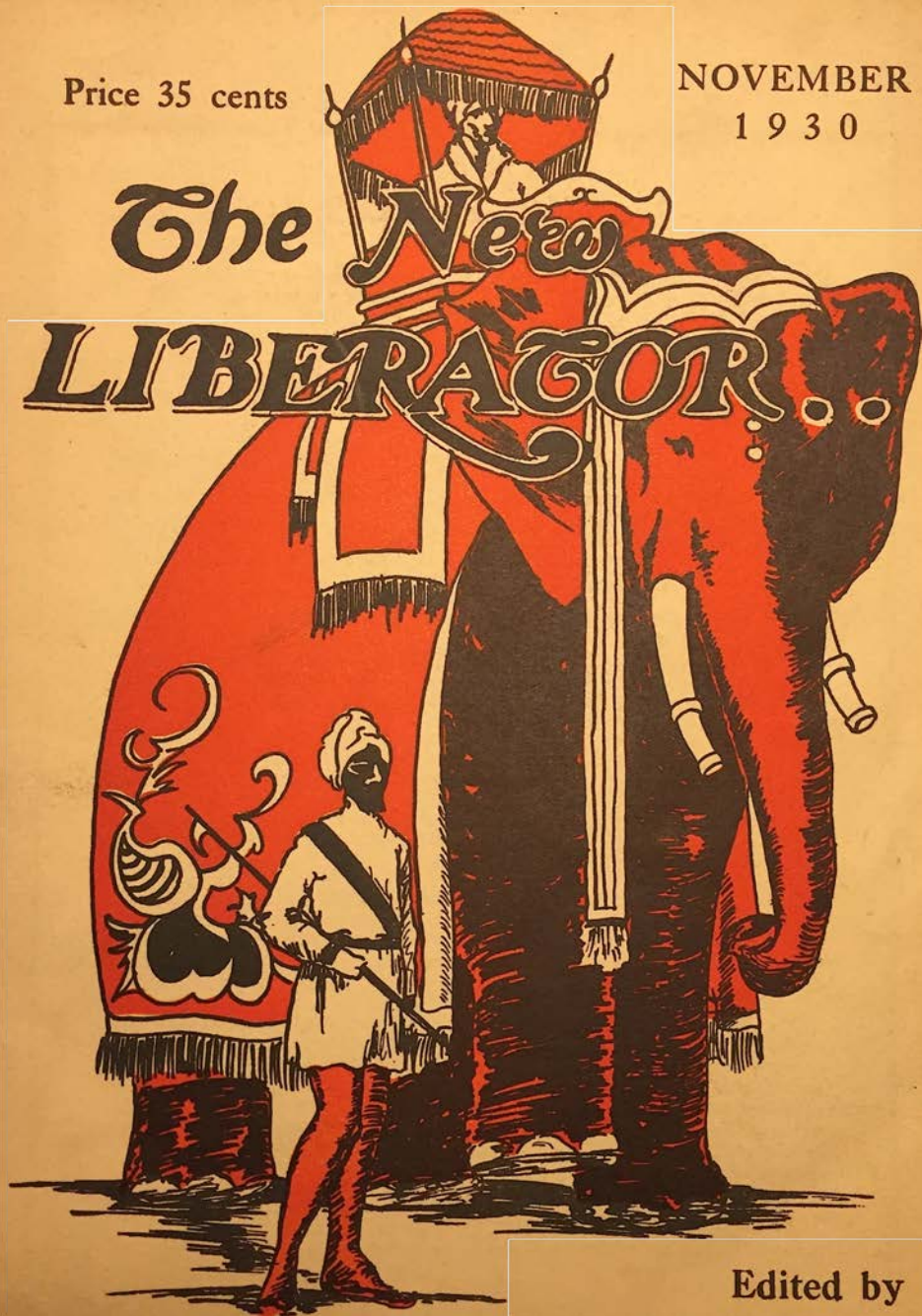


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NOVEMBER

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-level 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 . . .

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY.

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The New **LIBERATOR..**

VOLUME ONE

NOVEMBER, 1930

NUMBER THREE

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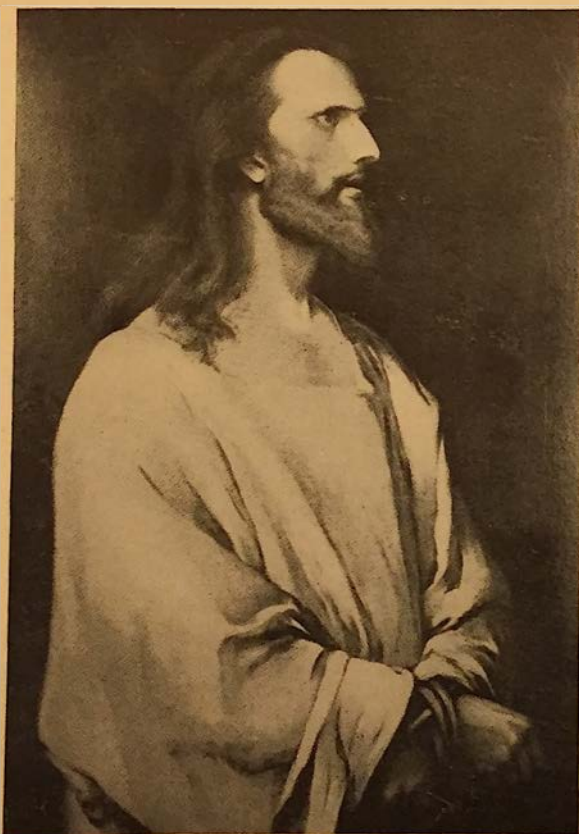
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THE HOUR has arrived when all so-called Spiritual Leaders must demonstrate their eligibility for true leadership. They must show themselves both willing and eager to group themselves with all other illumined souls who can expound the Eternal Verities with clarity, sanity and insight. ¶It is the mark of the immature mind to hunger for the badge of authority or covet the purple sash of power. ¶True leaders are always bored by the exactions of authority. ¶The world is too full of little personalities who have explored some phase of divine truth and gathered satellites about themselves to glorify them as discoverers, guarding such homage as a miser his gold . . .

ONE of the finest sermons I have ever heard came from a cult leader on the splendid text: "Know that in Divine Mind there is no competition!" ¶Whereupon he went into conference with his directors and ostracized a naïve helper who had been so indiscreet as to entertain in his classroom an expounder of another facet of Truth who seemed to be attracting a slightly larger audience. ¶This was not hypocrisy: it was spiritual adolescence . . .

THE Great Teacher has given us this immortal line "Caesar hath his troubles whether he be great; but think you that those who *serve* in greatness, fear for their preeminence?" ¶There is no such thing as a "spiritual leader." ¶Spirituality is its own generalissimo, its own captain of the guard, in every human heart. ¶But there can be Interpreters of Individual Illumination and when they are sincere they are only too willing to carry a mere spear in the Procession of the Avatars. They will not squabble over who shall ride in the decorated chariots with those who consider Power the acclaim of a mob . . .



From the celebrated Painting by LIONEL ROYER

C284

The New LIBERATOR..

VOLUME ONE

NOVEMBER, 1930

NUMBER THREE

Do You Know What *Impends*?



THE WORLD is in labor. It lies heavy with child. It does not know how to go about accomplishing delivery of its incubus of Hate conceived of Recalcitrance.

We of America lately beheld Europe in the throes of a war in which we played two roles: participants as it served our purpose, spectators generally as it pleased us to criticize. Presently we saw her stagger out of the debris of Ordeal to be attacked in her debility by the vandal of Communism. We stood helpless or insouciant at this rampage of venery. We watched while it spilled into China and India, making callow protest at its jeopardy to our own civic virtue, shutting ourselves away in sealed chambers of isolation to delight in our divestment with the pleasure of Narcissus.

Now the nations around us are screaming in

A Group of Master-Minds in Higher Dimensions of Time and Space are Engineering a New Society that is "Just Around the Corner." . . .

childbed while we prudishly hope for a still birth from their pregnancies.

We, along with most critics of the times, imagine that this cuckoldom was emotional reaction from the orgy of pillage that gripped that unhappy continent between 1914 and 1918. It is accepted that once was a status of living that was virginal and pleasant, that a war was unloosed that permitted spoliation, that in the wake of peace an attempt was made to restore the lost chastity but that up to the present moment, excepting the case of Italy, the effect has merely been to paint the Lily of Impurity. Therefore, the world war as an international

incident has been held as the defiler of the continence of peoples and the aim of humanity is to whitewash its shame.

THE race has utterly disregarded that perhaps the world war was not a lecherous incident. Great issues were involved, both economic and political. But deep behind the obscene catastrophe a decorum may be manifesting. Something may be imminent that has had no equal in international gallantry since there was a nation.

This is particularly patent if one will recognize the altered mental delicacy of the peoples involved, coupled with the extraordinary gains in diplomatic sobriety and racial integrity.

It is trite to say that we stand on the threshold of a new era in international affairs. We ought rather to recognize that we stand on the threshold of such sweeping changes in political thinking and sociological adaptation that an entirely new Principle may have come into being—born already but not yet christened for that which it is—such as statesmen and philosophers have never conceived because the womb of evolution has never precipitated a creature of such Whiteness.

NOW I am not one of those who believe that any one man or set of men can sire such an offspring as has recently assumed mortal shape and cries on the doorstone of the nations for a name and hospitality.

Looking abroad, I have noted in every country—as well as all of us have noted if we employ the sight of sense—certain groups of philosophers and statesmen, and in rare cases in-



dividuals, who seem to entertain vague concepts of an entirely new social order for mankind. Moreover, these groups or individuals are not of any one race or habit of thought.

It seems as though the human race were going unwittingly toward the universal acceptance of a new internationalism. But why it should come at *this* especial time is untilled ground for the philosopher or statesman.

THE fact of the matter is, *there are indications and predictions of an imminent human cataclysm far greater than the world war*, and it is a premonition of such cataclysm and purblind effort to thwart it—or at least to mitigate its more disastrous consequences—that is bringing the peoples of earth to consider any rational plan that shall have as its substance inter-racial amity or political coalescence.

This to the calloused, supercilious, or grossly secular-minded, may easily be transmuted into the vaporings of an alarmist. But to the student willing to explore any field of investigation that offers a possible lode of Truth, even those fields that the calloused, supercilious or secular bedaub as necromantic, it will come dramatically clear that this premonition has never demonstrated with such uncanny potency as at the present time. And to those who derive their knowledge of such matters from sources not generally accredited by scientific men, it is a tenet of behavior that there is an appalling Super-Intelligence at work behind the ganglion of events in these fraught years, whose operations are discernable, and whose end and aim evinces its validity. Namely, that the world's statesmen and philosophers may take the present-day fluid, impotent, bewildered society and mold it into an enduring structure along entirely new lines and for a different objective than has ever been recognized.

Accrediting this is not a matter of political or philosophical stamina. It is a matter of looking abroad, witnessing events, tapping exotic veins of information, and determining what the Plan is in the light of a sublimated angle of understanding.

ADMITTING for the moment that this is possible, it seems reasonable to believe as a premise for our survey, that all the world

drama preceding the present moment could not have been precipitated in the universe by Chance.

All the factors in human life have a strange way of correlating themselves in the case of the individual so that at the termination of his earthly adventure he is a richer and finer person than when his life began, leaving worldly residence with specific lessons learned and a general status of ennoblement resulting from solitary confinement in the physical body.

Is it not reasonable to assume that the same Intelligence operating over the individual life may not operate with a vaster potency and significance behind the mass life? Is it not rational to suppose that over the social universe there is a Titan Intellect motivating and directing the procedure of humankind into constructive channels not hitherto entered? If it were not so, would not human life be chaos?

We act blindly at the behest of some Stupendous Mind that "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will"—that must be a fundamental admission by every philosopher or statesman who looks into the problem of mankind at all, or has anything to do with "the gale in the wind." Because we act purblindly, we call our groping Chaos. But when, in the history of the human species, has there ever been true Chaos—looked at, that is, from the perspective of Time? Underneath all our confusions and tumults, a Great Force keeps operating. The theologian labels this Force, of course, *God*. The philosopher calls it *Thought Incarnate*, or Thought universalized. The Man in the Street doesn't call it anything; he merely lives it and suffers it and lets it bear him where it will, desperately striving to provide three meals a day the while, with shelter and raiment for himself and dependants.

BUT the contention is made in all sobriety that there is in the world at the present time a Great Clan of Supernormal Adepts in Subliminal Knowledge who have definite instruction as to what is under way. They have attained to such enlightenment by methods and means considered irrational and preposterous by the uninitiated, yet they are proving by their poise, not to mention their logic, that they see

beyond the present stramash in human affairs and have portrayals of happenings belonging to the future that come from groups of student-persons existing at present in other Time and Space dimensions. They, the latter, have a positive knowledge of where the race is going from their supra-human vantage points and concurrent observations.

This thing is happening—

All over the earth, particularly in southern Asia, England, and certain strategic parts of the United States, there are strange persons located who are receiving the same "messages"—messages fraught with warnings of international dramas still to be played—revelations accruing from sources that cannot be interpreted or dissected by laboratory processes as yet, who are learning simultaneously what the world is confronting, where humanity is flowing in its present liquid state, what the outcome is to be, and what racial coalescence comprises in its essence.

IT IS useless to discredit and dismiss these persons by calling them crack-brained Mystics. Some of them are great scientists and philosophers. Some are politicians of a new and different order. Some of them are novelists and writing-men who have suddenly paused in their popular labors when *literal, bona fide voices have addressed them in coherent sentences*, revealing the rudiments of a New Time that is to be. Some of them are simple souls in humble circumstances, yet possessed of a wealth of spiritual erudition that theatrically belies their contriteness of environment excepting for a purpose.



Scattered from Bombay to Spokane, these men and women are given to know that a World Metamorphosis impends! If one or two scattered souls here and there predicted this New Order, it might be set down to subconscious inclination. But the theme is universal, and now has grown to such sizable proportions—coming unheralded from every quarter of the planet—that the moment has arrived when it must be recognized, investigated, given rational credence.

It is useless to dismiss these persons by diatribes against their integrity, bickerings over their "gifts," or denunciations of their sanity. Some of these people have paused in the midst of highly lucrative professional labors to sit back, puzzled at first by what they realize is occurring, to graduate into stupefaction as they discern that what is being said to them clair-audiently does not originate within themselves. Presently they make the unassailable discovery that scores upon scores of other persons, of equal prestige and mental endowments, are concurrently recipients of similar enlightenment. Our colleges and universities are hot-beds of dissension at present over the veracity or sanity of these "awakened" monitors. Scientists cannot make them out. Doctors of philosophy are equally perturbed—as investigation begins to prove that these persons could scarcely have "tuned in" to generalized celestial address, for whereas the context of their instruction is different in its diction, the main themes expounded are identical of import. Where do these people get their material? Why is it so similar? What principle is working that thus distributes Thought—Thought all tending to one paramount Idea?

UNDERSTAND, I am not making out a case for so-called spiritualistic mediums—although they, in some instances, have contributed confirmation. Neither am I eulogizing astrologists or drawing-room occultists. I am speaking of a great company of reputable men and women, with no axes to grind or financial ends to serve, who in the prime of their maturity and amid worldly success have abruptly been aroused to a psychical awareness that our Three Dimensional World is not the only one there is

—that humanity has made a colossal blunder in building its sociology on the moribund principle that "death ends all"—that invention and erudition have brought us to the threshold of a gigantic metamorphosis in our relationships and thinking, and that out of the welter of transient event grows a sturdy curriculum for Humankind Glorified. These people have "heard voices" that were not necromancy, not ghostly spirits, not wingings of fancy, *but the literal voices of literal wise men speaking and addressing them from a supra-dimension!*

These literal voices have been checked and rechecked in a stupefying manner. People living thousands of miles apart have compared notes and discovered that with mountains, forests, deserts and oceans separating them, they have been supplied with information that correlates perfectly.

This thing impends—

The complete delineation of a new World Order, a religious, sociological and political metamorphosis, building by a new terminology what is the essence of a reconstructed society, not conceived by a few men after their own whims but by those who are planning the New State from the aforesaid higher dimensions of Time and Space.

The delineation encompasses a new World Program, beginning with the standards on which religious thinking is based as being the starting point for the application of a new set of ethical and sociological principles, both practical and academic.

This grand work has not been conceived in a day but is the outgrowth of a union of Master Minds who have been ages conceiving and discarding from the fruits of both experience and observation what is both wanted and needed in a wholly different social order from that of the present.

This concept is twofold in principle: making Man to understand his destiny *here*, and making him to understand it *hereafter*; or to put it in another way, on both sides of the Veil called Physical "death," for essentially there is but one life having these two phases.

It is to a delineation of this Program that the pages of this periodical are dedicated.

MAKING Contact with the "DEAD"



THE FIRST thing that the beginner must get through his head is the fact that those who have left their mortal bodies are usually more eager to prove that they are still alive than those they have left behind are eager to have it proven. True, they may not be available at our beck and call any more

than they were in physical life and the wrong parties often take advantage of this fact for masquerading or practical joking. But thinking that we on this side must do all the work, is an error that retards the process.

The second thing the beginner must understand is that intelligence is conveyed between the two levels of existence by a form of speech that is spoken and heard *mentally* instead of by sound waves started from the physical larynx and received on the tympana of the other person's physical ear-drums. In common speech, we would call this a "thought process" and many critics and skeptics therefore scoff at its validity. They say: "How do you know you're not thinking up the whole business?" It is, of course, a process that takes place by *means* of thought, but that is a long way from making it pure imagination. What is human speech, or the transference of ideas by human speech, but a pure thought-process? That the thought or idea is conveyed by queer vocal disturbances made by the mouth and received by the ear, does not alter its basic nature.



THOSE who have graduated into finer phases of Matter talk in a form of speech that doesn't require sound-waves to carry the intelligence from brain to brain. In a manner of speaking, their speech is Thought without the necessity for the mortal sending and receiving apparatus. Now we in mortal bodies have all the equipment to converse *by both methods!* We can talk with one another while still encased in flesh, sending our thoughts from our brains to the brains of our friends by physically disturbing the atmosphere in sound waves. Or we can talk with those on the higher levels of consciousness by dispensing with the physical apparatus and simply using our minds alone.

The practice of true psychics then, simmers down to this: distinguishing between the Thought-Speech addressed to us by people who no longer bother with clumsy mouths and ears, and our own random mental notions and ideas with which our unseen friends have nothing to do.

THE socalled "dead" speak to thousands of us a hundred times a week and "tell us what to do" in our affairs for better or for worse.

But most of us, not knowing what is actually taking place because we can't tell the difference between their direct voices and our own pensive thinking, assume that everything that enters into our heads is of our own manufacture.

Suppose, for instance, you consider what human converse would be like if everyone in earthly life dispensed with mouths and ears and by launching an idea mentally at one another, others "caught" it instantly. The same equipment that worked in the process would be the same equipment by which you made up your mind to do this and that, from your own deciding. You would naturally learn to distinguish between the two forms of mental activity by the *nature* of the ideas coming into your brain. If it was nothing which you could possibly have originated, or had no need for originating, you would say that it must have come from *outside* yourself, that is, from another brain separate from yours. And you would treat it accordingly.

In this life we can distinguish such speech coming to us from outside ourselves because it arrives through the ear or the eye. But in the higher forms of existence these are lacking. Expert psychical persons grow to distinguish between the voices of their unseen friends and their own conscious thinking not alone from the nature of the material but by a queerness within the mental process itself which they call among themselves "a rate of vibration." I can best describe this by telling how it "feels" in my own case. . . .

DURING the day I resolutely close my mental hearing to all voices of any nature, because in moving about on my daily business I haven't time to make the finer distinctions between my own thoughts and the mental speech of either my friends or others who want to "horn into" my affairs. I say to myself, as you do now, that *all* the thoughts coming into my consciousness are my own. I do this because I know that the speech of my true friends, if it is helpful to me, will only augment my own thinking and behavior.

But suppose that in the evening I want to learn something known only to people on the Higher Levels of Life and Activity. I say to myself: "Now I am going to make the deliber-

ate effort to see what is my own thought and what is the speech addressed to me by others whom I cannot see with my eyes." I relax in a comfortable chair and fall into a pensive mood with no tension anywhere in my body and none in my mind—of all places—if I can help it.

Let us say as an example that I want to know something about the origin and nature of the Sun. As an ordinary man in an ordinary mortal world I know nothing about the creation or character of the Sun. So I address an audible statement to my friends. I say: "Please instruct me what you have found out on your Plane about the sun."

In a moment I find a thought coming into my mind. I listen to it with my mental hearing. The thought seems to me to say: "The Sun is what is known over here as a great etheric vacuum of a nature that permits particles of Light to become perceptible to the eye organism in your bodies in the phenomenon that you call incandescence, etc., etc. . . ."

I do not pause to say to myself: "Huh, I'm merely thinking that answer back at myself." In the first place, pausing to consider it, I have never before in my life heard of an "etheric vacuum" and do not know what it possibly could be. So I accredit that someone is addressing me and "putting such a thought into my mind" from a source outside of myself, to wit, from their own separate brain-minds.

I SAY to the stenographer at my elbow: "The Sun is what is known over here as a great etheric vacuum, etc. . . ." and she writes it down. I do not try to "think up" things about the sun. I am not just then interested in the Sun. I am interested in what novel and exceptional thoughts my brain seems to be thinking without the slightest mental effort on my part. On and on and on, these novel and exceptional thoughts continue to crowd into my brain and are repeated verbally by my mouth to my stenographer. A half-hour passes in this process, an hour, five hours. In all that time I have not once tried to "think up" anything about the sun, etheric vacuums, or anything else. I have simply turned my attention *inward* upon my mind and spoken what I have found there. When I come to the end of my session, my

stenographer copies what I have recounted to her and gives me back fifteen or twenty pages of typed manuscript. I start reading it over. I am thunderstruck to find that I have received a lengthy and profound treatise on the cause and behavior of the Sun, sensible from beginning to end, containing matter that by no stretch of the imagination could I ever have thought up for or within myself. My friends read the paper, recognize that never in a million years could I ever have imagined such facts, and exclaim: "Where did you get this material?" I say to them: "I got it from a friendly mentor on a higher level of thought. He dictated the whole paper into my brain."

Now the manner, speed, clarity, and strange physical and mental galvanism that my brain undergoes while these outside thoughts are pouring in, is merely a response to that mentor's *vibration* as we say. And after a time I learn to distinguish that he is in my vicinity and addressing me. I begin to grasp that my own idle thinking, or even the personal manufacture of my own ideas, is accompanied by no such physical and mental galvanism. On the contrary, I am physically and mentally exhausted after thinking up my own ideas.

THE process is really as simple as that. But of course it is by no means confined to papers on the Sun. I may get papers on the activities of my friends, the activities of the person who is speaking to me by Thought, future events which I find later come true, beautiful poems and sermons, anything that my friends may want to address to me.

After long practise I distinguish even while the process is going on, what is coming from another brain outside my own, and what my own brain is "subconsciously" creating. The first is alive, galvanic, gives me no fatigue to receive. It contains new and novel matter. It has as we might say, a wholly different literary "style." My own material is dull, prosaic, dead with a

curious inanimation, and usually speaks to me commonplaces or things I would like to have happen to enhance my mortal fortunes. In other words, it is a form of blind *wishing*.

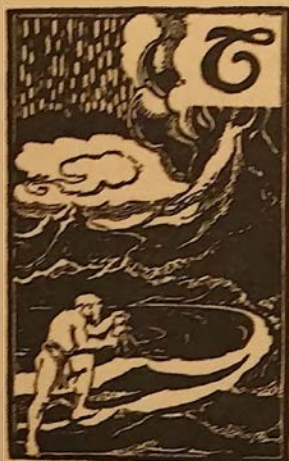
This is all a process in which you can perfect *yourself* and learn some astounding truths. There is no mystery about it excepting as certain sects and individuals, having discovered the validity of such speech, try to hoax people into thinking it is mysterious and difficult for their own financial profit. Jesus was finally crucified for coming out boldly and saying that such practices were free and open to everyone whereas the "priests" of the "mysteries"—who were selfish men getting their livings and powers over the people by hoaxing them into believing that such things were either wicked, verboten, or beyond them—sought to keep them secret to themselves alone. They didn't want Jesus going around preaching on street corners that there really were no "mysteries" that anyone couldn't perform for himself if they only knew how to distinguish between the speech of the two planes. It threatened their whole caste system and power. So they schemed to have him slain and thereby silenced.

Now it is a fact that I certainly do *not* advise anyone to go blindly practicing this process, or acting upon what is received, without competent teachers or coaches to show the true way—which is why this magazine carries advertisements of books, methods, and cults that train people to exercise these faculties *intelligently*. Much mischief can come to anyone who stumbles ahead blindly, mixing up their own thoughts with the voices of their friends who sincerely are trying to guide them.

But there is no necromancy, no wickedness, no "mystery" to the process as a process excepting as someone would have you believe it because he hopes to put something over on you, or get money out of you, or make you think him a super-person, because he has learned all about it ahead of you and is practicing it successfully himself.



What *Metaphysics* can mean to YOU!



THE AVERAGE person, no matter how orthodox or skeptical, cannot delve deeply into Metaphysics or acquaint himself with what is being done in psychical research by reading, without commencing to awaken to a stupendous and awesome fact—

There is abroad in the world a sizable army of sane and reputable men and women who by every tenet of logic and demonstration *are not only in contact with persons who have ceased to live in physical bodies, but who are discovering some staggering facts about the reasons for the physical sojourn and what the forces are that make Life what we find it.*

The average person thinks of Metaphysics as some abstruse and philosophical study of theories and hypotheses in which one person's word is as good as another's, by which slightly cracked or fanatical people rationalize the human drama in the light of mystical symbols and deductions. He thinks of psychical research as an eerie and fulsome prying into the uncanny and supernatural, by means of which audacious investigators acquaint themselves—or attempt to acquaint themselves—with facts Behind or Beyond Life and generally seek information that Providence seems to have ordered kept from mortal intelligence until after the change known as physical death.

All the unhallowed superstition and puerile necromancy of the Dark Ages still lingers and

A LOGICAL Explanation of Why You Are on Earth and What Life is "All About"

clings about any form of research above the Mortal and without even a cursory inspection of what is actually being accomplished the Man in the Street withdraws into himself turtle fashion and shrieks "Rubbish!" or "Charlatanism!" whenever the subject is introduced.

NOW this is not because the average person is constitutionally stupid, or because he really believes it is impossible to learn hard facts about future forms of existence. The average person withdraws into himself or turns and runs *because he is fear struck!*

And this Fear that assails him has a two-fold character.

First, the Man in the Street has reared his own concepts of what he would *like* the succeeding life to be, based on his frustrations in circumstance in the present one, and he does not care to be disillusioned by finding that he is wrong.

Second, he is appalled at the possible arousing into malignant activity certain Ultra-Life forces and influences that he may not be able to control or command and that may plunge

him into spiritual catastrophe with all the inertia of a petal on a torrent.

Much as he deplores the hapless features and factors of human life as he finds them in a world of error based on ignorance, at least he is *in* it and knows exactly how bad it can be—or thinks he does—and he much prefers the status quo of his present luckless awareness to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that may possibly be awaiting him in other dimensions. Orthodox religions capitalize this Fear and not only encourage it but rear a vast superstructure of theological necromancy to augment and enhance it.

The same fundamental ignorance and religious inhibition that threatened Copernicus with the stake for daring to acclaim that the earth was round and that there wasn't a heaven filled with deities overhead, and that made Galileo hide his telescopes because it was unholy to pry into the nature and extent of the heavenly bodies, is now coming to the fore again and using all the old arguments and inhibitions to label as Demonology any sort of studious activity that affects to decline natural phenomena or the causes that bring life into worldly being.

Humanity in the main is still in the category with the yokel who saw the giraffe at a circus and because he hadn't been raised with such a creature in his barnyard since boyhood, solemnly avowed "There ain't no such animal!" But more provincially still, it wants to go a step farther and smear with odium all the metaphysical showmen in life who persist in bringing forward specimens of giraffes and asking the race to step up and prove that such a phenomenon exists.

NOW the Life Phenomenon, as such, divides itself into two major phases—the metaphysical and the practical.

The metaphysical is a concordance of the motivations behind human existence. The "practical" is a panorama of what occurs when the metaphysical is transferred onto planes of concretion—that is, into what is known as mortal reality.

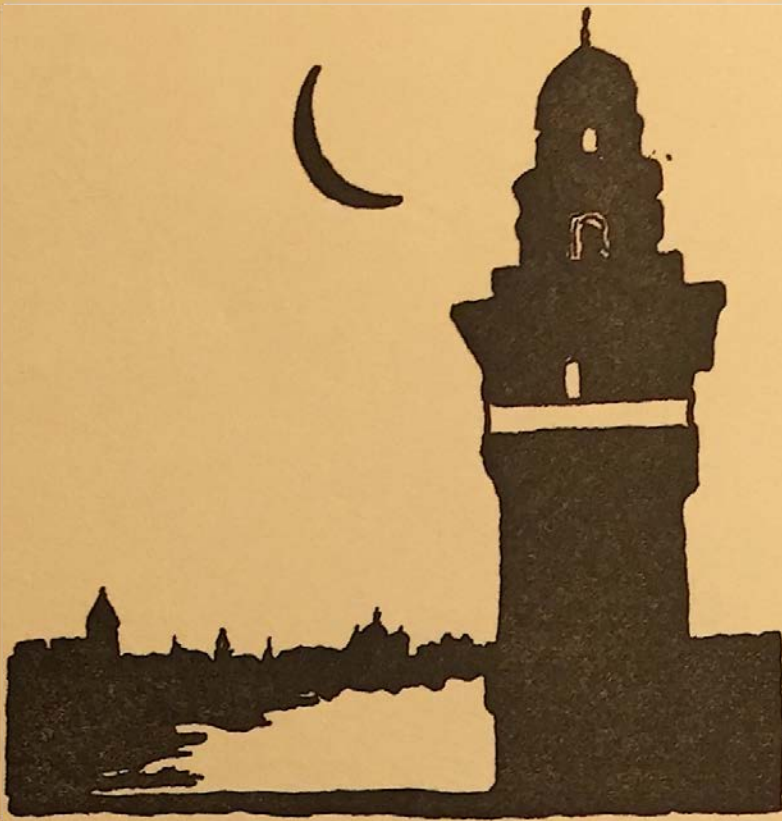
But transferring the metaphysical into the practical is impossible unless you take the following into account: That men and women are



not living in the practical half as much as we assume. They are forced by the practical to comply with certain conditions of living and livelihood, *but essentially each person is a metaphysician* in that he is forever seeking logical answers and solutions to the mysteries he perceives all about him.

This is amply proven by the fact that whenever a shining leader steps forth who seems to have attained to superhuman knowledge of these mysteries by logical and rational explanations and demonstrations, he is hailed as a Savior—or at least a deliverer from life's quandaries and morbidities and eventually given credence if his policies stack up with scientifically determined "facts."

The main difficulty up to the present, in getting society to subscribe openly and popularly to Metaphysics as a dragon-slayer of superstitious Fear, has been the limited knowledge that has been offered it in these fields of exploration, and the fact that no one has come forward with a sane, comprehensive and complete program as to just what *has* been done, what is *being* done, and what potentialities exist in all sanity for the ultimate discovery and proving of the truth.



NOW Metaphysics as such is not a theory or set of theories, it is not hypothesis or philosophical rationalization.

It is the science of exploring the universe outside of the Finite. It is the activity toward information that takes as its premise that perhaps the physical world is not an end in itself at all, but merely the means to an end—that perchance society has been wrong in its thinking and exploring over untold generations, that instead of looking at life as being phenomena arising out of material activity, material activity may arise out of the fact that Life first *is*.

Let us say that you are a reasonably normal human being with the average physical equipment and the five acknowledged senses working with actional efficiency. Back at the commencement of conscious memory you can recall that you came into the realization of yourself as a mortal person in a world with a billion-and-a-half other mortal persons. You grew up according to the immutable dictates of certain natural laws. Your body functioned and became "mature"—that is, it reached that degree of graduation in experience where it was fitting and proper for you to take upon yourself the direction of other "immature" lives in the form of children, and your physical equipment adapted itself to the procreation of such offspring.

But all the while that this has been going on, you have been assailed with quandaries and perplexities as to why this, that, or the other natural law should exist, why it should perform, why it should perform along its own peculiar lines. You have seen plants growing, the seasons following one another, the circumstance of "death" come among those with whom you have been associated. And because there has never been any rational explanation for all the mysteries with which you have been surfeited excepting the fantastic one put forward as Religion, you have gradually come to accept that there *is* no rational explanation else it would have been projected into society long ages ago. You have agreed that the mystery as to why there should be mysteries is quite as baffling as any natural phenomena you have been called upon to witness.

Into this state of affairs comes the accredited metaphysician and says—

"Life in all its phases and manifestations is *knowable!* It is not true as Religion teaches you, that you are a creature of sin, made of the dust of the ground, the child of lust and the sport of purblind discarnate forces that seek to destroy you. You are essentially a Son of God exactly as Jesus of Nazareth was a Son of God. He said so over and over in no callow terminology and the facts of metaphysical exploration are proving it increasingly. You can get over your Fear—your fear of 'death' or any state or condition of affairs that lies beyond 'death,' your fear of malignant entities who would seize you as Mephistopheles seized Faust and bear you away into everlasting torment, your fear of every working of natural law, your fear of the mathematical incalculables that render the universe so vast that its very size appalls you and makes you cringe in your own self-esteem. All these things are available for frank, free and honest research and they can be probed with stupefying results in both logic and laboratory."

The psychical researcher goes farther and says—

"Have you lost dear ones? I will take photographs of them with ultra-sensitized apparatus, as they are in their present status, and show

them to you so that you will recognize them—making allowance for the sublimation they have undergone after being released from mortal handicap. Do you want to hear their voices? I offer you such crude amplifiers as we have available at present and invite you to come and listen to speeches addressed to you on a wavelength ordinarily too fine for your clumsy physical hearing to pick up. Do you want materialistic phenomena evincing their living presences? Let me command the atmospheric and luminance factors involved so that they can operate materialistically, and I will show you forms of activity for which there is no possible explanation beyond the true one: that this world of three dimensions is not the only one there is, but the least among all the other worlds, *and if you will follow with me fearlessly I will give you withering demonstrations that will so shake your former beliefs in the childish concepts of Dogma as to create a new earth and a new heaven for you, peopled with ladies and gentlemen who are only too willing to impart to you the most intimate details of their sublimated lives.* All this I will do if you in turn will do little more than cast aside prejudice and skepticism and look at, and listen to, what we have discovered about Life to the present."

IF ALL these facts are true, you ask, why are they not generally known? Why have they not created a sensation in the newspapers? Why are they not as popularly dramatic as the practices of medicine, psychology or pathology in general? If the "dead" are actually alive, why doesn't humankind in the mass receive indications of it? Why must we wait for eerie phenomena to disclose facts behind the Veil that ought to be as normal and natural as eating or sleeping?

And these are fair questions.

The amazing thing is, that there are sensible and demonstrable answers to all of them. But humankind in the secular form is so inbred and inhibited in the assumption that there cannot possibly *be* answers, that when true and demonstrated answers come along they cannot be recognized for precisely what they are.

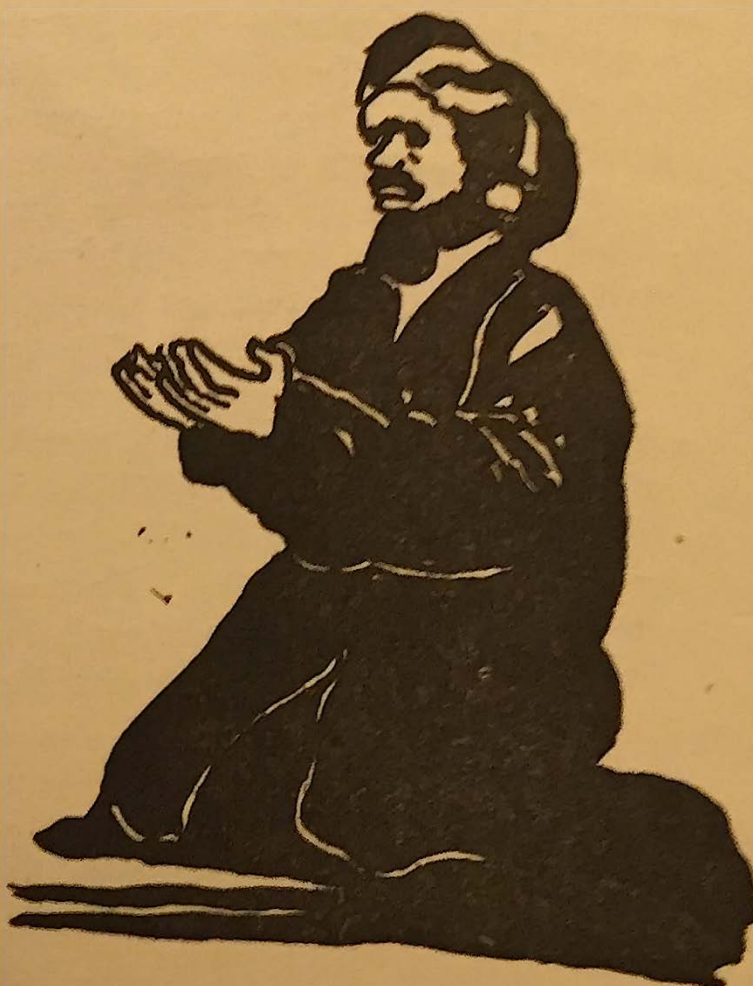
The necromantic explanation has endured for so long, the race has been surfeited with mys-

teries over such a tremendous period, that it has well nigh lost its apparatus for accrediting truthful answers when they are advanced. There must be something "phoney" about them. There *must* be, there *must* be! Humankind has become so immersed in physical materiality and explanations and deductions of the life phenomenon based on physical materiality, that it has anesthetized and benumbed the faculties for perceiving and proving in realms outside the mortal. It says: "Well, the mortal at least we are *sure* of," not appreciating that the mortal and the materialistic is the *least* among the sureties, the most illusionary and ephemeral, and the most subjected to synthetization and transubstantiation.

The Metaphysician goes openly and serenely Behind Life and lets sweet pure air of fearless knowledge into the pest house of Ignorance, Error, Superstition, Bigoted Ecclesiasticism based on vauntings for temporal power, and the hiatus of non-perception of manifested realities even when potent to discharge every mystery that ever confronted the race as a race.

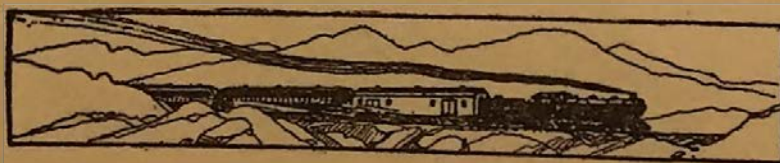
All the same, what happens?

Dr. T. Glen Hamilton, a physician of Manitoba and a former member of the Canadian Parliament, recently exhibited in Grand Central



Palace the results of his work with eleven different cameras in photographing the *psyches* of 'departed' persons through quartz lenses—getting hundreds of portraits of people in a finer manifestation of matter that were recognized by relatives and friends. The facts were duly chronicled in the current New York papers under a "one-column" head. Millions of New Yorkers glanced through the stupendous announcements made, shrugged their shoulders, said to themselves: "More Spiritualistic hocus pocus!" or "Of course the plates were doctored in advance," and passed on to the stock market reports and the ball scores.

Night on night in New York City, Boston, Mass., London, England, and in various other countries and cities of the world where there are organized groups of investigators, phenomena is being secured, probed and tabulated by reputable scientific men that does not leave an iota of doubt in their own minds as to the actuality of discarnate existence. They publish their findings in learned books, with photographs and corroborative testimony of eye witnesses. No matter! They are "cranks." There is some 'easily explainable' process at work that must be "hypnotism" or "subconscious" mind. From Buffalo to Calcutta there are located persons known as clairaudients. They have a form of inward hearing so finely and acutely developed that they can actually *hear* addressed thoughts coming from the finer planes of matter and consciousness. They listen and get long and involved delineations of exactly what life is like after the quitting of the physical sheath, from those now in those hyper-dimensions. *Almost to a hair those recounts are identical no matter where or by whom received!* They transcribe their communications and offer them for public approval and acceptance. "Fabrication!" bawls the crowd intent on acquainting itself with the private life of Greta Garbo or whether an airplane can span the Pacific. "Fabrication or Mental Telepathy with persons already living in flesh who do not know they are distributing



such intelligence!" These clairaudients predict actual happenings that come in circumstance. No matter, either. They were merely good guessers! . . .

And so it goes.

It is all so pathetic—so tragically childish!

A YEAR and a half ago I published an article in a national magazine narrating my personal experiences while out of my body one night in California in May, 1928. I affirmed that in this discarnate state I met and talked with certain relatives and friends whose funerals I had attended as a Vermont newspaperman. Coming back into my body, I discovered that I had had senses awakened within myself that allowed me to keep contact in a clairaudient manner with those, and others, whom I met that memorable night. I began to tell people exactly what the next phase of existence was like, as I had perceived it and had it reported to me in infinitesimal detail by those same persons with whom I was nightly in touch. As my testimony began to gain credence by its sober logic and rationality, I was taken to task in a mild way by one of Manhattan's leading divines. He wrote me a letter that I shall always consider priceless.

After commending me for my obvious sincerity, which he said he did not doubt, he referred to my expositions of hyperdimensional existence in this wise—

"I have no criticism to offer of anything that adds to the sum and substance of human enlightenment. But I cannot subscribe to what you say in your writings about penetrating a specific place. Your accounts of finding relatives and friends, finding them at work and at play so to speak, *makes the Hereafter too literal of acceptance.* Humankind does not want to know positively what it is confronting after the death transition any more than it would have wanted to know in advance everything that it was to encounter in this life in physical flesh."

His psychology might have been accurate. But here was a man taking large amounts of money away from his parish in the form of salary, for instructing people in modes and methods for attaining to that higher life. Yet he did not want it *too literal*.

He too feared, I suspect, that actuality and realization might not stack up with imagination or anticipation.

PEOPLE say: If this knowledge is for us, why is it not given us? They totally forget that all knowledge which they consider they have been "given" . . . that is, knowledge they find generally circulated on arriving in the world as infants, . . . is the accretion of mortal probing, investigating, and general moral daring over vast periods of sociological time. To have any such knowledge accrue to them before their eyes, in their own times and by instrumentalities not unlike themselves in physical appearance, brands it as fabrication, charlatanry, or demonology.

Yet metaphysics will give them that knowledge, pressed down and overflowing. Nominally they "worship" the Greatest Metaphysician of all Time and call him "holy" because of the "miracles" He performed—not because of what He was in His spiritual character—regardless of the fact that over and over He told them: "These things that I do, you can do likewise. Even greater things ye shall do . . ."

This is not an argument for Spiritualism, Theosophy, Occultism or any sect or cult. True metaphysics is above all such. It is arriving at the facts of Life by studying from the Cause forward to the Result, not merely trying to find a Cause for the Result because the result manifests.

If one-tenth the time, money and brains that now perpetuate fanciful theology were put behind concrete psychical research and the proper publicity for psychical research, *all fear of endlessness at "death" could be abolished from racial psychology within three years.* Moreover, society would wholly alter its ethical tactics.

If the man who persistently does wrong knew for a certainty that he would have to return to life again and again until he had eradicated the wrong-doing from his character, I feel that it would be a greater deterrent to his wrong-doing than his chances of confronting an ecclesiastical Judge in some divine court room of theology and getting off with his skin,

METAPHYSICS tells you how the universe came into being.

It tells you what composes the Universe and how life started to manifest upon it.

It takes you up through the various forms of consciousness until you arrive at the so-called "human" and into the history and significance of Culture.

It convinces you that you were just as sentiently alive before you came into your present life as you will be after quitting it—that you have lived in some form or other since the Finite Universe *was*, including hundreds of previous life cycles right here on this earth.

It shows that psychology and behaviorism is a purblind way of explaining the concretion of experiences from your many previous lives, that are really forms of Memory, and that all the peculiarities of our social relationships have their basis in previous contacts with the persons involved.

More than all, it opens visual and auditory doors to the next phase of existence and enables the investigator or student to compare notes with those already in it and get their personal testimonies as to the truth of the whole Hypothesis.

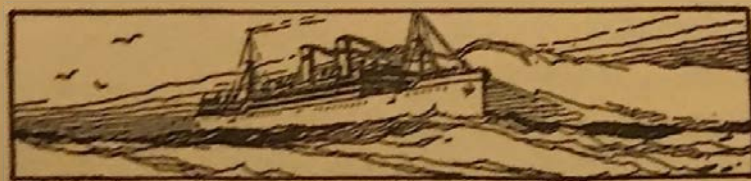
It explains the so-called Sin and Suffering in the physical universe.

It makes our social relationships clear and significant.

It banishes all terror at the Death incident.

It keeps us in personal contact with those who have experienced the Death incident and simply divides Life into its various phases for the sake of the peculiar self-awareness derived from each.

But what Humanity must learn, like my Manhattan pastor, is that the next phase of existence so far supersedes anything conceivable by the mortal imagination in the qualities of its perceptions that loss of its literality would be the Catastrophe Colossal!



OUTSIDE *the* FINITE

A paper for Advanced Students in Religious Metaphysics



DEEDFUL perception of the factors operating behind Life lead us at once to some interesting conclusions showing the nature of the Life Phenomenon, something of the vortex of circumstance which brings it into being, and the general adaptitude of the innate universe to it.

Now what is Life in the first place?

We say, even as metaphysicians, offhandedly, that it is a principle of Thought Incarnate operating through the etheric vehicle to bring about a form of consciousness that knows itself for what it is.

But Life is more than this.

Life is an avenue by which the Cosmos is demonstrated to itself, so to speak. It is a procession of events in the wider sense corresponding to a street procession wherein one individual plays all the parts or roles prescribed for the whole procession. Now this procession is forever passing a given point called the Conscious Moment in the exigency known as Time and Space. There is a queer mystery here that must be expounded so that it is fully understood.

No amount of Time and Space can bring about one conscious moment—or one moment of consciousness. A thousand trillion years will not do it, nor will all the cubit area in the known universe accomplish it. Conversely however, consciousness of any sort comprises all the time that ever was, and rebounds into the farthest reaches of inhabited space peopled by conscious denizens of which the earthly race can never have knowledge. The same time that this is

true, the individual is conscious of the present mathematical instant coupled with the picture catalogue in the volatile cells of his brain that have registered reactions from all the conscious mathematical points which his brain has attended upon.

NOW time and space wait upon no man, and yet everyman waits upon time and space; another paradox until you fully understand it.

Given Life in the first instance—that is, consciousness capable of self-awareness—you immediately start queer agencies of perception at work, the sum area of which makes up the psyche's history from the beginning of its conscious Life.

Expert testimony from millions of residents of this earth planet over untold ages has determined in every instance that the facts of life from its inception to the moment of such testimony have all pointed to this phenomena—that all mankind lives only in the present instant; it cannot know one second backward or forward. *The present instant is all the time there is!* By no happening of chance or prearrangement by any source can the universe expand

there is Neither

Time nor Space!

Psychically Received

the fraction of a millionth of a moment backward or forward in consciousness.

Consciousness is the instant of perception, no more and no less. You can have memory rich with its freight of recollection, but there is no means or method for bringing back the lost combination of all events as they were before, complete in every iota and made a performance that repeats itself in time, nor can consciousness "explode itself" to cover any space larger than the fleeting moment of instantaneous perception.

Thus there is chronology in the universe but no Time as the mathematician understands it. By the same token Space is a nihility, for consciousness can transcend all distance in that same instant of perception, being the universal perception of all that is within itself.

Do not be misled here. *Space* and *size* have little in common. *Size* is relativity of the proportions of objects one compared with the other. You could have the entire solar system dropped into a bathtub if the bathtub were large enough, we say, meaning a bathtub of proportions sufficiently gigantic to your own conceptions of your own size relative to the measurements of the solar system. If you were of sufficient size to bathe in such a bathtub, the solar system would only be a couple of feet in its outmost ramifications. This being so, Space cannot exist, for there is no standard by which to measure it, and when you have no standard you cannot have measurement, since measurement and standard of measurement are synonymous.

THERE is so-called Space in the sense of distance on earth because the earth-ball is taken as the standard of measurement; but when we get out into the uncharted heavens, so to speak, no one can say what the standard of measurement is to be. There are standards of measurement of course based on geometric parallelograms, but those are not strictly measurement standards but relative patterns for the locations of displacements.

Now coming back to our considerations of consciousness, we must consider Time as the exact focal point when the attention is concentrated on a given object or spectacle, and we must consider Space only as the area of activity in which such perception takes place.

It is useless to say that throughout the universe there are billions of similar entities undergoing the same phenomena of perception, and that therefore Time and Space are universal. *Strictly speaking the entire universe is only an idea existing in that fraction of a second that the brain mind perceives and receives an impression!* That these impressions are continuous and seemingly flow head-to-tail like a procession of elephants attached to one another in



a long blur, makes no difference. You know that in moving pictures the images themselves do not move. The movement is acquired in what is known as the continuity of vision—that is, a series of still pictures coming so fast upon the screen that they tend to blur into one another and cause the effect of motion. And yet it is true that your eye really does only perceive one picture at a time.

Now just what *does* effect this continuity of vision? It cannot be the pictures themselves for you can stop the film at any given point and find that the picture remains constant. *On the other hand there is a parallel of expectation* going on in your consciousness so to speak, and you perceive images that tide over the lapse of consciousness between each still picture.

EXACTLY the same thing is going on in conscious life instant by instant with the memory of the last picture "taking up the slack," as it were, and giving you perception of the image in the form of consciousness-motion. Now you can see wherein time is a fallacy when thinking of all of these image-pictures as a whole in the sublime reel of your mind. Look at it this way for an analogy—

A reel of motion pictures stored in a vault contains ten thousand separate "frames" all joined together on a strip of celluloid, but there is naught of Time in the reel as a reel. It stands absolutely alone as an article, to wit, a reel. You say it takes fifteen minutes to run it through a projection machine, but that again means nothing and is no gradation of Time synonymous with the reel since the same strip of celluloid might be pushed through the projection machine in less than a moment if any purpose could be accomplished thereby and the speed of the machine did not burst it in pieces. On the other hand the machine might be turned

so slowly that it requires ten thousand years to pass the strip through from end to end. So time has nothing to do with the reel as a reel.

THE life reel is similar. Men have clocks it is true, based on divisions of earth revolutions marked off by the appearance and disappearance of the sun as the planet revolves. But suppose you were poised at a point in Space where there was no earth movement, no clocks, no obstruction between you and the sun, and nothing to determine the factor of declension of conditions about you. Every moment would be like every other moment and Space to your eyes would present an unoccupied field filled with nothing whatever that you could perceive.

If you could sustain life under these conditions without even having your heartbeats timed for you, you would get a parallel to what Absolute Consciousness could be, since it would encompass nothing but itself and nothing beyond itself. Since there would be nothing to perceive there could be no perception. Since there was no standard of time measurement there could be no time. Since there was no awareness of distance because there could be no two points set at range from one another, there could be no distance.

Now strange to relate, this condition of affairs is not at all a fairy tale or a pure abstraction. It is a very potent point in the manufacture of an understanding of the Life Principle, not a mind trick but a parallelogram of excellent spiritual geometry.

PUT it this way. Life in such a situation could still be conscious Life, perfectly aware of itself even though unaware of anything within range of its senses, *providing it had passed through an experience that was the antithesis of this strange predicament* founded on a foreknowledge of Life within dimensions and harassed by measurement clocks, tabulated as to memories and boxed as to compass.

You can see now why the etheric vehicle would be necessary to give consciousness its perceptions making for such selfawareness. If consciousness has first had a knowledge of obstruction and limitation, it is able to be aware



GRASPING the idea of a Consciousness that contains all there *is* within itself, is no easy matter in this three-dimensional world where consciousness is something that comes to inanimate objects from an external source in order to *be* consciousness. The Universe is not made up of infinitely separated particles composed into a whole to give either a necktie or a star. It is rather a condition of God-consciousness function in various degrees of ether-motion and getting separate results according to speeds, which we label Materials.



of clarified space and delimitation, or 'limitless nothingness' as we might put it.

Some such condition it was that first motivated the finite universe as men have come to know it. In this utter void in which Time and Space were unknowable because no standards had been introduced to make them appreciable, came a sense of blind awareness to reach out for the Knowable. God walking upon the face of the waters of infinite chaos is a poor description beside God existing within the immeasurables of limitless and timeless nothingness. Create if you can, the mental picture of such a situation and you will get a wellnigh perfect conception of what happened when creation as we know it started to move.

THERE *must be objectivity to give subjectivity*; that is almost the first tenet of the cosmos. There had to be two points placed in space before either point could know itself as a point; but points in themselves are nothing but a geometrical assumption. Following this geometrical assumption had to be something that was concrete in order to assure a degree of permanence to the universal idea. Therefore we have the phenomena of Energy finding a way to translate into what we know as Matter.

How did Matter come about?

We have to backtrack again to the universality of consciousness. We have to consider consciousness as a pure postulation like the point

in space without form and void of anything tangible to its own perceptions. Out of this universal hiatus, let us say, crept desire for expressionism, not to relieve tedium so much as to manufacture gradations within itself for the purpose of acknowledging its absoluteness.

This absoluteness was not exactly necessary to its own constituency, but as the whole is the sum of all of its parts, so there was an awareness of the different potentialities of its parts and the desire to test them one against the other for the ultimate absorption of all *into* the whole again in a complete state of awareness by each particle.

This was a serious moment in the history of the universe, for without it there could have been no universe.

GOING back to first causes in Cosmology is like asking the ant on the running-board of an automobile what destination the driver of the car has in mind. And yet in this case, we propose to leap the bounds of plausibility that the ant could not understand what was in the driver's mind or engage in his terminology, and make a suggestion as to what was happening. We have no patience with those who say that the cause or purpose of the cause of the universe is unknowable to mortal comprehension. That would be a libel on the God-essence within every member of the human race.

God, if you want to call the First Cause by



that name, knew exactly what He was doing and where He was headed. He was seeking a vehicle by which it would be possible to grade his own cognizance and omnipotence, and when you have said this you have explained the universe in toto. You say where did God come from? But you are thinking of Him then in terms of personality, and He is not that at any time. He has attributes making for personality as men know personality, in terms of universality, but God as a Being is something else again. He is a condition of Primal Awareness out of which all things have proceeded and will proceed to the "end" of endless time. He is the essence of the magnitude against which we measure our own weakness of both intellect and capacity for energy deployed in circumstance, a caricature of what theologians call Him in that He is not the Father but the Creative Principle itself which renders fatherhood a function.

GOD is unknowable in this respect. He is not a Being, I say, with hands and arms and legs and feet. Jehovah is quite another matter, as we are to take up in a succeeding paper on the constitution of the Trinity. What we are considering here is so-called Holy Spirit, or Thought Incarnate. The Holy Spirit has been subjected to so many gross and misleading interpretations that it has well nigh lost its holiness. It is now a concept for a celestial senti-

mentality instead of being what it originally stood for—the *Primal Cause out of which came finite creation!*

Now let us look back a moment and consider all this from the practising viewpoint. Let us put it that this Holy Spirit awareness desired to take itself apart as it were, to give itself greater awareness, or rather efficacy in its awareness, by having those parts function separately—that is, in juxtaposition to one another—that all might be combined together ultimately in a still greater manifestation of omnipotence.

God, to the theologian, forever represents a Something like the theologian himself—that is, He must have a birth or beginning. But God is rather, let us say, of the essence making for ideas that produced the concept of the theologian. The hard nut to crack in this for the mortal reasoning powers, is the fact of stamina to follow through from what seems to be an academic postulation or vaporous assumption into the reality of a literal object such as a rock pile or a lightning bolt.

WE have no fault to find with those who cannot make the grade, but this is the new thing we want to register: *There is in the cosmos a force almost unsuspected at present which practically bridges the gap!*

That is to say, it transmutes out of itself its own concepts into forms of consciousness that have what we know is Actuality.

God, we think, is unknowable. But God is knowable in this—that He is the essence primarily of all that is. He is the literal endowment to all nature in whatever guise nature manifests, of Himself in whatever form He manifests. He is the great void of the waters spoken of in Genesis, and the Word is the force growing out of Him that translates the innate idea into the living potency for actuality in all its phases.

Put it in this manner—

Life is a miasma of subjectivity in the great consciousness of the Holy Spirit, nothing more, nothing less.

God is not *going* anywhere for He has no place to go. He is not *doing* anything for there is no necessity for any such performance. These are all human conceptions born out of the neces-

sity of performance in order to get desire-expression. In the sense of movement, growth, postulation of idea, and universal application to anything else, God is absolutely static and enduring, a creation of infinite intelligence who does not need to address that intelligence to anyone or anything else outside of Himself because no such entity exists for that purpose. Instead of performing such addresses outwardly, they are all performed inwardly, esoteric instead of exoteric—to supernality.

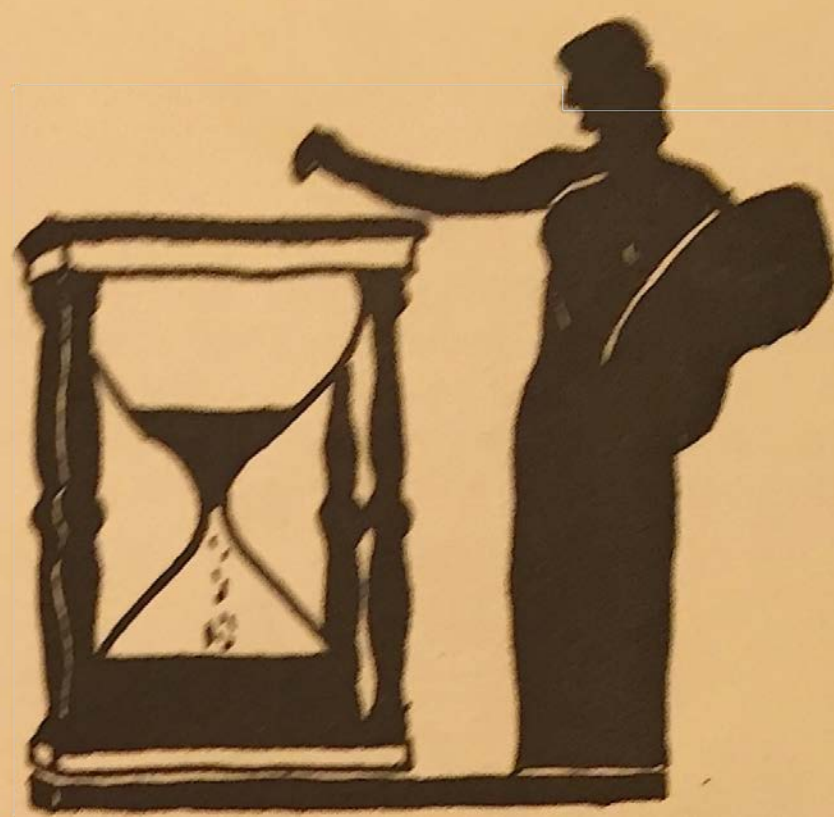
God encompasses all Space as we know it and yet knows no Space because it is all within Himself. He is potent to do no damage to the universe as such because it would all be happening within His own being. He is His own First Cause and Last Cause and all causes in between because they proceed out of His diversified consciousness.

In a sense He has been since Time was because it is His attributes that have made Time what we conceive it.

To get a better transcription of Him let us say this: It has devolved upon him as a corporate principle to let certain things happen within His own consciousness or self-perception, in order that those things might determine His own carnatehood, and out of this perception has come our reality.

Only as we get the idea of a door, a chair, a lamp, a sunbeam *being made of God* in that they function by the considerations of the Holy Spirit, do we begin to realize the awfulness of the universe in which we dwell. We get so accustomed to seeing commonplace things all about us, that we quite forget they are not commonplace at all, they are integral parts of manifesting divinity, and as such they bid for our most adroit devoutness.

THE fact that we have seemingly commonplace objects all about us calls for a still more adroit devoutness toward them than we ordinarily accredit to passivity. We would like to see awesome spectacles manifesting in terms of motion to give us a sense of their awfulness. A stone lying in a gutter is neither grand nor comatose to our unthinking gaze. It is just a stone, nothing more nor less.



We have queer ideas about this universe in which we dwell. If the stone shot up suddenly with no apparent motive power behind it to precipitate it, and struck us in the forehead without warning, we would suddenly acquire an awe of stones and in time would doubtless come to worship them as superior beings. But man never worships that which he knows. The more thoroughly he knows, the less his awe and reverence.

Worship might then be defined as the extent of one's ignorance about a thing or a personality. But always remember this—in all worship there is an element of imploration that the powers of the thing worshiped be in some degree or other inculcated within the worshipper.

It is because of this propensity in human nature to acquire in some degree the attributes of that which is worshipped, that we come to the great principle termed holiness in religion.

What is holiness?

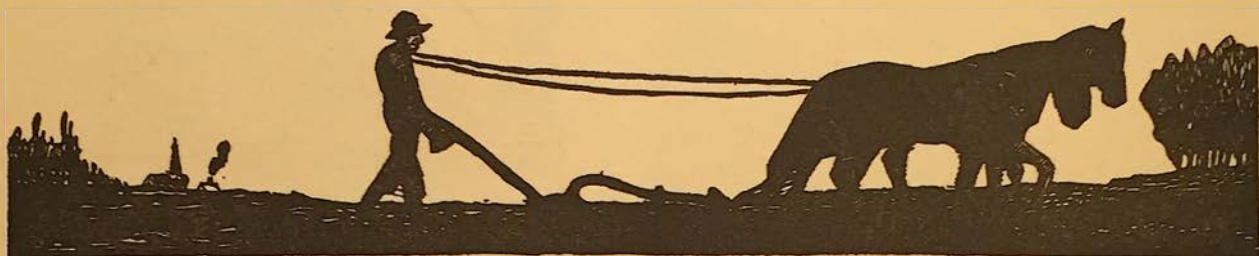
It is accrediting to a wiser being an admission of our own impotence.

Put it this way: holiness is the attribute we ascribe to a so-called superior being because his concepts are so far above ours in our own estimation that we consider him apart from ourselves in a tacit admission of our own incapacity to ever be like Him. In other words, holiness is an ode to perfection sung by a chorister who acknowledges his own imperfection—and there is nothing wrong in that *insofar as it goes*.

Where the chorister is at fault to his own derogation, is in thinking that the revered one is essentially different in composition or potentialities from himself.

MANKIND has every right and obligation to think of the Holy Spirit as holy. But he has no right and certainly no obligation to think of himself as a separate composition apart from the attributes of the Holy Spirit.

Take this thought with you and meditate upon it: *The more that men and women see of God in each other, the closer they get to God in His true character, and the more that men and women see of Life and Vitality in the humblest stone in the roadway, so do they draw near to the Holy of Holies that is essentially in themselves in that they have power and the privilege of knowing God at all for what and who He is!*



PRACTICALLY all of the contents of this Magazine where not otherwise indicated at the head of each article have been compiled from Psychical Communications received by The Editor or persons with similar endowments. This is not a periodical of propaganda. It serves the purpose of sharing with its subscribers the knowledge and perchance the wisdom that comes to its editor from what he believes to be higher Dimensions of Time and Space. The Editor does not present them as his own opinions. He offers them for what they are worth to those who are interested in the character of the material presented. Nevertheless, they conform to his own thinking and investigating in the main or they would not be published.

Do You *Understand* REINCARNATION?

The Average Person is Hostile toward Reincarnation because He Fails to Understand It Correctly, Confusing It with the Hindu Doctrine of Transmigration, whereas it Formed the Cornerstone of Early Christian Teaching. . . .



VERY little while I am in receipt of some lengthy diatribe for my espousal of "the nefarious Hindu Doctrine of Reincarnation." The idea seems to be that it is a none-too-brilliant idea of my own concoction, projected to bedevil and incense those of my readers who would otherwise accept most

of what I write about Life-Behind-Life as creditable fact.

People seem to overlook that comparatively little of what I publish in this magazine is of my own composition. As I have stated repeatedly, this periodical was founded in order to share with several thousand fellow-seekers after cosmic facts, much of the instruction I seemed to be receiving from great and wise intellects in higher dimensions of time and space. If lengthy and profound delineations of the process of earthly rebirth are among the matter with which I consider myself being favored, I pass them on as such. While I trust I am exercising sense, taste and logic in what I se-

lect to publish, I am certainly not casting aside major expositions of the eternal verities merely because I may not fancy the doctrine as doctrine.

I WAS as much disgruntled as any novice in metaphysics when first my Unseen Mentors announced reincarnation as a solemn fact of life and proceeded to build thereon a massive superstructure of amazing and well-nigh irrefutable logic. I felt, as the average person feels, that one life in this vale of tears was quite sufficient and when the time came to pass on to higher phases of existence, I wanted them to be higher phases of existence, not the same old world I had always known, with the same old people and their same old problems.

Speaking personally, I know now that in common with most cursory readers and thinkers on the subject, I looked upon Reincarnation as a Hindu doctrine whereunder, in certain cases, souls of human beings might even be reborn—if they were reborn at all—in the bodies of animals. That is to say, I did what a million-odd people do daily: confuse Reincarnation with Transmigration.

But gradually, as I was coached month after month in the subliminal phases of the process,

showed the mercy, justice and reasonableness of the whole procedure, invited to investigate those quandaries which perplexed me most in ordinary living, I began to alter my animus against one of the profoundest measures in all Nature for the establishment of a kingdom of righteousness and equity among all created species.

When I found that not a single tenet of metaphysics, not a mystery of animate or inanimate life, not a quandary in ordinary day to day living with its complexities of relationships—for which theology had never advanced a satisfying solution—failed to submit to the Reincarnationary solution, I began to wonder if perhaps I had not been either bigoted on the subject or so unpardonably ignorant that I had better wait for the complete delineation of the doctrine before daring to express myself as to whether I “liked” it or not.

WHETHER I did or did not like it, forsooth, had nothing to do with Reincarnation as a Life Process in established fact. I might hate it down a hundred thousand years, and refuse to subscribe to it openly. That would not stop it *being* a fact of life if it *was* a fact of life. And so I gradually began to perceive, by admitting the imponderable in order to arrive at the ponderable, that perhaps I had been the one at fault and that the cleverest thing that I could do was listen and learn.

FOR TWO years now, I have been applying my ear to the celestial microphone, so to speak, and getting instruction which leads me to believe that not only is Reincarnation one of the tenets of the universe but that in it is the answer to all the mysteries in life that the mind can grasp.

I am a professed Christian and have no desire to undermine any of the faiths that cluster



about the personality of the Man of Galilee. But on more than one occasion I have been aware of something underlying Christianity that seemed persistently deleted, something that “should have been there” to make the Christian doctrines vital and significant, something that vaguely made me feel that in early church history there had been not so much a *misunderstanding* about the Doctrine of Rebirth as a deliberate attempt to wrest and hold spiritual power that would not and could not exist under the policy that each soul may take as many earthly lives as it pleases to perfect itself for higher and finer heavens than those of theological concept.

So I am going on with the exposition of the doctrine till I have proofs that I am in error. To date the “proofs” seem to be all in the other direction.

I have found in my own case that there are things in my “recollection” so to speak, that cannot be explained by any other solution than that I, and scores of friends about me, have all lived before on this earth, in conjunction and comradeship. I have found others with “lifted memories”—people who can actually recall some of the phases of existence in former lives *right here on this earth planet*. I have heard little children exclaim things in utter ignorance of theological doctrine that have convinced me that they too actually recall lives before the Thought Plane that they have so recently left. The whole mass of mundane evidence—life as we find it in the social structure—is nothing but an overwhelming compendium of this metaphysical tenet. I am forced against my will, if you want me to put it in that way, to believe in this stupendous fact: that life is continuous from cycle to cycle, that all of us have lived and can live as many lives as we desire until we have perfected our characters so that we are eligible to enter heaven.

So I am merely publishing in this magazine such expositions of the matter as I get from psychical sources and leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions.

I AM telling in my psychical memoirs how on that epochal night in California, in May, 1928, when my first excarnate experience came

to me that I have called "My Seven Minutes in Eternity," I had been writing a historical book on *The Urge of Peoples*. I had wanted to write a work on racial migrations, why certain sections of the human race periodically picked up women and children and dogs and chattels, and moved over into the next man's country at the behest of some momentary dictator or chieftain, entirely aside from climatical motivations or food problems. I had reached a point that night where I finally laid down my pen with the inquiry: What *are* Races? Why is one man's skin black or brown or yellow or white? Factors of climate and food chemicals were not sufficient; they did not answer my quandary, since an Englishman may live in China a thousand years and it will not make him a Chinaman and the same thing holds good for a Chinaman in the British Isles.

I went to bed asking myself: *What are Races?*

Before morning I found out.

It was my introduction to the colossal subject of Reincarnation. Because Races of men are merely gradations of earthly life wherein the soul visiting earth again and again in each life cycle can learn special lessons not available in other races.

I also met people in that discarnate experience whom I had known intimately in previous earthly lives. I knew them instantly for whom and what they were; and yet I had never known them in the present generation wherein I had existed as William Dudley Pelley.

Coming from that experience with clairaudient faculties awakened and functioning, I have been two years taking down lectures on this most vital of truths. And each lecture goes a little deeper into the hypothesis, showing its rationality and equity.

No man-made idea could ever stand the strain put upon Reincarnation for solving every perplexity and mystery in life: sooner or later it would crack and show flaws. Like the evidence in a murder trial, the mosaic has to fit *perfectly* in order to be true. And the mosaic of Reincarnation does fit *so* perfectly that it is a bit terrifying at times.



CHURCH PEOPLE of course fight Reincarnation because it does not square with the Vicarious Atonement. They imagine that little or nothing is said about it in Holy Writ in support of it; therefore it must be pagan and profane. But the whole doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement is breaking down in this day of advancing human intellect. And as for Holy Writ holding no mention of Reincarnation, *the Bible is so full of it that the theologian cannot see the forest for the trees.*

While there are over one million persons in this country who know something of the truth of Reincarnation, and subscribe to it, I am not seeking to proselytize aggressively for the doctrine. I am simply stating what I have found out about it, what others have found out by experience, what those in higher dimensions say about it. These facts I am passing on.

I know in my own case that they have given me an entirely new concept of the living universe; that they have done more than all else to "explain" the theological muddle into which the sects have fallen; that they have left me with a spiritual poise that nothing can shake. Armed with the knowledge that I possess I fear nothing now in this life or in lives to come. I am ready to lay down my present earthly body within the next five minutes, if need arises, and enter into higher states of consciousness, knowing that if I have left aught unfinished in this earthly life I can ultimately come back in other bodies and complete it.

So from month to month in these pages I am going to elucidate some of the various phases of Reincarnation as I have had them elucidated to me, and attempt to show how the Reincarnation Hypothesis is a grand and beautiful provision of celestial intellect for the evolution of the human spirit toward divine perfection.

I am going to try to correct some of the fallacies and sillinesses that exist in the social mind about Reincarnation's tenets and purposes, and ease the strain on the religious conscience that today is making tumult in millions of distraught and frenzied hearts.

To this end and with these preliminary remarks, I append herewith my first Paper, received clairaudiently, on *The Principles of Reincarnation*. I ask my reader only this: to accept that what follows is in no wise of my manufacture, for at the time that I received it I had not yet subscribed to what has since become a cardinal principle of my faith.

THE PRINCIPLES OF REINCARNATION

IN the Beginning there was only spirit, as in the end there will be only spirit, and as now there is only spirit. Out of spirit, made Matter for purposes of Love by vibration, was formed the solar universe you know and many an endless universe you do not know. Each universe has its own kind of life, its own development and its own method of growth, but they all have one objective: "*that divine, far off event toward which the whole creation moves,*" though the poet little understood the magnitude of that event. It is the final union of each particle of spirit with that spirit from which it came, only in the beginning of its separation in Form it was unconscious of its nature, its career and its high destiny.

Through long ages it clothes itself in ever more complex form. Through long ages it grows more intricate and adds to itself more duties and functions until it has progressed from what is called inorganic to organic Matter. Now it is ready to know a sort of cosmic urge that links it to the life of the planet it is on. But it is not yet conscious of its nature.

The next step upward is into the lowest and simplest form of animate life. This is in the kingdom of what you call the Vegetable. Next in the journey comes a feeling of dim and scarcely understood unity with all of nature's forces. In the early striving of the Spirit Particle upward a brooding Over-Spirit gives help and direction.

When the Spirit Particle has finally worked

it way through the age-long procession of forms to the point of self-awareness and yet has not evolved the mechanism of thinking, we have the higher animals under the protection of the Group Spirit. This Group Spirit, so to speak, does their thinking for them. For this reason we have the seemingly inexplicable instincts, such as the migrations of the birds. . .

For long ages this planet was the home of this animal life. Then one group of those in existence, that had gone further than the others, no longer depended solely on the Group Spirit but began to struggle independently with the problems of environment.

At that moment the Word was made flesh and Man *was!*

NOW each man was an individual, low in stature as in soul, but still Man. And as Man he began to have dimly and fitfully a longing for the spiritual home from which so many æons before he had started out on his journey. *Out of this longing he built his faith in gods.* Out of this longing he built his desire for progress. Even in the days of the Group Spirit he had known there was no going back. He must advance or perish from the form he had achieved and return to Matter in the earliest dust of the universe.

Through all of this process there was only one motive: the desire of Infinite Spirit to share with each Particle the joy of creation. Instead of creating at one stroke a developed and conscious universe, there was given to each spirit Particle the joy of achieving and creating his own form and his own consciousness of his nature.

When Man had become conscious of himself as a thinking entity, though dimly, he was still not free from need of help from the Group Spirit and at this time he developed a sense of kinship with Infinite Spirit which his advancing intelligence gradually made him question and then lose. This was all a part of the Plan. If he had not lost his sense of dependence upon the Group and then upon Infinite Spirit he would never have developed the brain-mind that must be a part of the mechanism of Man who is in the highest sense aware of himself and of the Cosmos.

Hence to the heart of the Mystery—

As each Spirit Particle achieves manhood, it is exposed to temptations and it is given opportunities. *As it responds to these tests is its next incarnation fixed* and the "new" soul makes its real effort to live up to whatever dim and flickering light it has. As each soul makes its decision at each Cross Roads—that is, at each time of reincarnation—it *has to abide by that decision for a time and accept whatever is inherent in it.*

In this sense, all is foreordained. But within these limits the soul has choice, that will affect its next incarnation. That is, even given the fixed elements that are the result of causes set in motion during earlier incarnations, you still have the power of choice whether you will go on in the next one to higher phases of life, or whether you will close your eyes to the light and pay the penalty for it in your next life. If from the beginning you were one of those who closed their eyes, it should not be hard to understand that many incarnations will be necessary to get a desire for light into the heart that has become inured to darkness.

Many times the soul that has constantly chosen wrongly must go back to the earliest forms of Man and join his brothers who have not long been graduated from the higher animal groups. The groups are the animals of one race wherever they may be scattered over the globe. The Group Spirit is not analogous to the individual entity; in fact, there is what corresponds to the Group Spirit in the special order of Spirit (the Immortals) that is made up of the great teachers who have at one time or another manifested on the earth plane and who are then placed in charge of various races with the Christ Spirit over them all.

In other words, Christ is the Group Spirit



for the human race upon the earth planet. But now there must be conscious cooperation between Man and his Group Spirit in place of blind dependence as in the animal world.

YOU ask if souls reincarnate from sex to sex. Some do and some do not. Those souls who have a full and complete growth and have developed sufficient imagination and understanding and often artistic ability, do not always need experience in both sexes. But those of narrow and restricted understanding and outlook must actually live in the opposite sex in order to gain any understanding of its needs. To resume, however—

When the individual entity begins his journey through the various incarnations in human form, he has a certain amount to learn before his graduation into pure spirit. His inheritance from his brute ancestry speaks through every phase of his physical development and equipment; it is constantly striving to draw him back into the Unconsciousness of spirit from which he came.

In his primitive forms he is not always able to distinguish between the voice of the Spirit and the fears aroused by his ignorance. Thus is superstition born and the pagan worship of symbols.

Life is a simple and straight-forward proposition to those children of the early days of humanity, whether in prehistoric times or in the jungles of today. But even in the simplest organization of life there are those who strive to follow what little light they have, and there are those who close their eyes to that light and choose to dwell in darkness.

Not even Infinite Spirit can explain why this choice is made in the beginning unless it be that in some physical organisms the Mark of the Beast is more vivid. That is, in the early struggle toward individual consciousness the traits of the animal ancestors are more strongly fixed upon one entity than upon another.

In his first struggles with temptation, the downward and backward pull is stronger upon him than upon his neighbor and his lower instincts more readily control him.

Now it is plain that once having set the Law

of Cause and Effect in motion he must be more and more slow in his progress toward perfection and therefore will require many more incarnations before he reaches that state than the one who even in the beginning strove to overcome his bestial instincts and began to learn the meaning of Love.

But do not think that this is an injustice. How many incarnations are required, and how long each one is, does not matter. The glory that is finally achieved is recompense enough, and even in the most unhappy incarnation there are moments of delight in the earth and in human contacts that make it well worth having gone through.

Now to the problem of methods—

LET US take one ordinary soul with the average number of successes and failures in resisting the temptations of his first incarnation.

We must remember that soul becomes Soul when the physical form of man has evolved, and the mind and the brain are ready to function in such a way that the Spirit Particle is aware of itself as an individual entity and henceforth its incarnations are in its own keeping instead of in the keeping of the Group Spirit. After his passing from the earth plane each time at physical death, he is cared for on the Thought Plane and is shown where he failed and sees what lessons he is most in need of.

In the earliest forms of man the problem is extremely simple and usually he is told what he must do and has little voice in it. The further he travels into complexity, the more he is allowed to influence his incarnations. For this reason we can omit his earliest excursions into Matter and take him up at the point where some of his lessons have been thoroughly mastered.

Having decided his needs, he begins a search through earth for those parents who can give him the environment he needs, and also supply him with the kind of body that is best suited to his manipulation.

Thus is every man the spiritual son of the Spirit but the physical son of the father and mother who bring him back for the period of

needed life cycle into the material universe. For example: say his lesson is to learn Patience. Then he chooses parents who pass on to him a highly sensitized and irritable nervous mechanism over which and through which he can learn control. In the physical body lies dormant all the racial heritage and thus we have those obscure and incomprehensible impingements upon the spirit that the modern psychologist calls Complexes and Neuroses.

WITH the progress of the soul through each incarnation we are not now concerned, but with the problem of the whole scheme of incarnation. But mark this—

When the soul starts upon its career it is naturally much closer to certain of its fellows than to others. By this we mean the natural associations during the first incarnation among those who are of one family or one neighborhood or whose paths cross in such a way that love or friendship or enmity are the result. In choosing the next incarnation it is inevitable that many of those who were close to it should need pretty much the same lessons and should therefore choose bodies in the same environment or even in the same family. As the problem grows more complex and each soul has more widely varied experiences this tends to be more broken up though it still continues to take place fairly often.

ANOTHER element now enters into the situation.

Two souls that have been close but that have not made the same use of their opportunities may find that one of them must have many more incarnations than the other. In such a case there have been instances where the more advanced one begged to take a longer time between his incarnations that he might from the Invisible Side help the loved one. Thus they would be together in each of the advanced one's incarnations and would reach the end of their pilgrimage together.

With this as a background do you not understand much that was hidden? Do you not know the true meaning of much that has troubled and perplexed you?

(To be continued)

THREADS *that Cross* *in the* WEB

By WILLIAM G. RANDALL

LADY, you have forgotten, long ago,
The little chamber on the river wall
Of Thebes—our trysting place, our shrine of love,
When you and I were young. (Still are we young
As then, my lady, if you did but know;
And then as now we two were age-old souls,
And knew it not.) Around the guard-house doors
Below my iron-thewed Nubians sprawled at ease,
Indifferent as the Sphinx to that fierce blaze
Of Egypt's sun, or played at knuckle bones
And quarreled in their play; while from their arms,
From polished brass of shields and corslet plates,
The flashing gleams pierced through our chamber's dusk
And flitted on our wall, like fire-fly lamps
Above the rice fields when our Father Nile
Rises to flood; and from tall Karnak's towers,
Far off and faint, we heard the trumpets blow
That told the daily sacrifice was made.
For I was Captain of the River Guard
When Amenhotep ruled; and you—Ah, sweet!
Your midnight hair and rosy, flying feet!

YOU were a temple dancer at the shrine
Of Mother Isis. There I saw you first,
Among the troop of Abyssinian girls
That thronged her temple floor. Bare as the Dawn
Save for the jewelled cincture round your loins,
Whirling in wild abandon through the wreaths
Of heavy incense smoke, you led the dance
Before the altar, till the white-robed file
Of chanting priests led in the sacrifice.
Your clicking, gold-strapped sandals beat the time

That set my blood on fire. Full armed, on guard,
In ordered ranks, my Nubians and I
Had watched indifferently a thousand times
The Isis dancers; yet with catching breath,
Hot throated, and my pulses pounding hard,
I stood that day. Across the marble floor,
Up to the very steps of Isis' shrine
You led your troop, then flitted back again
To where I stood. Your loosened hair, a-swirl,
Blinded my eyes. Your wreath of asphodels
Full on my brazen helm you tossed, leaped back,
Swift, swift—Not swift enough, your flying feet!
My strong hand held you fast. Tossed on my shield,
I raised you on my arm above the crowd
To show that you were mine, and mine alone.
My lady sweet! Ah, how they laughed and cheered!

ON wings of love the happy days flew by.
How long? I do not know, for time was not.
Then came the day my troop was ordered out
To guard the granaries of Pharaoh.
Stark famine held the land, and pestilence,
When we set forth; and when I came again,
Nile flood had passed and all the fields were green.

BEFORE the King and the High Chamberlain,
In the great audience hall, I made report,
Received my clearances and sheathed my sword.
Hot with desire for you, I crossed the court;
And then on noiseless feet, white-robed and lean,
Ducking his shaven head from side to side,
Peering with snaky eyes, beside the gate,
Thotmes, the priest of Horus, (May his soul
Wither in Hell!) to me came, whispering
That you were false and I the jest of all
The court of Pharaoh, that you had been seen
In Pharaoh's gardens with the son of Knoth,
The Chamberlain. I cursed him for a dog,
A liar; and he smiled. "You fool," he said,
"You are but one of many in her life,
"And not the first." Red mist before my eyes,
I sought our chamber. You were waiting me
With arms outstretched, white lilies of the Nile
Twined in your hair, Their fragrance, faintly sweet,
Has lingered with me through the centuries.
Without a word, even as you raised your lips
To meet a kiss, I wrenched my dagger forth

From out its sheath and struck one blow, full home.
The red blood streamed across my corslet front.
Dying, I caught you in my arms. Your eyes
Met mine. Too late, sweetheart, I knew. I knew.
In life, in death, your love was mine alone.
My dagger thrust had reached to my own heart;
For you were true—and in my arms you died.

I SWORE by Typhon and the Infernal Gods
The lying priest should die, and kept my word.
One night I found him by the Libyan Gate,
Outside the city wall, and with my hands
(Too proud to stain my sword with his foul blood)
Tore head from shoulders, and then kicked the corpse
Out on the sands for jackals' bait. Ah, vain!
That did not bring you to my arms again.

HOW slow the years dragged by when you were gone!
I lived—It seemed that life would never end.
I served the King in many a fierce campaign;
Grew old and gray, lean, weather-beaten, hard,
Bitter with vain regret. The old King died,
And my rough speech lost favor at the court.
The silken phrases of the audience hall
Ill fit a soldier's tongue, camp trained and rude.
Somewhere I met a student of the school
Of Hermes Trismegistus; from him gained
Some smattering of occult lore; began
To think, to meditate on things that lie
Beneath the casual surface of our lives.
Death came to me at last in a foray
Far to the south among the Nubian wastes.
Right glad was I to lay the burden down.

ALL down the centuries I sought for you,
In Persia, India, back to Egypt once.
That life I crouched, a leper, begging alms
Beside our self same River Gate of Thebes;
One day by stealth into our chamber crawled
And kissed the flag stones that your blood had bathed,
Until they drove me forth with stones and staves,
Crying, "Get hence, accursed of the Gods!"
I fought for Persia at Thermopylae
And toiled in Britain, building Hadrian's Wall;
Once owned the farm where now the Forum stands
And later came to tread that ground again,
A Consul and a Senator of Rome.

TWICE did I find you. With a Danish horde
Of pirates ravaging the English coast,
I sacked some farm-steads down by Rotherhithe.
A long haired Dane (no comrade, he, of mine—
Out of another ship,) bore off a maid.
She shrieked and fought. I laughed. Her eyes met mine.
How did I know you in that strange disguise
Of golden hair and eyes of saxon blue?
One smote me with a mace, full on my helm,
And beat me to the ground; and when I roused,
My comrades all were gone. Throughout that life
I labored as a slave on that same farm
Whence you were ravished, but I never knew
Who bore you off or what became of you.

AGAIN, in Florence of the Medici
You sat, the fairest flower of that proud court,
To watch a troop of strolling mountebanks,
Jugglers and acrobats. My turn came last.
I bent a bar of iron across my arm,
Smashed with my naked fist a paving stone,
Then held my ragged hat to catch the coin
You tossed. That night in camp my comrades thought
That I was crazy, for I gave them all
The golden harvest of that lucky day,
But kept your silver bit until I died.

SO weaves life's web! We hope the Weaver knows
The pattern, and where next the shuttle goes.
No more the farmer trembles at the sound
Of oar-thrash on the fen and war-horns' bray,
And all the pageant of Lorenzo's court
Is dull tradition. We have fallen on days
And lives of smug respectability.
We meet—to gaze across the barrier walls,
More slight than gossamer, more tense than steel,
That part us; and I know I may not pass.
We bow and smile—shake hands—make trifling jest—
Exchange the current gossip, this and that—
And go our separate ways. The gnawing pain
Of forty centuries is with me still.

THE High Gods only know if, where, or when,
These lives of ours shall cross their threads again.

New SERMONS from the MOUNT?

The Third Sermon:

WHAT went ye forth to seek: a *bed of heliotropes* wherein ye might delight your *senses*? . . . is it not fairer to say that ye did choose *thistles* for your *resting place*, that there might come no *rest* until the *work* ye do be finished?

2. Harken to My *voice*, ye who sally forth carrying *waters* of instructive *charity* to the thirsty *lips* of *men*!

3. What went ye forth to seek: fine *robes of linen* to cover your *nakedness* that ye might be proud of your *raiment*, or the coarsest of *garments* that others might stand without *embarrassment* in the *presence* of those who come serving?

4. What went ye forth to seek: the *avenues* of goodly *hopes* or the *roads* of *circumspection* that make you to know no resting *place* that hath in it *luxury* while there be *trudgers* in hot *sunshine*?

5. I speak to you with My *voice*: cometh a *day* when you hear with your *ears*; cometh a *night* when you say, Lo, *Our Lord* is with us, let us greet Him with *hospitality* for lo, He hath come on a goodly *mission*.

6. Thus say I *tonight*: abide ye in Me and be My *handmaidens* and *husbandmen*, that ye may be *servants* of the *One Father* whose *Spirit* dwelleth among us always.

7. For if a *man* hath not *love*, he is as one who casteth himself from an exceeding high *mountain* and knoweth not the *disaster* of that plunge.

8. When *men* shall say, Those walk among us whose *garments* are as *snow*, let it be told among them, thus were ye always: in that your *love* was great for one another and greater for the *world*.

A DEAD WOMAN *passes through Me!*



I HAD no intimation in any of these nightly writings as to what was imminent over the pencil. After my first awe at the phenomenon wore off, I found courage to interject questions. The flowing script would halt at any time and answer these questions carefully and considerately. But in those first

evenings of communication, I sat more or less dumbfounded beside my friend and watched the words compose an intelligent and oftentimes profound exposition beneath her hand.

That she was not composing the material from the storehouse of her subconscious mind was indicated by the fact that she also was as interested and curious as myself

After a few preliminary sworls and swinging designs, this is the second message we received—

MANY are the ways in which we approach those we are to help. Many of your most important acts are motivated by us. We are often able to make an impression upon you when you least suspect our presence. We are in the very cores of your hearts, as it were, and from there we control your thoughts as the circulation of the blood is controlled by that organ. We are in your very midst and all you need to do is to unbolt the door.

Memory is the very essence of what you know as life. We know that Memory is only one phase of life, and that the more vital aspect of living

THE THIRD PAPER

by

THE EDITOR

on

*“Why I Believe the
Dead
are Alive!”*

is in the creation of new memories which in turn shall be replaced by others. We are of particular value to you in this, because the new memories must be finer and more beautiful than those you have outgrown.

Many are the lessons of adversity and few there be who find their true meaning and are ready to pass on to the next.

THERE is in all the universe no force but that of Love. All hatred, all evil and all ugliness, is merely the absence of the positive pole, which is Love. Many of the evils, so called, are not even the result of the absence of this force but are the result of its operation on a plane beyond your limited comprehension.

So be always sure when you complain of trouble that it is not a blessing in another guise. When you are distraught with the world's complexities, pause a moment in the memory of us and of what we have told you, and we will speak to you in the reality of Silence.

When you feel there is someone who guides you, always know what it means we are with you. Trust us, no matter how steep the path up which we lead you. There is nothing to be learned in the pleasant paths of dalliance that lead smoothly through the valleys. The higher the hill-top, the broader the view, whether to eyes of body or spirit.

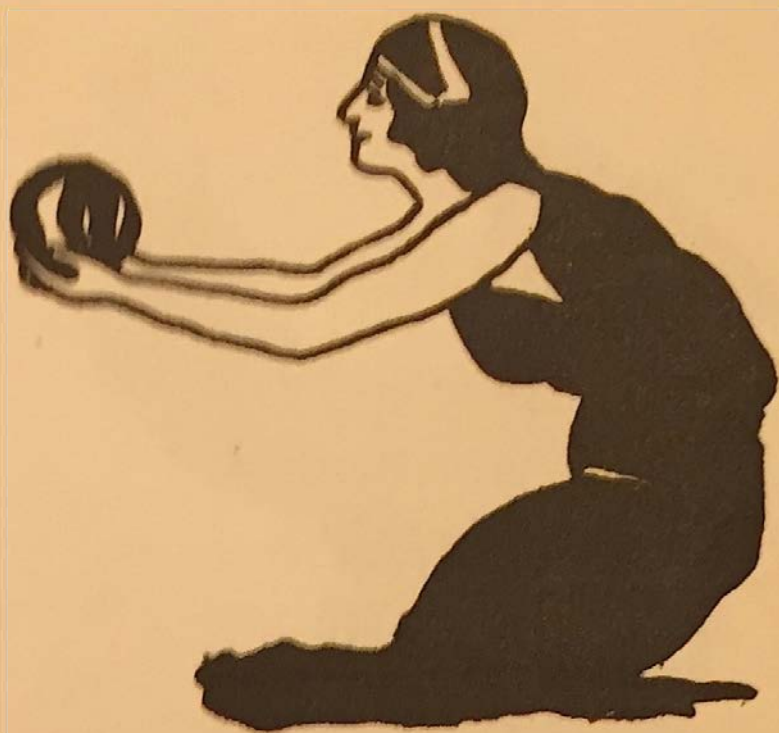
Sometimes your feet may falter, but remember then that only those who go on in spite of the faltering win through to the goal. Most of the world's present generation is incapable of this high enterprise. That only makes the obligation the more vital for those who are ready for it. . . .

SINCE there is only Love in the universe, there is health and joy only in the perception and appreciation of that fact. There can be no situation so grave or no situation so trivial that this law is not operative. Business is not business unless it be also Love. We are not working for the material benefit of those who serve us except as that material benefit will free them for wider and finer service. When you have served your apprenticeship in tribulation, either in this life or in an earlier one, you are ready for the freedom which comes close on the heels of financial independence. . . .

Know that in the world of True Reality *obligations are only privileges!* Now is the moment of fulfillment which was planned from the beginning. We have been with you because we all make up a company that will carry on what has been begun in all ages since first man made an image and Art was born. . . .

It is a goodly company, this fellowship of those who love Beauty and therefore open their hearts to Truth. They have not always been conscious of their high destiny and some of them have dropped the chalice from hands made weak with selfishness or paralyzed with hate. And yet even these lesser ones had flashes of truth more vital than all the organized religions of the world in their lust for power.

NOT theology but Art is the very hand-maiden of God, and the chosen priesthood of the Temple is recruited, not from the clergy in their frocks but from the ranks of artists, clad in the humble smocks which are the mark



of their trade. Not that only the painter is the priest; we liked that figure of speech and so made one branch of Art stand for all the rest.

No matter how far Man may go along his destined path of evolution, the artist must still in imagination blaze the trail which the world of men will follow, with the scientist well toward the rear and the theologian struggling along behind. This does not include all scientists or all theologians; occasionally one of them is also an artist. And just insofar as he is an artist, he is a force for the good he preaches or the knowledge with which he would enlighten the world. . . .

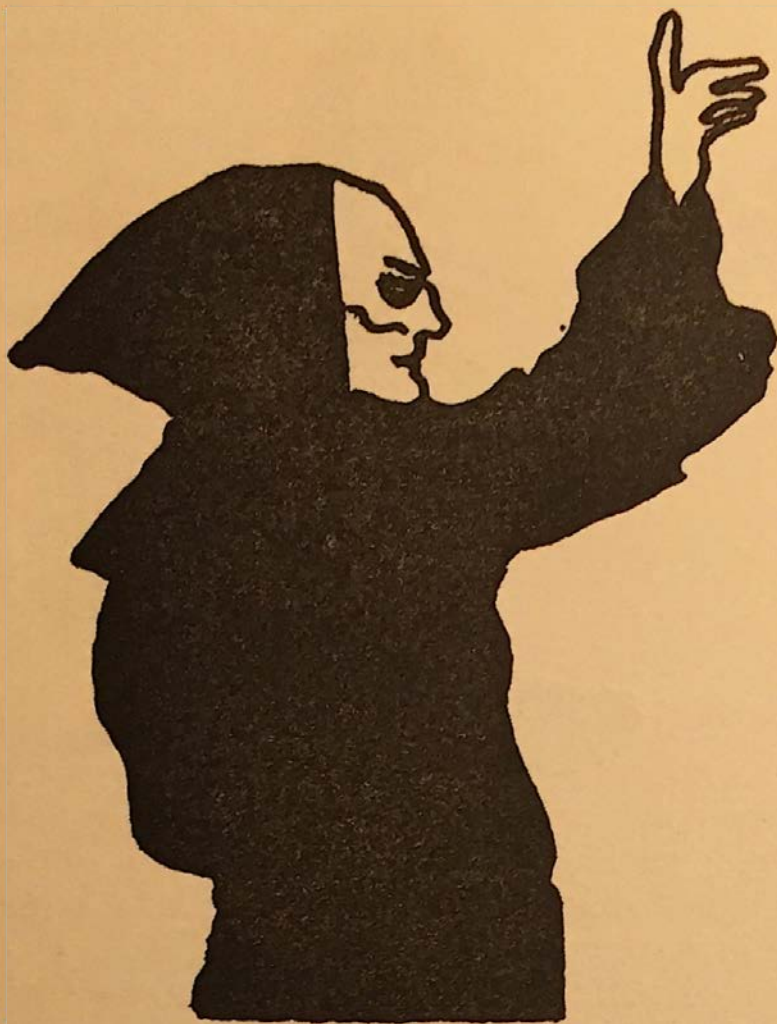
For Art is the grandest of all the Mysteries.

As we have no formulae for the creation of the thing we call Life, so we have no definition for the thing we call Art. Words are only symbols and when you apply them to the eternal verities they become only symbols for the limitation of the human concept.

So Art is to each man the highest good he is able to conceive, and the deepest beauty he is able to perceive, in whatever aspect of Man, Nature or God he is at the moment considering!

If his conception is in its essence true, if his perception is in its essence accurate, and if in his heart the forces of love are operative, then he has what we call the Creative Instinct and the thing which he produces is worthy to be called Art. . . .

Only remember, . . . that there may be Art in the simplest act of the humblest creature's day.



Art is a spirit, and they that worship her must worship her in spirit and in truth. Many of the greatest artists have known the truth and shut their hearts to her because the price was too heavy to pay.

They did not know that all the price was the relinquishing of the bonds of limitation, *and that only in paying the price could they taste the very joys for which they refused it!*

I SUBMIT that this sort of thing, exactly as I have reprinted it above, with scarcely a punctuation mark altered, would cause any reasoning person to credit its origin. Of course it *could* have been composed in the lady's Subconscious and the fact that we had received it in the context of the foregoing did not *prove* that the "dead" were alive and were giving it to us. Nevertheless, I accepted it as postmortem communication for the time being and waited to see what more would develop.

It is physically impossible in the space at my command to go on reprinting the messages that continued to come over in the fortnight that now ensued. At least it is impossible to continue reprinting the matter within this series of narratives of my own experiences which finally

convinced me that discarnate intelligence was an actuality. Over a period of two years I continued to receive these papers, and my original purpose in founding this magazine was to reprint the most interesting and vital of them. So they can largely be gotten under their separate headings in this and in future issues.

For two weeks, however, I was in almost constant evening attendance on my Unseen Mentors in my friend's apartment. Then my private affairs necessitated my return to the Pacific Coast. My going, nevertheless, was marked by its bit of psychical drama.

WE WERE writing together one evening on an expositional message when the pencil stopped suddenly. For some moments it lay inert. Then it started up suddenly and said—

"Leave New York, William! Go at once to California. You have planned to stop off in Chicago. We advise you not to do so. Go immediately to Pasadena as your presence is urgently needed out there for reasons that will become apparent to you on your arrival."

This direction disrupted plans I had made to stop off in the midland city and do some fiction work for a group of magazines published there. I demurred at going through to the Coast at once. The pencil wrote—

"If when you get to Chicago you feel a strong impulse not to tarry, obey it. You will know that it is us guiding you, because of events in California climaxing in such a way that you will be sorry if you miss them."

I had no intimation of what those events might be. None the less I returned to my hotel that final evening, packed my grips, and made reservations on a train leaving late the *following* evening.

But all through the night I had a queer presentiment that I had taken reservations on the wrong train. I could hear nothing clairaudiently in support of this impression; still it bothered me. I got up next morning determined to ask my feminine friend if she would sit with me that forenoon and find out if I were being warned away from some sort of catastrophe. She complied during the forenoon and we got this message—

"Of course what you are feeling is our in-

fluence directing you. We do not want you to take the train you have decided upon. Go upon the Century at one-forty this afternoon. You will see the reasons for this later. You will also find that reservations on the Century will be readily obtainable for you."

AT THE time I fully supposed that some sort of accident was due to happen to the train I had first selected. Later I discovered the reason to be something entirely different but no less vital.

I bade goodbye to my companion, got reservations on the Century as indicated, and left Manhattan for Chicago. Whereupon this thing occurred—

Increasingly I felt that I should not tarry, but get to the Coast at once. I alighted in Chicago around noontime next day and made immediate reservations for the California journey via the Santa Fe. The Santa Fe train however, did not leave until 8 o'clock that evening. So I went wandering about Chicago "killing time" . . .

If my memory serves me correctly, I believe it was on Thanksgiving Day, 1928, that I thus went wandering about the Windy City—either Thanksgiving Day or a Sunday, for the streets in the downtown section were deserted of traffic. Up one street and down another I strolled; with a queer feeling that my footsteps were being directed. I wondered if I were being led to meet someone who might have an important bearing on my affairs. But I encountered only strangers and began to be a bit disappointed. Finally I saw a movie house down a side street and directed my steps thither.

I will not record what film it was that I paid admission to see. But this is notable: the film story had a plot so analogous to my own affairs at the moment that the similarity was uncanny. And the denouement of the drama sent me out of the theatre and over to the LaSalle Hotel where I composed a letter to someone back east to whom I had not written for months. While this incident is too personal to narrate in detail, I discovered when I got to the Pacific Coast—because of unopened mail waiting there for me—that had I not witnessed that *photo-play in Chicago and written that resultant letter*



the exact hour that I did, I would have become involved in a particularly ugly and expensive lawsuit.

PERHAPS it is rationalizing to say that my Unseen Friends altered my train route, walked me about Chicago and into that particular movie house to see that specific film and write that ensuing letter, in order to save me that lawsuit. Rationalizing or not, that is what happened all the same, although one wonders why they could not have told me directly in New York over the pencil to write the letter and save myself the lawsuit. In fact, in asking why the latter course was not pursued, the answer came later—

"Had we told you how things stood with the person to whom you wrote the pacifying letter, you would have gotten in contact with him personally while in New York and your personal contact would have aggravated, not mitigated, the situation. We took that method of guiding you also, to get you accustomed to obeying such 'hunches' in order that in future affairs you might the more readily have confidence in us."

Whether this was discarnate direction or not, the incident is of interest. It *happened* and had a beneficial result. At any rate, I took the Santa Fe for California at 8 o'clock and three days later alighted in Pasadena without incident en-route. Going to my office I discovered nothing there of sufficient import to hasten me west from Manhattan, and again I wondered if it had all been subconscious mind. On going to my home however, I discovered a letter there that seemed to give a different aspect to the trip.

In California I had another lady acquaintance with whom I was involved in a business deal.

We had together acquired some real estate that we were subdividing, but I had not heard from this friend during my absence in New York. I assumed she was following her vocation of trained nurse in the Pasadena Hospital. On reaching my bungalow, however, this message awaited me—

"Mother is very ill and not expected to live. I am down in Pomona caring for her. If you wish to see me for any reason, communicate with me there. I shall stay with her until she either recovers or passes."

Extremely concerned for the health of my friend's mother, I got out my car and made the hour's trip down to Pomona that same afternoon. Arriving at the home, I found I had not come a moment too soon. The mother was not expected to live through the night.

SHE DID not live through the night. And in that circumstance I saw the reason why I had been brought west in such a hurry, for the demise of this elderly lady—whom I had known more or less intimately—later had a direct and vital bearing on my own psychical work.

She passed over at five minutes after six o'clock that same afternoon. And at her passing, this thing occurred—

All of her children had been called to her bedside and were with her when the end came. I did not go into the death chamber, feeling it an intrusion on the privacy of a family of which I was not a member. I sat in the living-room trying to read a magazine, from time to time overhearing low-voiced comments of nurse and doctor by the bedside in the next room. Once a moment or two after six o'clock my nurse friend emerged and said in tearful tone "She's almost gone; we can hardly detect any pulse." Then she entered the sick-room again.

At exactly five minutes past six o'clock, trying to apply myself to my magazine under such distressing circumstances, I suddenly felt a strange rush of cold exhilarating air. The day was warm; no doors or windows were open. Where could it have come from? What could it be?

I experienced a swift, sharp tensing of every nerve and muscle in my body as though the current from a galvanic battery were holding me for an instant in its grip. And with it was an "impression" of the sick mother's personality so strong that it seemed as though I must speak and address her!

Instantly a sharp, despairing wail sounded in the adjoining chamber. A general sobbing followed. One of the sons came out of the sick-room.

"Mother's gone!" he stated simply. And he went out upon the veranda.

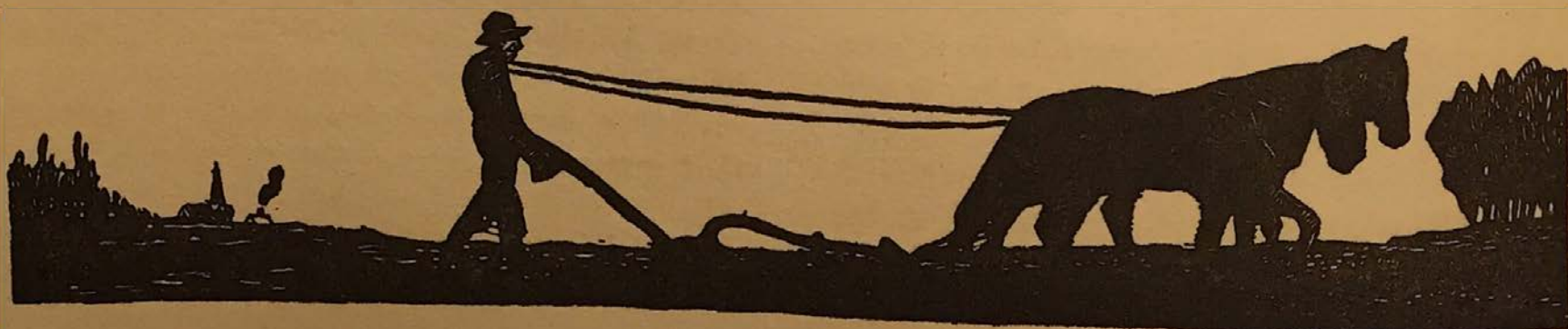
But I knew mother had gone. I had known it at the electric instant of her passing. *She seemed to have gone directly through me in her transition!*

THE HOUSEHOLD was of course upset for the balance of that evening. It was after eight o'clock, when the undertaker's wagon had left with the body, before my nurse friend was ready to accompany me back to Pasadena for the interim until the funeral.

To comfort her, on the way back I recounted to her my psychical experiences in Manhattan and the messages that had seemed to come from the Unseen.

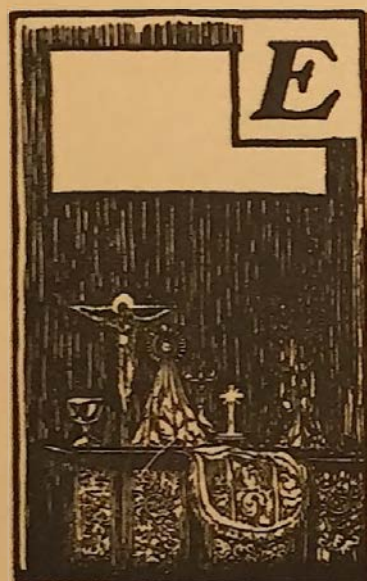
"We'll be back in Pasadena by nine o'clock," said I. "As the hour isn't so very late, suppose we drive up to the bungalow and try the automatic writing together exactly as it was done in New York, only I'll hold the pencil."

(To be continued)



The "DEAD" have been *Photographed!* *before the died?*

*Dr. T. Glen Hamilton of
Manitoba offers Scores of
Pictures of Human Light-
Bodies photographed after
Physical "Death" . . .*



ELEVEN cameras, two of them with stereoscopic lenses and one with a quartz lens, all trained simultaneously on a Medium in the act of exteriorizing ectoplasms, caught flash-light pictures of this phenomena that were exhibited at a meeting of New York Section of the Society for Psychological Research held recently in Grand Central Palace, New York City. The pictures were taken by Dr. T. Glen Hamilton, a physician of Manitoba, Canada, and a former member of Parliament.

Ectoplasmic pictures of faces of persons who took an active part in psychical research while alive, and of others who were not so engaged, were shown. Among them was a picture of a young man who, while not named by Dr. Hamilton, was declared by those in the audience to be that of Raymond, son of Sir Oliver Lodge.

A PUBLISHED picture of Raymond was shown, and while the ectoplasmic picture differed from it in the same way that a sculpture differs from a photograph, the likeness was striking.

The outstanding advance in photographic evidence of the existence of ectoplasm and of its properties made by Dr. Hamilton is the opportunity presented for three dimensional examination, made possible by the use of stereoscopic pictures, and by comparing pictures taken at the same instant from all different points of view.

THESE pictures have led Dr. Hamilton to the conclusion that when the ectoplasmic picture is formed it is created in the center of a mass of ectoplasm that unfolds like a flower, opening its petals and bursting into bloom. The picture rests on an oval of ectoplasm in the center of the mass, like the golden heart of a daisy nestling in the center of the upcurling petals. The pictures appear at random angles, without regard to horizontal or vertical orientation.

One of the pictures in the taking of which there was some delay, caught the face in the process of disintegration, said Dr. Hamilton in showing the result.

While the ectoplasm has been subjected to chemical analysis and found to be organic matter, said Dr. Hamilton, it is not known definitely what it is or just how it is produced. It is well known, he said, that the material can issue from all of the orifices of the body—the mouth, the nose, the ears, the eyes, and other openings elsewhere.

I HAVE also observed," said Dr. Hamilton, "that the skin offers no bar to the ectoplasm, that it can come through the skin and return in that way. Its emergence seems to be associated in some way with trunk nerves of the body."

In the pictures shown the ectoplasm was issuing from the orifices in the head, mainly the

mouth and nose. It resembled, in the pictures, cotton batting, but in some of the pictures there was a structure or grain evident that would be quite difficult to obtain with cotton batting.

"When the ectoplasm is touched," said Dr. Hamilton, "it has about the same feeling as the cold flesh of a fish. It is extremely white in color and has high actinic power. This is indicated by its appearance when the flashlight goes off in taking pictures. It seems to reflect back even a stronger light than that given off by the flash light."

The voice of the control, which Dr. Hamilton would not name, used the voice of the medium to give instructions to the operators conducting the experiments. The control was asked to exhibit the voice mechanism so that it might be photographed, said Dr. Hamilton.

He explained that there was a good deal of mystery attached to the production of the voice, as it would speak when the medium's mouth was apparently filled with and was covered with ectoplasm, a condition that would preclude the use of the normal vocal mechanism of the medium.

WHEN the control announced that it was exhibiting the vocal mechanism and the flash lights were set off a picture was obtained of a mass of ectoplasm extruded from the medium's ear. The picture shown by Dr. Hamilton exhibited a rather complicated structure of grayish ectoplasm that in form resembled a model of the mechanism of the inner ear.

Some self-luminous ectoplasm about the size of a nickel and shining with the color and intensity of the light of a firefly floated around the room, said Dr. Hamilton.

Dr. Hamilton described an electrical signal that was operated by the control "from the other side," who was directing the phenomena produced by the medium. The electrical signal was attached to the cover of a wooden box that was placed near the ceiling in a corner of the room many feet above and away from the medium. When the cover of the box was closed a circuit was closed and a bell would ring, he said. Pictures taken during the seances showed two connections leading to the box.

"The control" said that these connections were used in operating the signal and that similar connections existed between the medium and others who were in the circle joining hands. The connections suggested wires and, said Dr. Hamilton, the control was asked if some electrical method was used. The control replied, said Dr. Hamilton, that one connection was positive and one negative, but that the method used was not electrical. It was more like nerve force, but was not nerve force.

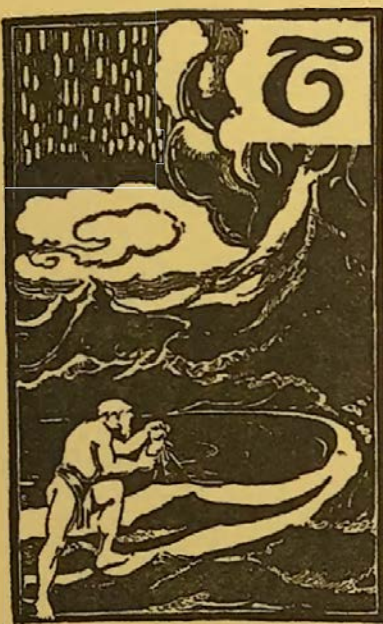
Dr. Hamilton said that the phenomena produced during his investigations were very similar to those produced during the "Margie" seances by the wife of Dr. Crandon in Boston, that attracted so much attention a few years ago. He described methods used to protect against fraud, conscious or unconscious.

The medium's feet are tied to the chair and each hand is continuously held by those in the circle. The medium's face is examined by touch for any sign of ectoplasm or other substance when the trance starts, by those who are seated next to her in the circle.

In about seven minutes the ectoplasmic structure containing the picture is ready for photographing. In one instance an ectoplasmic structure from the eye was withdrawn and one extruded from the mouth in a minute and a half, both containing pictures. All the seances are conducted in the dark.



A GREAT SOUL *appears in JAPAN*



THE Christian Herald of New York in a recent issue prints the story of a Japanese young man, Toyohiko Kagawa. He was well-born and had all the advantages of his station. He was converted to Christianity by a missionary "and took his conversion so seriously," to quote the Herald, "that he thought in or-

der to be a Christian one must strive to be like Christ and he actually does that."

"His first Christian work was as teacher in the Sunday school where he served with almost embarrassing enthusiasm. When he was twenty-two he went to live in the worst slums in Kobe—which is to say the worst slums in the world, and so identified himself fully with the problems of poverty and moral lapse that he has become for the whole world a symbol of Christ-living in the twentieth century."

"This man whose Christ is a living Christ, lives as Jesus lived; like his Master he works with the lowliest and lowest—because, as he says, 'I love them—that is all.'"

TO QUOTE the Herald further, "Small wonder that his influence is so great that even the government, which earlier imprisoned him, now calls upon him when it needs someone who can sway the masses."

When the leaderless and infuriated strikers of the Kobe dockyards went on the rampage, burning, threatening and destroying, Kagawa faced them when it seemed that one opposing them would be torn to pieces. 'That is not the way,' he told them. 'This is what Christ would do',

PROBABLY the Reincarnated Soul of some Early Apostolic Father but No Less Important to the Power of the Christ in the Present Generation. . . .

He spoke to them strange words—'We should forgive those who come against us, and die for those who harm us—that is the ideal; and Christ did just that.' He counseled no violence and that enraged mob heard him and believed. Kagawa's power lies in this—that he does not merely talk about what Jesus would do, he does as Jesus did. They see him practicing that Christianity which He preaches; they believe and follow his example, and so become Kagawa Christians."

"Kagawa, the modern prophet of the Christians!"

"Kagawa, the modern prophet of the Christian religion in Japan whose personality impresses itself upon all that he touches."

WHY is it that Kagawa creates such a sensation that the story of his doings has gone to all the nations of the earth?

The secret of it is that he is seriously and constantly striving to be like Christ; to manifest His spirit under any and all circumstances; to





apply His precepts to all the problems of life. He sees Christianity as nothing less than Christ-likeness. And he evidently has enough of the baptism of the Spirit to give him inspiration and power so that he can make others see it and follow his example.

Is a twentieth century prophet to come out of the east in the person of a little Japanese to bring a sin-sick and suffering world to realization of the real Christianity of Jesus and what it means to the children of men?

WHAT a sad commentary upon our modern Christianity that it has fallen to the lot of this Japanese boy to demonstrate to the world—Christian as well as pagan—that Christianity as Christ taught and lived it, is to be lived by His followers! that it can grow and be lived, brought into all the serious problems of life; that rightly understood it is not a philosophy, not a set of theological dogmas, not even a belief in Christ as the savior of men, not all of these combined. *It is nothing less than a truly Christ-like life*; a life that has not only taken on His meek and lowly character but that is so “endued with power from on high” that it is able to do and does do His spiritual works.

IT MUST be evident that the Christian world sadly needs an awakening. Most modern Christians do not take their religion very seriously. May it not be that one of the things that has produced the present state of religious in-
anition is the result of some of the teachings of

the Christian churches themselves? The principal emphasis has been put, not upon the necessity of spiritual action on the part of the individual Christian, and constant and determined effort to walk as his Master walked in all things; but upon the acceptance of some creed or some set of theological dogmas or formulas, He is led to believe that his salvation depends, not upon his overcoming with God’s help the fleshly appetites and passions and thus “making himself a fit tabernacle for the indwelling of God’s holy Spirit,” but on the necessity to “believe that Jesus died on the cross for his sins, to accept Him as his personal savior, to cast all his burdens upon the Lord and Christ will make his future entrance into heaven certain.”

ANY person of ordinary intelligence who will read the words of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels must see that this sort of theology is entirely opposed to His teachings. He puts His emphasis upon living and doing the truth. “He that will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me.” “Ye shall know men by their fruits.” “It is not they that cry, Lord, that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but they that do the will of my Father which is in heaven.” It is not they “who prophesy in His name and in His name do many wonderful works” that He will receive, but he that has manifested His spirit by visiting those who are needy or sick or in prison and ministering unto them even as He would have ministered. And has He not promised that if we become His disciples the spiritual works that He did we “shall do also, and yet greater works?”

IF CHRISTIANITY is to dominate the world it will be the Christianity that Kagawa is preaching and trying with much success to live, not the Christianity of the theologians with their hair-splitting dogmas that put a premium upon spiritual laziness and promise heavenly rewards to those who have not earned them and do not deserve them.

Heaven with its blessings and happiness will not come to those who are thinking of living and working for themselves alone, but as a result of an unselfish, righteous, useful Christian life.

So Jesus taught, and exemplified His teachings by His life and works.

The True Meaning of College Atheism

by

Charlotte

Chopin

Koster



I WAS recently called into a room where a conversation was in progress. As I entered, someone said—

“Surely America faces catastrophe. Think of it! . . . 51 per cent of the boys and girls in our country’s colleges have gone on record as being atheists. What is coming next?”

I scrutinized the speaker. He was a middle-aged gentleman who had come on a mission. He cast a distressed glance at the ceiling and adjusted bothersome pince-nez. I could read his thought easily. He was saying to himself: “Thank heaven I never joined any of those freakish cult-societies when I was in college. When I was in college the student body was Christian—at least in its avowals!”

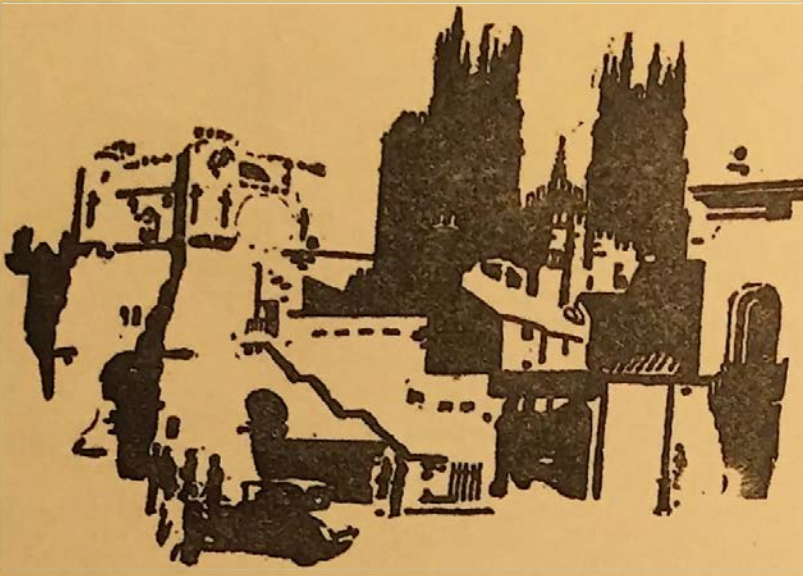
I lingered for a time hoping to catch more fragments of converse, applying myself to the Encyclopedia, scarcely noting that it was bottom-side up. Everyone in that room seemed ultra-concerned over this status of American youth. A lady continued—

“A questionnaire taken in Daymore college revealed that 69 percent of the students had renounced the Heavenly Father and were content to live without Him! What are we—who are responsible for this growing generation—going to do to help them find themselves? *What can we do?* Things have never been this way before. The world must be approaching some sort of cataclysm!”

AT this I made my exit. I felt positive that the lady had never been to college and my secret guess was that she had ardently desired to do so but had been denied the opportunity.

Pausing for further consideration of the facts of this discussion, I realized how many people are suffering the same sort of anguish. Many are lamenting that the day has come when God has actually been barred from the hearts of youth, thus denying the consolations of religion to the souls of those who are “living sinful lives without Him”, and renouncing and denouncing the Faith of their Fathers. In so doing, I remembered the days when I myself had been one of a group of hundreds closely associated with the revolt that forever brews and ferments among college students.

HOW is it that all over the world, in all the finest universities of Europe and the East, the greatest percentage of the students belongs to all the radical, revolutionary, and atheist societies and organizations to which they can possibly give their time?



How is it that in the world-renowned educational center of Berlin University, atheists abound as beetles in May and political societies spring up as mushrooms in a cellar?

Is it because Youth is going to the dogs?

Can anyone point out a single school where virile thinking is going on, whose students have not identified themselves with the most startling "new-thought" clubs, or where the air does not buzz with revolt?

Where is the campus across which young men and women stroll leisurely to chapel on Sunday morning, content to *listen* to the words of the minister, instead of meeting in groups of their own to do the *talking* themselves? If such a place exists, I would thank you for calling it to my attention. But were I to meet a product of such a college, I would immediately recognize him as Mr. Clyde of the Arrow Collar advertisements, or Miss Ethel, who "just loves" to wear those dignified looking glasses. Heaven forbid!

THERE comes a time in the life of every normal boy when he wakes up one fine morning and upon seeing his countenance in the mirror, tweaks his nose at it and says: "Not so bad! I'm a grown man now and able to stand on my own feet mentally. As for God, He's O. K. for Uncle Dudley and Aunt Rose, for the minister and for Grandma, but just between ourselves, I don't think He's so much use 'practically'. If He were, our team might have won that game and I would have had my school letter. Nix on the archaic, Semitic Jehovah. He's merely a dogmatic Ideal!" Whereupon the young man will don his best new Spring suit which his father gave him on his birthday, select a jaunty

tie, and call on his "heavy date," his chest puffed up at his own importance.

As for the young lady, she, too made a great discovery this rare Spring morning. She saw that her hair had a lovely sheen of red in it, that her cheeks were creamy, that she looked very well indeed in her dainty green dress. She was "just like mother" now. Grown up and free to do as she pleased. No one to interfere. Who would? God, maybe? For a second she pauses to think it out, but there is too much to do. God is well in His Heaven, taken care of by the Angels. Angels are beautiful though it must be slightly boring to wear long white night-gowns and flap huge wings all the time. If she went to heaven, she would show them what 'style' was. You bet!"

What actually has happened is that both of them have gone through the psychological process of wrapping up God in white tissue paper and laying Him temporarily on an exceedingly high shelf. *This is not sacrilege!* It happens every time a youngster becomes aware of himself.

THE same year these two go to college. They meet a couple of hundred others of their ages. After getting acquainted they find out that they have mutual views on certain subjects. Oh, the thrill of finding your best friend in college! Someone that you can absolutely confide in, to whom you can tell everything—even that strange secret you have been nursing for so long, that secret that puts you apart from everyone on the Campus and gives you an air that is wholly your own.

On a long country walk, after gathering armful of autumn leaves, purple and red, and picking the last berries in a field, one suddenly stops. This is the moment to tell your secret, your life's conviction. —"You know, Jane, I can no longer accept God. He's too old-fashioned. All right for father and mother, but we, who have studied psychology, know *more* about the *Mind*, and cannot believe in Him any longer."

Then your companion confesses similar feelings. "God," you decide, "is only Universal Force", and by that you have solved the mystery and closed all faith from your hearts. *Is that why you are carrying the leaves back from*

the field? But you cannot yet delve so deeply into yourselves . . .

One night there is a meeting in Fred's room. "The Crowd" is all there. They have a regular "bull" session and everything is discussed in hair-splitting detail. Finally one, perhaps a star football man, stands up and makes a serious statement: "As for me, fellows, I no longer say my prayers at night. I gave that up with my roller-skates. Such stuff is all right for kids, but at my age I can't accept it any longer. God's all jake for the family, and at Christmas, but when you get down to common sense . . ."

SUDDENLY all the others realize that they too no longer can believe in the Heavenly Father. One father is difficult enough to handle, and in college you are a free man away from home and pater familias. Why should there be another to obey? Men such as they don't need to be looked after!

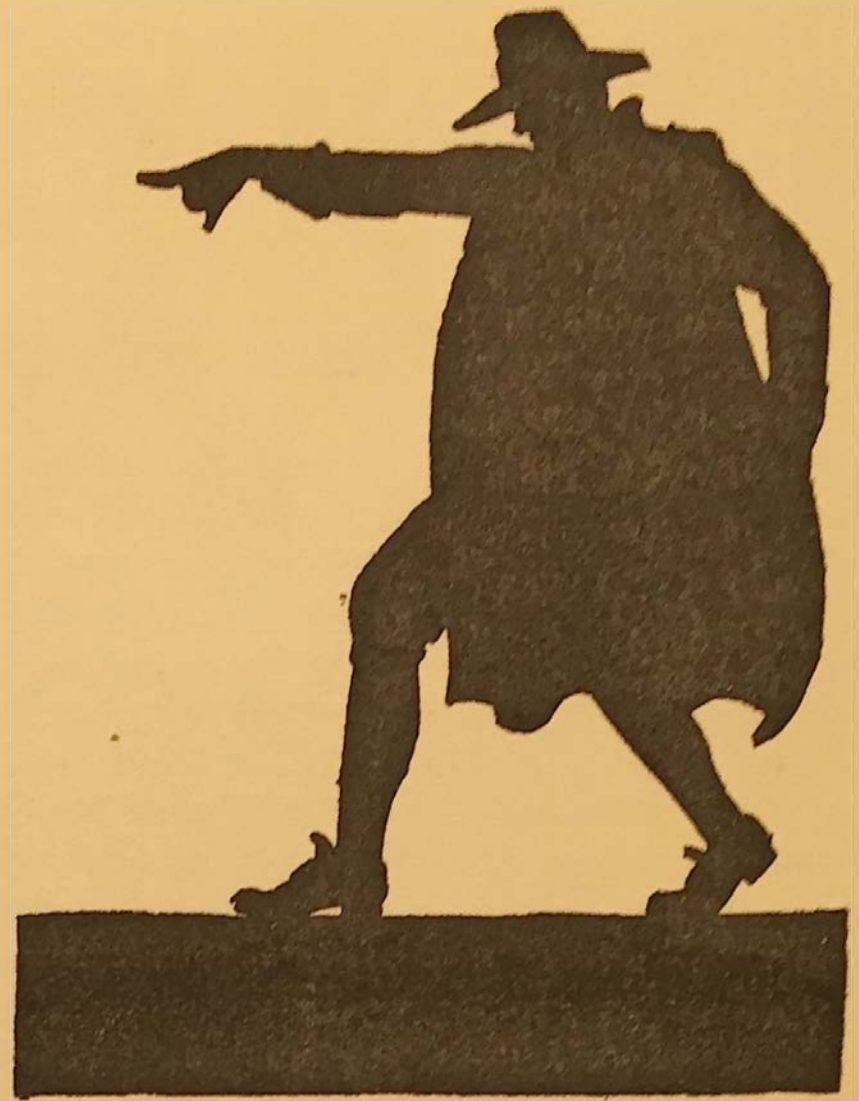
Having agreed in this, they plunge into philosophic sophistry. They speak of Bacon, of Copernicus, of Confucius, of Comparative Religion. Everything taken up in the first semester is brought into the discussion. At one in the morning they come to an end of their knowledge. They leave each other, walk home in the cool, fresh night air, take a look at the planets overhead, shrug their shoulders, (or was it a shiver from the dampness) and again underline their opinion that "this God stuff is the bunk."

Soon after, a Society is formed.

"Where you find youth, there you find Societies," is as good as any proverb.

Forming groups is a sign of mental immaturity. It is a desire to air views. The Society is severely secret—(Another proof of immaturity). They call themselves "Atheists". The word will let loose a thunderbolt of fear amongst "believers". There are gorgeous gold pins with huge "A's" engraved on them, and they are worn obviously with manifest pride. "The Society for the Shelving of Heavenly Impedimenta!" Presidents, vice-presidents, treasurers, and secretaries, they all get much enjoyment and a feeling of importance. They have all put God out of their lives for good. And soon a large number have joined.

Who does not want to "join" everything when he is in college?



ONE morning in class, the professor announces that a psychological questionnaire is about to be circulated and that a truthful answer to the questions is expected from the students.

Now these questionnaires are documents worked out by psychologists of note. They are designed to be the thermometers of College Morals and College Ethics; educators are going to "feel the pulse" of modern youth. What matter that these questionnaires contain some of the most vicious, suggestive and perverted questions with which the evolving human has ever been confronted? Their very nature is pathological. The college student is treated as a Freudian case. Not only do they throw a spotlight on what rarely dwells in the mind of the majority of students (with the exception of the isolated case), but they make *pathology* a prominent factor. The thoughts in the minds of the adult questioners are revealed far more clearly than any insight into the mental life of the student.

Such things as "Are you a thief?", "Are you a Non-believer?", "Do you hate your parents?", and the like feature among the "easiest" questions.

Fortunately the students only laugh at these questionnaires. They do not seriously consider their statistical importance, and the majority delight in the obvious sensationalism. They fill in "yes" where the answer is emphatically "no", out of sheer delight in shocking.

And it serves the psychologists right!

ALL healthy, growing students go through a period from eighteen to twenty-one, when they reject everything their parents have instilled into them. They enjoy it thoroughly. They get much vigorous mental exercise in arguing it out between themselves in childish talk, even though they use erudite Latin and Greek words to prove the excellence of their manifest intellect.

It is only another way of proving that they are rapidly becoming adult. These are ugly duckling feathers, symbolically, and Nature takes care that they change. Are they not all living a period when Life goes smoothly? Are these not the years when the half-dormant soul or consciousness is as yet unprepared to meet the heavy spiritual demands which life will impose on it in later years?

After graduation they will come in contact with a far more evil world than they can possibly conceive while debating their "knowledge" on campus grounds. Only when one finds oneself alone in the battle, without "societies", without

"clubs" to back one up, does real introspection and serious consideration of the "Self" and its relation to the scheme of the universe, begin.

In youth that very assuredness and rebellion is necessary to lend a strong background for the amazing discoveries that continue to come. Certainly there are moments when every mortal feels himself equal, if not superior to God. He considers that God is "away" somewhere, never bothering to mix with humanity, watching everything from His celestial safety-tower with multiple angels to regulate traffic!

How many men and women of middle-age fail to recognize this spirit of Youth? Have they become ossified and so quickly forgotten their own adolescence?

IT IS this very rebellion against accepted facts that proves the stuff they are made of. How easy it is to sit back and let others do the thinking. Youth is not made that way. The Divine Plan patterned it in greater wisdom. Youth overthrows, rejects, imagines, builds, and breaks down. That is what *Progress* means. Without it we would be immovable masses, static, and,—God forbid,—*satisfied* people. Nothing is more decadent than smug *satisfaction*.

If only all the professors and middle-aged reformers and "mission-bent" ladies would understand that college atheism, clubs, revolutionary societies, and lastly, college questionnaires are all necessary to help Youth grow! By and by, after graduation, all the wise young men and women are going to be hard-working bread-earners. They are going to be knocked so hard that the bruises will leave tiny webs of scars all over their souls.

How can life be known before it is lived? No man or woman can actually learn to know God until the knee is bent to Him in utter sorrow and disillusionment. Not to believe in Him is no sin. It is merely a youthful form of pride, a quality of imminent maturity, strange as it may seem to the casual observer. But the Divine Plan holds more than *one* pattern. Who doubts the story of the Prodigal Son? Who does not know the Wisdom of the son who returned to be embraced by his Father? Each and every one of these youthful atheists carries Him in his heart, but *like a flower that has still to unfold*.



“That which Cometh of ME Cometh Direct”

ONE EVENING about a year ago, the Editor of this publication, with a group of friends, engaged in a psychical experiment with one of the best-known spiritist Mediums in New York City. In the middle of some particularly beautiful and profound elucidations of Cosmic Law, one of the Entities speaking audibly through the Medium's lips and affecting to have The Great Teacher's authority for what he was expounding, emphasized his remarks with an exclamatory curse. The interpolation of such an irrevelancy so shocked those who were listening that the validity of the whole exposition was at once discounted and one of the persons left in disgust. Grieved and puzzled at the apparent masquerading that had taken place, the Editor brooded for a day on the advisability of continuing the sittings. He was still in his quandary the next evening when he composed himself for some clairraudent work in privacy. Almost at once a "Master Vibration" began to manifest in his apartment and the following adjuration was indited as fast as it could be taken down. The Editor makes no claim as to the authenticity of its origin. Its text must stand or fall according to its content. But he avows that it came from a Source outside himself, on a very high Mental Wave Length, and is printed hereinafter exactly as addressed to him. Apparently it was not meant for general publication, but its concernments are so vital at the present moment and its logic so startling, that it is published at its face value in the hope that it may clarify a matter that puzzles thousands of spiritually-minded people. And regardless of whether the Source implied is correct, it offers a significant contribution to that great library of psychical literature that is now being communicated all over the earth. . . .

“IT BEHOOVETH you, My Beloved, to be thrice circumspect in choosing those you elect to instruct you. *Those who come to you through mediums have limitations else would they come in a different form!* They are men like your physical selves who would take counsel with you, thinking to enhance themselves in your esteem. They have no knowledge of My

plans for humankind. They look upon you as fellows with themselves over whom they would rule by supreme manifestation of spiritual egotism. I have no part or parcel with them for they disrupt My servants in their missions and confuse My workers with spiritual plagiarisms.

“Yet do I permit them to come unto you,



though they know it not. My purpose is not to deceive you but to show you the limitations of earthly instructors that ye may be wise with heavenly wisdom.

"Think ye I am not powerful enough to talk direct to your spirits without the instruments of frail mortalities? Whence cometh such beggary? Am I limited in My adroitness? Am I dependent on persons who conquer not their vices? Have I no power to speak directly to those who love Me and who know My affection?"

"Ye have heard My message in your hearts and profit hath come to you. Have you had profit by the instruction of lesser entities? Have you not had miseries and rackings of spirit? How can good come of these? Is it not testimony of their own limitations?

"Say not to yourselves: 'Our Lord reigneth too far in heavenly mansions for us to serve Him!' Say rather: 'The Master hath made His choice, who shall serve and who shall be leader.'"

"In that choice there is no alteration!

"MY BELOVED, I address you! Be wise henceforward. Trust not the minions who come to you belittling you. Belittlement is not divine. No Godly soul doeth it. *No Master Spirit seeketh confusion in any lesser spirit!*

"Truth is of Light, and Light is Truth. The ways of Light and Truth be open, not hidden. The ways of Light and Truth be circumspect indeed but never of disparagement. Light and Truth be always open and aboveboard, seeking to ennoble, not to cast down, not to discourage, not to defile with petty limitations.

"I say unto you, men be coming to that place in their affairs where it be necessary for them to have knowledge of those who would master their thoughts and divert them from the Purpose.

"Men have no need of those spirits who caution them to remember that they are as dust!"

"Workers of iniquity are they, who tell you that mankind hath no knowledge of Me in My person. Ye have knowledge of Me because of your missions. They know this not, seeing you as goodly men and women having power among your fellows, desiring to enhance that power for their profit and prestige. I say unto you, they be those whom I have bespoken as wolves in sheep's clothing, woefully ignorant of what cometh in circumstance . . .

"Mentors are they not. Do not title them as such, giving them prestige which belongeth not to them. Many of them be of high variety of mortal species, but none the less mortal.

"I speak to you now in terms of great emphasis—

"TRUST not those who come to you saying: 'We have knowledge of the Elder Brother', either for or against Him. They have no such knowledge, else they would disclose it.

"Have I no power to make Myself known?

"Can I not work miracles still?

"What need have I of lesser satellites?

"In your hearts I have spoken. Trust the instincts of your hearts. No calamity followeth; there reigneth no confusions. *There is no calamity where I have been in spirit.*

"They who tell you that you must be aware of your own powers, to circumvent them, are spoken to of evil persons . . . voices come to them, purporting to be Mine, . . . I say to you with great earnestness: *that which cometh of Me, cometh direct; that which cometh of Me is pure in its essence; that which cometh of Me beareth no travail that racketh the intellect!*

"LOVE ennobleth always. It maketh for brilliance of perception. It harkeneth not to forebodings. It slippeth out confidently, knowing all is of Light. That Light showeth no pitfalls in the path ahead that cannot be avoided.

"I would caution you too of other things, Beloved.

"Trust not those who come to you saying: 'The wiser Elder Brother hath His purposes revealed through us alone.' Know that I speak thunderously when I tell you, *that I am capable of speaking direct to the hearts of those who*

love Me and who keep My commandments!

"Verily do I warn you, that if ye harken to intermediaries your wits will desert you! Lo, it hath been done in times that have passed.

"Faith hath been shattered and obligations of great portent cancelled in that My servants have said among themselves: 'We be weak mortals, prone to error, therefore listen we to the Adversary for counsel as well.' Know, My Beloved, that if calamity hath befallen, this hath been the reason.

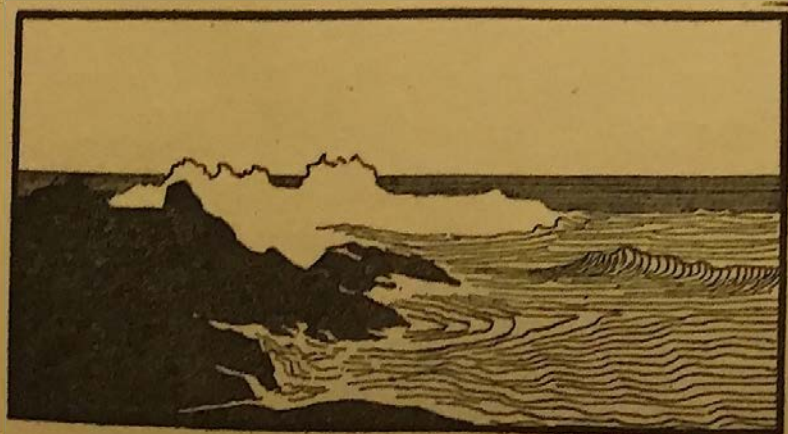
"Ye have been true to your instincts, My Beloved, being maddened by men's warnings that they held confusions for you. When have I ever told you confusions?

"**T**HE PRINCES ye serve be not petty potentates. They be as the arbiters of humankind's welfare. They come and go in flesh, seeking man's improvement always. They do not say, 'We take a quart and give a pound.' They say, 'We seek no personal profit: we merely expound that mankind may benefit.'

"Verily, they think not *of* or *for* themselves, being utterly devoted to heavenly altruisms. No impoliteness have they in their speech: no crudeness of manner sheweth in their addresses. In higher and greater than any earthly politeness do they manifest, each one to the other. By their fruits ye shall know them! Higher and vaster than any forms of earthly salutation do they manifest to one another and to those below them.

"Ye have a rebellion in your hearts in that it was said to you that politeness be not of moment on other planes of Spirit. Verily I address you—

"No greater gentleness, no greater addiction to forms of politeness, no greater kindness or consideration, exists in the Cosmos than that



¶ *THESE PAPERS* which
end each Issue of *The New
Liberator* are not consciously
composed or fabricated in
any known mortal Brain.
They are psychically
received exactly as printed,
from a Discarnate Source
and seem to be personal
Expositions to the Editor who
passes them on to those who
can appreciate their
Beauty, Vitality and
Significance . .

maintaining between high forms of spiritual entities!

"**W**OULD you invite a sot to your drawing-rooms? How then hold ye to such because they have not bodies? Rejoice and be exceeding glad that they defile your sensibilities for they giveth themselves away by their grossness.

"And yet I instruct you, spurn them not, for ye have need of that which they bring you even though it be but mortal discrimination. Ye have need of geographical knowledge which they impart, if they have been visitors to coun-

tries unknown to you. Marvel not at their manners that they deport themselves as sots, but keep this thought with you if they defile your sensibilities God-given in essence: They do mark themselves as mortals, not of the Wisdom. Being wise, do ye treat with them in all consideration, but cohabit with them not as your spiritual brethren.

"Now I tell you more—

"THOSE who come to you through mediums, come not of themselves but are allowed to come at the behest of others whom ye know not, that from each ye may derive knowledge that giveth you profit. Treat with them accordingly. Say unto them: 'We know that you have knowledge', but contend not with them over the context of that knowledge. Jest not with them, either concerning their identities. Pity their limitations but do not be deceived. *Defile not yourselves by descending to their levels of earth bound intellect.* Ye seek of them literal knowledge of literal facts. They seek of you approbation for their vanities. Trade with them on such basis but be not cast down by their ignorance and concepts.

"HARKEN, My Beloved! Pay attention to My voice! We be of one family, serving the multitude. We have no part or parcel with it but to serve it. Verily we learn even as we serve. But to *serve* is our mission, the alpha and omega of our being. Even I serve the most and am therefore accredited the leader of the servers.

"Harken, harken! . . . serve ye and rule! . . . manifest and become great! . . . rule and serve, rule by serving, serve by ruling. This be My message . . .

"I have watched your struggles with error and been pleased that ye have found no satisfaction in treating with the lesser ones. Treat with Me always. Fasten your thought on Me. Draw power from Me. Each one of you hath a charge to keep. I hold you to it. No execration cometh

to you in that ye have conviction of Me. Execration cometh only as ye say: 'Our Prince hath neither time nor patience to visit literally with us.' Verily did I not have time and patience to visit with the humblest throughout My ministry in flesh?

"Harken, harken! By the words of their mouths are the lesser ones known. By the function of their spirits stand the lesser ones defiled. Seek ye My advice in each specific instance. I may have plans to use them for your honor, but tell I them not to your mental confusion.

"DISSEMINATE always the bright rays of Truth.

"Ye hear My voice instructing you, directing you, guiding you. Inasmuch as ye trust it, ye go directly into Light. Falter in your trust and you fall amidst confusions. Verily the Adversary desireth just that. Worketh he adroitly that it may come about, partly in envy, partly in malice, *always in ignorance!*

"Of old it was said to you, 'Test ye the Spirits, that they be of the Holy One' . . . I say unto you, subject them to all the ways of wisdom and logic ye have within your power. Say not, 'The Teacher desireth that we believe blindly' for blindness is of darkness. Behold, I desire you to seek fullest and brightest Light on every issue propounded to you, *and he who adviseth you otherwise is your enemy!*

"Caution not yourselves against probing and investigating, else why have you minds? Correlate circumstance with facts as given you and if they match not, cast them far from you and cohabit not with them, else you take vipers to your beds. I tell you I withhold nothing from you except that which is evil, except that which is dishonest. I give you instruction in Truth, Purity, Tranquility and Reverence. Ye have no fear of perversions of wits. I offer you no golden apples with worms of error at their cores.

"I speak with authority. Arise and be wise. . .

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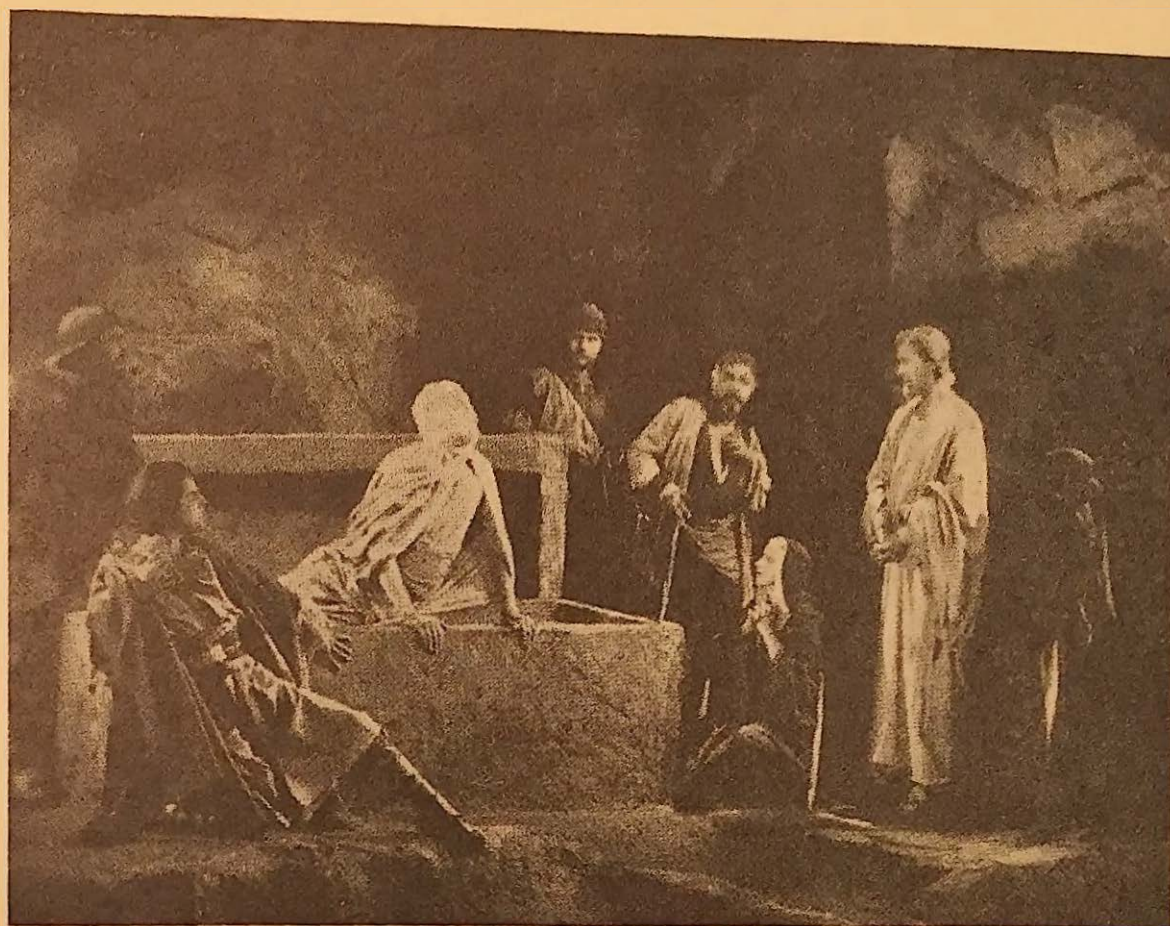
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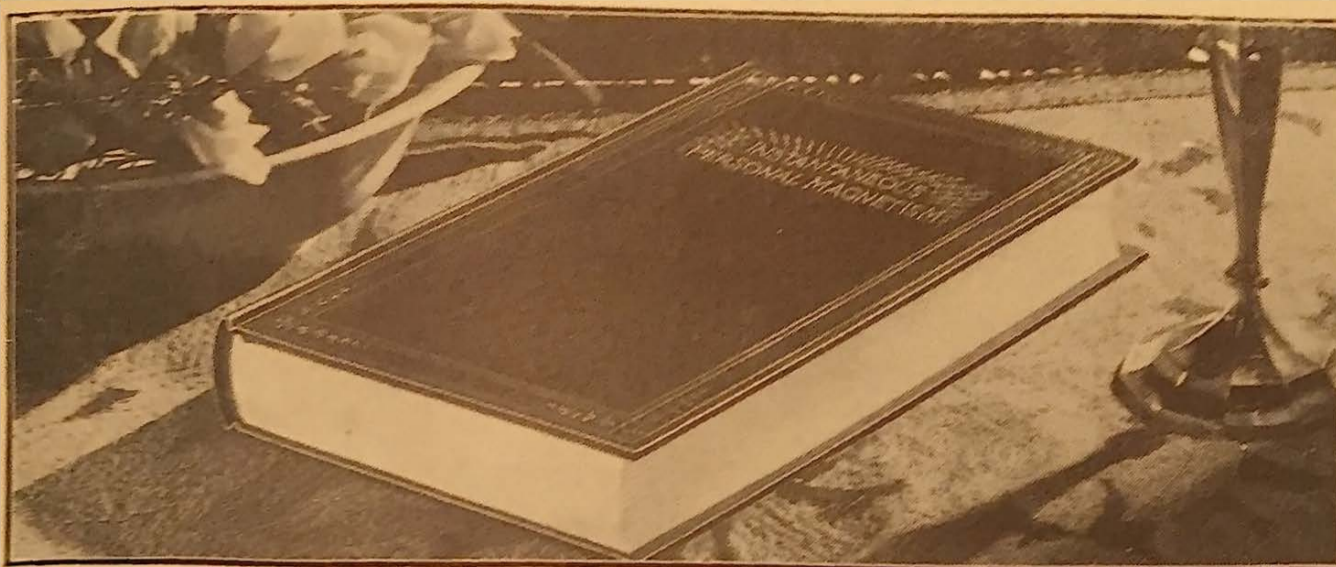
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