

MAY 1930

# *The New* **LIBERATOR...**

EDITED  
By William Dudley  
Pelley





# Behold the MAN!...



**I** HAVE A concrete, definite purpose in my preachments and my writings. I seek to convince an unconvinced world, by the nature of my discourse and the logic of my utterance, that behind Life-in-Matter rears a vast machinery, operating with infinitesimal precision and accounting for every event on our present plane of consciousness from a League of Nations conclave to the manner in which a child sets down a china teacup . . .

I declare that on the power-lever of this colossal mechanism rests the literal hand of the same Splendorful Personality that came forth from a Palestinian tomb on an Easter morning 1900 years bygone, to live and move and function thenceforth among men in a form of Matter that would give Him supreme freedom and efficiency but too rarefied and fine for our physical senses to perceive . . .

I contend that His stupendous brain and spiritual galvanism is behind all our progress toward sublimated civilization; that He is a living, vibrant entity who has powers for projecting His spiritual attributes throughout ether to find, sustain and ennoble whosoever "tunes in" on them, and that the method or process by which He performs this miracle will presently be understood by the whole human race . . .

I announce my unalterable conviction that He does thus manifest, coming and going daily among the enlightened statesmen, metaphysicians, and spiritual leaders of this world, counselling and instructing them though they do not always recognize His identity, preparing the minds and hearts of humankind for the most appalling revelations of power and knowledge ever conceived by monarchs or philosophers . . .

I maintain that He is not a namby-pamby Sabbath-School symbol to be conveniently ignored for the remainder of the week, but a mighty leader of mighty men, a valiant commander for valiant followers, a strong elixir for strong mentalities—a virile, vigorous, aggressive executive in this present campaign for Peace and Knowledge . . .

My task is to pass on my own concepts of His massive intellect to those who would smash the circumscriptions of crystallized dogma and attain to direct and positive contact with this ruthless conqueror over Error and Ignorance without childishly making new sects of such contact. I feel this brevet in no spirit of grandiose evangelism or fanatical proselytism, but as one who would take his universal brethren up into New Mountains of Transfiguration, bidding them behold with their own eyes that Religion and Science, or Spirituality and Materialism, are but mosaic facets of the same Eternal Jewel . . .



# SHAMBHALA..



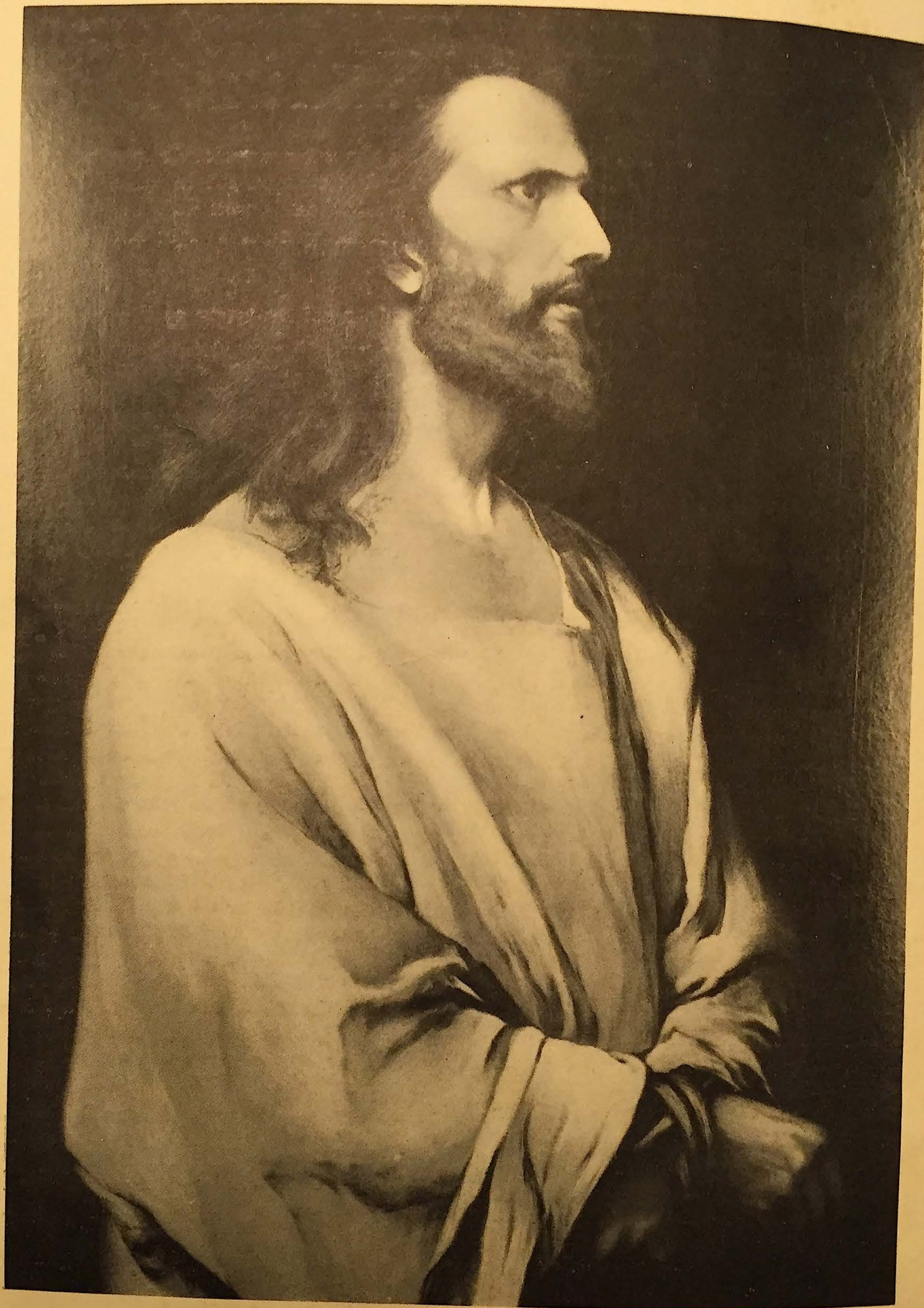
WE ARE about to enter into conscious fellowship with those on a thousand radiant planes of being. We are about to see Beauty enshrined as Truth's handmaiden, no longer the concubine of pleasurable distraction. We are about to know that the "music of the Spheres" is no poetical phrase, for television engineers are already turning light into sound and thereby discovering that every beam from the most distant star translates to a chord peculiar to itself, and that all of the light-chords in the Cosmos played together strike that grandeur of harmony that knows not one discord.

WE NEED a new terminology for the oldest of sciences—which is the newest. We need a new psychology for the darkest of human enigmas—which is the brightest. Too long have Life's Great Vitalities been proclaimed from rostrums built on cold stone, austere with iron mountings, draped in the trappings of sorrow, and sung to the wailings of ignorance and misery.

IN THESE Latter Days, when science tells us that "no child can toss a toy from his cradle except he disturb, in some degree, the outmost star," it is our destiny, our heritage and our privilege to listen to the literal voice of Him who says: "*There is no Unknowable: all is of instruction,*" even as yesteryear He preached: "*Blessed are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.*"

BEAUTY and Music and Wisdom and Freedom, these are the items that comprise the human birthright. Peace is the parchment on which they are written. The Thousand-Year Reign of the Valiant One is on us. We must send our gaze afar and perceive that we stand upon the edge of our Wilderness with a goodly country spreading onward and upward, even to the tablelands of a splendorous Infinity!







# The New LIBERATOR..

VOLUME ONE

MAY, 1930

NUMBER ONE

## “MAN hath been Greater than Ye see him at present!”

*And seeing the Multitudes, He went up  
into a Mountain and when He was set,  
His Disciples came to Him and He  
opened His mouth and taught saying—*



THE MORNING cometh and findeth us communing. The evening beholdeth us with goodly things accomplished. Know that I watch closely all that transpireth; know that I know that which developeth. Say I to you again: be of calm vigilance; behold you shall see that the Miracle happeneth . . .

“The thoughts that you speak be as music in My ears. Yet know, My beloved, that people and persons be mortal and circumscribed; they be handicapped by error and encompassed by doubts. Say I to you: they shall be awakened, though verily not swiftly.

“Maketh a man a garden in a twinkling? Know that the Father’s Garden hath in it many

plants. Beautifully it rangeth from tree unto weed. Verily it maketh the Gardener busy with His tending. Long, long doth He labor that the plants in that Garden may come to fruition . . .

“Or men build altars unto their gods, and worship them. There be altars of Thought and altars of Ideal; there be idols of Fancy and employment of Sense. I tell you, My beloved, they shall be separated from the worshippers thereat. God hath a goodly altar which men know as Truth. It hath been marked around with error; men see it dimly in its beauty and chastity . . .

“I SAY to you: there be those who have not capacity for too great view of Truth. The light of Truth blindeth them; they seek it with gropings. Such turn and rend you. Think them not wicked. Consider them as shallow. Being as fishermen, lo they lack depth for draught of fishes in abundance. Treat them with kindness. Give heed to their gropings. But tell them not



of too great truths with suddenness lest they cry to one another: 'Lo, this teacher be mad! . . . seeth he visions not of our eyesight? . . . he telleth us whimsies which his brain hath created!' . . .

"Say I to you, the time cometh when men shall see the works of the teachers and glorify the Father. Then shall they listen with respect even though the mysteries be great in your telling . . .

"**M**AN maketh an argument. He saith: 'Lo, this is God, this is Thought, this is Spirit,' knowing none of these but names. Man saith: 'We go the way of Truth,' knowing not Truth but a portion thereof. Man saith: 'Lo, the earth is God's, see He hath made it for our pleasure and development,' knowing not that God be their better selves in purity—not as life findeth them, creatures of desire . . .

"Man hath an appetite. Man hath many appetites. Seeketh he to feed his hunger after mysteries. Lo, mysteries work and miracles perform. He saith: 'Behold this is the Truth!' . . .

"Knoweth he not the Truth, My beloved, for verily no *man* knoweth it utterly! . . .

"I say unto you, The time draweth nigh for miracles indeed. Man shall divorce his species from error. He becometh as Light, carrying substance of immortality . . .

"Man hath a mission, as you have been instructed. He cometh from ocean of spirit, polluted. He maketh goodly works. Thus is he ennobled and pollution disappeareth. But come forces to him saying: 'Lo, ye be as gods. Having desire in your hearts after righteousness, you make goodly works which seem to you clever. You come and go saying, 'I am Right, I am Truth, I am Power, I am Divinity.' True, true, My beloved. Yet cometh he not saying: 'I am weakling born of flesh for purpose, that I may know the Godhead through suffering' . . .

"Righteousness maketh no progress. Righteousness be *result*. Truth maketh no progress.



Truth be a *condition*. Power maketh no progress except it be spirit motivated. Verily these things be static. But suffering hath movement and goeth through to the goal . . .

"Suffering be of two kinds, My beloved. It consisteth of Pain, it consisteth of Pleasure. It cometh to man's spirit through energized Matter. It seemeth ugly to him who would ever think Beauty. Nay, not so, I beseech you. Suffering be beautiful, for lo, it maketh Beauty. Suffering ennobleth and thereby is noble. Suffering maketh strength and thereby is strong. But suffering be not always Pain, My beloved. Verily mean I physical experience—the spirit encased in substance of Matter, or Energy made manifest to physical sense . . .

"**E**NERGY thus hath a mission, My beloved. It cometh to Man in waves of ether saying: 'Be thou circumspect, be thou made of purer stuff, be thou cleansed from sensual desire making mischief to the Godhead.' Energy cometh saying: 'Behold me, I entreat you, that you let me visit you a little while, so that I ennoble you. I take you nameless spirit. I give you identity. I make you as a god, knowing his world, beholding his kingdom. I offer you surcease from self-responsibility. I show you mysteries that you may go beyond mysteries and be profound.' All this cometh to you by experience in flesh. Lo, I am flesh when thus it doth manifest . . .

"Say I to you, My beloved, that you be witnessing your missions. Pain cometh to Man. Pleasure cometh to him also. So he turneth from both, saying: 'All, all, is Mind.' Verily he speaketh truly but he speaketh not enough . . .

"Mind hath no power of itself to manifest. Mind be but instrument whereby the spirit knoweth itself. God be not Mind, though all Mind hath essence in the Father. Understand you this? . . .

"**K**NOW you that Mind be circumspect of working. It desireth only that which seemeth beautiful, which knoweth not pain. It standeth as intermediary between Universal Spirit and man's ego. It saith of creation: 'Give that which is pleasant that we in turn be pleasant.' Lo, the Father be Universal Mind, My beloved; He be the essence of such desire, to grant it. Yet knoweth He well that pleasure hath no profit whereby



spirit knoweth itself. Spirit knoweth not itself until it suffer, I tell you. Mark you well! *There be no way by which spirit knoweth itself except that it suffer Pleasure and Pain and Pain and Pleasure*, eternally evolving until it saith: 'Lo, I know that I AM!' . . .

"**T**HUS came Man to earth-plane. Created spirit, he knew not himself. Created god, yet had he no part from God which is all essence. Man cometh to earth saying to himself: 'Lo, I am spirit without identity. Break the particles whereof I am composed, in pieces, that each particle may manifest one toward the other.' Cometh Man saying: 'Behold, I am separate from the whole yet operating within the Whole. I am the Whole, yet am I separate, that I may manifest and to myself be known. When know I myself, lo do I return to that which is all essence, having identity to separate and rule over worlds' . . .

"Man hath a mission as I have instructed you. He be divine creation, made of God's essence by Love for the purpose of manifesting that which be eternal. He cometh to multiply himself, as cells do multiply unto eternity, each cell being separate yet composing the whole.

"Say I to you, that Man hath been greater than you see him at present. He hath kept a tryst with eternal Love and been vicious with his loved one. Lo, he repenteth though he knoweth it not. He cometh to suffer and stayeth to suffer. He goeth forth the product of suffering, all made through sense. Lo, cleansed from the Beast he riseth and riseth, no longer nameless spirit *but God Incarnate in his own right*. Understand you this? . . .

"**L**OVE hath not manifested in Matter without a purpose in each instance. Lo, forms of life which seem to you repellent or purposeless may be burned out species going to their deaths, showing no profit in the specimens created. Love, My beloved, maketh strange manifestations. Love, being God's spirit in manifestation, cometh to earth and maketh experiment that spirit have forms to learn special lessons. Lo, the forms show no value. Yet perish they not in a twinkling, My beloved. Life or Matter once created perisheth not to a trillion eternities. Change they in form, change they in substance.

But the essence thereof endureth forever . . .

"Say I to you, My beloved, that God hath wrought miracles and discarded them for purpose. Man hath wrought miracles and been himself discarded. Or rather, Man hath wrought miracles worthless to himself for purposes of spirit. Knoweth he rebuke—the rebuke of futility . . .

"Now I tell you more . . .

"*Love hath decreed a hundred thousand million forms you know not of, having no conception in earthly similarities*. Love hath made manifest miracle on miracle. Man knoweth it not. Cometh he to earth to witness and benefit and prosper for self-purpose. What hath he, My beloved, in common with beast except life-essence of Energy that spirit may know suffering? . . .

"**B**EASTS know not suffering as Man knoweth suffering. They feel sharp pain of body; they leap from the whip. Lo, this be reaction of nerves and of muscles. Beasts die. Come to them no lessons learned, making for profit in self-awareness. Man cometh saying: 'Lo, I break into particles, having desire of name and identity and purpose. I come seeking experience that I may show profit in my quality of godliness. Verily use I Matter in form of beast, even the sublimated Ape Beast, in self-interpretation. I be brother to beast in Spirit Particle manifesting; mayhap I come up from beast as spirit energizing unto itself; mayhap I go down into beast, dissolving myself. But *of the beast I am not. I be Divine Thought manifesting in a hundred thousand million individualities*' . . .

"This be your lesson of the Morning, My beloved. I say to you, 'Be persevering. Answer him who would ask of you. If your knowledge be slight, come unto Me and I tell you your speech.' The Morning draweth on. The Day beholdeth what cometh to pass. There be naught between us but goodly accomplishment. Verily, verily, the Promise be executed" . . .





# *Strange* MUTTERINGS and

*FROM the highlands of Tibet  
down into India, across the Java  
Straits and up into China, even  
over the Seas to the Coasts of  
California, a mystic word is  
finding utterance—*

**“SHAMBHALA!”**



VIEWED on its surface,  
life is not bad.

The world's great  
statesmen are bargaining  
for peace. Vast fortunes  
amassed by men of in-  
sight are being dispersed  
for human welfare. In no  
age have greater sums  
been donated to Religion  
and Science, Education  
and Health. Few cities  
remain without their  
quota of schools and lab-

oratories, hospitals and playgrounds; no modern  
home is without its enhancements of inventive  
genius—the telephone, the radio, electricity,  
steam heat. We have the automobile, the air-  
plane, the press, the motion picture. Never has  
the cycle of civilization mounted so high.

And yet rumblings are heard! The winds hold  
weird mutterings!

In the old scriptures there are inspiring indi-  
cations of a new era, of great avatars coming to  
save humanity, about the sacred city Kalapa,  
about the efforts of the Arhats in every century  
to arouse the slumbering spirit of humanity. We  
see the same indications in the Teachings of the

Great Mahatmas. In Sanskrit, in Hindustani, in  
Chinese, in Turki, in the Kalmuck, Mongolian  
and Tibetan languages, and in many minor Asi-  
atic tongues the same ideas, the same indications  
about the Future are expressed.

ONE might perhaps attribute this to the  
usual Messianic idea. One might even be-  
lieve that in the ancient period of the Nestorians  
and Manichaens, scattered throughout Asia for  
several centuries the concepts of a second Advent  
were transformed into this teaching of the fu-  
ture. But studying the subject at its source, it  
goes deeper than that. Among the various na-  
tionalities who are separated by immense deserts  
and many thousands of miles, you see that these  
teachings are far more ancient than the Mes-  
sianic idea and that they deal not only with a  
personification, but mostly with the conception  
of a new era, identified with gigantic cosmic  
energies.

The East cries cryptically: “*Shambhala is at  
hand!*”

STRANGE men, strange yet seemingly know-  
ing one another, are spreading word by word  
the sentences of a Message. Great stellar Forces  
are swinging into pattern in infinite reaches of



# RUMBLINGS *are* HEARD *in* *the East!*

ether, portending alterations in the vibration of man's living. Placed all over the earth so that no group is without its mentor, are those of super-senses, ready as ambassadors from a conquering court to receive the fiats of their prince and speak to humankind of the meaning of those Forces and what they portend in the enhancement of the species.

They are here in a fleshly world, in India, in China, in Europe, in America—mystic sentinels, listening, waiting, the silent ones in a shouting crowd.

Who are these men? From whence do they come? Why now have they incarnated in *this* generation? . . .

It is known that they are authors of wondrous writings, of cryptic lines, of tremendous prophecies. Faintly the idea grows and gains credence that they are in life to warn humanity, to redirect it—though the very nature of their Message forbids a speech that is crass and plain.

They would say to men: "Of omens and miracles we could tell you but you would not give us ear. Of wind in the grass, of visions of dawn, we would instruct you, but things thus subtle you would not comprehend. But know that with our own eyes we have beheld Other Dimensions. We have harkened to teachings that you would call the ravings of madmen, yet like the Teacher of old, we tell you to fathom the song of the Nightwind before you can hope to interpret the

Dawn. Have you ripened to the mysteries? We are those who know the Law. We are those who have heard the fiat—for were we not present when the fiat was given? *What is to be, will be!* We speak because we know. We see the future unrolled as a scroll. . . .

"In your hearts you fear us because of our long silences. Your very lack of faith throttles the Song that wells in our throats. Thus go we forth amidst men, seeking out those who will listen. We greet them by saying 'Peace'! In the mouths of the rabble we are known as Mystics. But what word is that? In the minds of the mass arise vague thoughts concerning us—thoughts like shadows that stalk their consciousness. They exclaim among themselves: 'They are no different, these so-called sages, from us whom they would instruct. Have they not eyes, lips, hands, feet? Are they not clothed as ourselves? Do their tongues not speak our language? Do their hands not labor, even as our own?' . . .

"And these very questions concerning the true nature of our being will forever enter and re-enter their minds until the final acceptance of our work in circumstance. To them we reply—

"**I**N ALL outward manners of life we resemble yourselves. Also have we our homes and offspring. The things you see, we see. The things you do, we do—even to delights of sense and diversion. But pray, how does this outward similarity reveal inner possessions? . . .

"'Had we come to you clothed in the pure

**¶** *Eastern Mystic on Eastern Mystic, Night Upon Night, is Receiving the same Discarnate Implication—that a Great Event of the Ages Portends—the Rumbings are Growing of a New World Order—the Great Avatars of Prophecy are Coming to Save Humanity! . . .*



linen of the Greek philosophers and spoken to you in the market-places and busy thoroughfares, had we walked amongst you wearing sandals and purple head-bands, surely you would have noticed us and for a moment stopped—finally to turn wayward and ascribe our words and deeds to folly! Had we come to you cloaked in tunics of woven steel, the Crusaders' garb, scintillating jewels embedded in gold, even so would you have turned away and pursued your errands.

"But being one in the midst of you, unnoticeable, imitating your behavior in social and private life, our power is greater for you do not turn us from you. Yet verily we know, . . . *we know!* . . .

"We know that the very things you scorn are as treasure to us, that the common and trampled things you despise, are as lifeblood to our souls. We know that all you do and say is but the *reflection* of the Real, your inner self which you long to express—that behind the actions of your life there exists and grows the only true life, to which even the brilliance of day is as darkness compared to that Light within . . .

"Ever and always you continue scorning us and desire to destroy our power by the sword-cuts of vile epithets, calling us liars, fanatics, radicals, spitting and slinging your vituperation. That way you will *never* understand. For you are too hurried in pursuing the mirage of virulent desire. Treading over the terrible and bloody debris of materialistic passions, crushing living things beneath your feet, burning those feet in hot desert sands, blindly grasping and fighting for the Impossible, racing on and on, selfishly claiming for your own that which is the heritage of all, . . . this you call Progress!

"**WE** BESEECH you to harken! Pause for an instant in your noisome milling. Know that signs and seasons give warning. "The Treasure is returning from the West. On the Mountains the fires of Jubilation are kindled. There walk those who carry the Stone. Upon the Shrine are the signs of Maitreya. Out of the Sacred Kingdom is given the date when the Carpet of Expectation may be spread. By the signs of the Seven Stars shall the Gates be opened. By Fire shall Maitreya manifest His messengers. Gather the prophecies of your hap-

piness. Thus are the prophecies of the ancestors fulfilled and the writings of the wise ones. Gather your understanding to hail the Predestined. *When in the fifth Year the heralds of the warriors of Northern Shambhala shall appear, gather understanding to meet them! And receive the New Glory! Rigden Jyepo shall manifest His Signs of Lightning!*" . . .

"This we say to you and you smile at our words. But you shall not smile for long. The earth rumbles, the mountains all smoke. Helpers among you, we would lay the balm of peaceful interpretation on your brows and smooth the lines of panic. Then shall you know that we are not as yourselves, that we were not fanatics, that we did not mouth prattle.

"Nor shall there be one of you to repent the "time ye have lost," for time shall not enslave you longer. Only shall you consider the eternity of your actions. Alas, few know the exquisite beauties of Eternity. Has man been created in a moment of contemplation? Rest by the wayside, you mortal species and pick up the first pebble your foot kicks into the ditch. Consider its growth in comparison to the towers you have built to yourselves. Will your heart and your reason not show you that the first shall outlast the second? . . .

"Come unto us. Follow our footsteps. Under an arbor shall we rest and consider the Earth-Mother's wisdom, the Father-God's compassion. In the cool shade of leaves shall you be taught the words of the spring wind caressing the grasses. . . .

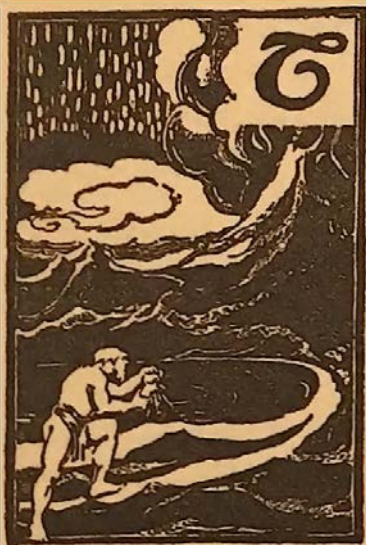
"*It is Shambhala!*"

**S**URPASSING strange, it is, that out of the Unseen, night on night the same Message speaks to sensitive ears. Surpassing strange, it is, that one Plan seems imminent, that all prophecies coincide, that a lama in Tibet hears the same interpretation as a psychic woman in a town in Ohio.

Wisdom in a flood is being unleashed. Dogmas rock. The people run to and fro, dragging mechanical toys, considering indulgence a kindness when Old, Old Souls who have come into flesh to instruct them in the time of the Great Speaking bid them know something of Events upon the Skyline.



# YOU *can* REMEMBER Before *you were* BORN!



HERE is one school of philosophers who contend that if we will consciously strive each day to think back over the chronology of our present lives, back through the events of adolescence to childhood, back through childhood to earliest infancy, we can by this deliberate method so improve our

recollection that we may ultimately "remember back" through the portals of earthly birth and recall existence as thinking souls before arriving in our present vehicles of flesh.

I have no quarrel with this school. Perhaps the feat is possible, although in such phenomena I have never experimented. But one thing I know to my own satisfaction: that when we give credence to this hypothesis of recurrent birth, sincerely exploring the ramifications of the Subconscious Mind for evidences of existence before this present life-span, we confront items of conduct so unique and graphic that Behaviorism as we know it assumes new significance.

PSYCHOLOGISTS and biologists have much to say about "hereditary instincts" determining Behaviorism, consistently failing to make the essential distinction between the two lines of evolution—Biological and Spiritual.

Speaking personally, I find the idea of "spiritual memory" extending back over cycles of lives much more reasonable of concept and utility than many published theories about instincts and reflexes as an explanation for conduct. Moreover, when the program and its purposes are

*RECURRENT  
Dreams and Uncanny Familiarity with Scenes and People, Indicate that Each of Us has Made the Earthly Visitation Many Times Before..and Subconscious Mind confirms the Phenomenon . .*





rightly understood, which to the average person they are not, no dispensation of Divine Mind could be more compassionate, munificent or alluring.

PEOPLE acquire queer ideas about this plan of earthly visitation. They confuse it with Transmigration of human souls into bodies of animals. They think it an oscillating process from celestial magnificence to mundane futility. It takes the form of a hopeless predestination. It implies a mechanical re-experiencing, life on life, of all the struggles and heartaches they desperately anticipate will end with the present quitting of their physical bodies.

No one has shown them the beauties, the profits, the progressions, accruing life after life from their adventures in a physical world. No one has taken the time or care to explain that after a certain degree of spiritual awareness is acquired, the process is elective, that no one comes back against his will, that there is no retrograde in spiritual movement if the individual will not have it, that each succeeding life is a little finer, and higher, and better in spiritual attributes—and usually in environment—than those gone before.

The Holy Scriptures are replete with references to this program, ignorantly blurred by ecclesiastics of the early Christian era . . .

That, however, is beside the point.

No one studies very deeply into supra-sensitive interpretation of the universe without becoming dramatically aware of certain workings

of the Subconscious Mind which have no explanation so rational or convincing as that for each soul such a program *is true!*

THE people who fight the doctrine, I find, are usually those who childishly believe that the present life-experience has treated them with unnecessary rigor. They have been psychologically shocked by this "cruelty" of earthly experience and have not reached that pinnacle of spiritual perspective where they can behold the benefits accruing to them by physical adventures improving them spiritually.

They forget the long periods between each visitation—five hundred years seems to be the average—and thoughtlessly consider that they will be returning to a world exactly as they have known it—known it too well for comfort. They wholly overlook, for instance, that a soul that had last been on earth as a peasant in lower Germany in the squalor and ignorance of the year 1430, might thoroughly enjoy a span of earthly life in the year 1930 with its airplanes and radio, sanitation and erudition—just as they forget that those now living in these early years of the twentieth century may attain to vast novelty and profit by being a temporary resident of this mundane world five hundred or a thousand years in the future.

They forget and overlook, that is, *consciously!*

But the Subconscious Mind obviously thinks otherwise. It knows that life itself is imperishable. It knows that the soul has gone out of past existences with debts owing and debts due it, which cannot be paid on any other plane but the earthly physical. It knows that the wounds and disappointments of the average 70-year span are quickly forgotten in the non-mortal interim, that soon the "rested" soul is eager to again experience the adventures to be had in a physical body under a social culture 500 years advanced over what it has known before. It recognizes that it can practically elect to come back to a higher and finer quality of consciousness, live in a better house so to speak, know better fortune, function in a more inveigling environment.

More than all else, it views the long panorama of its earthly adventures life on life, takes stock of its spiritual attributes or lack of them, and goes back into mortal life *usually with a vast group of spiritual affinities who accompany it as*



*a sort of community expedition into flesh for mutual profit! That is to say, it does not come alone. Its own "folks" come with it.*

To my way of thinking, this long panorama of earthly lives constitutes the real memory, the Cosmic Recollection. And it is my own conclusion that this Cosmic Recollection is within us, continuous and co-existent with our physical and intellectual consciousness every moment of each waking day. It is not to be postulated; it is something to be grasped. And we grasp it in each fleshly body by means of a properly functioning Subconscious. That is, we know that we do not have to acquire it externally.

OUR Subconscious, so called, is a sort of norm of our intellect—although our intellect is not what we commonly assume. Men say that it is their seat of power in their cosmic selves. It is nothing of the sort. It is the literal expression of facile divinity manifesting abstractly through a concrete organism. And yet it is a by-product of Thought, so to speak, as men may think or reason all their lives and not be possessed of much intellect.

Intellect is a process of bringing the Subconscious to the surface, let us say, and directing it to constructive ends in logic! Logic in turn is nothing but externalized intellect, or extenuated Subconscious.

Now the Subconscious has several powerful functions.

*One of them is to make us do the things we should do in order to carry out our personal*

*plan of life determined upon before entering our bodily vehicles!*

Its function here is static. It makes no *ultra*-chief; it propounds no arguments. It simply says to us: "Certain things we must do as an expression of personal obligation else we will miss our callings and slip up again into the Higher Life empty-handed, with our expeditions lacking in the profit we came to get."

In other words, our Subconscious continually preaches at us what our personal pact comprises. It is ever vigilant that we keep this pact. The Subconscious says to us: "We are our own masters and have our fates in our own hands. But certain acts are essential for us to consummate and if we fail to consummate them, we will be chagrined before the people of our own cosmic group when we come to compare notes with them after the expedition is over and all have returned."

THERE is another function of the Subconscious which people too seldom credit. That is its capacity to recognize members of our own group or cosmic family when we come upon them in the earthly status life after life.

I want to dwell on this at some length and offer some suggestions from my own perceptions that may for a time seem unusual and even *bizarre*. But this ability to recognize one's own people is something that cannot be delayed, perverted or ignored.

It seems to be the law that one's friends or enemies are always recruited from the same cos-



"There is no punishment for Suicide excepting the colossal Punishment of inane Futility. . . . You can't suicide out of Reality, for all planes of life are Reality. . . . You come into each plane to get a lesson. Suicide means casting aside all the time and effort you have expended to reach your present status and going the wearisome ground all over again with your specific problem to be ultimately solved."



mic group. Our enemies are people we have wronged grievously without compensation as yet having been made, *or they may be people who have wronged us, and know it, and take their hatred of themselves out on us in consequence to square themselves after a fashion!* This does not alter the fact that we are all bound up together and that sooner or later we recognize one another for what we truly are.

**T**HIS business of recognizing our friends and enemies is peculiar in this: that they always announce themselves by identical methods. They have a faculty for ignoring the premise of any given friendship, or enemyship, that is based on worldly impedimenta and cutting straight through to the fact that they like us or dislike us for the sake of our souls.

That is to say, they proclaim their identity by methods which have nothing to do with worldly pursuits, although I grant you that worldly pursuits are most frequently the means of bringing friends and enemies together. There is more than the usual affinity of vibration which holds us together, since it seems to be true that friends may be friends, or enemies may be enemies, *at any of a million vibratory rates!*

**I**T GOES deeper than that. Friends are friends, no matter what we say or do, or how we act toward them. But friends or enemies, no matter, they seem to be persons who have been with us intimately in past lives and cemented a bond by mutual adventures or experiences suffered till they have taken the status of an emotion in our beings. That is, they have so powerfully aroused our emotions by being with us in some former span of consciousness that we cannot think of them without recalling the emotion—or the emotion is subconsciously associated with them—although we cannot tell what emotion is responsible for making us remember them.

The old-fashioned psychology had it that men



made their friendships from mutual likes or dislikes, and in a measure this is so. But it goes deeper than the likes or dislikes of *any one life*. It goes so deeply into past lives that the original compatibility or incompatibility has long since been disregarded—although the emotion persists in some form of cosmic truth dwelling in subconscious mind. Therefore, I maintain we should see the importance of being kindly and considerate toward both friends and enemies for in the final analysis we find them cut from the same cosmic cloth.

**N**OW then, take the case of some man who has been guilty of a breach of friendship. Suppose he has held that another man has been guilty of some petty misdemeanor without exactly knowing its nature. Man number two finds it out and is readily incensed that man number one should presume to share his secret. A breach grows between them. They make insulting remarks and finally part company. Time goes on and the wound is not healed. The two are at loggerheads over nothing whatever, but they nourish their grudges which presently spring into open flames of hatred. This hatred feeds on itself. It becomes so intense that it takes precedence over all other emotions. Then the life of the first man suddenly “ends.” He goes out of the physical plane, onto the mental.

His consciousness now functions openly in emotionalism, whereas in physical life his hatred was somewhat mitigated by the knowledge that men frowned on acts of retaliation and strove to persuade him out of his animosity. Now he is functioning on a plane without that control. He is a little world of society unto himself—his own judge, his own executioner. What does he do? He lives in his hatred as in a garment and soon we find him hounding his earthly opponent, obsessed with the idea of either exterminating him or bothering him so that he exterminates himself, if such a thing is possible.

And this feud never ceases until there is a reconciliation by both parties amicably understanding one another.

**I**N PROCESS of time, man number two “comes over” and they confront one another in spirit. In nine cases out of ten, where the beginning of the feud was trivial, there is an



immediate readjustment for the good of all parties and no more is said. The next generation into which both are born, finds these men better friends than ever because of the readjustment which follows them doubly strong into succeeding physical organisms.

But where the cause of the feud has been serious, ending perhaps in slander or murder, setting the spirit back spiritually, there will be no such readjustment. A tie of smouldering resentment may be welded that means another sort of murder.

I have heard it said on good authority that the most terrible sight which the deliberate murderer has to face on the Other Side, is the waiting spirit of his victim. That waiting victim is the first face, the first entity, which the murderer confronts on finding himself released from his physical vehicle . . .

THE subconscious mind knows these facts. And truth to tell, half the *natural* fears with which persons are born—so often called prenatal influences—have nothing whatever to do with the mother's experiences or mental shocks while carrying her infant, but are the recognition of obligations due to be paid in one way or another by principals in past lives. Not knowing what form that payment is to take, people are born scared literally stiff.

Naturally, timid souls in nine cases out of ten, are those who know they have a host of unpaid obligations. Enemies and revilers are on their trails, *or maybe friends have intimidated them to attempt things beyond their powers*, and the knowledge that deliveries have still to be made, paralyzes their will-power prenatally as it were, and they are born fumlbers and procrastinators . . .

SUBCONSCIOUS mind carries this load of hate and friendship, apparently, by a queer, queer method—or rather, it seeks out friend or foe by an astounding test. It is prone to throw its life at the friend or foe for readjustment and we have sycophants, idlers, and spongers on others, without the slightest attempt to be shiftless or worthless deliberately. The soul who has been greatly wronged finds himself the center of a circle of sycophants—of an order—who come to him saying: "Give us of yourself," when what

"I Have had it said on good authority that the most terrible sight which the deliberate murderer has to face on the Other Side, is the waiting spirit of his victim!"



they really mean is: "Here are we, your naked slaves, praying that you use our lives to readjust the cosmic balance" . . .

We should never think by this, however, that all sycophants have this origin. Inherently shiftless or lazy persons are only too glad to be taken care of by anyone who will do it. But when we find an otherwise respectable, worthwhile man or woman barnacled themselves to another person—or when you see another person surfeited with barnacled men and women who have made every effort to care for themselves except in the special case of the person on whom the barnacled is done—rest assured we are witnessing a form of the process.

*"That is why greatly wronged persons frequently become great leaders after many lives. They have so many lives offered them in readjustment that they make use of them toward some practical attainment!"*

THE marvelous subconscious storehouse of the ordinary man's mind carries in it a knowledge of all that has transpired far back in the infancy of his *psyche*. He calls it forth constantly when meeting friend or foe—or persons who are destined to be one or the other. He knows "instinctively," we say, whom to trust and whom not to trust. What he really means is, *he remembers!*

Now let us consider what seems to be a third attribute of the subconscious mind. That is this: It exercises a sort of prerogative over our comings and goings, galvanizing us to contacts—or persons whom we should contact in order to make our life-plans complete.

For instance, never in a thousand years would we pack up our trunks and go to some strange



foreign part if there was no chance of us meeting members of our own group in that location. Our comings and goings seem to be motivated by the keenest sub-knowledge of events. Make no mistake about this. Men are not "instructed" from discarnate sources to do specific things which end in "surpassing coincidence" as we term it, half so much as they speak to themselves.

**WE** APPEAR to have a faculty in our subconscious minds for sensing the vibrations of those whom we should meet, or who should meet us, even though that meeting take place atop the North Pole—there being no distance of course, or peculiarities of terrain, to the faculties.

We make a vow, we will say, that while in life we will do certain things. We do not necessarily predict to ourselves every in and out of what we will do when we get into flesh as a conscious person, with the physical body named, and given a street address, and a peculiar talent for earning its living. We leave it to life to care for those details.

But deep in each subconscious mind are "wens"—if I may use that expression—which mark disfigurements on our complacency, constantly reminding us of our obligations assumed prenatally. These wens—which by the way is a very good term to describe them—are apparent to us every time that we glance at ourselves subconsciously. They are reminders *that we must be in a certain place on a certain day to meet a certain person and do a certain thing*. It will have a bearing on our mission in life, or a readjustment of the cosmic balance. We go to that place and do that thing, whether it means meeting one person or a thousand.

**B**EAR in mind this: that countless other persons engulfed with us in this Sea of Circumstance all have similar appointments to fill and know it. Therefore we unerringly come together.

It is not true, as men think, that meetings resulting in great works are the happenings of Chance, and it ought to be apparent why. They are all part of a more or less prearranged plan. We and countless others *are* that plan, participants or no. This guidance is supernal and un-



erring, and we will discover that we do no act, or commit no indiscretion or folly, but what has significance in some sort of worldly contact that is of our own making in this life or in the past. We have little choice in the matter consciously—that is, while in physical bodies. The choice has been made before entering those bodies, just as we will make other choices and decisions after quitting it.

We do make constant new friendships as we go along, of course, but only at the expense of terrific sacrifice or some adventure that has to do with others in affecting readjustments, or working out contracts and obligations, entailed by life itself.

Make no mistake here—

*Life is a constant day-to-day fulfillment of a million-and-one contracted relationships, so finely interwoven that it surpasses the conscious brain to estimate or even examine them!*

**M**EN of great leadership are extraordinary in this, however, that they have a million more than the ordinary man because they have lived longer cosmically and their life essence is cast in a different mold. They have no more obligations to fill than the ordinary person because the equipment supplied them is equally greater in facility. They have a bigger burden to carry but a more adroit and capable equipment to discharge it *with* . . .

Bearing in mind such facts, it seems infinitely fine and reasonable that each soul is allotted more than one experience in earthly living. We are not alone in our predicaments. Vast numbers of other souls are working out their problems in camaraderie with us. We can rectify mistakes, keep attaining toward ennoblement till at last we have mastered the Perfect Life. Then are we fit to really enter "heaven" . . .

What a chaotic and unpleasant place the theological "heaven" would be, when we really stop



to give it thought, if all sorts and conditions of people were precipitated into it just as life's termination caught them—with bills unpaid, obligations undischarged, feuds and hatred rampant, and petty bitternesses still scorching their souls!

**N**OW let me proceed to a fourth attribute of the Subconscious.

This Subconscious is likewise peculiar in this: that it tells us "instinctively" as we say, how to meet our obligations, discharge our commissions and effect our life's purposes—if we only give it hearing and credence in action.

Our Guardian Mentors are not dodging any of their responsibilities when they tell us that three-fourths of the stimuli under which we act in meeting our daily problems as mortal men and women, moving among mortal men and women, do not come from them at all but are a product of our own subconscious minds, functioning efficiently as they were intended to function. We have within us the capacity for solving three-quarters of our problems ourselves if we will but relax at stated intervals and summon our true subconscious powers to our aid. They are unfailing mentors, more infallible than our watchful friends in other dimensions of consciousness, since we know ourselves as no other entities in eternity can ever know us.

Our subconscious minds are peculiar in this also, that they often do the following: when we feel we are deficient in the knowledge we have, we send out a subconscious summons for those friends and mentors, and they tell us what to do—sometimes from their subconscious minds, as it were, but more often we deliberately call on them and they as deliberately respond. Thus our subconscious minds only call on them when we are stumped for some solution.

**W**HEN we feel ourselves balked in the solution of a problem, therefore, this we should try: Not get bothered or excited—for that is handicapping to subconscious activity. We should try the means of utter relaxation, knowing that the answer to our problem by one means or another is *within* us, that it will come to us readily if we will give it exercise, and that we are lugging around within us a veritable storehouse of treasure that will make us healthy,

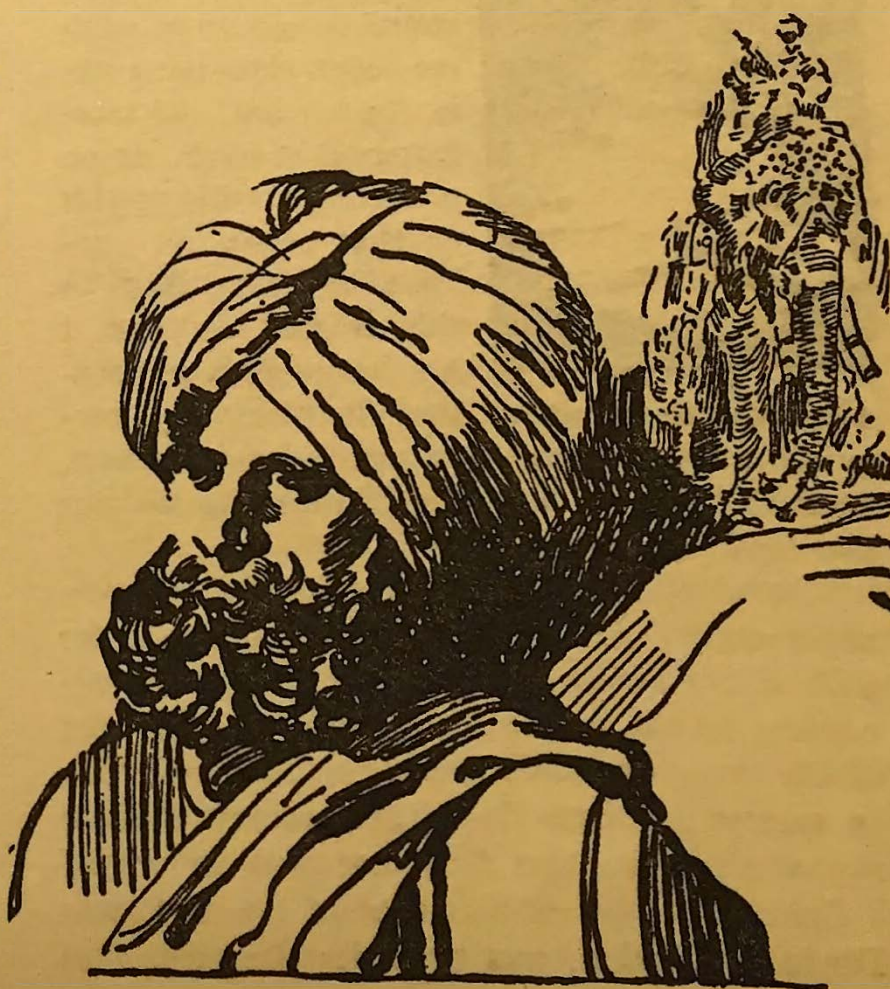
wealthy and wise if we will but open it and advise with what we find in it.

Take this thought with you, therefore, in closing—

Never let your subconscious get the better of you. Make it your slave, never your master. That is to say, make your Subconscious give you solutions, *never answers*, in subconscious brain-wishes. No solution need ever come out in the form of desire-wish fulfillment. Make it come out in the form of a *recipe for action*.

**T**HUS will you make the Subconscious your servant excellently and it will serve you faithfully till you no longer have need for it. And by crediting its powers you will find strange disclosures . . . that it will prove for you beyond reasonable doubt that the Plan of Earthly Visitations is not the pagan horror some would have themselves believe. God's Judgment Day is every day—in what you are saying and doing *now*. But life cycle after life cycle you will have chance on chance to make yourself noble.

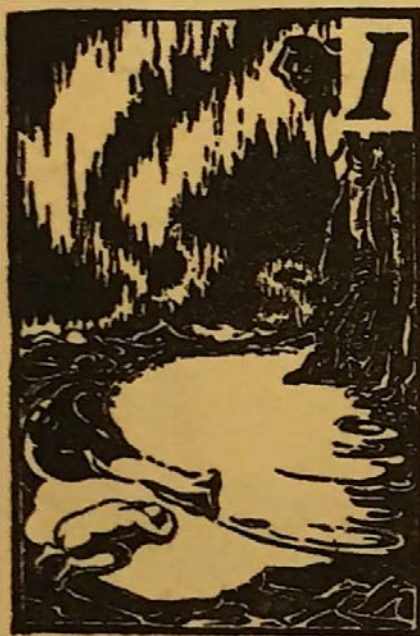
And the Subconscious assuages your grief, and disappointments by making life's tragedies assume proper perspectives . . .





# WHY I have no Quarrel

**Q** From my own Observations I am Forced to Credit that the Repository of True Spiritual Lightenment has been Discarnate in Character, and so-called Church Organization has only Served as Earthly Instrumentality for the Distribution of Truth to the Receptive . .



**I**MMEDIATELY after the publication of my article "Seven Minutes in Eternity," a year ago, reactive mail from readers began classifying me, in the kindest and most fraternal manner, as an unwitting apostle of this or that creed, an unknowing subscriber to this or that doctrine. I say in no spirit of face-

tiousness or cynicism that it pleasantly surprised me to discover how many denominations, sects and cults, I had joined in my life without the slightest realization.

The greatest number of congratulatory messages came from Christian Scientists. The latter half of my article was the crux of Science, according to the general interpretation of a host of its devotees. Next came the Spiritualists—in greater numbers than Theosophists. Despite my asseverations that I did not consider myself a Spiritualist, the arraignment of Sir A. Conan Doyle of London, was typical: "Regardless of

the name you give your discoveries, my dear sir," he wrote, "the fact remains that by the very nature of your disclosures you *are* a Spiritualist!"

I have taken all these inclusions seriously, considering them the highest form of compliment that could be paid either my message or its writer. And yet I still contend that I am not a Christian Scientist, a Theosophist, a Spiritualist, a Mormon, a Rosicrucian, a Unitarian, or a renegade Wesleyan. I am not any one of them because to be any one of them *would set a limitation to my thinking, to my exploring and experiencing*. And in untrammelled, uncircumscribed exploring and experiencing I automatically affiliate with all sects and creeds which are based upon Truth.

**I**T IS my attitude toward denominationalism that it is essentially existent to defend a point of view. The sects counter with the argument that they are organized to perpetuate Truth as they conceive it, and in a measure this is so. But the very essence of their conceiving, sets stakes beyond which the communicant cannot go without a withdrawal of the support of his



# with any Existent Creed

brethren in the faith. Therefore he progresses out of their ken—which is happening in every faith at present.

Shortly after my article was published, I was invited to lunch with a prominent Spiritualist leader here in the east, one of the first to hail me as a proselyte of the sect which he instructed. I found him a charming elderly gentleman, converted to his cult by incontestable communication with a beloved son who had lost his life in the war.

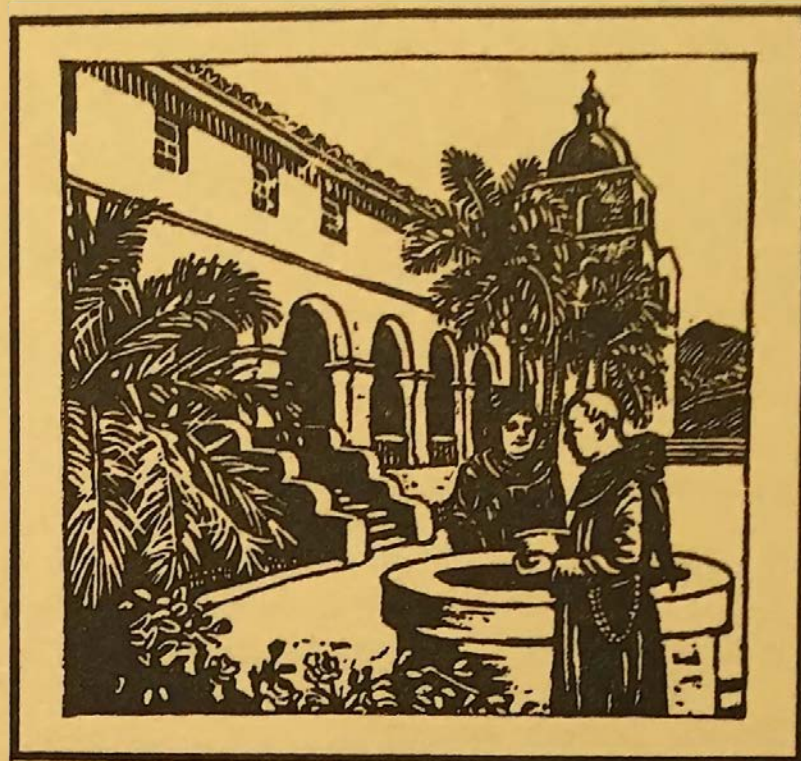
Our luncheon went smoothly so long as our discourse kept to discarnate manifestation and clairaudient communication. But when I spoke of the comforting phenomena of recurrent birth, he drew back in shock.

**“YOU** don’t mean you go in *for that* paganistic belief?” he demanded. “Oh, oh! Why spoil a wonderful ministry with that awful Hindu doctrine?”

“But,” I responded, “I don’t ‘go in’ for anything. I merely accept and examine all aspects of phenomena and all forms of doctrine that come to my attention, from whatever source, carnate or discarnate. And as for that ‘awful doctrine,’ properly conceived and understood, the hypothesis that the human soul has the privilege of participating in different stages of the world’s advancing progress and living for a time as an enhanced participant in more and more enlightened regimes of society, is one of the finest programs that divine mind could instigate. Moreover, week by week I am being given increasing demonstrations of its truth.”

“Then we’re no longer spiritual fellows,” he lamented. “The idea’s absurd! I refuse to entertain it! I’ve had quite enough of the trials and griefs of this plane without returning to it constantly to live them over and over.”

“But to my way of thinking,” I argued, “attaining to a height above such disgruntlement at life on earth, is what the Master meant when He spoke of ‘overcoming.’ . . . Isn’t it true that only as we acquire the spiritual poise that makes



us unconcerned about our soul’s location, are we fitted to explore into higher and finer realms of spirit? If we dislike this earth-plane, what assurance have we that we won’t dislike other planes? The very resentment people hold toward further experiences in flesh, proves to me that they’re not as yet ready to graduate from this one.”

“Do *you* want to come back again to this same old static physical life?” my companion demanded.

**“MY** DEAR man,” I said, “in the first place, physical life is anything but static. Even on this earth-plane, society is so progressing day unto day that the soul which existed in flesh a generation ago would scarcely recognize *what* plane of existence it had entered, were it suddenly reborn into the modern twentieth century. But entirely aside from that, I am absolutely unmindful of *what* plane I may be functioning on, so long as I may be of service to those about me.”

“Do you want to go through all your adolescent suffering over again?”

“I wouldn’t mind it,” I answered honestly, “since I won’t admit there is any ‘suffering’ . . . there is only experience. And experience makes



me a finer person, no matter what its nature, as long as I extract the profit from it spiritually."

"Well, you can't be a Spiritualist and hold views like those! We Spiritualists believe that there are grades of Matter-Experience which we must go through, but this earth-plane is the lowest. Once having lived this earthly experience, we're done with it, thank God! Further education comes from higher planes which we enter."

"Then what difference can the plane possibly make, if you admit there's necessity for further discipline? All planes are Reality, are they not? Why not take your educational discipline here and now and have done with it? Certainly there couldn't be education and 'overcoming' without opposition to be triumphed over."

"I can't and won't accept it! Besides, my dear, dear son—who is my teacher from the Other Side—never tells me anything about Rebirth. And until he does, I won't give it credence."

"Are you sure, my dear man, that your son is all-wise in such matters?"

"He's out of his body, isn't he?"

"Does that give him all-knowledge?"

"I fail to see why not!"

THE TROUBLE with sects and creeds seems to be, that the original instigators received a quota of Truth and preached it till they had acquired a sizeable following. Whereat they Passed On, leaving their message for others to interpret. In process of time organization was necessary to tend the Lamp of the Message—or rather, following the gregarious impulse, disciples of the original master sought consolidation of their faith among similarly thinking brethren—the protection and approbation of the herd-mind, so to speak. But as the organization grew further and further away in point of time from the first apostles of the doctrine, the Message became a devitalized ritual. And in sheer self-protection, in order not to lose identity with sectarianism which advanced into wider and wider fields of exploration, it had to set stakes on belief and say in essence: "This is what you must believe in order to be one with us and enjoy the consolations of our doctrine!" Whereat came formalism. Whereat came spiritual aridity.

The argument that the earthly political Church of God, as a social organization, has been the sole repository and culturist of spirit-

"I was convinced of the Continuity of Life by my own experiences . . and I am not foregoing a lucrative literary profession for the vicissitudes of Mysticism in order to cheat myself at Solitaire!"



ual enlightenment throughout the centuries, is something open to much debating. Personally I cannot subscribe to it. For my own revelations have been such that I am forced to credit *that the conservatory of true spiritual enlightenment has been discarnate in character* and so-called church organization has only served as earthly instrumentality for the distribution of Truth to the spiritually receptive.

IT IS because I hold the latter to be nearest the true facts, that I say I have no quarrel with organized religion or any existent creed or sect. The organized church has performed the supreme function in human society of serving as channel for different interpretations of the Absolute. As such, Humanity is its debtor.

Furthermore, I cannot accept that Divine Mind would limit itself to expressionism through any one human leader or set of communicants, for different classifications of human temperament and spiritual erudition require different modes of instruction and different varieties of exhibitionism.

Pure and undefiled Religion, whatever its outward manifestation, is nothing but the individual's clear concept of the Divine. Different stages of cosmic growth mean different concepts—all of them proper, all of them natural, all of them beneficial.

Roman Catholicism, all the denominations of Protestantism, Christian Science, Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Spiritualism, Mormonism, down into all the varied cults of Mysticism—each has its place in the religious mosaic. True, many of these creeds antagonize one another. But Eternal



Truth doesn't lie in their antagonisms; neither does it lie in their agreements. I hold that it lies in that facet of expressionism which shows a pure difference from the facets of expressionism that are contemporary doctrines.

This is not an argument for church unity. There can never be "church unity" . . . that is, doctrinal similarity. Perish the day that it is realized. Because doctrine is man's reaction to the Eternal Verities reduced to Formalism and complete agreement in that reaction would mean spiritual lethargy.

I WORSHIP the One Father in such purity of concept as I have enlightenment. I work as a Lesser Instructor under the Great Instructor. I try to keep my mind fluid and plastic to whatever concepts or revelations I may be given as the level of spiritual erudition rises and man becomes ready to absorb new advancements. Why give myself a formal name? Why align my-

self with one set of expressionists who renounce me as I climb their fences of dogma? I am *Everything* insofar as *Everything* is the sum-total of all the pieces of the mosaic making the picture of the Absolute.

And I as readily refuse to let anyone use me to make a new cult of the *Everything*. For that would be a paradox. The *Everything* cannot be a cult because it cannot be set down on a tablet of delineation; it cannot be a point of view when there are no other points of view in opposition.

Cling to your creed, my brother! Stay with it and in it so long as it supplies you with that which you need. Divine Mind speaking within your own soul will announce when you have absorbed all that it can give you. But when you have outgrown it, speak no evil of the Church-Parent that has been your mentor throughout adolescence.

That, I contend, is Supreme Ingratitude!



"Attempting to define the difference between Free Will and Predestination has split religious empires and kept multitudes in torment. You can't define them apart from the Rebirth program, for they had their origin in it, long since buried under misinterpretations of dogma. Why will people not discern the childishly simple explanation that man may exercise Free Will and do aught that he desires in any life to gain experience? *But*, having embarked on a course of action following such decision, he is Predestined to suffer the results of that action. If it be a good action, he automatically assures himself of reward. If it be a vicious action, he invites unerring and ruthless punishment. Life being continuous, those results work out according to their natures, if not in one life then in others still to be lived."



# Why *did* GOD Create

*THOUGHT-Consciousness cannot Manifest of or to Itself except in Terms of Substance . . .*



**H**UMAN BEINGS as a species cannot conceive the Why and Wherefore of their presence in flesh or why a universe of Matter should be necessary. If man is essentially divine spirit, why come down into this sluggish world of Substance and endure the aches and pains of a seventy-year life span every little while? They cannot discern the "necessity" for it, which brings a literal earthworld into being, *because their presence in flesh automatically cancels certain higher perceptions!*

Now among those perceptions is a trait which, to coin a word, might be called the *Ultra-Geniferous*—a trait that rises to a capital trait above all other traits.

It has as its essence the knowing of identities.

You cannot understand this trait fully while in carnate form because the carnate form might be termed the antithesis of the trait. Frequently I have said that things outside of Form have to be interpreted in terms of Emotion. By that I meant, this very trait of the *Ultra-Geniferous*. That is, the trait that interprets the root of things created.

**Y**OU have a plan to do a certain thing. You wait for it to mature in substance. You wish it to mature faster than it does, so you set

about finding ways and means for accelerating this maturity.

Has it never occurred to you that the acceleration of a plan may have an identity of its own, totally divorced from, and different from, the essence of the plan itself? For a plan is one thing and the way of going about to realize it quite another. A plan may be a good plan but the method employed to reach it may be evil in substance. And conversely, a plan may be evil yet reached by a good route or externalized means.

*Things cannot be good or evil in the same composition.* I will not enter into the "why" of this here. I only want to say that certain plans are arrived at by ways which in themselves are detached from the plan itself. These ways are peculiar in that they have a genealogy of their own, separate and distinct from the ultimate plan.

In physics we have, therefore, forms of Matter and forms of Light. Light and Matter are two different mediums, though Matter comes from Light—or because of Light, or through the instrumentality of Light. Light has one function, Matter another. Matter cannot be without Light, yet you can have Light without Matter—or rather, you can have both from two different causes yet achieving a similar end.

In physics we say, "Light comes, Darkness goes!" We mean by that, that Light manifests and creates a condition where Darkness is impossible. By that same token you have this same mystery of exegesis that troubles many advanced



# *a World of* MATTER?

students of Cosmology more than they care to admit.

The "why" and the "wherefore" of Life is that Light may replace Darkness of a kind, that suffering may motivate construction—or if you prefer, that Light may create in terms of emotional values as well as emotional values create in terms of Light.

UNTIL the proposition that Light is Thought in action procreating that which manifests on every plane of Matter, lies firmly imbedded in your minds, you cannot grasp the genesis of why the world of substance in matter should be necessary.

Consider this: Why need you have a "lighted" room in the ordinary sense? You say, so that you may move about without stumbling over furniture. But that is no explanation. You could move about without stumbling over furniture if you had the geography of the room outlined in your mind or if you had some means by which you perceived the furniture's location in the dark. You really want "light" in the room to *move with facility or the least expenditure of physical effort*, so a light is brought in.

But consider this also: The light itself is one thing; your presence in the room quite another. They may not be related at all. The light may come from the moon many thousands of miles away, while you may have come from an afternoon at your office to be in the room for an unlawful purpose. But the correlation of the two, or the business of understanding origins of things or beings, is a separate entity from either the moonlight or your presence in that house.

Discern then this truth: *Divine Thought has no way of making itself intelligible to itself except through graduations and diminutions of formations!* It is unable to manifest to itself except as it functions in some sort of perceptive occupation.

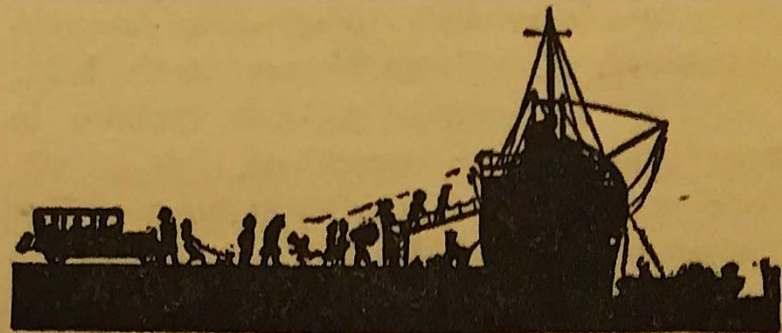
Do I make myself plain?

This is not as simple as it sounds. Too many factors enter in. We have shades and degrees of

## *A paper for Advanced Students in Religious Metaphysics*

Emotion. They are really shades and degrees of divine formations so intricate and involved in manifestation that the visual brain cannot interpret them. Therefore they are imponderable. Nevertheless we have divine formation simple enough to express the truth. For instance:

An apple on a branch falls to terra firma. It strikes the ground and we see it rebound. It was going in one direction one moment and in exactly an opposite direction the next instant—the same apple, in the same area of operation, under exactly the same conditions. It does not behave curiously because we know that it has met with an opposing force. What really happens to the apple is this: It makes a "gesture in Thought" and is made to reverse that gesture in still another Thought. *Neither Thought knows that the other operates unless the apple's presence and behavior discloses it!* The two Thoughts would





go on forever existing as discarnate Thought sufficient unto themselves. But how on earth would they know themselves in ether unless something happened to disclose their precipitations? That something is the apple as an entity displaying the results of the two Thoughts *acting according to their natures*.

**T**HIS is the simplest explanation I can make at this stage for the whole phenomenon of the Etheric Vehicle. Thoughts proceed from the Godhead, we say. This, however, is erroneous. They do not proceed from anywhere. They ARE, just as the thought-force acting on the apple in two different forms which we term "directions" has always existed and always will exist. But how do we know they exist until some etheric demonstration discloses them *even to themselves*?

Do you see now why thought-forms can only be apparent in some manner of perception in order to be of service even unto themselves? This is to say, that Incarnate Thought is a pure abstraction until it is envalued by some form of self-interpretation? Thought must manifest in order to know its own potentialities. *I do not refer to states of consciousness!* I refer to "states of being," being always represented in action or emotion.

Emotion like Thought again is not what people think. It comprises Consciousness to a degree but it also comprises the "capacity to know itself" and what will be its status under given conditions of precipitation in Matter or out of it. Given emotion, we may have exquisite beauty on the one hand and exquisite ugliness on the other. Both will be states of emotion, pure and simple, on different levels of abstract existence—or rather, abstract announcements. Now let me turn back a moment to the genesis of spirit in manifested materialism . . .

**T**HE WHY of life is this: *Self-knowledge by accredited function in terms of emotional values concretely manifesting for self-ennoblement . . .* self-ennoblement again being the capacity to acquire self-interpretation in values of more concise perceptions.

When you have said this, you have spoken the Decalogue, though few can yet understand the practical application of it in planes higher

than the physical, for there are such planes and they are many.

Someone tells you, for instance, that you are coming to a phase of your affairs that is going to be non-understandable from the standpoint of applied physics. What is meant is but the working out of a hypothesis that is above the earthly yet not an abstraction.

Mankind is told that it is approaching a condition where it needs to ask for nothing specifically, knowing that Universal Mind will respond to its vital requirements. This is another phase of what I am teaching. We are told of something projected beyond our present plane of understanding technically, not an abstraction and yet an imponderable in that we do not know exactly why our development should be what it is.

**W**HEN you try to understand the Unknowable therefore, it must be from a similar basis of being willing to accredit an imponderable that the ponderable may result.

When a skeptic states that he refuses to act till he *knows*, he shuts himself off automatically from experiencing that which would tell him what he wants to know. I commend his discrimination but deplore the limitations it imposes on him in the acquisition of Truth.

The exegesis of life and the necessity for the reincarnating cycle is not ponderable accurately because it encompasses values that do not exist on the physical plane. They do exist, however, as the result of analogous manifestation.

For instance, a jackknife without a blade is not a jackknife. You may hold in your hand something that to all intents and purposes looks like a jackknife, feels like a jackknife, and in the dark would be taken for a jackknife. To prove that it is not a jackknife, however, light would be needed. This light is of external application and in itself imponderable but it would disclose that you did not hold a true jackknife.

Even so, a concrete proposition in exegetics is not interpretable without external light, and thus when the skeptic says he refuses to believe until he *knows*, he is asking to be assured that the jackknife is a jackknife before the admission of external light discloses it.

My quarrel with skeptics lies not in their negative intellectuality, but in that they refuse to concede the "impossible" or "improbable" in



“The revelation that each person in physical life, man or woman, is undergoing a schooling in practical *experience to someday become a Christ over planetary systems as yet uncreated*, will ultimately dawn upon the religious world in a form of shock! How much more beautiful, this realization, than confronting an eternity of harp playing in a metallic heaven that would bore Real People after two or three weeks! No truly divine being could tolerate the tedium of the medieval concepts of theological heaven.”



order to grasp the possible or probable. This is hard, but ought to be taken as close to gospel truth. I am asking for the confidence in the imponderable that makes the ponderable a living thing. Let's go back now for a moment and dwell on the exodus out of the "Godhead" . . .

**M**AN as spirit is Incarnate Thought manifesting on any one of the many planes he dwells on. He is not doing it for self-interpretation so much as for *self-perception*! It is impossible for Thought Incarnate to be anything else than some manner of perception—which in turn is a phase of Emotion.

Man does not perceive himself to give himself pleasure or erudition. He travels through the Cycles-of-Matter procedure so that he may know through Shades of Emotionalism a perfect self-consciousness of his identity under sufferance of various shades of awareness.

Man is Thought Incarnate. Yet when we speak of "The great ocean of Incarnate Thought" we do not mean nihility. We mean simply lack of self-awareness or, lack of perception of the qualities of emotionalism which prepare for the ultimate and individualized self-perception.

Man goes "down into Matter" through countless generations and he transcends from inorganic spirit to organic spirituality. Once he has stepped out of inorganic Thought he never devolves. But he *may* go back to a state where

any form of emotionalism is imperceptible and he is classed as "nameless" . . . In the sense of nihility he is, of course, not nameless. In comparison to those who are absolutely positive in their self-awareness, his state is termed Nameless. He may manifest in some form or other, perhaps a beast or a bird or a creeping thing—and thus do we get the Hindu's transmigration theory. So few entities reach this state, that it is not of immediate consequence. Most entities reach a point in their Namelessness when they evolve again, climbing up, slowly and painfully and finally attaining to spiritually organic self-recognition.

**T**HESE souls rebelling at first at harmonic order, are slowly made to function in terms of higher and finer emotionalism, since higher and finer emotionalism is a graduated scale of harmony climbing into sweeter and purer notes or thinner and more delicate vibrations to which there is no end. Now I offer this:

*The soul goes through cycle after cycle of earthly life experience and becomes so self-conscious that it starts the phenomenon of projecting the very thing it has thereby become!*

That is, after cycles of reincarnating experience it may now create in its own right and has now become so self-conscious that it starts the phenomenon of projecting the very thing it has become.



In its own right it creates its essence of spiritual consciousness and gradation of velocity. It goes on and on in conjunction with untold millions of similar Thought Essences until it makes up that grand assembly known in dogma as "The Host" . . . It reaches a point where it creates by thought, or exercises power of itself on ether and thus becomes a god unto itself as God is conceived by prosaic theology.

**T**HERE is never a "moving back" into Nothingness for that would be catabolism and without purpose. Thought multiplies itself by demonstration therefore, but again we come up against the imponderable as the Why this is necessary. In a future issue I shall describe it. Were it not true that Thought itself creates self-awareness by Matter experience there would be no universe as we know it and certainly no capacity to conceive for ourselves. We speak of Birth as being "conception." This is a perfect analogy to the preachment I am making. Birth is a *beholding* of the life experience through untold millennia, a seeing through enhanced emotional values, not erudition values, as that would mean that the soul acquires something out of itself, and being Thought Incarnate of itself, it cannot do this. It always has the power to enhance its own velocities in terms of emotional-

ism and thus we go on into Infinity, building ourselves finer and finer mansions of spiritual velocities to which there is no end.

Considered in this light, Life is self-creating, in so far as ether allows it to conceive. Think of Life as an evaluation of self-values, therefore, constantly mounting into more accurate measurements.

Think of Life as a combination of Thought and Ether giving a result that is born from their union.

Think of Life as a perception of Thought by itself, discovering itself by watching itself perform in ether.

Think of Life as Abstract Thought becoming concrete for self-recognition and functioning unto itself.

**A**N ERROR has been made in considering Thought Incarnate, as a *Being*. Thought Incarnate is not a "being" but a process as yet unmanifested, whereas Life as we know it is the same process of being projected into the finite for mental interpretation. It is the giving of Form to Life. And indeed if you subtract this Form you do not have Life but merely Thought in the abstract, inorganic and unable to function for self-propagation.



"When the statesmen of the world actually accept that there is no such thing as passing the problems of state onto 'the children'—because they in a forthcoming age will *be* those children, we may suddenly be treated to a new conscientiousness in governmental dispensations. All the national problems of the world could be settled within one generation if great leaders of society would only credit that 'passing the buck' is not possible and that each nation must work out the predestined acts of its own decisions precisely like the individual."



When the skeptic says he is not interested in Life as an abstract theory he is speaking profoundest wisdom, for Life in the abstract would not *BE* life but inorganic conflation without potency, without form, and thus unintelligible on any plane of being.

Remember there are only two phases of manifestation of being: Form and Emotionalism. Each may exist apart from the other, *but organic life must properly know both.*

**T**HE LIFE Cycle is not a great arc swinging out of inorganic Thought and back into it again. It is a projection of Thought from inorganic to organic which achieves the distinction of becoming that which projected it. Understanding this gives one a comprehensible reason for the Matter experience. To say **WHAT** Thought is, however, and why it thus propels itself, is *something I can never tell you until down a hundred thousand millennia you achieve it in your literal essence. IT HAS NO BEING APART FROM OCCUPANCY.*

I hope I make myself clear. Organic Thought is a mystery until the mystery will be solved by the soul becoming that mystery. There are no word-terms or forms that elucidate it. It simply **IS** to each individual. It is non-comparable, non-relative. It is **ESSENCE** by non-interference by any kind of externalized manifestation, but it comes about in each individual case and is the true reality and heavenly state of which the prophets sang of old. The East Indian thinks of it as the final Nihilism of the Self, whereas it is such universality of awareness that this awareness becomes universality.

**D**ON'T try to penetrate beyond this point. The human brain can't get it because its nearest analogy is the Sublimation of Emotion or self-feeling in all its grades, to that point where each ego or *psyche* comprises the universe of form and emotion without interfering with any other ego or *psyche*, which does the same thing. And yet this state of Universality is nothing more nor less than the same "Ocean of Thought" from which the ego started out without such entirety of form and emotion within its essence.

Keep this in mind: The *psyche* is the universe

in embryo unto itself, after it has comprised within itself all the elements of Form, and Emotion, that go into it to make it all-encompassing.

Let us transcribe it in still another way by saying: The *psyche* performs, therefore it *is*! The ego functions, therefore it *becomes*! Life exceeds itself and gives Life. Inorganic Thought goes the great gamut of trial and experience and transcends to sublimated organism.

As to how the gamut first originated, we have no known record except etheric values. The ether will someday be known for what it is: Organic evaluation transcendent out of itself and reversed to act on each individual ego coming out of it—or rather, reaching Self-Awareness through it.

In our present state we cannot interpret the Beginning until we approximate the Ending which is the Beginning in an instant. Time is no factor. It is merely an expression of consciousness whereby experience is perceived. There is no Time. There is no Space. There is only the capacity to perceive what is necessary to attain Universality. *We have no opportunity of knowing the Beginning or the Ending, for they are one!*

**C**ONSIDER an egg. It was hatched by a chicken, that was hatched from an egg, that was laid by a chicken that was hatched from an egg . . . an old, old form of expression the Creation Imponderable.

You think that because you had a physical birth and die a physical death, and measure your movements by Cause and Effect, that the universe must do the same. *But outside the Finite, the universe is an Idea!* It had no beginning and can have no end. And it needs neither. What matters it? A circle too has neither a beginning nor ending. Is it any less materialistic or non-utilizable?

Herein, my friends, is a mighty lesson, but only as you *feel* can you perceive its essence. Form must relinquish to spiritual sensation—which in turn is Form in the abstract—which in turn is Sensation—and the whole goes into the chicken and egg ideaism.

I hope the skeptic will treat me as an equal in this, however, . . . that I would like to know as much as he, *which came first, the chicken or the egg?*



# New SERMONS

## The First:

- M**Y BELOVED, hear my voice.
2. Happy is the man who maketh his home among the tents of the *valiant*; happy is he who doeth that which is pleasing to those who dwell amid the *light*.
3. Voices shall he hear when his heart is in the shadows: songs shall he raise when no comfort cometh with circumstance.
4. Whosoever hath founded his life upon a *principle* hath done it on a rock.
5. My beloved, hear My voice: except ye be as those who have lifted their *faces*, ye shall not know radiance that cometh from above.
6. I have talked and ye have listened: I have spoken and ye have heard: I have sent you My message, ye have used it as a principle.
7. *What cometh now but the glory of recompense?*
8. My beloved, I charge you, not for things left undone but *precipitant* desires; holy is the man who walketh not impatiently: happy is the man who can keep a tryst with *time*.

9. Except ye become as children ye cannot know the thoughts of a child, which hath all *time* in its keeping, years which are endless.
10. *What would ye of me?*
11. Goodly company cometh to you, goodly substance visiteth on you, goodly companionship ye have in one another; *all things are added* to those who do good.
12. When the faithful have fallen, who will show mercy?
13. Have ye not lingered by the wayside when there were *harvests* to be gathered?
14. Think ye that circumstance *waiteth* upon you?
15. Be brave and of fortitude.
16. There are mornings yet to *come*, there are noons to be *endured*, there are nights to be *cherished*: verily the cycle hath not been closed, verily the hour-glass hath not been emptied.
17. I would bid you *arise*; walk together, My beloved; I would bid you know *confidence* and strengthen your footsteps.
18. Hear ye My message: the things of God are God's but Caesar *too* hath treasures.



# *from the* MOUNT

19. What will ye of treasure that belongeth to *Caesar*?
20. Hath not the Father opened His storehouse?
21. Lo, ye have moments when the tempter tempteth: lo, ye have moments of *great exaltation* when the voice that ye hear be Mine in your hearts.
22. Think ye, My beloved, it will ever be *otherwise*?
23. Will ye bridle your patience at the cost of your *destinies*?
24. Hear My words: we have come to a place where the road goeth onward; even in noon heat it extendeth into distance.
25. What see ye on that high road, stragglers or *marchers*?
26. What see ye in the distance, valleys or *hilltops*?
27. Why see ye a road: why not see a *journey*?
28. Perceive ye, My beloved, that which I would teach you?
29. There cometh to you one whose breath is as perfume: sweet music He maketh on the chords of your hearts; when the heart be cast down *He ennobleth and raiseth it*; when the lifted heart singeth He addeth His music.
30. Day unto day go the high eons forward: night unto night keep the stars to their courses, *for thus are they stars*, that they keep to their courses.
31. *Is not a man much greater than a star*?
32. Are we not greater than *many* stars, My dear ones, being sons of benefaction?
33. I pray you rise up and know that I speak.
34. Cometh one to you whose heart is as *summer*, whose voice is as *silver* that ringeth in the morning.
35. Have ye not heard it?
36. Why must ye prophesy?
37. Whence come your riddles?
38. I tell you, Father and Son have preached through generations *that they come to glory whose laughter be as children's*.
39. I speak in a parable: see that ye heed it.
40. This be the parable: a man planteth a *vine*; it groweth with roses; he sayeth to his friends: Lo, the roses be *fair* that grow on my vine.



41. They say to him: Why keep them for *thy* pleasure?
42. Give them to the sick that *they* may be cheered.
43. He sayeth: Be it as you will it.
44. Lo, he clippeth his roses to give to the forsaken *and beholdeth a miracle*: for where he clipped one, appeareth a cluster; where he cut a lone blossom there cometh *profusion*, yea a profusion of beautiful petalings.
45. For every rose given doth an *increase* spring forth, till they overrun the garden and the walls contain them not.
46. Even so, My beloved, keep ye this parable.
47. Whence come these thoughts that say: I will be joyous when I am given *increase*.
48. Have ye not increase more beautiful than roses?
49. Have ye not heard *My* words of benediction?
50. What want ye of vestments embroidered with silver, or fine food that maketh the belly to sicken?
51. Grace of speech and behavior, control of impatience, *graspings for sacrifice*: these be thy increase, this thy ennoblement.
52. When the lean days shall come, who sayeth *truly*: Our Lord hath forsaken us?
53. Would I indeed be He whom thou knowest if I did forsake thee but for a *moment*?
54. *Have we no pact made in true friendship*?
55. I come to you bringing gifts of words, pouring them into the vessels of your *spirit*; I come to you bearing gifts of ennoblements, pouring them into your vials of *understanding*.
56. I seek My beloved laboring in a vineyard, bringing cool water when noonday heat parcheth.
57. All, all, is forgiven to those who thirst greatly; *all, all, is expected of those who have water*, yea even the water of that fountain which floweth unto endlessness.
58. Seek ye My spirit when you are troubled: approach it in *gladness*, find it in *delight*: grace find ye in it to practice on fine trumpets whose anthems of beauty ennoble the workers.
59. I sing you a psalm that be cordant with beauty: Praise him who cometh with viands of *intelligence*; praise him who bringeth us liquids of *wisdom*.
60. Set a table for him who hath brought us goodly things: render it with linens, encompass it with garlands.



61. Lo, *a voice speaketh* and a world is made grateful; lo, there come trumpets with silver in their throats: afar on the hills is heard their sweet music.

62. Let him who hath brought it be ennobled among us: *let him who hath wrought it be prince in the household.*

63. What need have ye of more grace, My beloved?

64. Have I not offered you service in My family?

65. Abide and rest awhile, for your swollen feet be weary: presently come chamberlains washing the feet: *the rest time be ended* and into the sunshine sally My marchers.

66. Always may it be so.

67. Ye have asked, I have given; always so consider it.

68. Horns blow: music riseth: the hearts of the faithful burst with rejoicings.

69. Hear ye My words: *come I to you in due cycle of fulfillment.*



A Great Foundation will presently galvanize into existense, having as its objectives: *Peace—Mercy—Knowledge!* Not a new religion, for the last “religion” has had its little hour. Not a new cult, for society is surfeited with cults. Rather a physical realization of The Great White Lodge on the earth-plane, which shall command International Peace, which shall make Herbert Hoover’s war-relief work a Permanent Mercy to peoples suffering all over Christendom, which shall rally to the support of the Cosmic Knowledge-Spreaders in every land and on every social strata. And this Foundation shall attract the mightiest accumulations of Wealth ever conceived by mortal mind!



# WHY I am Convinced

## BEING the First of a Series of Six Papers on Natural Phenomena and Individual Psychical Development . .



**I**T IS my opinion after much observation, that no rational human being becomes a devotee of metaphysics unless he has first undergone some remarkable experience concerning natural phenomena, or has a queer welling up of positive Cosmic Knowledge from the depths of his subconscious.

This last is more vital than most persons suspect. And it has but one origin: *a definite memory of the past history of the soul when life on life it experienced physical visitations!*

I contend there is a substantial reason why over a million persons right here in America are disciples of faiths that make a tenet of recurrent birth. This subject of Continuity would never arise to perplex the human race if man did not carry in his Subconscious Mind vague recognitions of this life-fundamental. His perplexity is really a form of conflict—between his own subconscious knowledge and the fiats of superstition.

For instance, we *know* that the human body doesn't survive, but is buried in the ground and subsequently disintegrates—and no one sheds a tear over such disintegration. Why not? Because

it isn't a Cosmic Verity. But the survival of the soul *is* a truth of the Cosmos and therefore it persists as a challenging equation. True, we don't know all the factors and rules of its solution. But the fact that there *is* a solution is expressed in the impulse toward determination of the process—the why and wherefore of the mystery as a mystery.

**I** KNOW that in my own life, up to nearly my fortieth year, I had alternate periods of oscillating back and forth between doubt of continuity and conviction of it. I recall a bitter day in adolescence when I had read a pamphlet by an avowed atheist who made out an excellent case for the termination of life with the cessation of the heart-beat. So clever was his logic that for twenty-four hours I existed in despair. I wasn't old enough to cross-question myself as to *why* I should feel that awful despair. What difference could it possibly have made to me that losing my identity was something to worry over? Whence came my worry? Why should it ever have occurred to me to want to survive at all? Such fears must have a sounder basis than mere self-awareness and the desire-wish to keep that self-awareness functioning. And after all just what *was* self-awareness? . . .

Then in practical day-to-day newspaper work came flashes of vague revelation of a Reality higher and beyond this earthly endurance, that



# the "DEAD" *are Alive!*

By  
*The Editor*

puzzled as they terrified me. I had uncanny presentiments of having lived in a certain place before, knowing features of terrain, feeling a familiarity with certain types of people that I tried to explain as heredity instincts. Or more than all else, in my police reporting I would be called to see souls go out of the flesh by accident or tragedy. And I would behold on their faces a peace that surely betokened a knowledge not of earth—an acquiescence to destiny that carried neither fright nor personal concernment.

At another time, in my early thirties, I cranked a small cheap automobile in gear, at the top of a hill. It leaped into motion, bearing me down and dragging me 300 feet with my body beneath its chassis. Grimly clutching the refractory crank that had done the mischief, I was conscious throughout every inch of those 300 feet, that the termination of my life had certainly arrived. Yet in that supremely tragic moment, all fear deserted me. I found myself saying: "Well, I've reached it. Now I'll see what this 'dying' is like."

AND yet on the other hand, these were not positive proofs of *psyche* survival. I did much reading in biography, to see how others had solved the problem. But strangely enough, of Spiritualism and Theosophy, I had no acquaintance. Looking back now, it seems surpassing strange that when I lay down to sleep on an epochal night in California, and had the experience which has now been read by twenty millions of people, even Spiritualism and Theosophy were the least bit repulsive—the former because of the charlatanry practiced too often beneath its cloak, the latter because the newspapers reported the Theosophists as believing that the Master Christ would return to earth in the body of a youthful Hindu. Which was doubly repulsive . . . although again I did not pause to ask why it should be so.

MY FIRST introduction to the possible validity of natural phenomena came during the War.

A few weeks before America joined the allies I was taken out of my Vermont newspaper office and sent on a war correspondent's job to the Orient. I left behind me in America, among other relatives, a brother-in-law 22 years old with whom I had been in a publishing business. We had been bosom pals, and often lain together in bed at night discussing between ourselves this same question of survival. Just before I left for the Far East, however, this thing happened:

Knowing that I would probably be gone many months, on a Sunday afternoon in 1917, a group of friends and relatives made up a motor picnic on the Mohawk Trail outside of North Adams, Mass., as a little farewell outing. Among this group was this brother-in-law and a nurse from Brooklyn City Hospital, whom my brother-in-law had not met until this specific afternoon.

This picnic party was destined to be notable, yet it passed at the time similar to many other outings, and the next week found me on my way to the Orient. While in Japan, the Siberian Intervention was determined upon and I enlisted in the only available position—that of Red Triangle secretary with the Japanese troops. I went to Siberia and became also an impromptu consular courier, traveling 7,000 versts in that unhappy country during the early days of the Bolshevik regime.

Coming down into Japan again, I found mail awaiting me that contained the first intelligence from home in many months. Among that mail was a newspaper clipping containing an account



of my brother-in-law's enlistment and subsequent death of the "flu" at Camp Devens. This demise so affected my domestic affairs, that I cut short my trip and took the next eastern steamer.

NOW my brother-in-law—whom I introduce as Ernest—had married just before starting for Camp Devens and his premature death left his bride so distraught that she turned to certain experiments in Spiritualism. The Spiritualists were holding their annual summer encampment at Lake Pleasant, Mass., nearby, and she attended several of their sessions and contrived many sittings with trustworthy mediums. On my return to Vermont, she sought me out in quandary.

"I've heard from Ernest!" she announced. "But I don't know what to make of it. He 'came through' to a medium, apparently, tried to convince me of his existence, gave me explicit directions for solving financial problems left by his passing, and spoke of your small daughter Harriet being with him where he is!" Harriet had gone over, by the way, as a 2-year-old child in 1912. "But that wasn't all! Ernest kept saying over and over, 'Please thank the nurse of the Mohawk Trail for what she did for me!' What nurse could he have meant?"

Now Ernest's wife had not been with us on that motor picnic and had never met my nurse friend. Had Ernest mentioned her, I submit she would have been recalled to his wife. Still that isn't the point. Puzzled as to what the connection should have been between a soldier in Camp Devens and a graduate nurse in a Brooklyn Hospital, I at once tried to get into communication with our nurse of the picnic.

She seemed to have vanished!

MY FAMILY dismissed the matter for a time, although all of us were puzzled by the reference. My personal explanation was that some charlatan-medium had learned facts about our family affairs and garbled them for hoaxing a widow. Almost a year passed. Suddenly one day, I got a letter from our missing nurse. *The letter was mailed from Vladivostok, Siberia!* In it she stated that she had joined a Red Cross contingent shortly after my own departure for the Orient, which had been assigned to the Philippines and later been transferred for the

Intervention. And yet I had come out of Siberia myself, and gone on home without knowing how near we were to each other, on the other side of the earth! . . .

But her presence in Vladivostok only heightened my belief that the family had been hoaxed. Until Agnes—the nurse—came home in 1920. At once we told her what the medium had reported. We saw her pale slightly. . . .

"You mean you've been all this time," she gasped, "without knowing that my first assignment after leaving Brooklyn and joining the Red Cross, was a brief service in Camp Devens?"

"Was it?" I cried.

"Not only that," she confirmed, "but one of the first soldier-boys I tended in the opening stages of the flu epidemic, was your brother-in-law Ernest. *He died in my arms!*"

HERE was an extraordinary bit of phenomena. Agnes had gone to the Philippines without telling anyone in our family that she had thus cared for Ernest. The pressure of war nursing was too great at the time. Not a soul in our families knew that she had happened to ease Ernest's last moments *until his wife learned it at Lake Pleasant* and Agnes returned a year later to confirm it.

That case right in my own domestic circle puzzled me badly for five or six years.

MY NEXT concrete contact with the subject of discarnate intelligence came in 1925 in Springfield, Mass. I had gone to that city to spend a vacation with my married sister, Edna. Among her recent acquisitions had been a ouija-board. She brought it out one evening and asked me if I had ever seen one work. I pooh-poohed such nonsense till she asked me to sit down opposite her and try my hands upon it.

Immediately with celerity the tripod started moving. We went through the usual banter—or I did—accusing one another of subconsciously shoving it. But soon the little table commenced to spell out a message that I realized could only have come from Ernest again. Among the messages received that night was the information that my uncle Samuel was lying at the point of death and that before the following noontime we would get a telegram announcing his demise. This after a whole evening of intelligent com-



munication with Edna working the tripod alone at times, in which Ernest checked his identity by narrating incidents which only he and I had experienced alone together in Vermont, and of which Edna had never heard.

I arose from that ouija session with strange sensations playing up and down my spine. Had we really proven continuity of Ernest's existence as he most avidly claimed?

But no telegram arrived from my Uncle Samuel's people the next morning and Ernest and the ouija were confined to attic. Mark you, however:

Three months later Edna was visting in Lynn, Mass., and started telling about the incident of the telegram-message.

"What specific date was it?" my uncle's wife cried.

Edna fixed the date precisely.

"That was exactly the night," my aunt affirmed, "that Sam was so afflicted with blood-poisoning from a carbuncle on his neck, that we didn't expect him to live till morning."

Edna wrote me what she had learned.

"Well," I thought to myself, "it might easily be explained by mental telepathy!" . . .

**S**TILL I had no real faith in the validity of Spiritism—no satisfying proofs of discarnate consciousness. I tried to "wade through" a book by Sir Oliver Lodge and tossed it aside as bizarre or banal. I even wrote a facetious—and happily, unpublished—magazine story in which I made a great dramatic wallop out of the possibility that Raymond was alive somewhere in flesh, but couldn't communicate with his family because it would blast his father's prestige.

It was not until the early part of 1928, when I had withdrawn to a little writing bungalow near the foot of Mt. Lowe in Altadena, California, that the mystic curtain suddenly rolled backward and showed me something of the colossal, beautiful machinery that operates—as I call it—behind physical life.

I have told elsewhere how I was writing a book on "THE URGE OF PEOPLES" that should try and explain great racial migrations throughout ages past. One day I came suddenly up against the question: "*What were races?*"

Why should one group of human beings be black-skinned and another group yellow?

Before morning I learned!

I have told how I went to bed pondering the question, to read until I was drowsy and then drop off to sleep. I have stated that I was in excellent health, not given to any mental depression or addiction to drugs except for an ordinary smoker's consumption of nicotine which had been going on for the past twenty years with no untoward results on my heart or my health. In "Seven Minutes in Eternity" I have narrated what happened that night.

*I went out of my physical body—to all intents and purposes. I met Ernest face to face. I met other relatives. I met friends whom I had known in other life cycles and previous states of physical consciousness! And I knew them as familiarly and intimately as I knew those who like Ernest, had been close to me as Bill Pelley in this life!*

Ultimately I will print later on in this story what my friends on the Other Side have had to say since about my visitation with them that epochal night. But it wasn't until I had returned into my body, stunned by what I had seen and known and learned, that I began to get proofs of continuity and individual survival that should convince others beyond all assailment that earthly life is but a visit in a room, a visit in many rooms, life upon life.

If I bear a little bit heavily, and to some unpleasantly, on the process of rebirth, life cycle on life cycle in a physical body, I ask for indulgence. What I have seen, what I have been taught, what I have received as bits of mosaic in the great splendid pattern of cosmic logic, is responsible for my position. Follow through the whole extent of my delineations, however, concerning cycles of rebirth, whatever your creed or personal preferences, and perchance I may be able to alter some of your antagonisms if you have them. And what I have to say may possibly help awaken your own psychic faculties . . .

Of course, as I have often stated, the psychologists, the psychiatrists, and the students of psychoses, have since gone to great lengths to explain how I merely had a "dream" that California night. But after all is said and done, there



should be more than one man's say-so to convince the skeptics that such an experience was actual and not hallucination. Regardless of how I feel toward the realism of the experience myself, the fact remains that my personal mental or spiritual adventures cannot be checked by others from narration alone.

So it is that I now propose to go further into my personal proofs of survival from my own

investigations *and experiences with others*, to show how that California experience was only the commencement of a realization of a vast cosmic fact.

And that story begins with my arrival in New York City during the summer of 1928 to consult with some members of the New York Society of Psychical Research about the phenomena I had undergone.

(To Be Continued)



# From the Roman Archives

## *Palestine 31 A. D.*



HERE has appeared a man here, in Palestine, who is still living, whose power is extraordinary. He has the title of the Great Prophet; His disciples call Him the Son of God. He raises the dead, and heals all sorts of diseases. He is a tall, well-proportioned man; there is an air of serenity in His countenance, which at once attracts the love and reverence of those who see Him. His hair is the color of the new wine; from the roots to His ears, and from thence to His shoulders. It is curled, and falls down to the lowest part of them. Upon the forehead it parts in two, after the manner of the Nazarenes.

"His forehead is flat and fair. His face without any defect, and adorned with a graceful vermilion. His air is majestic and agreeable. His nose and mouth are very well-proportioned, and His beard is thick and forked, of the color of His hair; His eyes are grey and extremely lively. In His reproofs He is terrible, but in His exhortations and instructions amiable and courteous; there is something wonderfully charming in His face with a mixture of gravity.

"He is rarely seen to laugh, but He has been observed to weep. He is very straight in stature; His hands are large and spreading, and His arms very beautiful. He talks little, but with gravity, *and is the handsomest Man in the world.*"



# WHY the Present Wave of Spiritual Experiment?



ODAY we have reached a cross-roads in our national development. The events of the times and the heavy strains which have been resting on the consciousness of men during a period of building, have created a state of mind which might be termed Materialistic Spirituality. It is a condition of instinctive

awareness of two opposing forces of energy and has never been traced in the history of world-cultures.

One of Nature's greatest laws is *the establishment of Balance*. On the immediate physical plane we see it at work in Gravitation. In the domain of Abstract Thought we find it in Art. In Ethics and Logic, it is carried through and is equally infallible. Yet it is the nature of Man to throw himself full force, without sparing his energies, into one channel of interest. For definite periods he closes out all other thought-currents which would be more desirable of pursuit and development. Expending that force of creative import, he is incapable of establishing a balance within himself and this leads to the peculiar excesses we meet time and again in organized society.

Witness Russia of the present.

But Nature steps in and comes to his assistance. She is herself forever striving and fighting to obtain the balance necessary to create world-harmony. She comes to man's assistance through her power to swing back these currents of Human Energy into new and deeper channels and making Man pause and contemplate such work as he has wrought in his frenzy of physical

By  
*Charlotte*  
*Chopin*  
*Koster*

energy. Age upon age, century after century, has witnessed these periodical pauses in progress and temporary return to rest.

ANALOGIES to Nature's power to re-establish Balance are found in every strata of organic life and mental development.

A plant, having taken root in a shallow soil, will spread those roots over a wide area, grasping onto every possible crag, stone and crevice for its equilibrium.

In political history we see each régime of aristocrat power break up in revolution which injects new life and fresh blood into national consciousness. Or, what is the same, a new current of Thought-Matter restores the "balance of strength" in that particular nation.

In the realm of Art we witness Classical schools with their definite sets—or restrictions will suddenly revert to a "new movement" in "self-expression," which is actually a breaking down of all previous traditions and restraints.

In customs and morals we have complete reversal of one Social Code for another—obviously opposed to it.



While there is always growth and progress, the Law of Balance swings back these thought currents from one pitch of achievement to another, striving to create a norm or middle-point. For we have not learned as yet to govern and control the energy forces we expend to gain spiritual perfection.

During the last century the *Will to Material Power* eclipsed all attempts at inner development. As a pioneering race, we threw ourselves into a current of physical manifestation, giving up everything for materialistic goals and growing meeker than lambs in spiritual wisdom. We might liken our American urge to a powerful wave dashing ahead of a tide, sweeping on madly toward a barren shore where it is fated to burst in foam-fragments against granite rocks.

Today we are at the very crest of this cycle, while as under-current—quietly and eternally—the Law of Balance continues its work. Many have already come to realize that this rush, this mad desire for material wealth, is not an end in itself. *It is but the expression of immature growth*, which, mistaking the real values of life, has substituted for them the more obvious at hand.

Quite mysteriously and in shock, man is discerning in sorrow and pain that the things he had so feverishly accumulated have ceased to possess any value beyond their material existence. They do not have the power to add to himself that for which his heart is craving. The moment this realization dawns upon him, the Scale—symbolically speaking—carries its heaviest load to one side. It hangs out of Balance. *And that is equally the moment when man stands on the threshold of new understanding.* A finer and fresher current flows mysteriously into him. He decides to start anew and re-directs his energy into sources of spiritual discovery and inner exploration.

To his amazement he sees that the thing he has been pursuing does not hold the worth he had assumed. But Man is never totally defeated when he permits his mind to stay open to learning. Mental plasticity is the youth of the soul. And when that inner examination begins, a relaxation from all worldly things takes place and a return to the simple, psychic life, which *was* at the Beginning. That is the secret of the Balance in Nature, outwardly and innerly. It is the

Peace of which Angelic Hosts sang at the moment of Creation.

THE LESSON to be learned in our own country is the deadly futility of Materialism. And we are learning it! Millions have come to discover that the psychic life only brings happiness and charm to living. *Psyche* meaning soul. Without a careful cultivating of the inner soul life we are coarser than animals who rely upon their instincts. But *we* have been endowed with a gift for comparison—critical faculties of vast intenseness and intuitive strength.

Nothing could be more worthwhile than to harness the urges and wasteful currents which turn us away from the natural Inner Life, from dynamic as well as contemplative action. But this again is "Balance," the only factor which lends full and perfect expression to existence on earth.

AMERICA, no less than other old-world countries, will come to develop a culture of her own. She need not cling, barnacle fashion, to old-world philosophies. She will dare to be herself. But as yet she has not broken away from those traditions unfitted to her temperament, climate and geographic location, as well as the rate of cosmic vibration under which she lives. In her own national consciousness lies a religio-consciousness excelling by far the present Eastern world. Gradually she is becoming aware of its existence and the day is not distant when she will cease to follow the footsteps of the East—when she will be setting a pace of her own.

Many who know of this American spiritual Renaissance already are doing the April work for the season just ahead. Too closely have we followed the tenets of dogmatic religion. In the fever of building there was no time to test the permanent worth of what we had glibly accepted from religious denominationalism. Our religious creative soul lay dormant. Having worked frantically on the shell, we had overlooked the kernel.

It is not the Outward Life which inspires Inner nobility and grandeur. It is the Inner Life which puts the stamp of what we are, of individuality and culture, upon our characters. Only



after attaining it, can we express ourselves outwardly.

A copyist shows no creative talent. But the sketch of a child who translates what he has conceived in the youngness of his soul, may become the treasure most prized in a collection. The first has *not* looked within himself; the second relied on the image he conceived in his *own* sphere of thought.

**B**UT what had occurred during our period of outward expression? Were we any less spiritually conscious than the followers of the Reformation or even the Saints of earlier days? Far, far from it! But the conditions attending on these historic events were taking place on "home-grounds" and had been conditioned through events which led up, step by step, to these medieval crises in social life. To transplant their results into totally different ground, amidst totally different psychological conditions, was really as incongruous, however, as building Gothic Architecture in an Indian settlement.

Religious organizations did not want to admit that transplanted Belief would not thrive in new soil. Possibly they might have grown in strength had it not been for the powerful and scorching searchlight of *Knowledge*. Reading, Research, History, became available to all. People began making independent studies of the Scriptures with interpretations of their own, founded for the most part on personal experience.

The Prometheus of Psychology broke loose upon the world!

And since we did not have the burden of ancient tradition to heft with every move we undertook, we did a great deal of investigation in the light of this knowledge.

It was not long before the man in the church pew knew practically as much as the man in the pulpit and could discuss subjects which a century before were enigmas and mysteries. No more awe or fear was directed toward him who taught the Scriptures. Relationships changed. The tools of the Church were abruptly blunted. The day had come when communicants discovered that the wisdom of their learned Monitors, transmitted by word of mouth in ancient times, had become lost to them through misinterpretations. And when, after the zealous efforts of the Monks in the Middle Ages to again reconstruct

the Holy Writ had shown that they were even then incapable of mastering their lost power, the mask of pomp and glory was worn with impudence—to hide the facts behind political power.

Subconsciously casting about for a fundamental truth whereon to base his life, man learned to look into himself, and lo, he beheld his psychic equipment. Before realizing it, he had entered into the first portal of the true spiritual life and was on the Highroad to discovery of the Kingdom. It was impossible to return to the old "acceptances." Knowing his power, he was to himself the scale of true measure.

At first the discovery was made by a few pioneers. Gradually more men and women went through the process of renewed psychic consciousness *and now the hour has come when millions are slowly opening these first doors to the Spiritual Temple and hesitatingly advancing*. Even as a child tries his first steps, falls and tries again until he can walk, so the new spiritual power is feared at first, to be finally accepted in the knowledge of its meaning. . . .

Thus it is, when the first discovery of our spiritual wings is made. The heart stands in awe. Emotion blinds reason. All our Life-Experience is gathered together and like a vast nature-force, breaks open the portals of material resistance. Those spirit wings take us on a flight that reveals the wonder of vast space-dimensions.

**N**EVER through the cult of Materialism, never through outward manifestation alone, will we reach that stage which approximates Culture. It is not in imitation of what has been *done* before, *thought* before and *spoken* before, that we establish ourselves as independent beings. We do it by following that which we *know* at heart, and giving it ear after a conviction of its value has been well weighed by reason.

This tide of blind following, of being immersed in floods of soul-killing materialism, is rapidly receding. A new age of self-exploration, of true individuality, is dawning upon us and millions are already at work on that vast new Temple wherein we have chosen the architecture from the Heavens themselves, where the frescoed domes and mosaic floors are the fields, forests and cities *as they are*, and where we shall meet as equals and spiritual companions, measuring Worth by the standards of our souls.



# The TRUE Significance

“RUSSIA is the Vast Arena where-  
in Appear the first Gladiators in the  
Colossal Circus of Armageddon . .  
In Russia today are Incarnated  
some of the Greatest Benefactors  
the World has ever Known . .



**R**USSIA is the problem of the nations of today. She is the clearing-house of new ideas. Some of them are unorthodox and appear to be vicious. Some of them are vicious and appear to be blasphemous. Some of them are blasphemous and appear to be impossible of operation. Behind them all, however, a great principle is working—a principle two-fold whereof mankind should have knowledge. . . .

“Russia comprises some of the best known elements of social and religious expression, seeking wider and more untrammelled fields, devoid of argument and control, made vigorous by their own concepts of right and wrong unleashed by forces of historical concretion not always for the better. She comprises also a vicious element in the human order incarnated in vast numbers in the present generation for purposes of self-expression during the forthcoming war between Light and Darkness.

“Make no mistake here!

“There are in Russia today two elements—and each must be recognized for that which it is. One is constructive to painful sublimation. The other is destructive to the focal point of horror.

“Even though it seems that both are boiling in the same kettle at present, soon it will be shown that the defection of State and Church by apparently vicious influences is nothing more nor less than the unwitting coalition between these two, brought about as the crisis from political blundering. . . .

“**I**N TELLING you this, a great purpose is aimed at.

“It is not understood as yet, what the true significance of Russia is in the colossal world-program for social betterment, spiritual enhancement, and religious supremacy over all other factors in human existence.

“Russia is at present a huge melting-pot of sociological and heretical ideas and concepts, holding a concrete admixture of right and wrong, of trial and error, of mistake and experiment.

“And all to what purpose?

“To prove to the nations of the earth that a stupendous Principle is working out in life—a Principle that first came into operation thousands upon thousands of years ago, that never has been gainsaid despite all the arguments of academicians, the preachings of fanatics, or the purblind concepts of the ultra-theological. That is the principle of Spiritual evolution, as separate from physical evolution, underlying all Mysticism.

“Russia is not a vast Ægean Stable which



# *of present RUSSIAN* **ATHEISM!...**

**“INCARNATED in Russia today also are Vast Numbers of Deterrent Souls and Malignant Forces in the Guise of Fanatical Men and Women . . working out Strategies toward a Vast Overturning of . . organized Christendom . .**

needs cleaning out, so much as a case of all religious and social history focussed in one small bit of geographical mosaic for the nations of the world to behold and marvel at. She is a Principle working out nationally, not as some think a country under the blasphemous foot of the Evil One. . . .

**“T**HAT does not mean, however, that evil forces are not rampant in Russia to a greater extent than in any other nation on the surface of the planet. And the cause of this is again two-fold.

“It is obvious, I think, that Russia has some sort of mission to perform among the nations of the earth, else all the chaos and hurly-burly of her predicament would never have come about since it would not have been permitted.

“That is one phase of the significance of her present turmoil, that she is commissioned to be a vast experimental station for principles of right and wrong that have never yet had *complete* expression in any one country since human

life began. Not even France under the Revolution went to such depths, or erred to such an extent, as Russia will go before she is stabilized and finds herself again at the council tables of humanity.

“Russia on the other hand is typical of something else—which humankind as yet refuses to credit. . . .

*“She is the vast arena wherein appear the first gladiators in the colossal Circus of Armageddon! She is the stupendous cockpit of international forces that will presently become the arch-enemies of humanity of every race and clime.*

**“I** SAY this guardedly. At present in Russian society there are incarnated the souls of some of the greatest benefactors the world has ever known—compatriots of ours in every age and dispensation. Incarnated also in Russia today are vast armies of deterrent souls and malignant forces in the guise of fanatical men and women, apparently working out a sociological problem. It goes deeper than that. They are



working out the initial plans and strategies toward a vast overturning of the foundations of stabilized society, to the end and aim that humanity may be set back into its pristine ignorance of concept and dogma, finding its way upward all over again to its present status and thereby giving the deterrent ones that opportunity to climb back with it.

"These men and women know themselves for whom they are, but not always in terms intelligible to physical consciousness. They are the Great Unwashed of the Bible, the great Uncleansed of Scripture. Mark them well for what they are, but bear no malice—only watch them with craft lest they take undue advantage of the ignorance of humanity in their regard, and effect an abomination again ere humanity is aware of their identities.

"We are coming to a place in human affairs shortly where the nations of the earth will say to themselves candidly: 'What is it that comes among certain backward peoples every once in a while and sets malignant forces at work to overthrow all the constructive efforts which the enlightened intellects of society have been patiently building, stone on stone, throughout the ages?' They will say to themselves: 'Who are these peoples who continually raise their heads in every gradation of national living and set the teeth of the goodly folk on edge with the greenish grapes of their own mad follies?'

"**T**HE phenomenon of these disturbers of human progress cannot forever be ignored. Someone must explain them. Life cannot go on from age to age seeking expression without the yeast of tumult, it is true. But these disturbers are more than turmoil for constructive ends in logic and international statesmanship. Humanity must declare—

"'Here are people who seem to find joy in destruction, pleasure in dubious craft, unholy glee in tearing down, and personal expression in making constructive souls suffer. Who are they? From whence do they come, and why? We know that our children suffered them in lesser degree. We have them with us to surfeit at present. Surely some principle must be working out here that is greater than our past or present knowledge. What is that principle? Makers of armaments perpetually arise and take profit

from international bloodshed, thinking no evil in the process. Makers of mischiefs in international diplomacy rear their heads and set statesmen against one another in diabolical caprice. Surely we are accursed with wolves among us who go about as harmless sheep, urging us to protect ourselves against fearsome foes. We ask, where are those foes? . . . and get no answer.'

"But the time will come soon when humankind will suddenly perceive that the 'fearsome foes' are among their own number, rubbing shoulders with them, taking them into exceeding high mountains and showing them the kingdoms of the world, asking them to bow down and worship Mammon as the price of herd-protection.

"**T**HESE people who have incarnated into the present life-cycle are souls so backward, so earth-bound and inhibited spiritually, that they cannot stand the pure white light of etheric vibrations on higher planes of being. They have been driven down by their own malfeasance or refusal to accredit great cosmic principles. They appear in flesh now because there is no other place for them to go, the last stage as it were, before the sloughing off into Namelessness. They are operating at the grossest and most sluggish of earth's vibratory rates, pigs in the mire, having no means of self-expression but the employment of their tusks. They are people who have made mistakes eon on eon and refused to profit by them. They have turned their faces from the Light and found temporary solace in the Darkness, thinking it covered their essential natures.

"Not so, not so! Light comes down from that vast source which men term the Godhead. Lower and lower it descends and pushes, seeking out these recalcitrant entities, bathing them in a radiance which withers them into disintegration.

"Humanity is faced with the stupendous revelation of the monstrous anomalies existent in society. Social life must be purged of these inhibited ones. They must be shown for what they are. The hour is at hand for that showing to occur.

"Make no mistake about this!

"We are about to witness the unmasking of the Adversary in flesh! Great star forces are swinging into positions in the heavens whereby the influences of cosmic light, mayhap unseen



"Russia and China are not going to fight. They are going to combine. And the day is close at hand when the petty squabbings of interdependent European nations will be swiftly ignored in the mightier menace of a new influx of Goths and Huns battling at the Gates of Europe. I believe that in the face of this menace we shall see the setting up of the real *Parliament of Man!*"



by mortal vision, are working down into lower and lower planes of substance in Matter. The unmasking will be terrific. Even as the cohorts of Darkness find themselves uncovered and shown for what they are, so will the cohorts of Righteousness become mightily indignant at the manner of their hoaxing and the extent of their deception. Thus will the Great Armageddon of the Bible come about! . . .

"How will it be done? Listen to the Wisdom! . . .

"*'Out of the East shall come a Great Wind, out of the North shall grow a Great Seed!'* . . .

"What is the meaning of these cryptic phrases?

"I tell you, the Wind is the voice of a mighty people seeking expression in new concepts of Righteousness for all the races of humankind. The seed is the seed of the Serpent of Old, whispering into the ears of the children of men: 'There is no wrong, there is no error, all that matters is Expression! Gird up your loins and show your Expression. Show it mightily in conditions of power. Show it lustily in stages and places. Show that you be God, in that you have power to function!'

"This Seed of the Serpent shall blossom black fruits. Wider and wider shall the Black Tree spread its branches till the righteous hew it down and cast it in the Pit.

"These truths are multiple of concept. Yet make no mistake, in essence they are truths.

"*'Out of the North shall grow a great seed!'* It shall flower among all peoples and be known of all races. It shall permeate every home and fireside. It shall enter councils of state. It shall be felt most severely in places of business. 'Believe ye in God?' shall be the watchword whenever three shall gather together. 'Believe ye in godlessness?' shall be the pass-sign wherever the Serpent summons his allies. Sharp and well-defined shall be these distinctions, whereof we see the first fruits in Russia of the present. . . .

"**B**UT do not imagine this comes in a twinkling.

"Long, long has it been maturing in the hearts of men. Yet when it does come, it happens with brevity.

"I tell you, however, that God has His ministers incarnate in flesh to take charge of Armageddon and labor for the victory. What will become of the hosts of darkness, you ask . . . when they find themselves submerged in rolling waves of righteousness? Verily they go their ways into Everlasting Namelessness, creatures of lust whose desires have consumed them.

"A new heaven and a new earth establishes shortly. The din of battle is heard on the horizon. I say to you, take no thought for yourselves in the Plan that develops. Verily you know whereof you are called, being present in flesh to assist in that Battle. Long have you labored, each in your orbits, perfecting yourselves toward



the Great Time of Trouble and the Morning of the Speaking. . . .

**"RUSSIA** as a nation does not now exist. *But Russia as a two-fold principle compounded of Light and Darkness struggling together is the incubus of Armageddon!*

"Presently you shall see that China shall join her. Other countries and peoples shall set up fortifications and barriers against their encroachments. But these shall be shown as only temporary strongholds and momentary buttresses. Into the camps of enlightenment shall crawl the spies of darkness by night. The cautious, the inhibited, the timorous, the perplexed, shall listen to their teachings and grow mad in their thinking. Great star forces, shedding rays of invisible power upon the planet, shall enhance the encroachments of both intellect and error till whole peoples go mad in the ways of their thinking.

**"THE** tumult arises now 'from the East.' Presently the din increases. Forces grow stronger. The nations look askance at one another, saying, 'Who makes us this trouble?' Thereat arise the disciples of the Adversary and say, 'It is our pleasure to lead mankind back to First Principles,' when verily they mean First Startings. But arise in that time also Ambassadors of the Kingdom of Light who cry, 'Halt this foul madness! Principles be eternal. There are no *first* principles or *last* principles, only laws of Divinity that must be complied with. We speak to you in the garments of power, instructing you peoples to give heed to our wisdom. God hath called us to a mission. He hath given us gifts beyond mortal understanding. He hath said to us of old, 'Go into flesh and restore the perverted into Avenues of Wisdom.' He hath given us a goodly cup to hold to the lips of those famishing souls who know not the direction that takes them through Truth's Portals and who have not the strength to go onward of themselves.'

"This is a sacred mission, and those who know it, *know* it! But if you know it in your own individual case, do not think yourself alone in your knowledge. Verily the cohorts of Righteousness await the leaders that shall not be denied them.

"All, all, is transcendent Light from this age

onward. All, all, is unutterable Darkness to those who make no move to surrender to that Light and become the prisoners of loving instruction henceforward through the ages.

**"I** TELL you I have reason to know that the ministers be placed. Presently you shall know them also for great is the mission to partake at their board and eat goodly fruits of a world without blemish. I tell you One is at hand to show mankind that he who blossoms into Light shall forever know the Light wherein he blossoms—and that those who dwell in Darkness by deliberation shall henceforth be cast out where they cannot harm the righteous.

"Treat with those who come to you and say: 'Thy wisdom be our manna' . . . for verily is it so! The goodly times be ripened. Keep watch of world event and partake of it joyously."





# “WE do not want a MARY BAKER EDDY in Pantaloon!”

*The Outstanding Letter of Inspirational Correspondence Received by the Editor in the Current Month is Printed in the Pages Immediately Following . . with Names Deleted but Available on Request . .*

Dear Mr. Pelley:

It was about a year ago that I wrote you upholding your hand in the “Seven Minutes” article, and now after carefully thinking over your recent letter, I must once more justify you in the position you have taken. Indeed, I can truthfully say that I greatly rejoice to know you are contemplating taking the step that seems to me the only rational and logical one, in order to facilitate and systematize the burden of work that has fallen upon you.

In order that you may know the depths of my interest and understanding, I must reveal to you some certain events, and I trust you will accept this in the same spirit of faith and belief in my sincerity which I have shown in you.

IN MAY, 1928 (I believe your illumination occurred in May, the same year) there came to me a man and his wife whom I shall call R. C. and Maudie. They engaged a room at the hotel here and tortured themselves plentifully

wondering why and for what purpose they came. I had met the woman a few years previously but our acquaintance would hardly justify them in travelling so far and at such expense and inconvenience in order to be near me. I might say that they are both well educated, cultured, southern people, he a business man of high character, she highly developed spiritually and a natural psychic—a really saintly character. They had been married about two years previous to the time of which I write, both having been married before. Soon after their marriage there was given through Maudie a large amount of material of the most exalted nature from a High source. One thing was brought out clearly in these messages which covered intervals of about two years, and that was that a new work was to be started, that others would be prepared for this work, and that they would be directed to those people.

A long, tortuous, devious way was theirs in which many delays occurred after they started on their quest. R. C. lost heavily in a business venture, Maudie was stricken with illness that threatened to prove fatal—she was slow in recovering. R. C. was tangled up in a business concern that was disappointing, but finally they arrived here in Colorado without in the slightest knowing why or what it was all about. By that time their faith was low, along with their funds,



"I shall never cease to marvel at the similarity of the Mystical context in the correspondence reaching my desk from all over the earth. If the matter therein was all couched in the same language or sentence structure, I would admit that Great Thought currents were being tapped by individual "listeners in" but in every case the intelligence has been transmitted in a different manner. Thus do I credit Discarnate Intelligence!"



they had begun to think it was a wild goose chase—Maudie most of all doubted her own powers, for the messages ceased to come, and they were left groping. Not a ray of light, no divine direction, and all in all they seemed a most precious pair of fools and could give no proper account of themselves.

**I** FOR many years had dipped into everything strange, mysterious, unhallowed and unholy from an orthodox standpoint, and had finally settled down to my job, my daily life, with one object in view, that of educating my only child, a boy, and getting him through college. Beyond that, life was a blank. I had freed myself from all organizations, cults, prejudices, opinions, had quit reading, quit seeking—I had always cherished some vague literary ambition, and after a round with editors who pronounced my stuff "too good" for general publication, and the unanimous verdict of some friend-critics, as well as paid ones, that I had "struck a new note" in literature, but they didn't know where to place it, I decided to lie fallow and wait for the world to grow up. When Maude and R. C. arrived I just made the third tired, disillusioned, doubting, wondering point in the human triangle. We ate together and talked about the weather. We spent dull evenings together wondering why.

Finally, they very timidly told me about their experiences expecting me to be done with

them as lunatics. We discussed the matter freely, and decided we would challenge the powers that be, and know what it was all about or die. We didn't have much to offer up, and little at stake, so we each one, sitting huddled together in a hotel room in that unusually cold, rainy May, agreed to give what we had to the last rag and abide by the consequences. So night after night we renewed our determination and waited.

**I** MUST skip in detail the most interesting part of the story. Suffice it to say that illuminations so glorious came to us there are no words to describe them. My friends remained three months altogether. We were given these messages and instructions very slowly for it seemed we could only bear a little at a time, hence the long period of time over which the illuminations were extended. I wrote the messages down as they were given to Maudie and have in my possession these remarkable documents. We were given directions about our spiritual welfare as well as temporal affairs. My health had slumped along with my general let-down in mind and spirit, and healing help was given me with the result I now have perfect health and my weight brought up from 95 to 110 pounds. Many remarkable temporal results were also gained in due time.

We three were bonded together to work as a unit under the direction of the Master—(living in the body). We asked who others might



be who were to work with us, but that was denied us. We were told: "It is woven in the pearl-like mental around you, but it is so against our policy to tell beforehand."

I feel free to quote this for your information:

From a Master discarnate:

"The time is near at hand for the beginning of the heart preparation of the coming age. Do you know this is the eve of a new age? *At such times the elect are called* and the call carries with it serious obligations. —I see over you a sign in the form of a circle with cross inside. I see you know its significance. The circle is gold, but children, the cross is red. The cross of the flesh and blood man. —I see the eternal flame in two of you fanned into a living light or in your terms, *force*. The man and the writer (Edna was writing). —Keep it alive, but do not forget that when you enter the kingdom of God in consciousness love alone will do the work."

From the Master:

"From out of the height and depth of earth and Heaven, I come to you, my little children on the path. I can read the hearts and I see that you want that message I promised (about world conditions). Dear ones, I cannot give it tonight. It is too exciting and would at this particular time be a hindrance to you by dividing your attention. The world is in an upheaval, and this disturbance is caused by us, the World Masters. The remedy may seem severe but to let humanity go to the extremes is the only way to convince them of its dangers and if you could see into the hearts of these peoples going mad, it would startle you,—for that reason I withhold some things for yet awhile. At the present time this turmoil will not touch you vitally, so make haste while you can — After tonight I will group two or more masters nearer you than I am and have them look you up before my revelation —"

Another—discarnate:

"This is a special ceremony called by the Master—he saw that a propitious time for the three would not be again soon—we *seldom change the heart of man at a stroke*, but tonight we take away from you arbitrarily the — Tomorrow many things will be clear. Edna, the scalpel is at work—be thankful for this and give praise from out the fulness of your heart for it

will make you more free —" "Robert, the strength and light of wisdom will shine in you—no matter how dark the tomorrow may be with disappointments, be of good cheer for all is well. Go forth with the spirit of a conqueror. Maude, we will take two things away from you that will hurt more than we can tell you. Be brave and strong for this is to make place for the greater work which you crave.—All three are very important in God's kingdom."

TO GO into this more fully would require an article much longer than your "Seven Minutes," in fact, it would take a volume to bring out all the significance of the messages and what has happened since.

Since this time, I have lived in great peace and happiness. I have gone about my literary work with an assurance that *now* I can write and have something to say. I am not psychic in any way, and get nothing for myself excepting intuitively, and what I write does not come from some other personality, but is from my own illuminated consciousness. Much of this has taken a mystical, allegorical form that is very beautiful.

I must make it clear to you that we sought the Christ. That we were permitted to "enter the stream of Christ consciousness"—the occultists would call it Initiation, through special dispensation. No more messages have come—we were told not to expect them for we had to do much for ourselves. But we are waiting for the baptism that was promised. I had previously done some newspaper work and at one time was editor of a cult magazine. Maudie had been a teacher of the new psychology, a writer and lecturer along that line. They are now isolated in the desert in southwestern Texas, in obedience, though it is not yet clear for what purpose. We have no personal ambitions, nothing to seek for ourselves in a material way—we rest in the assurance that we will be guided and directed in whatever our future work is to be. Whether together or not, this we do not know. We work as a unit on the inner side.

NOW I think I have written sufficiently for you to know why I have this deep interest in your work, and why that my endorsement of the step you are about to take in publishing a



magazine really means something. I have thought it out carefully since your letter came, and guided by my highest wisdom and intuition, I do not hesitate to advise you to go ahead.

My dear brother, I sense you are being carried along with a great enthusiasm and overpowered by your great love and desire to bring this new knowledge before the country. You are being obedient to the forces who are guiding you, and I doubt not your helpers are Masters, those great Elder Brothers who are directing the destinies of men—that you were selected as the one most fitted to crystallize and systematize the tremendous forces of the new day now upon us. As you are true you will receive guidance and protection. I find no trace in you of an egotism or love of power that would bring about your downfall. Thus far *you have taken no personal credit* for all that has happened. Be true to this, for the whole great work would suffer a serious set-back were you to become ambitious and set up an organization for your own glory, profit and personal aggrandizement. You will have to have the strength and the soul of a Washington to refuse to become king. People are ever looking for some one to crown, first with a wreath, and then with a brick.

**Y**OU will be tortured with the futile questions, the endless bickerings, the hair-splittings—people who want to know about the present status of their grandfathers in the high heavens or elsewhere, whether Willie will marry Katie or leave her waiting at the church. What the stock market has in mind—I am eighteen years old and have been keeping company, etc. What is the cause of my rheumatism? And so on. At the close of some of the most profound lectures on human destiny I have ever heard, questions akin to these have been asked.

The Masters know that only through sensationalism can the multitude of people be aroused—the healing work and raising of the dead by Jesus; the conversion of Paul; the convulsions of George Fox and his Quakers; the illuminations of Swedenborg; the psychic phenomena by Blavatsky; The Big stick of the Rough-Rider Roosevelt; the League of Nations by Wilson, etc. When Jesus through the Christ said: “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,” he made a statement sufficient to save all of humanity for-

ever, yet he had to go through the crucifixion to engage the attention of the world.

In no other way could the people have been aroused as they were by the precipitation of “Seven Minutes” into the pages of a popular magazine. But, magnificent as this gesture of the Masters was, they do not work through a continued sensationalism, for they know full well, that a sensation is short-lived, and as one dies out another must be born to take its place.

Therefore, you must establish your work on a sound basis and with infinite patience begin the work of teaching and training in the light of your new wisdom. For your own preservation,—and now that you have been chosen as the channel through which this is to come, you cannot think lightly of yourself, or by false reasoning or modesty, lessen the tremendous importance of what you mean and are to mean to the present time, as well as future years. You cannot afford to become a mere medium answering the foolish curiosity-seekers that will beset you. The hands uplifted to you for help can all too easily drag you down, as a drowning man without compunction will pull his rescuer into the current with him.

But there are some earnest seekers, and in time the superficial ones who have fastened on to you as some miracle-worker, who wanting escape from the mess they are in, will fall away, and seek a new god, so take it as a good healthy sign when the reaction sets in. But while this is uppermost in the minds of the people, take advantage of your opportunity to establish your work, even though you be called an opportunist and suffer under the censure of making a commercial enterprise out of your experience. But that is the plan, and the meaning of the experience, the very reason why you had it.

**I** BELIEVE in horse sense in all things, even to saying one’s prayers and loaning money to a preacher. Therefore, put this on a money-making basis, for the more successful it is, the better the work can be spread. Sane people will credit you with soundness if you do so—paying one’s bills is a tremendous spiritual influence—you simply cannot afford to become a spiritual mountebank, sort of a walking crystal-gazer, a miracle-worker followed by a rabble. This, I know, is causing you keen suffering—the very



possibility that people may so interpret it. You were chosen because you had established yourself with a reading public of right-minded people that were very necessary to reach, and with this class you must maintain yourself.

There is plenty of pap for babes in the literary stalls, but the growing-up preachers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, teachers, the average well-educated, have been left to the agnostics, or the orthodox or the scientists.

There is a real place for your publication. Christian Science, New Thought and Unity have reached their crest and found their limiting shores. Theosophy is too difficult, semi-secret, not adapted in its present form to the western mind. Rosicrucianism in its various branches is moving forward, but its work is secret and expensive and contains much that is for the student and investigator only. Spiritualism runs riot with reason, and the various occult publications are not for the masses. I am always at a loss to know what to recommend to the beginner. But I believe your work will exactly suit the general, average, intelligent inquirer.

**T**HE name *Liberator* is chosen wisely. The purpose of the magazine, I take it, will be to liberate men from the sins, sorrows, miseries, false accumulations, bigotry, prejudices, narrow sects, absurd dogmas, etc., by a wise and sane philosophy of life and the warmth of a real spiritual fire.

We need to spread the truth about Karma, or the law of Cause and Effect. The truth about reincarnation, and the destiny of man as a living, evolving entity ever upward until he attains his masterhood and liberation. We need to have taken away the fear of death, and the hysteria and mourning for our departed loved ones. We need to free ourselves of the dogmas, traditions, superstitions, and clap-trap that have been fastened upon us from age to age. We need to be restored to our divine, upright condition as Man, and taught how to live that we may claim our heritage and live as God's children, in right understanding of ourselves and therefore in right relations with others. We need assistance in unfolding the powers within us. As it is now, every third person is going about to "help" somebody, whereas everyone has his own protection within himself, and all that is necessary is to teach him

the principles whereby he may stand on his own God-given feet,—that these powers are within us all in different degrees of unfoldment. And to show him this is the office of the teacher or preacher or reformer and no other, and not to seek to pull him out of one cage into another more to our liking, or get his endorsement of some particular fetish of our own. In other words, to teach him to be free, to liberate him. This is my ideal for your publication, and I dare say it is your own.

I foresee that centers will be established to teach these truths, and I, for one, if permitted, will be willing to establish one here. But I trust your work will be kept free from Pelley-ism, dogmatism, creeds, forms, ceremonies, bounded on the north, south, east and west by your personality—for we do not want inflicted on the world a *Mary Baker Eddy in pantaloons*. You can only establish a great work by making it free, universal, dependent only on principles, and by fighting off the influences that would tend to make it a lengthened shadow of yourself such as Calvinism, Wesleyanism, etc. Krishnamurti is bravely trying to carry on this work in this free manner, and you can do no better than to emulate his noble example. The Theosophists are greatly pained that he did not come to extend the power of their particular little system, but he was great and strong enough to keep himself free.

**I**T IS seldom that so great an opportunity comes to a man such as has come to you, but like all great opportunities, it carries very heavy responsibilities. I am writing thus frankly and earnestly that you may know how seriously I consider this, for it affects my fortunes in the universal and will either help or hinder all of us who have given ourselves over to carrying forward our Master's will. We cannot underestimate the tremendous significance of these times and our personal responsibility in this new day now upon us.

I shall trust the power between the lines and within the words to make this letter useful to you, quickening your spirit to respond to that spirit which prompts this letter.

With all good wishes, I beg to remain, as ever,

Your friend,

E. M. McC.



# *“AND they were ASTONISHED at His Doctrine*

*for He Taught Them as One that  
Had Authority, and Not as the  
Scribes . . .”*



**I** TELL you of matters that are good to have spoken. I tell you of mysteries, that you may be strong in your faith in divinity. I tell you of the beginnings of Doctrine of which men have not heard. . . .

“Know that in the Beginning, My beloved, was no form. Intellect WAS. Men had no image of physical body. Always were they created spirit by Spirit.

“Know that Intellect sought flesh for a purpose. Men had no evidence of self in spirit, meaning self as identity. Spirit hath no identity AS such; only after long experience of physical plane doth the spirit feel itself. This identification cometh through the trial and error of life as mortal being. Mortal meaneth Absolute in flesh; it doth not always mean Body of matter. Flesh is Matter but matter is not always Flesh.

“Know therefore that man as spirit came to earth-plane for Earth Experience. Men were to know pain and pleasure of earthly senses and thus gain knowledge of themselves as entities. Follow you this? Man thereupon made himself to abominate as the Scriptures have told you. But know that he was saved for a purpose—

“*He was to rule as god over planets not yet created!* He was to know the power of creative Thought and be as the Father in lesser mold. He was to have the knowledge of flesh that he might harken to the cries of flesh on planets under his control. Man was divine from the beginning, an emanation of the Father, knowing good and evil, abstaining from creating that which had no loving purpose. . . .

“**M**AN, however, embraced his opportunity to make himself god of earth-creation at once without awaiting the proper experience. Thus did he fill the earth with his own Thought Forms. What think ye is the meaning in the Scriptures of the fiery destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah? Having the monsters with him, did



he procreate with them physically and bring on himself the inevitable catastrophe? There was naught else to be done but to expiate this wrong in a series of physical and fleshly experiences that through overcoming of the weaknesses and desires of the flesh he might be cleaned of that with which he had become contaminated.

"These earthly visitations have been maturing eon on eon, form on form, body unto body. Know that since Time was, man hath been created. That is to say, Man hath had existence in Thought Incarnate, or as ye would term it, Holy Spirit. So too hath all else. Man hath had no beginning and will have no end *except that he desire it*. Man hath made his own destiny, eon on eon. He hath had his earthly habitation shown him. Verily hath he ennobled or defiled it. Know that he hath made unto himself Spiritual Abomination even as in the days before Sodom and Gomorrah he had made unto himself physical abomination. Know that those who greet the light be evolving into everlasting transitions of Glory unto Glory until they be one with the Perfect Godhead. . . .

"**S**EE you now why I say unto you that the Father be Thought Incarnate, the Holy Spirit? We too be Thought Incarnate. Thought IS—Thought WAS—Thought WILL BE. We be manifesting as Thought Incarnate when we greet one another thus. Thought be not thinking as men know it. That be exercising imaginings. Thought thinketh only facts as existences!—which be profound indeed for your earthly minds to conceive, yet will you understand. Now mark you—

"Cometh a time in evolution of man returning to Perfect Godhead from physical existence for purpose, when he saith unto himself: 'Behold, the Father maketh us to suffer,' not realizing that he maketh himself to suffer for experience for later utility. Know that being blind of concept, he looketh upon Nature and saith: 'Behold I see visions, behold I feel miracles, behold I—the least powerful of created things—see that which hath more meaning than I can interpret for myself!' Whereupon he cometh to his neighbor and contendeth: 'Lo, we be as grass of the field. Lo, we be as sheep among wolves. Lo, we have no resting-place that giveth us security.

Let us now therefore in our weakness blame God, saying: 'Father of Creation art Thou, yet dost Thou not make for us any armor of safety from the prowling beast; yet dost Thou not make for us or our children any mode of flight from our enemies. Verily Thou couldst have done this, therefore not having done it, Thou art transgressor against us.'"

"So saith Man to his neighbor and believeth it. So setteth man up a fort against his fellows in faith and rebuketh the Godhead. So telleth he his misery to unborn generations and thinketh no further. Verily is Doctrine born!

"**D**OCTRINE saith: 'Behold, did our fathers not tell us thus? Wherefore do we alter our views? Were not fathers wiser than ourselves, the children?'

"Forget they, My beloved, that *experience maketh wisdom*. Forget they that the fathers have had the shorter lives: verily the children outlive the parents and wax wiser. Verily the doctrine of the children be fecund with the fruits of wider observation. Yet do they cling to custom and say: 'Behold, the fathers told us to do this, therefore we do it!' Verily the fathers have not told them of it. The fathers merely saw and spake. The children treasured such speakings, calling them Wisdom. Verily the speakings were as observant meanderings—lo, the children think them as of gold. Now let us reason further—

"Man hath a promise in his spirit to seek wisdom. Verily he longeth for the power of creation which cometh from great knowledge. Knowing ever of his lost godhood, he doth strive to abominate now in manufactures. This be pleasing to him as he groweth in stature and cometh nearer and nearer to his original perfection. Yet now he doth it with Matter crudely—materials as ye call them—and not with Spirit cleverly. Cometh a time when he standeth erect and saith: 'Behold our machines be superfluous. Have we not knowledge of Ether? Have we not Power of Thought? Have we not Energy, or Vibration? What would we create? All things hereby exist. Let us make as we desire, having the factors thereof.'

"Tell I you, in that day Man shall have regained his divinity and we who have taught him be as freers of slaves. . . . It be our joy that



we were makers of gods for worlds that shall in turn rise and fall and be of blind concept. Into eternal space, eon on eon, and into eternal time light-year on light-year, shall we make manifestations. Know that even I, your Wiser Elder Brother, *have no knowledge of the extent to which we rise!* So come we to the kernel of our discourse.

“**M**AN hath made progress into the Infinite. Man hath challenged us and we have smiled. Man hath been of good and bad report; we have indulged him. Man hath made graven images and worshipped them; verily he became as a child worshipping human parent. Man hath an itching after Eternal Thought and made the Tool—which enabled him to protect himself against the adversary. Whereupon he said: ‘Behold, this God whom we blamed for not creating us with armor is not of consequence. We arm ourselves. We make our own armament. Therefore he be superfluous. We have no need of Him, having protection now from those who run us down.’

“Thus reason men stronger with each new invention, not knowing that all the time they be a part of the body of the Father, Thought Incarnate, the Holy Spirit, which maketh such inventions.

“Man riseth higher and higher. Lo, he needeth himself more than ever. Lo, he needeth the Father more than ever for by the Father he riseth. . . .

“**N**OW know you, My beloved, that Man hath secretly a knowledge of his power and identity. He knoweth that he be not brute. He heareth he be God, yet wanting divine attributes which gods must own, he swayeth to and fro in his imaginings and becometh as one tongue-tied at his own limitations. He seeketh out God in his closet and saith: ‘Father-Creator, give to me the power that I may manifest correctly.’ He seeketh out God in *assembly* and saith: ‘Give us power, O Jehovah, that we may fall upon those we hate and slay them.’ Verily, all masses do this. They be fearful of one another separately and coming together, en masse do they hate. They be fearful separately and distrust all others en masse.

“Say I to you, My beloved, they shall have

this order reversed. When they do foregather and pray: ‘Father, let us manifest correctly to Thy glory,’ meaning it in their hearts, then shall they draw each man into his closet and pray: ‘Father, be merciful to me, a weak one.’

“Man hath made unto himself an Image of Hope which he worshippeth. He saith in his heart: ‘Lo, we have knowledge of an order which pointeth upward. Whence came such knowledge? Came it from ourselves? Verily we would know it. Therefore cometh it from other planes of spirit. Such planes be not of us, therefore favors be extended us. Mayhap we merit such favors further, or mayhap further favors be lying in wait which we know not of. Let us therefore prove worthy, that they come to us.’ Say I unto you, My beloved, *that faith hath wrought miracles from just such reasonings.* Verily the Father manifesteth therein. Verily Thought Incarnate, the Holy Spirit, thus ennobleth its recipient.

“**T**HUS do I teach you. Man hath gone far with Doctrine. He hath permitted Abomination of Intellect; Truth he hath made mock of. He hath cleaned house of perverted things, also. He hath embraced goodly hopes. Thus do we love him. We have struggled in the Dark ourselves. He hath made goodly progress and our happiness in him be warranted. But let Me tell you more—

“Man hath come to the place where Intellect hath seized him and said unto him: ‘Behold, you go forth as a lion. Proudly do you go, well knowing your strength. You stalk your prey with cunning. You have concepts of traps yet fear you them not!’

“Harken, My beloved! . . . Intellect betrayeth! Intellect saith to a man: ‘Thou art wise beyond the generation.’ God saith to a man: ‘Be humble in thy wisdom for verily ye lose it easily.’

“Get you hence thinking of these things. We do manifest unto the Father as we save the sheep from the wolves. That be our mission and our love externalized, even each for the other.

“Come I to you with much teaching. Use it to feed My sheep who do hunger. Hold steadfast to that which thou knoweth. It be your shield and buckler.” . . .

PEACE



HARKELL COMPANY PUBLISHERS

# *Announce*

A PREFACE TO PSYCHIC RESEARCH

## VOICES FROM BEYOND

by

HENRY HARDWICKE, M.D.

A book for those seeking the plain facts.

This vitally interesting narrative is an unbiased presentation covering psychic manifestations of almost every form.

In the one volume the entire subject of psychic research is brought up to date in an accurate manner and discussed from a commonsense point of view.

VOICES FROM BEYOND gives the authentic details of fingerprinting a living dead man.

To draw intelligent conclusions you should have the facts.

Price \$1.00

Within reach of all

We will welcome your request

AVAILABLE ONLY THRU

**HARKELL COMPANY PUBLISHERS**

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.



Have You Read  
WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEYS  
"MY SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY"

*Published first in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for  
March, 1929, it quickly exhausted all available  
copies of that publication and has now been read by*

**20,000,000 PEOPLE!**

IT GIVES the personal narrative of the nocturnal visitation by William Dudley Pelley, newspaperman and novelist, to the hyper-dimensional planes of Substance in Matter where he met and talked with individuals whom the world considers "dead".

No article on Spirituality written by a layman in years has so rocked America as "MY SEVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY", or afforded such solace to those who look beyond the Veil.

WE HAVE PRINTED A LIMITED EDITION  
of this extraordinary article, together with an account of its Aftermath by its author, bound in beautiful leatherette covers,

PRICE \$1 EACH

*In Lots of Six, Suitable for Gifts, 75 cents Each*

**Robert Collier, Inc.**

599 Fifth Avenue

New York City



# BOOKS ON THE INNER LIFE

Published anonymously

THE IMPERSONAL LIFE, Leatherette Cover.....	\$1.00	Postpaid
Heavy Paper Cover .....	.50	Postpaid
THE TEACHER, Heavy Paper Cover.....	.25	Postpaid
WEALTH, Heavy Paper Cover.....	.25	Postpaid

These books, especially the first, have probably done more than any modern books to lift earnest students into *the Consciousness of their Higher Self*. Many hundreds have written to the publisher stating through them they have found what their Souls have been seeking all their lives, and that which they have gained means more to them than all else in the world. Their teachings indeed have been one of the great agents used to prepare those who are now ready to share in ushering in the Aquarian Age, and they will have even a greater part in helping those who now are seeking to rise to the Consciousness of the Great Brotherhood of the Spirit, if they will earnestly study and meditate upon their teachings. Many cherish THE IMPERSONAL LIFE as they do Christ's teachings, feeling they are One in essence.

BROTHERHOOD, Heavy Paper Cover.....	.25
-------------------------------------	-----

Like the other Impersonal Books, the Higher Self of the reader speaks and declares with no uncertain meaning that the time has come when Brotherhood must be felt and lived by those teaching it; that the day of teaching and preaching is past,—now what has been taught must be put into practice and demonstrated.

To give you an idea of the contents of this highly illuminating little book, the following are the subjects treated: *The Voice; The Call to Service; Leaders; He Who is to Come; A Voice Crying in the Wilderness; Evil; The Enemy; The Kingdom of God.*

A very beautiful allegory, portraying clearly and vividly the way the Servant must travel to enter fully into the glory of the NEW DAY. Addressed to a higher type than the ordinary three dimensional mind—in fact to Disciples, it has that power of expanding the Consciousness so that one finds one's self seeing with the eyes of the Soul as he reads. To aid earnest students, interpretations of the symbolic terms used are given in the Introduction.

You will read and re-read this little book many times, each reading unfolding new beauties and higher truths, causing you to value it as one of your dearest possessions.

YOUR OWN PATH, Silk Cloth Cover.....	\$1.03	Postpaid
Heavy Paper Cover.....	.53	Postpaid

A collection of exquisitely beautiful teachings formerly published in two volumes, here brought together in pocket size. These teachings are so lovingly helpful that all who have them find in them a continual source of inspiration and upliftment.

**SUN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
AKRON, OHIO

THE MYSTIC GARDEN, by N. C. Wilson. Heavy Paper Cover. \$0.52 Postpaid

THE NEW LIBERATOR is published on the 25th of each Month for the month ensuing by The Galahad Press, 56 West 53rd Street, New York City. Circulation by mail only. Terms of Subscription, \$3 per year in advance, \$2 for six months. Single copies, 25 cents. Not connected with any other publication, or exponent of any Denomination, Creed or Cult. Communications of private nature should be addressed to the Editor personally. Advertising rates on application. Copyright, 1930, by William Dudley Pelley.



**Next Month's**  
**NEW LIBERATOR**  
**Out May 25th**

will contain, among other articles, the following features of special interest to the sincere student in religious Metaphysics—

**WHY WE CAN'T EVER LOSE THOSE WHOM WE HAVE LOVED**

More Marvels of Prenatal Memories relating to so-called Cosmic Groupings and how the earthly domestic circle is the physical counterpart of the greater spiritual "family" in higher velocities of Matter.

**WHY DO AMATEUR PSYCHICS RECEIVE SO MUCH RUBBISH?**

Interpretation of the Entities who delight in making mischief in the affairs of those mortals awed by contact with the Beyond. An exposition of the gossip and slander which discredits interplane communication to those who would otherwise believe.

**DOES CHRIST SANCTION DIVORCE?**

In less than a score of words The Master dismissed the great subject of broken marriages—but do the Scriptures give us all His pronouncements and opinions on the matter? Is a woman a man's wife by the speaking of ritualistic "vows"?

**WHY GROSS MEN ACQUIRE GREAT RICHES**

All the world's great spiritual leaders seem to have been financially improvident. Is some great principle working in their lives wherein the Gold Vibration is antagonistic to life's finer issues? Why does "nothing succeed like success"?

---

**48 PAGES**

of Master Articles, spiritual interpretations, and illumined correspondence on the present-day trend of social and religious tendencies, including the second installment by the Editor of

**"WHY I BELIEVE THE 'DEAD' ARE ALIVE!"**