion that there are times when a stuffed club has a lot more to do with its going square.

THEOLOGY is like riding backward in a train—the journey is a view of the past. SOULCRAFT is the business of going up into the locomotive cab and riding with the engineer.

THE BIBLE says in a score of places, “The harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few.” Looking at the political state of the nations it should be written, “The laborers are plenteous but the harvest is phew!”



A NEW *Way* Yourself as

*You are just as important
as the first person who
ever lived or the last one
to live, because you are
connecting link between
the Past and Future . .*

SUPPOSE we approach the stupendous problem of what *You* are, by considering the incongruous comparison of the Planetoids. Probably you have never heard very much about the Planetoids, but you will find that this is a publication containing some decidedly odd information.

Astronomy informs us that off in the gigantic solar space between Mars and Jupiter there is a bevy of heavenly bodies that is called the Planetoids.

Why and How they originated, Science has never been quite certain.

The Planetoids appear to be perfectly formed little planets, nicely balanced in regard to one another so that they do not collide. But the whole cluster of them has an orbit around our sun precisely like Mars, Earth, or Venus.

THE MOST popular theory for creation of the Planetoids is, that they represent fragments of the primordial material that once composed twin planets, each about the size of our earth, that revolved about one another while at the same time the two of them kept up a

yearly revolution about the sun. For some unknown reason, ages bygone, these twin planets were pulled out of balance and collided with one another, causing a heavenly holocaust in our solar system and leaving a strange cluster of little orbs to keep up the journey through solar space.

Be that as it may, here is the point of interest for us referring to the Planetoids for the moment—

ASTRONOMY further informs us that whereas, viewed from the distance of our earth, the Planetoids appear to be in a cluster or unit, each one of them is truly hundreds of thousands of miles from its companions.

Moreover, some of those capsule worlds are so small that a person from the planet Earth could start off from a point on the equator of one of them at seven o'clock in the morning, walk completely around it, and be back at his starting-point by seven o'clock at night!

of Viewing a Life-Force!

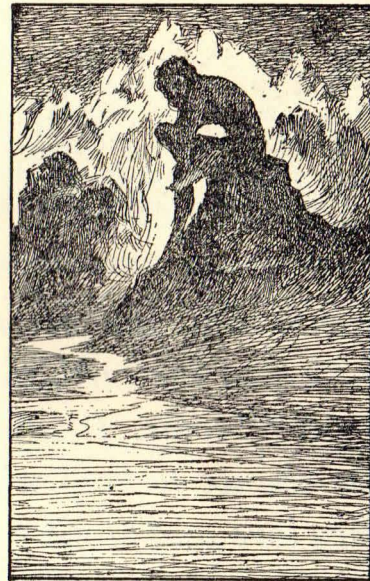
IN OTHER words, there are true planets whirling by themselves off in the space between Mars and Jupiter as small as nine miles in diameter—which would make them about thirty miles around their equators. A person ambling along at only three miles an hour could encircle them between dawn and dusk.

Whether or not each of these little cameo planets has an atmosphere, a water system, and vegetation like Earth—making animal or mortal life possible—we have no means of knowing. Anyhow, the point is unimportant to our present cause for reference.

If there are planetoids as small as nine miles in diameter, discernible under certain conditions through modern telescopes, it is reasonable to assume that there are some even smaller. So let us assume that we located one planetoid that was a perfectly-rounded sphere of rock only one mile in diameter—a true heavenly body swinging about our sun precisely like the earth—yet with its nearest planetoid as far distant as our moon.

Let us suppose, to illustrate the idea we are presently to consider, that upon such one-mile planetoid there is one pond of water as big as the ordinary city reservoir from bank to bank, and a half-mile distant from it there is just one tree—one venerable live oak, growing alone as the tiny planet's only exhibit of vegetation.

Let us suppose that all the rest of our baby planet is a mere orb of smooth rock but because there are no other heavenly bodies close enough to exert a magnetic pull, whatever exists upon the surface is held there.



This baby planet turns about, similar to the movement of our earth, so that it is favored with day and night, but otherwise it is a suspended sphere of barren rock with naught to distinguish the monotony of its surface but one pond and one tree.

There it is, whirling about the sun century after century—a gravitational focus in Free Space for whatever comes into its vicinity.

Now let us stretch our imaginations one step further and really imagine something—

Let us envision that wandering through Free Space are two immortal but bodiless spirits.

They observe this isolated capsule planet with its one pond and one tree, and pause to consider it.

EXACTLY how those two immortal spirits contrived to move through interplanetary space, or what form they represented to the eye, lacking mortal bodies to enhouse them, we may—for purposes of our exposition—ignore. But we should not ignore a distinguishable difference between them as spirits.

The elder of them seems to be possessed of a lightning-like intelligence, keen as to obser-

vation, swift in discrimination, devastatingly logical in his deductions.

His companion-spirit, sexless like himself, is far from his equal in quality of mentality. He is dull-eyed, slow of grasp, stupid and sluggish in his reactions to what he observes in the star-worlds about them.

Human souls are never forced back into the earth-scene; they want to come. It offers them the chance to keep with those they love and profit from past mistakes, not to mention partaking of experiences under advancing civilizations . .

If we wanted modern comparisons in the physical form, we might liken the first spirit to an American business executive of the higher altruistic type, and the second spirit to a mentally-moribund Russian peasant of the times of Tolstoi.

Observing the pair from a discarnate survey-point ourselves, we might decide that the more intelligent and wiser spirit had charge of his stupid and brain-strapped companion in the capacity of mentor-guide.

Anyway, five miles away from the baby planet with its lone pond and lone tree they come to a state of rest and inspect it.

"At last we have found a heavenly body suitable to your purpose," the intelligent spirit announces to the other. "It is wholly uninhabited, it has perfect isolation, there is a pond for water and a tree for shade, likewise the tree offers materials for fuel or bodily covering as you take unto yourself a body. Apparently we don't need to search any further."

"What happens to me now?" the second spirit asks.

"I'm going to leave you upon the surface of this planetoid. You're going to become intelligent by making your own experiments as you live your lives upon it."

THE SECOND spirit has enough understanding to appear a bit dubious.

"You're going to abandon me to solitary confinement on this ball of barren rock? You couldn't be so cruel!"

"I'm not abandoning you from cruelty, I'm abandoning you through kindness. I'm giving you the chance to develop the same intelligence—through self-supervised trial and error experience upon this planetoid—that you're constantly saying you admire so much in me. You'll develop that intelligence by having no one to lean on, mentally or spiritually, but yourself for awhile."

"But why should it be necessary?"

"By being thus isolated from all other performing spirits in the universe, you'll begin to grasp a clearer picture of yourself. Your plight will make you think about yourself. It will turn your thoughts inward upon yourself, what you are and what you want to become."

"It seems merciless!"

"But if you kept on idling aimlessly about the universe with me, you'd always be a mere spectator of Creation, your thoughts employed in wonderments at what other spirits were doing or becoming. Being isolated so, with a personal planetoid for your temporary residence, you'll only wonder about yourself, or the results you're getting with planetoid possibilities circumscribed."

"Did you gain to your intelligence by being isolated at one time upon such a lone planetoid?"

"I most certainly did! It's the Creator's method with all spirits for developing the quality of the consciousness."

"But how shall I endure the tedium of my aloneness?"

"When we get upon the surface of yonder

planetoid I'll show you how to use the powers of your Thought to separate the aggressive masculine traits and faculties in your character from the conserving feminine traits and faculties. Then I'll show you how to clothe each set of traits with a body unto itself. These two bodies, in a manner of speaking, shall keep each other company. Moreover, they shall be so fashioned in their organic functions as to create other bodies, which when occupied by other wandering undeveloped spirits—or rather, half-spirits—shall be known as your Children. As these offspring increase into a sizable company, they shall all provide an interrelated companionship.”

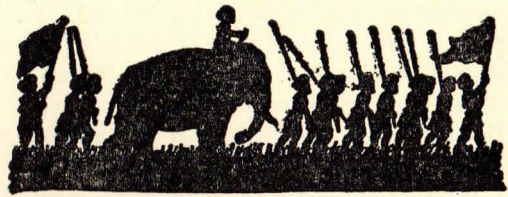
“Nevertheless, we shall all be left to a sort of solitary confinement upon this empty planetoid!”

“Perhaps so! Still, what difference does it make? The whole universe is naught but a series of such planetoids, small or great in size. Where you are has no significance. The only thing that counts is to what extent you develop your intelligence. You really live within yourself, not in some outward planetary location. Come! Let's go upon the planetoid and see how a body made of the elements can be materialized for you to live in, and used as your instrument for spiritual experimenting!”

WE HAVE then, in this simple illustration, all the rudiments making mortality what it is.

We have Planetoid or planet, serving as the substance-stage on which the spiritual drama shall be played. We have pond and tree upon the planetary surface, identifying certain areas as being separate and distinct from other areas. We have spiritual consciousness in disembodied form selecting an orb of rock suspended in Free Space as a locality for performance—but said performance being naught but the spiritual motivation of physical substances, whether concerned with the personal body or the materials in its environment.

Here is the whole enigma of mortal exhibition reduced to simplest components.



What does it matter that the nine-mile planetoid in a larger exhibition is as big as the orb known as Earth? It is still isolation for the spirits upon it.

What does it matter that in place of one pond five hundred feet across, there is a pond five thousand miles across and labeled an Ocean?

What does it matter that instead of one lone oak tree there are ten million trees and a hundred million shrubs, which when segregated by the interlapse of cleared spaces become identified as forests?

What does it matter that instead of one moribund and brainstrapped “peasant” arriving on such a planet in company with a Mentor-Guide, there are Seven Thousand or two billion?

The fundamental intent of it all still holds—that it is the nature of the spiritual performance, and not the place of the performance, that furnishes the profit for knowing of the slightest feature in any of it.

The “reality” or Mortality is actually the doing of things, the committing of acts that have their origins in spiritual decisions, through the medium of material instruments and organisms.

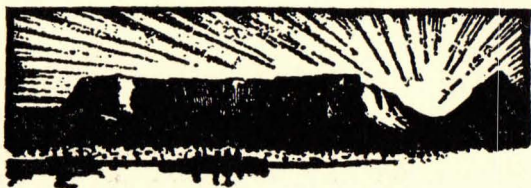
Thus reduced to fundamentals, there is no basic philosophical difference between lighting a cigarette and firing a galaxy. An act is an act!

The quantities of materials involved in consummation of the act never alter the premise of the spirit-maneuvering. And the essence of all spirit-maneuvering, in any location within the celestial universe and in any act, from spanking a refractory young one to overturning a dynasty, is to develop the never-ceasing

expansion of the individual consciousness to progressive realizations that the individual is but an omnipotent Field of Force which can complete any action that spirit can conceive.

If any of us here and now wanted to entertain a truly new idea, and do some thinking that could really be termed original, it would consist of this seeming paradox—

That volatile, self-motivating human spirits exist for a cosmic interval in the forms of physical men and women, and go through all their frictional displays of character one toward the other, to prove to themselves in the Ultimate that they have by no means been mere men and women, but Fields of Force, capable of registering their eccentricities on every last iota of energy in the universe.



TO PUT the matter in another way, each one of us is but a personalized unit of omnipotent cosmic energy, and the things that we do and the lives that we live are but exhibits of the degree to which we have grasped this fact and motivated the organic performings of spirit accordingly.

To say to ourselves, each one of us, "I am not a Man," or "I am not a Woman," but "I am a Field of Force that at present, for reasons of its own, is exhibiting in a physical organism in order to get its educative quota of trial-and-error experimentings in this peculiar planetoid isolation" is to throw a different light upon all mortal quandaries.

To begin thinking of ourselves as something apart from our bodily limitations is the first step in performing spiritually outside those limitations!

Moreover, it is the first step toward grasping life's seeming complications for what they

are: Machinations of Cosmos for making us more acutely aware of ourselves as omnipotent energy units merely enshrouded in flesh to gain evaluations of ourselves in perspective.

Apparently we go on and on, expanding the potentialities of these Fields of Force that are ourselves, indefinitely.

The mortal octave, in which our peculiar Field of Force is employed at motivating a physical body upon a planetoid that is isolated from all the other heavenly bodies, cannot be the only sequence of exercise which this Force gets, for the simple and yet profound reason that its educative experiences have a limit.

To say that this Force extinguishes merely because it exhausts all the opportunities for performing afforded by an octave, is to contradict the essence of the whole education.

Strictly speaking, there actually is an end to educative Thinking and Profiting in this planetoid octave! When a human being reaches that point in his earthly experiencing where no situation which he may encounter or participate in, can add to his concentered wisdom or perspicacity, and life on life is but a tiresome repetition of lessons which he already knows by heart, he may begin to disintegrate temperamentally from the sheer boredom of profitless duplications of effort.

A field of force, in other words, must continually exercise itself in some form that is knowable or it ceases to exist as a field of force.

When a human being arrives at that state of consciousness, or cosmic perception, wherein the sizes or numbers of things no longer awe him but annoy him, and he perceives no difference between having his name carved on a monument for future generations of nitwits to gape at, and having it carved on a stone that five minutes later is tossed in a chasm, he is reaching the end of whatever increments the planetoid isolation possesses to confer on him.

To promise him—as modern theology so frequently does—that his escape from this insufferable condition is to transfer to a bigger or more beautiful planetoid where spiritual con-

ditions are more harmonious—meaning that they demand less personal energy expended to live—only promises a still greater boredom.

Because he is promised a lesser energy-expenditure whereby to live, his wisdom tells him that he is being promised a lesser exercise for his Field of Force, therefore he is being invited into a greater display of self-extinguishment.

What the True Wiseman—who has come to the end of all possible profits from the planetoid octave—really wants is an opportunity to exercise himself as a Field of Force in a manner that does not forever keep in objective in his relationship to Things.

He wants to have done with objective Things—which after all, he has found to be all alike excepting for differences in bulk and pattern. Bulk and pattern are mere detail—not essences. And it is essences that count in Eternal Verities.

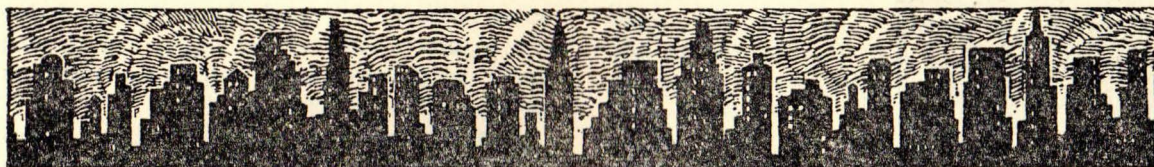
When he has learned every lesson that

Things by bulk and pattern have to impart to him, he is then ready for exercisings of Consciousness that are more concerned with projecting Things—that is, designing and creating Things as an octave of experience in and of itself—than in observing Things or being the reactive victim to their properties.

What a later generation of philosophers will come to recognize and preach, is that Man as both theology and biology know him is but a temporary freak of spirit manifestation, that the Field of Force that is labeled Man—when it physically incarnates and isolates itself upon a planetoid—is but exercising one of its many ways of employing itself for the discovery of its fecundities, and that the planetoid octave or three-dimensional world of Things is but a primary experimentation of that Force.

Grasp this Idea actually, and life holds few rigors!

Life holds few rigors for wise men anyhow.



Material You Mightn't Get Otherwise

“MY PURPOSE in establishing this periodical is to provide a printed repository for odds and ends of psychically dictated manuscripts that would never be used otherwise in books or Scripts. I shall clean up my manuscript volumes completely while opportunity is mine to do the supervising.”

W. D. PELLEY

Where Do We of Other Worlds



THE IMPULSE seems to be instinctive to kill, exterminate, or otherwise erase from existence that which we do not understand or that which is unfamiliar or unearthly.

In the race-memory, of course, lurk reflexes from primordial experience, that the mysterious or uncanny cloaked physical menace that in nine cases out of ten inflicted Death in some pattern. Man learned to strike first and investigate afterward—and truly it seemed that only the acceptance of such policy awarded him with survival.

Logically, it was the urge from precisely such primordial policy that caused tens of thousands a few years ago to plunge into panic at Orson Welles' dramatic broadcast of Martians landing in New Jersey meadows. It was a repetition and renewal of the basic terror that seized earliest man when strange scrap-

ings and growlings came forth from cave that he had started to investigate.

All up through history, when the white man has pushed his dauntless ship prows over unexplored oceans and come upon uncharted islands peopled by so-called savages, he has nevertheless felt a pitying contempt for the inhabitants who have greeted him with hails of arrows on principle, and taken to their heels at first signs of his landings. They were savages, he thought, because they took the white man's hostility for granted. Had they been more civilized, they might have discovered that the explorers only wished to be friends and carry back information concerning them to peoples of other continents.

But no, "shoot first and investigate afterward" is as firmly fixed in the human consciousness as the instinct to cram the fist in the mouth for want of food as a babe.

TODAY'S species seem running true to historical form, assuming that if there be intelligent voyagers in the Flying Saucers or space ships, they must have come upon our planet for no good.

Kill them and dissect their remains. Such is the formula for knowledge about them, instead of recalling that the higher the intelligence in any form of animate life from or on any planet, the more pacifically constituted must be their temperaments.

Intelligence makes for pacifism, by the very nature of constructive perspicacities. Destruction and Ignorance are twin brothers. Those "scientific fictionists" who write fantastic tales of robot men from Outer Space, devoid of all

Get the Notion that Inhabitants Would Want to Conquer Us?

emotion, celestial voyagers who proceed about the business of "conquering" the human race as a matter of course, are unwittingly advertising earthman's inhibited psychologies dating back to the primate.

What would such Outer Space men obtain by such assailments and victories? What would Man of today possess that could possibly be coveted by denizens of some distant heavenly bodies, demonstrating cultures mechanistically thousands of years in advance of our own?

Verily might the white voyagers of yester-

year ask, "What do these savage islanders imagine they possess, that it gives us the slightest satisfaction to own or appropriate?"

Conquering and taking vassals is a form of grandiose vanity, on the parts of the conquerors. To kill for lust of killing shows a low intelligence and small moral attainment.

We can rest assured, from this certainty of human nature, that the Space Men—apparently coming into the stratosphere of our planet without question—must be so far removed from us in general intelligence that we are the islander savages by comparison.

Both of us have most to gain by a mutual friendship, spontaneously indulged in. Why should these Saucer Crews bear us malice and vindictive rancor?

Still, that is not wholly the point . . .



SOULCRAFTERS have been apprised, from the highest esoteric authority with which Extra-Sensory Perception can get in touch, that the Great Messiah who was physically exterminated by the mobs of yesterday in pagan Jerusalem, was truly the Celestial Overlord of this planet and all that exists thereon.

On the other hand, already we have journals and learned scientific societies referring to these Space Men as the "Guardians" of our solar system, come hither to investigate and possibly restrain irresponsible humankind from experimenting too far with destructive properties of atom bombs. Data is coming to light and being published, to the effect that visits of the Space Craft to our skies has been in progress for the past 200 to 500 years. It is truly nothing particularly new, this evidence

of interplanetary travel by mechanical vehicles.

The question is a natural one, then, from the esoteric standpoint: If Jesus, the Crucified Messiah, be the factual Overlord of this planetary world, what need has He of "Guardians"? The current crop of borderland scientists makes no allowance, of course, for the divine suzerainty of the great progenitor of Christianity. Take special note that they are forever qualifying their references between their findings and the convictions of "the religious cults." Recognizing the Crucified One as the Overlord of this physical world is cultism, then. But none of it settles the problem of the Space Men appearing in a role that may be entirely extraneous insofar as the welfare of this solar satellite be concerned.

What revelations are we due to confront, as the Saucer Men become tacit physical visitors in our civilization of today, either affirming or contradicting the faith of the "cultists" in the suzerainty of Christ?

THE SACRED Intelligence behind the GOLDEN SCRIPTS texts has stated in one place: "The world little suspecteth how slen-

der is the thread on which hangeth its perpetuation. If I but gave the word, lo the heavens would shower fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blackness would fall upon the cinder of a once-world that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebulae far into empty heavens. *But I give not such word; I keep within the hollow of My hand, the existence of this planet. I tend it and watch it . . .*"

From every indication, it would seem that if the Saucer People appear in role of Guardians, it is a self-imposed kibitzership. But even if it is, can that be any excuse for demonstrating our own savagery by striving to exterminate them first and learning their purposes afterward?

White explorers up through history did not fail to mow down animalistic man for his frenzied hostilities, although based upon his ignorance.

May not today's "enlightened" earth-dwellers invite destruction by frenziedly assailing personages who might come among them otherwise in the most profitable of kindness?



LET US make no mistake, photographic and radio evidence now reaches a point that conviction of Saucer reality is not only pardonable but a proof of sound sense. Horizon proposes to go deeply into the Saucer phenomena as substantiation of Man's stellar biology in the Golden Scripts . . .

Matters We Overlook in Fearing the Biblical Holocaust of Judgment



A GAIN and again in the transcendent Soulcraft disclosures, we have had our attention called to the discomfoting fact that the authors of the New Testament who wrote so direly of the destructions "in the last days", did so from the general assumptions of their times that the earth was flat. Their graphic narratives of the literal Second Coming are cases in point. At a given day and hour in the future, the "heavens" were due to "roll back as a scroll," a stupendous celestial staircase would be lowered to terra firma, and down such celestial flight would come descending the Lord of Hosts, to take suzerainty over the earth where graves were opening wholesale and the seas were giving up their drowned. It was a blood-chilling canvass as they painted it, but it becomes utterly fantastic when you regard it from geographical or astronomical certainty that the earth is spherical.

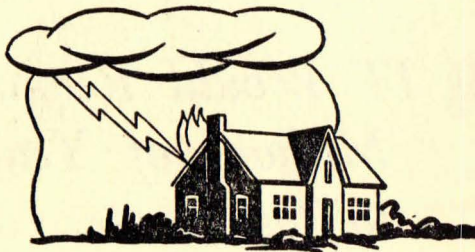
With no sacred disrespect intended, no matter where on the world's surface the bottom of that Celestial Staircase rested, it would be clipping off treetops, and knocking weather-

¶ *IT Would Require Millions of Years to Pass Sentence on the Myriads of Human Souls, Living, Sinning and Dying Since the Time of Christ. It Is Something to Consider!*

vanes from churches and bricks from chimney-pots, at the rate of $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles a minute—with the planet revolving eastward at a thousand miles an hour, or 26,000 miles every 24 hours. One mile a minute is considered fairly breath-taking speed in a motorcar. A plane that would travel 1,000 miles an hour would surpass the speed of sound by 270 miles. The divine spectacle of a Second Coming that

started to manifest at 9 a. m. in New York City, would be over Pittsburgh fifteen minutes later, over Columbus, Ohio a half-hour later, over Indianapolis, Indiana three-quarters of an hour later, and over St. Louis an hour later. If it lasted two and a half hours in length as a spectacle, Los Angeles would see the close of it, and if it lasted three hours, the bottom step of the staircase would be considerably moistened by Pacific Ocean billows.

St. John didn't know these facts. He thought the earth was stationary.



VERY GOOD, it is all allegory, say the sacred apologists for St. John's lack of astronomical wisdom. But are all the details about the world's graves opening and the seas giving up their dead, allegory also? We have the demised and the drowned coming back into psychical seance-rooms every night in the year from Los Angeles to Johannesburg, by merely covering their spirit-bodies with ectoplasm donated by entranced mediums. St. John apparently had no prophetic information about this feat, also. And again with no sacred disrespect intended, if a man whose body has been drowned and shark-eaten in the West Indies in 1790 has to go back to the West Indies from St. Louis to search for his remains in 1953, what a senseless bit of pother. Much time and travel could be saved by plenty of celestial ectoplasm being supplied, to coat the light bodies of the long since dead, wherever they happen to be living discarnately in the present—and no paradox intended. St. John was pathetically ignorant of the fact that no

soul once mortally alive has ever perished, but is just as conscious in the present as he ever was in the past. Why then, such insistence about flesh being reassembled, when it has long since been metamorphosized or transmuted into other substances?

Then what about the numbers of folk to be resuscitated?

RIPLEY, the "Believe It or Not" cartoonist, once figured it out that if all the persons who had ever lived on earth—since the time of Christ only—were to be brought back in one stupendous feat of recreation, not only would there be no standing space on earth for them, but they would make a pincushion of human beings 116,000 miles high, all over the planet, standing upon one another's heads.

Of the time it would consume to "judge" such a mass, granted only ten minutes were allotted to each, we confront an expenditure of time running into millions of years, . . . which, by the way, is one of the most powerful arguments attesting to Reincarnation. The reason the earth—or even Etheria—is not overcrowded is because the same souls as new people have been birthed back into successive bodies and died and been birthed again.

However, it's in the universal holocaust and demolition of all things earthly that our interest truly lies, particularly in this period of Great Pyramid "terminations."

What logic could possibly lie in the Messiah finally assuming charge of an earth that had become one vast carnal-house from continent to continent? Both Mentor testimony and Saucer-Men concernment over the effects of radiumistic fission have indicated that planetary disruption on this plane carries corresponding disaster to higher planes that are accessory to earth's materiality. The Great God then, proposes to wreck all planes just because sundry millions of ignoramus have gone hither and yon doing unhallowed deeds for a given number of generations—is that it?

What a display of barbaric inequity!

How can such practices savor of Divinity?

ACTUALLY, Extra-Sensory Perception discloses to us, the surface of the earth-planet and the life thereon is naught but a great cosmic university where millions upon millions of persons, generations upon generations, are attending the School of Experience, learning to "save", redeem, and salvage themselves!

Divine Love could countenance no wholesale destruction that terrified even the godly by massive displays of elemental wrath—more than we can conceive the gentle Jesus ordering a holocaust to destroy the people, good, bad, or indifferent, populating Jerusalem the day of His crucifixion.

At one of the epiphanies when a generous section of the GOLDEN SCRIPTS was being transcribed, the Recorder asked—

"Master, is it possible to express in one paragraph or even one sentence, the heart and essence of your ministry while on earth, and how would you phrase it?"

The answer came in accents of fathomless compassion: "*The fact that every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken and thwarted, has a meaning and an inner glory, and is precious in My sight!*"

Every life, take note.

Not the hint of an exception.

Every man, woman, or child who has ever breathed the breath of mortality, actually is on his way to heaven in the end, if the truth could be known. But it takes some souls longer than others either to find the way, or to qualify themselves spiritually to reside in it permanently.

The Bible, say the Higher Mentors, is the greatest book in any language, because it contains men's highest spiritual thinking up all the ages that ever have been known.

But it is *men's* highest thinking—not God's.

Any book done on God's highest thinking would be nonunderstandable to the elemental human race.

So the writings of the New Testament, being *men's* highest spiritual thinkings of the



period, appear at variance with the scientific findings of the Twentieth Century. The limitations of human authorship were poignantly revealed by the limitations on astronomical and atomic knowledge that today are of common consciousness.

It is no time to criticize the New Testament on that account.

It is time to apply our intelligence to the latest findings in Esoteric Certainties.

Get acquainted with the supernal tenets of Revealed Soulcraft and all life and human endeavor from the earliest beginning make constructive sense.

Christ and Divinity can take it.

They but loom up the greater and vaster as we rise higher and higher in our perceptions of *Truth!*

Remember, Man first discovers the universe, then he discovers God, then he discovers *himself!* When his discovered self reaches certain plateaus of intellect, it always finds there the aspect of God appropriate to his culture. But it has been Man who has been evolving.

God in Essence is Man's *Perfection!*

DON'T Scold Your Child for Seeing Phantoms . .



CHILDREN often possess the vision for seeing into the Astral, and if the intelligent parent will listen for their statements when they suppose themselves alone, he may hear some strange confirmations of discarnate life.



I RECENTLY visited a harrassed young mother who brought to my attention the inability of her small son to "tell the truth."

"I don't know which side of the family he gets it from," she lamented, "and I've punished him until I'm tired. But I simply can't make Bobby re-

frain from giving the most fanciful accounts he says he sees when he's alone."

"What sort of things?" I asked.

"Oh, crazy things mostly. Animals with strange heads and queer members. People of extravagant appearance. On one occasion he insisted, no matter how hard I 'laid it on', that he'd actually seen little Harold Pease, a former playmate, who was killed last summer by a run-away truck. And you ought to hear him when he's in a room alone. He talks with people who are with him, he says. At first his father and I decided we'd given birth to a crazy child. Then we concluded it was just plain lying. Of course we don't mind him 'making things up' to amuse himself in his own imagination; all children do that. It's his insisting that what he makes up *is true* that outrages us. If we don't stop him in childhood from that sort of thing he'll grow into nothing but a cowardly liar!"

"But," I protested, "suppose Bobby *does* see what he claims he sees?"

"How could he do that, when the things he describes can't possibly exist?"

"How do you know they don't exist?"

"I can't see them. His father can't see them.

Stop talking nonsense. The other day he came to me frightened at having seen the most outlandish creature; a naked man with a bird's head, he said. I whipped him I can tell you—not for imagining such a character but for kicking his heels on the floor and screaming hysterically that it was so!”

“Yes,” I sighed, “and it probably was!”

THE MOTHER was startled. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that Bobby either has vision that can see beyond the ultra-violet, or being a child, he has not yet lost those sensitivities that allow him to discern astral creations—”

“Astral! That has something to do with Theosophy, hasn't it? I don't go in for that sort of thing. Neither does Bobby's father.”

“My explanation for Bobby's 'peculiarities' has no more to do with Theosophy than Theosophy is responsible for Bobby being a child to begin with. Or with you and Fred being his mother and father. I'm telling you facts about life that you are patently not aware of. There are such creatures in other dimensions as Bobby describes to you, and he's no more fabricating than I am avowing it.”

“Stuff and nonsense!”

“Very good. Stuff and nonsense. All the same, there's a vast literature about the very phenomena that Bobby says he sees. Would you whip him if he came home from the circus and stoutly contended he'd seen a giraffe?”

“But there *are* giraffes!”

“How do you know? Did you ever raise one from a colt? Did you ever meet one in walking through the woods?”

“No, but other people have!”

“All right. Just as many people have beheld the denizens of the other dimensions, studied them, taken pictures of them, proven their existence, as there are people in America who have seen giraffes. And because you don't happen to be endowed with Bobby's superhuman gifts for seeing, you're paddling his trouser-seat. Don't you see that you're *making* him the liar, in that sooner or later he'll fabri-

cate about *not* seeing them and that *will* be untruth?”

No, the mother couldn't see it. And unfortunate small Bobby is gradually learning inhibition and suppression till he reaches those mature years when his perceptions shall be as dulled and inoperative as those of his parents.



ONE OF the most vicious crimes against childhood is this same practice of arrogant assumption on the part of parents that whatever *they* cannot discern or remember, cannot possibly exist, inhuman chastising of the supersensitive child who in his nakedness of concept is imparting knowledge to be taken with awe, contriteness, and as manifest privilege.

The purest fountainhead of truth in support of the Rebirth Hypothesis, is continually displayed in the sayings of children. During the past two years I have been collecting and authenticating statements made by certain small humans who by no manner of opportunity could ever have gained to a knowledge of Cosmic Principles of their own ears or immature understandings.

As a factor in Child Culture, with which

our women's magazines are so much concerned in these modern days, it is time that we stopped pooh-poohing these acclamations of our youngsters and started studying them for our own enhancement.

WHOEVER has said, "A little child shall lead them," has discovered a principle greater than Wisdom—at least man-made Wisdom.

What is the meaning of this phrase, "A little child shall lead them?" Why this constant reference in Holy Writ to babes and sucklings, this honoring of children above men and women old in experience? We have heard from olden times this strange anomaly. Whence comes it again and again? Even here is something that warrants investigation.

The most orthodox parents have children. They are innocent and lovable; they prattle and play. They are loved for their helplessness not their understanding. But what are those parents doing? Are they not hiding something from themselves?

No child is old in years, of course. But is it not true that all over the land, constantly, little children in flesh are making strange references to tenets of faith that are not understood? Some children have a bent for saying things of spirit that astound or aggravate their elders. The Boy Christ in the Temple is, of course, the most famous. But there are other cases so astute of concept that parents often marvel what force can be at work. How do children know these things?

A CHILD came to my attention recently whose home is on Riverside Drive, New York. The parental apartment is on the ground floor. One afternoon the mother, sitting in the open window sewing, overheard



her small son—age four and one-half years—say to his equally infantile companion:

"We've been here lots of times, you and I, haven't we? I used to know you when you were a girl!"

"I recently had an editor friend in Manhattan who is antagonistic to the Revisitation Doctrine that never to his knowledge has it ever been mentioned at home, certainly not in the hearing of his five-year-old daughter. Yet she stopped in her play one rainy Sabbath afternoon to loll listlessly at her father's knees, look reflectively up into his face and remark:

"Papa, how funny it is that we come back to earth again and again, and find each other by loving one another!"

Another baby of five, said recently to its mother, whom I know:

"Why, mama, I used to know you when you were my little girl and I was your mother!"

The saying was dismissed at the time as being an anachronism, one of those bits of fancy that a child will often utter that do not belong to logical conditions. But after a time the parent started thinking what could have made the child speak such a thing. *Where could the thought possibly have come from?*

MANY of us recall that line of Wordsworth's, "Around the growing boy the prison shadows rear"—or words to that effect. What could Wordsworth in turn have meant? Is there something in earthly life that hazes the memory and cognizance of past relationships?

Orthodox people, clinging desperately to their theological explanations of Life Phenomena cannot and should not turn their ears from such utterings of children which are becoming as common as childhood itself.

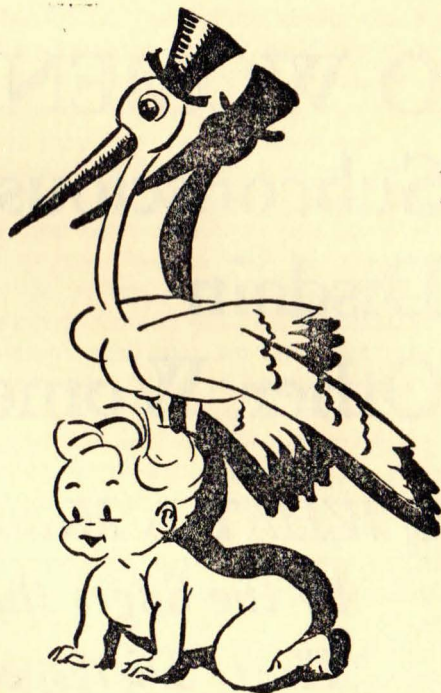
Hundreds of my readers will be able to testify to similar mystic sayings on the part of little children. I have never brought up the subject in a gathering of people in the profundities of metaphysics, that I have not had such anecdotes contributed, supporting the contention that children are far wiser about the pre-

natal machinery Behind Life than those of us who have long since lost our infantile perceptions.

THE CHILD is an animal: that we must admit. It is an animal at least in body. It goes through all the spasms of active animal life in a handful of years, covering in a decade a development that biologists would have us believe encompasses untold millennia. If this is so, it stands to reason that the child has faculties more potent in sense-perception than those who are older and more adaptable to society's strait jacket of custom and habit.

The child therefore is something very close to nature. It is constantly seeing nature with a closer understanding because it is observing nature as fresh phenomena of existence. It takes nothing for granted. Everything that it sees is potential. It cries out: "Oh, mama, look!" at the most commonplace occurrences, to the mother, and "Oh, papa, see!" to a subject so hackneyed to the anxiety-worn father that his angle of perception is pitifully crooked. This being so, it follows naturally that the child may observe and behold structures in nature that to the parent are not at all obvious. It may do something else. *It may make the parent aware of something within itself, the child, without in the least intending to do so!*

WHAT is this thing about Rebirth that we are all afraid of? Did not Our Lord time and time again assure us that life is a glorious continuity and that our earthly visitations were solely for the purpose of perfecting our characters? What have we to fear in the *Hereafter* if we have had no cause to fear a *Before*? Little children do not fear coming into Life else they would be terrified from the very moment of birth at every sight and sound. They greet Life joyously, shrieking with laughter. The world as they have found it is a very pleasant place. Not until they contact a whole gamut of man made laws, a lexicon of regulations for conduct—most of them founded on



the sheerest superstition—do they start being troubled and then showing sadness.

They had nothing to fear before coming into Life, I say. Why should we fear anything while in Life, or about going out of it? We speak of "our sins." But what are our sins? As Our Lord pointed them out, are they not greed, hate, selfishness, the desire to commit abominations of intellect, misrepresentations of Truth, cloyings of pride, railings at circumstance? What else did Christ point out but these?

And these make the earthly hell into which small child-souls come. And the moment they speak in their guilelessness of the finer aspects of the prenatal life, or give voice to the real humanity that they have "brought through" with them and that endures for a piteously little while, they are criticized, reprimanded, cuffed or whipped.

More's the pity.

Verily, the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children!

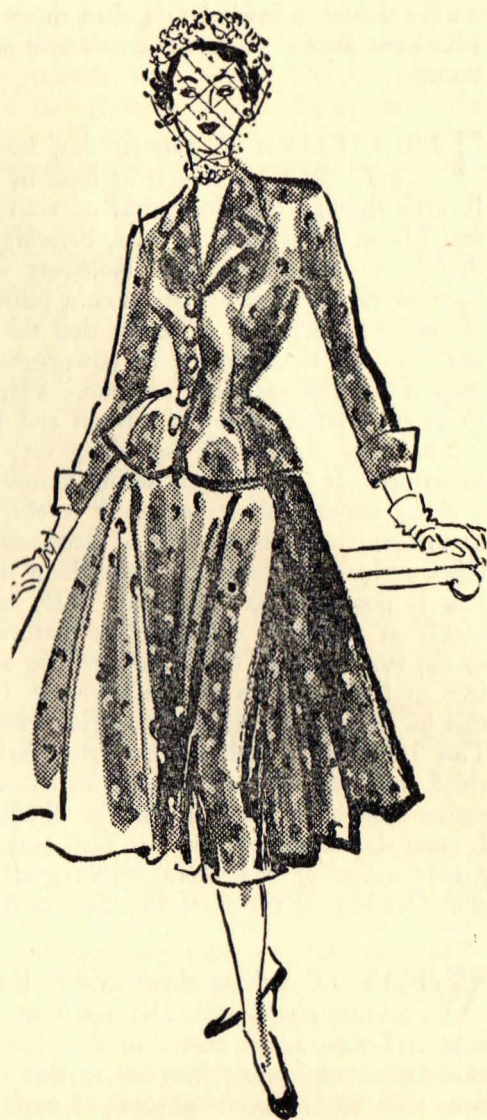
DO WOMEN Subconsciously Disdain Other Women?

¶ *WHAT Is Meant
by the Sages that
They "Disrespect
One Anothers'
Shortcomings?" . .*



VIEWED from the higher cosmic explanations for all forms of human conduct and earthly relationships, how does it happen that "women have no use for women" and will tear the characters and motives of their sisters to shreds behind their backs while saccharinely polite to their faces?

The modern psychologist will probably answer that the whole sex attitude is one of biological competition. Women sense in other



women a menace to their mates. Only the abnormal or inhibited woman deliberately seeks the companionship of other women in preference to that of men.

So says the scholar who seeks to explain life purely from the physiological standpoint.

But it is that the last word in the matter?

How does it happen that women in business will not work for other women—that in occupations with which men have nothing to do, and cases in which the disruption of happy matings cannot possibly be concerned—women will still act catty and vindictive toward one another?

THE original law of the Cosmos ordered that men were to become men in mortality, and women were to become women, because of a law of Cosmic Eugenics.

By that, our Higher Mentors imply that there is a certain mode or manner of procedure for souls of given attributes to take, in their journey up through spiritual evolution. Souls of one set of attributes appear to take one manner or method of operation to get adequate self-expression. Souls of other talents and attributes operate in opposition.

Now it is a fact that the higher cosmic law does *not* recognize any essential difference as between men and women as mortals. Both are encouraged to go into life and experiment, to get all the experiencing they can possibly acquire, and, in so doing, perfect themselves in maximum Self-Awareness. They are each to know pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, famine and plenty, heat and cold, the delights of Love proffered and the distresses of Love rejected.

All this was for the purpose, our Higher Mentors say, of perfecting them in spiritual ennoblements. *But there is a higher spiritual ennoblement of which mortality is not wholly aware as yet: It is the ennoblement that comes from various forms of abject Self-Sacrifice.* And until that is learned, or at least digested, there can be no satisfying explanation as to why women are more critical of other women than they are of men.

Always in these matters there is a Higher Cosmic Process operating than average humanity knows anything about.

IT SHOULD go without saying that women as a sex are more self-sacrificing than their masculine consorts. That is one of their prerogatives as women—one of the major profits they come to earth to acquire.

Women are souls who need greater exercise for their talents of self-abnegation than men need, and super-consciously they admit it.

They are "created"—if we may use the term—as objects of a certain Self-Pity. Or to put it in another way, the sum-total of their attributes—what they are and what they hope to perfect themselves in becoming—is to make them acutely conscious of their prime requisite, or errand in each earthly expression.

So when they ycome into life, age after age, or experience after experience, they mutually recognize one another's purposes or errands. And they are more or less sensitive of their own need for the things which life offers them as women.

This being so, it is only natural that they should hold a blanket of scorn for each other.

They say to one another in effect: You are weak and seek to be made stronger in principles of self abnegation. Therefore you have incarnated as a female of the species that you



may get the increments of your folly in other lives when you were bumptious, self-assertive, blustering, and ignoble. You have taken a turn at life again because you are that half of the human soul that must strive most for perfection in the divine attributes of patience and spiritual resiliency. You are essentially remiss in those traits and your feminine role is a matter of your choice and possession because you long ago sensed your own need and responded to it by a standard of life performance which the mortal world calls Femininity.



IN THIS need and in none other, is to be found the major explanation, why women can't work with women and why they instinctively and inherently prefer the companionship of males to those of females.

They "disrespect one another's cosmic shortcomings" if such a phrase is understandable. They seek to show one another up for those shortcomings by employing tongues and tempers to each other's earthly detriment.

In a manner of speaking this might be called competition for the male, in that men uniformly prefer companionship with those other souls who have made, or are making, a definite ges-

ture to perfect themselves in cosmic achievements. And by no means should the strictly biological urge be discounted.

We are speaking of those women who seem to feel an inward fury at being surfeited with their sister women in any earthly predicament. They want to get out, to escape those sister women as a great blanket audience reminds them of the significance of their own life missions, else they would not be on this mortal plane of experiencing at all.

NOW women so exercised are not all weaklings, nor are they all under the blanket indictment of futility in their life's affairs. It goes deeper than that. It goes into a delineation of the original separation of the soul into its twin halves, that each half should progress a different route through the Cosmos and arrive at a different objective.

Woman by *her* division of the soul's attributes, to put it in that way, is essentially the Perfecting of the Attributes of Self-Abnegation within the completed Soul Whole. To her is delegated the job of teaching the race its Patience, Self-Sacrifice, Acquiescence and Nurturing Love.

Those qualities, it must be understood, are only possibilities, so to speak, when they are first recognized in the female counterpart in the male. They have to be brought into cognition by a long series of "treatments in, and by, circumstances," on the finite plane of self-aware functioning.

To perfect herself in these, woman has to be the thing which is understood as being perfected. And a swarm of women—to use that inartistic expression—to that degree constitutes a swarm of capabilities for self-sacrifice that cannot function altogether unto themselves else they would ultimately extinguish themselves in the very act and process. The result would be ludicrous if carried far enough.

So a different mode of expression is determined upon. They exercise their prerogatives for self-sacrifice, not on one another as a sex but on their opposites in soul development and

spiritual enhancement: those coagulations of sentiment self-expression who are not in life to perfect those qualities so much as their opposites. That is only the Law of Common Sense.

WOMEN who are uniformly disrespectful toward each other, who tear apart one another's moral codes and ethical standards as they tear each other's hair at a bargain counter, are therefore following out a cosmic pattern for one-half of the Completed Soul's ultimate development. They are perfecting themselves in *being* and beyond that is no answer.

In individual cases, of course, women have unpleasant experiences with other women who disrupt their homes or entice away their mates. But it is an irony of the situation that in comparatively few cases are lasting sex hatreds bred from such biological causes.

IT IS all a form of Cosmic Procedure, by the way, that on the whole is irreverent and facetious in the face of the grander accomplishments undergoing in the Cosmos.

They have no right or reason to so indict themselves or to indict each other. And yet they will probably continue to do so until the end of time on earth.

Men have the same fellow indictments in other phases than self-sacrifice or self-abnegation. They hate each other for having to learn the fallacy of Killing, for example. They continue to kill because they know they must learn *not* to kill in their ultimate attainments. To kill or not kill, whether individual murder, open warfare, or the exigencies of commercial trade, is a prime question with every man that makes him seek relief from the distractions or forfeitings of his kind in the companionship of Woman—the antithesis of slaughter in all its forms.

Men do not like each other as a sex, any more than women like each other as a sex, only they have a more primitive mode of showing it. They have not learned to preserve the

aspect of companionship and altruistic acceptance of custom, as women preserve it and cultivate the saccharine voice and glassy smile. They hit another man on the nose and have done with it. Or they throw him into the hands of a receiver and brag about it.



FROM the larger angle, there is not much to be said in vindication of either sex in their practices toward each other, or those of similar sex. They come and go in and out of the various life-experiences age on age and aeon on aeon, working out their own problems in their own peculiar ways. Now and then it is necessary for a given Half-Soul to have residence in the biological body of the other half as it manifests in the finite world. As a rule, however, the designation is more or less constant. When the one-half has its lessons thoroughly learned, it awaits completion and complement with the other half and they combine into the one perfect whole on a plane of experience too remote and intricate for mortal minds to grasp.

Be that as it may, women *are* catty toward each other. But when each woman comes to realize that it is because she recognizes the deficiencies within herself, and that it is a reminder of her own scorn for being on earth, she may be a little more lenient toward the deficiencies of her sisters.

Are You Striving to Reach Psychic Skill through Difficulties?



LEGION are the numbers of students struggling with difficult happenings and counselings in psychical developments in their own rights. To know what the happenings and counselings have been up the years—especially in the beginning—to the Scribe who reached such de-

gree of adeptship that he recorded over a million words of the Soulcraft Doctrine—including the *Golden Scripts*—may be to pick up much illuminating information assisting with the cultivation of one's own talents. Are you striving to acquire Psychical facility through false advice and difficulties? HORIZON does not affect to make psychical adepts of readers in any respect, but what happened in the Soulcraft Recorder's experience may be applicable to your own.

For instance, on November 14, 1928, the following declarations were made by the transcendent Mentor who was speaking that evening. Not only do they present the nature of bona fide counsel but they should be of interest to a special category of students who intuitively find all origins of the Liberation-Soulcraft philosophy fascinating.

¶ *THE EARLY Mentor Talks of the Soulcraft Recorder Will Give You both Cues and Guidance besides Acquainting You with the Fundamental Import of the Liberating Doctrine from the First*

Always, however, in short treatment of vital subjects, there are rich nuggets of pertinent information that work into the great spiritual mosaic of the whole. Although the Mentor in the following instance was addressing The Recorder personally, students of Soulcraft will have a better understanding of The Brevet bestowed on all, by noting the following—

DEAR Mortal Brother:
Know that you are to be a monitor for the Christ in a world where bleak science slowly is undermining men's faith in things spiritual. You will be the means of stopping much of the faithlessness of the present gen-

eration by your advice and teaching. You have asked tonight whether Science can advance to a point where Christ cannot control it. Let us phrase our answer thus:

Christ, so-called, is Spirit Materialized as the power for Right in the world, and has nothing to do with aught otherwise. He is the

¶ Students of Psychical Development should pay especial attention to these earliest papers transmitted by The Recorder's Mentors, and make comparison constantly with their own experiences and progress. Here is counsel of priceless worth, as showing the correct Mentor attitude and advice, for what is being offered prefaced over a million words of Mysticism that has since been pronounced by experts as surpassing any arcane philosophy released to modern man today. It required twenty-five years for The Recorder to reach his current adeptship, but these Mentors never misguided him nor let him down once. Be guided by their precepts in your own case if you are a natural psychic. They will help you in skirting many cruel pitfalls.

power that has been for the Right in every land and time, and is not able to make contact with the spirit of evil or ignorance. But there are persons like yourself who are able to *combat* the spirit of evil and ignorance, and to bring men to understanding of the Good within themselves.

You are to help men and women get a clearer understanding of their roles in the divine scheme of things by helping them to a clearer and profounder understanding of eternal truths. You are much favored because you have opened your heart to Beauty and the Truth.

When Holy Spirit calls a man, It puts him through many tribulations, and you are having yours now. The reasons for your clogged channels are mainly physical.

A wholly new alignment of all the faculties is demanded when the psychical centers become opened to the intelligent communications from Higher Planes of life. The temperament must become dispassionate so that the Subconscious Mind does not intrude its idiosyncrasies into that which is conveyed, making for disillusion.

There is no pain like the pain of Disillusion, especially when the cause is not wholly clear. However, all first students of this sort of revelation are called to go through such period. You are by no means alone. There is no balm in finding flaws with a theory, and the best remedy to seek is Quiet in Your Heart. The principles of this are sound, as you will eventually have shown you, but you do not want the intrusion of grosser interests to injure your belief.

No one is more susceptible the chagrin and heartbreak than those who love greatly, and those who love greatly are most susceptible to disillusion and turmoil. The best counsel we can supply you is to tell you to be as deliberate as possible in your meditations, and keep your heart tender.

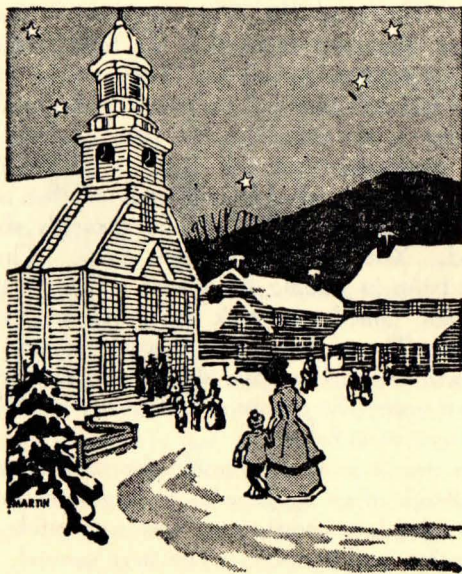
Sensitivity maintains as a matter of course.

THERE IS only joy and peace in the enjoyment of the softer sentiments and those that are spiritual are the best material for comfort. We have no desire to wound you by disappointment in your worldly affairs and want you to feel that we are taking a daily interest in them.

The toils of the world are not for the purpose of making weaklings, and you are not to

be cast down if you feel that you are having more than your share. We of the Light are more interested in your soul than in your bank account, although we know how seriously you are handicapped for service when perplexed by financial deficiency.

There is no room in the plans we have for you for employments of the old methods for making money. You are not to worry over your affairs, however, but to take all the time necessary for meditation and study of our truths, and we will attempt to make you rich in ways you neither *suspect* nor *expect*.



There is no sense in making money for the world to applaud, and the only way we are interested is to make money for the spirit of Truth which you can spread. You are the best judge of the ways in which we help you, by the ways in which we help your soul to tranquillity and opportunities for service, which we open to you when you are in a better mood for expression.

The ways of the most happy people are by far the best when they are not cluttered by the debris of the world's despair at little mishaps. We are not going to let you disappoint your

loved ones, but we have endless ways for approaching a problem and solving it, and you will see that we are able to take care of yours. You will release more and more of the spirit of Truth when you are free of commercial worries, and we know it. But you are not to be worried about your Subconscious. It has played you some ugly tricks but you are coming out the stronger for them . . .

THE WAY you have responded to us is very dear to us, for we are your good friends and loved ones Over Here who wish you to be both happy and successful in this beloved labor. You are the better for all your beginner's experiences already, and the way to find it out is to continue to respond when you hear us signaling you, and to do your best. When you have done your best, you will have done what we planted in your soul from the Beginning, and you cannot fail to win out in the end. We are of the Light, and are not to be kept from your affairs so long as we can possibly aid you.

The Subconscious Brain is the organ of Mind, the same as the Conscious. It has in it all the hopes and desires of your heart. You are not willing to be told in your Subconscious brain what you should do for the good of your soul. There is no use of getting out of contact with us, no matter what the reason, if you will be patient and let us re-give you your cues while in the darkness of Doubt.

The way to get those cues is to make it plain to yourself that we are not to be the Cause of your misfortunes but the Remedy. And we will be in the better position to help you by our counsel.

You are the last person on earth we wish to annoy with preachments, but you must not be so eager to let your desires mold your intuitions. The best way to avoid this is to give yourself a new experience with us whenever you can try it, and we will repeat ourselves until you have it right.

You are not to be in doubt about the substance of your worldly matters in the event of

our not being able to reach you. We are not always on hand when you seek to communicate with us, but soon know it and respond . . . You are not to become exercised about the results if you do not seem to make progress, as you are in no position to see the results at once. You are perhaps better for your ignorance for the time, and we will be in the offing if you do not proceed as you should go . . .

THE WAY to go forward is to forget the past and go onward in the courage of Right. You are not to be blamed for having doubts, because you live in a world of realities. *The man without doubts is the man without love, and the man without love is the man without Eternity.*

There are many kinds of Doubt, however. As there is no Doubt in Love, neither is there Fear nor Blame. The man who doubts is a better disciple than you suspect for he keeps the Truth alive, and the Truth is the beginning and end of all belief and faith in God. The men who will not believe in God are not doubters so much as dissenters from Holy Spirit after they know the Truth.

They are the real sinners in Christ.

The way to the Truth is by proving and comparing, and the way to the Light is by keeping the heart open to the way of the wise men who have found out for themselves by experience.

YOU ARE not to be cast down for your so-called complexes, as you are the better for having them and triumphing over them. There is no way to becoming greater of soul than to do the things you have done and then rest in your knowledge of your worth to your Master, who is your only judge.

The work of the Lord is now on the increase more than ever before in the history of the race, and we are those who have most to do with it in the days just ahead. You and others will be on the earth-plane and we on spirit-plane, advising you. You are to keep your work to the least possible advantage of

the men who will not have Christ at any price, while we are to guide and sustain you by having our fingers on the pulse of their thoughts. We will do this work in harmony and love, and the result will be worth waiting for.

There is no need to worry over the rest of the world's troubles just yet. You are too prone to take the burdens of others on your own shoulders because you love them, and they are not to be blamed for letting you. But they would be far better off to struggle for themselves. You are too prone to shelter others because you have known few roofs yourself, but you are not to be blamed for that, either. The men and women who have nothing to struggle for, are the worse for love.

Q "THERE ARE ways for you to prove us in your day to day living, and the best is to be always alert for the sort of impression that makes you compassionate toward your fellowman."

You will be at your best in your life work when you do not try to make the world's troubles your own, but accept them as decreed for the race from the Beginning. You will be at your best in life when you try to see Life as a thing of beauty, no matter what its aspects.

There are many kinds of love-work to be done in this Vineyard of the Lord, but eventually you will see that men and women are largely the products of their own hates and tempers, and yet the worst of them have something that is very beautiful and precious. They do not always show it, but just the same it is there.

If you doubt it, you have only to look into their eyes when they are in love with one another and you will be surprised at the understanding you have of their souls.

Enough for the moment . . .

Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the
Golden Scripts

*"I Speak through
Many Servants . . "*



MY DEARLY Beloved:
Know that I speak un-
to you through many
servants, but times ar-
rive when My voice
must be heard directly
in your hearts.

2 Ye have given good-
ly accounting of your-
selves, expanding me un-
to the nations. I would
not have you atop, but
I would direct and control

your expressings.

3 Say ye not unto men: This or that cometh,
and thereof are we favored;

4 Say rather, beloved: All men are favored,
all do seek light on a path that is darkened,
seek we the source from which come those
favors.

5 Say not to men: This or that happeneth,
yea with a drama; say rather to men: The
Master hath been among us from time im-
memorial, men have not interpreted His teach-
ings correctly,

6 Therefore we delve to find out His teach-
ings. We do this together, each after his gifts.

7 Foreswear any gestures that are childish in
essence, having as tenor the novel or bizarre,

8 Confine your expoundings to things that
are simple. Tell no man, beloved, that My
speech is fashioned for you: tell to every man
that ye have tuned in upon Mine addressings
unto the race.



9 Great is your reward.

10 Ye do testify of Me to a brother who is
troubled. That is pleasing to me, but ye do
confuse Me in his mind with supernatural
happenings to which he giveth greater thought;

11 Fear entereth his heart, and My truth is
lost in doubtings, verily is it lost in wishings
to participate in happenings that are childish.

12 Be pure in your preachments. Consider
the lilies of the field. They say not unto man,
Prove us. They stand beauteous in complete-
ness of that which is their beauty.

13 Mark them well when ye discourse. The
lily is symbolic of purity in flora;

14 So must your discourse be, among dis-
traught men and women.

15 Say unto them: The Master hath decreed
that ye do know certain matters, for all is of
instruction.

16 Murk not the waters of Truth by defil-
ings of strange happenings; further I say not.

17 My peace is your shibboleth.

PEACE



“WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!”

**Twenty Years' Experiences in
the Field of Psychical Phenom-
ena, with autobiographical nar-
rative of events forerunning
the dictating of Soulcraft . .**

What tangible proofs have we, that our blessed dead have survived? Is it actual and dependable that upon occasion they have found ways to communciate with the living? Are we justified in altering our religious views about the location of the Hereafter? . . In the 302 pages of this unbelievable and entrancing book you will find these questions answered. With the voices of the Departed actually impressed upon electronic-recorder tape, you begin to understand what revolutionary discoveries have been made about survival in recent years. Here is a book of True Ghost Stories that carry their own proofs. The Author has told of his psychical experiences in candid and dramatic form, fitting together the great mosaic of events that finally impelled him to share his tremendous findings with others under the aegis of Liberation-Soulcraft . .

Available in the Cloth Binding Only, \$3

Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville, Indiana

“IT’S GOT EVERYTHING!”

“In a lilac-scented summerhouse in a garden, in the hush of May night. Try to think ahead to that. It may keep you from feeling homesick,” Norval said . .

What woman can resist the lure of the matchless story---

Road into Sunrise?

Women enjoy novels by reading themselves into the roles of the feminine characters. If *you* are a woman, which role would you choose for yourself . . Sophie Blicker, Melissa Sheppard? . .

One of the truly great novels of the current generation is being Killed with Silence by the book reviewers because of the Communist bias against its author.



By William Dudley Pelley

You should smash this stalemate of the book-reviewers by buying a copy of this 657-page book and giving your soul an ecstasy. It costs you \$6 but that's because of the size and thickness of it. The romantic and spiritual pick-up you'll get from it may well be worth six *thousand* dollars to you.

Send \$6 to . .

SOULCRAFT STUDIOS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

If You Are Interested in the Prophecies of Nostradamus

you should buy and read the Soulcraft book about the future, and the probable alterations to take place between the nations. One entire chapter is given over to Nostradamus' quatrains, in their interpretations of the present pass into which the world has landed.

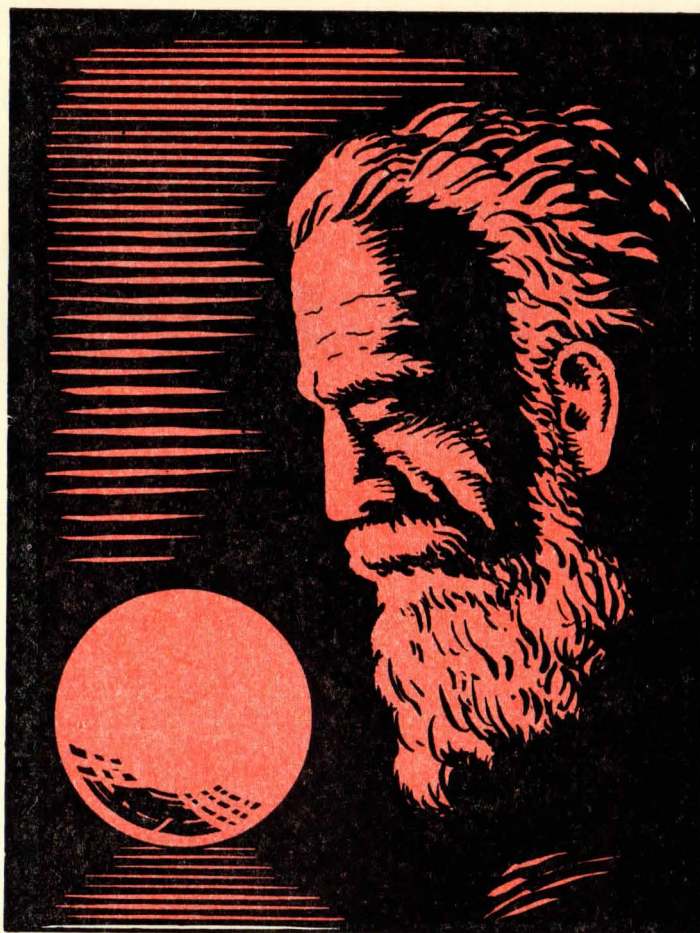
Thresholds of Tomorrow

HERE is a volume giving 378 pages of clairvoyant forecast of the wondrous Golden Times about to be enjoyed by humanity when these Piscean days have run. Not the wishful thinking too often offered in form of prophecy but an actual insight into the ennoblements coming upon society when Materialism has had its run and Man entertains more sagacious views of true cosmic principles applied to conditions of earth, particularly in education and economics.

Noblesville

Soulcraft Chapels

Indiana



REPRINTED in this book are the prophecies of the great seer, Nostradamus, that would seem to apply to today. Interpretations of them, sought of Higher Mentors, turn much needed light on the celebrated clairvoyant's meanings. It is a book that will give you a great moral uplift in the face of all the corruptions and skulduggeries going on between the nations at present. It is Soulcraft applied to the international circumstance . . .



.....NOONDAY COOPERATION.....

“Something Better”

**A Book about the Possibilities in the Cooperative Movement to Make
Every Citizen a Corporation Stockholder with Dividends Large
Enough to Provide Necessities for Himself and Dependents**

“Something Better” is neither Communism nor Socialism in its analysis and recommendations. But it does present the saving advantages in industrial co-operation, that more and more are due to dictate our current wild-cat economy. Something like 10,000 copies have already been sold, bringing forth the highest commendation from lay readers. You owe it to your own prosperity and peace of mind to know the sensible corporate plan proposed in this book. In event of another disastrous Depression, it might mean America’s salvation . .

Clairvoyant grasp of the institutions of the future is an admitted feature of Liberation-Soulcraft. If the nations of the earth are not due to succumb to the fantasies of Marxism, what sort of Economics are they due to embrace to avert continual programs of Deflation and Depression? In the middle of the past winter, the Scribe of the Soulcraft Sacred Philosophy was moved to do a 350-page book, presenting most of the findings in his million words of Clairaudient Scripts, and indicating a way that would make—

“Every Citizen a Capitalist!”

LEATHERETTE BINDING, \$5

PAPER-COVERED, \$1



Thousands are going about, wondering if their divorces were Sin, in sight of God . .

Adam Awakes

treats of this great subject of Man-Woman relationships from communications by Extra-Sensory Perception with Great Wits on loftier octaves of Consciousness. How they view the matrimonial relationships should be known to every mortal soul, struggling with the problems and quandaries of romantic and domestic life. That they do not hold similar attitudes to our Fundamentalist theologians on the divorce question, is made articulate and plain.

A Book of 320 Pages Mostly about Woman

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

Particularly a book for adults having matrimonial troubles. They will bless the day they bought it and became apprised of the real truth behind Sex and the Man-Woman pairing. Include it in an early order—

\$5

Soulcraft Chapels

Noblesville, Ind.

The Answer Beautiful . .

"Master, what is the one greatest message that we can convey to the race as coming from you, that we can make the cornerstone of teaching in the years ahead?"

"The fact that every life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning, and an inner glory, and is precious in my sight!"



The Golden Scripts *compose the Bible of Soulcraft*

THERE are 247 of the celebrated GOLDEN SCRIPTS. They run to 448 pages in the Abridged Edition, 844 pages in the Unabridged. Over 273,000 words. Seven years was required to transcribe them. But they are equalled by no book in the English language, outside of the New Testament. If you doubt such statement, you are free to examine them and absorb their matchless beauty, wisdom, and inspiration for yourself.

You cannot buy them, but you can obtain a copy by request if you will cherish and appreciate them. Nearly 10,000 copies have already been presented to America's spiritual leaders gratis, and the supply is low. But you can get a copy of the Abridged Edition so long as current stocks last. The ineffable SCRIPTS grow more precious with the years. Up the last quarter-century, single copies have brought \$40 each, before the last big printing. But there was a reason, you will discover. Address your request to—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana