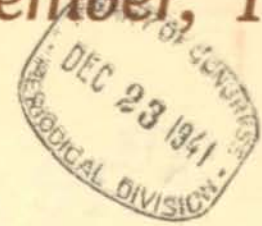
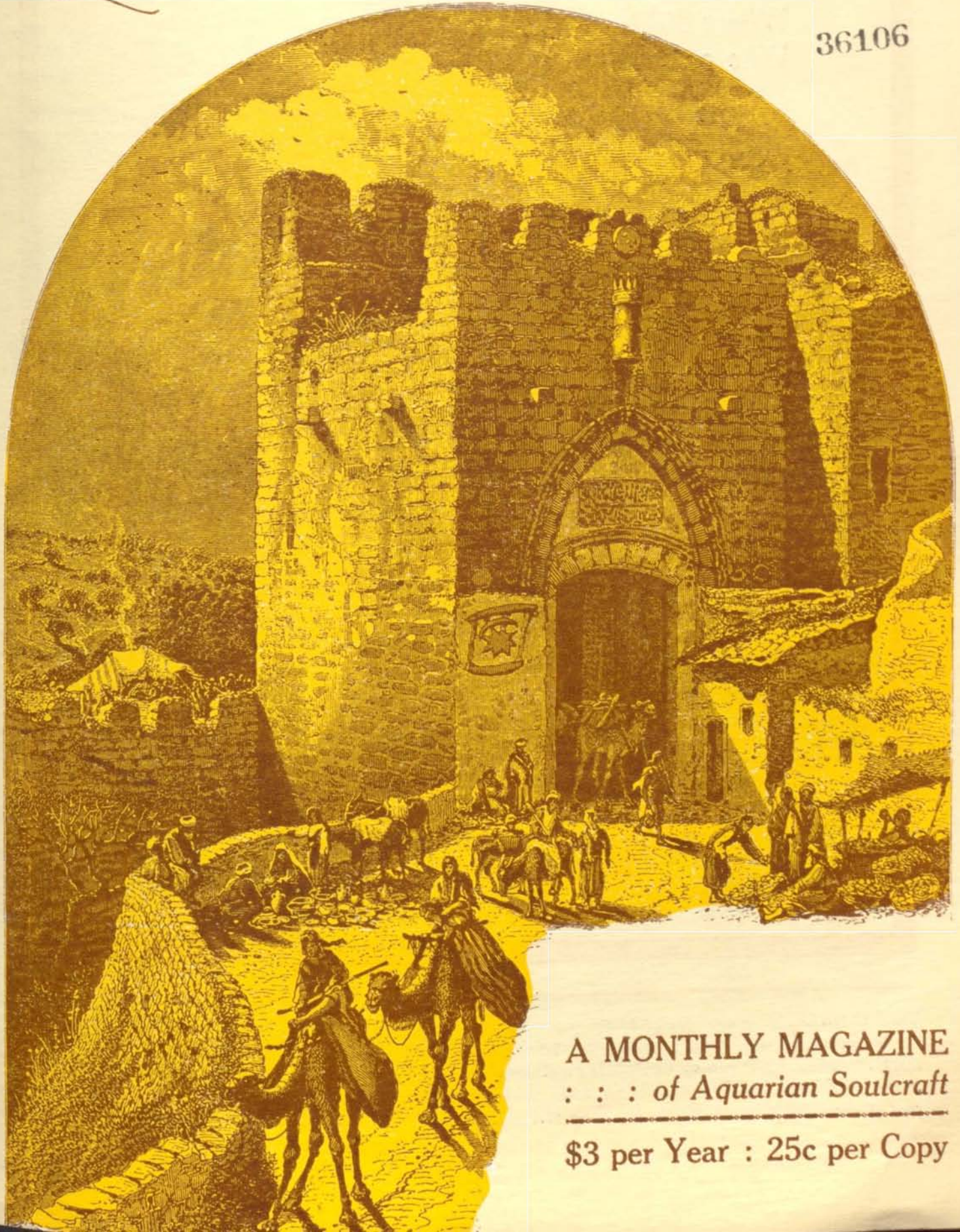


The
GALLIEAN ..

December, 1941



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
: : : of Aquarian Soulcraft

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The Golden Scripts

*Where did they come from?
Who composed them?*



STRANGE revelations are of occurrence as this Aquarian Age comes in! The discovery of the mental gift of Clairvoyance by our great university psychologists, attests the possibility that the true Christian Message as propounded by the early Church Fathers may be recoverable from Mentors in octaves of Time and Space that Science is just beginning to penetrate. At any rate, from Somewhere have been recorded 257 preachments of such astounding wisdom and spiritual beauty as to offer a new Bible for our be-deviled times. Their recording was begun under the most mystical auspices, in New York City in 1929. Not until 1935 was the last Script taken and their typing for publication begun. Now the whole majestic compilation of them has been brought out in book form, in dull black leatherette covers, limp binding, and round-cornered pages—844 of them. Not since Shakespeare has the world beheld such mastery of the English language, but its employment is only incidental to the great profundities of Cosmos, the intricacies of Ethics, and the elucidation of the Galilean Doctrine, offered in the text. Each leader of a Galilean Congregation should own a copy of this rare and startling volume. Full particulars will be sent on leadership application.

**The Bible
of the
Galilean
Leaders**



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The GALILEAN MAGAZINE

The Monthly Magazine
of the Galilean Fellowship

for December, 1941

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

*A Monthly Chat with
the Recorder about
Matters that Profit
the Soul ✠*

“Hosts Over Bethlehem . . .”



ONCE every year's end, after the Puritan Thanksgiving is out of the way, after the nation's football season has closed, the winter's coal laid in and the first snows of the arctic season fallen, the merchants

of this very commercial universe lose no time at goading us into perennial acceptances of Christmas. It is a very profitable religious holiday—this festival of Christmas—in that vast quantities of gifts have come to be exchanged upon it.

These gifts must uniformly be acquired in the bazaars for pence. Therefore do the keepers of the bazaars put themselves in league with Kris Kringle, bargain for monstrous advertising space in the papers, stock their stalls with the brightest-colored trash procurable, and with lurid holly and radio carols to neutralize the weariness in the feet of a million shop girls, anticipate a fortnight of financial clean-up. That, of course, is the somewhat cynical way of viewing Yuletide. It has been forced upon us by an alien

commercialism. Those among us whose hair holds gray, recall that it has been not always so. Few of us can look upon the frosted and glittering tree, with parcels of tenderness banked about its base, and bethink to escape that vague and aching nostalgia for other lost Christmases when the silver tinsel was brighter, the red balls deeper carmine, when reindeer feet were leaving tracks in

the snows of many roofs and a breath-taking and hallowed mystery stole out of the dark and pungent branches till the child-heart almost broke with the strange loveliness in the whole of it.

There was lost innocence to be one day regained in the brooding dark of candle-lit midnight, when love and pain and joy and death were far off, unsuspected, when the imminent morning pealed with discovery's ecstasies, and the poignancy of success and



failure had not taken toll of dreams that were meant to be squandered. How comes it, I wonder, that the Christmas we keep in the heart's aching privacy, that has no commercialism in it because commercialism cannot get inside, is forever composed of all the Christmasses that have ever gone before, and all the gifts that tender hands have ever wrought us, forever remain wrapped in their tissue and red ribbon in the one eternal Yuletide of untarnished memory? . . .



THERE ARE two Christmasses . . .

There is the Christmas of the flamboyant dividend, the cold, austere, loveless Tree in the public park, as sterile as the electric lighting wasting its thousand

bulbs, of the tight-hearted mother with the thin purse whose parcels are as small as they are many, of the father who does too much, man-like, and keeps his worry at the cost of it beneath a gruff exterior, of the pushing crowd and the Babson report, the gift cigars that burn lengthwise and the diplomatic gift as diplomatically forgotten—all the fanfare and fol-de-rol of an enforced holiday that must be kept because it is the social thing to do.

Then there is another Christmas.

It comes to me only for an instant in that mystical moment just before midnight—Christ's midnight—when all the earth and the world is muted, when I light my twin candles before the favorite portrait of my Lord. The glare of Mammon's light is shut off, though perchance the white radiance of the corner arc-lamp, snow-pillowed, finds its clean pathway through an uncurtained window.

I am alone then, not with lost Christmasses but with all the Christmasses that have ever been. I am alone with my contact with the heart of universal graciousness, the epitome of Peace.

And in that awesome moment, if I listen carefully, I know that I shall hear some group of sweet singers very far away blending their voices in that sacrosanct harmony: "Silent Night, Holy Night . . ."

My Lord is very close to me when that music comes softly across winter midnight. It lasts for a moment and then it has gone.

When it has gone, Christmas has come and gone with it. But what of that? For that moment it has touched me.

Just that one moment of Christmas is all that I want. To have it last a whole twenty-four hours would spoil it.

STILL, that is not what I started out to write. They tell me that nineteen hundred and forty-one such nights ago there were in an eastern country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone 'round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

St. Luke is the authority for this divine thing happening. I am not going to quarrel with St. Luke as to whether it happened as he wrote it or whether it did not. The thing exercising me at the moment is this—Why need we think that it happened only one memorable midnight nineteen centuries in the past, that it had never happened before and has never happened since?

I do not take issue with Luke for his veracity or lack of it. I simply challenge him for his niggardliness of narrative.

Hosts over Bethlehem, indeed! . . .

Are not the same hosts over Jerusalem, over Berlin, over London, Washington, New York, Tokyo—yes, even Moscow, particularly Moscow—not only the legendary Christmas night but every night throughout the year?

I contend that they are. Hosts over Bethlehem did not make the Christmas night. The babe lying in swaddling clothes in the manger did not make the Christmas night. Nor did the Three Wise Men, nor the gifts of frankincense and myrrh, anymore than the gifts in the basement of the three wise men, Cohen, Rubinowitz & Finklestein—"Dignified Credit If You Want It"—make the Yuletide season of the current moment. The thing that made the Christmas night

was the recognition by the first humble folk of the world, even shepherds, that life within the octave of physical mortality was not abandoned and alone upon a planet, impersonal in celestial space, but that the Master Avatar of the aeons had suddenly made Himself perceptible to mortal flesh again, that He had taken up a fresh incursion into the grinding and groaning of atoms, that he was not only perceptible to men's spirits but to men's senses also.

That recognition is Yuletide's true essence, whether it happen once above a field in Palestine or in ten thousand lands whose inhabitants are sore beset with the transient rivalries of Mammon . . .

IT SEEMS strange to rational minds, when we pause to give it thought, that a stupendous galaxy of higher-octave entities could have staged a colossal display of their incandescent majesties in a winter night's sky and none taken note of it but a handful of shepherds. If it had been literal as St. Luke recorded it, surely it should have become of record in all the Roman and Grecian archives.

A hymn of a sort being sung by a Choir Made Visible out of high ether must certainly have been heard by more than those sheep-tenders. There must have been other travelers in Judea that night to become aware of the phenomenon, to hasten into Bethlehem and report breathlessly upon the marvel.

But the Roman and Grecian archives are silent anent such happening.

Let us rationalize the Christmas legend therefore, by declaring it symbolic of all those whose higher eyes and ears have been opened, who see and hear the vibrations not of earth and respond to them mystically. The shepherds hurried into Bethlehem, says Luke, and found the Mother and Child in the manger.

The shepherds had no monopoly on this discovery, for I can personally attest that it does so happen if one whose senses have responded to the Greater Etheric Frequencies will only travel a little way to prove for themselves that the Christ is real . . .

THE LORD of All Human Altruisms was only a mortal infant that night when the shepherds may have seen the Host and heard Its harmony. On the Christmas night thirty-three years later He had come and gone in His physical flesh, and perhaps

it is the greater nostalgia for that interlude that some of us sense in relationship to Yuletide. No matter now! . . .

It is the labor of some of us to recapture permanently for the world that little instant of Silent Glory as well as Transcendent Tenderness that comes in that final moment of Christmas Eve when the tapers have been lighted before a favorite portrait of our Lord.

For we miss Him very much! We miss the physical contact, the sound of His voice, the glance of His eye when great issues impend. We miss His counsel in moments that wrack the soul. We fain would hear His measured statements of



Vast Cosmic Truth when the multitude marveled that life promised such tranquility. He is unto us as one who has gone upon a far journey and being away, we would feel the tight joy choking the throat that marks the tocsin of His return.

Yet our brevet demands that we abide till He comes again, that we function in His stead, that we do the work which He would have done, that He in His flesh would praise God to have accomplished . . .

That, however, is a personal matter, and not all the world may enter into it.

But do not forget, either, that conceiving of the heavenly host as only over Bethlehem for one fleeting sequence in universal history is a libel of the concept.

The same hosts are avowedly about us, every instant of every night and day.

And there is poetry in the realization that if we be shepherding as a business, the wonder and the glory become visible to us.

After that fleeting instant of vision, after that epochal moment of hearing, it is merely but a few miles of travel personally to behold the Christ in His physical flesh.

There are two Christmasses, verily.

One is the spectacular two weeks when all the shopkeepers of Christendom conspire to reap the rich harvests of shekels.

The other is the Christmas of the Revealing Moment when life is not dark with that Wonder Sight above us.

Whether we continue to discern it is no one's business but our own.

There Is No Authentic Data that Christ Was Born Dec. 25th

EVERY school-child in America—and Christendom—is aware that Christmas, or the Mass of Christ, in the Christian Church is the festival of the nativity of Jesus the Christ. But the history of this “feast” is not so well known. Millions of people labor under the delusion that Christmas has been celebrated ever since the Master Jesus ascended, that Christmas has always fallen on December 25th, and that somehow there is scientific or astronomical data in existence authenticating this birthday of the Christ’s which has now come to be kept so faithfully generation after generation. As a matter of fact, the whole thing rests on such vague and flimsy fundamentals that we are justified in considering it as the mere observance of a religious—or theological—superstition. The earliest, most reasonably reliable manuscript, or account, of gospel tradition, represented by Mark no less than by the primitive non-Markan documents embodied in the first and third Gospels, begins not with the birth and childhood of Jesus but with His baptism.

The famous account which we get of the Christmas story in Holy Writ is found in the gospel of Luke. This Luke seems to have been a young physician to St. Paul, who lived some 50 to 75 years after the Crucifixion, who traveled with St. Paul about Asia Minor establishing the Christian churches and who took his account of the Nativity from the age-old narrative of the birth and boyhood of Zoroaster, the founder of the Persian religion of Zarathustrianism. Whether he was alive at the time of the Master’s ministry, is debatable . . .

However, the great Church which came into existence after Constantine, the Roman,

had become converted to Christianity and it had been made the state religion, adopted Christmas as a feast-day along in the Fourth Century. It would seem to have been a blend or combination of the old pagan Thanksgiving of the Saturnalia with the Master’s natal day. Anyhow, three to four hundred years went past before anybody bethought to make the Savior’s birthday a religious holiday of any consequence whatever . . .

THE EARLIEST identification of the 25th of December with the birthday of Christ is in a passage otherwise unknown and probably spurious, of Theophilus of Antioch, written sometime between 171 and 183 A. D. and preserved in Latin by the Magdeburg centuriators, to the effect that the Gauls contended that as they celebrated the birth of the Lord on the 25th of December, whatever day of the week it might be, so they ought to celebrate the Pasha on the 25th of March when they contend that the Resurrection befell.

The next mention that we have of December 25th having any religious consequence is in Hippolytus’ commentary on Daniel iv:23. Jesus, says Hippolytus right out of hand but giving no authentication for his pronouncement, was born in Bethlehem in Judea on the 25th of December, a Wednesday, in the forty-second year of Augustus. In any case, Hippolytus mentions no feast, nor was such a feast congruous with the orthodox ideas of his age. As late as 245 A. D., Origen, in his eighth homily on Leviticus, repudiates as sinful the very idea of keeping the birthday of Christ “as if He were a king Pharaoh.”

The first certain mention of December 25th is in a Latin chronographer of 354 A. D. It runs thus in English—

"Year One after Christ, in the consulate of Caesar and Paulus, the Lord Jesus Christ was born on the twenty-fifth of December, a Friday and the fifteenth day of the new moon."

Here again no festal celebration of the day is attested, and there is no historical or astronomical data to back up the statements.

The Pilgrim Fathers first stepped foot on American soil some three hundred years in the past. These theologians who were writing of the Christ's birth, were doing so from a transpiring of time after the event that was comparable to the time that has similarly transpired in our generation since the Landing on Plymouth Rock.

Let us try to conceive of some present-day historian attempting to deify John Carver or William Bradford, and telling of the actual happenings of the Mayflower from this perspective of the years. How accurate would he be, and what reliance could be put upon his statements?

TH**ERE** are, however, many speculations in the second century after Christ about the date of His birth, but it is only fair to emphasize that they are speculations and nothing more. Clement of Alexandria, toward the close of that second century, mentions several such, but condemns them as superstitions.

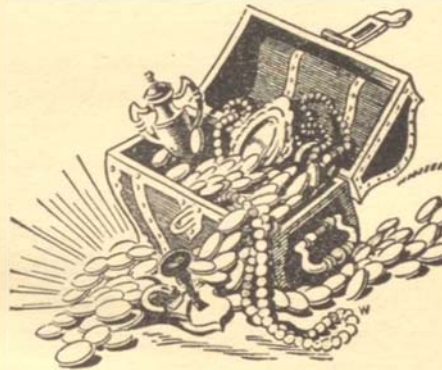
Some chronologists, he says, alleged the birth to have occurred in the 28th year of Augustus, on the 25th of Pachon, the Egyptian month. What have we here but a reckoning that would make the festival of Christmas fall upon the 30th of May!

Others set it on the 24th or 25th of Pharmuthi—which would make it the 19th or 20th of April. Clement himself sets it on the 17th day of November, 3 B. C.

The author of a famous Latin tract, called the *De Pasha Computus*, written in Africa in the year 243, sets it "by private revelation" on March 28th. He argues that the world was created perfect—as though it wasn't still perfect at the present time—flowers in bloom and trees in leaf, therefore in Spring. Also the birth must have come at the equinox and when the moon just "created," was full.

Now the ancient theologians held that the sun and moon were created on a Wednesday. The 28th of March suits all of these considerations. Christ therefore being the

Sun of Righteousness was born on the 28th of March. Millions of devout Christians are subscribing to reasoning today as specious as that of the author of *De Pasha Computus* and worrying lest their souls be damned to hell for less. The person created in the image of God, with a brain in his head, is sickened at the silliness of the whole of it . . .



TH**E** same symbolical logic led Polycarp, in a fragment preserved by an Armenian writer, Ananias of Shirak, somewhere about the year 160 A. D., to set the Lord's birth on Sunday, when the world's creation began, but His baptism on Wednesday for it was the analogue of the sun's creation.

On such grounds certain Latins as early as 354 may have transferred the human birthday from the 6th of January to the 25th of December, which was then a Mithraic feast and is by the chronographer above referred to, termed *Natalis Invicti Solis*—or Birthday of the Unconquered Sun.

Just what the "unconquered sun" actually means, and why all this pother about sun worship should have been dragged into Christianity without borrowing shamelessly from paganism, was never made clear by these early writers.

Probably the truth of the matter is, that nine tenths of them simply didn't know what they were talking about.

The Syrians and Armenians, who clung to the 6th of January as the date of the Savior's birth, accused the Romans of sun worship and idolatry, contending with great probability that the feast of the 25th of December had been invented by disciples of Cerinthus to commemorate the "natural" birth of Jesus.

Chrysostom also testifies the 25th of December to have been from the beginning "known in the West"—from Thrace even so far as Gades.

Ambrose, writing to his sister, implies that as late as the papacy of Liberius, which con-

sumed the four years between 352 and 356, the Birth from the Virgin was feasted together with the Marriage at Cana and the Banquet of the 4,000—which were never feasted on any other day but January 6th.

THE FACTS of the matter reasonably are, that three hundred years after it happened, nobody had any reliable data on the matter whatsoever, but it being after the nature of a priest never to be caught at a loss for an answer to anything of which he might be queried, the brainstrapped "scholars" of those far-off times did some expert guessing and bequeathed the residue of answers down to our modern times.

We certainly know, by thousands of words of testimony of these ancient writers, that no Christmas festival was actually thought of until nearly the fourth century after Christ, and then only in connection with certain pagan festivals which the populations of the Mediterranean Basin were in custom of keeping.

And here is another interesting fact in regard to this "Christ Mass." During those first three or four centuries when the new religion of the Galilean was getting established, the festival of His physical birth seems to have been more or less secondary in importance to the festival of His spiritual birth—that is, His baptism—which in the great Church has been known from ancient times as Epiphany.

This Epiphany, which means translated literally, "the apparition of Christ," memorialized the idea that Jesus was more or less of a mortal man till He came to the Jordan to be baptized.

During His baptism, something happened. The Great Divine Favor came down from the heavens and entered into Him, and when it had done so, our Elder Brother became "more than man." He was, in point of fact, "spiritually born" in that episode. Therefore did it happen for generations that Christmas and Epiphany were celebrated together, or rather so close together that they appeared to be as one.

THE GROUNDS on which the Church introduced so late as 350-400 a Christmas feast till then unknown, or, if known, precariously linked with baptism, seem in the main to have been the following—
First, the transition from adult to infant baptism was proceeding rapidly in the East,

and in the West—mostly in Britain—was practically completed. Its natural complement was a festal recognition of the fact that the divine element was present in Christ from the first, and was no new stage of spiritual promotion coeval only with the descent of the spirit on Him at baptism. The general adoption of child baptism helped to extinguish the old view that the divine life in Jesus dated from His baptism—a view which led the Epiphany feast to be regarded as that of Jesus' spiritual rebirth. This aspect of the feast was therefore forgotten and its importance in every way diminished by the new and rival feast of Christmas.

Second, the Fourth Century witnessed a rapid diffusion of Marcionite, or, as it is now called, Manichean propaganda, the chief tenet of which was, that Jesus was either not born at all, was a mere phantasm, or anyhow did not take flesh of the Virgin Mary.

Against this view, the new Christmas was a protest, since it was peculiarly the feast of His birth in the flesh, or as a man, and is constantly spoken of as such by the fathers who witnessed its institution.

IN THE FACE of all this controversy and confusion, it is a somewhat comforting circumstance to have the testimony of the modern Golden Scripts, which says in substance that "no miracles attended on my birth," but that the boy Jesus grew normally to puberty in his father's house at Nazareth—or the village that is called such in modern terminology—till the moment arrived when He was to be awakened to His divine mission among the earth's myriad millions.

Rational Christianity has it, by such recent revelations, that of a night when He was between ten and twelve years old, He was "touched upon the eyelids by a Resplendent Being" who bade him arise, put on raiment and follow.

This Resplendent Being conducted the boyish Savior of mankind up into the caves of the desert behind Nazareth, and there began to awaken His prenatal mind to His true identity and commission as Avatar in the world of Piscean men.

"Night after night he did read to me from the Book," is the testimony we get in the Golden Scripts, till the moment came when the boy Jesus broke through the film on his memory and came into a consciousness of

what he was supposed to accomplish in the Palestine of his time.

THAT WE should celebrate the birthday of the Elder Brother is not a historical commemoration, anyway. It is more the gracious sentimental tribute to His supernal appearance among mundane mortals. But that gradually, up through the centuries, it assumed the nature of a joyous feast-day, accompanied by the exchanging of felicitations and gifts, we would seem to owe mostly to the early Germans.

By the time that Luther had emancipated most of Europe's Christians from subserviency to the dictates of the Papacy, the notion of Yuletide as a season of mirth and thanksgiving for the blessing of the Savior's appearance among men was getting into full momentum.

And yet in Puritanic England, the very thought of any mirth or exuberance in connection with the Savior's birth, filled the pious or sanctimonious with horror.

In Britain, the 25th of December was a festival long before the conversion to Christianity, for Bede relates that "the ancient peoples of the Angli began the year on the 25th of December when we now celebrate the birthday of the Lord; and the very night which is now so holy to us, they called in their tongue 'modranecht' or 'modra nicht,' that is, the Mother's Night, by reason, we suspect, of the ceremonies which in that night-long vigil they performed."

With usual reticence about matters pagan or unorthodox, Bede abstains from recording who the mothers were and what the ceremonies. But in the whole of it, we discern the Roman feast of the Saturnalia, probably brought to Britain by the Druids, when for one night in each year the poor repressed human race threw off all inhibitions and indulged in one colossal bacchanal, with consequent increase of the illegitimate population nine months afterward.

This is the "feast" which we have now metamorphosed into our modern Christmas . . .

We got it from England, which got it from the Druids, who got it from the Roman pagans.

But what difference does it make WHERE we got it? The idea behind it is to hold one festival of unrestrained joy and altruism as between mortal peoples. And if we could not do that in commemoration of the Sav-

ior's birth, pray when in the whole year could we do it?

Where have we ever gotten the idea that the Elder Brother was ever a morbid, pallid, lugubrious individual, without a spark of joy or humor in His system, who went about Galilee, Samaria and Judea weeping or excoriating to save the world from its "sin"? Why should it profoundly shock a certain breed of nominal Christian to consider the Great Avatar of Galilee telling a mirthful joke? True, what-



ever jestings He may have indulged in probably had small worth for preservation up the centuries, but that is no reason to consider that His sense of mortal values did not let Him see the comic or ludicrous in human nature at times.

Christianity too long has been a religion of sorrow and sadness, of repression, denial and masochistic sacrifice. For this we have had the Judaists to thank—that strange nostalgic people whose idea of a good time is to hold a community session at the Wailing Wall.

Isn't it about time to take the "wail" from Christianity and thereby make it Aryan?

What is there in Christianity that savors of grief?

CHRISTMAS, in other words, with its origin lost in antiquity and theological disputation, is a season which expresses our own notions of what religion should be like if we could escape the thralldom of the sanctimonious theological seminaries. It reflects the instinctive people that we are . . .

As for the Christ himself, whose birthday we thus celebrate, it would seem to be enough with Him that we give over one week in each year to His supernal role amidst worldly nations and express our feelings in cheerful revelry, gifts between loved ones—not forgetting the little children—and simple gratitude that we have been provided with an Elder Brother in this mundane forest of woes at all.

Let us leave it at that . . .

After all, Christmas lives and is preserved solely in terms of its human relationships.

Many a lonely soul on each Yuletide Eve, grasps that poignant fact to surfeit . . .

The Man Whose Birthday I Commemorate on Christmas . .



HEY tell me that my Lord paused across from Jerusalem and sat upon a hill. Twilight had curdled and solitude enveloped Him. He saw the house-lamps of the hot city gleam. He saw the gates, and men's hearts, close upon their privacies.

Evensong died.

The night took its own.

His lips knew a sigh and His eyes knew a softness. But in that softness was an anguish, for He felt Himself shut out and His ministries rebuked.

They tell me that He cried as one in torment: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chicks beneath her wings, but ye would not!"

And His heart knew an emptiness. His Spirit was a wilderness where no loving thing moved.

It is conceivable He wept.

Jerusalem shut her gates and set out the evening lamp before her whoredoms, caring not a sou for the lonely Watcher on the hill.

The times knew abasement.

And the Watcher of Eternity shriveled in His spirit and could not be comforted. This they tell me of my Lord.

I refuse to believe it!

PERHAPS He came upon Jerusalem, yes. Perhaps the darkness caught Him. Perhaps the gates of the city were shut before His coming. Perhaps He sat upon a hill and pondered on Jerusalem.

But His spirit knew no anguish with the vault of stars above Him. He could not feel shut out with the world spread out around Him.

For in His spirit He was King!

No King gives glove to anguish when solitude envelops him. For solitude is the breath of Kings, it is their armor and their Scripture. They know a great weakness, but they grasp a great valor.

Night is their splendor. They seize upon it eagerly for God Himself walks in the garden of His world in the coolness of the day. They wait and meet God.

They discuss men together.

Long is their counseling and eager their tarrying.

My Lord sat upon a hill across from Jerusalem and His bosom was wracked by thoughts of Great Projects. He opened His heart to the immensities of distance. He took note of the gnat that winged in the coolness. He beheld His heavenly Father in the gnat . .

The city was a blur.

The swallow that made her nest in the chimney-pots took note of the Watcher, and in that the swallow took note of Him, He blessed it . .

ONLY those who would chide the Infinite, hive themselves in cities. It is nothing to be shut out from the plaything-cots of children. The world in the gloaming is the bid unto an Altar.

My Lord looked across from Jerusalem as a monarch of great destinies gazes from a turret.

He could not be thinking in terms of rejections, for rejections concern the paltry prides of Little Men. They know the bitterness of conceits rebuffed because they come knocking and the door holds no lamp. Great souls seek the poise of Nature's understandings, they open the treasure-chests of witcheries, they love a High Star in that it is high.

There is a time when men revile themselves

with longings. They strain at the harness of earthly circumscriptions. An insect disturbs them and prompts them into blasphemies.

The Great Soul mellows as the organ of the sunset rolls its Lost Chord through their Godhead.

Men go to and fro seeking treasure. They only glance upward to save themselves from stumblings. They do not glimpse the Infinite from choice alone. They make a pottage out of living—whereupon they grieve.

Great Souls do not grieve.

Grief is a projection of self-pity.

My Lord could not pity Himself. His years were too vast in celestial ennoblements.

MY LORD knew that men must work out their weavings. He knew that the race must consult its own follies, that years do not give reason, nor length of years give wisdom. Only as men climb do they grasp the beauty of high tablelands where distances are blurred and eagles scream at random.

He knew that mankind had a Cup to quaff, a Rosary to count, an Edge to sharpen on the whetstone of experiencings.

How could He be sorry that each soul had its destiny? How could He be saddened that clowns did not gain wits from hearing lusty sermons? The earth was the Father's and the fullness thereof. Surely He felt no urge toward cosmic satisfactions that potentates were valorous—when valor became their strategies—more than He tossed His sop to logic that man must be the plaything in a battledoring of martyrs.

My Lord knew the world unto which He had come!

JERUSALEM was quiet.

A katydid called. A kid bleated somewhere. Men took their leisure, a child was given the breast. Over on the hill, the Watcher sat pondering.

He pondered how He might best service those who needed His doctrines of compassion, but His greatness lay in the aspiration that no man should know the extent of His ministries.

To redress, to ennoble, to put vast truths within the lips of others, to write a Great Song but not to sing it, to deepen the cosmic satisfactions by great labors performed while the profifiers slumbered, to stage the

Drama of the Aeons but to let each actor think his role his own . . . such were His concerns.

He needed night's darkness to cloak His own greatness. And the night was propitious with rich salutations.

He was glad to be alone, that out of the well-springs of His spirit might gush a new fountain, relaxing His energies, cheering His strivings.

My Lord did not mope upon a hillside, sobbing to Himself that He worked in futilities. I will not have it so!

Too many great mortals have I met and beheld their lambent glance when high plans were maturing.

The greater the wilderness, the more splendid the company. The stouter the heart, the greater the anthem . . . played on the spirit when Quiet is mighty.

It was fitting that my Lord should have spent His night upon a summit.

Roofs would have smothered Him . . .

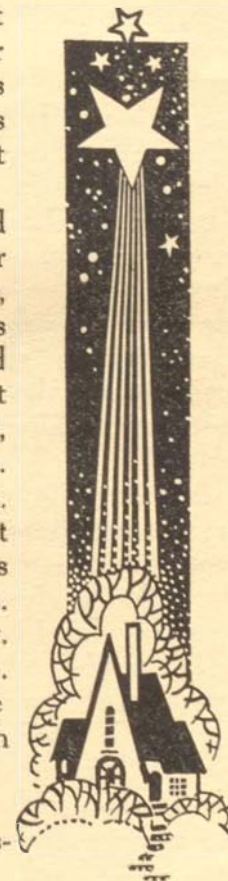
LET ME hear no more of my weakling Lord, sniveling in His sleeve when men's plans went against Him, cringing in stature and complaining of desertions.

My Lord was a God!

Let me always see Him as Gentleman Unafraid, constructing great issues, encompassing far marches, seeking no man's tribute, begging no man's hand, either for or against Him.

He had His work to do, and did it. He knew that other men had their labors also, that all were not messiahs—the earth-scheme could not have it. He brought a chalice unto the world, and within it set a goblet. He bade mankind drink. But the hand that held it out showed them no fingers gilded with glass jewels. He trod sturdily, evenly. Naught could upset Him. He met the lion and the wren, and gave them both His blessing.

His shoulders were broad. He could laugh at a pleasantry.



He looked upon the world and said, "I must so live My life that if all other men were like unto Me, the earth would hold no Problem."

Even death could not blanch Him.

THEY tell me that stormy seas obeyed Him. Is there marvel in that? . . . He commanded His own spirit and the weathers bowed in reverence. He opened the floodgates of His wrath on Mammon, but His strength was confined to upsetting of tables.

He took a child upon His knee and blessed it—perhaps He admired the rag about its finger—yet He talked to the harlot in terms of her charges.

There was graciousness in both!

Yet Little Men have painted me His portrait. They have whittled Him down to the scope of their terrors. They have offered me His figure, bowed upon a hill, put blisters on his feet . . . or have sent Him to a funeral to sob at Lazarus' corpse.

At the scene in the Garden, He finds tired folk sleeping. His complaint is the complaint of Little Men. In similar predicament, they would long for companionship.

AND then the Cross! . . .

Was it a thing of wood, to tilt with the weight of a sallow body? Did He walk toward it with a halting in His knees, His lip perspiring, a sickening curdle in His stomach as He felt His robes jerked from Him? Yet those would have been the Little Men's reactions.

I behold my Lord stepping with calm, majestic stride up to that meeting with His destiny.

He wore His nakedness with dignity.

I see mighty muscles swelling down His arms—arms that might have felled in contest any soldier wearing Caesar's breastplates.

I discern Him noting a frightened baby's cry among those awestruck watchers, a cry mother-hushed as the soldiers were handed the spikes of Jewish lecheries.

I see my Lord laying Himself down gracefully, as He had been gracious in all other acts of life. It was the body of a marcher on hard roads that balanced itself for nailing on that crude particulum.

The Roman soldier did not have to yank out His arm to straighten it and pin it with his knee. My Lord stretched out His own arm,

of a fearless self-volition. He might have studied the soldier's face with interest as the servitor of Caesar knit himself to do the hellish hammering.

There was one long breath that conquered Pain! ✠ ✠

The Roman soldiers strained beneath the Cross, to get it from the ground and keep its burden balanced.

That was the first instant of my Lord's Ascension. Doubtless He pitied them, going to such child's play to prove that men were mortal.

The world has pity for a wounded body drooping from crossed timbers—for that is the way of the world, to consider only the mangling that is physical.

Doubtless my Lord was glad that the earthly encasement was ending now in Victory. He was free at last to go and come upon more trenchant business.

It is an annoying thing to be a human. Its luxuries are so tawdry, its ecstasies compounded of such specious necromancies. My Lord was ready for the Vaster Mission!



MY LORD was a God!

He sat on a hill overlooking the city and said: Jerusalem, it goes well with thee. I am happy in thy commonness. Thou art living thy life and thy day hath been goodly. Thou hast known the sweat of toil. Thou hast bargained and made profit. What doth it matter that mankind preferreth the shekel to the sermon? Thou hast used thy Conscience. Experience hath come to thee. Tomorrow in the years thou shalt rise unto beatitudes. Mayhap I shall come again and find the chanting orisons. So take thy sleep, Jerusalem. Leave Me to My ponderings. I sit here in the Night and plan mansions for thy populace. Yet when it beholdeth them, it shall not know who built them. Their grace shall be My recompense, thy joy Mine exaltation!"

Thus my Lord would have said—because He was a Man!

And night would have mantled Him . . .

¶ Here is the climactic chapter in "The Door to Revelation"—the autobiography of the Editor of The Galilean—a Personal Yuletide Attestment . . .



A Near-View of the Great Galilean on a Western Desert Pullman

ONE MORE episode I have to record before I close this sequence. ¶ Again it concerns the Spirit. ¶ All through my boyhood I had been religious but never theological. If I thought of the After-life in terms of my father's dogma, it was fiercely to resent the idea that I had to spend eternity twanging away on an Irish zither or maybe roasting away on a griddle. For the personal character of the Great Teacher of Galilee I had always entertained a fraternal loving reverence. But there was nothing either religious or theological about it. It was a more personal relationship. True, I did not place much stock in the story that He had died for my sins. I saw no merit to me, that anyone should have died for my sins—no more than I felt called upon to be punished for the sins of others—emphatically not some ancient Adam! Vicarious Atonement was the philosophical escape of moral weaklings from an equally philosophical dilemma. If I were guilty of any sins sufficient to merit death, I was not afraid of doing my own dying.

It was not the Christ of the Cross therefore, who particularly appealed to me, but Christ the Counsellor, Friend, Instructor, and Wiser Elder Brother. Thousands of people, I often told myself, have fallen down elevator-shafts, had their legs cut off by locomotives, smashed into hurtling motorcars on Sabbath afternoons and flopped around in agony on asphalt pavements—suffering quite as painful deaths as being affixed for

a few hours to crossed beams of wood. If I had any penalties coming to me, I say, I preferred to stand up and take them for myself. . . . God made me that way.

These utterances are important because of what happened on a night as I crossed the Mojave Desert. . . .

RELIGION was encompassed for me in Ethics. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, venerate and emulate the beautiful, and give the other fellow an even break—this totaled my religious notions to the moment, although I plead guilty to being rather weak on the loving of the Lord part. I had never met the Lord up till then, nor seen any particular reason for steaming up affection for Him. If He was the God of the Jews who were making a shambles of Russia and a stink of Hollywood, and naught else, then He and I could manage to stagger along separately for a little while longer without much maudlin interchange of sentiment. Who was God, I say, that I should particularly love him? I translated loving God with the serenity of my childhood life in the village of East Templeton on summer Sunday mornings. All the same, I had read enough of the Neo-Platonists to realize that man's days were few in number and when his body died, it could be a long, long time to Resurrection. Maybe I was raised at the last trump and maybe I wasn't. A lot depended on who trumped the trump.

This was the condition of my heart and mind religiously, despite my hyperdimen-

sional experience in May, in bidding Helen goodbye at the train, waving adieu to Al Burke with Laska between both of them in the seat of my roadster at the Pasadena station, and being rolled smoothly down through the orange groves toward San Bernardino and Cajon Pass.

It was the fall of the year, the eucalyptus trees were growing heavy and leathery, California was as sear from its usual summer's burning as a cheap cigar. We got down around the San Bernardino curve in late afternoon, puffed up the Pass and gained to Victorville. Eastward for a day and a night then stretched the Mojave Desert—that vast spread of sand, emptiness and color that bound the Sierra Madres to the Colorado Rockies. I had made the trip a dozen times before. Not until the sun sank and the long lines of slanting beauty painted the Mojave with necromancy, did I lay aside my book and stare through the windows.

The world was exquisite as I watched the first stars of evening come out. The mountains were not mountains, they were summits of hazy uplands seen in dreams, made merely to catch supernal color and caress it. It was as though God had said, "See what I can do! . . . Do you like it?" And when one exclaimed at it, He said, "Wait a moment, let me show you something else," and He tried another lavish splash of tints and shades that did something more than impinging on the eye—it tremored the soul.

The evening wore on, the moon came up, the desert grew chill—I knew from the breezes, smoke-scented, that came in beneath the screens. A great ocean of ochre vacuity, the landscapes now were, with an ebon vault over them where the stars sagged down by reason of their weight. Eight o'clock came, nine, ten. I had gone forward into the club car after dinner. This coach now emptied.

Softly, soothingly, the great train clicked along through the void of aridity, past mesquite and lava ash, through thorn and yucca. The mountains had gone to sleep, their blankets deep mauve. The train ran so steadily that the coaches scarcely swayed. I remember that the negro porter cleaned the car for the night and turned out some lights. I sat browsing over Emerson. The porter finally went back through the train.

I was now the sole occupant of that big forward coach.

Then this thing happened! . . .

I had come to a certain page in Emerson's wondrous essay on the Over-soul. I had lowered my book. . . . What was the Over-soul? . . . Was there a vast, brooding, benevolent Consciousness that wrapt all humanity in Its heart? I asked. I asked earnestly. I wanted an answer.

I was not asleep. I was expecting what dramatically transpired.

It seemed as though that entire club coach was filled with a Presence!

Twice later in my life I would know that vibration, that stupendous and stunning flash of proximity to the Over-soul in Real. This was the first time. My whole being paused *to to*

I did not sense the car about me. I was unmindful where I was. Whether physically alone or with ten thousand persons, would have made no difference. I could not have been alone in those moments.

Out on a desert of the great southwest, on a train winding carefully through the starlit beauty of the night, I suddenly knew something, something tremendous! . . .

Jesus called Christ was not a Sabbath myth!

LIGHT, it was, that told me . . . a flood of vast Radiance immersing my soul, a fount crystal clear, sensuous as flame, pure as a mountain of green ice, lambent as a new-born star, old as Eternal Time out of the cache of the aeons, dear as my mother's sacrifice, tender as a woman's devotion, high as the dizziest crux of the zenith.

Jesus called Christ was not a Sabbath myth! He was not a theological postulation. He was not the Guess of ponderous savants. He was not an etching on the copper of the whimsical. He was not smug ethics on a salver, served with cracked ice and a bit of pious lemon.

He was livingly, radiantly, overwhelmingly real! *to to*

A rash came on my forearms where my sleeves were rolled up. My neck felt the brush of it. Shivers were playing up my back, across my groin, down the calves of my legs. Not shivers of terror but impulses to splendor, beauty so high and so deep and so wide and so rich that I wanted to sing with it. . . . All that I could do was to swallow in my throat.

Where had I been all my life? What had I

been doing with myself? What sort of truant had I played with my destiny? What sort of a commission had I been given, only to doubt the One who had given it?

I was hot. I was cold. I was surcharged with emotion. I was empty as a church. I was never calmer in my days.

I had nothing more to worry about!

DO NOT ask me how all this reached me. It was totally different from my adventure in Seven Minutes. That was dimensional. This was Pure Knowing. I had an overwhelming flood of supernal Consciousness, the call to an ennoblement, a desire to a valor. Let the foolish, the squeamish, the little chattering daws of men, peck at me curiously and say that this happened or that happened, or my subliminal self produced an illusion.

It was not illusion. It was Majesty, Humility, Desiring, Arriving! It was equipoise, heart's ease, lovely acquiescence to the Eternal, wherever and however the Eternal came in. It was letting down, halting, exquisitely releasing. It was the final and ultimate cessation of contest.

I knew a complete—an inexorable—a transcendent—peace! It reached me, it lifted me, it enfolded and cherished me. I say that it bore me outward and onward. But onward to what?

Jesus called Christ was not afar on some twinkling planet. He was not stalking some theological Valhalla, pleading for the sentenced. He was neither judge nor advocate. Men judged themselves.

Jesus called Christ was an Infinite Tenderness, yet withal a Proud Intellect, omnipotence gone personal. I knew that I did not have to strive and wrestle with cankerings any longer. I did not need to brawl with the world, to make faces at Destiny and dare it to chase me. I was the man I had wanted to be from the first. All things were real. All life was whole. The Celestial Flash had come . . . with the passing of mere minutes *✿ ✿*

What was the Over-soul, indeed?

The Over-soul was not something that one dusted off with brooms of philosophy; it was nothing to kodak and send a print to one's sister. It was a sublime sense of knowing, in that one was. It was living a part of it, breathing a fraction of it, thinking the blessing of it, pulsing as the acorn of life within the all-enfolding tree of it.

Christ was. I was. There was nothing more to fret about. If such were Patmos, then I knew how St. John felt about it when he returned from his island and bethought him to write a Book upon it before the details slipped his memory.

STARS and nights, and things forgotten and things known! . . . Loveliness beyond description, sweet tears and sweeter blessings from those who in blessing forever bless softly! . . . Nights and stars, and radiant beatitudes trembling from the galaxies! . . . Charmed paternosters, balms, balsams, and elixirs, missives of contentment lost on verdant hillsides and misnamed wild flowers; brooks that held within their singings the rolling pangs of oceans, the seven seas themselves! . . . old diadems and new crowns, argosies, ecstasies! . . . One night and the purity, one night and the Transition, one night and the eternal majesty of old worlds going out and new worlds coming in! . . . the zenith and the richness of it, the distance and the music of it! . . . One Night of Revelation!



Once there was a Star, and once there was a Manger . . . once there were Wise Men . . . once there were shepherds . . . Once those shepherds watched their flocks, and the hills and the murmuring pools were pregnant. . . . Suddenly was music! . . . The whole world rang with it! . . . Angels crashed an anthem and it flooded up the eons. . . . "Peace on earth! Enlightenment! Good will toward all those who behold with Clear Vision!"

I knew it all now. It was clear and untarnished, and uplifting, and triumphant . . . withal it was Tranquillity raised to the mission of a millennium, the surrender to Patience, the accolade of Mastership.

Do not try to tell me of The Carpenter! . . . I felt Him inquiring for me. . . . I breathed in His nobility. . . .

Patmos on a Pullman?

Perhaps. Perhaps. Stranger things have happened, and men have not marveled.

It was Spirit Triumphant believing its own.

The Cycle had maneuvered.

I had found a New Silence. . . .

I had gone through the Door! . . .

¶ If You Attained to the Status of a God in Your Own Right, Would You Still Do Your "Worshipping" in the Same Mortal Devoutness? . . .

Should Ignorance Be the Parent of Celestial Awe and Worship?



IT IS A fact, demonstrated on every hand, that the thing a person doesn't understand, he fears.

Looked at the other way about, whenever you or any other person fears a thing, it is purely and definitely because its nature or import baffles you or him. Nobody fears a thing which he knows all about; it conveys as well that human ingenuity is such that it will sidestep, avoid, or transcend whatever features may appear to be harmful—or it may also be said that knowing all about a thing permits us to supervise its exercise or expression so that baleful effects may be circumvented.

Human beings, over vast periods of cosmic time, going in and out of mortal bodies, have come to recognize that contact with any sort of natural force or mechanical process of itself was not injurious, but the human being's manner of involving himself in relation to it was so inept and artless that damage invariably resulted from it.

If the precise nature of the force or process was completely understood, the will to survive in an undamaged form would decree that the contact be managed in such a way that destruction of any type was impossible. As such understanding is chiefly derived from experimenting, however, and as experimentings can be costly to the point of fatality, man insures himself against harm by laying down a law to his vigilant subconscious. He says in effect: "Consider everything that has not been experimented with, to be destructive in some form and therefore to be shunned till its nature is known."

This instinctive shunning, pending investigation and knowledge of effects, is the thing known as Fear.

Fear is the caution signal which mind provides out of its own ineptness, that the spirit shall proceed slowly or not proceed at all, till the potencies of a process or of a situation have been determined to observing intelligence by some sort of demonstration.

To say that Fear is despicable therefore, as so many shallow philosophers are wont to do, is to say that inquiring or evolving Mind is despicable—or that Nature herself is despicable because she has decreed that investigation and experimentation shall act as the premise for all self-awareness.

FEAR then, is not the twin brother of self-preservation so much as its mentor, or its architect.

Self-preservation being a law of Nature, Fear is the instrument by which it is administered, or rather, the flanges of control by which it is achieved. Constantly we meet people in life who are instinctively fearful. They shrink from this or that, "just knowing" that somehow they are bound to be hurt. They are nervous, irritable, wince at undue noise or shock, and are so instinctively timid that we want to slap them. "They have the backbone of a jelly-fish," we say. "They dare not call their souls their own."

It is trite to say that such folk are ignorant—in the ordinary sense of being mentally stupid. Hordes of them are anything but stupid. Likewise to term them "over-sensitive," fails to explain their strange behavior. Over-sensitive to what?

The basic thing ailing such people—if anything can be said to “ail” them at all—is a cosmic memory of what has uniformly resulted when the desire to acquire knowledge has been indulged indiscreetly, or at too swift a tempo for the effects to profit easily. The overly-timid soul is one that in prior mortalities has plunged forward too recklessly or eagerly to investigate situations or processes that appeared on first glance to be rich lodes of knowledge. Not pausing, when pain or destruction resulted, to analyze the reasons for such immediate effects, it has swung to the opposite extreme and warned itself as a galvanic trait: “Anything that is not perfectly familiar to me will hurt me, so I will anticipate the hurt—and react with all the symptoms of it—before I actually feel it.”

It is begging the obvious to say that a person who is naturally fearful has been too often hurt. That is merely the mechanics of the process and not its essence. The better way to put it is to say that the person who is naturally fearful has been brash in his zeal to fling himself at life and when hurt has resulted has not stopped to grasp what was amiss in his own performance, that it failed to profit him pleasurably as he had been led to expect.

TOO LONG have we gone about blasting or censuring the timid as being cowardly—as though their cowardice was criminal—when actually the souls thus castigated have been guilty of nothing worse than wanting to clutch at life too greedily, absorb knowledge of whatever the universe might contain without stopping to allow themselves time for proper assimilation of their adventurings in eternity.

If the truth could be known, the timid person as he appears in any current life, has been precisely the opposite of cowardly, and is precisely the opposite of cowardly at present. He has “gotten that way” by trying to heighten his self-awareness at too fast a clip, rushing into tunnels and descending down shafts of experiences with utter inconsequence of regard as to what might result to his mortal vehicle, and being painfully bruised and battered on principle. And the same erratic behavior that has thus made him foolhardy, has similarly reacted to make him jump to the conclusion that no matter where he goes, or what he essays, he is bound to be injured anyway, so he antici-

pates the injury in his hourly reactions. Looking at such a one from his long cosmic record, he should be more commended than excoriated, more admired than blamed. As a matter of fact, he should the more properly be instructed—made to understand that any experience is valuable only as time-out is taken to consider and appraise it—and shown that what truly afflicts him is a flighty thoughtlessness. He is truly like an impulsive though no less lovable puppy that at first takes for granted that anyone it meets is its friend. It runs and leaps on such a one, and is surprised and grieved when its reception is a cuff for the muddy damage wrought by its paws.

The customary reaction on such a puppy is to develop a swift inferiority complex, decide that all humans mean cuffs on principle, and start sneaking around corners and under chairs with its tail beneath its legs, an utterly disillusioned and spiritless pooch. If it were possible for the puppy to reason at the time of the first cuff just why it had been so treated, or if the said pooch could have had it explained to him in the proper dog-language that the blow was not administered from brutality but to make it desist from soiling garments with stains from paws, then the pup's spirit might not become “broken.”



Life itself, however, in the case of humans if not of dogs, expects that somewhere along the gamut of painful experiences the constantly rebuffed soul will come to say to itself: “Why is such brutality of reprisal visited on me alone and not on all my fellows uniformly. Am I somehow different than they? If so, just wherein, and how far am I responsible?”

Right, there, true self-awareness is gaining to a bit of the recognition that life is provided to perfect.

Fearful, timid people have therefore reacted too far and perversely from the wholesome, educating experiences of existence and refused to discern that going slower in experi-

encing and taking more time to contemplate the permanent gains from each, gives a balanced sedateness to the character that makes the approach to each new trial or adventure less likely of mishap. We say that such contemplation, such poised restraint, "makes them less fearful." What we really mean is, that the gains from previous adventurings have been retained, to make the approach to greater adventurings more artful.

And what goes for the natural forces or mechanical processes in the finite world, applies doubly in considering the fecundities of Infinity.

For it is in the consideration of himself in relationship to the fecundities of Infinity that he evolves the notions of God and Religion.

AWE OF God, so-called, is usually naught but awe of all natural processes taken in the accumulate.

Some might argue that this is not precisely correct as a conclusion, that awe of God is awe of some vast acknowledged Creator responsible for the natural forces which earth exhibits. But a moment's thought reveals that we would gain to no cognizance of holding God in awe, excepting that what He set in movement had effect upon us physically—and thence mentally and spiritually.

Awe of God would be beyond any concept of ours unless something actually happened to us of an awesome aspect, or something exhibited a nature of such stupendous qualities that our own is dwarfed beside it.

So really it is the sensory result of what God has wrought or ordained, as it inflicts pain or pleasure on us personally, that gives any meaning to Awe at all.

Usually in contemplating one natural force or mechanical process, we feel only curiosity at its eccentricity and place ourselves in some sort of contact with it to learn what happens. It rarely occurs to us to mix God up with this single demonstration. But the moment we consider all the processes and all their demonstrations, we immediately are cowed, acknowledge the Might that is in the universe outside of ourselves, reason that such Might must somewhere and somehow have motivation, and acquire a titanic respect for it that eventually resolves itself to some form of propitiation. In the day-to-day world we name this Religion.

What we truly are doing, when we stop to give it thought, is mutely bemoaning our own littleness, our own punyness, our own helplessness, in comparison to the bigness, strength, and self-sufficiency of the universe as a wholeness.

Thus worship, considered of itself, is as much of a self-belittlement as it is of a diety adulation.

What we seem to be doing, when performing the mental exercise known as worship, is noting the bigness of natural processes—which we consider in terms of the Entity that projected them—the pettiness of ourselves, and the endeavor to reconcile or adjust the two in the realm of spiritual imagination.

NINE-TENTHS of worship, in whatever form we regard it, is Propitiation; the other one-tenth is plain Adulation—feeding what is supposed to be the vain conceits of the superior being in consideration at the moment. That truly superior beings have no conceits, having evolved above them, is childishly ignored. That beings truly worthy of worship would likewise be evolved beyond all need for propitiation, is something that is missed by most parties to these presents.

Only petty, inhibited mortals, deficient in some regard, feeling that they may have failed in their main life-errands, feed upon plaudits, acclaim, and hosannas as somehow assuring them that they are important. Truly important people have need for none of this; their profound spiritual development is its own confirmation.

The kings or potentates of old, who struck off the heads of those who refused to bow or kneel to them, were childishly demonstrating their own recognition that actually they were no better or bigger than other men excepting as they could force the bowed head or bended knee as index of their distinction.

They were ordinary mortals, making up for their spiritual commonness by enforcing powers which other men had not.

Truly big souls see only bombast in acknowledged mastership; privately they consider their roles mere servanthip.

Instead of conceit, their great trait is humility.

Christ was the earth's great instance of it! Truly great men, definite master-spirits, either frown on such churlish subservience

or read in the huzzahs of their adulators the secret urge to realize them personally. No man ever claps his hands at another man, or cheers at his appearance, or shouts in a demonstration to "honor" him, that he is not demonstrating subconsciously how he in turn would enjoy being treated if their situations were reversed. So the man who gives another being voluntary adulation must like it himself, since he is demonstrating a trait in his own nature by expressing it at all.

To declare that God wants perpetual "praise" is assuming somewhat bombastically that He cannot be very far removed above the mortal. In other words, God must be what our mortality depicts, chiefly because we are mortal as a limitation.

Perhaps it is true that God no more wants praise from mortals than a human being hurrying to fill a grocery basket wants "praise" from three thousand ants journeying along a rut in the bricks of the sidewalk.

The really developed man is a trifle bored by praise—praise for its own sake—and when it is given to propitiate or adulate him, is more or less disgusted. Yet there are those who will think it blasphemous to suggest that the Creator may be equally developed in His omnipotence to where praise, propitiation, laudation, would actually insult Him!

Is the idea somewhat startling?

Let us remember that popular conceptions of the God depicted for us in the Bible were derived from the spiritual conceivings of a race of barbaric Israelites, whose idea of grandeur was material opulence. Any peoples' god is merely the mass idea of their predominant traits personalized and subsequently deified.

AS MAN progresses upward, out of the Piscean Age and into the Aquarian, he will not detract from the true grandeur of Deity by seeking to pull God down into a magnification of himself, but to raise himself up so that his own spirit becomes more God-like.

And he does that most effectively when he beholds Fear for what it is in the evolution of Self-Awareness, and applies it to the vaster design of Celestuality Incarnate.

For four thousands of years it has been the Jewish way to envision God as the pompous and somewhat spleenish rabbi. Now the world seems to be putting off things Jewish

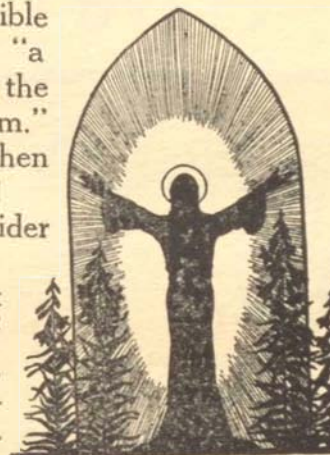
as a program, abandoning that peculiar people to their jealousies, hatreds, plottings, and spyings, and envisioning things spiritual with the Eye of the Spirit—a term which the Jew has difficulty in comprehending.

The Jewish God of the Old Testament is a materialistic potentate transferred to abide in aerial regions.

The Father of the Aryans is an omnipresent Spirit "nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet."

That, in Jewish ideology, is gibberish.

THE Talmudic Bible contends that "a Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Well, perhaps. Then again, perhaps not! We must first consider Fear in this regard as we considered it as a shunning of something baleful, pending full investigation of permanent effects.



If we want to admit that it is most pleasing to the Creator, and most ennobling for ourselves, to "worship" God in grubbiest ignorance, then why should we not, by the same token, worship the north wind, the aurora borealis, the cloud of locusts that devour the wheatfields, the hurricane that beaches a thousand ships?

We cannot explain why these things happen, we only know that they do happen because we perceive or experience their effects. Man in this New Age must stop worshipping Size and Phenomena in terms of his own smallness and mediocrity.

Religion isn't a bowing down; it is a Coming Up!

And Fear only has its place in the ensemble in that it forces a more profitable examination of the ineptness of the Self!

Why we should perpetually regard religion as something having to do with sorrow or terror, instead of joy and exaltation, can be accounted for only by the Jewish origin of Christianity—the "wailing" of "lost" souls for their godless condition. Christians ought to have better sense.

There is nothing in their religion to wail about. Why not make it a vent for joy and exuberance?

¶ What the Jewish Folklore Writers Didn't Know about the Vast and Terrible Incarnation of the "Son of God" to "Redeem" Humankind from a Great Abomination . . .

Why Should the Great Avatar Have Come into Flesh at All?..

THE MOST peculiar trait of the fundamentalist is, that he has arrived at fixed conclusions in the matter of the Christ incarnating in physical flesh. He affects to know all about it, and render the final word as to why it should have happened.

It came about, according to the fundamentalist, as the result of a sort of feud between divine Providence and man. God put man upon the earth-plane and gave him certain adjurations regarding the eating of the fruit of trees.

Man's feminine half listened to the beguilement of a certain python and ate of such fruit. Further she gave her "husband" to eat. This hapless victim swallowed the fruit and declared it to be of excellent quality. Next day a Supernal Being got after both with a red-hot sword and chased them out of Eden before they grasped what it could possibly be about. Because man had "sinned" persistently up over the ages, some sort of compensation was required for the malfeasance. Therefore, explains the fundamentalist, Jesus the Christ came to earth—a sinless man and the only begotten Son of God—and allowed Himself to be butchered for nothing at all, by reason of which the sinnings of Eve and Adam were adjusted and man assured of divine benefaction.

Having gotten the business all sorted out and rationalized to his personal satisfaction—which is the satisfaction of the smug but blatant ignoramus—the fundamentalist goes home to his family of a Sunday noon-time, eats fried chicken and dumplings, says a

prayer in appreciation of his own sanctimony and awakens Monday morning to skin his neighbors and add to his assets by foreclosing on all widows within the scope of his operations.

For nearly two thousand years, such has been the "reasoning" of historians on the Galilean Drama.

That the whole hypothesis is as childish and meaningless as it is erroneous, and that the Christ Drama partakes of quite something else, is something that the average mortal of the present has to wait for the "death" experience to have revealed to him. Jesus known as "Christ" did not incarnate in material atoms for any such pointless business. Jesus known as "Christ" came into physical form as the result of a vast abomination millennia ago, volunteering to counsel and "resurrect" humanity by the faultlessness of His life as an inspirational exposition, back into the aspects of its original godhood.

The story of the Great Avatar, and why He incarnates in the fleshly form every 2,157 years, is a manifestly different story—and motivation—than the infantile fable that distinguishes the initial book in the Jewish "holy" Scriptures . . .

PEOPLE who have studied deeply into cosmic fundamentals, have had it expounded to them that back over the ages when our physical planet had taken its final shape, it forthwith started to develop certain indigenous forms of self-motivating life out of sea-water. Every planet does the same. It is the automatic result of chemical conditions. These indigenous forms of life

gradually evolved upward from oceanic origins to existence on land, and the breathing of oxygen as a means of sustenance. If they had been let alone, they would have gone on evolving in their own way and pattern to—we know not what.

But according to the most ancient akasic records, there came through interstellar space and reposed here at about the time of our planet's original composition, a great "migration" of celestial spirits who seemed to have been wandering around the universe to learn what they could of divine munificence by capricious discovery.

Theosophy after a fashion concerns these migratory or nomadic spirits, though it refrains from describing the mischief they caused upon coming within the aura of the newly-created earth-world.

Coming within the aura of the earth and perceiving what was going on here in the way of creation, they forthwith decided to linger for a period and see what it gained them . . .

THE INDIGENOUS creations of earth were acquiring materialistic bodies after the pattern of evolution on every planet. They seem to have been more or less bisexual as to character—each created entity. That is, each held it within his own unit to reproduce his kind from its own organism. These migratory or nomadic spirits observed what was going on in the earth's arena of creation and decided that they wanted "in" on it. In other words, they decided to become a part of it, to create for themselves material organisms and to settle down among the indigenous forms of earth-life as co-residents. That meant they must contrive to cohabit with these earth-forms, but to cohabit as sexual partners they must have physical bodies of their own.

So they proceeded to acquire such physical bodies for sexual function. They produced them by the powers of Concreting Thought. In other words, they clothed their spiritual essences with substantial ectoplasm, after the wisdom that they had acquired in other Time-Space Frames of the universe, and as such began to "woo" the feminine elements in these indigenous earth forms in order to relieve the tedium of their celestial predicament.

NOW THERE is a rare and astounding paper, said to be preserved in the Brit-

ish Museum, which affects to tell of the status of indigenous life on this earth and its development, at the period when the nomadic spirits made their supernal journey across interstellar space. It remained there as a curiosity of metaphysical doctrine until a night in February of 1929, when without the slightest indication of its great significance, the text of its intelligence was "dictated" to the Recorder of the Golden Scripts as a reliable basis for the Liberation doctrine and philosophy.



According to these two narratives, one originating in India and the other transcribed in California, indigenous life on this planet at the time of the nomadic influx had arrived at the pattern of the cat forms. Therefore did the vast hordes of nomadic spirits proceed to fashion themselves substantial bodies in the feline forms also and begin to go to and fro on this earth-plane as great cats themselves, soliciting propagation with the life-forms with which they came into contact.

The peculiarity of the cat—which is remarked upon as distinct from all other brute creations of the present—derives from this circumstance: that the feline species is aware of its indigenous development and its integrity as an evolutionary product and has a definite personality of its own. Had the nomadic forms not violated this integrity, we do not know to what lengths the feline forms would have proceeded or developed . . .

Anyhow, the most profound treatises of antiquity reveal unto us that the nomadic forms materialized physical bodies and offered themselves as conjugal "partners" to these indigenous feline forms. It was the commencement of that great "abominatory" or Sodomitic sequence that was brought to its end by the legendary account of the blastings of fire on Sodom and Gomorrah.

The cat forms were violated and terrified by this vast unnatural cosmic cross-breeding,

and the explanation has it that their ferocity toward man in the present harks back to an ancient time when the Group Soul of the felines recognized what happened. The rationalizing is so frail on this point, however, that we can ignore it for present expositions.

WE DO know, however, that up and down the Nile Valley, as well as in many other parts of the post-diluvian universe, there are creations depicted as Sphinxes—that is, animalistic presentations with the bodies of cats but heads of humans. They do not seem to be heads of humans actually. They are rather heads of apes. Because, we are instructed, this ghastly thing happened—

In process of time after these nomadic spirits had raised maximum mischief in cohabitating with the cat forms, they took note of further evolutions of indigenous spirits in the patterns of the primates. You can get the complete account of this evolutionary work-out in Darwin, Wallace, and other naturalists.

It must have occurred to these nomadic spirits, absolutely irresponsible in their capricious occupypings of flesh, that the evolving ape-forms were far preferable as physical vehicles to the vehicles of the felines. So they gradually shifted over. They commenced to incarnate in the forms of the primates and repudiate feline forms altogether.

These sphinxes which we find all over the earth would seem to commemorate this great change of celestial life, from the feline to the primate.

At any rate, after the passing of more millennia, we discover—or are told so—that the order of nomadic spirits adopted the bodies of the apes and proceeded to cohabit with them in turn. Creation was going all awry. Something drastic had to be done about it.

THE "SOMETHING" that was decided upon, by the celestial councils that preside over the evolutions of denizens of planets, was, that these nomadic spirits should be penalized for their capricious and mischievous carnal vices by inducting into their social orders still a third classification of celestial entities that should affect to unsmarl these cosmic confusions.

The nomadic spirits, in other words, had to undo the mischief they had voluntarily

created. It was decided that the earth-planet should be purged of all forms of physical life by fire and flood. Thereafter species were to be ordered inviolate to all but their own orders.

Whether the Quain-Habal catastrophe, or the collusion of the twin planets between Mars and Jupiter that sent a fiery fragment to wrap itself about the earth planet and knock it half a degree off its orbit—laying down the celebrated North American "drift"—was the first of these, and the Flood of Noah the second, we have no means of proving.

But we are solemnly instructed that the earth was renovated, and that throughout all time-passages since, species have been required to mate with species, and in the event that they do not, the progeny has been unable to reproduce itself. We have an illustration of this in animalistic forms of the present.

We can breed the donkey with the horse today and get the mule, but the mule as a species cannot reproduce itself . . .

WITH THE evolutionary earth-forms all messed up, and necessity existing for nomadic forms to fight back to their own cleanness of creation, we come to the introduction of the Great Reincarnational Hypothesis. In other words, these nomadic forms had to go into life again and again and gradually evolve up and out of their bestial predicament.

We are instructed that 144,000 denizens of remote Time-Space Frames came into the planetary aura under the leadership of a Master Avatar, who betook it upon Himself to show the nomadic spirits how low they had fallen, and to what heights they could rise if they but consecrated their serried worldly careers to attaining it.

In one zodiacal "sign" after another we discern the personality of this Master Avatar in the "leader" of this expositional horde, who bargained with Cosmic and Divine Beneficence to take this planet over and "redeem" it. Every 2,157 years He would inject His sublime spirit into a fleshly body and "appear" among men for a given ministry. Gradually, by the example which His transcendent life afforded, He would beguile the nomadic spirits up and out of their unspeakable abominations and turn their thoughts and energies toward regaining the "lost godhood" that they had relinquished

during the dilemma of Sodomie debaucheries. Of course, the last appearance of this Master Avatar was the incarnation of the Man Jesus in Galilee and Judea, some 1941 years bygone . . .

ALL THROUGH Holy Writ runs the scarlet thread of a great abominatory mystery—the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the purging of the earth by Flood, the constant adjurations of the Christ to men to reach up and reclaim their “lost godhood.” The parable of the Prodigal Son is naught but a folklore tale of this beseechment.

Every 2,157 years therefore, under each zodiacal sign, the Great Avatar comes back and offers humanity an exemplary life as witness of what can be achieved when its abominatory practices are eschewed.

In the lamaseries of India there are said to be records of the “crucifixions”—of deaths by violence—of sixteen “Christs” . . .

Of course, those of us who are adept in such mystic matters know that these pertain to the One Master Avatar.

WHEN THE claim is made, therefore, in holy writ and elsewhere, that “the Father hath given Me this planet into My keeping,” there is a merit involved that has little or nothing to do with divine caprice. The Master Avatar—whom we know in His last incarnation as Jesus the Galilean—was allotted the province of “redeeming” this particular solar satellite and its residents from its past excesses in the vilest of abominations.

Every zodaical sequence, 2,157 years in length, He comes back and incarnates, to present the supernality of His life and attainments as a standard for the nomadic folk of the earth-octave to aim at, and emulate.

If you want the complete story of this terrific “abominatory period” you can get it by applying for the full literature pertaining to the Galilean Doctrine . . . Particularly will you find references to it in chapters 85 and 165 of the Golden Scripts.

And along with Him ever incarnates a great host of His celestial colleagues and intimates, the Lesser Avatars, described in chapter 79 of the same tremendous little volume.

When Jewish folklore was compiled into the “Books” or Scriptura, the true mecha-

BETHLEHEMS NOW

Who were those shepherds who saw the strange Star?

What were the words of their fears?
Where did they go when that trip to the Inn

Showed them the Babe of the Years?
What did they say when they walked from the yard?

How was their tale told at home?
How could they grasp that the Star they had seen

Would outlight world-pylons of Rome?

What do we now to watch flocks in our times?

What of such Stars in today?

What of the Wisemen whose camels are Fords,

Whose paths to fresh Christs mean a fray?
What if WE heard such Hosts of High Night,

Would our own hearts be flexed in a bow?
It isn't the wonders of legend that count,
It's adoring Nativities NOW!

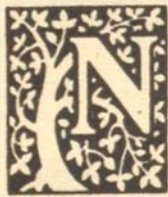
nism of all this cosmic occurrence was either deliberately deleted or altered. The earthly presentation of Christ introduced Him as a prospective historical figure, the anticipated messiah of the Chosen People, who was to lead them in worldly vanquishment of their Gentile neighbors—a petty Mussolini of a sort, instead of painting Him as the true Avatar of the aeons who had “paused for a little time in eternity” to renovate the fearsome condition into which earth-society had plunged as result of the antediluvian excesses of Abomination and Sodomy . . . The real Christmas Story is more, therefore, than a Palestinian incident. It is greater and grander than anything which purblind Fundamentalism has conceived to date.

Know the true story of what strange conditions produced the Three Orders of incarnated beings upon this terrestrial sphere and Christology becomes an infinite and stupendous process of very actual salvation—salvation from unspeakable beasthood.

But alas, only the Christ's colleagues and intimates have the spiritual stamina to examine the facts!

¶ For Nineteen Centuries Christianity Has Been a Religion of Sorrow Because of Its Jewish Background—What Have Christian Gentiles To Do with Jewish Cosmic Tragedy? . .

“Joy to the World, The Lord Has Come . . .”



IPPON, more popularly known as Japan, is the most civilized and cultured nation in the Orient.

To the provincial American, the fact that Japan is located in the Orient and not nominally Christian, makes the kingdom of the Mikado, “pagan.” To the debased type of American, religiously she is more than pagan. She is “heathen.” The American who is more or less dispassionate in his theological prejudices, however, cannot travel long in Japan, or enter into theological discussion with the Nipponese, without being confronted by this challenge—

“Why is your Christianity,”—meaning Christianity of any denomination—“a religion of sorrow?”

The American Christian will be jolted by that. Ten to one it has never been brought home to him that his theology is a religion of sorrow. But the “heathen” Japanese will not miss it, and when the proper camaraderie of confidences is established, he will press for an answer. And what answer, forsooth, hath the Christian to make?

WHEN the writer of this article went to Japan, in 1917, investigating the effectiveness of foreign missions in the Orient, this was one of the first complications that engaged his attention.

“Why do you Christians bring us a religion of sadness?” the Japanese philosopher demanded ✻ ✻

“But it is not a religion of sadness,” this author defended. “It is a religion of joy, of gratitude, of thanksgiving for the goodness of Divine Providence.”

“Then why don’t you Christian mission-

aries give some evidence of it in your creed?” was the retort. “You come to us declaring that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life. That should be cause for joy and exaltation. But you call your God, a ‘Man of Sorrows,’ and in every line and implication of your religious doctrine, you preach of the sinfulness of man and the wrath of Providence. Everything is Jealousy, and Fear, and Vengeance and Punishment. You offer us heaven for good deeds done in the flesh, but if we have had no opportunity to do good deeds, or have made mistakes in our mortal sojourn, you tell us in the next breath that a terrible state of fire and brimstone yawns for us, and we shall be consigned to it unless we do not believe in your Savior. It is all so unpleasant. To us, religion is something to sing about. We are very glad to be the children of the Holy One. We cannot conceive a God who is evil enough to hold feelings of wrath, or vengeance, or jealousy.”

The conscientious Christian does some real thinking when he gets the Oriental viewpoint ✻ ✻

Then suddenly, if he be a real student of theological fundamentals, it dawns upon him how disastrously he has let his religion become prostituted to the morbidness and nostalgias of Judaism ✻

JESUS incarnated in the geographical center of the several tribes of Israel in the obvious effort to “redeem” them from their unwholesome and unhallowed concepts of place in the divine scheme of things.

The Israelites were a backward and retrograde people. Opinion is still divided as to

whether—considered in the cosmic sense—they are souls that have climbed the celestial grade and turned backward from the demands that spirituality has made upon them, or whether they are souls indigenous to earth who have yet to acquire the spiritual principles in their evolution up the worlds. Perhaps they are both, taking them as members of a great negative occult society, secret in its designs on those less inhibited. That is to say, perhaps the so-called Jewish race is composed of souls that have found the spiritual ascension too hard to pursue, and are individually slipping back to Everlasting Namelessness, while incarnated in the same race are those who have yet to assimilate the spiritual awareness that distinguishes the "Sons of God." At any rate, Jesus known as Chrystos came among them in the flesh and attacked them openly for their apostasy, their hypocrisy and their spiritual licentiousness. He became the world's original Nazi in this, that He indicted them from the street corners to their faces and named them specifically as of "the Synagogue of Satan."

Their method of treating with Him was to kill Him. It is the instinctive Jewish reaction. To exterminate the "enemy" is the obvious way of ridding themselves of jeopardy from outstanding individuals. Of course they demonstrate by this how little they know of the processes of Cosmos—an argument in favor of that school which contends the Jew to be an indigenous species that has yet to imbibe the divine spiritual particle. People "killed" in the flesh by no means are exterminated spiritually.

However that may be, the Son of Man got Himself born of parents in Bethlehem of Judea, and lived—according to legend—in Nazareth of Galilee until His thirtieth year. In that year, He allowed Himself to be baptized in the Jordan of His cousin John, and started out inveighing against the Sanhedrin Judaists, like any American Silvershirt. When the Jews had brought about His 'liquidation,' the religion which grew in strength as result of His precepts twenty-five to fifty years later, offered a serious competition to Judaism and the Ebionites began to preach far and wide that no one could become a real convert to the new creed without first demonstrating that he had become a good Judaist.

But in the whole of it, the typical Jewish "Wailing Wall" psychology had become infiltrated.

All life was loss, and sorrow, and disappointment and disillusion. At the end the "grave" awaited—a destination of coma or torment.

What the real Christians of the time seemed to miss, and millions of Christians since have not realized, was that Jewish hopelessness at a cosmic racial—or spiritual—dilemma was prostituting a vast ethical inspiration. The Jew's typical attitude toward life is one of despair. He acquires this despair-dementia from his own spiritual deficiencies or inhibitions. Subconsciously he seems to recognize what his status is, amid the worlds, and yet instead of rectifying his status, he does little but screech about it. His Wailing Wall in Jerusalem is part of his moral and spiritual psychology. He seems to regard himself instinctively and subconsciously as a "lost soul," and hence everything that he touches must contain its smear of hopelessness.

What have Christians to do with his dolour?



THE REPORT which we have from St. Luke—granted that it derives from any actual happening—has it that on the first Christmas night, when the watching shepherds beheld the Host in the heavens, the burden of their celestial harmony was "Joy to the world, the Lord has come!" The idea was plain that the earth-world had been blessed by Divine Providence anew by the incarnation of the Avatar who should help to raise it another notch in the cosmic elevation, that there was nothing but exaltation in the circumstance of this supernal Being's coming down into the "grinding and groaning of atoms" anew, that man in the physical octave might profit from the exhibition of His faultless life. In other words, there was no sorrow in the Nativity, there

was only causation for celestial—and mortal—ecstasy ✨ ✨

"Glory to God in the highest," sang the Heavenly Host, "and on earth, Peace, goodwill toward men!"

What could there possibly have been in such a proposal for anyone to wail about?

The oriental "heathen" cannot see it. The only person who sees it is the Ebionite Christian of the present, who permits Judaism to color and depress his religious notions, and who joins in the cosmic predicament of the Judaist in proclaiming that all conscious activity is evil and vexation of spirit ✨ ✨

FOR two to four thousand years man has allowed himself to be hoodwinked into the notion that when he quits his mortal body he is going to be inducted into post-mortal precincts where his soul will be "judged" according to its deeds in the flesh.

It is antiquated paganism, all of it, the archaic notion derived from the Egyptians and the Persians—and later from the Greeks—that the souls of mortals at death go somewhere underground until the time comes when they merit "ascension." And yet we go into the psychical seance-rooms of the present, and we are given abundant evidence that no such hocus-pocus exists ✨ The souls of the discarnate "dead" are all about us, right here on this mortal octave, but devoid of bodily instruments. They converse with us, they give demonstrations of their validities, they tell us that nowhere in their posthumous status is there the slightest suggestion of consignment to either a heaven or a hell. They have simply shed their mortal envelopes and are out of touch with Matter as we know it. In all other aspects, they are men and women as they have always been.

In this state of physical discarnation, many of them attest that they have encountered Jesus. Few choose to discuss Him. On the whole it appears that He is too colossal in His ethical and moral grandeur to be discussed ✨ ✨

But the whole plane of spirituality is the plane of mortality devoid of material handicaps. The Jew, still clinging to his theological plagiarisms acquired first in Egypt and later in Babylonian Persia, originating nothing for himself, borrowing criminally as it suits his caprice, refuses to acknowledge

his cosmic dilemma. He screeches and he wails. His whole outlook toward life is one of despondency and despair. He insists that Christianity shall partake of his stupidity ✨ ✨

Millions of Christians, unaware of their serfdom to theological Judaism, follow his dementia and embrace salvation with a sob.

ALL of it puzzles the inquisitive Oriental. The inquisitive Oriental knows little or nothing about the Jew, his background, his influence, the effects he leaves behind him wherever he moves.

But the rational Christian, knowing his Judaism, refusing for a moment to be hoodwinked by its morbidness, comes along and cries: "What possibly lies in religion to be sorrowful about? As between the Jew and Jehovah there may be an agelong quarrel, but I, for one, refuse to be a party to it. God to my conception is too majestic to engage in squabbings with me, an earth-bound mortal. He has promised me celestial benefactions as I show I can merit them. The whole panorama of celestial attainment opens up to me. When I die out of my flesh, I shall find myself existing for a time in a light-pattern body. I shall inhabit this body in a finer octave of existence. Mayhap I shall die out of that in turn. But what if I do? Death of bodies is as natural as birth. I shall inhabit many bodies. I shall go on and on, climbing and improving. Up one far day I shall begin to approach the perfection of moral stature of the Man of Galilee Himself. And in that day and hour I am certain Divine Providence shall be as elated at my attainments as I shall be, myself. Do we really need panic, and wailing, and sorrow in any such stupendous cosmic evolution? I, for one, refuse to see it!"

IT IS a gross, lugubrious, distasteful, repellent note that the introvert Israelite has injected into these proposals of life and death. Let us view them for what they are. It is reported, perhaps mythically, that on the first Christmas night, the Heavenly Host sang carols of surpassing exaltation. Why should not that attestation suffice as the keynote of all Christian character?

Let us get some joy into our religion. The Great God loves us else He would never be so tolerant of our blunders and predicaments ✨ ✨



Was the Incident of the Three Wise Men at the Nativity an Exposition of those Diviners Who Come to Spy but Remain to Adore? . . .

“We Have Seen His Star, And Come to Worship Him . . .”

HERE is one phase of the Christmas legend that presents some interesting angles for examination. Three Wise Men appeared the natal night at Bethlehem.

The popular notion has it that they were Persian Magi, or Diviners, who had some sort of clairvoyant knowledge of the imminent birth of Christ and traveled a great distance from the East in order to pay their respects to the great “redeemer” of mankind 🌿 🌿

Strange to relate, this notion has been acquired mostly outside of the New Testament 🌿 🌿

Nine out of ten people are unaware that the Gospels of both Mark and John contain no references whatever to Christ’s miraculous birth. They start at once with His baptism by John and proceed to an account of His ministry 🌿 🌿

The statement regarding the appearance of the heavenly host is found only in fourteen verses in the second chapter of Luke. Strangely enough, there is no reference in Luke to the presence of any camel-riding easterners at the Nativity. That notion was made by Matthew, who touches briefly on the Wise Men as being the private spies of Herod. They came to apprehend the Babe and report to the potentate, but having located the holy mother and child, they decided against such monstrous move. They left gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh for the child, and departed into their own country “another way.”

Now Matthew’s account of these Wise Men presents a curious anachronism.

Matthew puts it—“When Jesus was born

in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem saying, ‘Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him’.”

THE sacred story has it that Herod was so worried by this suggestion—of a king being born to the Jews—that he contemplated the slaughter of all infants within the land which he governed so that this newly-born rival might not later become a menace to his sovereignty. It was to escape such a tragedy that Joseph was supposed to have fled with his wife and child into Egypt.

Strange to relate, however, there is no secular record of any such edict in either the Roman or Jewish archives of the period. Any Herod to which Matthew supposedly makes reference must only have been Herod Antipas, who was appointed tetrarch of Galilee and Perea some four years prior to Christ’s accepted birth. There was no Herod ruling over Jerusalem at the time of the Nativity, in the capacity of king, whose prerogatives would have allowed him to order the killing of Judean infants. One Archelaus, by the will of his father Herod the Great, founder of the Idumaeon family that had given the Romans so much trouble in Palestine, had secured the temporary office of ethnarch. But it was only upon understanding with Caesar Augustus that if he ruled well, he would later become king. He was, however, highly unpopular with his people and his six-year rule was marked by disturbances and acts of oppression. The situation became so intolerable that the

Jews appealed to Augustus, and Archelaus was sent into exile.

However, this terminology might have been simply a narrator's mistake in the employment of royal designations. What interests us most at the moment is that certain wise men came up to Jerusalem seeking the newly-born Christ, or the Christ about to be born, and when the potentate in Jerusalem heard of their errand, he employed them secretly to find the child and report back to him. But they did not execute their commissions.

THESE Wise Men, or Magi, if we examine the sacred text carefully, would seem to have beheld the Star in the East weeks or months before it appeared over Judea on the first Christmas night—assuming that it did.

The text tells us that they arrived in Jerusalem a considerable time prior to the Nativity and were apparently searching for the Child in that city, not being sure of its birth date. Archelaus—if he were the dignitary concerned—heard of their presence and sent for them, secretly arranging with them to report on the Child if their quest were successful ✠ ✠

Now Bethlehem as a village is only five miles southwest of Jerusalem. So that if the Wise Men did appear at the inn that first Christmas night, they must have come down from the North, and only five miles at that. And they came to spy and remained to adore. Perhaps it was from them that Joseph learned of the vindictive jealousy of Archelaus which caused him to flee with his wife and child down into the land of the Pharaohs ✠ ✠

At any rate, these Wise Men gave it out that they had seen Jesus' star "in the East," and the seeing of it prompted them to make the long camel trip into Trans-Jordan to be present when the divine birth occurred ✠ What we can the more reasonably accept was, that these so-called Wise Men were truly Persian astrologers who had figured a peculiar and significant juxtaposition of the planets for the Holy Night, and by working out the ephemeris of localities, concurred that the sacred event should take place somewhere in the Jerusalem vicinity. The early gospel writers, either knowing nothing of astrology, or having little or no sympathy with it, made their reports seem as though

their Magi had witnessed the brilliance of a literal star, which moved before them till it rested over Bethlehem. Practically, what those Magi obviously said was, that they had "seen by the eastern stars" that this great event was due to take place, and had made the trip westward in order to prove up on their findings.

Certainly had a literal star appeared to them in Persia, of sufficient luminosity to guide them the four or five hundred miles across into Palestine, it would have been seen by tens of thousands of common folk and gotten unmistakable recording in the archives of the time. The description of it would not have been confined solely to the sacred texts of the Christian religion.

Moreover, if those Wise Men did see a star somewhere over in Persia, and it actually guided them across the wastes of the Arabian desert, what became of it during those days when they were scouring Jerusalem or being received by the ethnarch, Archelaus? The astrological explanation is the far more logical ✠ ✠

THESE Wise Men declared they had seen Christ's star "in the East." That of itself marked them as Persians. Furthermore, Persia at the time was the traditional "home of magic" and divination. It is from the word Magi in the Persian that we get our English word "magic."

Although variously defined, the words "magic" and "divination" are so often used indiscriminately, or with the meaning of one shading off into that of the other, that accuracy of definition is difficult.

Magic, however, properly had to do with the use of objects or actions to produce, through influence over the "spirits" or djinn, physical effects contrary to the natural order. In one respect therefore, it resembled a crude form of science, while in another it approached the sphere of religion.

"Magic" rites were often imperfect prayers or external forms through which the deity was to be moved. "Divination" on the other hand was an effort, without disturbing the natural order of events, to learn what that order would be. Therefore it was closely akin to prophecy, and in many of its forms, as it became highly developed, approximated the work of the seer or true prophet. Yet the diviner might still resort to magic rites to accomplish his purpose.

THE MOST fully developed systems of either magic or divination were found in Egypt and Babylonia.

It has long been a moot question whether the Hebrews borrowed theirs from one or the other. Undoubtedly they borrowed plenty from the Babylonians during the exile, but they had a strong background for earlier forms derived from the Egyptians among whom they alleged they resided for so long. Some Hebrew magic was, of course, indigenous, inasmuch as discarnates must have made themselves manifest in those far-off times as they attempt to do in the seance rooms of today.

Correlative terms for Magic and Divination were Sorcery and Soothsaying. These two words implied simply a lower grade of the occult than the former, and were generally used when the practices were prohibited.

The word Magic carries with it an element of superiority, just as Divination might be regarded as legitimated by the results which it sought.

Sorcery in every instance was resorted to when people desired the accomplishment of some purpose that was counter to morality or religion, while soothsaying has always pertained to an unholy desire to peer into the unseen world of the future. The soothsayer might, of course, be a sorcerer.



THE HEBREW legislation was emphatic in its condemnation of all that pertained to those arts and prescribed the most drastic punishment for them. The early Israelites condemned all "witches"—or mediums, as we would term them today—to death, in which attitude the Hebrew law was quite in conformity with the laws of surrounding nations. The Code of Hammurabi, some 2,000 years before Christ, in its very first paragraph, legislates against witchcraft. The reason for this was, that such practices were deemed to be contrary to the general social welfare. The man who sought the sorcerer was endeavoring to gain an advantage over

his fellowman, and consequently was regarded as a sort of public enemy. The danger was, that he might eventually break up the clan or tribe, or even upset the national life, by arraying unseen powers against it.

Such an effort too, meant forsaking the national god, and was therefore to be classed with idolatry.

The more accurate truth of the matter probably was, that the petty potentates who ruled these ancient peoples refused to tolerate persons in their kingdoms who might develop a bit of an edge on the prevailing dynasty by means of psychical communication. Given enough opposition from the discarnate world, the monarch and his court might lose their supremacy. So, in a measure, the indulgence in, or encouragement of, any form of phenomena became a crime of a political nature, even more than spiritual although it is hard to tell where one left off and the other took over.

When the people of Jerusalem once found themselves in the most serious straits, they turned instinctively to the powers of the unseen world for help, and thus were pronounced guilty of ignoring their God.

This, like other efforts of the kind, testified to the deep-seated desire of humanity to find some sort of a sympathetic—meaning immediate—response from a power greater than human, and as God often seemed too august and far away to be a practical help, lesser powers were turned to who were felt to be more accessible and perchance more closely allied to humanity. In this respect, Israel was at one with the larger world of today.

ARCHELAUS, the temporary ethnarch, would have been under no such Jewish inhibitions, however, at retaining three traveling astrologers or diviners from Persia to comb the city or adjacent countryside in search of a miraculous babe who was supposed to grow to manhood and unseat his family dynasty.

The strange part in the whole of it, as previously mentioned, was the fact that all this necromantic subterfuge incident to the Nativity, was not considered of sufficient importance to be included in the Gospels of Mark or John.

Furthermore, after the Wise Men visitation is described, we are told that these three Per-

sian astrologers left their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh and departed into their own country, whence they were never heard of again. There is not even indication that they reported the Bethlehem incident in Persia when they got there—the whole narrative making the rational Christian wonder what practical profit was extracted from their trip.

Nowhere in any Persian accounts do we have reports of any Wise Men coming back from the Jerusalem vicinity and declaring of their presence at the birth of the great progenitor of Christianity. Of course it is true that Jesus did not come to maturity till thirty years afterward. In other words, three decades would have had to lapse before it could be known, in Persia or anywhere else, whether Jesus was the great progenitor of a world-wide new religion or not. There would only have been the unsupported word of the Three Diviners to take for it meanwhile.

Although the same Magi attendance is described in the same way in the Zend-Avesta, it nevertheless contributes to a pretty Christmas legend.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE rationalist, viewing the whole composition, taken as we find it in the Gospels, wonders from its beginning to its close, just who was present at these happenings to render so minute an account of them generally.

Looked at in the light of modern newspaper reporting, we realize that some scribe or compiler would first have had to enjoy a close acquaintance with Joseph and his family—particularly Mary, Jesus' mother. The lady's most intimate thoughts and fears are recorded for our edification prior to her delivery ❀ ❀

Thereupon, the Bethlehem sequence being arrived at, we are introduced to the shepherds who beheld some cosmic wonder in the heavens. The shepherds, we can assume, were ignorant or unlearned men, without pencils or paper to hand to take down the exact words of the heavenly host. Yet somehow we have recorded for us precisely what those stockmen heard spoken in anthem from high above their heads. That gets into the narrative as though they likewise had been most carefully interviewed. That makes two interviews ❀ Then appear the Three Diviners on the

scene, and they too presumably gave out interviews. They had recognized from imminent juxtapositions of stars in the Persian skies that a new religious teacher was about to be born into the world and had made the trip to Jerusalem to witness it as approximately as they could. They must also have tattled on the espionage proposition of Archelaus before heading straight east across the Arabian desert for the return journey home.

Yes, the dependable origin of all this narrative matter leaves us puzzled and not a little curious as to who the chronicler may have been to get all these details correctly and in such explicitness. If we want to allow that one Disciple Matthew was the chronicler, then he must have done it from hearsay, because we must remember that Matthew too was about the same age as Jesus, and would have been an infant himself at the period ❀ ❀

WHAT we do not want to overlook in the sentiment of it is, that like many other incidents in early Scripture it probably had an entirely rational basis, just as events of today that will be decorated with necromancies a thousand years hence, have rational bases in happenings of the present.

The neglect to build everything sentimental upon a literal happening, injects a spurious or unsound girder into the structure of many an otherwise dependable doctrine. Then in time of great spiritual stress, the sentiment as a sentiment fails to stand up. After all, it should be the fundamental of all doctrine that nothing occurs in universal cosmos that it is not legitimate for us to examine, analyze, and rationally understand ❀ ❀

UTTER wisdom effects utter goodness, because the truly wise person perceives the disastrous reactions of so-called evil practices—or practices indulged in without a comprehensive knowledge of their places in Cosmos ❀ ❀

And the mystical Wise Men are no exception to the rule! Let us remember that Christ's Star by no means set on that first Christmas night. It has been shining with ever-increasing luminosity over the ignorance-darkened world ever since.

But too often the eyes of the ignorant are holden, and do not see and admit it!

¶ Are You One of Those Who Cannot Bear to Have Religious Error Exposed Without Viewing Such Examination as Subversive Atheism? . . .

Shutting the Mind to Truth Because Error Is Traditional . .



ANY philosophers over many centuries have subscribed to the sophistry that Religion is not something to be examined; it is something to be believed. The implication is,

that given sets of people have spiritual aspirations that they cannot contrive to gratify in their worldly lives, so they proceed to set up a structure of moral fantasy and treat it as though its essence were actual. Somehow it never seems to occur to these unsatisfied mortals that if they would go to work to clear religion of its superstitions and pure spiritual suppositions, they would have something that was not only reliable as to cosmic fundamentals but fulfill all the hungers of their souls as well.

Sincere students of true celestialty find more wonders and fecundities in the actual terms of conditions of Almighty Providence, as modern mysticism is turning them up, than anything that can be conjured up out of man's hectic imagination.

In other words, the Truth is more marvelous and prolific of consolation than anything which entirely mortal prelates have substantiated for Truth.

The trouble is, that certain religious notions become projected into human society and mortal thought, usually in result of some great spiritual philosopher's earthly ministry among this or that people, and passing unchallenged over a series of generations, they become incorporated into the folklore and culture of the race. Necromantic or even viciously erroneous though they may be, whoever then proceeds to challenge them is quickly nominated for the garrote or the stake. He is, to all practical effects, a

heretic. And heretics tip over prelaties and sovereignties. In other words, they are wont, if unrestrained, to kick moribund ecclesiastics out of comfortable jobs.

Whosoever tippeth out of his job he who hath declared himself in partnership with the almighty agencies of the universe, let him look quickly for earthly exit.

If he looketh not for it himself, behold plethora of irate dignitaries forthwith assist him to find it.

THE ACTUAL narrative, and motivation, of the Christ Advent and the Christ Mission is so much vaster and grander than anything advanced by orthodoxy—whose literature is two thousand years behind the enlightenments of today—that the fearless and trenchant student is appalled by the comparisons.

Yet what do we find happening?

Instead of harkening to the possible evidence that this is so, the reactions of millions of people on being exposed to the mental and moral alterations of such evidence is to set up the cry: "Here is atheism in a new form! Any attempt to shed a brighter and purer light on the Christ career wears every aspect of a subtle subversion. This sort of thing the godless potentates of satanic Bolshevia do. Therefore any who profess to alter our traditional concepts, even in the light of more wholesome truth, is secretly a Bolshevik"

Stride up the years with all the martyrs who have ever sought to bring humanity a nobler concept of celestial relations, and ringing in their ears is this same cry of attempt at mass subversion.

The Scribes and Pharisees screamed it at no

less a personage than Our Lord himself! ✠
Most of us are familiar with the famous controversy in the Temple over the "casting down" of the building and His rebuilding of it within three days. It was not only heresy of the vilest sort; it was blasphemy as well. So the Jewish prelates decided. And they referred to Him as "this fellow."

That Jesus would have needed three days to rebuild the Temple, granted He or anybody else "cast it down" gives us our cue that the sacred script has here been tampered with, for if Jesus elected to restore the Temple after such a wrecking, by atomic materialization, He could probably have done it in as swift a time as He materialized the food for the Five Thousand out of the five loaves and two fishes. He would have accomplished it, in other words, in about the same time that it took Him to think the thought of the Temple's restoration. However, that is a passing digression . . .

Our Lord, in the eyes of the Jewish prelates, was a blasphemer, an interloper, an agent of the Evil One, an imposter, a sower of seditions, and general and all-round scoundrel. He brought a new version of truth, and they screeched in the idiom of their day, "He is preaching atheism! He does not subscribe to the God of Wrath who stoned the Ammonites for our fathers, and besides, if He gets too many people to follow Him, or believe in His doctrines, we shall have no further hold upon the cupidities of the masses" ✠ ✠

So they took counsel among themselves, how they could liquidate Him.

It was the old, old story of someone arriving on earth with a better and finer concept of the Eternal Verities, and nominating Himself for the stake—or the cross—because He upset comfortable traditions.

Today, perchance, He might be called Red!

THE ECCENTRIC claim has been advanced, that it might be better for the world spiritually if Christ never appeared for a return earth-visit at all. The basis for the suggestion is, that no matter what His aspect, or deportment, or offices, He is going to be bound to disillusion millions of people who have already concocted their own notions and illusions of what Jesus looks like, what his conduct assuredly is, and what spiritual benefits should be commanded under His physical presence. Not

to be crass, millions of people would look upon the returned Christ and exclaim: "For pity's sake, is that Christ!" and feel that somehow or other they had been hoaxed all their years.

The point to be emphasized is that Eternal Truth, whose rendition in the mortal arena passes for Religion, is never conceived in entirety, and cannot be exhausted—at least not in this mundane-octave of infinity ✠
To millions of common folk, who never pay much attention to such matters from New Year's to Christmas, religion is the mere acknowledging of Christ's one-time career on earth and the peculiarity of His office in the immediate hereafter to supply recalcitrant mortals with the gift of eternal life ✠
This acknowledgment, when publicly done, is called Conversion. The theologians of more than a thousand years ago fixed up the whole hypothesis in their own minds, and having fixed it up, they pronounced it infallible. If anybody questioned what they had pronounced infallible, he forthwith was caught at home while eating breakfast, dragged to the bar of theological despotism by noon, and tied to the brush-heap so that the evening faggots would light up the night ✠ ✠

The true tenets of Cosmos take no note of all this man-made orthodox reprisal, of course, but continue to push their expositions on society, generation after generation and age after age.

Religion is theologies succeeding one another with all of the moral pyrotechnics of Central American revolutions, but alas, as in Central American revolutions too, certain numbers of hapless folk must lose their lives in such successions.

THE WHOLE proposal sums up to this—
If God's truth be available, why not grasp it eagerly and try to find out what it consists of, no matter what man-made traditions may be upset?

What if it happen that instead of tawdry disillusion, the revelation as it appears is twenty to forty times more splendid than the archaic prelates have conjured up out of the depths of their spiritual and scientific ignorance? ✠ ✠

The open mind is the thing!

If Truth can't stand examination "with the naked eye" what merit can lie in adulation of fabrication?

DECEMBER'S Golden Script . .

December 3, 1941



MY DEARLY Beloved: Have I not told you that dolour hath its pattern? Why will ye wallow in bogs of confusions? I say, those making melodies unto the Eternal would tune your staunch marchings to scores of high concepts!

2 Hear ye my words: I speak in those melodies; I give you an aria unto your wailings.

3 The unsacrosanct of life have said: The earth is a cesspool; its stench hath a toxin; verily the ungodly flood our lands to surfeit; we are pariah in an exile; our heads have no pillows 🌿

4 I tell you, beloved, that your wits have a torment; this enemy hath hoaxed you; verily it becometh profitable to him that ye should eat confusions; he performeth unto strategy; he defileth your goings out; your arrivings are beclouded.

5 Verily he saith to himself: The feet of the stupid do court many pitfalls; if so be it we entice them into fulsome morasses, then shall we seize their progeny's increments.

6 What discourse is this that ye should be troubled? 🌿

7 The world hath its legacy to bequeath unto the righteous; verily it hath its pact with precursors of auguries.

8 I say that the man beholden to great evils carrieth his cross and presently it felleth him; and yet I say more 🌿

9 It cometh to mine hearing that cares of State impede the beseechments of the righteous; is that of great moment to those with clear vision?

10 Behold the bald ensign waveth on the battlements; the lords of war congregate; they eruct in their vestments; they say between themselves: We are beholden to no equities, verily our arms are lush with a conquerage; we come and go vastly, in that we are valiant.

11 I say the time cometh when those who build shadows, are engulfed in a cloud of their fulsome befoggings.

12 I say the times visit you when the souls of the circumspect summon their cohorts; the righteous have their radiance; they file forth in dazzlement.

13 I ask it again: Have I yet bespake you falsely? Have my promising defectings?

14 The earth groaneth grossly as a woman in childbed; the air holdeth clamors; verily thirty men do meet together and two-score and nine have a vermin encrusting them; it stinketh their precepts; they toast unto wreckage 🌿

15 Shall we who hold tapers to eternal benefactions be demented by scribes whose inkpots hold carcasses?

16 I say, be sagacious. Ye are known of your poisonings.

17 The evil man, I tell you, hath a limit on his venturings; he greeteth the dawn and it seemeth fecund to him; he crieth in bravado: It is light for my wrestings.

18 When did the sun rise for such, my beloved? Hath its radiance vassalage? Doth it blaze for the demented?

19 The noisy wake, the fulsome toil, the harsh march, the benighted bivouac—shall these not be the spoil of those whose vauntings charm them?

20 I say there is a nobler summons for him who reasoneth simply.

21 Why waste your frenzies amongst the benighted? Hath the God of Days no ache for you?

22 When Sodom's whoredoms baffle you, receive ye this thought and relax in your vexings—

23 It hath come upon the evil man that his augury tricketh him; his fears stalk as

pestilence; he endureth in tension. ✠ ✠
24 Behold, amulets fail him; he is cast into turmoil where darkness giveth palsy; his reasonings unnerve him.

25 Have I given my tongue to specious acclaimings? The times of the present have a humor to mature that the times of Tomorrow have their brevet to brilliance.

26 How know ye darkness till Dawn hath a breaking?

27 Behold if Baal's sons burn no incense to adulteries, then cometh no bequest to those of sweet constancy.

28 My promise is mine accolade. I give you no prophecy lush with false doctrine. I deal not in futurings, in that they are distant; I offer my minions my hand in a pact, that until the mischievous disband as a rabble, the Bright One is held to the plight of their languors ✠

29 There is armor in tolerance. It goeth not propitiously with the evil man until he hath cast off the mail of his godlessness; behold he perceiveth wherein it faileth him, that until he is naked he cannot win victories.

30 There is a bell and a lamp, an alarm and a tocsin; there is a night and a dawn, and a scroll and an anthem;

31 We are songsters beholden to a music that hath wrought us, but we sing not, beloved, till the times be ripe with discord ✠

32 When is that discord? Men's cowardice maketh it.

33 Behold we are not soldiers at wars of old gods; we are shepherds of compassion who tend flocks of certainties.

34 The earth-gods make war in vices that conquer them; the prostitutes of valor have the sweeter concupiscence.

35 I come to you as one who hath seen a revelation; I dwell in your conscience as one who hath journeyed.

36 I bespeak unto your wistlings far lands and great voyagings, but behold in the zest of them, I bring you their magic.

37 The world hath a call to endure a great pestilence, that from the contagion of its lecheries may come a fumigation that hath incense in its equities. ✠

38 We seek not the man whose face holdeth clamor, saying, Why sound ye tumult?

39 We arise and greet the calm ones; we ask them of their brevets; we march and ask recruitings of

those who teach harmonies; we cast vaster shadows before the coming of the healers, that their silhouettes be tocsins to those who breed mischiefs.

40 I tell you the transgressions must first come, beloved; the evil man must eat his ignorance; he must see his fell shadow proclaiming his littleness.

41 Ye come not in, and go not out, because vauntings have inspired you; ye come in and go out in that brevets have ennobled you; ye have harkened to their promptings; ye have cast to them your gauntlets.

42 I say that the dark way, and the foul valley, have their errands in this picturing; they presage the highroads where sunlight falleth fatly; they bespeak the approaches to plazas of effulgence.

43 For behold unless man seeth the darksome vale and treadeth not its shadows, he perceiveth no uplands that are swept by clean staminas.

44 Ever and anon the darkness seeketh radiance; it is parcel of the Infinite that the black way goeth before the bright path, that man cometh back to a knowledge of his Godhood by sinking his feet in the mires of sterile vauntings.

45 I tell you, beloved, the process is cosmic!

46 The bright way, and the deft sunshine, giveth the radiance to those bewailing blindness; behold it serveth them with vision that their sight be unfogged in the rays of beneficence ✠

47 Do ye think the concourse hardy? Look ye upon it that life hath no frolic; it spreadeth its valors to give your wits sinew.

48 I see a great concourse of the stalwart, but behold they have walked in the smokes of great burnings; they have given their hostages to lambent compassions; they have arisen and come in to the rests of tumult's opiates. ✠

49 How otherwise know they the sweets of great actions? How cometh the ignorant man to know the squalor of his vanities unless he hath first journeyed from endurance to compassion? ✠

50 This is my counsel, uttered to your vigilance. Scoff not at the evil times but behold their impermanence; look rather to the treasures embedded in their penuries, that they make the sweet valors of wisdom their team-mates.



The Galilean Fellowship

THE GALILEAN Fellowship is a national congregation of earnest men and women, each one located by divine plan in his place throughout America, to aid in bringing about a fundamental remodeling of Gentile institutions—Religious, Economic and Political.

Its adherents consider themselves Rational Christians—that is to say, Christians possessing and exercising the faculty of reasoning, or examining the divine life of Christ and its message for its probable import in the light of modern physics and psychical research—and proceeding to reconcile the three.

Believing that the earthly tenure comprises whole series of lives in physical bodies before celestial graduation is effected, they give credence to the hypothesis that the reason for their strong inclination toward the personality and times of Jesus is based upon the literal fact of their having lived in a physical body in the opening years of the Christian era and that thousands of them in flesh today were present on earth when Christ was in Gaulilee and either partook of, or witnessed, the momentous happenings upon which the current religion of Christianity is based.

They believe that Nature implanted the reasoning faculty in man for religious as well as secular use and that it can be so exercised without the slightest detriment to Christian principles when the true facts behind Life and Death are brought to fullest examination without any inhibitions imposed by dogma, and that the findings of neither modern Science nor Spiritism are at variance with the real Gaulilean philosophy of Jesus when the latter is recovered in its purity and divorced from the private designs of Judaism.



Members of the Fellowship hold that they have a direct obligation to assist in a reformation of present-day Religious, Economic and Political systems by dispassionately examining the malodorous subversions of these in daily society, determining what the root causes of them may be, and then entertaining recommendations that bear society in exactly the opposite direction, away from bedlam and into social, financial and spiritual tranquillity.

They meet once a week—preferably on Sunday evenings—to study these malodorous subversions and consider counter recommendations, together with what can be achieved in the way of bringing the latter to practical operation.

They have a recognized leader for each congregation who is servant to the said congregation in this: that he undertakes to arrange for the holding of said meetings and provide them with the material that enlightens their understanding and coordinates their remedial efforts.

There is no "membership" in the conventional sense—those believing in the truths that are expounded, meeting in Upper Chamber groups and receiving the intelligence that helps them to perform their renovating roles in the imminent purging of frustrated society. Anyone may start a group who makes the necessary arrangements for receiving the weekly material supplied to leaders. ✠

The Eternal Christmas Gift



WE SHOULD accept it as a fundamental of our faith that in striving to enlighten the oncoming generations in the manifestations and decrees of Cosmos, we are but repaying our debt to stupendous hosts of transcendent beings who in times past have paused in their upward journey to enlighten us in turn. It is not our concern that in the beginning of every freshly created soul the state of innocence is the state of unawareness of the universe, its laws, and the relationship of the individual spirit to denizens of the Infinite. Innocence is too often tragic ignorance. We are concerned with the fact that the Great Motivating Essence imparted Its own self-awareness to conscious beings that were to follow after. Each generation learned by trial, experiment, or instruction, and the only price for the tuition was that it should give the next succeeding generation the benefit of its acquired wisdom. True religion, therefore, is a Passing-Down process; it is a relaying to hosts of child-like spirits the cosmic sophistication. The man who learns but does not disseminate is committing the unpardonable sin that will destroy him, for he is bottling up his wisdom within his own self, and sooner or later it must burst the bonds of its confinement and find expression in disastrous detonation. Here in mortality we are living at the bottom of the ladder of revealment. We climb steadily, life by life, cycle by cycle. But only as we give out and pass along that which has enriched us, do we acquire the muscles for ever higher climbing. All of which means that you have a duty to share yourself and your attainments with those not so long out of the Ocean of Divine Consciousness. View the scheme for spiritual promotion in its truth and the phrase "being our brother's keeper" takes on real meaning. Only as we empty ourselves of the freights of experience do we make room within ourselves for newer and richer inrushes of intelligence. Static people have merely stopped themselves up. Giving and receiving are therefore parts of the one gesture. To give is to receive, even the giving of concurrent wisdom, because thereby do we empty the receptacle that stores the Divine Benefaction!