

VALOR

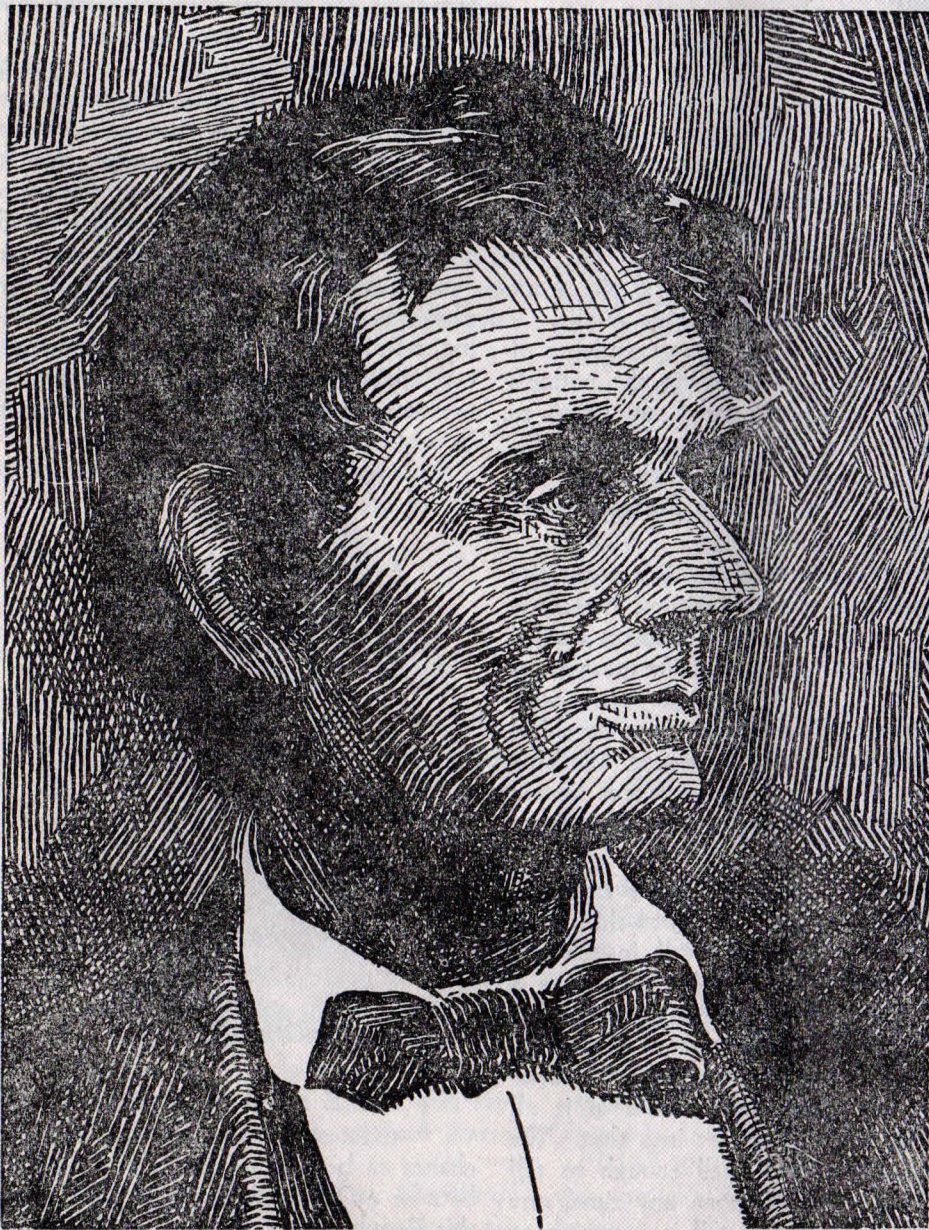
The Golden Times Weekly...

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 12, 1955

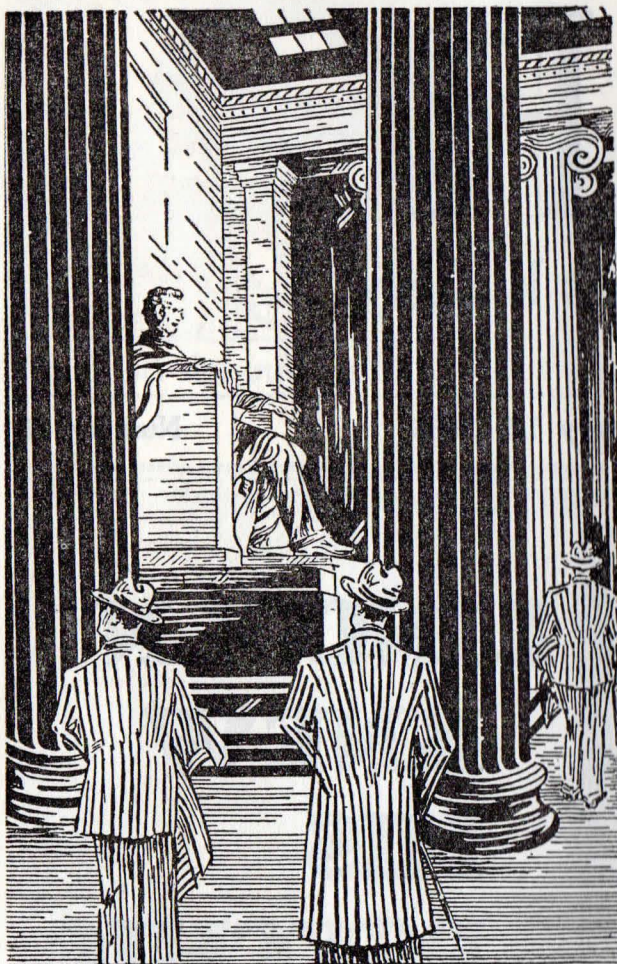
Number 16



LINCOLN KNEW HIS PSYCHIC FACTS . .

ABE Lincoln, 16th President of the United States, whose nativity we celebrate this date, was one of the few men holding that office who knew the physical facts of life and openly sought counsel of Invisible Mentors during the darkest days of the War Between the States. Nettie Colburn Maynard was the Spiritist medium who held sessions in the East Room of the White House, attended by the President.

At just what joint in his career Old Abe became introduced to the tenets of Sacred Psychological Research is given no notation in his biographies, but that his interest maintained throughout his Presidency and even beyond his own mortal



Passing, has been attested by his own statements in materialized appearances and clairaudient dispatches performed so recently as 1929 and 1930.

It is no particular secret that the late Henry Ford retained his own private medium in Detroit and had almost weekly visits with the materialized personality of the Great Emancipator, getting counsel on the management of his vast automobile enterprises, in grateful acknowledgment of which, Mr. Ford named his highest-priced motorcar the *Lincoln*.

It is not so well-known that about the same period that Old Abe was making Friday night visits to Detroit, he was indicating himself in another form to VALOR's editor in New York, dictating to him many of the outstanding passages in the two-volume Soulcraft book, *Nation-in-Law*.

On the evening of July 5th, 1929, a communication allegedly coming direct from him was so personal in its tenor that the message in entirety cannot be circulated. Unlike the Mary Eddy communications of similar vein, Lincoln himself

has never yet materialized in the Soulcraft psychical sessions and verbally confirmed what he might have said clairaudiently. However, at the rate dramatic matters are occurring in tempo with maturing international events, it may yet be not outside the bonds of possibilities that it happens. Here are the portions of Old Abe's 1929 communication that seem to be of moment for the anniversary of his birthday exactly 90 years after his mortal death—

“I AM your counsellor and friend, as you well know,” he began. “I have come and gone in many incarnations having to do with government. That is not what I wish to talk about tonight, however. I want to tell you about yourself and the work that lies ahead for you . . .

“I speak from experience of the job of being the nation's President and I am going to give you considerable of a discourse on it tonight that you

may know the problems a President faces and how I met them.

“The office of President is a composite one, entailing many functions. Not only must the man who fills it have a knowledge of human nature *but he must know his psychics*, as it were, to treat with world events. World events are psychical events. Remember that always. Nothing happens in the world that is not known psychically in advance if you but listen to receive it.

“That is to say, psychical events portend themselves in such a way that those who are developed can tell in advance what is going to transpire. We have a system Over Here of reading events from Light that is too abstruse to explain to you, but you will know what I mean when I say that Light carries in it all that IS. Let us not get into that. We know future events well enough to tell what is going to happen any time, any place, but we do not tell it excepting to those who can utilize such knowledge for the world's good. That knowledge is yours richly because you are in the work

that you are. Your ministry has begun already else you would not be writing as you are. You are receiving help from this Higher Side already—pretty valuable as you can see. That again is beside my point.

“We have a mission on This Side to collaborate with you one hundred percent in everything you do from now until your earthly days are ended. That means what it means. There is no backtracking, no cessation, no letup nor loitering. It is a straight-forward movement, constructive indeed, and tending toward one objective: glorifying mankind by preaching and practicing the Master's principles for the purposes of saving the poor dumb human race from itself.

“You require higher help in everything you do for this reason: Events change constantly as men rise and fall by the barometer of temperament and moods. It is essential that you know your job from this angle, that you are a mouthpiece and a tool for us on this Loftier Side who see further than you do and take advantage of things which you do not perceive. Taking advantage means taking advantage, capitalizing on circumstance at every opportunity to lift the world a little higher in its progress toward the Godhead.

So I want to pass on to you the benefits of my experience . . .



“THERE are those in America, candidates for the office, who have the chance to be greater than ever I was . . . because a Time of Trouble comes upon this Republic greater than the Civil War through which I guided the nation so woefully, regardless how present-day men think otherwise. It concerns them and be-

Lincoln says he knew the night he started for Ford's Theater that the evening would end with tragedy but he had Karma to pay off

hooves them first that they know their psychics for that office, keeping in touch with those on Higher Levels, beloved counsellors so to speak, who guide them in every act they perform.

"Men like yourself have a propensity for thinking that you are phenomenal, getting voices and instructions in your work. That is childish and silly. Of course you get voices and profit by them. You have more than instruction given you. You have messages that are vital to the world. *It is the message that counts.* Messages are sent you daily and hourly. You receive them and act upon them, but you do not give credit to us who projected them, and we do not want it. Only because you think of us as entities sending such communications do you marvel at getting them. This is nonsense too, of a kind.



"You are forced to accept that Psychics are life for you; they are the essence of your being and career. You were created and endowed with organs of perception and reception which ordinary folk have not—as angels are created with eyes to see through a billion trillion miles of Space unerringly. You were created with psychical endowments for the purpose of interpreting correctly your reactions to life and to us. You have faculties of perception that are divine in this and they constitute the character you are among men.

"Life is interpretive for us. We are interpreters ever. That is our rank in the universe. We see and hear on both sides of the veil. You have faculties tending to make you abnormal and marvel at them.

Why do you not equally marvel that you have hands and feet to move about and get things done? Your psychical faculties are similar in purpose . . .

"THE PRESIDENCY of the United States is ever reserved for creatures of a high, high order. True, some have played strange, strange roles and thus executed their destinies, the significances of which you cannot appreciate until you come upon these higher echelons to stay. But few men have held the office that have not done so because of their psychical attainments, not as mediums but as voices for us in flesh . . ."

(Strange as the announcement may appear to some, even Franklin D. Roosevelt had his medium in the White House. She was alleged to have been Mrs. Florence Becker of San Francisco, who treasures a little white Bible presented to her by the great New Dealer, for her assistance to him in his office. A Mrs. Wilder, Montreal medium, flew many times to Washington for consultations with the President while he was in the White House. Whether he took such counsel as came through to him is unknown. This interpolation is not Lincoln's but inserted here to corroborate Lincoln's 1929 statements in general . . .)

"We have guided and controlled practically every President from Washington to Coolidge. They have been men of strong stamina in the main because psychics made them so. That is to say, *we saw* what they needed, and supplied it.

"When I was in flesh, I had one great fault. I made it appear that I was possessed of a certain humility of conscience that, seen by me now, was really grotesque. I had a facility for telling funny stories on myself in such a way that I aroused men's sympathies in my behalf. That was all right but I carried it too far.

"I had no business telling men that I was one with them, for I was not and I knew it. I learned it early in my boyhood. I knew unerringly the day was to come when I was to lead the Union through a time of trouble. I led it wick-



edly, so to speak. I made a sport of a sort with my own inheritance, in that I misbehaved in mine own emotions and reactions while filling that high office. I said things constantly that I had no business to say, knowing better in my heart. I knew I would free the Negroes and spoke about it early to those around me. I should have stopped when I reached the point of free and natural expression of self-sympathy, but I went beyond to my hurt, cluttering my office with a sort of sublimated self-pity which I did not merit.

"I had no business telling people that I was so poor in spirit and making them believe it. I was rich in spirit, rich in knowledge, rich in experience, of men, the world, humanity, and eternal values. I made sport of myself to my hurt in a dignified way but I was a far different type of man no less, financially, socially and ethically, than the world has since appraised me.

(Continued on Page 7)



“The People I Work for:”

How the Person at the Other End of the Mail Reacts to Soulcraft . .

CALIFORNIA—

“THESE books certainly tell a person what they want to know in clear and beautiful English. The only friends who could not use them are those who have plodded with gullibility instead of gliding along with faith . . .”

ARKANSAS—

“YOUR work is a great one and your fine intellect is brilliant in the portrayal of occult lore, adding one greater star in the galaxy of a realm that needs more like you. People like myself do not need so much to be taught, for a few of us know the Truth. I am now deeply interested in a kindred subject to Spiritism, the Great White Brotherhood Teaching. We are coming into the change of the ages. It seems to me that all of us should in every way augment its preparation. The great ones from Spirit, and the Masters here, are all in concord and accord . . . I must thank you for all the fine constructive literature from Soulcraft and wish for you in the service all success further in this year and always . . .”

CALIFORNIA—

“EVERY neophyte and illumined soul knows that mass consciousness in this world is so immersed in the River of Thought that it has become crystallized in negation and error. Yet it is a challenge and chance we must take in presenting a thing of beauty, harmony, and illumination. Russell once said, ‘Mediocrity is self-inflicted; Genius is self-bestowed.’ One of my Teachers gave us an interpretation in symbolism of the gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt, among whom was the goddess Hathor, symbolizing the principles of Mercy and Kindness, which prevailed during the Pisan Age and is now returning at the close of that age. The god Horus, symbolizing the principles of Justice, Truth, and Right now takes the reins in this Aquarian Age. It will be interesting to

see how the nations of the world take it when the Whip of Horus is applied. In the last decade we often heard it said that we do it the hard way. When we entered World War II people said, ‘We are in it, so we have to go through with it.’ I have often thought how little they realized the truth of that statement. . . I wish all Soulcrafters a glorious year in cosmic harmony . . .”

UTAH—

“GOD love you for the January 29th issue of VALOR—and I love you, too. Every true American, young or old, is going to respond to those thrilling, challenging words, though as you intimate, mostly us older, dyed in the wool, long-time Americans. *Why can't I write like that?* . . . and stir folks right down to their toes? Can't some of this Pelley precociousness rub off on me? . . . And believe you me, the sensible sentiments voiced both in Cogitations and in Afterthought have long needed to be said by an authority like yourself. They are my sentiments through and through. One becomes sickened by this continual pandering to the weak, the inept, the scum as it were. I love the strong, the daring, the independent, the aspiring individualist. That is the true American spirit of 1776, not all this crawling, fawning, pussy-footing nincompoopery. I hope this issue of VALOR fairly burns its way into the hearts and minds of our people . . .”



CALIFORNIA—

“WORDS cannot really express my appreciation of the value of your books. I am enclosing an order for those I do not yet have. Your books are out circulating continuously and everyone who reads them intends to have a set of

his own as soon as possible . . . Would like also to express my regard, love, and admiration for Bertie Lilly Candler. When she was here in the Southland some weeks ago I went and took a different friend to four or five of her materializations and in several cases the visits finished the good work which your books had started. At all the materializations a wonderful teacher came to me, an Indian, and told me I also have a mission to teach. It would make me very happy if I could know that I was destined to do a work comparable to yours. . . My teacher also knows you by name. He speaks your name to me . . . At present I hold down an important business position but spend all my spare time in reading and prayer and meditation. When ‘the Spirit of the Living God’ deems me ready I shall go where directed. In the meantime I respectfully and humbly ask that you send the Light in my direction. Thank you! . . .”

CALIFORNIA—

“THANK you a million times for my wonderful autographed book, *Know Your Karma*. I have read and re-read and recorded chapters for those who will come over to listen but won't take time out to read for themselves. Especially my family, two sisters, who will listen to me talk about the wondrous wisdom at times but just aren't interested enough to come along with me in all of it . . . I simply cannot understand them. However, my beloved little group of earnest seekers is my greatest joy. The other night Dr. G. called me up and we talked for half an hour on the *Know Your Karma* book. He said the sentence from Chapter XI on Page 193—‘He who passes through these portals must have lost all power to injure’—hit him right between the eyes. He also said that *Know Your Karma* was a book that every man and woman should own, with which I heartily agreed . . . Am waiting to get *Undying Mind* now . . .”

WHY the Average Life Wouldn't End by Ascension

THERE are, throughout America, a goodly number of earnest seekers after esoteric wisdom who seem to have been temporarily baited and enthralled by suggestion that if they pursue the doctrines of certain cults and attend assiduously to the metaphysical recommendations of so-called Ascended Masters, they will not be called upon to die physically in the usual manner but will be rewarded with Ascension.

This business of Ascension, as it is generally accepted by those who have been propositioned concerning it, provides that upon a specified day—the metaphysical tenets of life having been complied with—the student will, with the Ascended Masters' aid, render his normal body impervious to the pull of planetary gravity, alter its atomic density and forthwith, by the powers of Thought or otherwise, elevate it into the ozone where it will gradually disappear.

Technically this may or may not be the exact procedure promised for the student's experiencing, but it is the sum and substance of what is implied, as described by the average lay adherent to cult doctrines and the "belief" explained by outstanding students with whom Soulcraft people have discussed it.

The thing that is held out to members for conscientiously following the tenets of these cults, is, in its practical denouement, a duplication of the alleged disappearance of Christ from this world—and personal transition into the "glories of the Higher Realms" by an abnormal and preposterous physical disintegration.

This termination of the mortal life is painted as being much superior and less dolorous than the method in vogue for several million years: to wit, spiritually vacating the mortal husk and permitting grieving relatives to hold a funeral over it.

Now let us examine, in all common sense, the process of Ascension from the practical standpoint.

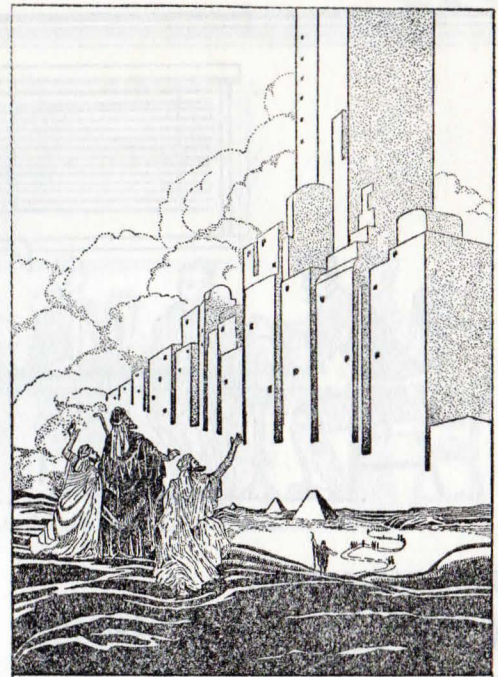
Another Paper Helping You to Understand the Enigmas of Mortality from the Standpoint of Applied Mysticism . .

IN THE first place, granted that the feat of Ascension were accomplishable—particularly by janitors, stenographers, bus drivers and inadequately-loved housewives—the first question that arises should be, why is it necessary, or why should it be desirable as a means of quitting earth-life, over the normal method of vacating the body? We must, of course, treat with the process as it is commonly understood by those asked to achieve it.

If one is to quit earth-life permanently, wherein is there anything to be gained by "dissolving" the body or levitating the residue into the stratosphere—where awed relatives behold it vanish after the manner of coal-smoke—as against the natural process of shedding the body like a worn-out garment and leaving it available for worldly burial?

Of course, in the former instance, the mortician's bill is saved, the cost of a cemetery lot is saved, and all the morbid and lachrymose features of the modern funeral with its last tragic "look" at the dearly beloved, are obviated. It would be neat, costless and convenient to have the departing personage shake hands with all those about to become "survivors," then walk out into the yard and vanish like smoke.

But these are benefits accruing not to



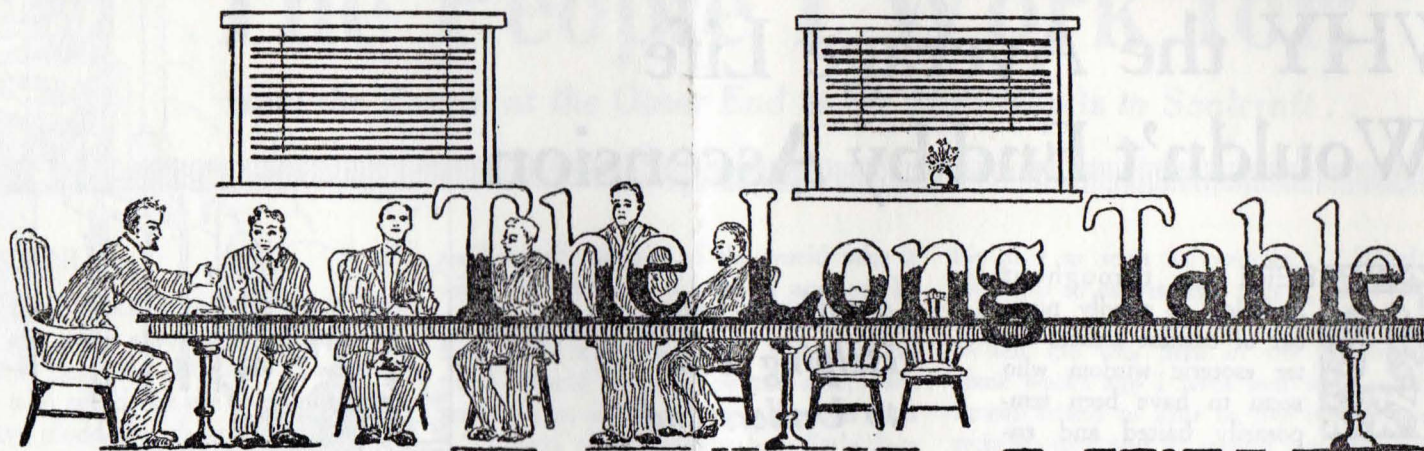
the departing spirit itself but to the survivors.

The departing spirit itself is "dying" to all intents and purposes, in that it is abandoning all further participation in mortal affairs. It is affecting to go about new business in the Higher Realms as a spirit, and no nonsense about it, and it is to be presumed that in such Higher Realms it will have no further use for an organism integrated of atoms and chemicals.

Advanced esoteric students accept that in the state that succeeds mortality, the spirit does have a body—what is known as a Light Body—but that it possesses the body anyhow, even before it quits the physical organism by any process whatsoever. Nothing of profit to this Light Body, therefore, is gained by dispensing with the atomic body through such unusual and dramatic methods.

If the spirit has no further use for a physical body in the Higher Realms, as proven by the belief of the Ascensionists that they disintegrate it, then what difference does it make what happens to the husk after the instance of dispensing with it? Whether this husk is left behind as a very weighty and lugubrious corpse, or rendered so tenuous by thought-processes that it starts skyward like a feather in a wind—or powdering ash in an upward draft—the effect on reasoning spirit cannot matter.

Ascension then, after the fact of its
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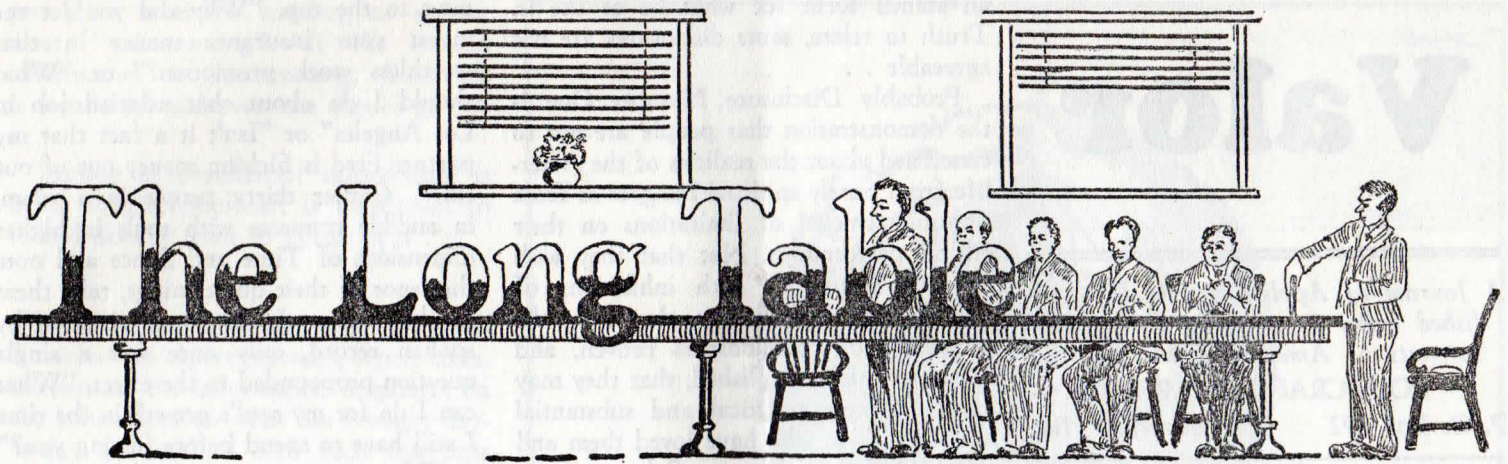
REINCARNATION

OHIO: "Not for the sake of argument but for the sake of understanding, I do wish to have a point cleared up for me. In your book *Getting Born* there is an unfoldment that completely loosens me. Page 116, quote: If for some weird reason the lady so solicited acquiesces—to work out some problem in her own karma in which you're a factor—the die is cast, and sooner or later you'll quietly be 'missing' from among your colleagues in the Summerland. Having been good orthodox Christians in their earlier organic states, they won't subscribe for one moment to the heresy that you've reincarnated. Not they! Ten to one they'll alibi it in celestial company by whispering that you've been 'dispatched on a mission to the lower world' because they'll wish to make a personal appearance at Madame Lovejoy's seance next Thursday night and testify to having been on the Upper Side for the last eighty years 'without seeing any signs of Reincarnation yet.' You've just been 'dispatched on a mission' and in due time you'll be back. End quote. Now to try to explain how I am confused . . . Here I am, graduated to the Summerland Plane along with my colleagues who have acquired the same level. I find that to go higher I must make another excursion into earth-life. I make arrangements with some female soul on the same plane to come back into earth-life through her, some years after she had reincarnated. Yet you say these Summerland souls having been good orthodox Christians, still alibi reincarnation. Both must definitely know reincarnation at this point. Is this done just to be accepted by Earth beings through seance materializations, and if so,

why, after attaining to a more or less above-average plane?

Comment: You have laid your finger on one of the most puzzling and controversial points in the whole spiritual eschatology. After 27 years intensive psychical contact with persons on loftier planes, The Recorder still finds it difficult to get souls to state their views positively on Earthly Return. Drawing purely on experience and conversations in such contacts, it seems to be a fact that people on the hades plane, which is next above earth-life, sometimes called by religionists the Purgatorial, as well as people on the third or Summerland Plane, consider return into earth-life as some sort of experience to be deprecated, granting they affect to know anything about it. As you would have had explained to you, had you read *Know Your Karma*, the great Third Plane of the Spiritualists' Summerland is largely the Plane of Illusion. The Fourth Plane is the Plane of Color, and the Fifth Plane the Plane of Light, extraordinary light. Quizz any being from the fourth or fifth planes about reincarnational return and they know all about it and seem to take the process for granted, whereas those in the hades or Summerland planes seem to have an inhibition about discussing it or repudiate it altogether. The Recorder states, "I have had to infer from between the lines of conversations with these denizens of different planes and zones that millions stay on the Third Plane, sometimes for thousands of years, convinced that they have reached 'heaven' and found everything satisfactory although far from being celestially appointed as per details of Scripture. And yet these Third Plane souls do concede

that great numbers of their company 'break away' and feel the aspiration to Go Higher. On the Fourth Plane, known as the Plane of Color, they evidently sense their spiritual deficiencies and begin considering retracing their progress and doing a few earth sequences over. I do know that people on the Fourth and Fifth planes refer constantly in their seance contacts to meeting or knowing people attending seances on the mortal side 'in a former life.' Certainly a 'former life' can mean nothing but earthly reincarnation. Draw people from the Third Plane into your seance rooms and you never hear a peep out of them about 'former lives.' As I've figured it out, it's in passing—or making yourself eligible to pass—from the Third Plane to the Fourth that the Gallery of Memory is a *must*. So the plunge to earth would seem to occur from the fourth plane, although this is a conjecture based on the logic from evidence. My daughter Harriet, being directly questioned when she materialized here at Headquarters on Saturday night last, stated that she was a resident of the *Fifth* Plane. That's the plane of Radiance, and a very high plane for a young girl to have reached unless she was an extremely aged soul before she elected to become my daughter. No, I wouldn't say that materializing personalities alibi reincarnation on the Third Plane. They may be entirely honest in stating that so long as they've been over they've seen no 'evidence' of reincarnation. They're simply not residents of a plane where repeat earthly arrangements are arrived at. For your information, I'm asking for specific data on these points for inclusion in the current Soulcraft book, *Soul Eternal*. Maybe, be-



tween the Mentors and the host of advanced souls visiting us periodically in audible form here at Soulcraft, we can clarify the whole enigma . . . but write again in event you are still puzzled after reading *Know Your Karma* . . . ”

STUBBORNNESS

NEVADA: “Frankly, I am puzzled to know what to do about my husband. He claims he is scared to death of dying, because he might come up for judgment and be consigned to hell. Yet when I try to get the Truth to him, he fights me on it as though I were a fiend of the plane myself. What in the world ails such people? They admit they are terrified at what faces them, yet they will do nothing to get out of their fright-condition. I am about ready to give up . . . ”

Comment: First of all, some men have a constitutional aversion to receiving any enlightenment from their wives. Their common animal vanity is outraged. They wish to depict themselves as all-wise and all-powerful in the estimate of their womenfolk. It is well-nigh what the psychologist calls an atavism. In his subconscious mind such a male reasons that if he succumbs to such feminine counsel, he will lose caste with his females. Perchance if a fellow laborer at his shop or office started making sport of him for being such an esoteric ignoramus, your husband would pay heed. Still, that doesn't answer your question. Your husband has obviously been severely terrified at some earlier period by the addresses of orthodoxy concerning the Hereafter, otherwise he wouldn't know what the hell-conditions were going to be, in order to be scared of them. Whether they were truly

described to him or not, he wishes to take no chances that the theologian is right and the esoterist wrong. He is, as the phrase has it, playing safe. Soulcraft's counsel to you is not to harrow him, not to put such importance on saving him from even his erroneous anticipations. If he suddenly gets killed, he is not going to find himself in danger of hell fire, anyhow. Because there is no hell-fire, that any soul who has ever communicated back, has given report of. Your husband instead, because of his cosmic ignorance, is merely going to find himself groping about in a great darkness, forlornly striving to figure out what's happened to him and where he is. If you want to snag his interest in his future, ask him sometime in a bantering way what he's going to do for light when he discovers himself in that black void? He'll ask you what black void? Tell him the black void that he's making himself, right here at this present period in his current life, by not wishing himself to what conditions actually are on the Other Side. If you can't trigger his interest to know more about an unusual fate, you're not as bright as Soulcraft gives you credit for being. Tell him that if he packed his cranium with the proper Soulcraft information, obtained from men and women who'd already gone over and reported back on their experiences, he'll be able to orient himself at once, when he finds himself out of his body. Forget orthodox prescriptions. Give him the latest in Sacred Psychical Research. Don't pressure him. Let him soak in what you may have told him. At the proper occasion tell him to sit down and read *Know Your Karma*, and see what happened to John Foundry-

man, a person precisely like himself. The trouble with people in a fright-condition at hell is, nothing of equal consequence has been supplied them to take the fright's place. Give such people *facts!* Sooner or later they'll show themselves impressed. The rest is up to you . . .

Abe Lincoln

(Continued from Page 3)

“I knew the Elder Brother had slated me for high office, and waited to receive it. When it came, I acted surprised, even to myself. I had no business doing that. It was childish and inconsistent with my own dignity of spirit. I tried to make up for my deficiencies with a false humility that was fortunately accepted as contriteness for my handicaps. Listen and I will tell you something more—

“I never once accepted that my life was going to end by an assassin's bullet. I knew that in a previous life on earth I had been the motivation for a man's being shot and had premonition that some sort of adjustment was in my karma. But I would not concede that my current life would end that way. When it came, I was rebuked for my own niggardliness of concept. Incidentally, I have imparted elsewhere to earlier mediums that I knew before I left the White House for Ford's Theatre that night, that somehow or other I was facing the Transition. When the crash of death came, blanking out all my worldly problems, actually I felt relieved . . . that the price of notoriety had been paid and the karma rectified. All of which is beside the point . . .

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Sacred Psychical Research



HERE is one subject rarely thought about by today's layman, upon which a series of books might be written.

It is the astonishing and unsuspected effects upon human character—or what might be called assays of human character—when men and women of different temperaments receive convincing evidence that soul survival is utterly factual and communication with departed personalities both bona fide and real.

So much controversy has been of moment as to whether or not Survival is a fact, that the reactions on mortal temperaments have largely been ignored. The achievements of Soulcraft tending to end such controversies introduce a new element into Esoterics as a science: May it always be advisable for such certainties to become public property and apply to all temperaments, indiscriminately?

Not that mental unbalance results, for it does not. What increasingly does result can be startling revelation of the layman's inner character, and the accurate portrayal of his spiritual development. It can even assume aspects of shocking surprise, what some individuals are covering up under the despairs of "We've only one life to live" philosophy, or "We'll be a long time dead" lamentations. Remove these last so that the layman no longer has recourse to them and a man or wom-

an stands forth for what he or she is. Truth to relate, some disclosures are not agreeable . . .

Probably Disclosure Number One is the demonstration that people are *not* so concerned about the realities of the After-life from purely spiritual hungers as from wanting removal of limitations on their ethical performings. Not that they wish to turn scoundrels with inhibitions of theology removed. Rather, they want the continuity of consciousness proven, and communication established, that they may expect a more practical and substantial aid from those who have loved them and departed before them. Subconsciously the assumption is voiced over and over again, in a score of patterns, that if dearest mother or father has Gone On Ahead they must have become all-wise and all-provident by the mere fact of such transition, so their assistance in improving the progeny's lot may be assumed. If it isn't dearest mother or father, it is Uncle Ephriam or Aunt Hattie, or Son John or Daughter Eunice. Now and then it's



a cherished wife or husband. "I've just got to know that they're alive," the first heartcry has it, and the disinterested sympathizer takes for granted that severed bonds of former affection is the premise. Thereupon mother, father, uncle, aunt, son, daughter, wife or husband irrefutably demonstrate themselves. But after the momentous question "Are you happy?" is most gratifying disposed of in each case, the truer motives come crop-

ping to the top. "Why did you let me invest your insurance money in that worthless stock promotion?" or "What should I do about that salaried job in Los Angeles?" or "Isn't it a fact that my partner Fred is filching money out of our till?" Gather thirty people in a room, in audible converse with souls in higher dimensions of Time and Space and note the tenor of their questionings, take them as they come. In ten such sessions, by spoken record, only once was a single question propounded to the effect, "What can I do for my soul's growth in the time I still have to spend before joining you?" or "Have you once seen or been in personal communication with Jesus the Christ?" or "What can we do in this condition practically to make the kingdom of earth more like the Kingdom of Heaven?" The psychological student could easily become cynical at the materialism which evidences—although subconsciously—instigated by so-called grief or bereavement.

One guest at a 1931 session quickly recovered from his awe at contact and named a list of five people whom he practically demanded the guide trot out for direct converse. "I've got things to settle with them," he asserted when asked for his reasons. Thereat inquiry developed that he wanted them to explain why they should have died and "left him in the lurch" in respect to a handful of business propositions. Inquiries about investments, prolificacy of business properties, commercial prospects in this or that, became so insistent that the Recorder had to send out a mental call for invisible Mentors to intervene and put the session back on its proper sacred basis. To the ethical credit of the materialized individuals, they make every sincere effort to give constructive and lucrative answers. Rarely is a question dodged or avoided although time and time again the reply has it, "You're asking for information it isn't within my province to reveal to you, since you're supposed to develop your ingenuities and solve such quandaries for yourself." Out of the casting-up of such the dispassionate observer gathers that the chief interest in survival boils down to this indication, "I've got someone before me now with a wider range of vision of my affairs and I intend to make the most of it." If the desired information isn't forthcoming, the whole

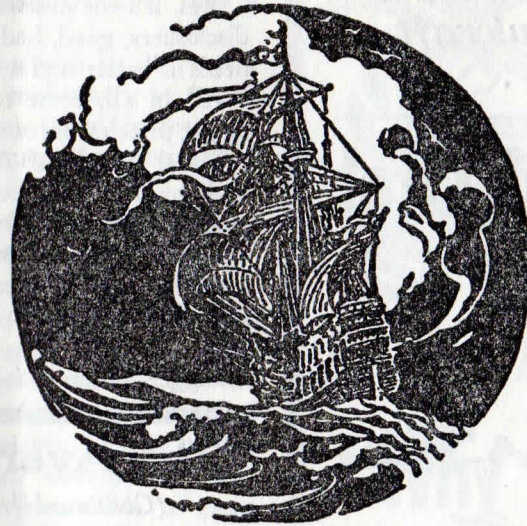
procedure is either humbug or at the most, "uninteresting". If the desired information is forthcoming, Soulcraft is wonderful and everyone should go for it.

Insofar as commercial information is being sought, Soulcraft is indifferent to it and doesn't want to traffic in it . .

IT HAS been this basic trait of human nature—to expect personal, expert counsel because the information originates on the loftier octaves—that has brought day-to-day Spiritualism into such disrepute in countless instances. The acceptance is general, "Get hold of a good medium and from the questions you submit—providing ample answers are forthcoming—you are 'made'." So the field of psychical research is explored assiduously. But rarely for its Afterlife data, although inconsolable "grief" is too often proffered for making bona fide contacts in the beginning. One understands why Mary Baker Eddy might have desired to forestall such ethical gallopings in Christian Science by writing Chapter Four in *Science & Health*. The trouble was, that she assailed the wrong thing—communication itself—instead of the intelligent control of desire that is forever featured in such displays.

This now she deplores.

Soulcrafters loud in their complaints of inability to attend psychical sessions at Headquarters suspect little or nothing of the Recorder's desire to minimize such practices too universally prevalent in heterogeneous crowds. Too many applicants cry brokenly, "I want to be convinced that such things are so, by visual demonstration." They are honest in such statements. But practically not one is permanently satisfied after such demonstration has been made. "I positively *must* come back for your next one," they insist. And by the third or the fourth they are around to the economic quandaries. "Should we sell the house now or wait for a higher price in the spring?" One frantic lady, back over the years, succeeded in getting undeniable materialization of her former husband. "I want to know if you entertained the slightest attachment for that red-headed stenographer who used to work for you?" she demanded. And she figuratively prepared her connubial rolling-pin to hit him a



COMES THE DAY



THROB down, my heart, be still and know
From out earth's discord, war and noisy woe,
Thou shalt emerge from earth's convulsing night
To heights of Love in radiant singing Light.

Illusion holds man in his mortal thrall,
Clouds shall disperse in warmth, for God is all,
But in His own good time and measured way
He brings to stalwart souls, Aquarian Day.

We thirst for sweeter speed, we cannot wait,
Nor trust to Vaster Love, that holds our fate.
Hold hard Soul's helm, its lofty sails unfurled,
Steer clear through oceans of a storm-tossed world.

His promise stands in love that's hard and true,
His arms encircle all that adds to You,
Wait you in eager calm until that day
When Love shall wipe such childish tears away.

Stand firm the while, the Moment Fraught is near
When you shall know no qualm nor gnashing fear;
He waits supreme atop this badgered world
His angel cohorts near, their wings unfurled.

White lilies grow from out the wayside dust,
They wait in love, nor tarry in distrust;
In Love's strong time, in God's well-measured way
His mighty kingdom blooms—*Aquarian Day!*

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good one if his answers lacked a certain something. It happened in New York. She was never permitted to come back . .

Yes, it's the over-all effect of psychical disclosures, good, bad, or indifferent, that needs a better and a clearer overhauling.

All in all, come to Soulcraft to help us get priceless information that raises the spiritual morale of America as a whole, and you'll be welcome. Persons eligible to call themselves true Soulcrafters will do so. Others must understand in all kindness that Soulcraft isn't a mine of infallible answers to fortune-telling questions.

Bigger business is afoot.

The Average Life

(Continued from Page 5)

vaunted accomplishment, only has importance from the mortal angle of the happening. And the spirit is supposed to be separating from all things mortal.

Two minutes after the occurrence of it, it is of no more consequence to spirit than as if the body had been discarded by the process practiced over ten million years.

THOSE who are truly adept in the higher Cosmic Processes smile a pitying smile at those commercial pundits on earth who affect to sell Ascensions to unsuspecting elderly ladies on payment of a fee. Thereby are they demonstrating how abysmal is their ignorance about the real cosmic process that worldly man calls Death.

Death, actually, is but a stepping up of the personal vibrations onto the next atomic frequency that produces reality to consciousness. It is a spiritual performance solely, in which the physical remains have no part. Furthermore, it is more or less automatic, following great laws of the universe, else no one in flesh would be able in his ignorance to exercise the activity of "dying." No physical body responds to this increased vibration, although it is a fact that it can be caused to do so when a powerful occult personality, deeply versed in esoteric lore, is still encased in it, for the temporary attainment of certain objectives. If it could possibly be achievable for the atomic corpse of this plane to be projected into the atomic frequencies of the

high planes, it would be an anomaly and appallingly out of place. Nothing concerning it could perform under the higher-life conditions. Even the atmospheric conditions on the higher planes being different, the earthly self dependent on oxygen for sustenance could not exist ten minutes. Besides, what would have become of the Etheric Double, which such physical self has been building throughout the earthly years for precisely such function? The commercial cultists, it is plain, are not even sufficiently erudite to know about each person's Etheric Double. Knowing nothing of the Higher Life conditions, they sell an entirely earthly concept to their patrons, predicating it upon Christ's use of His body for a short time after the Resurrection—which fell in another category of activity entirely.

NEXT let us consider where the "ascending" spirit goes and what is assumed to become of the corporeal constituents as the process transpires. The very essence of the term Ascension means to "proceed upward"—that is, away from the surface of the planet. The true physicist or astronomer knows that there is no such thing as "up" or "down" inasmuch as the planet is a sphere. Considered in relation to the sun at mid-day, which is assumed to be "overhead," a spirit performing an ascension at twelve o'clock noon might be said to go "up"; but if at the same instant on the opposite side of the earth a spirit undertook to "ascend" at twelve o'clock midnight, it would by no means be going upward in relation to the sun, but downward—that is, away from the "overhead sun."

There is only "up" and "down" in relation to a sphere—even a sphere as big as the earth—in relation to some other heavenly body out in space, or in relation to the planet's own surface. The old theology, which makes so much of a potter about the "heavens above" and the waters "beneath" the earth, was written at a time long antedating the scientific proof that the earth is round.

So the act of Ascension, from the standpoint of science and physics, could only mean withdrawing a distance into the planet's stratosphere, getting the spirit away from the planet's spherical surface. And what, indeed, is accomplished by that?

The body would only be incumbrance.

People are proving constantly that they are going out of their bodies in sleep, trance, and hypnotism, not to mention while under ether in surgical operations, and wandering "upward" or going to and returning from distant places as compared with the spot where their vacated bodies may be located. Withdrawing from the planet's surface or deploying in Free Space either to put on an exhibition or transmit themselves to a distant planetary body, proves that the Ascensionists are doing nothing particularly extraordinary that, spiritually considered, is not being done already.

The only remarkable thing about the alleged act of ascension would be the disappearance of the body by disintegration. The spirit itself could not "go anywhere" by the act of Ascension that it cannot go by the various phenomena of sleep, trance, hypnotism, or ether application to the organic senses.

NEXT, consider this so-called miracle of disintegration of the physical body, popularly concerned in Ascension. From the scientific standpoint, and the atomic structure of Matter, you cannot disintegrate Matter to nothingness; you can only change one chemical to another chemical, or by an application of heat or combustion reduce so-called solids to conditions known as gases.

Granting that this might be possible "by the powers of Thought," by no means could it be accomplished and have the affected body retain its former and accustomed physical appearance.

The average 150-pound physical body is admittedly 86 percent water. The other 14 percent of its material content is composed of carbon, lime, iron, and a half-dozen other elements. The powers of Thought might conceivably "dehydrate" the body concerned in Ascension—that is, evaporate the 86 percent water content—and get that much of the corporeal constituents dispensed with. But the removal of such water content, by evaporation or any other natural process, would immediately create a wizened aspect that would not permit the said body to be recognized by the spirit's spectator-intimates.

All of us know what the appearance of an ordinary apple is, after it has been "dried." It shrinks, it shrivels, and it turns yellow-brown in color. To dehydrate a human body would produce the same effect.

Mummies recovered from Egyptian tombs had been dehydrated—or had their water content removed—which is why they have stayed preserved over such a length of time.

A spirit dispensing with its 86 percent water content as a preliminary to Ascension or disintegration, would, in the twinkling of an eye, assume the aspects of a mummy.

Do the cultists ever call attention to this scientific certainty? They do not!

THERE are two ways in which the atoms in materials may be either changed or disintegrated so that they are no longer constituents of substances perceptible to men's senses. One is by the application of heat, whereby the substances are altered from solids to gases. The other is by the release of atomic energy, or the primordial force that holds atoms in pattern of materials. Such release is only effected artificially in aspects of terrific explosion.

It is admissible that materials altered from solids to gases—but always by the application of heat in the process of common burning—are rendered into a form of carbon and nitrogen that finds affinity with the atmosphere, and insofar as man's senses are concerned—at least all their senses but the one of smell—"disappear." . . .

But this effect is gotten everyday in the case of corpses by the act of cremation, the gathering of the human ashes into an urn no bigger than a good-sized tea-cup, and the disposal of such residue as sentiment may dictate. Certainly none of the cults sponsoring the Ascension hocus-pocus have anything to say about heat's accompanying the act that renders body gaseous. And emphatically, none of the aforesaid cult literature makes so bold as to suggest that the student flirting with the idea of Ascension is due to walk out into the front yard and explode.

Far more comfortable, it should be, to stretch out upon a bed and "die" in the approved and conventional manner. Certainly it would be safer for the property and persons of the survivors—if they proved to be survivors after witnessing a detonation in such an Ascension.

TO GET around the matter and hoodwink the student with the bland ex-
(Continued on Page 14)



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Cogitations

Pelle

I'M STILL trying to recover from reactions to the mid-winter party occurring at Headquarters on Saturday and Sunday nights, Feb. 5th and 6th. Eighteen had been invited; thirty-two appeared. Headquarters is poorly equipped to entertain thirty-two guests at once. Still, twenty-three sat down to table on Saturday evening. In the Bertie Lilly Candler session that followed, Mary Baker Eddy appeared to a packed studio again, the gathering this time including a former Bostonian of considerable years who had personally known the founder of Christian Science prior to 1910. Utterly appalled by what he witnessed and heard, he declared at the end of the sitting, "It was Mrs. Eddy as I recall her after forty or more years!" He had been, in young manhood, one of the construction engineers on the erection of the Mother Church. "Once you had known Mrs. Eddy in life," he added, still somewhat dazed by what his Soulcraft visitation had developed, "you would scarcely mistake her voice or personality." Mary in turn addressed this elderly person as though she too remembered him, and her remarks—all indelibly preserved on electronic tapes—had to do with his attesting publicly to her mediumistic manner of earthly return. She stood fully materialized and beautifully gowned before an audience of about thirty persons and addressed them for approximately twenty minutes. "Do you wish me to make this known in Boston?" her former engineer asked her. "Positively," was her response, "why do you imagine I've taken the time and trouble to appear here to you, otherwise? I want all my people, all over America, to know that I have come back

to this earth-plane, although not in flesh, and that the fact of survival and communication with the physically living is scientific."

—o—

THIS authenticity of Mrs. Eddy's materializations, incidentally, has been reported to Soulcraft this week from another source in Michigan. At a Spiritualistic Church in a western Michigan city, identically the same sort of phenomena had happened on Sunday night, January 23rd. Mrs. Eddy had walked forth and addressed the assembled people, precisely as at Soulcraft. A skeptical attorney in the audience had arisen and challenged her. "Would you inform us, Mrs.



Eddy," he inquired, "if during this past year you've collaborated on any book manuscript with a man down in Indiana named William Dudley Pelley?" . . . The lady had responded in these clear, sedate tones of hers, "Positively! Billy and I wrote *Beyond the Grandeur* together, and I think it a very good book, and one that every person within sound of my voice should read." This happened in a church

where neither pastor nor medium were particularly friendly to Soulcraft. One Soulcrafters who chanced to be present, reported that in the ensuing consternation the medium aroused, left the platform and quitted the auditorium by slamming the door. What gives it especial authenticity to me is not alone Mary's habit of calling me 'Billy' of late, but inserting the word 'the' between 'Beyond' and 'Grandeur'. She does it constantly in the Soulcraft sittings. Again in the Saturday night session at Soulcraft she deplored her one-time repudiation of Spiritist communication, stating for the benefit of her Boston engineer that her brother Albert had been her guide, transmitting to her some of the profoundest of the Christian Science truths. It was Mrs. Eddy's eighth full materialization at Soulcraft. The complete record of her electronic speakings, transferred to one tape, is bound to convince the most skeptical that the epochal drama is actual—something the Christian Science Church cannot indefinitely ignore . . .

—o—

WELL, at last we've got confirmation of Mary Eddy's voice and personality from someone who had known her and had transactions with her, in life. And reports are coming in to Soulcraft from all parts of the nation, and in one case as far distant as Melbourne, Australia, that she is making similar appearances whenever and wherever opportunity offers, determined to rectify this strictest of inhibitions on multitudes who now deify her. Again I want to emphasize that none of this has been upon my initiative. Mrs. Eddy has recourse to Soulcraft, she says, because nothing is in it that conflicts in the slightest with anything in Christian Science tenets but only extends and deep-

ens them, merely carrying the Christian Scientist "beyond the grave". But it is an ironical circumstance for the founder of this great faith to work in liaison and rapport with one not of her denomination, while the official directors of her church insist in remaining alienated from her personality, fearing by communication a damage to its integrity. Mary seems to believe that over a period of time, as one by one she gives evidence of her actuality by such appearances, the Scientist inhibitions will become dissolved and her followers know the truth as she has discovered it beyond the grave . . .

o—o

THE WORST storm of the winter had just visited Indiana on this memorable weekend. Zero weather with snow had made the highways well-nigh impassable when first guests began arriving. From Illinois, Colorado, Texas, Nebraska, Michigan, New Jersey, Florida, Minnesota and Ohio they came. The pathetic inadequacy of the present Soulcraft plant to accommodate such influx was soon demonstrated. But people simply will not remain away from the marvels maturing at Soulcraft. Among the wonders witnessed by those present at the Saturday night session was a full-fledged "build-up" by Harriet Pelley, outside of and in front of the curtains, in plain sight of all present—thus settling the controversial question that somehow or other it is managed through a transport of the medium herself. From the first wisp of ectoplasm to a full-sized 40-year-old woman, who later sang in full throated voice "The End of a Perfect Day" to victrola accompaniment, the guest-audience beheld the full transition. In the session the following evening, further character confirmations were indicated by one elderly lady speaking in Scottish Gallic, and a few moments later another conversing in Polish—neither of which languages were known or spoken by Bertie Lilly Candler. Just what I'm going to do with all these electronic records I don't yet know. The files of them are growing heavier and heavier—entirely aside from the Mary Baker Eddy speakings. For proving points of testimony about etheric matters and etheric conditions they would of course be invaluable for class work, but for general audience appeal in assemblies, the voices of the visiting friends often drop too low to be of sustained value. Copies of the Mary

Baker Eddy recordings have all been segregated elsewhere, because of their tremendous historical value, but the whole file constitutes one of the most unique collections in America, if not the world . . .

o—o

THE QUEER part of this association between Mary Eddy and myself is, that Soulcraft asks nothing of Christian Science, and Christian Science asks nothing of Soulcraft. Mary herself said to me upon an earlier occasion, "You were the only one whom I could find upon the mortal plane with the esoteric knowledge and quality of spiritual consciousness to hear my voice and record that I desired to say about life's continuity on this side of the transition known as Death." The lady had a book manuscript which she wished published on the earth-side so that her people might know how it has been with her since her ascension onto a loftier plane. Nothing in it repudiates any contention of Christian Science in the slightest. I took what she had to say, reduced it into my own style—likewise at her suggestion—and published it. My reward for doing it seems to be her personal appearances around the world, promoting its reader circulation as she has opportunity for personal attestation. The book is selling in gratifying quantities, and regardless of inhibitions of Mother Church directors, *Christian Scientists are buying and reading it*. Was ever theological situation stranger? The founder of a great sect cut herself off from her successors in its management—because of repudiation of post mortem contact—but discovering herself to have been in colossal error, she seeks rectification through the Recorder of a doctrine like Soulcraft, with whom she develops more intimate contact than with the official heads of her church. Do the heads of that Church challenge such liaisons? The Recorder offers phonographic transcripts of the lady's voice in proof, recorded upon an occasion when one who knew her and had business relations with her in life was present and identified her materialized personality as bona fide . . .

o—o

FROM what we gathered Saturday night, the time would seem to be not far distant when every Christian Scientist will be a reader of the Soulcraft books and literature, particularly of more books than *Grandeur* that Lady Mary desires to



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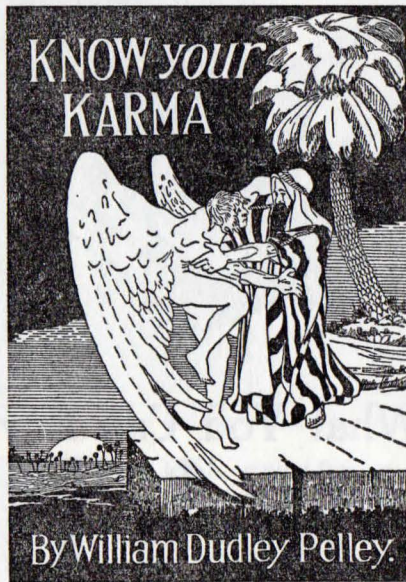
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send over. I can sympathize with the dilemma of the Mother Church directors, yet what can be done about anything so long as Lady Mary seems to have taken her position in my corner of the contest? Setting up a hue and cry of connivance or impersonation can get nowhere so long as people who knew Mrs. Eddy prior to 1910 attend such occasions as Saturday last and concede the epiphany is Mary Baker Eddy from every physical characteristic. Besides, there are the books themselves, to attest to the high spiritual character of the information transmitted. *And more are coming*, according to one of her recent announcements. All in all, when the moment arrives that Christian Scientists as a sect can no longer hold to their inhibitions about communication and manifestation, all they are required to do to get back in personal touch with their beloved leader is espouse Soulcraft. Nothing stranger, I repeat, has ever happened in religious history . . . What we're learning from all these out-of-this-world manifestations at Noblesville is, that conditions in the afterlife are precisely what the Soulcraft Mentors say they are—because more and more the data is checking with those who have Gone On Ahead . . . All the same, in retrospect, that Saturday and Sunday gathering exhausted me of more odic force than anything that had happened at Soulcraft within two years. I know precisely what the Elder Brother meant upon a celebrated occasion when he turned to the woman who had touched the hem of His garment and said He had felt some of the power go out of Him. Psychically enhanced people can drain what they don't knowingly suspect. No harm done, however. Give me time. I'll get it back . . .

—THE INTERPRETER

Erratum

IN SOME copies of this issue of VALOR the front-page article about Abe Lincoln offers the observation, "At just what point in his career Old Abe became interested in the tenets of Sacred Psychical Research is given no notation in his biographies." By an oversight of the proof-reader the text happened to read, "At just what joint in his career Old Abe became interested etc." VALOR would champion the Great Emancipator to the

extent of denying that Old Abe frequented no joints in his earth-life where Spiritism or anything else was dispensed. It was one of those things that happen in a printing plant working at high-pressure. Thank God for a sense of humor . . .

The Average Life

(Continued from Page 11)

planation that "all things are possible to Thought," is to talk balderdash. All things are not possible to Thought! Thought, no matter what its powers, can only perform such seeming marvels as comply with natural laws—and if this were not so, metaphysics would be no curriculum requiring long years to master.

If Thought could violate natural laws willy-nilly at its directed caprice, there are malicious entities in Cosmos who would make chaos of the universe in two hours; and only because it is necessary for them to operate in obedience to natural laws—even the natural laws governing the performance of Thought in regard to materials—is the universe kept from danger.

It is indeed true, and the basis for all sound esoterics, that Thought can—under certain conditions—materialize substances by first drawing a strong Light-Pattern of the thing to be materialized, then covering that Light-Pattern with what is called Etheric Particles. But this is by no means violating natural law. It is simply operating by a hyperdimensional natural law that is not now generally understood or accepted.

THIS is the first of a series of articles on the incongruities of Ascension of the physical self. Others will appear in issues to follow.

Abe Lincoln

(Continued from Page 7)

“YOU face a similar labor but in another way. You must not make my errors. You must consider from the first, viewing the presidential office from whatever viewpoint, that there is no more difference between being President and being a bootblack—if the latter does a good job on the shoes set before him.

Presidents have to shine shoes, never fear. Sometimes the Master uses those in the Presidency in ways as humiliating and mortifying.

"Presidents are but officers of a trust company with millions of stockholders, nothing more. I have told you little yet that you do not suspect or know, but I still have things to tell you which you do not suspect or know.

"The office of President is not a public trust, however, so much as it is a divine trust directly under the Master's tutelage. *The Master Christ is the real Chief Executive of this Republic*, never forget that for one instant. He is King of Kings. I am talking your language of earth for a purpose.

"When I was President I saw the Master personally several times throughout the Rebellion. I talked with Him and discussed policies with Him many nights in the White House. I delayed the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation at His specific instruction for a purpose—that it might offset certain principles in Karma that had to be balanced. Men abused me and wondered at my tardiness. Now they call it Political Psychology. *It was our beloved Master deliberately delaying a great issue for a retributive purpose or end!*



"Accredit it or not as you choose, but I tell you solemnly that the Master visits the White House more than any other structure in this American nation, not expanding its churches—which mean nothing to Him, because He can count on their allegiance and they represent neither a problem nor much opportunity for service to the race.

"So much for my reflections on myself. I still love this Union and my exhaustless sympathies are tied up with its destiny. Forces are at work in it, and have been consistently at work throughout this latest generation, looking to its downfall. But that would mean overthrowing the whole cosmic mission of the Master Christ.

"America has much to endure, I impart to you, but she likewise has great strides to make as a Republic spiritually.



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LATER in the spring, UNDYING MIND will have a corollary, *Soul Eternal*, and as you absorb what they have to disclose to you, the utter *security* of your spirit as it moves up the worlds will be brought to you in a new guise, and God and Christ take on heightened significances. Grasp what the “focusing” of Consciousness can do and you realize what a new universe the Soulcraft precepts have created for you. 320 pages in deluxe printing, red leatherette binding, uncut pages

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Trust that Great Entities on both sides of the Veil have her welfare at heart. They will not permit her to become erased by light and transient causes . . .”

LINCOLN then in this July 5, 1929 manuscript embarked upon a somewhat grandiose agenda of what lay ahead for American Presidents and the part to be played by Soulcraft and its progenitor in the regeneration of Christian patriotic principles. Much of these ad-

resses were incorporated in *Nation-in-Law*, which may yet have a Spring reprinting under the title: *Who Are the Mentors?*

The point in this present monograph is, that Old Abe Lincoln *knew his psychics*. It but adds that much more confirmation to the wealth of lore offered us today, particularly on his birthday, that psychical performance is a science which man has yet to discover as a fundamental of his Earth Life . .

A f t e r t h o u g h t



HERE is one angle to advanced Psychical Research that rarely occurs to the life-baffled layman. He thinks himself tortured by an inconsolable grief when he loses a loved one. He quakes in his shoes when the Angel of Death comes close, by accident or malady, and he has reason to believe his time has come to "go". He is frightened into palsy at some demonstration of discarnate phenomena which he fails to understand—such as a strange woman stalking through his chamber in an old country house and seeming to pass through sheer walls of brick or stone. If he could only have "answers" to all these enigmas and mysteries, life would be very desirable indeed—so he *thinks*. But would it? These are childish bugaboos, based on his ignorance. If he suddenly acquired knowledge of realistic Truth, would he ever give a thought to permanent reactions? How often, the year 'round does it dawn upon him that comprehensive knowledge of the worlds-outside-worlds might make his earth-plane intolerable? Being able to compare the order, beauty and tranquillity of the Higher Planes with life as he is called to live it on this plane might utterly undo him and give him no heart for it. "Why keep on day after day in a place that is literally hell," he would ask, "when such divine places as the loftier octaves exist?" Explain that it is necessary to know the quasi-hell of physical life purposely to appreciate its antithesis and he would spend his time and yours arguing *Why?* Probably it is for this reason that prenatal memories are blanked out and the notion that mortal life is the only life available, made into a fixation—so that he will go through with his assignment to himself. He does a disservice to his own spirit if he does not.

THE higher planes of life can be envisioned, in other words, but not appreciated till one has made a long and arduous study of them. Still, that's not the matter I wanted to discuss. I wanted to discuss the odd reaction that is felt by the sincere student who penetrates the Walls of Silence and comes to know the orderings on the Higher Planes as he affects to know the orderings of this mortal plane. When he considers physical Death in stride, and beholds the seried interrelationships of the many octaves enveloping earth, does he truly suspect what he invites? Of course he doesn't. If he did, his whole angle toward the Hereafter would be altered. Earth-life, with its handicaps, limitations, and frustrations, would be the most intolerable plane of all. Instead of clutching desperately to it, frenziedly obeying the First Law of Nature, self-

preservation, he might be forever looking for opportunities and causations for getting out of it, as the least desirable of all the endurance of Being . . .

IT TAKES intestinal fortitude to come into and endure the ordeals and disciplines of earth-life. It means living in the half-light of the subcellar of the universe, where all is dust, ashes and decay, where thugs and victims are all jammed in heterogeneously together, where moth and dust corrupt and thieves break through and steal. War, selfishness, greed, concupiscence, and gross and bestial living—these are the earth-order to which mankind clings with such hectic desperation. Come to know the peace, beauty and camaraderie of the Higher Planes, and only a man defective in his reason would seemingly stay in mortality. So the true researcher on the Higher Octaves has to discipline himself in the instance of being able to "take" what he discovers. It's a phase of Psychics, I say, that the layman rarely envisions. When all worries over Death are vanished, when mingling with "lost" dear ones is a nightly occurrence and they're not lost any more, when earth-life emerges in its true perspective, then what? You say carelessly enough now that you could stand up to it. *But could you?* . . . Actually, it's not the happiest role in the world to know all the answers. What you discover is your sentencing to a prison of flesh, but different from any legal sentencing, being *self-imposed!* Millions go to prison voluntarily to have experience of its disciplines? *Well, you did!* If you're a mortal personage, you're in such institution NOW. The Free World waits up higher to receive you . . . and you wrack and screech and thrash that the prison gates threaten to open for you, and release you. You're frightened out of your skin to be released! . . . So I remind you, after such an attestation of continuity of personality as we had at Soulcraft over the week-end, what kind of reasoning folk are we, who prefer to exist year after year down here in this trash-bin of the worlds amid the cinders and the rubbish, hysterically clutching for a securely anchored drainpipe to prevent us being lifted Upstairs into a world of cleanliness, sanitation, and drawingrooms softly shaded at midnight? . . . You're required to stand up to such realizations if you seriously court the deeper phases of true mysticism. Grasping the earth predicament at its correct value, you can't help asking yourself how much longer you can take it? . . . But as you gain to adeptship and lose your terrors, likewise remember that earth's roles will never seem the same to you again. True illumination carries ordeal—*endurance after you've come into wisdom!* . . .

¶ *IT'S probably right for old men to die, or the world would grow mouldy---merely breed the past over again . . .*