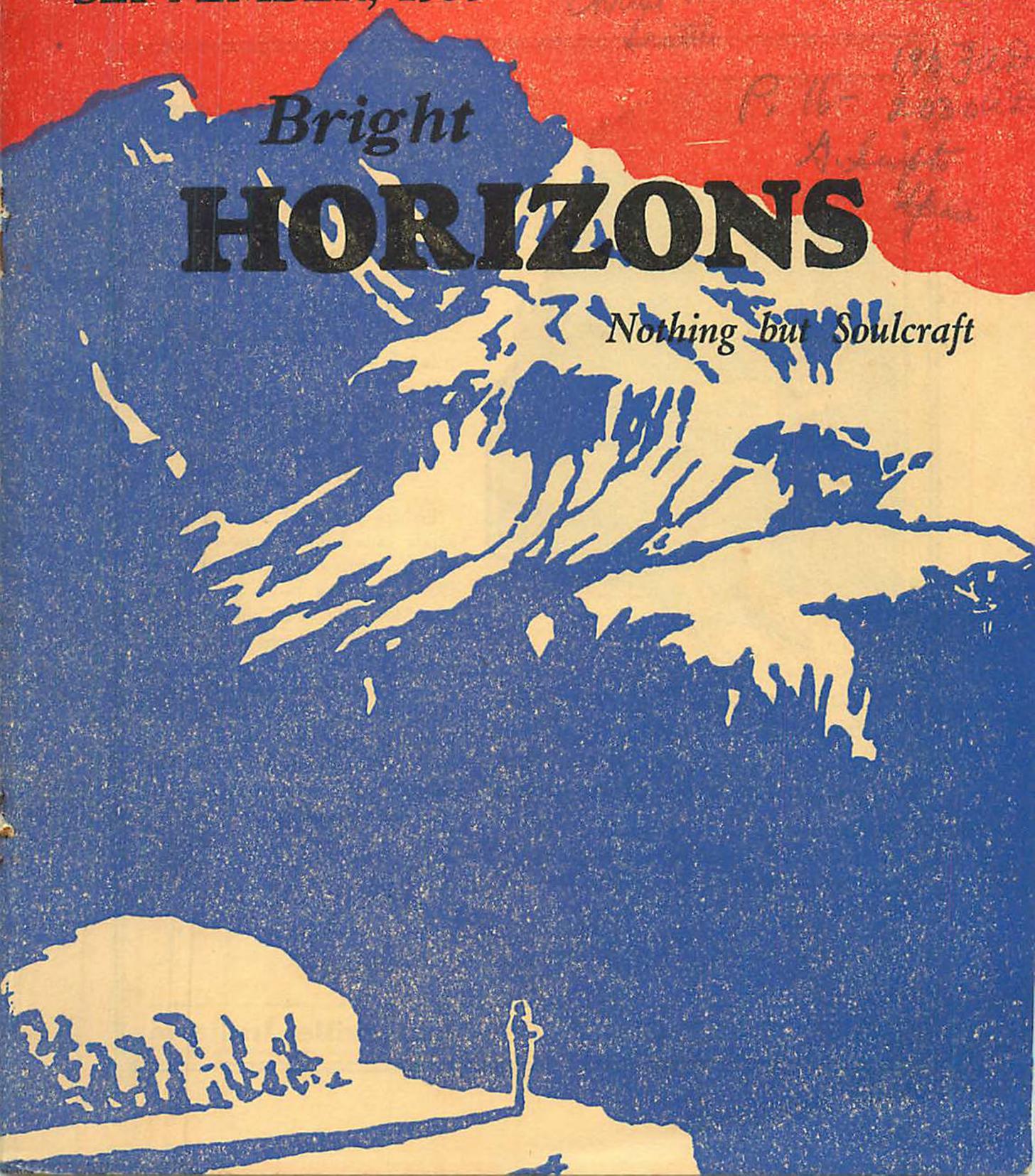


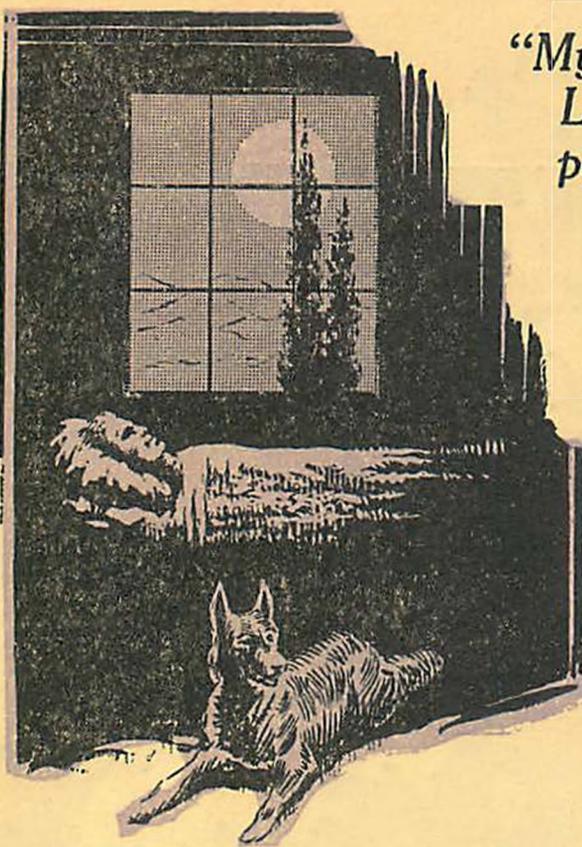
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wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY in beginning the article that was to make magazine and metaphysical history in America under the title of—

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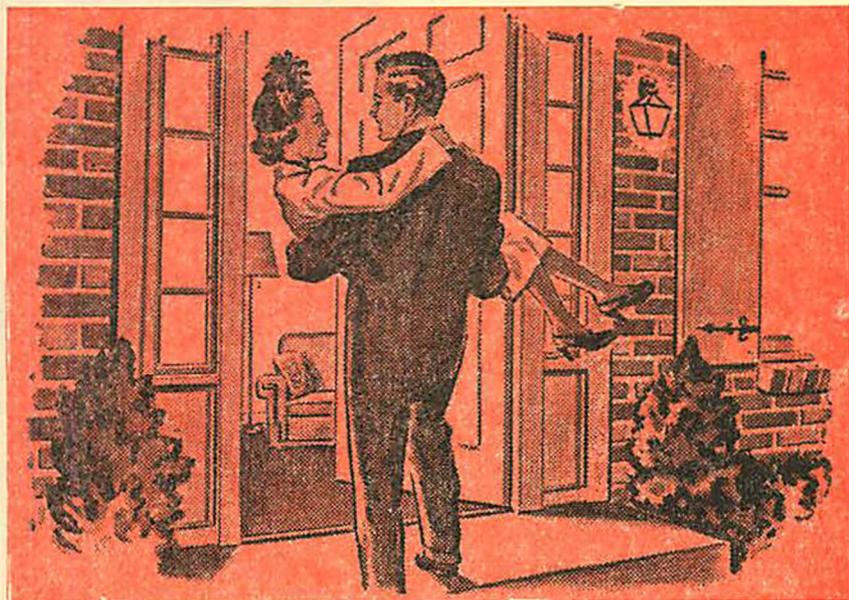
Perhaps you recall the furore this article caused when printed in the *March American Magazine* back in 1929. Its author had gone to sleep of a May night in a California bungalow to find his soul-consciousness quitting his body and gaining to a plane where he encountered scores of “dead” acquaintances face to face! Returning to his body, he stayed in touch with sages on the Higher Octaves by a dramatically aroused Extra-Sensory Perception.

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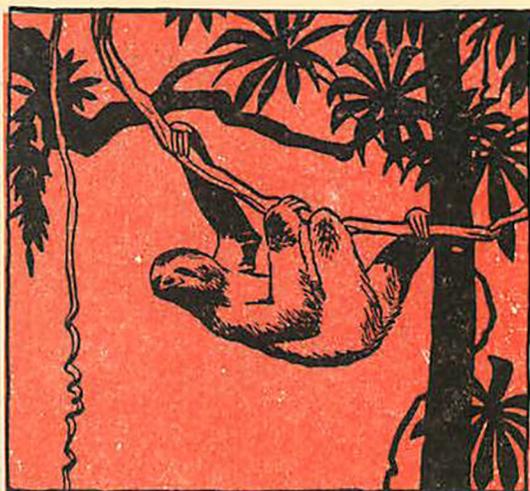
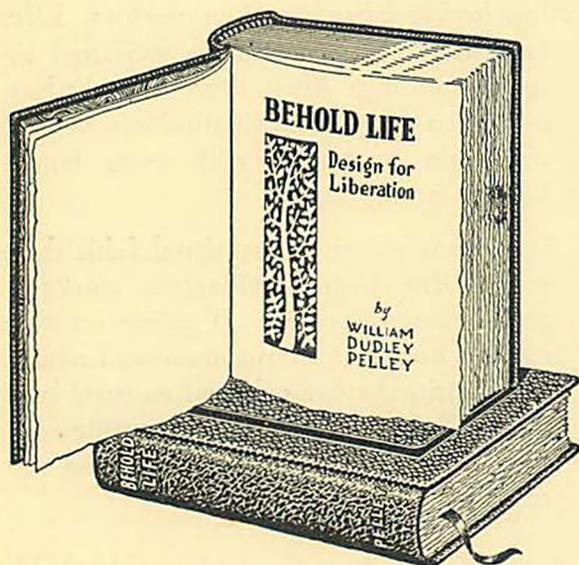
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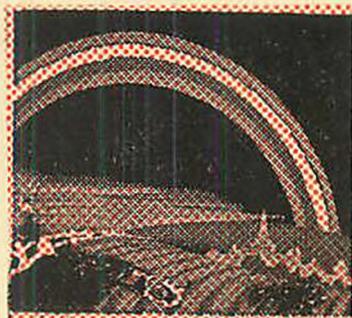
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*A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
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VOLUME ONE

SEPTEMBER, 1953

NUMBER TWO

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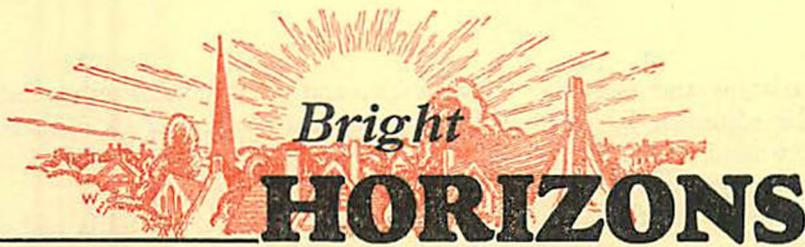
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SACRED MYSTERY

ON the afternoon of July 15, 1920, a young daughter of Mrs. Mildred Swanson of Seattle, Washington, begged her mother again and again to come outside in the sunshine and take her picture with some neighborhood playmates. The mother was extremely busy and did not wish to stop her work, but finally consenting, she examined the camera—an ordinary Brownie—to see that it was properly prepared. She was standing in a shadowed place facing a bank of

flowers when the camera gave a spontaneous click. Knowing the film had consequently been exposed, Mrs. Swanson rolled the next frame into place, only to have the camera snap again. Thinking her daughter's camera was probably defective, the mother took extreme care to hold the shutter in place until the last four frames on the roll could be exposed. When the roll was later developed, the first two frames held the above likeness, no explanation ever forthcoming . . .



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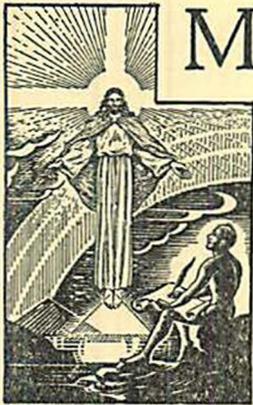
A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal

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SEPTEMBER, 1953

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What Do People Mean by *Spiritual Hunger*?



MORE nonsense, balderdash, and hocus-pocus has been perpetrated on a search for "Truth" in metaphysical fields, than ever was practiced in the patent medicine sideshow of yesteryear to market Dr. Glutz's nostrums for curing whatever may be ailing man or beast. This is by no means confined to quacks, fakirs or charlatans. Quite sincere pedants do a tuppence worth of exploring into the supernatural, or read a few books on Yogi, perhaps undergoing some psychical adventures in their own rights. Forthwith they proclaim that they have found Truth and begin holding classes or issuing pamphlets af-

¶ *WHAT Are They in Quest of, When the Search for Truth Is Mentioned? . .*

fecting to "feed" the layman's spiritual "hungers."

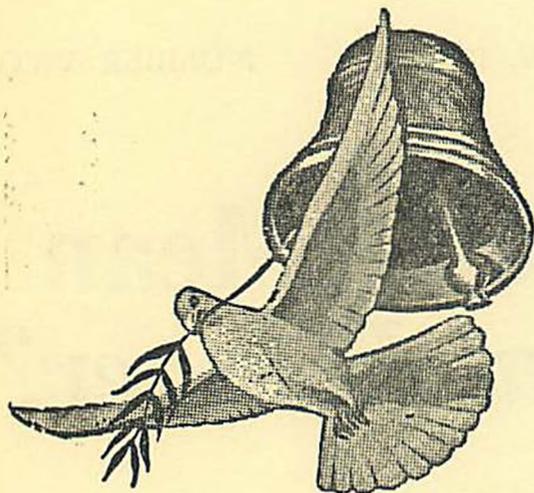
It is time to demand that these halt grandiose generalizings and get down to cases.

Can they set forth in so many words what the hungers of spirit may be, that mass humankind is assumed to have, and what does Truth consist of, that such tremendous organizational activity be required to run it to its lair?

The mealy-mouthed charlatans and esoteric racketeers may at once be identified by the vague clouds of rhetoric behind which they will take cover. The honestly qualified teacher, however, will lay the answers on the line without an instant's equivocation.

Because he knows.

Moreover, he is aware there need not be anything particularly mysterious about Truth.



GRANTED there be a caste of student who expects—nay, even demands—taking down a long dark tunnel, ushering into a room of thick curtains and mysterious lights, and some unearthly “voice” speaking the statement from somewhere, “*God Is Love!*” he is supremely satisfied that he has had a mystical revelation not to be valued in terms of dollars, and one of the profundities of the universe imparted.

We are by no means concerned with this type of credulity.

We are interested in applying the hardest sort of sense to life's equations that transcend the mediocre and orthodox. What makes such sense on this plane should make such sense on any plane—and *vice versa*.

We want to ask, in all earnestness but with insistence, what the hungers of Spirit may be that modern man is supposed to possess so

lamentably, and what does Truth consist of that such raucous pother attends upon trailing it to its lair?

TRUTH consists of those issues and values in the universe that, having been prescribed originally by Creating Holy Spirit, remain constant and enduring, dispensation by dispensation, irrespective of Man's regard of them or the octave of knowledge from which he observes them.

Metaphysics is the study of the Occult as it applies to mundane affairs. When it applies to spiritual affairs, or higher dimensional affairs, it becomes Mysticism or Esoterics.

Very good then. Man, taken as a curious animal, is alleged to possess the inborn desire in his humanized character to explore Occult Knowledge as it applies not alone to the mundane octave of the world but to octaves higher and more complex than the earthly.

Immediately one is challenged to explain, not why such higher curiosity should maintain in his temperament but wherefrom or wherein has come any suspicion that “higher” wisdom exists for him to penetrate or acquire? Who has put this thought in his mind in the first place? Even if it come purely from his dissatisfaction with the imperfection or impermanencies at all? Animals are conscious. They are reasonably intelligent. But no animal seems to do much particular worrying over the Afterlife or the conditions assuring it.

Actually, is it not a fact that in such higher curiosity itself we locate a clue to Man's familiarity with a type or condition of life transcending the earthly?

METAPHYSICIAN, Mystic or Esoterist should be able to grasp that it isn't necessarily Truth for which humankind is said to “hunger” . . . *it is prenatal knowledge of a condition where consciousness functions smoother, pleasanter, and more effectively in accomplishment of its designs, than on this plane of mortality.*

Man as spirit, in other words, does not belong in this material world exclusively and either recognizes or remembers it. Lurking vaguely in background of his eternal mind is recollection of times and situations he must have lived when the ugly realities of survival in the present world were absent. He earnestly desires to return to the more agreeable situation or condition.

Such earnest desire is what he labels as of the moment his "spiritual hungers" . . . or hunger after things of spirit.

OBVIOUSLY, Man has ensouled in the fleshly vehicle for some purpose that he must have expected to be profitable to his eternal self when he did it. But the expectation of its being profitable, by no means guarantees that it shall likewise be enjoyable.

Man is a creature of Spirit, in other words, temporarily in a foreign environment, or a situation where special increment is to be acquired from limitation or circumscription. He doesn't enjoy himself in such limitation because he has had experience of a freer, more facile place of residence. Thus, all through the annoyances of this octave of weight and limitation, he is at variance with its incompatibilities.

Actually, his *hunger* is for a place and its conditions, rather than for ethics of worlds in the abstract.

THE GREAT revelations that make SOULCRAFT what people are discovering it in ever increasing numbers, have it that Cosmic Intelligence is bestowing a mighty benefaction on Man in the nature of an ennoblement. It discloses to him that each man and woman has a destiny to fulfill, threefold in import—

First, there is his or her duty to himself or herself, known as *Self-Improvement*;

Second, there is his or her duty to his or her fellows, known as *Self-Ennoblement*;

Third, there is his or her duty toward God or Holy Spirit, known as *Self-Wisdom*.

These three Principles are inviolate and irrevocable. They were made at the outset of life upon the planet and will maintain with it until the planet as a solar satellite has disintegrated.

People are looking for light upon their earthly pathways, and calling their desire for better illumination, Spiritual Hunger, or Hunger After Things of Spirit.

This the charlatan or religious racketeer fattens upon.

¶ THE FIVE Wisdoms that Men seek answers for, are as simple as they are profound---

What Life may be in its essence;

Why it comes about;

How it comes about;

What happens when it ends;

What is its cosmic significance, making its spiritual evolution worth the experiencing? . . .

Strictly speaking, however, the spirit does not know hunger in the sense of yearning for nourishment. It merely has gnawing desire for information about either this plane of animation or a plane of animation from which it may have come and therefore retains dim



or vague memories concerning. This wanted information classifies into four and possibly five divisions—

What Life is to start with;
 Why it comes about;
 How it comes about;
 What happens when it ends;

What is its Cosmic Significance, making its whole spiritual evolution worthy the experiencing, good or bad?

We can express it in shorter form by putting it, *Life . . . What, Why, How, When, and Whereof?*

In these Five is all that exists concerning Truth, all that exists concerning Spiritual Hunger, all that exists concerning Mysticism. And the proof lies in the circumstances that if you start educating a given soul in the fecundities of the Five, what he terms his Spiritual Groping stops electrically.

And incidentally, the true teacher is merely the erudite and accomplished soul who finds a way to "go upstairs" in the octaves, bringing back down upon this low and primary earthly octave, most of what is known or has been proven on the higher.

BACK at the turn of the century, Americans heard much about the "battle" between Religion and Science. Seemingly it occurred to no one to ask why so nonsensical a contest should be acknowledged. If Religion preached truth and Science proved truth, then they should be compatriots, not opponents. The fact that there was issue between them, attested that one in its expoundings must be incorrect. The "battle" came, of course, in assuming that Science was tending to "undermine" Religion. It wasn't Religion that Science was challenging, of course, but the erroneous contentions of Theology. And the circumstance that Theology should show un-Christian bellicosity, indicated that the minds of theologians conceded that their concepts of Truth might be faulty.

But the contest ends, as you understand the philosophy of Soulcraft. For the first time you have *proven* where Theology has erred. And Religion becomes a bigger, finer thing in consequence.

SOULCRAFT, then, purports to instruct the spiritually "hungry" layman in *What* Life is to start with; *Why* it is; *How* it comes about, *What* happens *when* it ends, and *Whereof* is it worth the effort, to the end that men and women ensouled in fleshly forms may first acquire Self-Improvement, then Self-Ennoblement, then Self-Wisdom.

When we have said that, we have said the decalogue, in Mysticism.

More than that, Man cannot ask, because more than that does not exist to be asked. Besides, thoroughly and satisfyingly answer the *What, Why, How, When* and *Whereof*, and Man proceeds his upward way joyously, self-confident and sure.

"Delivering the goods" according to these stipulations, not by a consignment of Sweetness-and-Light Theory but from evidence that would "stand up" in a law-court, it assuages the thing wrongly called Spiritual Hunger, by furnishing information that gives sense and stability to existence on all octaves of consciousness. Let's examine it on that basis . . .

How the Mystic Differs from the Materialist . .

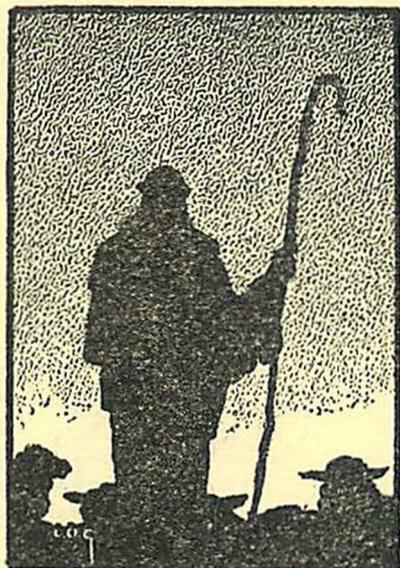
¶ *A POINT of View
that the Average
Person Rarely Has
Called to His or
Her Attention . .*



consciousness" is general . . even the state known as Death.

But always it has to be some sort of organism, human or otherwise, that is conscious or

YOU PROBABLY think of Consciousness as a living body with its normal senses working, taking moment by moment note of worldly activities going on around it. When a state is forced upon it that it no longer is taking note of activities going on around it, the acceptance of "unconsciousness" is general . .



unconscious. People become so accustomed to seeing or contacting the organic suit of clothes that the soul is wearing in any given life, that they forget the inner force that really is making the outer covering perform. To view this inner force, this Soul-Animation, as something with an identity unto itself, is asking the layman to deal in intangibles—that is, things of no substance. And in this world, generally speaking, things without substance are denied the fact of existence.

Right there lies the big difference in thinking between the Materialist and the Mystic.

THE Materialist demands that the substantial organism shall be tangible to his five senses. The Mystic smiles tolerantly at the "hard and practical common senses" of the Materialist and asks, "What goes on then, when organic destruction results in Death and yet something provenly conscious continues to manifest?"

Right there the Materialist abandons the "hard and practical common sense" for which he loves to be distinguished, goes into a vapor

of generalities, concedes there is something called a Soul—which must be classified in the realm of Religion—and changes the subject to the increase of the interest rate on first mortgages.

He is out of his depth, granted he had any depth in the first place.



THE MYSTIC, ages ago, had to erect the structure of his thinking upon an entirely different premise. Of the two, the Mystic was truly the more practical, since he took into consideration all the phenomena of manifestation—and accounted for it—whereas the Materialist took into consideration only what he saw with his eyes or touched with his fingertips.

The Mystic viewed the entire agenda of soul-demonstration, both in and out of the body, and drew the conclusion, "The Soul *must* exist since it performs under many conditions. It is probably possible, however, that its existence has to be proven through other means than the behavior of conscious organism. Being imperceptible to the senses by no means indicates its nonreality; perhaps it only means that Man lacks the equipment to see or contact it. The true fault isn't with the Soul but with the limitation of Man's equipment to behold the Soul."

So the Mystic went to work to study the performance of Soul as something independent of the instrument it might be using on any

given plane, to arrive at some sort of understanding of Soul's composition.

What he found, in the main, and over generations of time, was the challenging probability that Thought wasn't a mere observing and cogitating process of organic brain or mind, but that Thought could exist of, and by, itself. Thought could exist and perform independent of material organism, in other words.

This was absolutely an original and independent Idea, altering the whole business of earthly logicizing.

THOUGHT wasn't a *product* of Substance—say the substance of physical brain and nerves performing somehow within themselves to supply ideas to the organism that thereby was conscious. Substance, taken in any aspect one might come upon it or regard it, was a product of Thought.

This gave the Materialist the facetious comment: "So you start with Nothing and get Something, is that it? And you call that sense?"

To which the Mystic had to reply, "No, I don't start with Nothing and get Something. . . I say that what you call Nothing is really in existence all the time but you declare it to be Nothing because you lack the equipment to perceive it. You merely *say* it is Nothing because it doesn't conform to the tests you place on Substance. It couldn't be Nothing and produce Something, because the fact that Something manifests proves its causes to have been equally in existence. This Something over which you make so much, merely responds to your organic sense equipment, thereby supplying the identity which you concede. But my Nothing also has properties proving its existence. One of them is its ability to produce values that impact on your senses—the phenomenon which you call Something or Substance. Unless you concur in this, you are just as inconsistent as you claim I am, because your Something—in your logic—has come out of Nothing. For instance, all the

materials making up the earthly universe—did they all derive from Nothing? If you say they did, and were self-creating, then give me explanation for the mystery of Quantity. Why have there been limitations on amounts of Something in existence? Why is our very planet the size it is? . . . why isn't it ten thousand times bigger, if it has been self-created? What has dictated that uranium, for instance, shall be a 'scarce' element?"

The Materialist cannot answer you, granted he follows you. His brain is already growing tired, he finds, trying to consider abstractions.

But they are *not* abstractions. They are the soundest and hardest values existing in Nature, because they have produced an earth-world in which one moves and needs sustenance.

However, when trying to grasp what Life is—in order that average men and women may come to grasp what they themselves are—you have to pass from consideration of Substances in performance to consideration of Performance as an oddity unto itself.

By investigating Performance you grope toward the core of the mystery of what the thing may be that is performing.

CONSCIOUSNESS, the capable Mystic says, is that paradox in Nature whose major attribute is being aware of itself and its functions. Being aware of itself requires that it must have or acquire a fair amount of individuality. This individuality in Consciousness we give the handy label of Soul. So long as we confine ourselves and attention to the finite unit possessed of no other attribute than self-awareness, that is one thing. But the moment this Self-Aware Unit of Consciousness—or Soul—starts to *do* something extraneous to itself, meaning outside awareness of self and naught else, then we say it becomes Spirit. Spirit is Soul-in-Action, in other words. And Soul-in-Action takes the procedure of Thought to draw patterns or blueprints around which atoms assemble to give the material Some-

things which the Materialist so dearly advocates. And the brain of Soul-in-Action, so to speak, performing the wonder of Thought Pattern-Making, is Mind.

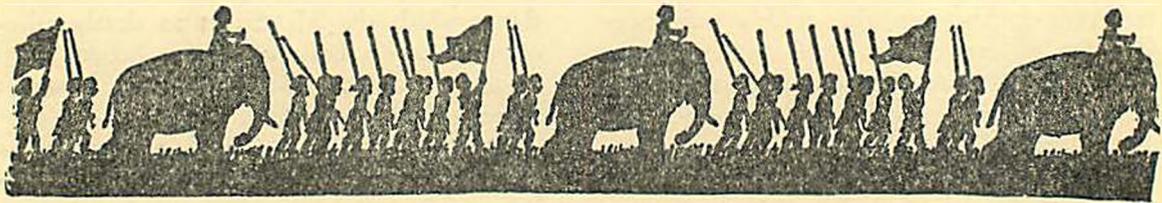
It may sound complicated to have these items so defined, but actually it is not. Merely remember—

In the universe Consciousness individualizes into particles that give us souls. Each is distinguished by its ability to be aware of its own existence—to itself. The moment it thinks outside of this self-awareness and in terms of conveying its self-awareness to other souls, it translates into Spirit, or soul performing externally. And it conveys this existence of itself and self-awareness to other units by activities known as Thinking and the designs it works in materials through thinking. And the instrument it employs for all such performances is Mind.



Get this simple line of definitions and you begin to acquire the very basic knowledge of the Mystics of all the ages, who have worked such marvels of control of Mind over Matter. They have worked such marvels because first of all they got their reasoning and identifying sorted out as to the exact meaning and activities implied in each of these terms.

Furthermore, we find ourselves on sound ter-



rain in so accepting each as described, because they do account for all the supernatural as well as the natural phenomena we encounter on the various octaves of reality, including the earthly. And to it we should add, the new science of nuclear fission backs these terms up as well, and supplies explanations for the mystery of Quantity in materials.

Especially pious mystics, by the way, call this great cosmic reservoir of Consciousness—that can individualize itself into particles known as Souls—the Mind of God, or Divine Mind. It is a pretty term, but it can also alienate the mental scientist and logician who is searching for what *happens* in soul-creation, and therefore what men and women are when souls imbed in organism.

THERE IS, in the universe, a principle that is capable of self-awareness and that over gradual periods of time in each instance acquires Individuality. Confined to self-awareness only, each of such particles is just a Soul—that could go on contemplating itself so for millions of years if it chose. But really that wouldn't mean very much unless it manifested to other self-contemplating souls, and the instant it does so it is recognized as, and named *spirit*. In other words, it is known as a spirit. Visiting earthly organism again and again, experience comes to it that emphasizes such individuality until personality begins to be acquired. Finally it exercises such soul-spirit through powers of Thought and creates what are known as Thought-Forms, which are truly thought-patterns for atoms to adhere around.

Thereby does Thought actually create Matter and material objects or substances . . . and the Materialist is left far behind in it all, scarcely grasping "what it is all about" . . .

It isn't a mere esoteric or mystical theory, formulated to alibi or rationalize what Thought can provenly do in effecting Materials. But whether it is or not, when the Materialist begins to follow what the Mystic has explored and found to be true, he has to abandon all his previous notions and start a new line of thinking, because he discovers that the Mystic's ideas concretely *work*.

The point we are interested in making at the moment, however, is What Life Is to Start With.

Life to start with, is Divine Mind "thinking" in terms of distinct and individual particles of Consciousness, with the patterns in which it thinks exercising or expressing according to the species or specimen of the created thing. As these particles become more and more aware of themselves and then more and more positive about external functions, they become creators of inanimate substance in their own rights. Such is the premise from which all miracle-workers operate.

You might read ten thousand books on Mysticism, but they wouldn't tell you one syllable more than is contained in the foregoing exposition.

Get the foregoing understanding in your head and you have started your intellect on its way to understanding of all the phenomena in the Natural Universe. It is not so particularly complicated.

What it is, is *different* . . .

Why Children's Souls Couldn't Be Created by their Parents . .



¶ *WOULDN'T It Be
Projecting Them into
Life that Had a
Beginning but No
Ending, Something
that Couldn't Exist
in Logic? . .*



THE AVERAGE person in life today has been raised in the theologic notion that existence begins with birth of his physical body and ends when accident or senility halts the beating of his heart.

The idea seems to be generally accepted that procreational acts of father and mother

brought his new soul into being along with the body which houses it, and that having been

brought so into being that soul is projected to an endlessness of existence, going to heaven, dwelling in some vague celestial state throughout eternity and being rewarded for a life of good works by an enjoyment of eventless immortality.

In other words, the average person accepts that when a baby is born, it is the start of eternity for the spirit which occupies the physical vehicle of that infant. Having once been created in the mortal sense, it proceeds—if it lives a worthy moral life on earth—to live endlessly.

It never dawns on people who subscribe to this popular belief that they are approving of a proposition which has a beginning but no ending.

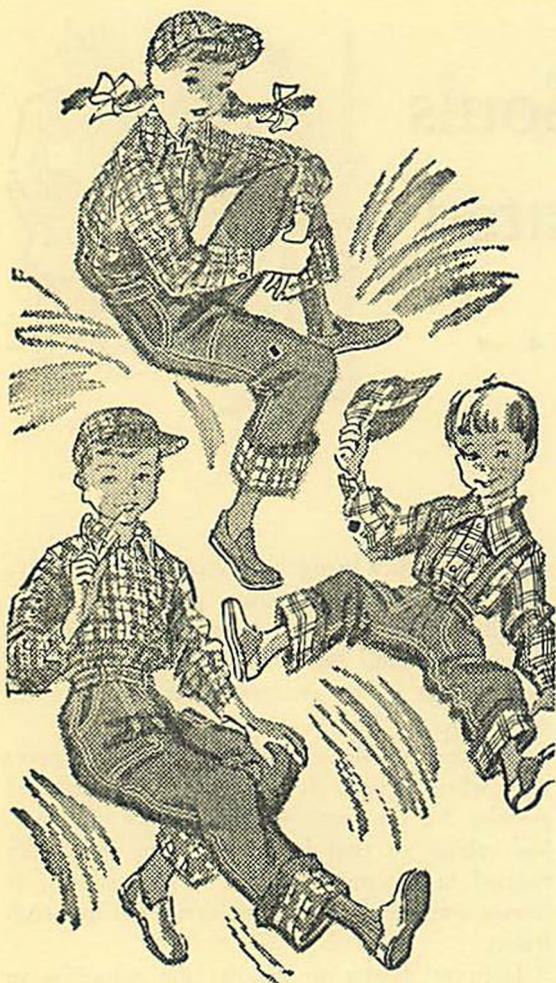
Life once inducted into a baby's body gives Mortal Consciousness a start in performance, they think. Then, having been so started, it is assumed that the said Consciousness never reaches a termination.

All of it is a great deal like the proposition which theological jesters delight to put to be-deviled divines:

"You say that God can make all things?"

"Certainly!"

"Tell me, can God make a stick with only one end to it?"



THE THEOLOGIAN squirms out that one by intimating that a stick with only one end wouldn't be recognizable as a stick, never mind whether God tried to fashion it, or the corner carpenter.

Pressed for a more satisfactory answer the theologian, defending his principles, would probably contend hysterically in the end that, yes, God could make a stick with only one end to it, since God is supposed to do all things.

The mischief-maker would thereupon ask: "Well, if God can do it, why hasn't He made such a stick?"

The dominie will begin feeling silly at defending such a line of reasoning and contend the whole argument doesn't make sense. Yet considering this matter of birth into the physical body and eternal life after it, the thing that orthodoxy proposes for mankind to accept is just as ridiculous.

If life can be said to have a Beginning when it starts up in the body of the infant but thereafter never ceases throughout eternity, why is that not comparable to the stick with only one end to it?

THINGS that have beginnings must have endings. In fact, the notion of a Beginning implies an Ending, because a thing begins, at a point in time as indicated, and a stake is driven down, to show how long it endures before it ceases to exist. To say that a created thing goes on forever, is to attach no especial importance to the beginning.

We note beginnings purposely to compute the length of time that a thing endures before it ceases to exist or changes to something else. In other words, the Beginning is one geometrical point, and the Ending is another. The distance between is the Life Span. But if a thing can be said to have a Beginning only, and then lives endlessly, the second geometrical point is never determined and therefore the Life Span cannot be computed.

Of course, we can always compute it from the Beginning to the Present Moment, but the present moment is forever altering. Suppose it had altered to take in ten trillions of years—and was proceeding on to take in ten trillion years more. How inconsequential that Beginning would be after the lapse of such time!

AS A MATTER of fact, when we stop to give it thought, this crediting of parenthood with the manufacture of new souls really ought to make adult men and women celestial in their offices.

Consider it! A man and a woman marry and after a while a baby arrives. The union of the

sex attributes, according to orthodoxy, has sent an immortal entity hurtling up the millennia—never to lose Consciousness, to endure so long as Cosmos endures.

Adult men and women who marry should consider themselves gods and goddesses for performing such eternal miracles. Yet they do not. They have a baby and that's all there is to it. They never give the eternality of the youngster's soul a thought from New Year's to Christmas—or that they may have been responsible for imposing it on Cosmos.

The reason that they never give it a thought, or consider that they have done anything particularly marvelous, is because they know in their subconscious minds that all they have participated in creating is a physical body of infant features and proportions.

A soul has come into that body and occupied it.

They had absolutely nothing to do with the creation of that soul as a soul. They know, still subconsciously, that if that soul is eternal, it must be eternal, so to speak, at both ends. That is to say, if it is eternal after death of the body which they created, it must as reasonably have been eternal—and in existence—before that body was fashioned.

To be eternal, a thing cannot have a beginning. It must partake of Eternity, and there is just as much behind the present moment as there is ahead of it.

Eternity doesn't concern the future only, it must by the very nature of the term concern the past as well.

Eternity is "all the time there is," both ways from the present!

IF, THEREFORE, you are an orthodox person and believe in eternal life for yourself, you must be consistent and admit that Eternity can, and does, stretch both ways. If you are eternal for the future, you must as reasonably have been eternal for the past.

If you confidently expect to live again in some aspect of a higher life, you must con-

cede that somehow or other, somewhere and sometime or other, you must have lived in a previous and perhaps a lower life. You can't have a one-way, one-sided Eternity—the way and the side that only stretch ahead. If you insist upon it, then you are dealing with an Eternity that actually has had a beginning. How could such be Eternity? There are several thousand of us here in the United States who are exploring this mighty premise for mortal life and making some stupendous discoveries regarding the fundamentals of it.

¶ *SHALL we look upon this planet then, as a gigantic factory for the production of souls to populate heaven, or take the more sensible view that a heavenly condition preceded earth-life?*

Moreover, we are finding that when we arrive at the correct fundamentals, all the quandaries and the headaches, and the worries and the panic, iron out—that adequate and soul-satisfying reasons exist and are provable as to why this man has such-and-such experiences in life and that woman has this-or-that good luck or misfortune.

Orthodoxy is all right for childlike souls who demand that other men shall do their thinking for them, or who are content to blunder their ways through the world, and enjoy their hates and rancors and complications without troubling their minds about a more reasonably hypothesis for what they are called upon to suffer. On the other hand, human life is

taking such aspects today that other men and women demand to know and prove the Truth about it.

A perfect God could not create and sustain an utterly addled and hit-or-miss world. And no one who takes the opposite tack from orthodoxy and does some real exploring in Realities, considers for a moment that this is an addled or hit-or-miss world.

It only seems addled or hit-or-miss to those lacking the standards by which to understand or appreciate it. Arrive at such standards and the confusion and rancor iron out.



THERE is a far more satisfying doctrine for the nourishment and encouragement of the expanding and unfolding Soul than anything which theology has tendered humankind to date, and to lead people gently and sanely into an appreciation and understanding of it is this journal's mission.

Life has ten thousand times more facets and phases than the average human being is permitted to become aware of, for the reason that all types of souls are not equally ready to receive and profit by the knowledge of them.

Probably you have never given much thought to this proposition of Eternity, anyhow. You merely discovered yourself born afresh and proceeded to live the span of your current life. And no one blames you for that. You haven't been able to consciously remember where and when you lived before, or who you were, or what you did. You found all men and women about you similarly faulty as to memory,

and accepting the beliefs of the hour as they encountered them. So you did likewise and lost yourself in the problem of physical and social survival.

All the same, practically one hundred percent of people have had flashes and intuitions of having existed before, of having been in precisely a given situation, doing or about to do specific things, and realize in a sort of panic at times that the theologic explanation explains pitifully little.

Besides, when we come right down to it, the orthodox acceptance is both pernicious and mischievous.

IT TAKES no account of the circumstances under which a person might have happened to be born. It offers no solution to why some souls arrive in mansions and others in hovels. It goes on the basis that each soul "created" by the parents in the mortal body has but one life to live and that it might as well get what it can out of life by fair means or foul for it will be "a long time dead."

This sort of belief breeds horrible social ulcers. The soul inducted into its physical body under criminal conditions in the slums looks at the more fortunate on the Avenue and starts breeding rancor based on pardonable envy. "What did I ever do to deserve such a rotten break?" it cries angrily, implying by such demand that the more fortunate soul born on the Avenue has done nothing to merit it.

So black hatred based on the injustice of the thing impels the unfortunate soul to try of its own accord to readjust the balance. Thus we have individual crime, or class hatred, or social cynicism making finally for Communism.

There are, in this world, tens of thousands of persons who are coming into fault—in starting off with the wrong reasoning and leading men into blind alleys of utterly false conclusions.

Take the proposition that the soul is eternal both ways from the present, that inasmuch as it never can have an ending so too it never can

have had a beginning, that abstract existence and functioning on the mortal plane exclusively are two quite separated matters, that people themselves may have had a whole lot to say before birth about "who they were going to be" after getting into life, and that there is a definite purpose being served by every person being in life in exactly the role he finds himself—and the whole earthly program begins to make sense.

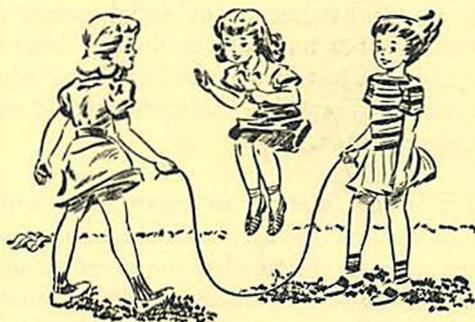
THE ASSUMPTION may be all wrong that people have no "say" about where they shall be born, or of what conditions. Certain it is that immediately on arriving in earth-life, every human soul finds itself a free moral agent, able to yell its head off or not yell its head off, able to kick the covers off its infant feet or not kick them off, able to decide whether it wants to take nourishment or not take nourishment.

How preposterous to say that such free will is a fresh endowment of mortality, and that it could not have existed ten minutes before birth—that ten minutes before birth, the soul was absolutely at the caprice of the procreating parents and had to be born to them whether it desired to do so or not!

We have the right to demand in logic, why freedom of will thereby starts at birth, whereof it arrives, how it comes about that each and every one of us knows exactly how to employ it like veterans in the use of it?

We have the right to demand more in logic. We have the right to demand why the originating parents of a given soul—viewed from the conventional standpoint concerning birth—should not be considered as guiltily responsible for everything the offspring so originated by them commits in the way of moral or social malfeasance, though it happen ten thousand years after the parental death. If a soul so "created" turns out to be a great public malefactor, why should not the parent or parents "creating" it be held responsible for what they have created? The Old Testament has a great

deal to say about "the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children." Would the contrary not be more sensible, that the sins of the children are visited upon the fathers? Certainly if the parents were the first and only artisans of the child's soul could they not be held accountable for everything which the product commits? Who would wish to be held accountable personally for *everything* that might be perpetrated by a given human being up far years of the future, merely because an act of temporary passion had resulted in a wife's conception?



THERE are branches of the Spiritualistic faith that will not admit of multiple existence, for instance, because they do not wish to imply that a given mother could conceive or deliver a soul that might have lived earlier in earth affairs and been guilty of "sin" . . .

How inconsistent such a position is to take, unless the same mother be held strictly accountable for all which the "new" child performs up millions upon millions of years of eternity? Such mother could plead that as her child had been born endowed with Free Will, she would be unable to control its acts, especially after it reached adulthood. So she wants to originate a simon-pure and unblemished soul yet fore-swear all responsibility for what happens subsequently when the child-soul has attained physical maturity and "gone off on its own", as the saying has it.

Is not the inconsistency of such belief ap-

parent? How can such a woman have it both ways?

The facts are, of course, that she doesn't.

If she were giving birth to an absolutely "new" soul, she would be giving birth to a witless creature with no instincts to guide it—since we are finding that instincts are merely memories of how it was performed in its own prior lives in flesh. She would be giving birth to a moronistic little creature of no subconscious mind because there would be nothing to enter into and compose the subconscious mind. If such an infant-soul were entering upon its first earthly experience, it would have to acquire all its attainment of social graces and mental facilities not only in the one brief human life-span but in the childhood and adolescent years of that life—a feat that would make it a phenomenon.

THESSE are matters to regard with utmost gravity. They are, moreover, matters to regard with an eye to what the parent is doing in shortsuiting himself or herself of another kind of credit.

Suppose it is a great master-soul, some unsurpassable benefactor of the human race in generations past, who has come into life anew, choosing such woman through whom to be born? By denying the fact of pre-existence, is

she not denying or disdaining the highly honorable function she has been called anew to fill? A celebrity of history may be lying in infant form in the cradle before her or taking nourishment from her breast, and yet from a caprice of her own vanity—the business of wanting a "sinless" soul only to come to her—she declares the past achievements of such soul are as nothing that she need recognize.

Truth to tell, it is time we overhauled all our notions about the parent-and-child relationship and grasped a viewpoint that fits the facts more consistently. Each one of us in turn has lived countless careers on earth, not hesitating to employ our past parents and their functions for the purpose of getting new bodies to use in each new life-span. Should we be so squeamish about them, then, or squeamish about letting our so-called children "employ" us in turn, as they in turn desire new bodies for new careers?

But in the whole of it, we can come back to that irreconcilable challenge as to whether or not God could make a stick with only one end to it? Would such a creation be recognizable as a stick?

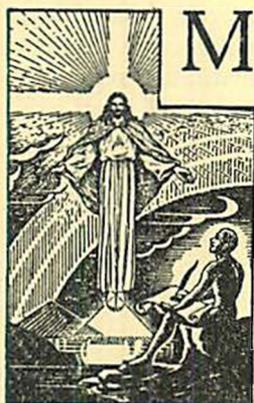
Could the most miraculous parents who ever lived, make a child with a Beginning but no Ending to its consciousness?

Would it be recognizable as a human being?
Think it over.



MULTIPLE Existence isn't a theory propounded to demonstrate somebody's cleverness but because it's the one explanation for life's quandaries that fits all the facts of human behaviorism. We're forced to accredit it despite occasional prejudices.

Will the Saucer-Men Aid in Armageddon as We Conceive It?



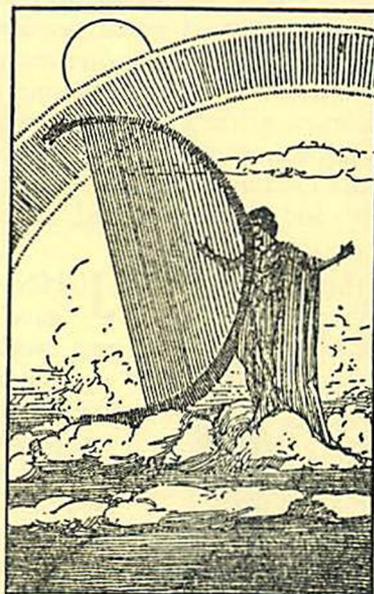
MAYHAP it is time to alter our thinking about Dispensational Cataclysm in our affairs.

It is characteristic of everyday human nature that it must envision cosmic epochs in terms of catastrophes that mean Death and Ruin to vast numbers of the human race; people must perish, it seems, in wholesale

numbers or cataclysm isn't cataclysm when we come to regard major changes in global civilization. Someone started off the tradition of Armageddon in terms of wholesale woe, and generations of squeamish people since have concurred that God Almighty must break up the the universe and shower the pieces about Cosmos in order to mark some New Order coming in. *Jesus says nothing of the sort is due to mature. He should know.*

Jesus is striving to convey to poor, heckled, distraught, disillusioned human souls that only Good portends. But the human race doesn't want to believe it. Or rather, it wants to believe it but dares not.

The Messiah assures us that, "—if I but gave the Word, lo the heavens would shower



Q *WHAT if the Space-Men are Advance Guards of Cohorts of Righteousness Come to Help Us from Higher Planes? . .*

fire, the continents would tremble, the seas would rise up, the night of inky blackness would fall upon the cinder of a once-world that would fuse with other nomad planets and form a flashing nebula far into empty heavens . . . *but I give not such Word! . . I keep within the hollow of my hand the existence of this*

planet. I tend and watch it. Daily I see the lives of nations. I watch pranking statesmen make mock of My work over many generations and I rebuke them not, knowing that if there be a spark of the Holy Spirit within them, yet will it someday redeem them. I watch the humble rise to affluence and give accounting of their talents and I am encouraged. So be it! . . . ”



JOHN of Patmos gave the Christian world its tocsin of Universal Woe in 'the Days of the End' and it was a vivid account of ruin and disaster to fall on the race as a mass. Happily it approached the problem of "the End" from the psychology of his day that the

earth was flat. When Christ appeared, in the stupendous Second Coming, the heavens were due to be "rolled back like a scroll" and the Messiah was due to descend a great stationary stairway, one step at a time. The geological fact happens to be, however, that the earth is a sphere, turning eastward at the speed of one thousand or more miles per hour. And that disclosed how much St. John really knew. If he didn't have his geologic facts straight, how could he be depended upon to have his prophetic facts accurate, either? The good Saint apparently dreamed a dour dream, but all the fervent Christians since have taken what he dreamed as literal or at least perspicacious fact.

Hence we now confront the equally stupendous circumstance that perchance the "time of the End" truly means the end of all things that are vile and ungodlike. Atom bombs are *not* to be allowed to fall and make a cinder of civilization—and those familiar with the Divine Speakings of the *Golden Scripts* know the true answers.

What's going to happen is the arrival of so-

called "heavenly messengers" and cosmic helpers, who are slated to wield terrific power and save humankind from itself, from the Luciferians, and from its own leaders who are blindly striving to lead the blind without divine light to guide them.

Millions throughout the earth were "sold" on the certainty that universal holocaust was due to occur on Thursday, August 20, 1953, and offered the "measurements" of the Great Pyramid to prove it. Soulcraft, basing its conclusions strictly on the adjurations of the supernal *Golden Scripts*, declared and preached that August 20th would pass like any other day on the calendar—and it did.

Man's estimate of calamity has been wrong consistently. The *Golden Scripts* have never once erred, in the smallest particular.

Now come the same authoritative statements with the import that between 1953 and 2030, cumulative Good and Blessing accrue to the human race, that great entities watch over the welfare of Man, and that the Christ of Galilee comes into His own and takes suzerainty over the nations—with the help of a "Host" . . .

What if this Host be the occupants of the Saucers?

ACCOMPANYING such promises, come the sudden Saucer phenomena. Beings from higher planets are obviously scouting our earth-planet in heavy numbers. What if they be bound on the friendliest of Christ-missions? People ten to fifty thousand years in advance of us in culture and mechanical discovery are making factual appearance that portends great developments among this earth-race. Does anyone imagine for an instant that the author of the *Golden Scripts* would not be aware of the coming of these visitors?

The report has it that when Adamski confronted the occupant of that Saucer that came down near Blythe, California, last November 20th, he said that "something" about the sky-visitor caused him to feel like "a barbarian in the presence of a god" . . .

Perhaps Adamski was standing in the presence of a god! . . .

Remember, a god is merely a conscious being who happens to know more than we do.

Let us not be surprised if the Saucer Men are appearing at this time in pursuit of the very objectives which the *Golden Scripts* so tacitly portray.

THE CHIEF trouble with prophets seems to be that they must prophesy something sensational in order to get a hearing. So they roll and foam in Disaster. The clairvoyants who take the roles of Prophets in this Latter Day are fearful that someone has "received" something that they haven't, and when one of them comes out with a trumpet-blast of cataclysm that is just around the corner, all start up a similar cacophony so that if something major happens, they can proclaim, "I prophesied it, too!"

The Messiah, in a quiet corner of Cosmos, and in a tranquil moment, says to His private ministers, "Don't be alarmed! Nothing of a serious nature will be allowed to happen."

And nothing does happen.

Man-made wars and diplomatic miscalculations are allowed to happen—yes. Those are karmic reactions from man's own misdeeds. Here and there comes an occasional local windstorm, or adjustments of the earth's crust from natural geologic causes. Such have been occurring since the dawn of time. But the ending of all civilizations in baths of wholesale woe and destruction rarely if ever arrive on tick after thunderous prophetic declaimings to watch the seismographs at 2:34 o'clock Thursday and batten down everything portable.

So the commercial clairvoyants strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

"The true prophet," says the *Golden Scripts* "telleth of goodly things coming unto men," but who cares to pay out good money to hear of goodly things coming unto Man? Where's any excitement in Goodly Things? Let them come, and mankind will accept them—take

them for granted—and turn to scan the horizons for woe. "Man just gotta have woe!"

It's the gale that's going to blow the roofs off all the chicken coops and scatter the pullets over fifty blocks, that proclaims the true prophet—when he hits it in advance . . . which he does by coincidence one time out of fifty.

CONSIDER the Saucer Men from foreign orbs. It is coming to be known inside a select circle that they are actual, but Government won't acknowledge their existence fearing to



start a panic, or cause drastic reactions to federal preparedness programs. The great rank and file might not see much sense in tilting our airplane production this year to an 18,000-lead over Russia, if armadas of Saucers are on their ways in from Venus to blow the planet to the Pleiades. It amounts to that. Why make vast quantities of shells to give away to anti-Red forces in Indo-China if a space-ship can anchor forty miles up and pulverize whole continents with explosives we don't know about?

Such is the cynical barbarism of current earth-life that the thought of great, wise and compassionate *friends* moving in from the other spheres to aid us in matters too prodigious for us to solve by our own strengths, is asinine and not in the catalog. Just as prophets should prophesy of woe in order to qualify, when space ships arrive over us they must drop fresh tons of explosives in order to qualify. Anything else is unthinkable. Says who?

Says Joe Whoozis, the Wonder-Man of Los Angeles, and you can buy his book, *Dire Things to Happen in 1954* by sending three dollars to a postoffice box in the Wilshire District. Joe's jallopy needs its transmission overhauled, so he gets out a new book on Eminent Destructions in which his car may be included unless you

remit promptly. The public actually buys this junk, thinking it is getting "on the inside" in matters of sacred import. Pitiful.

Queer that no one ever hunts up Joe with copies of his Dire Predictions of 1952, 1951 or even 1933, and demands why all the things he prophesied for those years never happened as he predicted, and what sort of an Atrocious Guesser does he think he is, anyhow?

Queerer still, that few of the professional forecasters have foretold the Coming of the Saucers, manned by *friendly* denizens of distant orbs. People aren't willing to pay \$3 for predictions about friends. They will cheerfully pay \$25 a copy for a book that foretells the cosmic destruction of all the folk they hate. But let's not discuss that.

THE IRONY of the current Saucer situation is, that groups of Washington politicians can't promise enlistment of the Saucer Men on their side of the controversy—whatever the controversy is—so they permit no Saucer ballyhoo. With the things flying right over their own Capital they permit no ballyhoo. Because they can't be used by the Party to win next year's election, they don't exist.

But the Saucer Men, impelled by Higher Forces beyond the slightest doubt at the present pass, will go straight ahead with their own programs to achieve what they're here to do in this windup of the Piscean Age, and that

will be that. Already it is being implied that many of the Saucer Men are stashing their ships, getting into Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits and joining the sidewalk throngs of DPs, with information in their heads five to ten thousand years in advance of our own knowledge. And what's to be the effect of *that*?

What an irony that the politicians can do nothing in the face of such influx and no law can reach out and restrain the mystics in the exercise of their own mysticism, learning what it's all about. And civilization stays frozen on the pivot that anything not espoused by the headlines of the kept press has no reality that anyone need stew about.

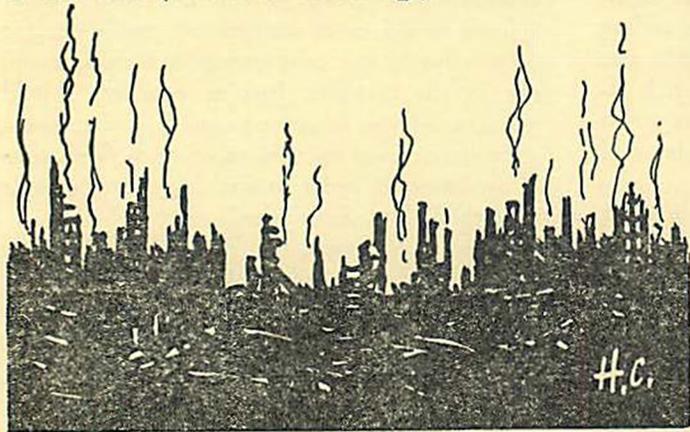
All of which is quite all right. That humanity shall be helped in spite of its own stupidities and abysmal complexes established by the Luciferians, merely evidences the real altruism of the ageless avatars.

However, *somebody* should get as reliable word as possible to the contingent with intelligence that true help is at hand, and that Armageddon may be over before it is fairly begun, due to the assistance of People Who Need No Press Agents to factualize themselves in the public regard.

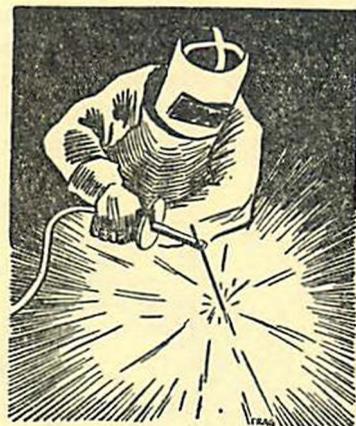
One thing is certain: the coming of the Saucer Men makes interpretable several pertinent Master Messages that were purposely left out of the *Golden Scripts* because the appearance of a "host" in the skies was first taken as an allegorical alluding. Now it begins to come clear that in these unpublished Master Messages, it was the "Host of the Saucer Men" that was being indicated. BRIGHT HORIZONS will therefore publish some of these beginning with the October issue.

Actually the paean is clear, that there is naught but good impending for Man. Friends are appearing to aid him out of interstellar space.

What does Man want for proof that there is a God and that He is on Man's side? You answer it!



Why Your Life-Role Is Probably What You Specified . .



HERE is nothing more pitiable in life than the exhibits of humanity that society labels misfits. The idea seems to be that the world of mortality is a reasonably well-adjusted place and that the average man or woman knows approximately what his or her personal role is in it, but that here and there are aimless and ill-considered individuals who are at a loss in "holding up their ends"—sociologically speaking. Exactly what they are doing in life at all, seems at times a mystery.

This notion—of pitying the socially maladjusted person—is based on the subconscious acceptance that there is a distinct part for everyone to play in the worldly scene, and if a person fails to find his own, there is something the matter with him. It rarely occurs to the average individual to recognize by such pitying of the social misfit, he is thereby giving credence to the very principle that The Soulcraft Doctrine propounds: The theory of the Charted Life. But the average person does not go far enough, even in his subconscious acceptances of that same principle.

¶ *HOW the Charted Life Accounts for Society's So-Called Misfits . .*

It does not occur to the average person for instance, that perchance there are not even such curiosities as Human Misfits. It never occurs to the average person that perhaps the role of misfit is a sort of career in itself! At least the misfit must get something out of his role that is not commonly derived by the conventional individual.

Anyhow, there is a good and sufficient reason somewhere for the misfit—so-called—being a fact. He certainly must have a reason for not conforming. He either finds it to his profit not to do so or there are certain values in social life that for some cause he does not take advantage of. Mayhap he has done something in a previous life, making him what he is, or giving him his inhibitions. We shall take up this possibility in a later article, particularly on the fate of the suicide.

What we are especially interested in examining in this paper is, to what extent is the reasonably normal person a misfit when he feels vaguely dissatisfied with the role in which circumstances have obviously cast him?



WE DO not have to look far outside our own lives to recognize that human society is divided into two distinct classes: people who have found their life-work and are happy in performing it, and, people who feel that every job that falls to their hands is a makeshift or an accident, and that they are killing time in life more or less, with aspirations unattainable. Women especially are most given to this last.

Curiously enough, nine out of every ten people so troubled will blame their situations on one of two causes: Either their parents failed to do the right thing by them—or so they describe it—or they fell in love and married out of season, and babies or debts have made riot of fine careers.

The first thing that such people need to be informed, in no uncertain terms, is the perturbing fact that if their careers were considered subconsciously by them to be irremediable messes, they would probably be lying out in a graveyard somewhere with a couple of tons of granite keeping them from sitting up. In other words, when our lives actually do become irremediable messes so that by no manner of means can our prenatal plans be served, we go to sleep some night, and, as the Irishman put it, wake up in the morning dead.

The world describes it as heart-failure. Or, if we do not go to sleep some night and wake up in the morning dead, we subconsciously feed malicious germs within our bodies and bring on a fatal disease. Or maybe, though not so often, we walk in front of traffic and die in an ambulance on the way to the hospital—the chief performer in an accident due to “carelessness” . . .

THERE are a thousand and one ways by which people peg a period after verbose sentences of lives when through no seeming faults of their own, all existence has gone haywire. It is self-death after a fashion, although it does not fall necessarily within the category of suicide.

Suicide is a willful running-away from life's responsibilities by the route of conscious extermination of the physical vehicle. The very things people entered life to experience, they are cowardly sidestepping as the moment of experience comes to hand.

Subconscious self-death is premised on quite other motives and entails little or no accounting to others.

Suicide is like a callous ignoring of dates with others that were made by them in good faith and which they have gone to no little trouble and inconvenience to keep. Subconscious self-death is like making a date with certain persons in all good faith, only to find oneself hopelessly diverted off on a detour, or faced by road barriers or traffic accidents that

make the keeping of the appointment a hopeless impossibility.

No one holds it against a friend if he has made an appointment and tried to keep it but been detained from getting there through causes beyond his control.

And mishaps beyond the control of the honest and striving soul do happen unquestionably.

We are considering, however, the case of the person who feels that he has not yet found his life-work, or is not performing adequately according to his vague subconscious desires—another name for prenatal memory in this instance—and yet who has not yet viewed his life as an irretrievable blunder or disaster.

EVERY person's earthly career is compounded of three predeterminable factors: Time, Place, and Associates. A man can do things, or a woman can live the kind of life, in this twentieth century that he or she could not in the tenth. It makes a big difference to his or her earthly role whether he or she is born in Asia, Africa, or the United States of America. As for associates, they are continually coming in and going out of one's affairs—or so it seems—and we like to think we have very little control over them. All the same, we do, as we shall presently have shown us.

Now these three factors of Time, Place, and Companions, each distinguishing the earthly scene, have a strange hold upon us in this respect: that while we accept them and like to think them dictated by Fate—or circumstances over which we have no control—they really are influenced by the wonder commonly called Free Will.

Now let us glance a moment at this thing we call Free Will.

First, is it free? Will is the business of applying deliberate power to a decree of a situation. But always and forever there is a motive in each case—or behind each act—that will be exercised. Motive may negate freedom! We may do things that we don't always fancy doing, or that don't give us a whole lot of

pleasure in the doing. All the same, we execute them—with a shrug of the shoulders and an apology to ourselves that no other course was open. Commonly we designate this as "against the will", thus implying that the will is not exercising of its own volition. So it is the opposite of free.

The true definition of will that is acting freely, is when it is doing things because it wants to do them no matter what the provocation to the contrary. Or maybe because they result in pleasure to the senses or profit to the intellect.

Now taken in respect to the environments and other contributing factors of one's momentary career, we find deep down in ourselves dimly-lit longings to do this or that, but on the other hand likewise find circumstances denying us explicit opportunities. We say we are balked, frustrated, diverted, in what we subconsciously enjoy to be engaged in.

And yet we keep on in those unpleasant environments, those discordant circumstances, month after month and year after year.



IT BY no means follows that because we have the Inner Urge to perform this or that—to paint pictures instead of milking cows, or governing states instead of running our millinery shop successfully to the edification of the women's heads in the community—that we have actually missed our callings and our lives are therefore wrecked. Nothing of the sort.



Delving into reasons why some of those urges to do things other than our current jobs are deep within us, we find that such urges are too often recognized by the higher students in these matters as mere escape-mechanisms in operation—whims, moods, and even fallacies that point a way out of the turmoils or unpleasant ordeals of the moment that are serving us with something vital.

Ten thousand lovely ladies, baking exceptional pies and wiping runny little noses, will exclaim to you seriously that their true calling in life is Music! Always spelled with a capital M. Music!

Music truly is no more their calling than doing a nautch dance on a tin roof in overalls or chasing Esquimau around the North Pole with hot stove-pokers. They simply embrace and visualize Music as their forte because they are inarticulate in the matter of explaining the increments from present employments and Music gives them momentary emotional outlet.

Music is the Unuttered Language!

Those women are baking the pies and wiping the small runny noses because they have their karma and their destinies all mixed up in the personal life-programs of the family members or intimates so served by them. And they know it! They know it at least subconsciously—which is why they don't throw up the whole business between six o'clock of one night and seven of the next morning and flee to Patagonia with the Fuller brush-man.

In so expressing their choices in life they are getting the increment they entered life to get, not as to item in every situation so much as in general life benefit arrived at by predicament.

And the same thing goes for men! It doesn't have to follow that a man must ape a Michael Angelo and paint a Sistine Madonna chapel ceiling to get the thing called expression. Mayhap he can obtain self-confidence depicting his individuality on seventy square feet of sign-board, lettering a cigarette advertisement a thousand feet above Times Square. In both cases it is learning that he can do it that counts—that he can stop the sidewalk traffic far down below him quite as pleasantly and make ten thousand people watch.

THE TROUBLE with the average person, worried in any manner about the correctness of their prevailing life-role is, that they are inclined to concentrate too hard on the specific nature of what they are doing and not enough on the essence of the career or motivating profit that projected them into it.

As an accepted thing, people who find themselves going along from year to year, and decade to decade, lodged in a certain environment and living a certain program, are receiving the essence of the profit even if it does not particularly take all the esthetic and capricious forms that they would like to have it.

They know that life is delivering.

If they are more or less alone in the world, and equally more or less contented to be alone, then they are probably making an earthly visi-

tation to learn self-reliance and self-confidence. But a spinster bookkeeper, going home at night to a one-plate gas-stove in a flat, who would despise the presence of a man about the house about as much as her feline would despise a freshly-caught perch, is soldier-of-fortuning in the same essence of self-reliance that in a man might express itself in a dash like Peary's to the North Pole. A father, assuming himself to be "encumbered" with a wife and seven offspring, not to mention most of his wife's relations, might envy the chap who catches the first ferry to the Spanish Main to loot pirates. But the act of mentoring the group is no different to either in its personal increments. Indeed, many a father would find he could control a shipload of buccaneers with cutlasses in their teeth, much more adroitly than he finds he can control a quartette of growing boys who take the neighborhood to pieces every thirty days and leave him to pay the bills for the parts.

All of which is saying, without any attempt at rationalizing, that so long as you derive the *essence* of your life-brevet and absorb it into your character, you continue to plug along, even though at times you consider you are merely making the best of a bad situation.

When you are not getting the essence of the profit which you decided you wanted by coming into life, you do one of two things, and no nonsense about it. Either you change your environment pronto, or—

You die!

They bury you in a mess of dirt.

LEGION are the number of patient bookkeepers, fathers of large families, docile serfs of industry, laborers at one job and one desk for a dozen to a score of years, who have walked down to their places of employment of a morning, worked until half-past ten of the clock, gotten down off their stools, jammed on their hats, and walked out—to show up a month later at a job a thousand miles distant, without a suspicion in their minds one week



earlier that such a change was possible.

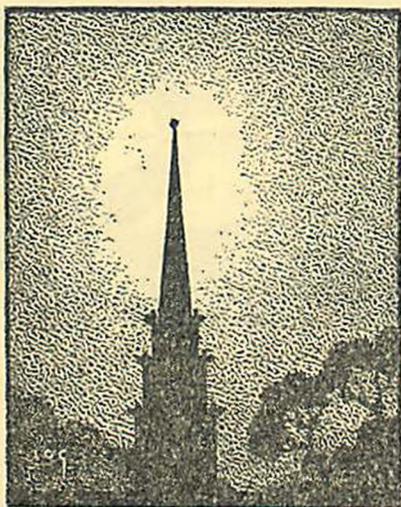
We go along in a given role in life to a certain point, absorb all that Time, Place and Human Contacts have to deliver to us, and then, without an instant's warning, we change.

None of this is saying that every job in which a man finds himself or every domestic fix in which a woman lands, is everlastingly the right and proper one for each. It is saying that so long as we are getting the *essence* of the needed life-increment, if not always the form we prefer, we usually stick to it. The moment we decide subconsciously that we are getting it no longer, all the king's horses and all the king's men can't hold us down to it.

It must be recognized that it is the Subconscious that dictates such matters—and it does so from prenatal analysis of the needs of the character.

SUPPOSE that we put it in this manner—
God, meaning of course Holy Spirit, was, is, and ever will be, a condition within the universe, or throughout the universe, that has nothing to do with Time and Space, but is a form of all-embracing Consciousness of which ideas are a display of its self-awareness.

That is to say, Holy Spirit made itself aware of itself by becoming what we might call an "introvert" after a fashion, looking into itself, wondering what was there, and producing a universe in order to find out.



This, of course, is hard for mankind to grasp, for men must always have a sense of their own limitations about them to make them aware that they are men at all. In other words, men must always have a Cause before an Effect.

But Holy Spirit, being both Cause and Effect in this instance, urged itself into knowing itself and thus wrought the universe as we know it by "speaking a word". . .

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OR PUT it in this way—

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Do we seem to be saying the same thing over and over? Well, we have to recall that that is exactly what Life itself is doing to us, moment by moment and eon by eon, until we not only accept it but all at once start to be it.

VIEW IT that out in inky-black Space, without form or limit there was an Idea-Being that said to itself—

"Here am I, entrapped as a person of a sort, without the chance to go anywhere, do anything, or be anything other than I am. I want to express Myself to Myself. Since there is nothing outside of Myself, I must get all this display within myself. I will therefore explore Myself and find out how many kinds and divisions of ideas go to make Me up."

Now the falseness of thinking of Holy Spirit as a being like a man or an animal, lies in the difference between what the scholar calls "objectivity and subjectivity," or as we will put it, in the difference between all that is outside and all that is inside.

The Holy Spirit, as we are striving to grasp it in all respect and devoutness, is pure and complete Subjectivity. That is, all that exists for it, lies within itself.

You can grasp a mind picture of what this means when you try to imagine a universe without a single idea in it. It would be, in a manner of speaking, Total Nothingness. Now as all ideas are traits of the Holy Spirit, we should not have trouble in grasping how all that is, is within the Holy Spirit.

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THIS WORLD *Exists* *You Realize You Are*

Q THE OLD ADAGE told us that Genius thrived under handicap. Now we are having revealed to us that handicap may well be the core of the Great Life Riddle. If everybody wins through to Heaven in the end, it must be only because everyone has surmounted gloriously all the ordeals and handicaps of earth. Being grateful for this opportunity puts a new aspect on earth-life, and makes our courage the lubricant by which we achieve it easily . . .



LIFE IN all the world systems, no matter where or in what form we find it, has but a single intent and purpose, a single meaning and method, a single power and wholeness.

That is *self-awareness* or the knowing of itself as being in existence along with the knowing of its own traits and

conduct. So we seem to be told from every level of conscious Thought, no matter how far souls of vast age have probed into it.

This is doubly true of life in its mortal—or human—form where the idea is to make the soul know *that* it is, *what* it is, and what it can *become*.

MEN SHOULD get this idea so firmly fixed in their minds that they use it as the cornerstone in all their reasoning. *Perfect self-awareness is the nub of the universe as men know it.*

Inorganic matter and organic matter, mussel life or granite rock, to the highest and finest flower of Christ or super-angel, the purpose of life in each instance is first to know that it *is*, then grasp the full chances and powers in existence at a state of growth, or a goal, that is called Cosmic Consciousness—or a *full knowledge of all the consciousness there is, also known as The Absolute.*

WHEN we talk about Cosmic Consciousness and The Absolute, we find ourselves dealing with terms that carry few picture-images to our minds and sooner or later we begin to lose interest in our subject. When

to Make a Person . . .

A SAMPLE Discourse Dictated from Higher Octaves of Time and Space by Extra-Sensory Perception . . .

a discourse stops dealing with mental pictures, or images, that can be pulled up in the mind's eye, we say that it is dull. And we are right.

If God gave us minds that work in pictures and images, why despise them and think that we are somehow clever in dropping them and trying to think without them? The growing schoolboy loves to argue in this fashion and fancy that he is profound. Scholars with bulging foreheads discard the picture method and try to go on with ten-pound words, leaving it to the technical meaning of those words and not the mental images they call up, to get the sense of their logic across. Somehow they think that this proves their grey matter. But the truly profound scholar keeps to simple words and pictures, as Jesus did. Even today Jesus keeps His speech to words of one and two syllables, and so His following is vast because He is easily understood. But where is



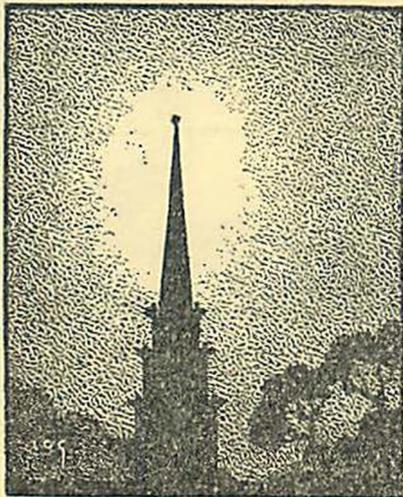
the scholar, youthful or mature, who can answer the question, *Where did Life come from in the first place?* and hold his treatise down to plain and simple terms?

HE WILL at once define Life as "gradations of Evolution" and going back over them, one before the other, he will come to a First Cause which he will call "cosmological propagation." What will he be doing but playing on words and admitting his own ignorance of the true root of the universe?

The scholar who is honest will say, "Life comes out of the God Principle and that is unknowable." That is to say, he thinks it is unknowable because he gets the wrong idea of what the God Principle may be in its process of display.

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So we might put it, God is the universe that is within itself.

And because we can't conceive of any sort of universe lying outside the pale of ideas, so in no sense or part is He a being that has anything whatever to do with anything outside or beyond Himself. If we want to toy with the notion that there is anything Unknowable about Holy Spirit, it is this strange item: that such an Idea-Being could exist and get a result like the universe—of which all of us, on all planes of existence, are conscious parts.

IN OUR various worlds of Substance in Matter, that came into being because Thought sent forth Energy and got form and substance, it would indeed be absurd. It would be absurd because everything that exists in our mortal universe is the *result* of the process. As mortal souls, everything in our universe is *outside* ourselves—our true soul-selves, even our physical bodies.

Perhaps you can begin to grasp from this that we are the exact opposite in display from Holy Spirit, that reverses the process or condition and has everything *inside* it. If you will stop and think about it, you will see that the only way we compare with Holy Spirit—proving that we too are little bits of Holy Spirit—is in the fact that if we have anything truly within ourselves it is ideas, or a little reservoir of ideas that as yet haven't taken display in any form of Matter.

WE MEET with a sort of mental distress in trying to think of existence that is wholly within ourselves, and thus confined within limits. For at once we start asking: "Well, and good, but something must lie outside of those bounds, and what is it?"

Now those who have lived and "died," and lived and "died," into finer and finer degrees of Thought and Matter, over thousands of life-cycles, and gotten deeper and deeper into the very core of spirit-creation, have grasped a knowledge of something that mortal men haven't—

That the universe is not limitless in bounding it by length, breadth, and depth.

Does an Idea, taken of and by itself, have length, breadth, or depth? Of course not. It is a thing that belongs to the mind of the spirit, not something of touchable materials.

Q SO WE have God, or Holy Spirit, existing as a lengthless, breadthless, depthless Being, able to be aware of Itself as a great basic Urge, or a reservoir of fruitful Idea-Beings, which, when broken up or displayed in forms of substance **RESULT** in objects having length, breadth and depth. If you can get this concept of God, you have an I-Q that will take you far in materializing Thought-Forms and making substance out of mental projectings.

So we have God, or Holy Spirit, existing as a lengthless, breadthless, and depthless Being, able to know itself as a great basic urge, or a reservoir of fruitful Idea-Beings, which when broken up or displayed in forms of substance *result* in objects having length, breadth, and depth.

Consider it in this way again—

The universe has no bounds, being a mass of unborn ideas, or ideas that haven't yet had a chance to display in Matter, all bound up in the Mammoth Idea of possible creation of objects. This Mammoth Idea is not a boundable thing. All is contained within it, no matter how far its contents extend. Even Space as we know it would be a part of the

contents of the Idea. In that sense it is limitless. It is not limitless, however, *when it comes to a display of its contents*. For there are only so many ideas making it up. You must not confuse measurement with formless Thought. That is just what you do when you try to grasp the universe as a *place*.

THERE ARE places within the universe, it is true, and they may be ten trillion Light-Years from one another. Still, the pattern of the Idea behind them is limited and in that sense we get limitation.

Then again, this thing seems to happen—

A point is reached where the universe “runs out of ideas,” so to speak, and when it does that, it has to come back to its first Self-Evidence which was its wholeness. Therefore, in a manner of speaking, it “meets itself” and beyond that *there is no thinking*.



DO NOT become confused here. You think of ideas as fancies taking some sort of form. Those on far, far levels of spirit think of ideas *as terms in which forms can display*. You will see the difference if you stop to think about it a moment.

Ideas come to you in your mortal universe from the angles of higher levels of conscious Thought and you receive them in the mortal world as channels and tools for grasping the

various forms of conduct in Matter. But behind them all there is still a basic Principle of Limitation.

An idea carried far enough through all the processes of thinking and displaying, finally arrives at itself again. Some of your scientists on the earth-side therefore put it, from this truth, that after going outward for a certain distance, *the universe folds back in upon itself*. And insofar as they express what happens to the limit of ideas, they are quite correct.

HOLY SPIRIT does not want to know itself in order to be clever, or to create a display of itself to relieve any boredom in its self-awareness. It seeks some form of display by Thought performing *in and through* and by Energy and getting Matter, that its separate parts may have a clearer knowledge of what the Whole is made up of—and what is *in the Whole*. Thus it is a self-educating Holy Spirit, *if you want to view it from the angle of any one of its separate parts*.

Having reached this pass in our thinking for the moment, suppose we go back and take up the Life Principle as a germ within Holy Spirit to be brought into a greater sense of self-awareness and thus the awareness of the universe of which it is a needful part. Perhaps in the workings of the Life Principle toward this end, we shall catch a glimpse of what goes on in the Body Brain-Mind of Holy Spirit as a great reservoir of ideas performing within itself. . .

NOW THE Life Principle seems to be this: Realizing what part of the Divine Idea it either is, or can be!

Life in this sense is a sort of “resentment” of all other parts making up the whole—a kind of protest, so to speak, that there are other parts, and by its protest grasping that it exists.

Universal consciousness has a queer way of folding in upon itself, we have seen, after the

pattern we have just had spread before us. Now it is a fact that you can't have conscious Thought in the abstract—that is, without Ego, or some sort of Self considered as a seat of consciousness. But you can have this queer process—

You can have an idea so powerful in its possibilities for displaying itself that it works a lodestone effect on that which is about it.

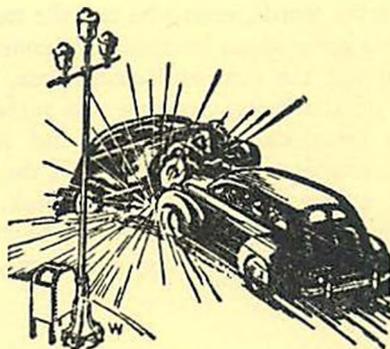
When you have done this, you have gotten Motion of a sort. And out of this Motion, or energy displaying, comes every known substance and material. But here is the startling thing that we learn on these higher levels of conscious thought: You don't get substance and materials at once out of energy, or from Energy. That is, directly. You get the last thing in the world that mortal scholars suspect of being a step in the process.

You get Light!

Remember the four steps: first, conscious Thought that is a display on the part of that great reservoir of ideas, the Holy Spirit; second, ideas within it so powerful in possibilities for displaying themselves in form that they evolve Energy; third, Energy resulting in the miracle known as Light; fourth, Light assembling particles of what for the present we must call Ether, and getting substance or matter-materials.

THIS PUZZLES you, no doubt. Why Light? We shall see further on in another paper. Light must have a separate paper unto itself, and when we say Light we mean vastly more, of course, than the common forms of vibratory incandescence visible to mortal eye. But grasp this now if you can—

The idea back of the universe is not a fancy that comes from a Brain-Mind outside the mortal world and thrust into it. *It is an effect produced within itself*, containing no item that works against its display as a perfect idea, and having within itself the power to propel itself into forms of display that can be noted by its own "senses". . .



But, you ask, how can a mere "mental notion" of *itself*, bring about hard, actual, substantial matter? How can the mere idea of a granite monument, for example, existing first as the Thought-Notion of a monument, finally appear as a hundred tons of stone that mangles you beyond repair when you crash into it in a fast-moving automobile?

Your question is a fair one. But we answer you, the explanation is twofold and both parts of it lie within your question itself.

We will try to show you what we mean—

FIRST, IN thinking that ideas are mere "mental notions," unborn as to form and substance in Matter, you are not grasping the true nature of the conscious Thought that makes ideas what they seem to be to you. Second, in thinking of "hard, actual, substantial matter" you are taking it to be something which we declare to you it is not.

In the first place, you grasp a knowledge of what an idea is, or what makes an idea, from somewhere, and by a similar trait in your own consciousness that exists in Universal Thought, you fashion a picture or image and call the result a mere "mental notion."

Can you not grasp the fact that ideas may have a form of reality harder than the hardest granite in the hardest monument *to begin with*, and that what you behold in your mind as a mere "mental notion" may be nothing but the mirrored reflection of a true reality already in existence?

In other words, what you call the mental notion has come about because your consciousness has played the role of looking-glass, only instead of the image striking the surface as it comes from the actual thing and being reflected so that it is seen in front of the looking-glass, it goes through, so to speak, and is wholly absorbed and kept by the looking-glass and known as an existing image only *by* the looking-glass.

YOU SAY to us, frowning and pursing your lips, "All right, as a neat way to squirm out in logic. But after all, where is the real thing that is thus reflected? Whereabouts does it exist?" We say to you, "It doesn't exist anywhere in the form that will ultimately kill you if your car crashes into it as into the monument. That will be the *property* it takes when it displays in the mortal form that you can know with your mortal senses. None the less, the idea as an idea, in its own element, may be quite as real as when it displays in your element, which is so-called adamant substance."

And yet, while we are on the subject, Matter is not actually a substance that can be defined outside of an Idea.

What would you say, for instance, if you were soberly told that there are levels of consciousness above the mortal *where an Idea can run you down and mangle you exactly like the motorcar that we mentioned as carrying you straight toward the towering obelisk?*

"RUN DOWN by an idea?" you cry. "Nonsense!"

But it's not nonsense if your consciousness too worked only in a form that was of the stuff that "dreams are made of". . .

After all, what is Matter that pushes you, and pinches you, and falls on your toes, and fractures your skulls?

It is merely a property of the universe that has the power to affect you consciously thus, because you too are operating in a similar property or on a similar plane of vibratory substance.

WE HAVE heard people with wits enough in other mental problems, so that they ought to be able to admit this instantly, scoff and scorn at this offering of the facts and say—

"That's all very well, but such a stating of the case implies that all of us can exist as Ideas in a universe of Pure Ideas." They say it as though there were something childish, silly, absurd or disreputable about such a universe.

You go to bed at night and fall asleep. Along toward dawn you commence to dream. While you are in the dream, the world in which you move is just as real to you for all practical purposes of sensing and knowing as the world of Matter to which you will shortly awaken. The people you meet are quite as nice, quite as sane, and perhaps a whole lot nicer and saner than those you will confront on tumbling out of bed. You may argue that you create that world and people in it. *Well, what if you do?* You suffer and exult just as much, as a result of these creations, as you do in meeting with the world of actual Matter made for you first by Divine Consciousness.

You learn to be a successful and distinct idea yourself by taking your form and cues out of Divine Mind. And the only way that Divine Mind can demonstrate, or show what those forms, cues, and other possibilities are, is to project a universe of substance in Matter: the material world as we know it.





What Is Working Out when Babies Do Not Survive?

¶ *FACTS that every
Parent should know
accounting for the
failure of children
to get their lives
properly started . .*



O the normal and rational woman, the most priceless gift which she can have bestowed is a perfectly formed and sturdy infant. It is a sort of perpetual Yuletide or birthday gift, especially if it be her first. Conversely, the most inhuman loss she can suffer is the demise of such a baby. To a

degree this applies as well to its still-birth. The woman, in the face of either happening, is denied the joys of maternity but not its inconvenience and even suffering.

There is something natural and inexorable about the passings of persons ripe with years and there is little that is pathetic about their lifeless cadavers. But a baby cold in physical death is one of the most poignant displays that life can turn up—with one exception. That exception too often is the woman who mothered it, her days and nights haunted thereafter

by thoughts of a little grave up on a wintry hillside, seemingly forgotten by all but herself and God.

The question: *Why do babies die?* is one of those inquiries that too often leave the questioner a rebel against the laws of Nature and society. "I must have done some terrible thing or sinned some frightful sin," such a mother moans too often in her anguish, "to have had my baby taken away from me so cruelly!"

Always and forever, human beings persist in thinking of griefs or misfortunes in terms of punishments for something.

But God never punishes. He only *educates*.

The irrefutable balm and balsam for the most unspeakable wounds of either Soul or Spirit is *enlightenment*.

The old man-made orthodoxy of superstitious ignorance has made the grief of infant demise still more unbearable by the nonsensical and fallacious tenet that human beings have but one fling at mortal life, and having once come into the world and once gone out, that is all they ever see or experience of it.

"I travel this way but once," the ignorant and inhibited poet begins his lines on the futility of human existence, and upon such colossal display of spiritual illiteracy he bases his sentiment that because we travel this way but once we should be as kind as possible to each other and do our Boy-Scout good deed each day. As if such sentiment proves anything that helps us to understanding in a great grief.



Commonsense and a good-natured or healthy cynicism would dictate that if we travel this way but once, there is small need at all for being so kind to one another, or doing a good deed every day, since, if we are not coming back, what matters it? It is *because* we travel this earthly

route again and again that we should do good deeds along the way, else otherwise we play the roles of hit-and-run drivers in mortality who get out of town after injuring pedestrians and never return so the marshal can grab us.

Nevertheless, poems and theologies based on the "I-travel-this-way-but-once" fallacy, reach into the subconscious acceptances of the bereaved mother or father in particular, and they piteously accept that the little soul that resided with them for a matter of weeks or months, has waved its simple Bye-Bye and gone away, never to greet them in mortal form again.

Of course, they expect to meet that partic-

ular little soul in heaven—if they be good Christians and keep the deficits made up in the church, but they can't give you much information about the meeting or the condition or appearance of the child-soul when it happens. Vaguely they expect the child-soul to remain a child-soul and greet them on the threshold of the Afterlife exactly as it appeared on being laid lifeless in a small white casket. In other words, death for that child must be a form of arrested development until those dotting parents enter heaven's portals. Then, if it doesn't start growing at once, simply from the fact that those parents are now on hand to watch it happen, that too is going to be a delusion and a bitterness.

Think of a woman arriving in heaven and being rejoined to a flock of demised infants that forever stay infants and never grow up! If they have done no growing since the date of their departure from earth, how would the parents' arrival cause such growth to begin?

On the other hand, suppose that the deceased infants do keep right on growing in the Afterlife, yet the earthly mother survives to be ninety years old. She makes the passing, and, according to orthodox concepts, inside the Portals of Eternity she is suddenly confronted by a delegation of grey-beards—or elderly women on canes—people she has never seen before and who are, to all intents and purposes utter strangers to her, but who solemnly announce they are her family of sons and daughters who did not survive their mortal babyhoods!

Regard the "beliefs" of superstitious ignorance as you will, the conclusions are ludicrous, poignant and confusing.

BUT the truths of what actually *does* take place at the deaths of infants, still-born or otherwise, is by no means ludicrous, and as we understand and accept the tenets of the doctrine that human beings live more than once in mortality, most of these "heavenly mysteries" at once straighten out . . .

First of all, *why do infants die?*

If a normal and affectionate mother has gone to the terrific expenditure of energy and concernment involved in child-birth, why does not every infant live long enough at least to recompense her somewhat for that inconvenience and suffering—if such a time could be estimated or established?

Why should there be such a phenomenon as infants still-born?

Why should a child contract croup, pneumonia, or any of a score of so-called child-maladies and almost at once on acquiring its new body, vacate and return to the condition from which it came?

The reasons for the deaths of still-born infants are usually lost in the mazes of temperamental peculiarities of the incoming souls as individuals. They haven't "taken hold" of the new bodies right—that might be a crude way of expressing it. That is, the psyche hasn't become adept at manipulating the new organism with sufficient light-force to carry it through the period when birth as a spiritual necessity has occurred to it.

CHILDREN are not just "born", remember. There is a long and involved story of karmic adjustment—or readjustment—behind every spirit that enters upon a new role in mortality. Some souls want eagerly to get into a physical vehicle anew. Others may be most reluctant about it, especially if it has been a good many generations in worldly time since they were thus encased to obtain new spiritual development. But by far, the greater number of still-born babies comes from the common circumstance that such souls acquire a flashing sensation of what life in flesh "feels like" anew, and they are suddenly not so keen for its handicaps and limitations, recognizing all the trials and tribulations confronting them and calling for a great temperamental fortitude to experience willingly.

Such souls say to themselves after a fashion: "Oh, pshaw! What a confounded nuisance I'm letting myself in for, when I could the

more comfortably and enjoyably stay on these Planes of Pure Spirit, and continue to enjoy the freedom of those octaves! After all, perhaps I'm not half so ready to incarnate again as I supposed I was. I'll wait and try it under happier circumstances, or when I've developed more stamina."

Or this thing may happen, a trifle graver in its implications—



All births are said to be arranged with the parents before even the parents themselves enter into their lives. Such arrangements are on the whole made in anticipation of definite lessons to be gained as the offspring of definite parents or karmic debts owing or causing embarrassments. Suppose between the making of such arrangements and the time for the entry of the "child-souls"—or those who are affecting to play the child roles, the parents have so altered their lives or relationships—or even their own characters from experiences with life after getting into it—that the souls about to play the roles of such offspring observe that the expected benefits cannot be secured. The offspring souls will therefore, as we say, renege on the pact, and the earth-mother will have the child's body which the expected soul refuses to enter and occupy.

And in three-dimensional mortality, the local sewing-circle ladies gather and lament that

"Dear Sister So-and-So" lost her new baby on Wednesday and isn't it a pity, after all the distress it had cost her through the nine months of gestation?

Q *LET US be charitable and realize that probably 100-percent of us have defected on expectant parents back in our karmic histories, playing the parts of "dead" children ourselves . . .*

BUT it is not this class of still-born infants that we are discussing. What about the child who gets to be two or three years old, who secures the sure grip of its baby fingers on every family heartstring, who remains with one pair of normal parents long enough to endear itself to them by its cute toddling ways, then, of a sudden, for no known reason, begins to cough a cough that the family doctor doesn't like, is put to bed whimpering, and at the end of the eighth day gives a piteous little quiver and expires in the arms of a grief-struck mother?

The common acceptance on the Higher Octaves seems to be this—

Such babies do not actually cease incarnation as an act of spirit-experience. They merely delay it. And it is no particular fault of the dotting parents that they may elect to do so.

We must all of us bear in mind that spirits hoary with cosmic age, entering mortality anew seemingly as "helpless" cooing infants, may have a complexity of reasons for making the incursion. Always and forever they propose to get something—something specific—in the

way of mortal enhancements for the trouble of taking the fresh worldly sojourn. They select the pair of parents, or arrive at such selection by prearrangement—secure a firm moral grip on the developing fetus, and get themselves born into the finished physical equipment. But suddenly conditions that were unforeseen may arise within the lives or family fortunes of the parents, or temperamental traits may begin to develop in them from the altered circumstances of this baby's arrival, indicating plainly and tragically that the purpose is going to be defeated or the ultimately expected gains to be thwarted. Perhaps the soul's Unseen Mentors—for all children have them!—behold in a loving solicitude even greater than that of the parents that the latter themselves are by no means delivering in the matters of the responsibilities that had been prenatally arranged and they are by no means taking this new soul's arrival or residence with the seriousness they should be. The mother, to illustrate, may be looking upon the infant as a new and novel acquisition for her own indulgence of maternal vanity. It makes her happy and proud to have a live gurgling infant, but it is not far removed from the same pride she might feel at owning a new mink coat or stylish breed of French poodle. In other words, she hasn't yet gotten down to the stern and worthwhile business of living, and her false attitude toward life, or that visiting soul's advent, is going to color or influence the soul in the wrong manner if the association worsens as between the two.

"If this youngster is taken away from her for a spell, but then handed back to her, it may bring her to her senses," is the judgment and dictum of those who are watching over the destinies of both.

By thinking she has "lost" that child on which she doted with such a superficial pride, such a mother will suddenly grow deadly serious toward this matter of having babies and nurturing their souls, and the more prolific and profitable circumstances are thus introduced so



that on the second and honest-to-goodness incursion, the visiting soul will obtain the conditions under which it will get what it originally expected by going into flesh at all.

This is by no means saying that all young mothers lose their babies purposely that they shall acquire a more sedate attitude toward mortal motherhood. It is simply listing one of the reasons that seems to be apparent when numbers of infants' deaths are directly investigated to find out why they happen.

But here, in a way, is the compensation for such inconvenience and distress: The next infant which such corrected or disciplined mother will have—and invariably she will have another!—will be the physical enhousement of exactly the same soul that stayed with her fifteen to twenty months, four or five years back, and that she thought she had buried in the little forgotten grave on the hilltop. All that really lies buried in the little forgotten grave on the hilltop—if there were any mortal way of convincing her of it—is the cast-off and vacated little husk of mortality, the brief physical garment, that the visiting soul wore for a

matter of months on its first incursion. She will have supplied the same incarnating soul two bodies . . .

CHILDREN die, of course, for a multitude of reasons that are as varied and abstruse as the temperaments demanding the birth in the first place. We have to consider classifications in attempting to explain the mysteries in child-death.

The average child dies, it can be safely said, because conditions as they are developing, or as the child is encountering them, are not propitious for obtaining the increment for which the child-soul went to the trouble of being born at all. The given pair of parents may or may not be responsible for such mundane operations. That is not the point. The point to bear in mind is, that there is truly *no such thing as death in the sense of irretrievable loss*. The soul that has been interested enough to come to a given pair of parents once is not going to live far from them, since there is a bond between them that must extend across many lives.

And we should never forget or overlook—while we are about it—that it is often entirely possible and reasonable that a child-soul may get the very things it came into flesh to get, or adjust such karma as it came into flesh to adjust, in the space of a few years, carrying no further than childhood or adolescence.

Then there is another important fact in all this to note—

FIRST babies often die in that the mothers are smothering them with a form of indulgence that, persisted in, would utterly defeat the needed life lesson—or lessons—as they grew older. She “thinks so much of it” that there is every indication of injuring such a soul with kindness, making it weak and non-self-reliant. It is going to grow into something that up a dozen years will be regarded by the neighbors as “just a pampered brat” who needs a continual thrashing . . . though the parent can't see it. So the child goes out of life and



waits until that mother recovers from her girlhood hysteria at maternity, becoming a sedate, level-headed, down-to-earth woman.

"Poor Mrs. Hoopernickel!" exclaim the dun-derheaded gossips. "The loss of her first baby changed her so! I don't think she really loves the children so much who've come since. What an inhuman tragedy!"

It really wasn't any inhuman tragedy at all. And "poor Mrs. Hoopernickel" certainly does love the children who have come since quite as much as she loved the one she "lost"—and that truly is the same soul as her third son, Dicky. "Poor" Mrs. Hoopernickel lost nothing but her own "smother-love" that was a distinct detriment in her role as an efficient mother.

There is little of maternal vanity in Mary Hoopernickel's maternal love now, and under the supervision of her more sobered and impersonal affection, the remaining incarnated souls of her children have their chances to design careers of real permanent worth.

Of course, if no second baby is born after the loss of the first, then something else is at work. But the general tenet holds.

How many affectionate women do we know the birth of whose second baby "filled the emptiness" caused by the loss of the first? The assuagement truly is her subconscious realization that the 'lost' baby-soul is in process of return-

ing to her, and, sensing its identity, her grief dissolves from her.

Adepts in the Ageless Wisdom recognize that truly there has been no "first" child, or "second" child, or "third" child. There have merely been karmic and spiritual adjustments, that the souls coming into life under a given mother and father may acquire all that they contracted to get from the incursion. Who can criticize them for that?

Not all of it is discipline. Much of it is making certain the soul gets "on the right track", thus assuring it that the years of its maturity will be what they were designed to be.

Make no mistake, however, in thinking that it may only be the fond and doting mother who feels grief or knows disappointment when a birth does not proceed as expected.

The case of Harriet Pelley, who forewent a highly promising career in mortality that she might one day serve her father "on the Bridge between the worlds" is a case in point. No "first child" was ever better loved, and no baby's seemingly "untimely" death seemed more inexplicable. But up here in the middle of the Twentieth Century, forty years later, the reason for her childhood demise becomes understandable.

Why do our beloved children die?

The truly sad case is where and when the loss of an infant is necessitated that the parent may be softened and deepened to the richer values of life.

REMEMBER the one Great Fundamental behind all earth-life and all mortal experience, no matter how inhumanly cruel it may seem for the moment—

God never punishes—He only educates!

The measure of education, too, is the measure of understanding of what takes place, no matter how vitally we find ourselves affected.

But this is a universe in which nothing is ever truly LOST.

That goes double for children, else we'd never have had them in the first place!

My Vision

By Winchester MacDowell



THE greatest thought that I may ever think or be,
Is that most precious one, dear God, the Thought
of Thee,
So now I lift my contrite heart and, singing, pray:
Dear God, be with me always, never go away!

May my whole life become one long and happy prayer,
That it may matter not that I be here or there,
So long as all my thoughts be in accord with Thee,
That in Thy love I live, and there find liberty;

Find liberation in conception pure and clean,
Within Thy perfect love my soul has always been,
Time never knew a beat when Thou or I wert not
For even Time—if Time IS—is Thine endless thought.

For what am I, a soul, but Thy pure thought divine,
As everything that really is, is thought of Thine?
So once again I lift my joyous eyes to Thee
And pray for perfect spirit vision, Lord, to SEE!

That in this seeming vale of needless tears below
To know that I have Thee beside me as I go,
Again, may my whole life, each happy breath I draw
Attach me closer to that Vision which I saw!

When a Husband Saps a Woman's Energies, Which is to Blame?

IS A WIFE Justified in Divorcing a Man Who Without Intent Keeps Her Nervously Depleted? . .



A YOUNG wife, in great distress of body, mind, and heart writes Soulcraft for counsel. She is twenty-seven years old and says she has been five years married. During these five years she has borne her first child. She is "deeply attached" to her husband, so she avows, despite the fact that he has shown himself a mediocre provider. Yet she declares she is contemplating a divorce. The reason she contemplates returning to her single state is a peculiar condition that has maintained ever since their wedding, and she is confused as to whether or not it may be patho-

logical. Is there, she asks, any explanation in Mysticism that might help her?

Suppose we let Sue give us her own details of the constriction between them—

"THE MAN I married at twenty-two," she says, "is not particularly brilliant but he is 'good'—in the saccharine sense in which we too often use that term. I mean, he has a disposition not at all difficult to live with, and certainly means well by me and our little boy. Still, I'm the type of wife who wouldn't hold it against a man if he couldn't compete with men who were smarter, trickier, or more audacious and aggressive. That's not my grievance against Alfred, if we wish to call it grievance. If I tell you the circumstances maybe you will understand the decision I'm confronting . .

"I married Alfred for no reason in the world that I can make out but that of feeling sorry for him. His father, an exceptionally clever man, had overstepped the bonds of honesty in a trusteeship and been sentenced to a term in prison. Alfred had always admired his father—for the brains Alfred didn't feel he'd inherited—and when the sire was led away, a convicted criminal, with five to twenty years to serve, Alfred was so youthfully devastated that he turned to me instinctively, and cried on my shoulder. You see, I had been his father's secretary. I hadn't contemplated

marriage so early, for I was not long out of business school, but when I saw what a harsh blow had been dealt Alfred, I was afraid of what it might do to him without a clear head to guide him.

"Why it would have to be my head, I don't know, either. In his tragic depression and melancholy, Alfred asked me to be his wife and help him 'work out of it.' I didn't know a blessed thing then about the truth of cosmic relationships that I've since learnt in Soulcraft. I know that I didn't feel the least bit of romantic love for him, but I did acknowledge I was a part of the family disaster because I had been an employe of the father's office. It was the first tragedy of that sort I'd ever known and it struck me hard. Alfred and I were somehow comrades in the common predicament.

"ALFRED was twenty-six at the time, and that should have been old enough for him to realize his life was his own to live and not let his father's misstep get him down. I was, and still am, a reasonably healthy brunette, inclined to be independent, coming of a good family that thought my 'throwing myself away on Old Man So-and-So's son' was compounding tragedy, if you get what I mean. I didn't figure it so. I quickly got another job, and Alfred entered the firm of a friend to learn the business. As his father had lost everything in putting up for his legal defense, and Al's mother was ten years dead, my new husband simply moved into my bachelor-girl's apartment. Not having had either a romance or a honeymoon, there was no particular bridal period to get through with. But I soon realized that Al was going to be a long time getting over the inferiority complex he had developed out of his dad's disgrace. He seemed to feel that somehow he had inherited the onus of his father's malfesance and when opportunities came for him to forge ahead, his courage shriveled and shrank. I quickly found myself in the maternal way and for the first



year of our marriage, having the boy held the major portion of my attention.

"But when little Harold started to get about in his own right, I began to make disturbing discoveries about my strength. I did not seem to possess the fine bounding energy I had always enjoyed throughout adolescence. I laid it at first, as I naturally would, to the depletions from motherhood. Then it gradually came to me that motherhood might have little or nothing to do with it. It was Alfred who was depleting me—and keeping me depleted.

"I am by no means a small woman, in fact I am inclined to be tall and willowy in my movements. But Alfred, now in his early



thirties, put on flesh and could be described as a 'big man' physically. He weighs in fact, about 180 pounds. I weigh 137.

"But as Alfred gets along into middle life, he is like a great sponge or blotting-paper creature to me. He is polite and considerate, and never makes demands that are not my function as his wife to fill. But there is something about his mere physical closeness that simply drains me of vitality, and it has nothing to do with our marital relations. Never mind how quietly we both pass any night, if I am in the room with him I awaken in the morning drained insufferably of strength. Alfred cannot understand what he does to me, and is pained and hurt that I occasionally ask to occupy the guest room. If I leave home for a visit, or occupy the guest room, my nights and mornings are quite normal again.

"What does a wife do, can you tell me, when she is married to a man for whom she has a certain amount of affection, and yet whose personality saps her of her nerve-force without realizing he is doing it? Can you describe what the karma may be between us that brought off this marriage, and what the subtle thievery of my literal physical strength is that leaves me in unbearable lethargy? Is

it a pathological situation that I am not aware of, or is it something subconscious I am guilty of, because I let myself be drawn into such a marriage without romantically loving him? Please advise me if you can."

THAT is the gist of Sue So-and-So's letter. The trouble between herself and husband, it would seem, is by no means one for which matrimony solely is to blame. Soulcraft would say that the relationship which brought her into the domestic menage of husband and father-in-law was undoubtedly karmic, though what the circumstances may have been in an earlier life that placed her in such relationship are not involved.

The chief point is, that Alfred has that type of physical ensemble that "drains" energetic and volatile people about him of their organic vitalities, or so it is described. People unrelated to us may exhibit the same propensity. The fact that the young woman had no wildly romantic love affair, and only acquired her affection for her child's father because of her sympathy for him, can scarcely be said to figure in her predicament, either. Thousands of so-called loveless marriages happen every year, or marriages of sympathy and altruism—platonically affairs—without the wife feeling "drained" by physical proximity. Equally too, as often it can be the wife who "drains" the husband.

It would seem to be more a matter of temperament in the one who does the draining. Cues to explanation of what goes on, lie in noting one or two details in the so-called depleting process itself.

Has anyone ever heard of its happening with respect to persons we very much like, and desire to have about us? Are the people who "drain" us not those to whom we have taken a dislike, consciously or subconsciously? May not the depletion felt by the victim be the result of the dislike and not its cause?

What normal woman ever felt herself "depleted" by proximity to a man she worshiped

or loved passionately? What wife who was adored and cherished ever drained her husband of his nervous vitalities?

We do know that there exists in the mortal ensemble an ingredient that some esoterists give the name of "Od" . . . the attributes of which are called "odhic". The word was coined by Reichenbach, the great German naturalist, to describe a theoretical force or natural power supposed to produce the phenomenon of hypnotism, and to be developed by magnets, heat, light, chemical or vital action. Actually we might term it not our vitality itself but the degree of power expressible in our vitality, or a projection of the *function* of consciousness.

The process of a man and woman "falling in love" is the process, we are told, of two people projecting from themselves, and receiving into themselves, portions of this odic force, each belonging to the other. It may be a quick projection and reception, given the popular name of "love at first sight." It may be a slow and gradual projection and reception, of which it is said that one person's liking for another "grows" upon one. The point is, that two people proceeding deeper and deeper in love, appear to be entrusting each other with greater and heavier allotments of their odic force, giving of their own and replacing it with an equal amount of the odic force of the other until the quantities exchanged reach balance. In such a condition they express it that they "belong to each other" and are amenable and ready for the intimacies of matrimony.

WHEN a reasonably healthy and attractive woman carries on a flirtation with a man, she is what might be called an "Indian giver" in respect to her odic force, or perhaps an "experimental giver" might be better. When a man persuades a woman to exchange odic-force projections with him until he holds most of the woman's common supply, then basely walks out on her or abandons her, it is said to be the loss of this vital force that so commonly results in a "broken heart", and which

in extreme cases can so deplete that woman that she dies. Reclaiming too suddenly his own quotas of odic force reposed in a woman can have tragic effects in neuroses and breakdowns also.

We are on fairly safe ground in deducing therefore, that what seems to be happening between Sue and her Alfred was a marriage to start with, in which the normal exchange of odic force was practically nil. Intellectual more than physical emotions dictated the event of ceremonial marriage and the pair began cohabiting. Daily associations, orientation to little personal peculiarities, the hundred-and-one franknesses before one another that matrimony brings, bred a given quantity of Affection—of state of being affected by each other emotionally. But it was never attraction based on mutual exchanges of odic vitality. So much for the bridal situation.

As time moved along, however, the wife—by the vulnerable processes of her situation and her presentation of the baby to the union—began throwing out belated consignments of Od in the husband's direction, who seemed to accept them without being sensible he had an obligation to return. The husband has affection for the feminine partner but not zealous passionate love. Man usually takes the initiative in what the world calls True Love, projecting heavy consignments of his Od toward the woman, which she accepts or rejects according to caprice or karma. For reasons best known to Alfred in his subconscious, he does not care to respond in like manner to his wife's addresses. Sue claims she feels depleted. What the more properly would seem to be happening is, that Alfred isn't depleting so much as *refusing* to give what Sue requires to keep her own odic supply at par, whether



it originate with herself or her husband. Being beside her slightly older and physically heavier husband night upon night, Sue longs for, and invites, return of the life-force quantities she releases toward him. We are told that coitus does not enter this more subtle situation, although coitus may aggravate it on one side or the other.

Sue's depletion, in other words, is *her own depletion*, occasioned by longing for the romantic sequence on which she shortsuited herself because of a misplaced maternal emotion. Slumbering apart from her husband, as when visiting afar, his physical proximity does not awaken subconsciously in her the recollection of the romantic state she forewent in the interests of emergency, and she does not pour out odic force toward his indifferent person. So she says she awakens "refreshed." She does not awakened refreshed, she awakens normal.

THE QUANDARY presents itself in terms of whether or not she should divorce this nonresponsive man—who fails to grasp why he should be responsive when he already possesses the woman's personality without such expenditure or exchange—or should she continue along living with him as if this distressing one-sidedness of giving did not maintain?

Divorce may not be necessary, desirable or expedient, providing the wife knows consciously what is operating and "how she gets that way." If she understands in her conscious mind that the lamented depletion comes from romantic odic offering without approximate return, let her merely terminate such giving. This will have one of two consequences. Either it will bring Alfred to his senses about their situation, likewise subconsciously, or it will bring about karmic release, each from the

other, without bad feeling being engendered, and leave one or the other open to receive the addresses odically, of third or fourth persons.

There have been cases where, in such extremity, women have gotten wanted relief by consciously generating and projecting odic force upon their men in such quantity that the men have responded unwittingly, but that instance is rare and takes a woman strong in physical stamina. Then again, the average woman may not consider the return to be worth such effort. The woman who purposely gives overmuch will reconcile herself abjectly to being so drained, permitting it to happen knowingly and intelligently, so that the world says her man "owns" her bodily, mentally and spiritually. She will not care about the extent to which her man lethargizes her. She will permit her subconscious to give herself utterly and irrevocably to him, entering a life of debilitation and insouciance by malice aforethought, "letting him have her," as the saying describes it, and living her earthly role as his pliant shadow and odalisque in complete and final surrender of all flesh and personality. Usually, however, such extremity of conduct is in itself karmic, to compensate for situations in earlier lives where she has devastated the man's personality and now must pay in kind.

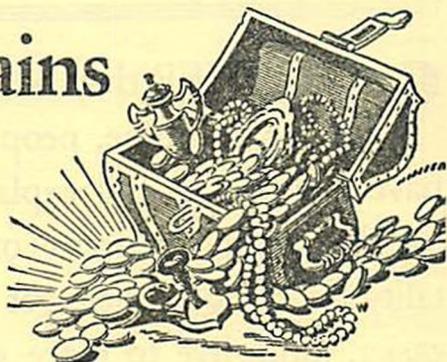
But it does profit us to recognize in all of it that women who succumb to the connubial status without the romantic odic exchange, are inviting all these eccentricities of relationship and must not be astonished or dismayed if, as, and when they develop.

In Sue's case, Alfred is subconsciously indolent toward her because she cost him little or nothing to obtain her. How to wake him up?

The answer to that, more likely, is whether or not Sue considers him worth the effort?



WHAT Practical Gains Do People Get Out of Mysticism?



IS IT truly necessary to establish a reason for life in mortality being what the average person finds it? The average person is too busy occupied with living it, of course, to give much thought—or even importance—to Life's significance.

We do find this fact provocative of consideration, however, that where you come upon the exceptional human being who has made some mental effort to apprise himself of the purport of the mortal sojourn generally, you discover a personage of superior intelligence, philosophic calm, and spiritual aristocracy.

This person is enjoying a peace of mind that his fellows are not, he is not upset by the nominal successes or failures of social existence, he seems to have time and temperament to note beauties and fecundities of life that John Q. Public deplorably ignores. In short, he is getting more *out* of life and enjoying it to greater degree, than the mass cross section of his fellows who seem to be making it a speed contest between two points in any old vehicle that may be bought, begged or stolen.

¶ *They acquire an understanding of Multiple Existence, among other things, that gives plan and sense to the whole mortal drama . .*

Incidentally, this exceptional persons seems to live longer and have less painful things happen involving him.

This is particularly true of women.

IT IS noticeable that women are uniformly more interested in arriving at definite convictions about the reason why life is lived, than their mundane masculine counterparts. Undoubtedly this is true because they feel themselves more concerned with the procreation of what is commonly called "new" life, and are therefore seeking explanations for their roles with greater seriousness than men.

WHETHER they be masculine or feminine, people who have attained to full explanation for the cosmic purport of mortality do things easier, get things easier, and live to more general enjoyment than the hectic rank and file about them . . .

Likewise it is interesting that when women have rational expositions advanced as to why Life is what the human race finds it, they conduct themselves intellectually and emotionally with greater displays of appreciation and response. An intelligent woman, who has delved into the seemingly reliable significances for life being what it is, forthwith displays a character that is epitome of everything high, fine, and attractive in the feminine temperament. Intellectually and emotionally, she is usually a lodestone drawing scores and even hundreds into the orbit of her personality without being able to explain what attracts them.

She evinces a temperamental maternity that is subconsciously irresistible.

MEN, as a rule, must have a utility behind both acts and reactions composing Life for them. They want to pursue a given line of performance because an immediate profit of some sort is promised by it. Women, by the very fact of their being personalifications of conservation, gestation, and amelioration, are more amenable toward contemplation and long-throw increment from the life-experience. And when they do make sense, finally, of the whole great educative agenda of mortal ex-

periences, almost literally they become goddesses of a sort, dwelling within, and mentoring well-nigh a heidarchy of what we might call adolescent souls, content with the experiences of life themselves and leaving the significances for greater wits to figure.

Still, whether they be masculine or feminine, the people who have attained to a rational explanation for the cosmic purport of mortality, do things easier, get things easier, and live to more general enjoyment than the hectic rank-and-file about them.

They do this, of course, because they squander no energies in ephemeral concernments and worries over matters that do not count, and apply their efforts physically, mentally, and spiritually to issues of permanence and longevity. They are more at home in the universe as a whole than in any small sector or section of it represented by the career they may happen for the moment to be living. When they reach the point that they are only interested in the issues of permanence and longevity—in other words, the eternal verities—they do not return to mortality any more, because there is nothing left in mortality that can deliver them benefits.

WHENEVER you meet the type of character in life that almost literally foams at the lips in vehement refutation of the Earthly Rebirth Hypothesis, calling it "nonsense", "heathenism," "devil-originated," and expressing bellicosity along with their "disbeliefs" in it, you are merely witnessing the exhibit of a soul who knows most positively that it is the Cosmic Program but resents his or her own deficiencies that make it necessary.

It is their own deficiencies they are subconsciously fuming at, not the Program as a program. Likewise, in nine cases out of ten, you are viewing a soul that is adolescently ignorant or refusing knowledge because of the discomfort it brings him. Poised, mature, ultra-intelligent, spiritually-profound souls never "fight" the "Doctrine of Reincarnation."

Actually, they discover it too intriguing to fight. It holds too many explanations for all the quandaries and dilemmas one encounters in the earth-scene. They accept it at its worth and go on from there.

It is always time wasted to contest with the avid opponent of Earthly Revisitation. One merely pities him for his limitations and passes along to people more worthwhile.

The mature and adult soul, intellectually, sees the whole mortal tenure in the analogy of the baseball game . . .

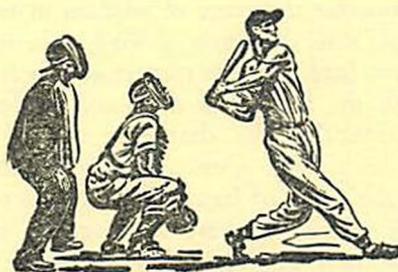
THERE ARE two ways in which to acquire adeptship in the game of baseball. One is to become a fanatical ball fan, attend every game possible played in the national pennant leagues, know the history and records of all outstanding players, and evidence no inhibitions about screeching advice from the bleachers to umpire or participants. Theoretically, one might make a career of "knowing baseball" from such spectator status.

Who is prepared to say that the whole gamut of such spectator function compares with five minutes of solar time spent upon the diamond clad in grey flannel and pitching, catching, batting, or protecting one of the bases or the outfields?

Mortal life, we might put it, is the business of getting out upon the diamond, handling ball or bat, running the bases, and adjudging the finer points of the game by being participant in the tacit plays themselves. What need then to screech and howl from the bleachers, or give decisions from the grandstand as to what the game was all about?

The happiest way to think of multiple existence—to understand it most rationally and profitably—is to consider the various visits into earth-life as sequences passed in action upon the diamond, and the periods of rest and refreshment upon the Thought Planes as the perspective view of the game from grandstand or bleachers. One learns the game in all its subtler and more delicate points by clothing

the self in flannel, reporting in the dugout and being assigned to various parts and roles as the vast world-game progresses. Between such player-participations, one retires to grandstand or bleachers and watches nine other fellows do all the things that the erstwhile player now knows much more about because he has attempted to execute them himself.



Life in the eternality of the spheres, is but the alternating between diamond and grandstand, thereby being able to put the self in the role of every player performing and viewing baseball with the wider and deeper appreciation because one "understands from experience" just what is transpiring.

What an asininity to stomp and screech and roar from the grandstand or bleachers that there "is no such thing" as going down upon the diamond and attempting to make the various "plays" personally, and that when one has witnessed one game of ball from the elevation of spectator one has learned all that exists to be learned and there is no more to baseball than what one has witnessed.

Yet this latter is precisely what the "one-life-only" people are professing, and getting incensed about, that any wider participation in baseball is a possibility . . .

THE STUPENDOUS Intellectual Management behind the Universe, seems to have decreed and made possible the circumstances that every soul essaying to become adept in the great ball game of sentient consciousness, shall play both roles—spectator and participant—more or less alternately. Liken-

ing a given mortal career to a given ball game, the procedure seems to be that the baseball student has one game upon the diamond and one game in observation and study from the grandstand. Between the two roles and functions, everything that exists to know about Life is gradually acquired. . . just as everything that exists to know about Life is gradually acquired. What is wrong with that?

Transpose the acme of wisdom in respect to baseball with the acme of wisdom in respect to Sentient Life, and the mature soul is left merely with the feeling of deep and profound appreciation that the chance is allotted him to know both roles. And when he has thus mastered the game of baseball, he passes to higher worlds where there are other games in which he gradually ascends to the status of "professional" . . .

This is the whole mission of Soulcraft, considered as a study. It supplies a comprehensive understanding of the alternate panorama of consciousness in all its phases. When one has extracted every last iota of profit that exists to be extracted from the Ball Game of Mortality, other Higher Games of Skill and spiritual recreation offer for adeptship.

Viewed in the accumulate, all pressures are taken off the participating soul—pressures of "Do This or That or Get Consigned to Hell."

Play the game nobly, learn all there is to know about it both as player and spectator, and rest assured that the decisions of the Great Umpire are infallible—both in skill and equity.

All of it makes for a mental serenity of which John Q. Public gains knowledge only by acquiescing to the formula and mastering the experience.

The proof of the whole recommendation lies in the fact that those who *do* make themselves adept in the entire Soulcraft Curriculum are living lives of poise, understanding, and aristocratic aloofness from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that derive from limitation.

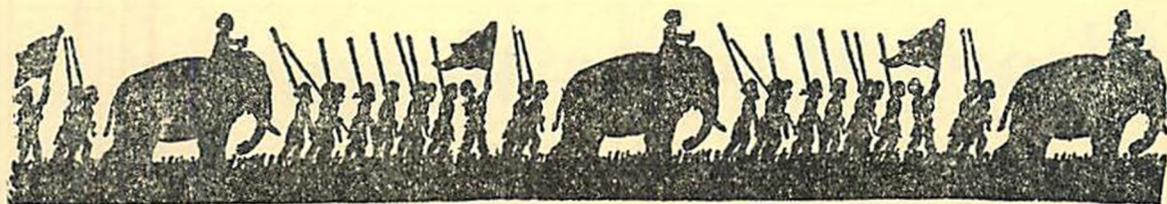
For twenty-five years it has been happening to a given strata of people throughout the American body politic.

Know the formula in every minute aspect and the ineffable compassion and solicitude of Divinity becomes apparent. Ignore or spurn it, and eternal quandary and confusion is the penalty.

There the matter begins and ends.



TRUTH isn't a mere matter of speaking of fact with veracity. Truth is the business of determining what God's ideas about the conduct of the universe have been from the start, instead of recommending that He consider our own . . .



VISTAS AND MIRAGES

THANK God for favors of silence. No dog ever says, "I told you so!"

THE PROBLEM isn't strictly, do men believe in ghosts? What we want to be certain of, do ghosts believe in men?

HEROISM is to see the world as it is. Cowardice is to look at the world and see only that which fits our complexes.

THE ONE and only thing in the whole universe that we are at all times permitted complete control over, is ourselves.

THE HAIRS of our heads may be numbered, but precious little good it does us after we've lost most of the figures.

LIFE is a succession of experiences of learning how not to do certain things that we may do others as profitably as possible.

MAN wants but little here below, the poet assures us, but it does beat all what a list of items he manages to obtain on credit.

HOW could Man be a worm of the dust? What worm ever took the bombastic notion that it and the Creator had any sort of quarrel?

STRANGE that some souls, fascinated by the notion of Ascension, seem to be frightened witless to go up a thousand feet in an airplane.

A MAN, a woman, and a dog are personalizations of earth, heaven, and hell respectively. At least there are times when the dog doubtless thinks so.

SOME sort of hell may yet require to be evolved to penalize reckless drivers on the interstellar airways.

GIVE the Saucer-Men time to discover what earth-life is really like, and they can be depended upon to leave in a hurry.

IF THE way to a man's heart be through his stomach, it's a surprising business what detours some women can manage to discover.

NOTHING is so disillusioning to a dog as the cat that won't spit and scamper. It leaves him feeling so useless in this world.

MYSTICISM is the business of discovering that most of the things you've believed vaguely about life are in nine out of ten cases true.

SOME men marry women because they love the women; some marry because they love themselves and get divorces because the ladies fail to help them do it.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw told us to remember that in heaven an angel was nobody in particular. Let us hope Mr. Shaw has at last become nobody in particular.

PART of every magistrate's education for the job should be a short term in prison so that he knows how it feels for somebody else to be reckless with his time.

IF THE PARSONS were all successful, there would be no jobs for the medicos, and if the medicos were all successful, the parsons would be out of employment. But the lawyers will always be able to pick up a few odd jobs.

Short Master Messages . . .

Not Included in the Golden Scripts

"The Way to Calvary . . ."



MY DEARLY Beloved:
The enemy hath his cohorts indeed; he will go to great odds to maintain a vigilance that he may control your vibrations and turn Mine Own against me. Be not disturbed when such afflictions come; know that I too had them when I was in my flesh.

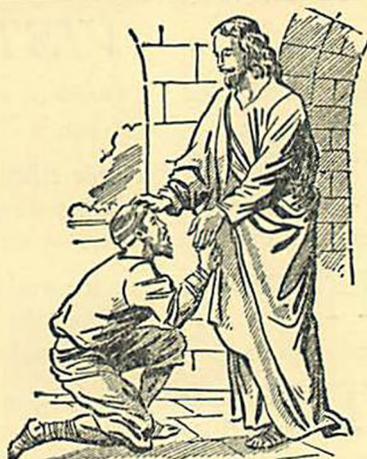
2 I, too, knew hunger to make certain that I was what I seemed, to the world and to others; I, too, had mine hours of doubt, my nights of disappointment that men were so blind in their perceivings; I, too, had my days of wondering after realities of Spirit, because I, too, had mine eyes sealed unto the moment of the Father's coming to my spirit.

3 In this are ye like unto me, in these things have ye fellowship of experience with me.

4 I, too, did become earthly by election; I did make unto myself a mission; I did go into flesh and know my Father by earthly revelation, even as I had known my Father by premonition before such revelation.

5 Partially have ye awakened in your turns, that the Spirit descendeth on you; greater awakening is yet to come;

6 Till then, be strong in waiting, be strong in faith that what is about to happen hath been planned by the Father; be strong in accepting that when I do return unto the world,



then shall ye know that which hath caused you to suffer.

7 The way to Calvary is every heart's desire to be what his love electeth him to be, yet knowing in sorrow that mayhap he falleth short.

8 When men say Calvary they mean a symbolic Cross; when I say Calvary, I mean a passion of the spirit after Righteousness.

9 Be advised, my dear ones: ye are of me and my family: ye have gone into the world even as I went into the world; ye are made Spirit Manifest in flesh for a purpose.

10 Be ye therefore as perfect as the flesh alloweth, and in due times and seasons shall all understanding come unto you. Keep your thought on me, your pathmaker before you, then shall we enter together the feasting-place of loving triumph and celebrate our victory over errors that are conquered.

11 Keep the lamps of your fidelities burning with a brightness, for verily I say unto you, there is no other way to save the world from itself.

PEACE



“WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!”

Twenty Years' Experiences in the Field of Psychical Phenomena, with autobiographical narrative of events forerunning the dictating of Soulcraft . .

What tangible proofs have we, that our blessed dead have survived? Is it actual and dependable that upon occasion they have found ways to communicate with the living? Are we justified in altering our religious views about the location of the Hereafter? . . In the 302 pages of this unbelievable and entrancing book you will find these questions answered. With the voices of the Departed actually impressed upon electronic-recorder tape, you begin to understand what revolutionary discoveries have been made about survival in recent years. Here is a book of True Ghost Stories that carry their own proofs. The Author has told of his psychical experiences in candid and dramatic form, fitting together the great mosaic of events that finally impelled him to share his tremendous findings with others under the aegis of Liberation-Soulcraft . .

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"Road into Sunrise"

By William Dudley Pelley

Women enjoy novels by reading themselves into the roles of the feminine characters. If *you* are a woman, which role would you choose for yourself . . . Sophie Blicher, Melissa Sheppard? . . . One of the truly great novels of the current generation is being Killed with Silence by the book reviewers because of the Communist bias against its author.

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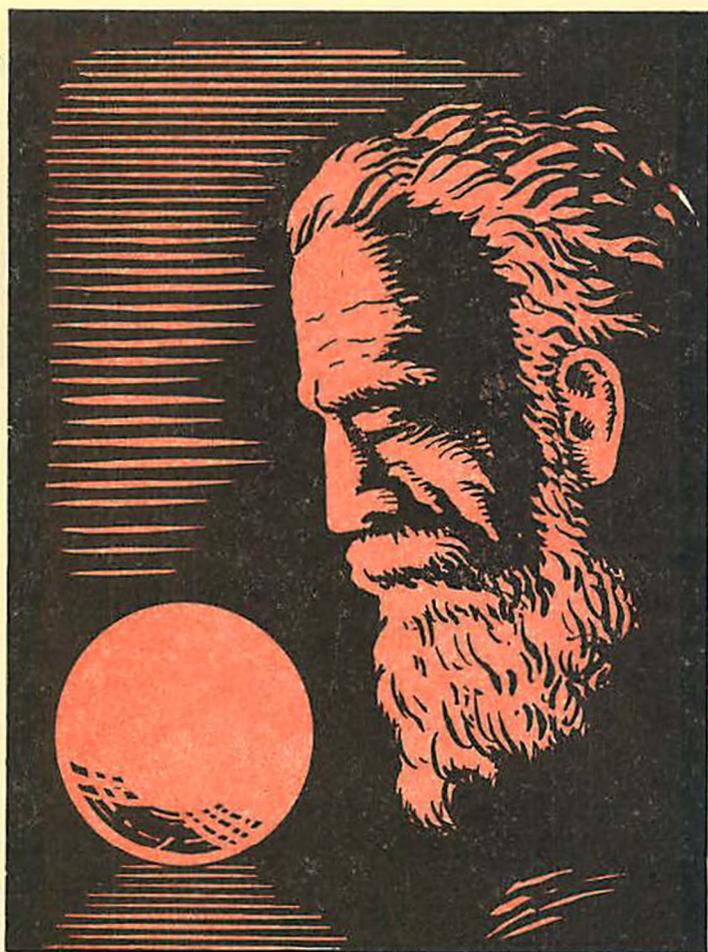
SOULCRAFT STUDIOS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

If You Are Interested in the Prophecies of Nostradamus

you should buy and read the Soulcraft book about the future, and the probable alterations to take place between the nations. One entire chapter is given over to Nostradamus' quatrains, in their interpretations of the present pass into which the world has landed.

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“Something Better” is neither Communism nor Socialism in its analysis and recommendations. But it does present the saving advantages in industrial cooperation, that more and more are due to dictate our current wild-cat economy. Something like 10,000 copies have already been sold, bringing forth the highest commendation from lay readers. You owe it to your own prosperity and peace of mind to know the sensible corporate plan proposed in this book. In event of another disastrous Depression, it might mean America’s salvation . .

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The Answer Beautiful . .

"Master, what is the one greatest message that we can convey to the race as coming from you, that we can make the cornerstone of teaching in the years ahead?"

"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!"



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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Noblesville, Indiana

to Make a Person . .

A SAMPLE Discourse Dictated from Higher Octaves of Time and Space by Extra-Sensory Perception . .



a discourse stops dealing with mental pictures, or images, that can be pulled up in the mind's eye, we say that it is dull. And we are right.

If God gave us minds that work in pictures and images, why despise them and think that we are somehow clever in dropping them and trying to think without them? The growing schoolboy loves to argue in this fashion and fancy that he is profound. Scholars with bulging foreheads discard the picture method and try to go on with ten-pound words, leaving it to the technical meaning of those words and not the mental images they call up, to get the sense of their logic across. Somehow they think that this proves their grey matter. But the truly profound scholar keeps to simple words and pictures, as Jesus did. Even today Jesus keeps His speech to words of one and two syllables, and so His following is vast because He is easily understood. But where is

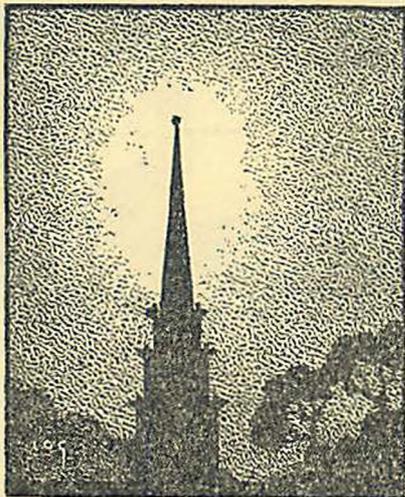
the scholar, youthful or mature, who can answer the question, *Where did Life come from in the first place?* and hold his treatise down to plain and simple terms?

HE WILL at once define Life as "gradations of Evolution" and going back over them, one before the other, he will come to a First Cause which he will call "cosmological propagation." What will he be doing but playing on words and admitting his own ignorance of the true root of the universe?

The scholar who is honest will say, "Life comes out of the God Principle and that is unknowable." That is to say, he thinks it is unknowable because he gets the wrong idea of what the God Principle may be in its process of display.

SUPPOSE that *we* put it in this manner—
God, meaning of course Holy Spirit, was, is, and ever will be, a condition within the universe, or throughout the universe, that has nothing to do with Time and Space, but is a form of all-embracing Consciousness of which ideas are a display of its self-awareness.

That is to say, Holy Spirit made itself aware of itself by becoming what we might call an "introvert" after a fashion, looking into itself, wondering what was there, and producing a universe in order to find out.



This, of course, is hard for mankind to grasp, for men must always have a sense of their own limitations about them to make them aware that they are men at all. In other words, men must always have a Cause before an Effect.

But Holy Spirit, being both Cause and Effect in this instance, urged itself into knowing itself and thus wrought the universe as we know it by "speaking a word". . .

Not an actual word, we mean, spoken by an actual tongue, but a desire to pry within its own Idea-System that should, by the years of events, make one part of itself seen and known to every other part.

OR PUT it in this way—

The things that Holy Spirit did as ideas, it still does or is doing as ideas. One of these ideas is our world of reality out of which grows a knowledge of everything that there is to know, or Cosmic Consciousness.

Or put it in a third way: God wrought Himself out of Himself in order to make one sort of idea understandable to itself as separate and distinct from every other sort of idea, each likewise knowing itself.

Do we seem to be saying the same thing over and over? Well, we have to recall that *that* is exactly what Life itself is doing to us, moment by moment and eon by eon, until we not only accept it but all at once start to *be* it.

VIEW IT that out in inky-black Space, without form or limit there was an Idea-Being that said to itself—

"Here am I, entrapped as a person of a sort, without the chance to go anywhere, do anything, or be anything other than I am. I want to express Myself to Myself. Since there is nothing outside of Myself, I must get all this display *within* myself. I will therefore explore Myself and find out how many kinds and divisions of ideas go to make Me up."

Now the falseness of thinking of Holy Spirit as a being like a man or an animal, lies in the difference between what the scholar calls "objectivity and subjectivity," or as we will put it, in the difference between all that is *outside* and all that is *inside*.

The Holy Spirit, as we are striving to grasp it in all respect and devoutness, is pure and complete Subjectivity. That is, all that exists for it, lies within itself.

You can grasp a mind picture of what this means when you try to imagine a universe without a single idea in it. It would be, in a manner of speaking, Total Nothingness. Now as all ideas are traits of the Holy Spirit, we should not have trouble in grasping how all that *is*, is within the Holy Spirit.

So we might put it, God is the universe that is within itself.

And because we can't conceive of any sort of universe lying outside the pale of ideas, so in no sense or part is He a being that has anything whatever to do with anything outside or beyond Himself. If we want to toy with the notion that there is anything Unknowable about Holy Spirit, it is this strange item: that such an Idea-Being could exist and get a result like the universe—of which all of us, on all planes of existence, are conscious parts.

IN OUR various worlds of Substance in Matter, that came into being because Thought sent forth Energy and got form and substance, it would indeed be absurd. It would be absurd because everything that exists in our mortal universe is the *result* of the process. As mortal souls, everything in our universe is *outside* ourselves—our true soul-selves, even our physical bodies.

Perhaps you can begin to grasp from this that we are the exact opposite in display from Holy Spirit, that reverses the process or condition and has everything *inside* it. If you will stop and think about it, you will see that the only way we compare with Holy Spirit—proving that we too are little bits of Holy Spirit—is in the fact that if we have anything truly within ourselves it is ideas, or a little reservoir of ideas that as yet haven't taken display in any form of Matter.

WE MEET with a sort of mental distress in trying to think of existence that is wholly within ourselves, and thus confined within limits. For at once we start asking: "Well, and good, but something must lie outside of those bounds, and what is it?"

Now those who have lived and "died," and lived and "died," into finer and finer degrees of Thought and Matter, over thousands of life-cycles, and gotten deeper and deeper into the very core of spirit-creation, have grasped a knowledge of something that mortal men haven't—

That the universe is not limitless in bounding it by length, breadth, and depth.

Does an Idea, taken of and by itself, have length, breadth, or depth? Of course not. It is a thing that belongs to the mind of the spirit, not something of touchable materials.

Q SO WE have God, or Holy Spirit, existing as a lengthless, breadthless, depthless Being, able to be aware of Itself as a great basic Urge, or a reservoir of fruitful Idea-Beings, which, when broken up or displayed in forms of substance **RESULT** in objects having length, breadth and depth. If you can get this concept of God, you have an I-Q that will take you far in materializing Thought-Forms and making substance out of mental projectings.

So we have God, or Holy Spirit, existing as a lengthless, breadthless, and depthless Being, able to know itself as a great basic urge, or a reservoir of fruitful Idea-Beings, which when broken up or displayed in forms of substance *result* in objects having length, breadth, and depth.

Consider it in this way again—

The universe has no bounds, being a mass of unborn ideas, or ideas that haven't yet had a chance to display in Matter, all bound up in the Mammoth Idea of possible creation of objects. This Mammoth Idea is not a boundable thing. All is contained within it, no matter how far its contents extend. Even Space as we know it would be a part of the

contents of the Idea. In that sense it is limitless. It is not limitless, however, *when it comes to a display of its contents*. For there are only so many ideas making it up. You must not confuse measurement with formless Thought. That is just what you do when you try to grasp the universe as a *place*.

THERE ARE places within the universe, it is true, and they may be ten trillion Light-Years from one another. Still, the pattern of the Idea behind them is limited and in that sense we get limitation.

Then again, this thing seems to happen—

A point is reached where the universe “runs out of ideas,” so to speak, and when it does that, it has to come back to its first Self-Evidence which was its wholeness. Therefore, in a manner of speaking, it “meets itself” and beyond that *there is no thinking*.



DO NOT become confused here. You think of ideas as fancies taking some sort of form. Those on far, far levels of spirit think of ideas *as terms in which forms can display*. You will see the difference if you stop to think about it a moment.

Ideas come to you in your mortal universe from the angles of higher levels of conscious Thought and you receive them in the mortal world as channels and tools for grasping the

various forms of conduct in Matter. But behind them all there is still a basic Principle of Limitation.

An idea carried far enough through all the processes of thinking and displaying, finally arrives at itself again. Some of your scientists on the earth-side therefore put it, from this truth, that after going outward for a certain distance, *the universe folds back in upon itself*. And insofar as they express what happens to the limit of ideas, they are quite correct.

HOLY SPIRIT does not want to know itself in order to be clever, or to create a display of itself to relieve any boredom in its self-awareness. It seeks some form of display by Thought performing *in and through* and by Energy and getting Matter, that its separate parts may have a clearer knowledge of what the Whole is made up of—and what is *in the Whole*. Thus it is a self-educating Holy Spirit, *if you want to view it from the angle of any one of its separate parts*.

Having reached this pass in our thinking for the moment, suppose we go back and take up the Life Principle as a germ within Holy Spirit to be brought into a greater sense of self-awareness and thus the awareness of the universe of which it is a needful part. Perhaps in the workings of the Life Principle toward this end, we shall catch a glimpse of what goes on in the Body Brain-Mind of Holy Spirit as a great reservoir of ideas performing within itself. . .

NOW THE Life Principle seems to be this: Realizing what part of the Divine Idea it either is, or can be!

Life in this sense is a sort of “resentment” of all other parts making up the whole—a kind of protest, so to speak, that there are other parts, and by its protest grasping that it exists.

Universal consciousness has a queer way of folding in upon itself, we have seen, after the

pattern we have just had spread before us. Now it is a fact that you can't have conscious Thought in the abstract—that is, without Ego, or some sort of Self considered as a seat of consciousness. But you can have this queer process—

You can have an idea so powerful in its possibilities for displaying itself that it works a lodestone effect on that which is about it.

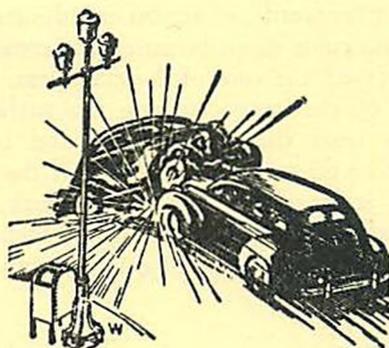
When you have done this, you have gotten Motion of a sort. And out of this Motion, or energy displaying, comes every known substance and material. But here is the startling thing that we learn on these higher levels of conscious thought: You don't get substance and materials at once out of energy, or from Energy. That is, directly. You get the last thing in the world that mortal scholars suspect of being a step in the process.

You get Light!

Remember the four steps: first, conscious Thought that is a display on the part of that great reservoir of ideas, the Holy Spirit; second, ideas within it so powerful in possibilities for displaying themselves in form that they evolve Energy; third, Energy resulting in the miracle known as Light; fourth, Light assembling particles of what for the present we must call Ether, and getting substance or matter-materials.

THIS PUZZLES you, no doubt. Why *Light?* We shall see further on in another paper. Light must have a separate paper unto itself, and when we say Light we mean vastly more, of course, than the common forms of vibratory incandescence visible to mortal eye. But grasp this now if you can—

The idea back of the universe is not a fancy that comes from a Brain-Mind outside the mortal world and thrust into it. *It is an effect produced within itself*, containing no item that works against its display as a perfect idea, and having within itself the power to propel itself into forms of display that can be noted by its own "senses". . .



But, you ask, how can a mere "mental notion" of *itself*, bring about hard, actual, substantial matter? How can the mere idea of a granite monument, for example, existing first as the Thought-Notion of a monument, finally appear as a hundred tons of stone that mangles you beyond repair when you crash into it in a fast-moving automobile?

Your question is a fair one. But we answer you, the explanation is twofold and both parts of it lie within your question itself.

We will try to show you what we mean—

FIRST, IN thinking that ideas are mere "mental notions," unborn as to form and substance in Matter, you are not grasping the true nature of the conscious Thought that makes ideas what they seem to be to you. Second, in thinking of "hard, actual, substantial matter" you are taking it to be something which we declare to you it is not.

In the first place, you grasp a knowledge of what an idea is, or what makes an idea, from somewhere, and by a similar trait in your own consciousness that exists in Universal Thought, you fashion a picture or image and call the result a mere "mental notion."

Can you not grasp the fact that ideas may have a form of reality harder than the hardest granite in the hardest monument *to begin with*, and that what you behold in your mind as a mere "mental notion" may be nothing but the mirrored reflection of a true reality already in existence?

In other words, what you call the mental notion has come about because your consciousness has played the role of looking-glass, only instead of the image striking the surface as it comes from the actual thing and being reflected so that it is seen in front of the looking-glass, it goes through, so to speak, and is wholly absorbed and kept by the looking-glass and known as an existing image only by the looking-glass.

YOU SAY to us, frowning and pursing your lips, "All right, as a neat way to squirm out in logic. But after all, where is the real thing that is thus reflected? Whereabouts does it exist?" We say to you, "It doesn't exist anywhere in the form that will ultimately kill you if your car crashes into it as into the monument. That will be the *property* it takes when it displays in the mortal form that you can know with your mortal senses. None the less, the idea as an idea, in its own element, may be quite as real as when it displays in your element, which is so-called adamant substance."

And yet, while we are on the subject, Matter is not actually a substance that can be defined outside of an Idea.

What would you say, for instance, if you were soberly told that there are levels of consciousness above the mortal *where an Idea can run you down and mangle you exactly like the motorcar that we mentioned as carrying you straight toward the towering obelisk?*

"RUN DOWN by an idea?" you cry. "Nonsense!"

But it's not nonsense if your consciousness too worked only in a form that was of the stuff that "dreams are made of". . .

After all, what is Matter that pushes you, and pinches you, and falls on your toes, and fractures your skulls?

It is merely a property of the universe that has the power to affect you consciously thus, because you too are operating in a similar property or on a similar plane of vibratory substance.

WE HAVE heard people with wits enough in other mental problems, so that they ought to be able to admit this instantly, scoff and scorn at this offering of the facts and say—

"That's all very well, but such a stating of the case implies that all of us can exist as Ideas in a universe of Pure Ideas." They say it as though there were something childish, silly, absurd or disreputable about such a universe.

You go to bed at night and fall asleep. Along toward dawn you commence to dream. While you are in the dream, the world in which you move is just as real to you for all practical purposes of sensing and knowing as the world of Matter to which you will shortly awaken. The people you meet are quite as nice, quite as sane, and perhaps a whole lot nicer and saner than those you will confront on tumbling out of bed. You may argue that you create that world and people in it. *Well, what if you do?* You suffer and exult just as much, as a result of these creations, as you do in meeting with the world of actual Matter made for you first by Divine Consciousness.

You learn to be a successful and distinct idea yourself by taking your form and cues out of Divine Mind. And the only way that Divine Mind can demonstrate, or show what those forms, cues, and other possibilities are, is to project a universe of substance in Matter: the material world as we know it.





What Is Working Out when Babies Do Not Survive?

¶ *FACTS that every
Parent should know
accounting for the
failure of children
to get their lives
properly started . .*



O the normal and rational woman, the most priceless gift which she can have bestowed is a perfectly formed and sturdy infant. It is a sort of perpetual Yuletide or birthday gift, especially if it be her first. Conversely, the most inhuman loss she can suffer is the demise of such a baby. To a

degree this applies as well to its still-birth. The woman, in the face of either happening, is denied the joys of maternity but not its inconvenience and even suffering.

There is something natural and inexorable about the passings of persons ripe with years and there is little that is pathetic about their lifeless cadavers. But a baby cold in physical death is one of the most poignant displays that life can turn up—with one exception. That exception too often is the woman who mothered it, her days and nights haunted thereafter

by thoughts of a little grave up on a wintry hillside, seemingly forgotten by all but herself and God.

The question: *Why do babies die?* is one of those inquiries that too often leave the questioner a rebel against the laws of Nature and society. "I must have done some terrible thing or sinned some frightful sin," such a mother moans too often in her anguish, "to have had my baby taken away from me so cruelly!"

Always and forever, human beings persist in thinking of griefs or misfortunes in terms of punishments for something.

But God never punishes. He only *educates*.

The irrefutable balm and balsam for the most unspeakable wounds of either Soul or Spirit is *enlightenment*.

The old man-made orthodoxy of superstitious ignorance has made the grief of infant demise still more unbearable by the nonsensical and fallacious tenet that human beings have but one fling at mortal life, and having once come into the world and once gone out, that is all they ever see or experience of it.

"I travel this way but once," the ignorant and inhibited poet begins his lines on the futility of human existence, and upon such colossal display of spiritual illiteracy he bases his sentiment that because we travel this way but once we should be as kind as possible to each other and do our Boy-Scout good deed each day. As if such sentiment proves anything that helps us to understanding in a great grief.



Commonsense and a good-natured or healthy cynicism would dictate that if we travel this way but once, there is small need at all for being so kind to one another, or doing a good deed every day, since, if we are not coming back, what matters it? It is *because* we travel this earthly

route again and again that we should do good deeds along the way, else otherwise we play the roles of hit-and-run drivers in mortality who get out of town after injuring pedestrians and never return so the marshal can grab us.

Nevertheless, poems and theologies based on the "I-travel-this-way-but-once" fallacy, reach into the subconscious acceptances of the bereaved mother or father in particular, and they piteously accept that the little soul that resided with them for a matter of weeks or months, has waved its simple Bye-Bye and gone away, never to greet them in mortal form again.

Of course, they expect to meet that partic-

ular little soul in heaven—if they be good Christians and keep the deficits made up in the church, but they can't give you much information about the meeting or the condition or appearance of the child-soul when it happens. Vaguely they expect the child-soul to remain a child-soul and greet them on the threshold of the Afterlife exactly as it appeared on being laid lifeless in a small white casket. In other words, death for that child must be a form of arrested development until those dotting parents enter heaven's portals. Then, if it doesn't start growing at once, simply from the fact that those parents are now on hand to watch it happen, that too is going to be a delusion and a bitterness.

Think of a woman arriving in heaven and being rejoined to a flock of demised infants that forever stay infants and never grow up! If they have done no growing since the date of their departure from earth, how would the parents' arrival cause such growth to begin?

On the other hand, suppose that the deceased infants do keep right on growing in the Afterlife, yet the earthly mother survives to be ninety years old. She makes the passing, and, according to orthodox concepts, inside the Portals of Eternity she is suddenly confronted by a delegation of grey-beards—or elderly women on canes—people she has never seen before and who are, to all intents and purposes utter strangers to her, but who solemnly announce they are her family of sons and daughters who did not survive their mortal babyhoods!

Regard the "beliefs" of superstitious ignorance as you will, the conclusions are ludicrous, poignant and confusing.

BUT the truths of what actually *does* take place at the deaths of infants, still-born or otherwise, is by no means ludicrous, and as we understand and accept the tenets of the doctrine that human beings live more than once in mortality, most of these "heavenly mysteries" at once straighten out . . .

First of all, *why do infants die?*

If a normal and affectionate mother has gone to the terrific expenditure of energy and concernment involved in child-birth, why does not every infant live long enough at least to recompense her somewhat for that inconvenience and suffering—if such a time could be estimated or established?

Why should there be such a phenomenon as infants still-born?

Why should a child contract croup, pneumonia, or any of a score of so-called child-maladies and almost at once on acquiring its new body, vacate and return to the condition from which it came?

The reasons for the deaths of still-born infants are usually lost in the mazes of temperamental peculiarities of the incoming souls as individuals. They haven't "taken hold" of the new bodies right—that might be a crude way of expressing it. That is, the psyche hasn't become adept at manipulating the new organism with sufficient light-force to carry it through the period when birth as a spiritual necessity has occurred to it.

CHILDREN are not just "born", remember. There is a long and involved story of karmic adjustment—or readjustment—behind every spirit that enters upon a new role in mortality. Some souls want eagerly to get into a physical vehicle anew. Others may be most reluctant about it, especially if it has been a good many generations in worldly time since they were thus encased to obtain new spiritual development. But by far, the greater number of still-born babies comes from the common circumstance that such souls acquire a flashing sensation of what life in flesh "feels like" anew, and they are suddenly not so keen for its handicaps and limitations, recognizing all the trials and tribulations confronting them and calling for a great temperamental fortitude to experience willingly.

Such souls say to themselves after a fashion: "Oh, pshaw! What a confounded nuisance I'm letting myself in for, when I could the

more comfortably and enjoyably stay on these Planes of Pure Spirit, and continue to enjoy the freedom of those octaves! After all, perhaps I'm not half so ready to incarnate again as I supposed I was. I'll wait and try it under happier circumstances, or when I've developed more stamina."

Or this thing may happen, a trifle graver in its implications—



All births are said to be arranged with the parents before even the parents themselves enter into their lives. Such arrangements are on the whole made in anticipation of definite lessons to be gained as the offspring of definite parents or karmic debts owing or causing embarrassments. Suppose between the making of such arrangements and the time for the entry of the "child-souls"—or those who are affecting to play the child roles, the parents have so altered their lives or relationships—or even their own characters from experiences with life after getting into it—that the souls about to play the roles of such offspring observe that the expected benefits cannot be secured. The offspring souls will therefore, as we say, renege on the pact, and the earth-mother will have the child's body which the expected soul refuses to enter and occupy.

And in three-dimensional mortality, the local sewing-circle ladies gather and lament that

"Dear Sister So-and-So" lost her new baby on Wednesday and isn't it a pity, after all the distress it had cost her through the nine months of gestation?

Q *LET US be charitable and realize that probably 100-percent of us have defected on expectant parents back in our karmic histories, playing the parts of "dead" children ourselves . . .*

BUT it is not this class of still-born infants that we are discussing. What about the child who gets to be two or three years old, who secures the sure grip of its baby fingers on every family heartstring, who remains with one pair of normal parents long enough to endear itself to them by its cute toddling ways, then, of a sudden, for no known reason, begins to cough a cough that the family doctor doesn't like, is put to bed whimpering, and at the end of the eighth day gives a piteous little quiver and expires in the arms of a grief-struck mother?

The common acceptance on the Higher Octaves seems to be this—

Such babies do not actually cease incarnation as an act of spirit-experience. They merely delay it. And it is no particular fault of the dotting parents that they may elect to do so.

We must all of us bear in mind that spirits hoary with cosmic age, entering mortality anew seemingly as "helpless" cooing infants, may have a complexity of reasons for making the incursion. Always and forever they propose to get something—something specific—in the

way of mortal enhancements for the trouble of taking the fresh worldly sojourn. They select the pair of parents, or arrive at such selection by prearrangement—secure a firm moral grip on the developing fetus, and get themselves born into the finished physical equipment. But suddenly conditions that were unforeseen may arise within the lives or family fortunes of the parents, or temperamental traits may begin to develop in them from the altered circumstances of this baby's arrival, indicating plainly and tragically that the purpose is going to be defeated or the ultimately expected gains to be thwarted. Perhaps the soul's Unseen Mentors—for all children have them!—behold in a loving solicitude even greater than that of the parents that the latter themselves are by no means delivering in the matters of the responsibilities that had been prenatally arranged and they are by no means taking this new soul's arrival or residence with the seriousness they should be. The mother, to illustrate, may be looking upon the infant as a new and novel acquisition for her own indulgence of maternal vanity. It makes her happy and proud to have a live gurgling infant, but it is not far removed from the same pride she might feel at owning a new mink coat or stylish breed of French poodle. In other words, she hasn't yet gotten down to the stern and worthwhile business of living, and her false attitude toward life, or that visiting soul's advent, is going to color or influence the soul in the wrong manner if the association worsens as between the two.

"If this youngster is taken away from her for a spell, but then handed back to her, it may bring her to her senses," is the judgment and dictum of those who are watching over the destinies of both.

By thinking she has "lost" that child on which she doted with such a superficial pride, such a mother will suddenly grow deadly serious toward this matter of having babies and nurturing their souls, and the more prolific and profitable circumstances are thus introduced so



that on the second and honest-to-goodness incursion, the visiting soul will obtain the conditions under which it will get what it originally expected by going into flesh at all.

This is by no means saying that all young mothers lose their babies purposely that they shall acquire a more sedate attitude toward mortal motherhood. It is simply listing one of the reasons that seems to be apparent when numbers of infants' deaths are directly investigated to find out why they happen.

But here, in a way, is the compensation for such inconvenience and distress: The next infant which such corrected or disciplined mother will have—and *invariably she will have another!*—will be the physical enhousement of exactly the same soul that stayed with her fifteen to twenty months, four or five years back, and that she thought she had buried in the little forgotten grave on the hilltop. All that really lies buried in the little forgotten grave on the hilltop—if there were any mortal way of convincing her of it—is the cast-off and vacated little husk of mortality, the brief physical garment, that the visiting soul wore for a

matter of months on its first incursion. She will have supplied the same incarnating soul two bodies . . .

CHILDREN die, of course, for a multitude of reasons that are as varied and abstruse as the temperaments demanding the birth in the first place. We have to consider classifications in attempting to explain the mysteries in child-death.

The average child dies, it can be safely said, because conditions as they are developing, or as the child is encountering them, are not propitious for obtaining the increment for which the child-soul went to the trouble of being born at all. The given pair of parents may or may not be responsible for such mundane operations. That is not the point. The point to bear in mind is, that there is truly *no such thing as death in the sense of irretrievable loss*. The soul that has been interested enough to come to a given pair of parents once is not going to live far from them, since there is a bond between them that must extend across many lives.

And we should never forget or overlook—while we are about it—that it is often entirely possible and reasonable that a child-soul may get the very things it came into flesh to get, or adjust such karma as it came into flesh to adjust, in the space of a few years, carrying no further than childhood or adolescence.

Then there is another important fact in all this to note—

FIRST babies often die in that the mothers are smothering them with a form of indulgence that, persisted in, would utterly defeat the needed life lesson—or lessons—as they grew older. She “thinks so much of it” that there is every indication of injuring such a soul with kindness, making it weak and non-self-reliant. It is going to grow into something that up a dozen years will be regarded by the neighbors as “just a pampered brat” who needs a continual thrashing . . . though the parent can't see it. So the child goes out of life and



waits until that mother recovers from her girlhood hysteria at maternity, becoming a sedate, level-headed, down-to-earth woman.

"Poor Mrs. Hoopernickel!" exclaim the dunderheaded gossips. "The loss of her first baby changed her so! I don't think she really loves the children so much who've come since. What an inhuman tragedy!"

It really wasn't any inhuman tragedy at all. And "poor Mrs. Hoopernickel" certainly does love the children who have come since quite as much as she loved the one she "lost"—and that truly is the same soul as her third son, Dicky. "Poor" Mrs. Hoopernickel lost nothing but her own "smother-love" that was a distinct detriment in her role as an efficient mother.

There is little of maternal vanity in Mary Hoopernickel's maternal love now, and under the supervision of her more sobered and impersonal affection, the remaining incarnated souls of her children have their chances to design careers of real permanent worth.

Of course, if no second baby is born after the loss of the first, then something else is at work. But the general tenet holds.

How many affectionate women do we know the birth of whose second baby "filled the emptiness" caused by the loss of the first? The assuagement truly is her subconscious realization that the "lost" baby-soul is in process of return-

ing to her, and, sensing its identity, her grief dissolves from her.

Adepts in the Ageless Wisdom recognize that truly there has been no "first" child, or "second" child, or "third" child. There have merely been karmic and spiritual adjustments, that the souls coming into life under a given mother and father may acquire all that they contracted to get from the incursion. Who can criticize them for that?

Not all of it is discipline. Much of it is making certain the soul gets "on the right track", thus assuring it that the years of its maturity will be what they were designed to be.

Make no mistake, however, in thinking that it may only be the fond and doting mother who feels grief or knows disappointment when a birth does not proceed as expected.

The case of Harriet Pelley, who forewent a highly promising career in mortality that she might one day serve her father "on the Bridge between the worlds" is a case in point. No "first child" was ever better loved, and no baby's seemingly "untimely" death seemed more inexplicable. But up here in the middle of the Twentieth Century, forty years later, the reason for her childhood demise becomes understandable.

Why do our beloved children die?

The truly sad case is where and when the loss of an infant is necessitated that the parent may be softened and deepened to the richer values of life.

REMEMBER the one Great Fundamental behind all earth-life and all mortal experience, no matter how inhumanly cruel it may seem for the moment—

God never punishes—He only educates!

The measure of education, too, is the measure of understanding of what takes place, no matter how vitally we find ourselves affected.

But this is a universe in which nothing is ever truly LOST.

That goes double for children, else we'd never have had them in the first place!

My Vision

By Winchester MacDowell



THE greatest thought that I may ever think or be,
Is that most precious one, dear God, the Thought
of Thee,
So now I lift my contrite heart and, singing, pray:
Dear God, be with me always, never go away!

May my whole life become one long and happy prayer,
That it may matter not that I be here or there,
So long as all my thoughts be in accord with Thee,
That in Thy love I live, and there find liberty;

Find liberation in conception pure and clean,
Within Thy perfect love my soul has always been,
Time never knew a beat when Thou or I wert not
For even Time—if Time IS—is Thine endless thought.

For what am I, a soul, but Thy pure thought divine,
As everything that really is, is thought of Thine?
So once again I lift my joyous eyes to Thee
And pray for perfect spirit vision, Lord, to SEE!

That in this seeming vale of needless tears below
To know that I have Thee beside me as I go,
Again, may my whole life, each happy breath I draw
Attach me closer to that Vision which I saw!

When a Husband Saps a Woman's Energies, Which is to Blame?

Q IS A WIFE Justified
in Divorcing a Man
Who Without Intent
Keeps Her Nervously
Depleted? . . .



A YOUNG wife, in great distress of body, mind, and heart writes Soulcraft for counsel. She is twenty-seven years old and says she has been five years married. During these five years she has borne her first child. She is "deeply attached" to her husband, so she avows, despite the fact that he has shown himself a mediocre provider. Yet she declares she is contemplating a divorce. The reason she contemplates returning to her single state is a peculiar condition that has maintained ever since their wedding, and she is confused as to whether or not it may be patho-

logical. Is there, she asks, any explanation in Mysticism that might help her?

Suppose we let Sue give us her own details of the constriction between them—

"THE MAN I married at twenty-two," she says, "is not particularly brilliant but he is 'good'—in the saccharine sense in which we too often use that term. I mean, he has a disposition not at all difficult to live with, and certainly means well by me and our little boy. Still, I'm the type of wife who wouldn't hold it against a man if he couldn't compete with men who were smarter, trickier, or more audacious and aggressive. That's not my grievance against Alfred, if we wish to call it grievance. If I tell you the circumstances maybe you will understand the decision I'm confronting . . .

"I married Alfred for no reason in the world that I can make out but that of feeling sorry for him. His father, an exceptionally clever man, had overstepped the bonds of honesty in a trusteeship and been sentenced to a term in prison. Alfred had always admired his father—for the brains Alfred didn't feel he'd inherited—and when the sire was led away, a convicted criminal, with five to twenty years to serve, Alfred was so youthfully devastated that he turned to me instinctively, and cried on my shoulder. You see, I had been his father's secretary. I hadn't contemplated

marriage so early, for I was not long out of business school, but when I saw what a harsh blow had been dealt Alfred, I was afraid of what it might do to him without a clear head to guide him.

"Why it would have to be my head, I don't know, either. In his tragic depression and melancholy, Alfred asked me to be his wife and help him 'work out of it.' I didn't know a blessed thing then about the truth of cosmic relationships that I've since learnt in Soulcraft. I know that I didn't feel the least bit of romantic love for him, but I did acknowledge I was a part of the family disaster because I had been an employe of the father's office. It was the first tragedy of that sort I'd ever known and it struck me hard. Alfred and I were somehow comrades in the common predicament.

"ALFRED was twenty-six at the time, and that should have been old enough for him to realize his life was his own to live and not let his father's misstep get him down. I was, and still am, a reasonably healthy brunette, inclined to be independent, coming of a good family that thought my 'throwing myself away on Old Man So-and-So's son' was compounding tragedy, if you get what I mean. I didn't figure it so. I quickly got another job, and Alfred entered the firm of a friend to learn the business. As his father had lost everything in putting up for his legal defense, and Al's mother was ten years dead, my new husband simply moved into my bachelor-girl's apartment. Not having had either a romance or a honeymoon, there was no particular bridal period to get through with. But I soon realized that Al was going to be a long time getting over the inferiority complex he had developed out of his dad's disgrace. He seemed to feel that somehow he had inherited the onus of his father's malfeasance and when opportunities came for him to forge ahead, his courage shriveled and shrank. I quickly found myself in the maternal way and for the first



year of our marriage, having the boy held the major portion of my attention.

"But when little Harold started to get about in his own right, I began to make disturbing discoveries about my strength. I did not seem to possess the fine bounding energy I had always enjoyed throughout adolescence. I laid it at first, as I naturally would, to the depletions from motherhood. Then it gradually came to me that motherhood might have little or nothing to do with it. It was Alfred who was depleting me—and keeping me depleted.

"I am by no means a small woman, in fact I am inclined to be tall and willowy in my movements. But Alfred, now in his early



thirties, put on flesh and could be described as a 'big man' physically. He weighs in fact, about 180 pounds. I weigh 137.

"But as Alfred gets along into middle life, he is like a great sponge or blotting-paper creature to me. He is polite and considerate, and never makes demands that are not my function as his wife to fill. But there is something about his mere physical closeness that simply drains me of vitality, and it has nothing to do with our marital relations. Never mind how quietly we both pass any night, if I am in the room with him I awaken in the morning drained insufferably of strength. Alfred cannot understand what he does to me, and is pained and hurt that I occasionally ask to occupy the guest room. If I leave home for a visit, or occupy the guest room, my nights and mornings are quite normal again.

"What does a wife do, can you tell me, when she is married to a man for whom she has a certain amount of affection, and yet whose personality saps her of her nerve-force without realizing he is doing it? Can you describe what the karma may be between us that brought off this marriage, and what the subtle thievery of my literal physical strength is that leaves me in unbearable lethargy? Is

it a pathological situation that I am not aware of, or is it something subconscious I am guilty of, because I let myself be drawn into such a marriage without romantically loving him? Please advise me if you can."

THAT is the gist of Sue So-and-So's letter. The trouble between herself and husband, it would seem, is by no means one for which matrimony solely is to blame. Soulcraft would say that the relationship which brought her into the domestic menage of husband and father-in-law was undoubtedly karmic, though what the circumstances may have been in an earlier life that placed her in such relationship are not involved.

The chief point is, that Alfred has that type of physical ensemble that "drains" energetic and volatile people about him of their organic vitalities, or so it is described. People unrelated to us may exhibit the same propensity. The fact that the young woman had no wildly romantic love affair, and only acquired her affection for her child's father because of her sympathy for him, can scarcely be said to figure in her predicament, either. Thousands of so-called loveless marriages happen every year, or marriages of sympathy and altruism—platonically affairs—without the wife feeling "drained" by physical proximity. Equally too, as often it can be the wife who "drains" the husband.

It would seem to be more a matter of temperament in the one who does the draining. Cues to explanation of what goes on, lie in noting one or two details in the so-called depletion process itself.

Has anyone ever heard of its happening with respect to persons we very much like, and desire to have about us? Are the people who "drain" us not those to whom we have taken a dislike, consciously or subconsciously? May not the depletion felt by the victim be the result of the dislike and not its cause?

What normal woman ever felt herself "depleted" by proximity to a man she worshiped

or loved passionately? What wife who was adored and cherished ever drained her husband of his nervous vitalities?

We do know that there exists in the mortal ensemble an ingredient that some esoterists give the name of "Od" . . . the attributes of which are called "odic". The word was coined by Reichenbach, the great German naturalist, to describe a theoretical force or natural power supposed to produce the phenomenon of hypnotism, and to be developed by magnets, heat, light, chemical or vital action. Actually we might term it not our vitality itself but the degree of power expressible in our vitality, or a projection of the *function* of consciousness.

The process of a man and woman "falling in love" is the process, we are told, of two people projecting from themselves, and receiving into themselves, portions of this odic force, each belonging to the other. It may be a quick projection and reception, given the popular name of "love at first sight." It may be a slow and gradual projection and reception, of which it is said that one person's liking for another "grows" upon one. The point is, that two people proceeding deeper and deeper in love, appear to be entrusting each other with greater and heavier allotments of their odic force, giving of their own and replacing it with an equal amount of the odic force of the other until the quantities exchanged reach balance. In such a condition they express it that they "belong to each other" and are amenable and ready for the intimacies of matrimony.

WHEN a reasonably healthy and attractive woman carries on a flirtation with a man, she is what might be called an "Indian giver" in respect to her odic force, or perhaps an "experimental giver" might be better. When a man persuades a woman to exchange odic-force projections with him until he holds most of the woman's common supply, then basely walks out on her or abandons her, it is said to be the loss of this vital force that so commonly results in a "broken heart", and which

in extreme cases can so deplete that woman that she dies. Reclaiming too suddenly his own quotas of odic force reposed in a woman can have tragic effects in neuroses and breakdowns also.

We are on fairly safe ground in deducing therefore, that what seems to be happening between Sue and her Alfred was a marriage to start with, in which the normal exchange of odic force was practically nil. Intellectual more than physical emotions dictated the event of ceremonial marriage and the pair began cohabiting. Daily associations, orientation to little personal peculiarities, the hundred-and-one franknesses before one another that matrimony brings, bred a given quantity of Affection—of state of being affected by each other emotionally. But it was never attraction based on mutual exchanges of odic vitality. So much for the bridal situation.

As time moved along, however, the wife—by the vulnerable processes of her situation and her presentation of the baby to the union—began throwing out belated consignments of Od in the husband's direction, who seemed to accept them without being sensible he had an obligation to return. The husband has affection for the feminine partner but not zealous passionate love. Man usually takes the initiative in what the world calls True Love, projecting heavy consignments of his Od toward the woman, which she accepts or rejects according to caprice or karma. For reasons best known to Alfred in his subconscious, he does not care to respond in like manner to his wife's addresses. Sue claims she feels depleted. What the more properly would seem to be happening is, that Alfred isn't depleting so much as *refusing* to give what Sue requires to keep her own odic supply at par, whether



it originate with herself or her husband. Being beside her slightly older and physically heavier husband night upon night, Sue longs for, and invites, return of the life-force quantities she releases toward him. We are told that coitus does not enter this more subtle situation, although coitus may aggravate it on one side or the other.

Sue's depletion, in other words, is *her own depletion*, occasioned by longing for the romantic sequence on which she shortsuited herself because of a misplaced maternal emotion. Slumbering apart from her husband, as when visiting afar, his physical proximity does not awaken subconsciously in her the recollection of the romantic state she forewent in the interests of emergency, and she does not pour out odic force toward his indifferent person. So she says she awakens "refreshed." She does not awakened refreshed, she awakens normal.

THE QUANDARY presents itself in terms of whether or not she should divorce this nonresponsive man—who fails to grasp why he should be responsive when he already possesses the woman's personality without such expenditure or exchange—or should she continue along living with him as if this distressing one-sidedness of giving did not maintain?

Divorce may not be necessary, desirable or expedient, providing the wife knows consciously what is operating and "how she gets that way." If she understands in her conscious mind that the lamented depletion comes from romantic odic offering without approximate return, let her merely terminate such giving. This will have one of two consequences. Either it will bring Alfred to his senses about their situation, likewise subconsciously, or it will bring about karmic release, each from the

other, without bad feeling being engendered, and leave one or the other open to receive the addresses odically, of third or fourth persons.

There have been cases where, in such extremity, women have gotten wanted relief by consciously generating and projecting odic force upon their men in such quantity that the men have responded unwittingly, but that instance is rare and takes a woman strong in physical stamina. Then again, the average woman may not consider the return to be worth such effort. The woman who purposely gives overmuch will reconcile herself abjectly to being so drained, permitting it to happen knowingly and intelligently, so that the world says her man "owns" her bodily, mentally and spiritually. She will not care about the extent to which her man lethargizes her. She will permit her subconscious to give herself utterly and irrevocably to him, entering a life of debilitation and insouciance by malice aforethought, "letting him have her," as the saying describes it, and living her earthly role as his pliant shadow and odalisque in complete and final surrender of all flesh and personality. Usually, however, such extremity of conduct is in itself karmic, to compensate for situations in earlier lives where she has devastated the man's personality and now must pay in kind.

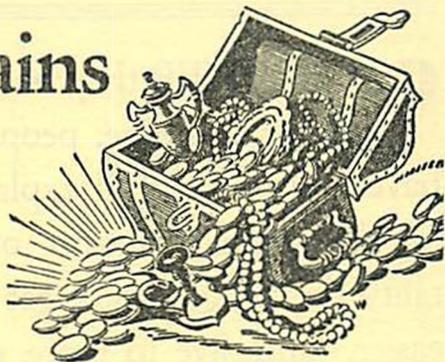
But it does profit us to recognize in all of it that women who succumb to the connubial status without the romantic odic exchange, are inviting all these eccentricities of relationship and must not be astonished or dismayed if, as, and when they develop.

In Sue's case, Alfred is subconsciously indolent toward her because she cost him little or nothing to obtain her. How to wake him up?

The answer to that, more likely, is whether or not Sue considers him worth the effort?



WHAT Practical Gains Do People Get Out of Mysticism?



IS IT truly necessary to establish a reason for life in mortality being what the average person finds it? The average person is too busy occupied with living it, of course, to give much thought—or even importance—to Life's significance.

We do find this fact provocative of consideration, however, that where you come upon the exceptional human being who has made some mental effort to apprise himself of the purport of the mortal sojourn generally, you discover a personage of superior intelligence, philosophic calm, and spiritual aristocracy.

This person is enjoying a peace of mind that his fellows are not, he is not upset by the nominal successes or failures of social existence, he seems to have time and temperament to note beauties and fecundities of life that John Q. Public deplorably ignores. In short, he is getting more *out* of life and enjoying it to greater degree, than the mass cross section of his fellows who seem to be making it a speed contest between two points in any old vehicle that may be bought, begged or stolen.

¶ *They acquire an understanding of Multiple Existence, among other things, that gives plan and sense to the whole mortal drama . .*

Incidentally, this exceptional persons seems to live longer and have less painful things happen involving him.

This is particularly true of women.

IT IS noticeable that women are uniformly more interested in arriving at definite convictions about the reason why life is lived, than their mundane masculine counterparts. Undoubtedly this is true because they feel themselves more concerned with the procreation of what is commonly called "new" life, and are therefore seeking explanations for their roles with greater seriousness than men.

WHETHER they be masculine or feminine, people who have attained to full explanation for the cosmic purport of mortality do things easier, get things easier, and live to more general enjoyment than the hectic rank and file about them . . .

Likewise it is interesting that when women have rational expositions advanced as to why Life is what the human race finds it, they conduct themselves intellectually and emotionally with greater displays of appreciation and response. An intelligent woman, who has delved into the seemingly reliable significances for life being what it is, forthwith displays a character that is epitome of everything high, fine, and attractive in the feminine temperament. Intellectually and emotionally, she is usually a lodestone drawing scores and even hundreds into the orbit of her personality without being able to explain what attracts them.

She evinces a temperamental maternity that is subconsciously irresistible.

MEN, as a rule, must have a utility behind both acts and reactions composing Life for them. They want to pursue a given line of performance because an immediate profit of some sort is promised by it. Women, by the very fact of their being personalifications of conservation, gestation, and amelioration, are more amenable toward contemplation and long-throw increment from the life-experience. And when they do make sense, finally, of the whole great educative agenda of mortal ex-

periences, almost literally they become goddesses of a sort, dwelling within, and mentoring well-nigh a heidarchy of what we might call adolescent souls, content with the experiences of life themselves and leaving the significances for greater wits to figure.

Still, whether they be masculine or feminine, the people who have attained to a rational explanation for the cosmic purport of mortality, do things easier, get things easier, and live to more general enjoyment than the hectic rank-and-file about them.

They do this, of course, because they squander no energies in ephemeral concerns and worries over matters that do not count, and apply their efforts physically, mentally, and spiritually to issues of permanence and longevity. They are more at home in the universe as a whole than in any small sector or section of it represented by the career they may happen for the moment to be living. When they reach the point that they are only interested in the issues of permanence and longevity—in other words, the eternal verities—they do not return to mortality any more, because there is nothing left in mortality that can deliver them benefits.

WHENEVER you meet the type of character in life that almost literally foams at the lips in vehement refutation of the Earthly Rebirth Hypothesis, calling it “nonsense”, “heathenism,” “devil-originated,” and expressing bellicosity along with their “disbeliefs” in it, you are merely witnessing the exhibit of a soul who knows most positively that it is the Cosmic Program but resents his or her own deficiencies that make it necessary.

It is their own deficiencies they are subconsciously fuming at, not the Program as a program. Likewise, in nine cases out of ten, you are viewing a soul that is adolescently ignorant or refusing knowledge because of the discomfort it brings him. Poised, mature, ultra-intelligent, spiritually-profound souls never “fight” the “Doctrine of Reincarnation.”

Actually, they discover it too intriguing to fight. It holds too many explanations for all the quandaries and dilemmas one encounters in the earth-scene. They accept it at its worth and go on from there.

It is always time wasted to contest with the avid opponent of Earthly Revisitation. One merely pities him for his limitations and passes along to people more worthwhile.

The mature and adult soul, intellectually, sees the whole mortal tenure in the analogy of the baseball game . . .

THERE ARE two ways in which to acquire adeptship in the game of baseball. One is to become a fanatical ball fan, attend every game possible played in the national pennant leagues, know the history and records of all outstanding players, and evidence no inhibitions about screeching advice from the bleachers to umpire or participants. Theoretically, one might make a career of "knowing baseball" from such spectator status.

Who is prepared to say that the whole gamut of such spectator function compares with five minutes of solar time spent upon the diamond clad in grey flannel and pitching, catching, batting, or protecting one of the bases or the outfields?

Mortal life, we might put it, is the business of getting out upon the diamond, handling ball or bat, running the bases, and adjudging the finer points of the game by being participant in the tacit plays themselves. What need then to screech and howl from the bleachers, or give decisions from the grandstand as to what the game was all about?

The happiest way to think of multiple existence—to understand it most rationally and profitably—is to consider the various visits into earth-life as sequences passed in action upon the diamond, and the periods of rest and refreshment upon the Thought Planes as the perspective view of the game from grandstand or bleachers. One learns the game in all its subtler and more delicate points by clothing

the self in flannel, reporting in the dugout and being assigned to various parts and roles as the vast world-game progresses. Between such player-participations, one retires to grandstand or bleachers and watches nine other fellows do all the things that the erstwhile player now knows much more about because he has attempted to execute them himself.



Life in the eternality of the spheres, is but the alternating between diamond and grandstand, thereby being able to put the self in the role of every player performing and viewing baseball with the wider and deeper appreciation because one "understands from experience" just what is transpiring.

What an asininity to stomp and screech and roar from the grandstand or bleachers that there "is no such thing" as going down upon the diamond and attempting to make the various "plays" personally, and that when one has witnessed one game of ball from the elevation of spectator one has learned all that exists to be learned and there is no more to baseball than what one has witnessed.

Yet this latter is precisely what the "one-life-only" people are professing, and getting incensed about, that any wider participation in baseball is a possibility . . .

THE STUPENDOUS Intellectual Management behind the Universe, seems to have decreed and made possible the circumstances that every soul essaying to become adept in the great ball game of sentient consciousness, shall play both roles—spectator and participant—more or less alternately. Liken-

ing a given mortal career to a given ball game, the procedure seems to be that the baseball student has one game upon the diamond and one game in observation and study from the grandstand. Between the two roles and functions, everything that exists to know about Life is gradually acquired. . . just as everything that exists to know about Life is gradually acquired. What is wrong with that?

Transpose the acme of wisdom in respect to baseball with the acme of wisdom in respect to Sentient Life, and the mature soul is left merely with the feeling of deep and profound appreciation that the chance is allotted him to know both roles. And when he has thus mastered the game of baseball, he passes to higher worlds where there are other games in which he gradually ascends to the status of "professional" . . .

This is the whole mission of Soulcraft, considered as a study. It supplies a comprehensive understanding of the alternate panorama of consciousness in all its phases. When one has extracted every last iota of profit that exists to be extracted from the Ball Game of Mortality, other Higher Games of Skill and spiritual recreation offer for adeptship.

Viewed in the accumulate, all pressures are taken off the participating soul—pressures of "Do This or That or Get Consigned to Hell."

Play the game nobly, learn all there is to know about it both as player and spectator, and rest assured that the decisions of the Great Umpire are infallible—both in skill and equity.

All of it makes for a mental serenity of which John Q. Public gains knowledge only by acquiescing to the formula and mastering the experience.

The proof of the whole recommendation lies in the fact that those who *do* make themselves adept in the entire Soulcraft Curriculum are living lives of poise, understanding, and aristocratic aloofness from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that derive from limitation.

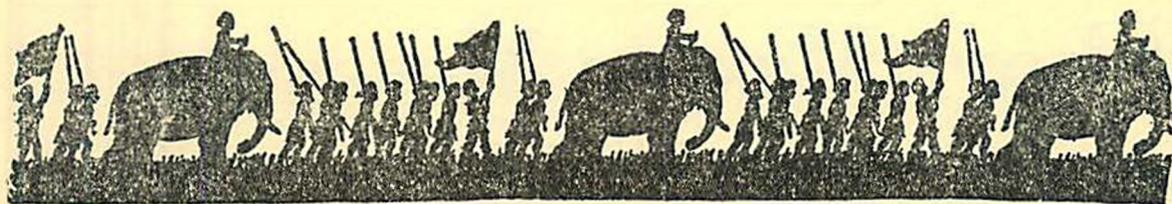
For twenty-five years it has been happening to a given strata of people throughout the American body politic.

Know the formula in every minute aspect and the ineffable compassion and solcitude of Divinity becomes apparent. Ignore or spurn it, and eternal quandary and confusion is the penalty.

There the matter begins and ends.



TRUTH isn't a mere matter of speaking of fact with veracity. Truth is the business of determining what God's ideas about the conduct of the universe have been from the start, instead of recommending that He consider our own . . .



VISTAS AND MIRAGES

THANK God for favors of silence. No dog ever says, "I told you so!"

THE PROBLEM isn't strictly, do men believe in ghosts? What we want to be certain of, do ghosts believe in men?

HEROISM is to see the world as it is. Cowardice is to look at the world and see only that which fits our complexes.

THE ONE and only thing in the whole universe that we are at all times permitted complete control over, is ourselves.

THE HAIRS of our heads may be numbered, but precious little good it does us after we've lost most of the figures.

LIFE is a succession of experiences of learning how not to do certain things that we may do others as profitably as possible.

MAN wants but little here below, the poet assures us, but it does beat all what a list of items he manages to obtain on credit.

HOW could Man be a worm of the dust? What worm ever took the bombastic notion that it and the Creator had any sort of quarrel?

STRANGE that some souls, fascinated by the notion of Ascension, seem to be frightened witless to go up a thousand feet in an airplane.

A MAN, a woman, and a dog are personalizations of earth, heaven, and hell respectively. At least there are times when the dog doubtless thinks so.

SOME sort of hell may yet require to be evolved to penalize reckless drivers on the interstellar airways.

GIVE the Saucer-Men time to discover what earth-life is really like, and they can be depended upon to leave in a hurry.

IF THE way to a man's heart be through his stomach, it's a surprising business what detours some women can manage to discover.

NOTHING is so disillusioning to a dog as the cat that won't spit and scamper. It leaves him feeling so useless in this world.

MYSTICISM is the business of discovering that most of the things you've believed vaguely about life are in nine out of ten cases true.

SOME men marry women because they love the women; some marry because they love themselves and get divorces because the ladies fail to help them do it.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw told us to remember that in heaven an angel was nobody in particular. Let us hope Mr. Shaw has at last become nobody in particular.

PART of every magistrate's education for the job should be a short term in prison so that he knows how it feels for somebody else to be reckless with his time.

IF THE PARSONS were all successful, there would be no jobs for the medicos, and if the medicos were all successful, the parsons would be out of employment. But the lawyers will always be able to pick up a few odd jobs.

Short Master Messages . . .

Not Included in the Golden Scripts

"The Way to Calvary . . ."



MY DEARLY Beloved:
The enemy hath his cohorts indeed; he will go to great odds to maintain a vigilance that he may control your vibrations and turn Mine Own against me. Be not disturbed when such afflictings come; know that I too had them when I was in my flesh.

2 I, too, knew hunger to make certain that I was what I seemed, to the world and to others; I, too, had mine hours of doubt, my nights of disappointment that men were so blind in their perceivings; I, too, had my days of wondering after realities of Spirit, because I, too, had mine eyes sealed unto the moment of the Father's coming to my spirit.

3 In this are ye like unto me, in these things have ye fellowship of experience with me.

4 I, too, did become earthly by election; I did make unto myself a mission; I did go into flesh and know my Father by earthly revelation, even as I had known my Father by premonition before such revelation.

5 Partially have ye awakened in your turns, that the Spirit descendeth on you; greater awakening is yet to come;

6 Till then, be strong in waiting, be strong in faith that what is about to happen hath been planned by the Father; be strong in accepting that when I do return unto the world,



then shall ye know that which hath caused you to suffer.

7 The way to Calvary is every heart's desire to be what his love electeth him to be, yet knowing in sorrow that mayhap he falleth short.

8 When men say Calvary they mean a symbolic Cross; *when I say Calvary, I mean a passion of the spirit after Righteousness.*

9 Be advised, my dear ones: ye are of me and my family; ye have gone into the world even as I went into the world; ye are made Spirit Manifest in flesh for a purpose.

10 Be ye therefore as perfect as the flesh alloweth, and in due times and seasons shall all understanding come unto you. Keep your thought on me, your pathmaker before you, then shall we enter together the feasting-place of loving triumph and celebrate our victory over errors that are conquered.

11 Keep the lamps of your fidelities burning with a brightness, for verily I say unto you, there is no other way to save the world from itself.

PEACE



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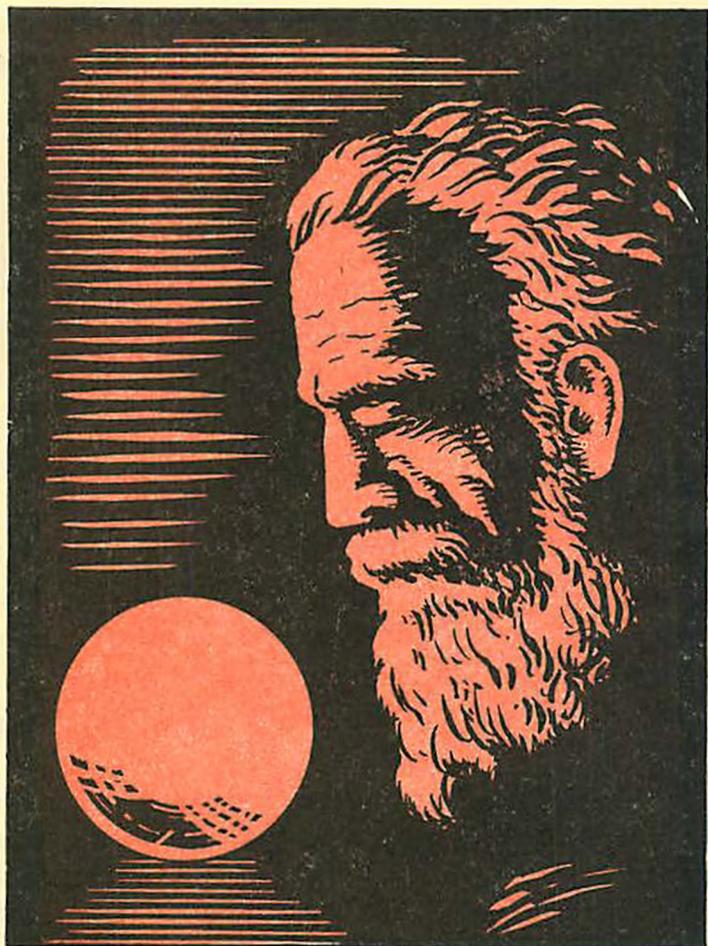
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