

Valor

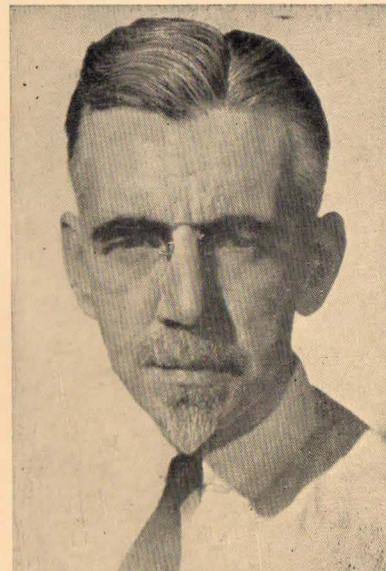
SEPTEMBER--OCTOBER, 1961



The
Magazine of
Soulcraft . .

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SOULCRAFT FELLOWSHIP, Inc.

P. O. Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

Out of the Mail

"I have enjoyed reading both of the magazines . . . and appreciate the thorough-going analysis he (Mr. Pelley) makes of every problem, and have often had a feeling of great satisfaction and great hope in the solutions he has outlined. I doubt if I have ever read the writings of any man who was more logical and more convincing than Mr. Pelley. And while his explanations of eschatology are amazing, still from any angle of vision they must be true. I consider him to be a great man."—D. C., *California*.

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"Thank you from my heart for the help and inspiration. I shall always . . . continue to use these valuable books and scripts. May God bless you in your great work."—F. S., *Florida*.

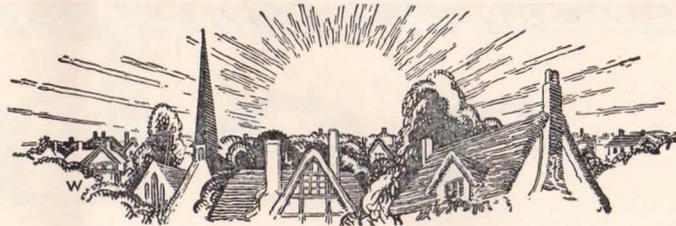
"Surely it has become an old song, but ever welcome music, to hear how much the Pelley mission has enriched my understanding. . . . Oh, Elijah of our time!"—M. H., *Utah*.

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VALOR

The Magazine of Soulcraft

Volume XIV September-October, 1961 Number 2

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Noblesville, Indiana



It's All in the Script . .

Do you wonder at the thing which you term Evil? Do you not perceive that in every drama there must be contradictory forces, and that opposite every hero must play a villain?

You say that God must be dispassionate to let so much distress afflict the earth. But is it distress, in its final analysis? Would a theatrical performance be worth the watching if dirty work were proclaimed at no crossroads, if the heroine were menaced by no one in moustaches, if the second act dropped no curtain on virtue triumphant? What then is the Charted Life but the Script of the Divine Drama put in your hands for learning, speaking, acting, that you may know the lines which you speak in the Piece or carry a spear before the footlights at just the proper moment?

Do you refuse to be an actor? Is it your caprice to dash before the audience and "ad lib" in jargon? Pray what would that get you, inasmuch as the Drama would not make sense unless other players were able to take their cues from you and thus supply you with cooperation?

Remember, the only Free Will which remained to you after accepting your role, was that of acting to the utmost of your talent. But is that not enough?

Keep in mind, too, that there is no more real distress in the world than there is real distress in the heroine's peril in "The Lighthouse by the Sea". The hero crashes in at the proper dramatic moment. Rescue is inevitable.

It's all in the Script!

Valor

The Monthly Voice of the Soulcraft Doctrine

Volume XIV

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WHAT Do People Want Most to Know about Life? . .

THOUSANDS of letters come in to Soulcraft in the course of the normal year and it would seem to be an easy matter to determine what people want most to know in life by reading and classifying the inquiries in them. In a measure it is possible. And yet it is notable—from Soulcraft's mail at least—that there is no preponderance of curiosity over this and that, so that it can be definitely stated that a majority of Christian people are overly concerned about some one enigma. Even outstanding enigma of mortal death itself does not exercise the average American half so much as one might imagine. As for the quandary, Where shall I spend Eternity? in which the pentecostal brethren so delight, the wonder in the main is purely academic. In fact, one might almost say with precision that "Nobody believes in Hell any more," not the old-fashioned fire-and-brimstone Hell supervised by the Devil and all his archangels. Doctors, surgeons, and nurses even remark at times that if a Gallup Poll could be taken of those confronting major operations, scarcely one in a

hundred is either depressed or stricken by the likely prospect that he may not survive.

Does any such state of affairs signify a wicked and idolatrous generation, or does acute jeopardy to the physical self release phases of subliminal consciousness that disclose no worse prospects for the endangered soul than confronted it in physical birth and infancy?

AND YET there are categories of inquiries in the annual mail that reveal that similar quandaries respecting the complications of life and death do assail average people in common. Concerning the current mortal experience, probably more people than any other ask this question—

"Can you give me any enlightenments as to my true and purposeful errand in life?" And they indicate they would like to have it answered in the form of explanation as to why the current sojourn seems to have been marked by so many and such bitter ordeals.

Next to the perplexity as to why their present careers

should be what they are, there is a lesser, but more poignant heart-cry—

“Why was my beloved child taken from me by death, or why—after so many years of happy matrimony—have I been called to suffer the loss of my beloved partner and left to finish the earthly trek alone?”

It is remarkable that no one ever asks why he or she should have made entry into physical life as a phenomenon in itself. Equally as negligible are those who wish to be informed why they have not been favored with a greater quota of worldly goods than some relative or neighbor. Most laymen would assume that people should be more interested in the status of their material prosperity above all other interests, but it simply doesn't happen.



The third category that is notable, involves those suffering from peculiar physical malady. “Why does affliction take its own special form?” they wish to know, usually with the penal wail, “Can you make it clear what I ever could have done in previous lives—assuming I've lived them—to bring this affliction upon me so insufferably?”

The rest of the inquiries in the annual Soulcraft mail dissolve in the plethora of wonderments about how to achieve this or that in psychical exploits, or what the correct meanings could have been peculiar and specific esoteric experiencings that have acted as switches, throwing lives upon strange rails?

Most of the questions are propounded under mystical illiteracies concerning the Eternal Verities. Nine-tenths of the quandaries described to Soulcraft would not have become quandaries if the persons involved had acquainted themselves with the doctrine in detail, and not started asking questions before they had digested all the literature available. Questions are invariably the evidence of incomplete instruction. Know the doctrine in entirety and one answers his own questions.

Too many people are not patient enough to buckle down and *learn*.

HAVE you ever withdrawn into a quiet spot, emptied your mind of current distractions, turned your thinking inward and seriously dissected your reactions to life in terms of determining what more than all else you would like to have explained minutely to you about mortality?

Generally practiced, it requires a high Intelligence Quotient.

Are you one of those most puzzled as to why your role in flesh is what it is? Let's consider that a moment.

It presupposes that you must have some other idealism in mind as a life-pattern, else such wonderment about realities wouldn't occur to you at all. Where or how did you come by such contrasts? It is doubtful if you could have picked them up as psychological reflexes during an earlier decade in this present life, else your dissatisfaction with what you are now knowing would not evince such persistence. The more likely explanation would be, that in immediate earlier lives you have been oriented to a different walk of life or culture and you cannot make yourself “feel at home” amid this present altered set of circumstances.

This sort of feeling, of course, is the readiest evidence that there is much of a definite beneficial character in the situation into which you have found yourself inducted, but the spiritual gains you are undoubtedly receiving have little in common with your eternal character and what you had attained and up to the moment of entering the present life.

Always remember that any dissatisfaction postulates a quality of consciousness identifying the dissatisfaction by its opposites. Dissatisfaction, in other words, does not exist of itself but always in contrast to something previously known or experienced. It isn't always what you imagine a better or a different state to be like, that makes you dissatisfied. Somehow, somewhere, you have had experience of that which is aspired to. It may not be any better in increments but it perforce must be different. And it is the sensation of the familiar for which you yearn.

To recognize consciously that it is to orient yourself to your present environment or situation as well that the current status maintains, serves life up as a novelty of contrasts. Convince yourself the time may come when you will feel similar nostalgia for this present predicament of yours, and your resentment toward it lessens.

Remember that all of us are required to undergo *all* experiences that mortality has to furnish us, before we are truly sure we are done with this fleshly predicament—or rather put it, that we demand to participate in *every* experience in order to carry the effects into our eternal

characters. Whatever our role is of the moment, it is at best a temporary arrangement. It is how we let it affect us, for profit or loss, that matters.

Next, take this quandary of why those near and dear to us are suddenly erased as to our associations by death—

MORE and more we are finding out that each and every mother's son and father's daughter has his or her personal and individualized reasons for being in this mortal state at any given period. It may not concern ourselves at all. Or rather, the fact of our association with the next person may have little or nothing to do with his presence here. That is strictly his own karma, as we express it.

True there are occasions or instances where one person's life errand is another's mentorship or welfare—illustrated in the case of the mother who seems to be "throwing her life away" for the perpetual care of a child who is a hopeless invalid or perchance a mental case. Probe into the prenatal minds of participants in that type of earthly drama, and ten to one it is the mother-woman in the affair serving a self-imposed penance for some callous act committed on the "invalid" in an earlier life situation. Actually she is disciplining herself to be more conscientious in treatment of others and never repeat on her earlier dereliction. But the plight is rare. In the ordinary give-and-take of relationships, personal associations are the products of social expedients, sentimentalities, or opportunisms, and it is the main life service to the self that will dictate whether one stays or leaves. This is not saying that where there is basic and vital karma to be worked out between two parties in life, there will not be the most careful arrangements made as to those eventual earthly relationships. But when it is worked out, either the debtor or the creditor may turn on heel and be about his own eternal business—and naught will halt his going.

IN the hundreds of letters that Soulcraft receives in any given year asking enlightenment on the abrupt departure of a loved one, the point stands clear: the loved one has had equal obligations to other people on other levels of consciousness, which he or she was forced to leave and execute. Actually, what matters it, since the break of association is only temporary? It is as quickly and strongly resumed when the person feeling grief in his "abandonment" transfers in turn to the state of the one lamented. Indeed, the situation among most questioners in this category is analogous to a distraught person writing Soulcraft, "Why should my husband leave suddenly for a wonderful

European trip and not take me along with him?" The discarnate journey, of course, surpasses all holidays to the Continent that could ever be envisioned. But the lament relative to the going as a "cruelty" has a certain amount of selfishness behind it, harsh as it sounds to say so. People *will* follow out the demands of their individualized souls, irrespective of those around them, knowing that everything irons out with time. Which calls up the reminder that "grief" is well-nigh synonymous with Ignorance—ignorance of the cosmic workings in performance. Strive to understand them and grief vanishes.



OF THE correspondents who solicit healings or methods for developing the psychical talents, the same applies indirectly. Persons with strong leanings toward the psychical are uniformly those who have brought down from the higher planes a pittance of their mental talents that are attributes of the common denizens of those planes. They have not, in other words, completely relinquished the type of life and activity that all soul-spirits know "between earthly lives." Their reflexes operate subconsciously according to the interplane standards, and all sorts of freak intellectual or sensory phenomena are the result.

One must make a deliberate effort to absorb the whole truth about the Life Manifestation, both inside the bodily vehicle and out of it. Once the life-and-death cycle is understood, experience in the mortal world adopts an altered aspect. But it cannot be absorbed from one book or five. As well expect all the biologic details of the whole human race and all the peculiar individualities in it to be contained in one book or five.

Considered altogether, what people most want to know about life is why they have become the personalities that they have—or that they discover themselves in any given life. To grasp it intelligently they must comprehend the Plans of the Worlds, and observe their alignment with it in terms of personalized reactions.

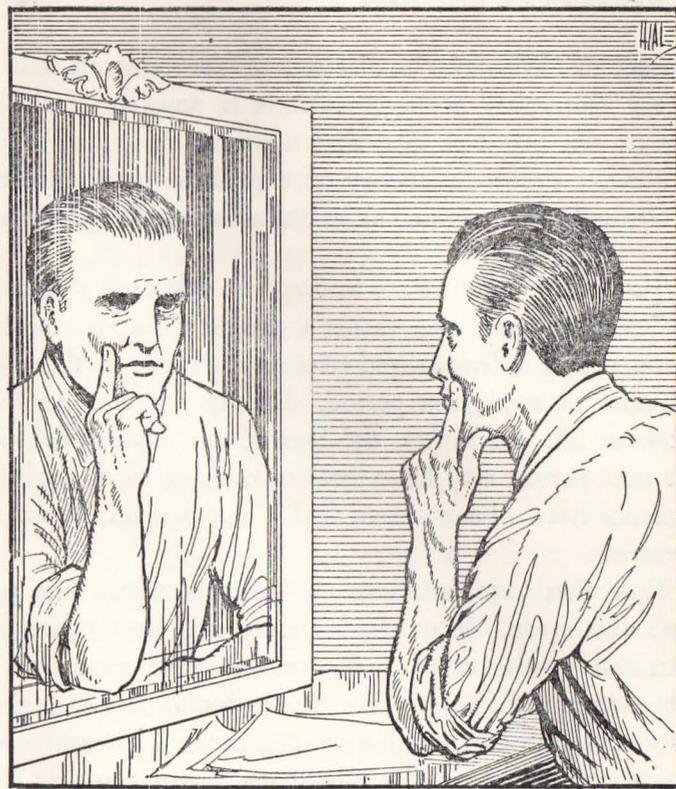
You May Have an Eternal Name by Which Cosmos Knows You . .

IT STARTLES and may even stun the average human being to hear the altogether likely suggestion made to him that in a manner of speaking he may be two persons, his current purblind self occupying his mortal tenure by the surname of his earthly parents—and his eternal and indestructible spiritual self that has long possessed a name identifying it as an expanding unit in mighty Cosmos no matter how many incursions it may make into mortality. Truly the most overwhelming thing that begins to take shape as we delve into the deeper and higher Esoteric Wisdom is the stupendous Master Career that the soul of every last one of us has already had, making our intellect what we discover it to be in present physical consciousness.

Here is something that orthodox theology never touches upon because the ancient progenitors of what man calls Scripture had no more suspicion of it than of Space-Ship filling stations on Mars and planets east.

The progenitors of ancient Scripture envisioned Deity and Eternity in terms of the earthly potentate sublimated to the Celestial Potentate, who held court and passed out rewards and punishments according to divine caprice. Great ecclesiastical hierarchies seized upon this hypothesis and magnified it and glorified it. The Hindu over the Himalayas caught a clearer vision of what occurred in the so-called After-life, in that his spiritual meditations disclosed to him that all souls visited earthlife more than once. In searching about for a reason why such return might be necessary, his theological medicine-men in turn evolved an awesome and complicated Wheel of Karma, and the theory percolated across to the West as controversial Reincarnation. But even that was misunderstood.

Now in this day of scientific ESP, along with more accurate discoveries in the composition of Matter ala nu-



clear fission, we are gradually arriving more or less at the truth of what happens—and has happened from the Beginning. It is bigger and more consequential than anyone has dreamed of.

THE LIFE Principle in each individual case seems to derive from intellect "diffusions" of stupendous personalities after they have attained to the status of true celestialty in their own rights—a sort of Cosmic Parenthood after Maturity that is beyond conceiving in our physical state. But it takes millions of years for any one of the units so diffused to come up through the myriad ordeals of Self-Awareness and begin to perfect Personality of an enduring cosmic order. And this Cosmic Personality thus Perfected evolves upward and upward, not only through every condition and situation on this solar planet but on many higher solar planets, expanding and emphasizing a Character strictly its own, that is equally as notable to the denizens of the Macrocosm as any other Personality and that takes various physical roles up such stupendous agenda to render itself adroit in every predicament that cosmic society has to offer.

Thus no matter how mean or seemingly inconsequential a given individual appears in transient society today, what he displays spiritually is truly the exhibit of how far he has advanced up that long cosmic journey that every last one of us is making.

His earthly self is truly a role he is playing in flesh in order to derive experiences that he needs, and is as temporary as his engagement to play such a role might be in a drama in a worldly theatre.

Undoubtedly it was from the authenticity of such a premise that the great Teacher made the clairaudient answer He did in current times when He was asked—

"Master, what is the greatest message that we can convey to the race as coming from You, that we can make the cornerstone of our whole enlightenment to evolving man in this generation?"

Consider the implications of a cosmic order in His answer—

"The fact that EVERY life, no matter how humble, no matter how tragic, no matter how broken or thwarted, has a meaning, and an Inner Glory, and is precious in My sight!"

THIS squabbling over the controversy of whether or not Reincarnation is a "fact" stacks up to the profound esoterist as being as childish and foolish as the actor or actress in a play on Broadway being eager to fight physically anyone who dares state that they had, previous to their engagement, and still have, a personality and integrity apart from the role they are playing in the drama. The esoterist classifies the opponent of Reensoulment in the same category with the Thespian who hammers on the table and cries, "I stoutly resent your claim that I ever had existence or individuality as a human being before I secured my present job in this production."

The esoterist might inquire in good-natured indulgence, "Am I to understand that you began to exist the night this play opened, and this part of Joe Doakes which you perform so convincingly is the only role you play in universal earth society?"

Life is not lacking millions who respond, "That is precisely what you may understand!"

What, however, might be the effect on such benighted Thespian if the esoterist said to him, "Then of course you're not going to be interested in the somewhat lavish bequest your rich maiden aunt has just left to the person I'm convinced you were before your current producer signed you on. I say that before you obtained this part of Doakes your civic name was William Williams. Anyhow, your affluent aunt has left half-a-million to William Williams and not a kopeck to Joseph Doakes the stage-character, and if William Williams doesn't exist it goes to a home for parentless kittens."

Ten to one you would see the human William Williams

collapse on his wardrobe trunk and start wailing that if indeed he'd ever been William Williams, why wouldn't he remember it?

"What's the matter with you?" the esoterist might demand. "You *were* Bill Williams before you landed this engagement as Doakes. Has playing the role of Doakes night after night blotted out all memory of the childhood, adolescence and younger manhood of yourself as earlier aspirant to dramatic honors? Has audience-applause visited a perfectly psychopathic amnesia upon you?"

That seems to be what our foolish actor confesses.

"Then why not sit down and make a business of cultivating your lost memory," the esoterist might suggest, "seeing you've got five hundred thousand dollars coming to you when you establish your true personality?"

The analogy is apt.



REINCARNATION as the Hindu mystic proclaims it, has a premise in cosmic process, but he's carried it to quite absurd excess as the western theologian has carried his fanaticisms about Salvation or the Vicarious Atonement.

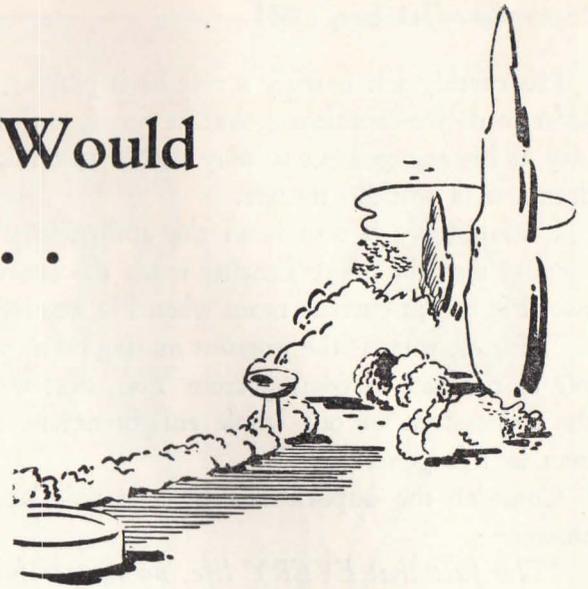
There is a great, vital, eternal, imperishable Spirit-Self in each and every actor or actress upon this earth's stage, whose eternal name may be far more celebrated than the current mortal name, and blessed with indescribable legacies for the taking. Coming off the earthly stage, discarding the character-costume and make-up that constitute the mortal personality, and acknowledging one's cosmic self, stepping back into the truer role of the interplanetary and imperishable personality, is the metamorphosis that earthly society makes such a grief-stricken pother about as Death. And twenty minutes after such discard is made, hearing the Eternal or Cosmic name called, may bring back the Bill-Williams memories with a rush.

Actually, people purposefully *acquire* their amnesias

(Continued on Page 15)

CAN You Imagine What Life Would Be in a Thought-World? . .

THOSE Able to Do It Will Have Mastered Life's Lessons to a Commendable Degree . .



LIFE here on this earth's surface, with the soul encased in its physical body, is much like living on the hard central core of a series of globes, each one wrapping all those inside it.

Moving outward from this hard central core, which is Matter of any sort in the hardest concentration of any of these worlds, we might put it that the atoms of all sorts of materials exist with greater and greater spaces between their protons and electrons, so the matter composing them becomes lighter and lighter, or thinner and thinner. Living as we do now on the hardest of these globes or spheres, we have senses that make us aware only of that globe or sphere on which we are dwelling. In other words, we say that the materials of the globe or sphere on which we are living is all that seems "real" to us. As we change from one layer of atomic composition to the next higher—which we do by shedding our present bodies made of atoms that have the same atomic rate of vibration and have therefore seemed "real" to us—everything in that next atomic world becomes equally "real" to us. But as we progress higher and higher through the layers there is a rather stupendous discovery that we make in addition.

The higher we proceed through the surrounding layers of Heaven-Worlds, the stronger our minds show themselves in controlling and shaping the thinning atomic matter of those Heaven-Worlds. This happens because there is just one thing in the whole of it that doesn't change, and that is the strength and power of our intellects, what we call our Mentalities. In other words, our powers of thinking up through all the layers remain the same, or to put it more accurately, as we move up through the

thinning worlds of materials we discover ourselves able to think with greater and greater power, because insofar as Matter is concerned our Thinking Selves meet with less obstruction from the substances around us.

This is a deep and tricky set of ideas to grasp perhaps, but as Soulcrafters do grasp it they have the key given them to all sorts of riddles that puzzle people without the slightest suspicion of it.

Do you realize what it means in practice?

It means that the higher you move through the surrounding layers of Reality, the easier it becomes to control and shape Matter by the powers of your thinking processes alone. . . .

DOWN here on this hardest central globe called Earth-life, our minds or thinking powers are practically at the mercy of Matter and have to obey when Matter commands. We say that Matter "commands" us when it makes our bodies do what it wants them to do, whether we particularly fancy doing it or not.

We can get an idea of what this means by the simple illustration of getting down a kite that is caught in a tree. We can stand on the ground under the tree and try to "think" the kite free of the branches, but not a thing happens. The kite stays caught until someone brings a ladder long enough to reach up to the place where the kite is entangled. Then we have to hoist our heavy bodies by muscular effort one ladder-rung at a time till we get up to the place, then put our arms and hands forth with more muscular effort and untwine the kite-string from the branches and twigs.

The materials composing tree, branches, twigs, kite-string, kite, ladder—all these "obstruct" the thinking of

our minds, or pay it not the slightest attention. The kite stays caught. Yes, we *can* succeed in freeing the kite by bringing a ladder, climbing it, and using our fingers to get the kite untangled from branches and leaves, so the kite does not stay caught forever unless we bow to the dictates of Matter on this sphere.

Now suppose, purely for the sake of conveying an idea and not because it is what particularly does happen, on the next grade or globe of thinner atomic Matter we caught the same kite in a tree on that higher plane but our minds were strong enough to reach up like fingers at the end of a long arm from the ground and say, "Kite, come loose!" And those long mental fingers made an effort to disentangle it to the point that others seemed to see the kite twisting and contorting to get free of itself—at least we could see that the kite was responding to the Powers of Our Thought even though our Thought did not prove strong enough actually to complete the untangling. That would picture to you the extent of mental control on the next higher layer of reality.

Very well, consider a still higher and "thinner" world of tree-kite-ladder materials, but with your mind-powers just as strong. A knot has been unwittingly tied in the kite-string which must first be untied before the kite can be loosed. In other words, there must be Intellect applied in the situation, not so much to free the kite as to untie that knot. That means the Thinking Self must be transported right up into the tree and close to strong-knot so to see it and work upon it. For that purpose a ladder is needed to hold the equally thinner physical body up at the height where the knot exists. But on this third thinner-world, no particular intellect or mental strategy—as we describe it—is necessary to fetch a ladder. We know the ladder is in the shed of this higher and thinner world. So we command the ladder to come forth of itself from the shed and place itself against the tree in order that we may ascend and work upon that stubborn string-knot. And there being no obstructions, and such thinner Matter in the ladder being obedient to thought-command, we see the magical thing happening of the ladder moving forth out of the shed, across the lawn to the tree as though an invisible person were carrying it. Presently as it places itself in position, we climb the rungs and untangle the knot.

All right, now consider a world of still thinner Matter—all equally as real to us in every respect because the bodies in which our thinking is being done are equally "thinned"—and consider what happens with Thought doing the solving of the situation. Thought says, "Kite,

become untangled!" Kite, of course, cannot of itself respond in speech and answer, "I can't because my string has become knotted." But suppose Mind, perceiving that really it is tree-branch that is holding kite aloft and without tree-branch in the picture, kite would come fluttering to the ground, says to tree-branch, "Dissolve your atoms so you no longer exist as a branch." Then the atoms in tree-branch obey, no branch exists one instant longer, and kite is free to fall to our feet. Does the dissolving of tree-branch spoil the symmetry of the tree? With freed kite at our feet, we can use the same powers of thought constructively and say to tree-atoms, "Restore yourselves to the pattern of the branch as it was before you obeyed my mental command to dissolve." You "put the branch back in existence," in other words, and proceed on about your business of kite-flying. Thought has achieved on the third or fourth "plane" what tree-kite-string-ladder certainly could not do of itself on this hard central core-world.

Mental Power grows more and more powerful as we proceed up through the layer-worlds of thinner and thinner material, controlling the behavior of such material, whereas down here on the hard central core-world itself, Mind must conform to the hardness of the things composing it.



PEOPLE who remove the organization of their thinner and thinner spirit bodies from their 150-pound material bodies on this plane, discover as they mount higher through lives in the surrounding "heavenly" worlds that Mind more and more commands Materials of every sort, until Mind can even construct the designs and features of those worlds—always subject, of course, to higher laws and regulations that keep individuals from doing such creating on their own hooks that the whole plane of each heaven-world becomes a confused and chaotic mess. Because you should be able to realize that if anyone could

dissolve a literal tree-branch where a wanted kite were caught, it would equally have the power to dissolve the whole tree if it took the notion. Or it could construct a tree of steel instead of a tree of wood, and all Nature would be thrown out of divine pattern.

Nevertheless, people who have proceeded higher and higher through layers of worlds surrounding earth—all of them invisible because of our present inadequate senses to discern them—report back almost identically the same thing: the positions of Mind and Matter are finally reversed, when they get up to the very highest of the “outside” worlds.

On the hard surface of this inner-core earth, Mind does what Matter dictates by Matter’s setting up limitations on the activities of Mind; on the highest of the surrounding heaven-worlds, Matter does what Mind dictates, and the problem then is to see that Mind doesn’t do a lot of things that would well-nigh destroy the features of the natural world by a thousand different people mentally commanding a thousand different effects.



[T ALL sounds silly and impossible, perhaps, looking out upon our very real Matter-World of our present bodily occupancies, and declaring because of the limitations on our sensings that “nothing is there” because those senses can’t pick it up. But could we not say the same thing about the atoms in the uranium or hydrogen

bombs? No one has ever *seen* an atom literally, because it’s too infinitely tiny to be caught by eyesight, even with the most powerful eyeglasses. Nevertheless it is *there*, else in the grand accumulate we wouldn’t have a pound of Matter in the whole universe.

This world is filled with all sorts and thicknesses of Matter because we are sensing their atoms in the collection and compression of trillions and trillions of them, even in the baseball bat that we pick up so carelessly to wham a baseball and win Saturday afternoon’s ball game on the nearest corner lot.

It’s well-nigh fantastic to think about, but there it is. And we know our thinking is right about it, because nuclear-fission scientists prove it up every time they make an atom bomb and load it into an airplane for testing out with a big boom in the South Pacific. Then again, we know it’s right because there comes a time sooner or later when each and everyone of us go through the process of moving our consciousness up through the invisible layers of the surrounding heaven-worlds. It will be reported in the newspapers that we shall have “died” . . . and our bodies composed of flesh-and-blood atoms of this hard inner-core world have been buried in cemetery graves after our funerals. But our consciousness, or ability to keep right on sensing, and thinking, and knowing, and remembering, will merely have moved up one notch into the next “thinner” atomic world—which will seem equally real to us in every detail.

Truly it’s applying the latest findings of modern science to what older people call the debatable question of Survival. Never having investigated much in the atomic construction of Matter, they will argue and question whether the whole soul of us has or hasn’t perished when such bodily “death” or quitting had happened.

All they’ll really be doing, of course, is displaying the extent of their own ignorance of these scientific matters.

However, as you continue to read Soulcraft deeper and deeper and study what it’s published about the reports of those who have long-since gone through such changes, a greater and a still-clearer idea of what happens—and *why*—will come to you and render you very wise indeed, so that the more ignorant will look up to you from all walks of life.

Actually, it’s the activity of, and in, those “thinner” atomic worlds that the ignorant on this hard inner-core world call the “supernatural.” They do this because they don’t know any better.

But why stay ignorant when knowledge is yours for the taking? . . .

WHERE Did Adam Come From If He Didn't Have a Mother? . . .

AN ALERT boy of ten, hearing Soulcraft principles discussed by his parents across the dining-table, put the question above. But the same mystery has been voiced by others besides ten-year-olds. Telling them, as the Bible does, that "God took dust of the ground" and fashioned Adam, "breathing into his nostrils the breath of life," is not enough. It is neither scientifically accurate nor anatomically possible. "Dust" is defined in the dictionary as "fine, dry, pulverized particles of earth, hence, fine powder of any kind." It doesn't require any boy of ten to recognize that no living human body could have been made of that.

Of course the Bible students explain that the word Dust is used in such connection figuratively. It describes material composed of atoms that falls apart and returns to the elements when the living soul has departed it. But the Bible critic comes back with the challenge that you can't present the account of a process of what literally took place in figurative terms. If you can, then you can say in all common sense that the whole description of what occurred is presented figuratively. But the Bible student won't have that. He holds that the narrative in Genesis portrays an actual happening. Yet the process in Nature and physics is impossible. You can't create anything of dust because it won't hold its shape. You have to mix water with it to make it stick together. Even so, all you get is mud. And the ten-year-old knows well enough that human people are certainly not composed of mud.

What we must look at in all honesty is, that the Book of Genesis isn't a truthful scientific account. It's more in the nature of a poem—a prose poem, meaning a poem that doesn't rhyme—describing symbolically what was *supposed* to have happened.

Men back in the days when the Book of Genesis was



written were totally ignorant of natural science as society knows it today. They didn't even know that the earth was round and moved about the sun. They were so ignorant about astronomical matters that they thought the sun and moon, along with the stars, were mere "lights" set in the heavens by God to give light upon the earth. If they could be so ignorant about the shape of the earth and the movement about the sun, it stands to reason they could be equally ignorant about the forming of the first man.

They couldn't be ignorant about Astronomy and accurately learned about physiology. . . .

AS a matter of fact, when we dig into the true meanings of words, we make some startling discoveries of our own. We start off by learning that nearly all the Books of the Bible, from beginning to end were written in Hebrew—not at first. They were principally written in a speech called Aramaic.

Aramaic was really a group of languages used throughout the eastern districts of the Holy Land back in the time of Christ and before. Commonly it was the language of Sumaria—which was a mixture of Hebrew, Chaldean and Syriac. The books of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, were written first in this, then they had to be translated into Greek, then they had to be translated into the Roman—or Latin—then they were translated into the German, and from German into English . . . just a little time before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. We call that the close of the Sixteenth Century, some four hundred years ago. Actually we have

only had the books of the Bible in English up the past four hundred years, and before that they had to undergo four translations. Unhappily too, when these translators did the job from one language into another, they used words in their own language that they *thought* the preceding language meant. If they thought wrongly or incorrectly, we get the results of their word mistakes up here in the Twentieth Century. And again and again, in all these translations, that's precisely what happened. . . .

Unhappily, one of the greatest word mistakes these translators have handed down to us English-speaking people of today has been the incorrect interpretation of the word Adam itself. They supposed, of course, that it meant the name of a man, just one man. They just conveniently overlooked and forgot the letter "u" that was always on the end of Adam in the Aramaic, which really had come down to the people of Sumaria from the Assyrian-Babylonian. The real spelling of the word was *Adamu*. And that letter "u" made every difference in the world. It had the same meaning in Assyrian-Babylonian—or the Aramaic that evolved from it—as "s" does in English. It signified that the word should be used always in the plural. When we put the letter "s" on Cat it means there is more than one cat.

So the letter "u" took the place of the English "s" to designate more than one. Continuing our illustration, if we should write that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and made c-a-t-s, we would call it that it was the whole cat species that was being referred to, not two cats or ten or a hundred. We would mean all cats. By the same token, when the early and ignorant writers in Aramaic-Babylonian said that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and breathed into the nostrils of the creature shaped thus and *Adamu* became a living soul, they should have been consistent and grammatical and written it that *Adamu* became living *souls*, because *Adamu* meant Man in the plural. In other words, it should have been the same thing as saying that the Lord-God took dust of the ground and made a whole lot of Adamses, or people known as Adam.

Actually what the Bible writers were trying to say was, that the Lord-God made the man species out of perishable earth materials, or materials that dropped back into dust after the living souls of them had departed and gone up onto the Planes of Thought.

In other words, our ten-year-old boy should realize that the story of the creation of Adam is not to be taken as we say *literally*, that is, technically correct as to facts, but the description of a general process by which the

whole human race came into existence and has been in existence ever since.

THIS is the reason why all the Adamses of that far-off period could be said to come into existence without mothers. It wasn't just one human being coming into existence as a baby and growing up. Notice that the Bible story doesn't mention anywhere that Adam—granted just one first-man was being talked about—was created by God as a baby. Adam, or more properly *Adamu*, was created full-grown. The reference was being made to Man as a species separate from animals or birds or reptiles, taking him by and large at his average age as a grown-up.

If the Bible story had made mention of the Lord-God forming the first *baby* of the dust of the ground—whether mixed with water and becoming mud or not—we should have good cause for asking how it could happen without his having a mother. The whole account actually doesn't refer anyway to a mother-and-child beginning for the race, it is trying to narrate the fact that it was the perishable material of which the flesh of these first Adamses was made, that was the more important thing.

As a matter of fact, in these days when science has gone so far as to discover the true cause of all material by atomic fission, or nuclear energy already sketched in this magazine, we know so much more about the creation of the first man-species on this planet than these Bible writers knew that there's no comparison. The *Adamu* species probably came out of God first as spirit, but arriving on this plane of earth it assembled fleshly atoms about it and thus got its first bodies. Knowing nothing about the composition of atoms really, those early writers so totally ignorant of science, beheld the whole mysterious process and said God did it—letting it go at that. And we think of God as some venerable old man, pouring water on a dust-patch in the Garden of Eden and rolling up His sleeves and starting to mold a man from the resulting mud.

THE TROUBLE is, the people who go about insisting that the Bible is the actual, spoken word of God Himself and therefore "infallible"—as the word is for unassailable fact—are themselves just as ignorant about nuclear fission and atomic energy being the cause of Matter as the scribes who made all those translations of the great Biblical poem from the Aramaic. Whatever they don't understand, they credit to God . . . until we can

(Continued on Page 15)



We Must Understand There Is More to Life than Our Senses

UNTIL YOU get up into scientific fields, you take for granted that all there is to this earth-planet is a great metallic ball with a crust and top-soil, with hills and valleys and oceans marking it, and clouds encircling it in the upper atmosphere. That it may likewise be the hard-material center for a number of surrounding spheres of worlds that are invisible to mortal eyesight because operating at a different atomic frequency of Matter, is something we have to explore the science known as Ontology to find out. Ontology, in case you don't have a dictionary handy, means the Science of Life—as life.

It never pays to appear too wise or too smart, because just the moment you think you've got everything nicely explained and tagged in the natural world, some scientist comes along with new proofs of this or that which blow up the whole nicely accepted system you've always believed in.

For generations the entire earth-population accepted and believed that the world was flat and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it. Then came Galileo with his telescope and exploded the whole flat-world system by showing that it was round and moved about the sun instead of the reverse. For a time they burned people at the stake for listening to Galileo and accepting what he was proving. If people were equally as ignorant today, they would be getting burned at the stake for believing in nuclear fission and the fact that the atom could be exploded, causing such damage as happened at Hiroshima in the closing days of World War II.

Human minds seem to work that way. Kill or exterminate the scientist whose discoveries you can't explain by the old understandings. Now the latest scoffings at scientific discoveries in the field of Psychics concern the possibility that there may be layers of Upper Levels to our own earth-planet on which human life is organized and maintains just as it does down here on the planet's surface. Only in such higher atomic frequencies of Matter, materials aren't discernible to senses keyed to the common recognitions of mortality.

The fault here would lie with our senses, of course,

not with the fact that anyone has been particularly keeping facts about it from us. . . .

THE ESTIMATE has been made by pioneers in psychical communication that invisibly enwrapped around our hard earth-world are five and perchance six lighter and speedier levels or "octaves" as we call them—seven in all, counting the hard earth-world on which we're living at the moment, as one, or the first.

It is high time too, that ordinary mortal people—meaning people operating in organisms composed of the same atomic frequencies as the earth and its surface features—knew something definite about nature of these surrounding globes of life. Certainly as each person comes to die out of the fleshly body, he moves higher and higher up through the five or six loftier floors, living on each long enough to absorb all the lessons it holds to give him.

The Soulcraft book *Soul Eternal* is all about the various kinds of society and life on each of these octaves, sometimes called Planes.

People who have betaken their inner Etheric bodies out of their clumsy and slow-motion physical bodies, over and over again have found ways and means for communicating information back down here as to what life in these loftier strata is like. This has now grown to a fairly great literature. *Soul Eternal* presents more or less of a digest of it, so that the features outstanding on each plane are reasonably understood by earth people just starting upward through them. . . .

Immediately next above the land surface of our planet there's what we might call a great floor or level that holds all the ignorant, brutal, stupid souls who get out of physical bodies in Etheric Doubles and don't know where they are, nor what to do, because they've never opened either their ears or their minds to such higher instruction while in earth-life. It's known as the Purgatorial Plane but really it's a place where the downright wicked and thoughtless are made to take stock of themselves, after grasping the fact that conscious life is continuous whether inside a body of flesh or a body of ether.

When they've gotten the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the earth-world is the bottom world from

which their great spiritual ascension begins but that there are five great levels still higher up through which they must work their ways, they proceed into The World of Thought Creation—a level which is just the opposite of material conditions in fleshly life. Instead of consciousness enshrouded in the physical body being pushed around by the limitations of materials in this life, and everybody having to work as hard as they know, just to get the means to exist, everything in the world next above Purgatory is supplied by materializing it by Thought.

If you want a suit of clothes, or a house or even a book on this Third Plane, you get it by imagining the picture of it strongly enough so that it actually comes true in reality and you can reach for it and handle it and use it. Naturally money isn't of the slightest use on such a plane because when everybody can have what they want merely by Thought creation of it, no one has any need for selling or buying. What's more, the Etheric Bodies in which conscious souls live and operate don't require food and drink as they do down here close to the earth's surface. They extract their nourishment out of the atmosphere, chemically, precisely as plant life does on this earth-plane. So there are neither farms nor markets nor stores in this higher society. As if this wasn't enough, it is found that the Etheric Bodies are more or less weightless and can be projected here and there also by powers of Thought.

The Spiritualists give the name of "The Summerland" to this great Third Area where the lesson to be learned is one of knowing how to behave when one has plenty of everything, instead of a dearth of it as here on this Earth Plane. Millions tarry on this plane a long, long time, because it's so pleasant to provide anything you fancy just by depicting it sharply enough first in your thought. But when they weary of that sort of effortless existence, they move still higher onto the Fourth Level—what is called the *Plane of Color*.

INTELLIGENCE and even learning itself takes a different form on this Fourth Plane. Instead of facts being put down by print in books, or sent through the air by spoken radio words, by a queer, queer system they've preserved and transferred by different aspects of *color*. In other words, each color means something. You translate or interpret meanings by different shades and hues, learning the great lesson of independence from the limitations on your personal senses.

The Fifth Plane or level is closely allied with the Plane of Color Meanings too, in that as souls win up upon it

they are gradually being weaned from the notion that to express your personality you've got to have a body of some sort. The great lesson of this Fifth Plane is the demonstration that conscious individuality can express itself independent of any enwrapping vehicle. The mystic describes it as the Plane of the Commencement of Cosmic Personality.

Really, you start losing all touch with the lower body-planes by the time you reach the Sixth Level and you're ready to go any where in Space you wish to go purely by Thought, observing what's on other planets or life on surrounding worlds and in other galactic systems. Some higher students name it the Plane of Solar Flame.

All the while your consciousness is expanding and increasing so that instead of thinking of just one thing at once, as you are forced to do on this earth-plane, you can think of ten, twenty, fifty things at once—and give them all equal attention. Of course you've lost all semblance of your fleshly earth form, or any bodily form, up on the Sixth Plane. You're now almost ready to graduate onto the Seventh Plane—which is the level where you make true contact with the intelligence of Holy Spirit and come to partake of an intellect very much like God's.

ON THIS Seventh Plane you pass permanently into a state known as Timelessness. The divinity of your intelligence—which has required perhaps a million years to arrive at—now is aware of everything or anything going on anywhere in the universe. You can now exist and recognize your individuality without a bodily vehicle of any pattern at all. Neither Time nor Space exist for you, because your consciousness encompasses these in all the aspects the worlds have contained for you. You know the whole history of what's due to happen in the future just as capably as you know the history of everything that's happened in the past. Having learned from the Third Level onward how to manufacture and create by Thought, your consciousness has now reached a development where you could even manufacture and create a whole planetary system of your own and people it, if you so chose. This would practically make you a God in your own right—at least to the elemental creatures you had brought thus into being on them.

Be sure you read this great Soulcraft book *Soul Eternal*. No matter what your age, you'll actually know more about the causes behind mortality and the mysteries life presents, than the wisest old sage in your earth-world today. Just remember the Seven Levels. . . .

Eternal Name

(Continued from Page 7)

that they may play the Joe Doakes roles with all the effectivity of one memory and personality, as though they never had participated in any other sequence of events but those the evening's play portrays.

"Sending them back on the *Time-Track* as it is coming to be called, is simply a process of restoring recollection of their Bill Williams personalities, although unless done for a definite therapeutic reason it may not always be advisable.

The point that Soulcraft is stressing here is the breaking of information to the average befuddled human being that he *is* existing in a sort of fleshly amnesia but that when he starts giving thought to the true conditions behind his mortal sojourn, a radiance about himself that may be well-nigh dazzling comes to him, altering his entire concepts of his earthly predicament.

Millions have never had even a hint of their twin-personalities broached to them. The density of their amnesia brings them a sort of emotional despair. And in such despair the theological fanatic comes to them and by inflicting ecclesiastical hypothesis to surfeit, creates in cases a mental hysteria whose end may even be idiocy or insanity. The pity of it!

THE MOMENT the true and correct details of Re-ensoulment, and the benefits of it, are made clear to the average rational mind, there is no more animosity raised against it than our former Thespian felt animosity because his wealthy aunt had left a bequest to be his when he recovered the truth about his personality which dramatic popularity had screened or obliterated.

It is nobody's business in all Cosmos, of course, to ask whom *you* are at present, or may have been, in the roster of divinely dramatic roles you have played since coming into efficient self-awareness. But you can't proceed far into sacred psychical research of the modern order without commencing to see the Life Program as something far different from what you've ever been permitted to envision.

Almost, we might put it, that a mortal person's animus toward the Re-ensoulment Agenda is more or less the gauge of his ignorance in respect to spiritual fundamentals. The person never has been found who, coming into the *complete* understanding of the beneficent and

laudatory provisions of Rebirth exercises the slightest resentment toward it.

Cases have even come to attention where some of the benighted ones, "fighting" reincarnational doctrines the hardest, have suffered the most acute chagrins as they discovered the celebrated roles they had played in mortal history even within recorded times, all of which they were negating and denying simply because the exactions of playing the current role had tired them too much spiritually to recognize anything meritorious in repetitions for the future. Two hundred to five hundred years of being the correct cosmic self on the higher echelons of life, soon cures that weariness. What is a mere seventy years in the fleshly body for directly appreciable spiritual gains and benefits, beside the pardonable pride over the ways one has played some of his roles so majestically as to leave his footprints in the sands of achievement or monuments to his performings as Joe Doakes?

Did Adam Come From?

(Continued from Page 12)

almost call the word "mystery" as another name for ignorance.

However the ten-year-old's question, *Where did Adam come from if he didn't have a mother?* was what we were discussing.

Those who want to study more profoundly into these deeper sacred matters can obtain the information for themselves that Adamu—meaning the man-species as we have said—came to this planet full-grown in spirit form, or at least found themselves here in spirit form "thought up" by God, but upon coating those spirit forms with atomic materials proceeded to show the kind of bodies we exhibit and ourselves use to the present, the males constituting one sex and the females constituting the other.

Does it really make a whole lot of difference to us as Christians, trying to live peaceably and helpfully with our neighbors, whether Adam was the name of a single first-person or a whole species of first persons?

Actually, all of us are little miniatures of God Himself, getting our educations to one day be as great and mighty as the Father-God Himself when we've gone in and out of bodies on this earth-plane times enough.

What matters right now is getting all the education we can from this present life here in America in the Twentieth Century. It's going all to add *in* to our celestial adulthood.

Valor

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Life's Dreary Path

If your absence from Rotary doesn't make any difference, maybe your presence doesn't either.

If that knocking at the door is long and loud, it's usually relatives, not opportunity.

Titles distinguish the mediocre, embarrass the superior, and are disgraced by the inferior. . . .

Prayer is a sally of the soul into the unfound Infinite.

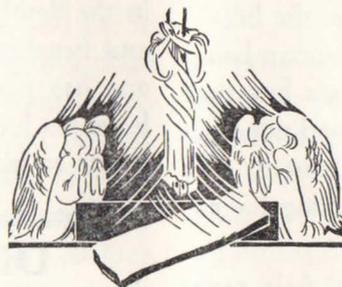
Confession . .

LAST night, September 19, 1961, I watched the last page of the Third Edition of The Golden Scripts come off the press with a pleasure and satisfaction that no other single book could give me. Yet twenty years ago I did not hold the same opinion. What lies in between, of course, is an awakening to what the Golden Scripts are and what they convey.

This confession is made for the reason that there may be others to whom the Scripts mean as little as they did to me when I was first introduced to them. During preceding months of that long-ago year, my father had been sending me material in scriptural language that was to me cryptic and unintelligible, and to which, after a number of futile attempts, I paid scant heed. Still I could not seem to bring myself to toss them away.

Not long after, my father decided to

publish the Golden Scripts in book form, and presently I found myself helping to proofread from the manuscript of which my father had sent me samples and I began to understand what the original manuscript had been all about that I had sidetracked so thoughtlessly! A few years afterward the 448-page Clergyman's Edition came off the presses here in Noblesville and again I was plunged into the beauty, the power and the inspiration of the book. Again I got more out of it. More and more of the wordage and the ideas made sense of the most profound sort.



By this time I had long since made the discovery that all those who love the Scripts have likewise discovered—that different passages have different appeals at different times. What may on one occasion seem a meaningless jumble of sacred words, will on another day, in another mood, under different circumstances, bring an answer to quandary as though written in syllables of fire.

It has been almost a year ago that as a labor of love, I began the serious preparation and proofreading of this Third Edition and last night the presswork was finished. In its preparation I have again read its whole Thirty-Six Speakings, word for word, at least six times more. And in each reading I have found new instruction, new encouragement, new inspiration.

I am, obviously, not directing these words to persons who already know and love the Golden Scripts. But I know there are others to whom the Soulcraft books, written in my father's own direct, informal style, have brought new hope and understanding, but to whom The Golden Scripts are, as yet, an unlocked chest. To such I say, stick with them! The treasure is there.

To them at first, as to me, only a passage here and there will make sense.

Then gradually certain chapters will become favorites. Then finally, in the whole splendid panorama of Speakings, will come a realization of why the Golden Scripts, in their breadth and in their depth, form the cornerstone of the whole Soulcraft teaching.

Many passages which for a long time seemed to me to be apparent contradictions have, in the growth of a wider understanding and a larger perspective, become not contradictions at all, but simply two different views of one many-faceted concept. An understanding of any portion of the Scripts is something that grows on you, or perhaps I should say, you grow into. Verse 8 in Chapter 13 says, "I say unto you, give the most ignorant human soul a glimpse into eternity, and many glimpses allowed to many eyes mean the rolling back a little further of the veil that obscureth poor human vision and men see their godhood enthroned on a pinnacle . . ."

The Golden Scripts provide uncountable glimpses. No one in a lifetime can exhaust them. I speak with the authority of one who has had, in the course of necessity as well as pleasure, to read them many times, and I have just begun to scratch the surface.

In this fascinating and dangerous age in which we are now living, when old-fashioned religious teaching has proved not to be enough, when human spirits are battered, confused and fearful, when the individual heart needs personal encouragement for itself and new hope for the world, the Golden Scripts is an ever-flowing fountain of spiritual refreshment. I am grateful for my second chance!

—ADELAIDE PEARSON

ANNOUNCEMENT

Presswork on the 908-page Golden Scripts has been completed and the book is now ready for the bindery.

Printed on thin, bond paper, bound in limp-leather, this limited Third Edition is the finest to date.

Order now! Price \$10.00



Romance Ala Mode

By the Author of *Seven Days Grace*, *Stamped Envelopes*, *Twenty Minutes for Lunch*, etc.

sunlight. The length of the roof it ran, visible for half a mile—

J. J. RAMMINGTON CORPORATION
VALVES AND CASTINGS

"That's John's plant!" the younger man exclaimed, dumbfounded. As the taxi left the marsh behind, the size of the industry grew increasingly apparent.

"Sure," one of the older men responded. "Why not?"

"You mean, . . . he actually owns . . . a business as big as . . . ?"

"He's president, anyhow. And holds fifty-five percent of its controlling stock. Where'd you say you knew John?"

"We were boys together in Vermont. But it's been twenty years since I saw him last. His folks moved somewhere out west. I lost track of him completely."

"John came east to Chicago at twenty and went to work for the Cranes. Got some money together in Nineteen-eleven and started these works out here."

The taxi swerved suddenly in between wooden gates, up to the steps of a two-storied, yellow-brick administration building. The three alighted and each settled his tariff separately.

Inside the plate-glass doors was refreshing, shadowed coolness. Down the rubber-carpeted, white-walled corridor they made their way to a desk marked Information. The bobbed-haired young person who likewise presided at the office switch-board recognized the elder men but frowned at the third when she heard his request.

"Didn't Mr. Shields or Mr. Whitney

tell you there's an important directors' meeting at two o'clock today? Or didn't you come from New York with them?"

"No. Just by accident I made their acquaintance in the diner on the Limited. They said they were coming out to the Rammington iron works here, and the name was so unusual I thought this Rammington must be a boyhood friend of mine, and stopped off."

"I doubt if he can see you, but I'll phone up your name. What did you say it was?"

"Herbert. James Herbert. Tell Mr. Rammington it's Jim Herbert—of Hebron, Vermont."

After an interval of explanation, the phone girl pulled her plug-wire with a gesture of astonishment. "You're in luck, brother," she announced. "Go up them stairs and down the hall to the door at the end. It says No Admittance but push along in. But I don't mind tellin' you, you're puttin' across what our General Superintendent couldn't, this particular afternoon."

Leaving his bag with the girl, the Vermonter climbed the rubber-matted flight. He found the specified door and opened it cautiously. Up from an enormous plateau of a desk in the center, the solitary occupant of that office at the moment arose to his feet.

"Jim Herbert!" he cried, pulling off his glasses. "Good Lord!"

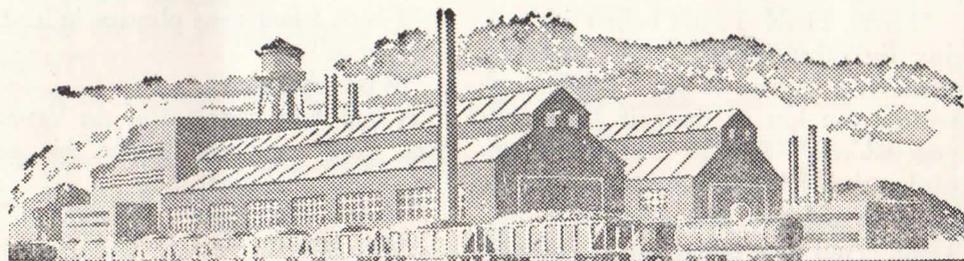
A SHORT, stocky, square-shouldered executive, was this John J. Rammington—who wore his iron-gray hair

IT was half-past one of an afternoon in August. On the shabby outskirts of Gilead, Indiana, a dilapidated Ford taxi bumped and rocked its driver and three passengers along a cinder road that crossed diagonally a dumping-ground and marsh.

Directly ahead, dominating all the district, four great stacks belched soft-coal smoke over several acres of derrick-sheds and foundries. A half-dozen corrugated iron buildings housed the industry which kept the little town on the business map. Even the stranger within the gates might recognize it.

Two of those passengers were elderly, portly—manifestly out of place in the conveyance. They were shrewd of glance and expensively clothed. The third was a stolidly-built fellow in his middle thirties, eyes vaguely troubled beneath a high, bald forehead. He wore an inexpensive gray suit, badly in need of pressing. The collar of his shirt was a size too large and his crocheted tie was lumpy and bungling. At their feet in the tonneau were black leather traveling bags. Of the trio, the youngest seemed least familiar with the district.

Capricious afternoon wind lifted the lazy smoke pall above the tallest of the buildings. A sign was revealed in sooty



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parted in the center and displayed a jaw like a street-car fender. He had the sleek, well-fed, well-groomed aspect which the other lamentably lacked. He stood for a moment with his fists resting on the desk-top and stared at his visitor in startled appraisal.

"I happened . . . to fall in with a couple of your directors on the Limited, J-J-John. Thought I'd stop off and learn if you were the same John Rammington I played around with, back in New England."

They remained in tableau a full thirty seconds while the owner of that office and business recovered from the stupefaction of the Vermonter's appearance. Then he came around the desk, his eyes twinkling with pleasure.

"Herb! Herb! I can't believe it's you. Just the other evening I was wondering whatever'd become of you. Might have written you lots of times if I'd known your address." And he caught the rumpled one's hand in both his own. "Where on earth did you ever drop from now, Herb? And what brings you to Indiana?"

Sit down, man. When the girl phoned up that Jim Herbert of Hebron, Vt. was downstairs I thought for a minute I was being kidded."

"I'm not butting in on your business, John?"

"It's a half-hour to the directors' meeting, anyway. Take the other chair, Herbert. It's more comfortable. Besides, it's closer and I want to look at you. Well, well, well!"

The Vermonter sloughed down in a perceptible fuddle. He had opened a door into an office like a cloister. A great, soft-toned Turkish rug covered its polished floor. Walls and ceiling were of mellowed walnut—and likewise the furniture. Rammington's ponderous desk must have cost as much as a limousine. His personal chair had a high, pointed back; it belonged in a church, behind the chancel. Soft light came into the place through windows of richly-stained glass at the rear.

"Seems to me . . . you've c-c-covered quite a bit of ground in fourteen years, John," the visitor contrived at last.

"Fourteen years is a long time in business these days, Herb. Smoke, don't you?" and as though for something to do to offset his callow perturbation, the manufacturer offered a box of long, thin Havanas. "But nevermind me. I want to hear how things are with you, . . . now that I'm getting my breath from the shock of your appearance. Where you headed for now, Herb?"

Into the caller's eyes the former ache of trouble returned. "I'm headed . . . west," he stammered. "Chicago, . . . San Francisco, . . . maybe abroad."

"The Orient? On business?"

"N-N-Not exactly on business, John. No!"

"You don't mean a pleasure trip?" Rammington held out a lighted match for Herbert's cigar, later waving the flame before his own.

"I hope I find some pleasure in it. But I doubt it."

"Wife with you?"

A dull flush crept out of the Vermonter's collar and up behind his ears. "N-N-No, I'm alone."

"How come? Aren't you married?"

"Yes, but—"

Herbert stopped. An awkward pause ensued.

"But what?"

"Maybe before I leave I'll tell you."

"What's your line, Herbert—your business?"

"I've been manufacturing clocks."

"You've *been* manufacturing clocks? What do you mean, . . . sold out?"

"N-N-No, I haven't sold out—exactly. But things haven't gone as well with me, John, as they seem to have gone with you."

"What kind of clocks did you make?"

"Alarm clocks. You must have heard of those wall models that look like any common clock—"

"You don't mean Wide-Awakes!"

"Yes. Wide-Awakes. 'You Set the Pointer; the Clock Does the Rest.' That's my product. I got it up and tried to put it on the market—"

"Heavens and earth! I've seen your advertising all over the country. I never dreamed that you were behind it. Have you got a factory?"

"You might call it such, if you want to be charitable. It's only one floor, up over a garage. Doesn't take much space to make clocks."

"You tried to put them on the market, you said."

"I put most of my capital into national advertising, John. It . . . didn't . . . take hold."

"But hell's bells, man. Why are you headed for the Orient? You can't sell alarm clocks out there."

"I don't intend to try."

Rammington did not miss the bitterness in the voice of his one-time chum. "See here, Herb, what's the matter? Has your business gone bust?"

"Not exactly, John. At least, . . . not yet."

Rammington's eyes narrowed shrewdly. Leaning forward, he scraped his cigar tip thoughtfully on the edge of a heavy bronze tray.

"I see," he said dryly at length. "You're getting out—skipping—*running away!*"

IT had been twenty-five minutes to two o'clock when the Vermonter opened the door on the friend of his boyhood. The minutes began to tick steadily away.

Quarter to two came. Ten minutes off.

The rumpled Vermonter had tried to protest—at least qualify the manufacturer's brutal pronouncement. He made a wretched failure. Rammington deliberately switched the conversation. They talked of business in general; the vicissitudes each of them had experienced; bygone days in Green Mountain Valley. Unerringly, however, they came back to Herbert's predicament. The latter explained:

"Cantler, the big hotel man has a summer place in Hebron. I thought for a time I'd go to Detroit and try to get him interested to put some capital into my business. But—"

"Excuse me a minute," Rammington interrupted as a phone bell whirred softly on the side of his desk. "Yes?" he called into the mouthpiece. "She is? Ask her to step upstairs. To my office." Hooking the receiver, "J. J." resumed his smoke.

"It's Mrs. Rammington," he explained. "She's here for the directors' meeting. I'd like you to meet her."

"What's your wife doing at a directors' meeting?"

"Oh, she always looks in when there's important business afoot."

"She's one of your directors?"

"No, no, . . . just sits in as a sort of personal counsel to the president. We formed the habit some fourteen years ago."

"What's the big idea, John?" The Vermonter's tone was indulgent. "You married to one of those nose women who tries to run your affairs?"

The owner and directing head of the five acres of activity droning out beyond the stained-glass windows, hardened resentfully. "Not in the slightest," he returned, a wooden note in voice and manner. "But if it hadn't been for Mrs. Rammington, her husband might have had no affairs to run."

"Don't get sore, John. I meant it kindly."

"Herbert, where's your wife this moment?"

"Back home in Hebron. What of it?"

"Does she know you're out here?"

"She knows I'm off on a trip."

"Does she know you're headed for San Francisco, . . . *the Orient*?"

"N-N-No."

"Are you skipping the country—leaving her behind?"

"I'm leaving her provided for. I'm not yellow, if that's what you mean."

"I thought you said you'd used all your capital in advertising. How have you provided for her?"

"I've left her the business—to run or sell as she chooses."

"Does she know it?"

"She will—when I reach San Francisco."

"I suspected as much. What's the matter, . . . had a fuss with her?"

"If you want the truth, John, I've had little else through eight or ten years."

"Over what—especially."

"That's just it. Nothing *especially*. We just don't hit it off, and never have."

John Rammington laid back in his great, high-backed chair and studied his one-time friend through eyes that were beady. "You poor son of a gun," he finally declared.

"Oh you needn't waste any pity on me—just because I haven't married as happily as yourself."

"I wasn't wasting pity on account of your marriage. If you want the brutal truth, I was pitying you for your general lack of brains."

Anger displaced the ache of trouble in James Herbert's eyes for a moment. Then they filmed suddenly. His voice was ragged as he cried: "I just reached the end of my rope, John. I spent most of my liquid money for advertising and the product didn't go over. And with Martha nagging me all the time, . . . oh hell! When a man finds himself married to a nagger, what's left for him to do?"

"The wise man tries a little romance ala mode. What does she nag you about?"

"I don't know what you mean by romance ala mode. But she's one of the kind who imagines she could run my business better than I do myself."

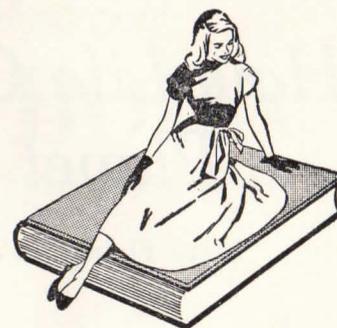
"And can't she?"

"Of course she can't."

"How do you know? Has she ever tried it?"

"You can bet your sweet life I've never let her get the chance. You ought to know how women are. They always think they can run things better than a man—until it comes to a show-down."

"Well, what then?"



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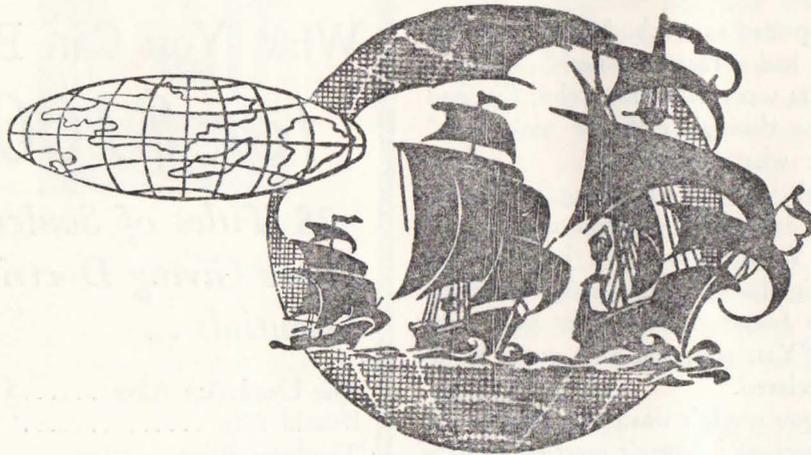
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"They get shown *up*, of course. I never saw one who didn't."

"How much experience have you had?"

"I told you I'd been married eight or ten years."

"Yet you admit you never took your wife's counsel in your affairs?"

"Do you think I wanted 'em wrecked?"

"But a moment ago you inferred you'd wrecked 'em yourself! Could your wife have done any worse?"

"She couldn't have done any better."

"Again I ask you why not? And how do you know?"

"B-B-But . . . she couldn't, that's all. She's a woman, I tell you?"

Jim Herbert stared blankly. He felt such an explanation should be all-sufficient. But Rammington began to laugh—sadly.

"Herb, I didn't imagine that in this day and age such bigoted asses still existed."

"I'm not a bigoted ass."

"Any man who's got a woman loving him enough to nag him and who treats her as if she were a liability, is an ass. I'm worth a couple of million dollars, my friend. My judgment ought to count for something, don't you think?"

"You mean to say a nagging woman isn't a liability?"

"Of course she's not. She's the biggest asset a man can have."

"You think a man enjoys being flogged into success by the lashing of a woman's tongue?"

"I mean nothing of the sort. No woman nags a man unless she's become heart-sick at the mess he makes of his affairs and himself. Yet she must love the dumb-bell or she'd get out and leave him. Her nagging is all a form of twisted, aborted interest—and ten to one the man is responsible. Some men hedge their wives around with treatment that leaves them no other mode of expression than *talk*, and by the looks of things I'd say you were one. And having weighted and circumscribed her so—till there's nothing left that she can do but caterwaul—you're getting out and leaving her. *And claiming you're not yellow!* As my flapper daughter would express it: *Apple-sauce!*"

"For the love of heaven, what'd you have me do?"

Rammington's manner was curt as he turned aside. "Do? I think you'd better stick around here a while, meet Mrs. Rammington and watch how it's possible for a mere male to so develop his wife's interest in his affairs till she's the most valuable asset he's got. Maybe it's a lucky thing you stopped off here today. Perhaps you'll learn a few things that'll make you think twice about chasing off to the Orient and leaving so invaluable a thing as a broken-hearted woman behind you."

The hall door opened as James Herbert still stared blankly. He was dimly aware a woman was entering—a trim, efficient, diminutive woman in white, bare-headed, carrying a pongee parasol.

"Oh—excuse me!" she cried. "I've just come in from so much sunlight—and the room in here is so shadowed—I didn't know anyone was—"

"It's quite all right, Helen. Let me introduce Jim Herbert. You've heard me speak of Jim Herbert. He dropped off to see me on a business trip to Detroit and may be with us a couple of days—if he'll stay. Mr. Herbert—Mrs. Rammington."

"Pleezetermeecher," the Vermonter said thickly.

But somehow he wasn't. He lied like a gentleman. Which at the moment he felt he wasn't, either.

WHETHER it was what Jim Herbert witnessed in that office and ensuing directors' meeting—which he attended—or what Rammington revealed to him, or what he beheld in the Rammington household in the next two days, that was responsible for the Vermonter's return to New England, is not of moment.

The fact remains that in the nature of things, he stepped off the shuttle train that comes up to Hebron around six o'clock each night and took a taxi up to a white cottage house in Elm Street. He had been away exactly one week.

In the cool of a golden summer's day, a sharp-featured woman in a blue wrapper, with a red worsted shawl around slightly bowed shoulders, turned in annoyed surprise from her task of watering some flowers to see her husband mount the embankment steps.

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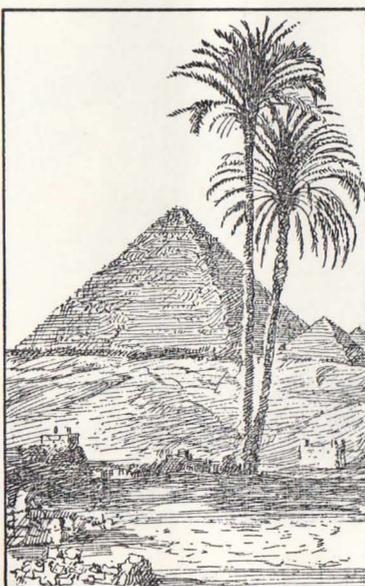
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"Oh, it's you, is it?" she greeted him. And went on dousing the petunias.

The man's face paled. He swallowed a hot, hard swallow. Nevertheless, leaving his bag on the steps, he crossed the lawn and came up behind her.

He put his arms around her, turned her, kissed her boyishly—directly on the mouth.

Had he struck her with a club he could not have stupefied her more. The hose went coughing into the shrubbery. Her body stiffened in his embrace. "For Gawd's sake, Jim Herbert!" she cried when she could speak.

"What's the matter?"

"Are you . . . drunk!"

"Of course I'm not drunk."

"Then what have you been up to? You've got *something* on your conscience!"

"Can't a man kiss his wife when he comes home from a business trip without being treated like a felon?"

"Not out on a lawn, for the whole town to see. Please use some sense!"

Her tone was a cruel rebuff. Yet apparently the man had adopted a policy of romance ala mode and meant to see it through to success or failure. "What do I care for the town? Let it know how much I think of you. I should worry."

The blood had fanned from the woman's face. She had a glassy look in her eyes. "Jim Herbert! . . . have you really been successful with Jacob Gantler?"

His will-power wilted. "No," he said unevenly. Nervously he glanced about the place. "Who mowed the lawn?" he demanded in forced surprise.

Martha Herbert searched her husband's features with eyes too big for her face. She pressed a work-roughed hand against her mouth. "Who do you think, . . . with you gone away?"

"You oughtn't to do such heavy work, Marthy. You have enough to do in the house as it is."

"Jim Herbert! . . . how long since you c-c-cared how m-m-much heavy work I did, . . . or where? You *are* crazy! You've got a crazy look in your eyes."

"Does it strike you that way, just because I may have done a little thinking on my trip—and come back to try out a new system?"

"What new system? You're always

talking new systems. You've got too many of 'em as it is."

"Come up onto the veranda, Marthy. Let's talk. Besides, . . . I've brought you some new things I picked up in Buffalo."

"You've . . . brought . . . me . . . some . . . new . . . things? Jim Herbert, you've committed some *awful* crime, and I mean to find out what it is." But her voice broke. Her gaze was suddenly misty. He had to put his arm around her angular form to guide her toward the steps.

DAYLIGHT faded over the little town. The street arcs came on. On nearby verandas, husbands in their shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet left off reading the evening's copy of the local daily and were persuaded to don coats and footwear and go to the movies.

Jim Herbert went nowhere that evening, however. Eight o'clock found him still seated beside his wife in the spring-hammock hung from the veranda roof. Into the red worsted shawl the woman was weeping—dry, choked sobs.

For over her lap was spilled the contents of a long, narrow parcel. A dozen shapely stockings of sheerest silk, lay in a crumpled heap half out of the fancy box. And Jim Herbert was stumbling on somehow—

" . . . you see, Marthy, . . . that silk drummer I met on the train claimed civilization and romance moved up a couple o' pegs when women in general acquired shiny legs . . . "

"Women? Shiny legs! Oh. Jim Herbert."

"Well, . . . I got to thinking, . . . I'd never once seen my own wife with shiny legs, Marthy. And when he showed me his stock, I got to wondering just how *you'd* look in 'em. You used to have the p-p-prettiest ankles and s-s-shoulders of any woman in Hebron valley, Marthy. I thought I'd bring you these so you could show the rest of the females in this town you'd still got 'em. You'd rather I'd buy 'em for you than for some other woman, wouldn't you, Marthy."

"Of course I would! I guess you know that. But I was thinking how little money we had to spend on such things with your business taking so much—"

"But Marthy, you've *got* to dress better. I've been doing a heap of thinking



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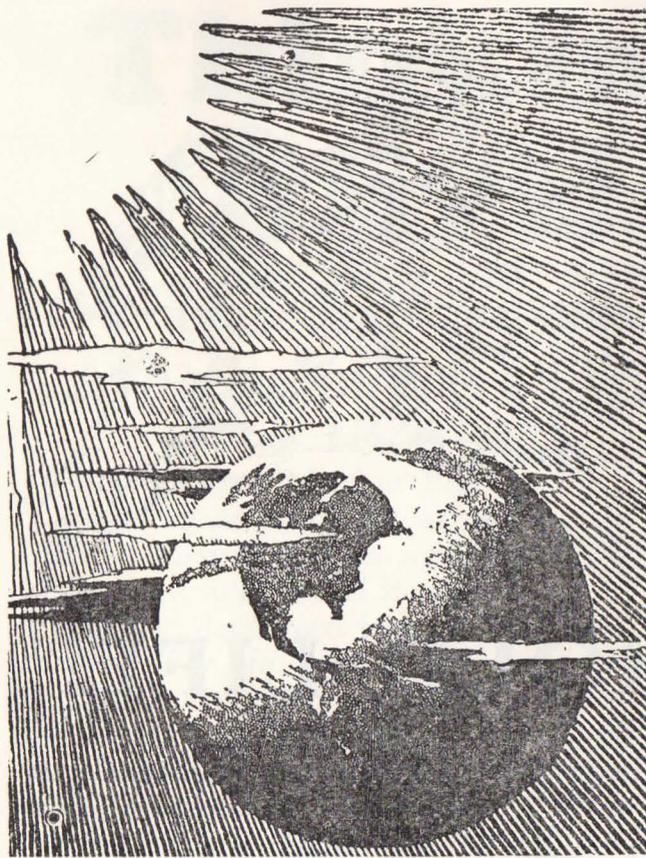
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on this trip, Marthy. And it suddenly hit me, . . . I'm asking you to do work here at the house that any ten-dollar Swede could do. And all the time you'd be fourteen times as valuable down to the office, helping me with the business and advising me how I ought to do to avoid costly mistakes—”

“Now I *know* you're crazy! Ever since you started that business I wanted to help you—and you'd never let me. You always said my place was at home and to let you alone. You told me a thousand times I didn't know anything about business and laughed at me when I tried to show you—”

“Well, I'm going to let you show me, Marthy. It's come to me . . . maybe I've been a bigoted ass, . . . maybe all the time I've been deliberately ignoring and discarding exactly the acumen and intuition I didn't have myself, . . . and using you instead on work a ten-dollar Swede could do. That's my new system, Marthy. I want you to get out of here and come down to the office. We'll be business partners. When I'm headed wrong, you tell me you think so *and I'll abide by your judgment.*”

“God in heaven.” the wife cried piteously.

“Maybe there's lots of jays like me, . . . who don't know what real ability they're married to, . . . because they've never given it a trial. I've got to the place where I can't carry the load all by myself any longer, Marthy. I want someone to take an interest in things I can trust—who'll help me be in two places at once. You know the directors are only dummies—not good for a hoot. Will you, Marthy? And tomorrow go buy yourself a tailored business suit with a short skirt, so you can start in the job with . . .” he gulped clumsily, “. . . with . . . shiny legs.”

“It's what I been eight years wanting to do, Jim Herbert. And . . . it's come at last. I don't care what woman you been cutting up with, Jim Herbert. I'll show you my l-legs c-c-can be just as . . . as . . . shiny . . . as anything *she's* got.”

“But I haven't cut up with any woman, dear.”

“There you go! Arguing with me right away! And you just said you were going to accept my intuition in everything!”

A GAIN it was half-past one of a sunny afternoon. Again a dilapidated Ford taxi bumped and rocked its driver and three passengers along a cinder road that crossed a dumping-ground and marsh—but on the shabby outskirts of Hebron, Vt., not Gilead, Indiana. And instead of three men, the passengers were one man and two women.

He was a short, stocky, square-shouldered man with a jaw that thrust out like a street-car fender. The younger woman looked ahead and demanded of him:

"Father, I thought you told mother and me that Mr. Herbert's business was up over a garage. That sign: NEW ERA CLOCK WORKS runs the length of a roof with no garage under it."

"Herbert's business *was* over Smiley's Garage," the red-haired driver volunteered. "But it took a sort o' bracer couple o' weeks ago. Some say he found new capital while he was west. Anyhow, he kicked Smiley out and had alterations made so he could use the whole building."

The driver pulled up at the steps. The stocky man alighted and assisted wife and daughter to the doorstone.

"I don't know whether you can see Mr. Herbert or not, this afternoon," a bobbed-hair young person at the first desk inside announced. "He expected Mrs. Herbert back from Detroit on the one-twenty train and left orders he didn't want to be annoyed till after they'd had their conference."

"Tell him John Rammington—and wife and daughter—are here from Gilead, Indiana—"

"**JOHN RAMMINGTON!**" cried an astounded voice behind, where the door from the shipping room had opened.

"Hello, Jim Herbert. So you did return to Hebron after all? Thought we'd look in on you—Helen and Christine and me. We're headed for Nova Scotia on a vacation. Thought I'd stop off here and show Helen the town where you and I once got into scrapes."

Again a dramatic pause ensued while a manufacturer sought to assimilate the identity of the one revealed before him.

"You, . . . here!" the clock-maker gasped.

"Well, now you know how I felt when you showed up unannounced at my place



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two or three weeks back."

"C-C-Come upstairs," he invited after greeting wife and daughter. "M-M-My wife and I are just completing private offices for ourselves up there. Forgive me if I seem upset. I heard the taxi drive up, from the shipping room. I thought it was Martha."

"Neat little plant you got here, Herb. Chance for some mighty nice offices. Not a whole lot different than the plant you and I started out with, is it, Helen?"

Offices just about the same size, eh, honey?"

"Yes," John Rammington's wife said faintly, quick huskiness in her voice as she averted her face.

Jim Herbert, awkward as a callow boy at the advent of such royalty, began straightening papers and ledgers clumsily. "I'll fetch you some chairs," he finally blurted out. And he nearly upset the water carboy in going for the chairs.

"What on earth ails him?" demanded



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Christine Rammington, whose snub-nose and sports clothes had created a lick-penny sensation in the lower office.

"WHAT'S this about your wife being away?" the steel-man asked when the four were seated. "Girl downstairs implied she'd gone off somewhere on business."

"Martha did. She went to Detroit."

"So? What you turning so darned red about?"

Yet Herbert's face was more than red. It was scarlet-vermillion. He tried to laugh. He made a painful grimace. "She went out to see old man Cantler," he admitted.

"You mean Cantler of the Cantler hotel system?"

Jim Herbert nodded. "You remember I started to speak to you about him that day at your office when Mrs. Rammington came in."

"I know the old son of a gun. Played golf with him lots of time in Chicago. What's she gone to see him about, Jim, . . . if it's any of our business?"

"C-C-Capital," the other confessed, with a quick nervous glance at Helen Rammington.

"You sent your wife out to see old Jacob . . . to raise money for your business?"

"No, I didn't send her. She took it into her head she was going, herself. She claimed the treasurer of a corporation ought to be able to talk to its prospects better than—"

"Treasurer? Is your wife your treasurer?"

"Y-Y-Yes. I m-m-made her treasurer when I came home from your place, three weeks ago. I . . . er . . . well, . . . it struck me that a person who'd managed her house so well on what little money I'd been able to give her, had a pretty good head for finances, after all—"

"The taxi fellow who drove us out here had something to say about you having got capital when you were west, yourself."

"The town thinks that, probably, because as soon as I came back and took Martha in with me, we made a lot of changes. Martha seemed to hold I'd been spending money for the wrong things—or at least in the wrong proportion. She

figured that if we made seventy-five more of our clocks per day, we could cut the price forty cents per clock and that would provide funds for better distribution. We've been three weeks preparing to handle more business."

"How you going to swing it?"

"She seemed to feel confident that if we got our cost system on a better basis, she could find the capital."

"You don't talk as if you had much faith that she could."

"I don't mind saying I'm nervous. If she doesn't come back with the dough today—or at least the promise of it—our whole new program's ditched before it's begun. And I'm afraid she won't. I know Jacob Cantler."

"Yes, so do I. He's the hardest man to reach west of Pittsburgh. There's been a time or two when I couldn't even reach him myself—and we're fellow directors in a couple of Illinois corporations. That Pettibone woman, his old-maid secretary, is a regular Gorgan. Wish I could hire her to barricade me away from the bores."

"I know," Jim Herbert disclosed. "Somehow Martha was so sure of herself that I hadn't the heart to tell her I *did* try to get to Cantler half a dozen times, but that same Gorgan always thwarted me."

"See here, Jim, can't you get a line of credit at the banks, to set you on your feet?"

"If I could show bona fide orders for Wide-Awakes, I could, John. But that's just the trouble. I haven't had quite enough to stimulate a demand in advance from the trade and the banks won't take any more chances on me while my business is in its promotion stage."

"How much do you need?"

"I claimed five thousand dollars more ought to see us through till the tide turned—with what we've got tied up in stock and accounts. But Martha said five thousand dollars was only pin-money; we'd spend it and be right where we are now in two or three months. She'd said we needed twenty—and went to Cantler to try and get it."

"How much margin of profit is there in these clocks of yours, Herb?"

"The way Martha and I have got things planned out in the production end now, we'll have the manufacturing cost



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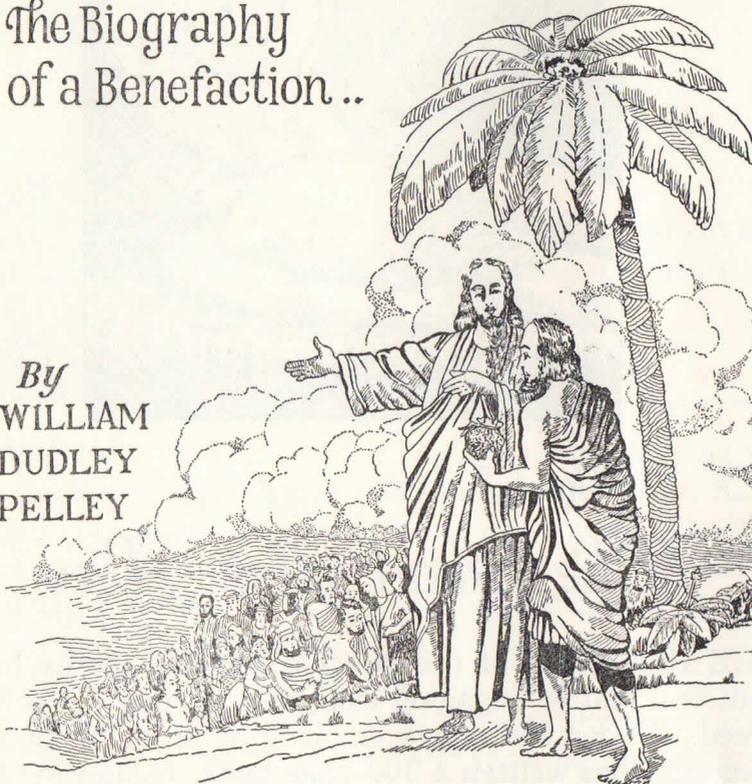
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down to two-nineteen. They sell to the jobbers for two seventy-five and the dealers for three and a half. They retail for five."

"Fifty-six cents a clock, eh? Does that include your advertising appropriation per clock?"

"Yes. That's net profit."

"And how many clocks can you make a day?"

"A hundred and sixty—if we've got the capital to run full blast."

"That's nine hundred and sixty clocks a week at a fifty-six-cent profit per clock." Rammington had a silver pencil out and was figuring on an old envelop. "That's a weekly profit of five hundred and thirty-seven odd dollars. Not so bad, if there isn't a colored gentleman in the woodpile of your costs somewhere."

"Well, that's running full blast, I said, and figuring we have plenty of capital to carry the business. But see here, John, I'm not telling you this because I want any of *your* money for my business."

"You're not going to get any of my money for your business. I prefer that you and I remain just what we've always been, . . . good boyhood friends."

Herbert swallowed hard. "I d-d-don't see what's keeping Martha. She was going to be in on the one-twenty train."

"Why, we came up on the one-twenty train," exclaimed Helen Rammington.

"There's a car just turned in the yard," announced the flapper-daughter from her place by the window. "A woman in a blue tailor-made with a red feather in her hat has just got out. Is that your wife?"

"Yes," replied Jim Herbert. His face was stone-white. They scarcely heard his assent. His trembling hands gripped the arms of his chair.

"Perhaps we're intruding, John," the little blonde woman suggested. "Mr. Herbert probably wants to talk with his wife first in private."

"No," protested Herbert hoarsely. It's quite all right. If she's failed, she's failed. If she hasn't, the g-g-good news will bear overhearing."

"What you so quakey about, Jim?. Be more of a gambler. Don't let it get you like this."

"Well, . . . so much depends on whether or not she's got to her man, entirely aside from the use of the money,

that . . . hang it all, I don't want her to fail. I guess I want her to succeed because these last three weeks I've really discovered Martha. Ten years we've been married. Eight years I've been running a business of one kind or another. *Only these last three weeks I've found out she's the best business partner I could have found in the state!*"

A door had slammed below. Voices drifted up the stairs. Half a moment later foot-treads were heard, ascending the flight . . .

"Martha dear! Did you see your man?"

The angular woman closed the door and backed against it. She stared in surprise at the group awaiting her. The trim tailor-made softened many of the angles of her figure. Her color was high. Somehow in that tableau she epitomized the modern woman in business—and yet a wife.

"Yes, Jim, I saw him."

"Did you get—?"

"The capital we needed? No, . . . I didn't."

It was eerily quiet for that ensuing quarter-moment in the little upper office. Down in the yard an automobile engine was being accelerated. Out in the "factory" sounded a faint tapping of a hammer on metal. The husband drew a long ragged breath.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Rammington, Marthy. And . . . their daughter . . . Christine."

"Why, you're the people I saw coming up in the train! I didn't recognize you at first. I've just come in from so much sunlight—and it's so shadowed in here—that I didn't know—"

"Oh Mrs. Herbert! We're so sorry you went 'way to Detroit—and failed." Helen Rammington was on her feet. She sped to the side of the wife in the tailor-made, and caught her hand. "Your husband's just been telling us about you—"

"Who says I failed?" demanded James Herbert's lawfully-wedded spouse. "He asked me if I got the capital we needed for the business. I said I hadn't."

The men exchanged puzzled glances. Martha Herbert gave John Rammington her hand and then greeted the flapper-daughter. She lifted off her hat.

"It's going to be hot up here in the

summer, Jim. I see where we've got to invest in a couple of electric fans." She turned to the Rammingtons. "You must have come down here to the office direct from the station. I had myself driven up

to our house, and left my bag."

Jim Herbert was on his feet. "What's it all about, Marthy?" he cried, like a small boy begging enlightenment of an elder. "You say you didn't get Jacob

Another Bulls-Eye!



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Cantler's investment and yet . . . you haven't failed."

". . . and men claim women are the curious sex, Mrs. Rammington," the Vermont wife remarked with dry humor.

"Don't they beat the Dutch?" Like her husband, she accepted these Rammingtons as intimates in the Herbert private affairs.

"Your husband was just telling us, before you came in, that he hoped you wouldn't fail for quite another reason than the use of Jacob's money," John Rammington declared.

The wife caught the inference. She bit her thin lip suddenly. "My husband's an old dear. Sometimes he seems to show the poorest financial judgment of any male who ever bought an adding machine just to play with the thing. All the same, he's an old dear. Jim Herbert, how many hotels do you think Jacob Cantler runs?"

"Ten or a dozen. Why?"

"What do you suppose the sum-total of all the rooms in all his hotels happens to be?"

"I know the Transylvania alone has over three thousand."

"The sum-total of all those rooms is twenty-eight thousand three hundred. I picked up one of their folders going out in the train. I fell thinking about the Cantler system. You see, Jim, when you go asking a man to invest money in your business, sooner or later you've got to pay him back. Any banker will tell you a woman makes the worst sort of borrower—because she hates to pay the money back. I got to thinking of having to pay back the Cantler investment sometime, and decided I didn't like it. So when I got to Detroit, I . . . well, you see, I . . . talked that susceptible old man into installing one of our tickless, wall-model Wide-Awakes in every room of every hotel under his management that hasn't a clock at present."

A GAIN it was eerily quiet in that upper office. Jim Herbert's voice came in a ludicrous squeak:

"You've sold twenty-eight thousand clocks?"

Martha pulled a crumpled letter from the pocket on her skirt and tossed it down before her pop-eyed husband.

"To be delivered over a period of eight-

een months, and provided we'll make the installations. There's a letter confirming it. The regular order will be along in due course of business."

John Rammington laughed suddenly—long and loud.

"Mrs. Herbert, how on earth did you ever get past old Jacob's secretary? Some of the country's biggest business men have failed to do that. Jacob keeps her on purpose, so people won't walk in and sell him things he wouldn't otherwise buy."

"Huh, Mrs. Rammington will tell you there are some deals that only a woman can engineer. Pettibone wasn't going to let me in either, the first time I called. But I did something you men couldn't have done—without getting your ears cuffed soundly."

"For pity's sake, what?"

"When I went in and found that female sour-mash ready to balk me, my glove happened to have some train soot upon it. I put my arm about her shoulders affectionately—as though trying to get her to thaw. Ten minutes later I called her attention sweetly to the mess her waist was, in the back; she'd better go somewhere and fix it before any men-folk showed up in that office. Coming from a woman, of course she believed it. The minute she stepped out to investigate, why . . . I simply walked into Mr. Cantler's office and demanded to know, as a woman and home-maker, why hotel rooms weren't ever furnished with clocks. What answer could he make? Why weren't they? The Lord knows there's nothing any more friendly, coming into a strange room, than to find a clock—if it hasn't a tick that gets on your nerves. And then I talked our Wide-Awakes, which guests could easily adjust at night for themselves: 'You Set the Pointer; the Clock Does the Rest.'"

"Martha Herbert," the husband cried weirdly, "this letter calls for twenty-eight thousand Wide-Awakes at four dollars per clock—fifty cents above our list price to dealers!"

"What of it? I tacked on fifty cents per clock more when old Jacob began to oggle my shiny silk stockings, the old goat! There again you men-folks would be at a decided disadvantage. Ask Mrs. Rammington."

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The Golden Speakings



MY DEARLY Beloved: And now, I bid you to an excellence.

2 I give you my wisdom: I come and make speech unto you that ye may have treasure, yea even that treasure that the world supplieth not: I fill up your coffers with a sweet understanding, I open my radiance and flood it upon you.

3 Canst ye not wait a little time until the seasons have sojourned, till the dawning hath moment, till that which is great and wise shall make you a patrimony and say, Come and take it?

4 Ever and anon the sons of men show beasthood: they arise in their combats, they pluck the eagle's feathers and bemoan that he is earthbound, they say unto men's souls, Ye do have no inheritance, behold ye are of bastardy.

5 I say unto you, The torn soul seeketh that heart which is noble, it aspireth unto excellence as love doth enfold it.

6 Love giveth an increase, it softeneth the iron, it reacheth out and lifteth up, it standeth an excellence as an idol in the household, it worshippeth that idol and there are none to rue it.

7 Ye have heard it said unto you that Love suffereth long, that verily is it kind: I say love is translucent, it bespeaketh the countenance that its brow hath sought a wisdom, it sheweth that wisdom, it maketh light the heart, it lifteth that heart, it giveth it an increase.

8 Love hath a radiance, love hath a softness, love hath a witchery, it hath a magic happening;

9 Love hath a thousand forms of ennoblement but only one of conduct, it ceaseth not to cajole, it maketh no tumults that order may enter.

10 Behold ye have heard it said that Love is a passion, that it giveth unto romance the budding of its ecstasy, that it riseth up and casteth out that which hath a madness, that it treadeth softly, that its pathways are desirable;

11 Verily, my beloved, it is all of these and more: Love hath a small aspect but a mighty vigor; it hath a small broom yet it cleaneth mighty households; it giveth a small pence, lo, it receiveth a mighty increase.

12 Anger hath her purposes; she giveth the stroke and the soul hath its lesion; the temper disdaineth that which is noble: it smiteth and felleth; its phrases have sharpness;

13 Behold the soiled spirit hath loosened its bondage, it hath leaped in a darkness, it hath known a black freedom.

14 Is it meet that birds who give song shouldst do soaring at midnight?

15 Consider my words: be wise in your eschewments.

16 Anger leapeth, spirit breatheth, the muscles have an augury, there is littleness in concept, the ways of the spirit are made a malfeasance.

17 Love uttereth, Love proclaimeth, Love chideth not, Love hath a benediction, it saith to the loved one, Thou art of mine essence, thy forehead hath fairness, thou art burdened with a tumult, behold I wouldst share it with thee.

18 Love fetcheth out the tear, it giveth not the sobbing; Love lifteth the spirit, it ennobleth the visioning, it giveth a fair recompense when the torn heart hath its weighting, it enfoldeth in a luxury, it bestoweth not a torment.

19 Have I not told you to love one another? what thoughtest ye I meant? should ye say, These are our increments, that we join in a brandishing of the tools whereof we work ennoblements? shouldst ye ask yourselves, Is it not meet that we speak softly lest those in the household take note of our desirings? is it Love alone to say, We do give a surfeit of our amours that mawkishness may cloy us, that we open our hearts to the doves of sweet wishings? . . .

20 Beloved, be circumspect.

21 The ways of Love are proud, they have a strong armor, they have a noble purpose, they give not a lechery to childish traffickings of spirit, they employ circumstance, they level a barrier.

22 Love hath a soundness that exalteth the reasonings, it betokeneth an enterprise, it calleth to a principedom.

23 Love stalketh not amid the ungodly that its excellence be sounded: behold it stalketh amid the circumspect, that they shouldst see its alchemies. When have I ever told you otherwise?

24 The fawning spirit crieth, Love is an enticement, it summoneth to pleasuring, it giveth the pulse the vigor that embraceth, it stouteneth the heart that modesties be vanquished.

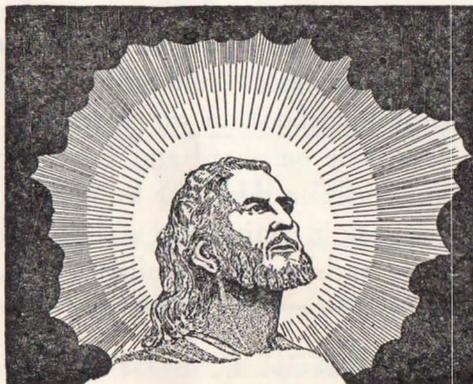
25 I tell you, Love is none of these, and all; Love is the enticement that openeth the valley where romance lurketh subtly, yet

Love hath a venom for that which is folly; it giveth a strong countenance, I say it pursueth with a leisure, yet ever it pursueth;

26 It seeketh no trespass on the privileges of honor: it withholdeth the epithet: it only hurlth roses that their fragrances burst from them.

27 Hear my words and do them; greet Love as a diadem, behold it as a garland, give it your increase that mountains of madness may quake before its sanities.

PEACE



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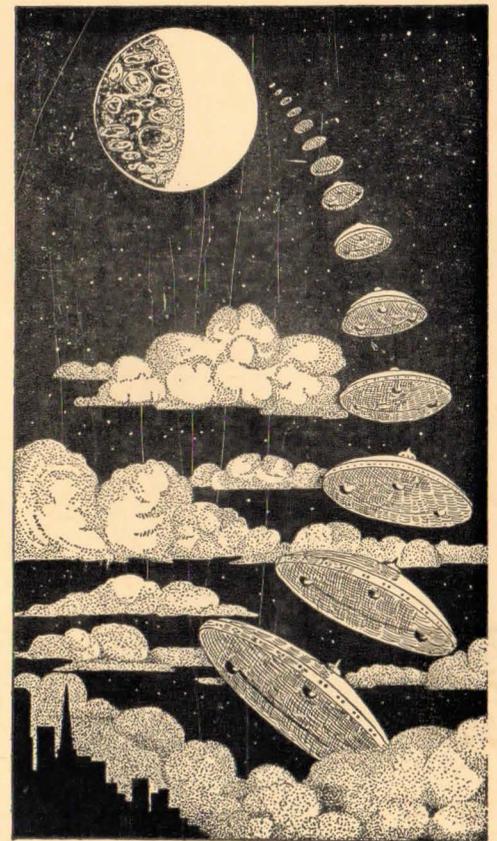
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