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ANCIENT EARTH LIFE

JULY 1948

THERE CAN BE BUT ONE FORM OF LIFE...ONE FORM OF EXPRESSION.....D.M. Dokas

KONDOR PUBLISHING HOUSE



OLD P. O. BOX 718
CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS



Greetings :

Indeed we are happy to announce our Third Anniversary starting with the current issue of CELESTIAL LIFE.

Your continued subscription to CELESTIAL LIFE made it possible which is being acknowledged with thanks.

In answer to a flood of letters from those who have preserved CELESTIAL LIFE we are introducing with the current issue the Index on the first page for easy reference. We hope it will meet with your approval.

We are now preparing an index for the entire set of issues to aid those who have preserved CELESTIAL LIFE. A copy will be mailed to you when it is ready.

Undoubtedly your subscription has expired with the last issue or will expire with the current issue or will expire with the next issue. In appreciation of your continual interest and our desire to have you in our family of subscribers, we are happy to announce that until August 30, 1948 the subscription rate to CELESTIAL LIFE will be reduced to one dollar (\$1.00) for six (6) issues for renewals, extended, new and gift subscriptions.

The articles appearing in CELESTIAL LIFE are original and authentically written through the powers of Reverend De-Chard and others. The psychic photos also are originals and authentic.

In the November issue we hope to make a special announcement of interest to all concerned.

GOD'S BLESSINGS

KBDokas



KONDOR PUBLISHING HOUSE
DR. KONSTANTINOS B. DOKAS, D.D.

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VEIL OF MYSTERY

by

KONSTANTINOS B. DOKAS

Ps.D., Ms.D., D.D., F.R.C.

IT has been reported in history's records that in past civilizations there were certain figures very prominent in their field of endeavor such as Art, Music, Literature, Science, Philosophy, Religion and other fields of endeavor.

These personalities in their current span of expression were persons like any other individual but because of the fact that the general masses were not academically educated they stood out. Some of them were looked upon as persons of culture while others were looked upon as very mysterious because of their secretive nature and the nature of their work. It would be well to read their history.



PIONEER WORKERS. HOW MANY DO YOU RECOGNIZE?

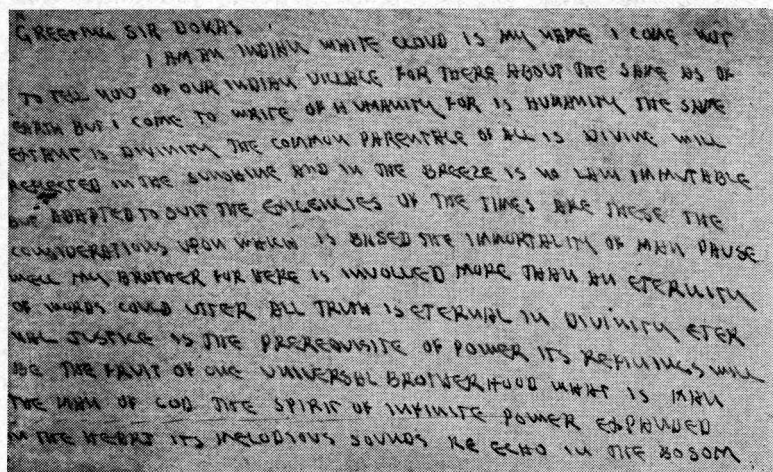
These personalities within their own circle were common people with an idea in their mind. They were trying to work out the dream of their ambition inspired by circumstances or their creative genius or perhaps by a Cosmic Intelligence thus by their acts they would raise the consciousness of the general masses to a higher level, thus freeing man from a mental bondage.

We of today take things for granted that which we now enjoy in the line of luxuries and conveniences were always there, little realizing what our predecessors had to endure while they were building the ladder of standards. Let us for example review

the history of the pioneers who built these United States of America within the last hundred years or more, let alone those of the ancient times.

Today you own a luxurious automobile, a yacht, or an airplane. You can relax comfortably in your home and through the radiovision watch your favorite program, listen to your favorite radio program, and if you wish to converse with anyone anywhere, you pick up your telephone by your elbow and ask for a number, thus the circuit is completed. Or perhaps you own a radio-phone transmitter or a radio-telegraph apparatus with which you are able to communicate with remote places within the radius of your transmitter. Do you know the history of their evolution?

These personalities were admired by some, ridiculed by a few, feared by others, while the popular masses worshipped them because they profited by their contributions to society. Shall we mention a few?



Louis Pasteur, who, as I recall the story, while he was a young man he saw a child bitten by a dog and died. He made up his mind to find out why he did. His name is associated with the pasteurization of milk.

Antenor, an Athenian sculpture of the 6th Century, B.C. executed bronze statutes of Harmodious and Aristogiton placed by Athenians in the Ceramicus, carried by Xerxes to Susa, and returned to Athens by Alexander the Great.

Among the forty thousand that are recorded whose record you may read are James Bruce, Michel Bruce, Michelangelo, Guthrie, and many others.

While they lived in order to bring to completion their dream, a number of them had to endure hardships beyond the imagination of man's mind of our current civilization.

Let us take for example Franz Schubert who gave us that immortal Symphony in B Minor known as The Unfinished Symphony. Do you know that he was a poor man who died in poverty by typhoid fever caused from hunger? Of course history does not report it.

To them we owe the basic foundation of our current civilization standards. We worship them and to some of them we have erected monuments. School teachers proudly refer them to the newly initiates urging them in like manner to carry the torch of illumination into another civilization.

You that have studied nursing, how can you forget that personality who gave up her wealth and started on the lowest level to be trained or rather to better acquaint herself with the situation. How can you forget her endurance in the battlefield. You are reminded in your initiation into nursing of that scene when you were given a lighted candle, so that you too might carry on the work. Florence Nightingale is an immortal figure to us, yet she was another woman of her time.

To them we have built statues and monuments so that future generations might be constantly reminded of them. Were they great personalities or were they illuminated souls who tried to serve mankind?

In the religious field we have the same thing.

Unfortunately they do not stand out as much as some of the others. Nevertheless, they liberated mankind from that mental bondage and gave freedom to the inner self to express itself, but because of the traditional beliefs however, there were few, who, although they worked in obscure places, they laid the foundation for the gigantic structure to still be built in the future. It is upon this structure man's liberation is dependent upon.



FOX COTTAGE

We have in mind Dr. Mesmer who lived in Austria in 1735. You have associated him with hypnotism that was practiced on the stage within the last 25 years. Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that he was the first to introduce the mental powers, namely the power of animal magnetism which spiritualists use for healing by the application of their hands and the power of suggestion. He was the first to introduce a systematic study of the mind and its functions. He was the first to discover the power of suggestion. Of course he, like others, was condemned, yet today psychiatry is a recognized field by courts and medical science, nevertheless Dr. Mesmer was a doctor of medicine who lived in A.D. 1735 and the credit belongs to him.

Of course we do not know all the facts of Dr. Mesmer that transpired at that time nor do we know what took place since. Yet we do know that various schools flourished under various names, such as psychology, psychoanalysis, and character analysis of which Dr. Victor Rocine is credited as being the originator of the biochemical types of people. All these schools have used the basic laws laid out by Dr. Mesmer.

These personalities lived in obscure places. They were busy and without interruption carried out their investigation and like other true scientists did not seek a grand stand to be applauded. Soon they passed into oblivion, but their works found their way into the lives of mankind by another name.

Such personalities who were born in the year of 1838 A.D. or near this date to Mr. and Mrs. John Fox of Hydesville, New York were namely, Leah, Margaret and Katherine, who on March, 1848 gave the first demonstration of spirit return. Although there were others before them, they are the ones to be accredited with that event and as this publication finds its way through the mails the delegates of the Centennial Celebration already are gathering in the historical place at Rochester, New York to review the events that occurred at Hydesville, New York, March 31, 1848, A.D.



KONDOR

(continued on page 121)

MY TRIP TO THE SPIRIT PLANET

Greetings :

RECENTLY I have been seeing things which I saw during the early days of my spiritual development. The scenes did not register plainly on my consciousness so that I may describe what I saw. It proved to me beyond the question of doubt that it was necessary for the psychic senses to develop to a certain point before I could interpret what I saw in the Spirit Plane to earth language.

For example, a number of years back while I was in a developing class I saw a dwelling place which faintly I described to a classmate as an unfinished dwelling place. At that time I was not aware of the fact that I visited there.

About a year later this student passed into the world of spirit. Shortly after her passing she returned and informed us that her home was as I had described it. On one of my recent trips I had the pleasure to visit with her in this spirit dwelling. While visiting there one of my spirit teachers spoke :



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“When one is earnest and has earned the right to be a message bearer of truth and if you ask in all sincerity, then you will be permitted to recall the things you have learned on your astral trips. All people do travel in the astral while their bodies rest. Many speak of dreams or call them what you may. The truth is that the spirit does travel while the body rests and dreams are recollections of what you have witnessed while journeying through the spheres.

In May, 1946 while I was on my first trip, I visited the home of my father who took me to his mother's home. A flash passed through my mind.

“Father, it seems that I have been here while a child.”

“Yes, you have been here before,” answered he.

“Soon after Grandma came to Heaven you visited her home and you told the family that Grandmother had a nice home in

Heaven, much nicer than on earth. They did not believe in you. My child, you always have gotten into trouble by telling them of so many things you received from spirit. They have wondered in their minds if you were altogether, because they did not understand you and knew not of the laws concerning spirit intercommunication. However, whatever you told them, it came to pass."

My dad and I had a pleasant visit. I could see the eagerness in his expression to correct his errors by not listening to me while on earth instead of hushing me up, and often times he punished me by trying to talk to him of my spirit experiences. Of course I now understand that it was the way of earthly beliefs as carried forward down the line from his predecessors.

My father then interrupted my thoughts by saying,

"My child, I know now the truth. Go back to earth and tell the people to listen to all things children say. Children often times are inspired by us or rather through children we are trying to convey the truth of life after death. If people of earth would exercise a little patience and listen to children and encourage them to freely express their moods, in the end you will know they have spoken the truth as most children are psychic and if they are encouraged they would be able to make contact with us, then we can bring to you spiritual blessings. Go my child and convey this truth to them."

The halls on the spirit planet are immense. Most of them will seat one thousand or more people. They are beautiful inside and out. The entrance to the Hall of Music has a long path with beautiful flowers on both sides and lovely ground around it. There are several steps of stone or marble having the appearance of a platform. At the opening of the wonderfully large doors, the doors are being carved in floral design. This design is carried all through the building. In this Hall of Music I saw every type of musical instrument, many of which are not given to earth.

Those who want to go there to either learn music or hear its interpretation are welcomed, and teachers are assigned to them who wish to be instructed. These large halls are assigned to different types of instruction. Perhaps in another writing I may tell you more about the halls of instruction.



KONDOR

Although we of earth have beautiful buildings, they, however, are designed and conceived in the world of spirit before they are brought to earth through the instrumentality of the architects and designers.

Most ideas are conveyed through a mortal mind while the body is at rest and the mind's tension is relaxed. All designers, architects, scientists and inventors are very sensitive, thus the spirit can inspire them of the things conceived in Spirit. There are many ways through which new ideas are given to earth people, however the spirit guides play an important role in accomplishing this task.

Friends, when people of earth learn that there is only one inner chamber, a secret place where the human meets the divine and to enter this inner chamber, he is entering the beautiful stillness within. God is enthroned in every human being. When man enters this inner sanctum, he is face to face with that divine souls of which man knows so little. While in this secret place the door must be closed to the outer consciousness. That something called mind registers everything within which later is released to earthly consciousness.

When one enters this secret chamber he must forget his earthly existence as he is dwelling in a Holy Ground. Therefore, the door to material must be closed. It will profit us nothing to place a request to the infinite unless we first enter our inner chamber. No prayer that is uttered in the sublime stillness of the soul is ever disregarded. What we ask when we meet Him face to face is what we receive.

After one learns how to pray he would come to the realization that God fulfills this statement, "I will not forsake thee or leave thee. I am thy redeemer; I will care for thee always."



KONDOR

The thoughts expressed here were learned while I was listening to lectures while I was on the Spirit Planet.

Love and blessings are brought to you from spirit. I shall again come to you through this channel to bring you my experiences when journeying to the Spirit Planet.

God's Blessings

Grace H. Fryer

TWENTIETH CENTURY MYSTERY

Greetings Brother Dokas:

THE great question of your Twentieth Century is, what is the true past, present and future that belongs to the great cycle of human life? So, with material and spiritual, and with ethnographic and ethnologic epicycles, I must add those of the geographic, geologic, zoological, botanic, ornithologic and so on, for these links are innumerable, and their absence for correct history is very mystifying indeed, and therefore can only be connected up by the aid of spirit intelligence which is able to communicate with mortal sensitives, giving them facts such as shall render aid in the process of both material and spiritual research.

Many men and women of earth have written upon these and other establishments through the causes and effects, thus recording their views upon the pages of history through their various works and forms of literature. Most of these however, have thus been conceived and written under spirit aid, as I do now, writing these lines by my own hand upon these cards, and influenced without the consciousness of the fact, and therefore have held their own mentality in supremacy as to weaken the power of the later named who did influence, which on the contrary would establish truth, correct data, and prefix to the Twentieth Century buried history of the prehistoric past, renovate, correct and glorify that of antiquity, and bring out much that is non-historic, and ultimately establish the complete and perfect epicycles belonging to the great universal cycle of cause and effect.

In connecting the Atlantean contributions with the now known eastern and western continents, establishing its boundary line, and further to extend the great geographical cycle of the globe to its present extent and condition, giving the causes and effects leading up to the latter, I do so by establishing Atlantis as the center of the cycle.

God's Blessings

Agatha Menkara

First Queen of Egypt



KONDOR

A RELIGION WITHOUT A MYSTERY

My Dear, Dear Son :

I AM so pleased that you called me. I was thinking other people from spirit were so big that I was not going to get the chance to express myself. I want at this time to write about religion; that is a thought so many of earth people are confused about.



KONDOR

A religion without a mystery is not worth much or it is like an altar without a God. The term religion seems cloudy and unreal to many minds. They cannot understand its true meaning and so while one believes that a religious life is fully led if he but subscribes to some creed and faithfully observes all its regulations, another thinks that he is religious if he but lives within the law and fails to break any command that has been laid upon him by the mosaic dispensation of old.

To your mind this one word religion is as comprehensive as human life itself. It is not to be confused with theology, that narrow soul cramping system that man has wrought out of ignorance and superstition of his own uneducated mind, but it is to be looked upon as a word meaning all that is free, broadening, and expansive to life of man.

Religion is godliness or real piety consisting in the performance of all known duties to God and your fellow men. What can, my boy, be more enabling than a life unto God or real goodness, and surely he who is rich in goodness and whose life flows out in practical demonstration of his God-like nature towards his fellow men must be pure in spirit, must be subject to soul growth, and must indeed be a man patterned in the image of the divine.

Enough cowards my boy, want to go into soul growth. Thus religion means the practice of holiness, the doing of ones duty towards God and man, and if one does his whole duty in life,

how can he fail to broaden in character, to develop mental power, to unfold spirituality and to become an example of good works to his fellows. Along with the exercise of your convictions of duty, religion brings a satisfaction to the soul which compensates it for any personal sacrifice made in the performance of its work. It inspires the heart with faith in all wise supreme and overruling intelligence and draws out through sympathy with man, a deep and tender love of God, the founder of all goodness. Thus religion proves and instructs a helper to the life of man.

It draws him into sympathetic relation with the universe by first inspiring him to care for and help his fellows and through such work to understand himself and to find to his God, a belief in the existence and love of God that is a part of the religious nature of man and in good time this belief is born in upon the soul who earnestly strives to live in accordance with his convictions of right and to do his full duty in life. Such a belief is of utmost value to man in the hour of toil and struggle and in the night of sorrow brings him a consolation that earth cannot bestow in writing. The time when religion is needed is right now, for the earth is upset.

If people would only stop and talk to their souls, religion simply means right living and by living right you grow strong to bear the experiences that come to you. Spiritualism is that which teaches that man grows in power and wisdom by cultivating the attributes of love and justice and by performing his duty in all things. Therefore, spiritualism is the embodiment of all the religions, (I do not mean jealous mediums), but what the word spiritualism stands for is that it lifts humanity out of the sphere of selfish interests or personal ambitions unto a plane of spiritual righteousness. Spiritualism has a right to be called a religion, for it teaches the broadest charity, the fullest freedom, the highest goodness and the deepest love for man. It points to the fulfillment of duty as the stepping stone to the perfection of life, and beckons humanity on to higher planes of thought where the holiest attributes of being are outwrought in the effort to bless each other.

Every religious reformer has suffered persecution, and in some instances death so slowly. Are mortals to perceive a hitherto unknown truth or principle, that when presented, instead of accepting it for what it is worth until investigation has been made, they forthwith proceed to denounce the party, making the statement as a dangerous person in the community. And no doubt many might say that all persons who still cling to the religious ideas of the past will speak derogatory of the writer and the medium with which the writings are produced.

Neither opposition nor persecution has ever changed a single law of nature or defeated one of the fixed principles. In the unfolding forces of human life principles and laws pertaining thereto are ever beyond the reach of infinite possibilities, and as I am dealing son, with principles and laws, I dare not speak of men, the idea of tangible existence being possible without a tangible place upon which that body could not rest. Living and deriving sustenance would be almost as incomprehensible as the so called mystery of godliness.

I want to go on the next time, but there are more intelligent spirits than I and those who have been in spirit longer wish to write. I could not express my thoughts while on earth in the frail body in which I shook off all the dross and have taken on the new with intelligence and understanding. So I do hope to often come my dear son. Even though I do not come often, I am with you, so is duty and all the teachers assigned to you and which are trying to help you bring into reality that which is in your mind. So you think my son, that perhaps we from spirit instilled that thought in your mind.

God's Blessings My Son,

Mother

THIS AGELESS WORLD

*“Before the oldest book was writ,
Full many a prehistoric soul
Arrived at this unchanging goal
Through changeless Love, that leads to it.
A thousand creeds have come and gone;
But what is that to you or me?
Creeds are but branches of a tree,
The root of love lives on and on.
Though branch by branch proves withered wood;
The root is warm with precious wine;
Then keep your faith and leave me mine,
All roads that lead to God are good.”*

In this world, so hoary with age, that many of its records still remain obscure, we find many evidences of civilizations worn in the rocks and hid in the caves. There are today being found, evidences of marine life on mountain tops. Prehistoric animals have left their footprints on the sands of time, along with the skeletons and bones of long since extinct specimens. Many of us have seen these monsters in museums. Yes, they lived and loved and battled in much the same manner as life goes on today. Proportions may change, but the same material desires prompt the unrest and greed as of today. So the panorama of life continues; we, ever on the alert for more satisfying and thrilling adventures, are pushed like pawns across the verdant paths and wastes of existence. Hither and yon we go, until we are able through the experience gained by this refining process on all planes of being, to fit into the divine plan. The soul has many windows, but only a portion of the limitless light of the Infinite One can enter during the short space of one lifetime.

The ageless stars, in their rhythmic and orderly march through space, are just a small part of the great plan, the eternal plan for becoming. Nothing is hurried; nothing just happens. In the great cavernous depths of the mighty oceans, are remains of continents once powerful and dynamic in their activities. In another age, their knowledge and culture vastly surpassed the present degree of enlightenment.

Planets keep to their course and follow the Cosmic Law. There is no deviation. One has only to watch the ebb and flow of the tides. Each drop of water has been taken up as dew many times and has fallen as rain at various periods of its path back to its source. No part of it is ever lost. Like attracts like. Seeds and all vegetation use a part of this moisture to assist in fulfilling their cycle of usefulness. There are myriads of drops of water in the broad oceans.—there are almost countless individualized portions of life in this great universe of soul. The analogy is apparent in the orderly march of the planets. This rhythmic rise and fall of the tides of being, is in all manifestations of life. No haste, no waste. All is on its way. The jewels that flash in the morning dew. The frost that gathers on the window pane in such fantastic patterns. The simple beauty and grandeur of which artists and poets have so vainly tried to express. We are a part of this eternal scheme of things and nothing is either dull or untimed to the one, who in simplicity listens to the calm voice of nature. The lazy droning of the winged insect. The mighty roar of the great cataract, as it cascades down the canyon walls in strong contrasts to the rippling laughter of the brook, as it wends its way happily, to join other brooks of other days—nature's symphony! Meeting and blending as all life touches and blends. It leaps in the wave and is heard in the plaintive call of a woodland bird—the almost noiseless whir of a humming bird's wings. This is all ours to enjoy. Truly we are blind if this, God's gift to man, fails to waken in us a deep response to this sublime melody.

We are a part of this eternal, now. We are each day creating our destiny. Looking backward with regret is utterly useless. Making plans for the future is time wasted, as many can testify. There is only one aim—so to live that life will have zest, not emptiness. Let us do our duty *now*, so that others will not find we have left our tasks undone. We need not fear to make a mistake; even the sun and moon casts their shadows. It is out of the shadows of doubt that decisions are born. When we move on, we lose the shadows. Light and truth always come to him who seeks earnestly.

We may, in our search for wisdom and truth, be often led astray. Effect follows cause just as surely as night follows day.

The deed holds within it the consequences of its being. To the many who ask, "*why are we here?*", the answer comes, "*do the task that is just ahead of you, one step at a time.*" Whither that leads no one knows. Within the soul of man, burns a guiding light. Each is responsible for the use of that light.

As men, all down through the ages have watched the march of time, continents have been born. "Pause—recession—and flow" are the rhythmic beats in nature's wondrous symphony. Life comes and goes in the endless roll of eternity.

Individuals rise and fall only to rise again; like the great central sun, which gives light and warmth. Drawing up the moisture and sending it out again as rain and dew for the use of our material world. So our souls receive this life-giving force and transmits it into spiritual food that is used for our progression through all phases of our spiritual evolution and experience. Thus, hand in hand they go—matter and spirit. The higher we are evolved spiritually, the less use we have for denser matter. Good thoughts and deeds are the food of the spirit; with these we go forth to serve not ourselves alone. Service, that is rendered to others with the thought of self advancement returns to the giver like a boomerang, failing to reach its mark.

Yes, life after all is our teacher. It uses all phases of being for our individual needs and growth. There are evolved souls, teachers, who are the guardians of the students of life. The pupil *does not* select his teacher; when the soul *is ready* for advancement, the teacher appears. Unless we improve ourselves, we can do nothing but harm to others. If we injure another, and we are our brother's keeper in this sense, we are responsible. Our duty therefore is plain. We must so control ourselves that we injure none. For this there is no other alternative. All other duties take second place and are dependent on it.

This old world is moving forward in a cycle of evolution. Your destiny will judge you on your unwillingness to pay for your mistakes as surely as it rewards you for your honesty and hidden motives. There is no escape from the higher law. The Master Jesus taught that we must be born again and again until such time as each individual learns wisdom by experience. Some day we will stand aside and view the multihued fabric we have chosen to weave on the loom of life. Thread by thread, we will be privileged to view it. Will it be with pride that we

look at our accomplishment. He who does will have to weave again. Just as the vast terrain is made up of individual grains of sand, so we, glad to be of service—a part of the noble plan—must ever go forth in humility and perseverance—gaining knowledge and giving love to those in need and tolerance, not criticism for those who have lost their way. The greatest harm that can come to any individual, is to impose *our* will upon them, thus cutting off their opportunity to use their own judgment. Mistakes will be made; but there is no power in the universe, nor any form of intercession that can separate cause from effect—action from reaction—or any man from the retribution that follows his own deeds.

The time for the fulfillment of the law of evolution is here. This old world is growing weary of creeds, politics and competition. The harvest—well, it will take care of itself. Seeds that have been sown will come forth according to its kind. How many generations it will take—no one knows. This is the time for scattering the seeds of thought, upon which the destiny of the world depends.

O keeper of the universe! Infinite intelligence, guardian of our journey through eternity! O thou our Divinity!" May we keep *your* light streaming through the windows of our souls in all phases of our growth. May the beauty and illumination of universal truth, flood our lives. Where there has been doubt, may wise decisions be made. Where there has been ignorance, let there be knowledge. May we replace criticism with tolerance—tolerance for all who are on their way. Let Divine Love reign. Let there be Peace. Peace on earth and good will to men.



KONDOR

FOR GOD IS LOVE AND LOVE IS
GOD.

Bess M. Worthington

IS SPIRIT THE RULING POWER

Greetings Brothers Dokas:



T this time I shall speak of Spiritualism. In this age of the world as well as in the past, every new thing that is projected of every good thing men seek to inculcate meets with opposition from surrounding elements and conditions. Spiritualism is not new. It has been in existence as long as the infinite power and must necessarily continue with existence.

God being a spirit, all manifestations which come from him must be spiritual; those who understand their spiritual significance are consequently spiritualists.

The law of being decreed that spirit is the ruling power, hence any one attempting to expose spiritualism or a medium is paramount to ask exposition of the infinite and finite man can just as easily expose deity as well as spiritualism.

Who are these people called exposers and why is there so much anxiety manifested upon this question? Truth never fears exposure; it always courts investigation, but error attempts to cloak itself with borrowed apparel. Truth is the brighter because beings are exposed to it. It is a question that the brighter it grows the more brilliant will be the revelations growing out of the investigations.

The sectarian world has arranged itself against this truth because they would fail and remain in darkness and cherish their sensational dogmas. This desire is not natural to the human soul, but it is cultivated and fostered for the purpose of enslaving the mind binding human beings, soul and body to the recognition of certain ideas and theories that are of themselves worthless because of human origin. The secular press and the spiritualistic press as well is arranged in opposition to different spiritualistic mediums to that extent that whatever may be said or done in opposition to, it finds it ready to give as much publicity as possible.

But should any one or any thing thus stated prove to be false, how many editorials including spiritual publications have made their findings public? Few indeed. Hence, you see journalism has become in a measure sectarian in its tendencies and most of the religious organizations of the present time.

There is one thing that many earnest souls fail to comprehend and that is that spiritualism is one thing and spiritualist

quite another. A spiritualist may be exposed, but spiritualism never. It would be strange indeed if that which of all things is the most desirable to mankind were not counterfeited.

But that only proves that the confines of the artificial counterfeit bill is the best proof imaginable of the existence of the bank money is easily counterfeited, but in value of the real article the perceptions are quickened to enable them to discern between the true and the false. So it is with spiritualism. Every pretended exposure proves its positive reality.

In the present condition of humanity when deception and intrigue are the ruling passion should we try to intimate the love of money as being the ruling passion with some people so that there is no principle too secret for them to tamper with and use for the acquisition of selfish desire. If it is within their power to do so the manifestations they produce should not be ascribed to spiritualism.

If a person has the credit there of the spirit life as there is among mortals the idea that, that which has been promulgated as soon as a spirit leaves the physical body can become a Saint is erroneous. Whatever traits of character were possessed in mortal life are retained in spirit. A successful performer in sleight at hand adapted to his use will very likely make use of it and though the manifestations made are the same or similar to those usually made by that class, they are in one sense spiritual manifestations. Another person may stand on the same platform and unaided perform the same feat; who is to decide which is the result of spirit power and which is not, although the one which claims to be material has far excelled the other, it proves nothing, for the pretended exposure for that is a personal presentation while the other must come through a second person. And no matter how well adapted the medium may be, there is lack of personality in the representation of the expression of the featured.

It is impossible for the spirit to give the former that perfection when controlling another organism and when possessed of their own, hence much of the power would be lost and yet both manifestations be genuine. It does not seem to be understood by those who are not familiar with spirit manifestations that the individual has his counter part in spirit life and that will attract to himself a spirit of his own kind and they will naturally act together in whatever they can do that will please or put money

in the pocket of the mortal that derives a certain amount of pleasure therefor. In a clever trickster one sees some manifestations of spirit that can be easily imitated and then succeeds to make a good imitation as is often the case. He calls it a spirit manifestation and is detected in the fraud the news spreads far and wide that spiritualism is again exposed, when in fact it was only one poor petty deceiver exposed and not spiritualism.

Harry Weise Houdini had many talks with me. The (X) Paper needed more sales. *They knew as well as I that there was no code left.*

"Briefly I may state that while Harry Weise Houdini lived on earth he was searching for true facts of survival of the dead. He in his own way interviewed mediums who might give him proof of their survival. Have you read his and his wife's articles published in CELESTIAL LIFE?"

"It had been stated publicly that Arthur Conan Doyle left a secret code with a British Committee which would have given absolute proof of survival of the dead.

"I am presenting here what Arthur Conan Doyle wrote. I have no desire to enter into implications; the reader may form his opinions. Dokas."

The spirit has no further use for the outward form, but naturally the spirit wants to relieve itself of this load, not by violence, but by the process of death or a psychical operation.

It is the desire of the spirit to be free to gain its freedom and liberty to go whither it may at the call or demand of law. Death is not an experience which should terrify, but on the contrary, it becomes the birth into another and higher state of existence; if a person inhibiting in the physical form, the spirit becomes individualized and the object and purpose of the physical form is secured.

If in another state of existence, then it becomes necessary that the individualized spirit may carry to completeness their ultimate mission in the new life of death. (He speaks of metempsychosis. Dokas.)

The life powers possessed while controlling the physical form of the spirit is an active member in the form and is of limited duration, hence the necessity of laboring incessantly for the one and only purpose that it may be accomplished. (He speaks of trance. Editor.)

The same process of retribution takes place in all forms until in the process of time. No vestige is left of what was once so pleasing to the saint and so useful in carrying forward the designs of nature.

The internal force that was the moving and controlling power that has experienced a change natural to its life passes on in harmony with the law of its being to another state of existence as natural to it as is nature's method of redistribution, yet as distinctive as light from darkness while sojourning. Can this realization be secured?

It is not a sudden transition, but comes by slow growth and from infancy to manhood from the tender sapling to the towering forest oak all forms being in an embryonic state conceived in the darkness requisite for there taking form and coming forth in harmony with the law of life to grow and unfold until in the wisdom of infinite law.

The necessity for change coming there is a similarity in the change that takes place in the human form and that of all other forms. It is no difficult task to perceive the gradual unfoldment of the physical form, but how little is known of the power that produced the manifestation. (*Thomas A. Edison has written about embryonic formation. Would you like to read his explanation? Editor.*)

For ages this same power has been at work moulding and forming all the various manifestations to correspond with the demands made upon nature. Without this process, life in the physical form would be impossible. This interior power is the spirit from whence does it come and what is the object of its coming. It seeks individualization through to other processes, fades and finally falls to the ground, the outward from which is all the material eye can see seems to be useless but not so.

Nature hath decreed that this outward form shall return to her bosom to be again brought forth in more vigor and beauty. Wherever life is manifest there is underlying the manifestation of power and force not seen. It is easy to see that the tree grows, but the power that produces the finite mind the same thing is manifest in the growth of the child's garments. Each tree according to its own kind, so it is with man.

The life forces have their seasons with the same regularity that is seen in the material kingdom. Man is a child of nature as well as the tree from the earth. Man derives what is necessary

to sustain the physical form, otherwise there would be no growth process.

In the material form all trees do not attain a uniform height, nor are they the same in quality and fibre, so with mankind as regards the physical form and in the mind force the leaves wither and garments as if to invite the angels from Heaven and admire their beauty and grandeur, but alone comes the shrilling blasts and frosts of autumn that changes the color of the leaves and soon they fall to the ground, senseless objects to be scattered by the wintry blasts. Yet the tree does not die.

The outward appearance of life has ceased, but when the winter is passed and the sun ascends the meridian signs of returning life are seen and soon the tender branches are again decked in nature's most beautiful, not only in human but all the other various forms that are seen in existence.

Change is necessity. The seasons change every form in existence changes and the tender shoot whose branches ascend heavenward in obedience to the decrees of nature when spring and summer reigns, all forms in the universe of life are seen dressed in the most beautiful breezes.

The spirit never dies. Life is the fulfillment of infinite law and was decreed before man existed to perfect this law. It was necessary for man to exist, through untold centuries have rolled away.

The planet earth was prepared for man's occupancy, yet such was the law and obedience to it that man came forth from the crucible of nature not full grown in form or in mind. Attention of the faithful mother who ever provides so abundantly for all forms of life the infant to the manly form in all its vigor and strength continual change is ever the degree of nature and nature God changes.

When rightly considered, it does not imply death as the world has generally understood it. It has been recorded in what mortal and those whose minds have not been quickened as it is often considered the end of existence.

Scientific minds often fail to discover the mystery that lies beneath the outward form and manifestations of life like the faithful job. They cry if a man dies. Shall he live again? Death or change ever brings to the mind the question and as often comes the answer born on the soft and gentle. I shall continue.

Arthur Conan Doyle

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Arthur Conan Doyle

MY HEAVENLY MANSION

My Dearest Husband:

MY first trip to the lower planes was an experience I will not forget. By serving these souls to rise to the higher levels my own KARMA is compensated, thus I can rise to still higher levels and thus can be of much help to you while you are on earth laying the foundation for the project which is uppermost in your mind. We of spirit want to assure you that this project will materialize.

After I ascended into the higher realms and walked on the path with the guide Benti, he kindly took my arm and led me towards the house where his wife, who had a mournful sympathetic expression of countenance yet beamed with hope and encouragement. As I passed by her she seized my hand and by gently pressing it assured me of her sympathy and affection and at the same time something awoke within me with terrible vividness.

My conductor led me to an inner apartment in that place and left me there with the remark, "This is your residence."



KONDOR

Though by the ponderance of good in my life I had been able to ascend to that level and in some respects live again to wait for the dearest man I knew on earth, my husband, I was left alone in that beautiful home with the memory of the past.

The room was long and spacious. It had but few articles of furniture in it, a few chairs, and an altar standing in the middle of the floor where an Indian Chief and Wild Rose, who were so faithful to me while I was on earth, attended me, but I did not notice them. My attention was at once drawn to the letters printed on the walls of the room in colors of black, red, silver, and gold which covered all the walls.

The room with those letters which recorded all the events of my life and our life together for that short time, the good and the bad as well, mixed, they stood out before me. Turning my eyes where I would that record was present; I did not observe the lighter letters. The darker ones seemed so much pre-

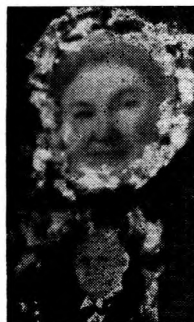
ponderate, at least at the earlier period of lives I had lived, I observed that some of the events had been obliterated by heavy black lines drawn through them, but then were brought up before me many events of earth life which I had forgotten.

Amid the bustle and air of subsequent events, it was a terrible ordeal, a sort of waiting for judgment. I buried my face in my hands to hide if possible the sight from my view, but in vain for memory painfully awakened by the record around me. It was a busy life in its duty or retribution. I prostrated myself before that altar in deep humiliation at the scene of what I had been in other incarnations and with a torn heart or soul I should say, the spirit does not have a heart, I fervently prayed to the God that memory might subside from me.

While thus prostrate, Benti entered the room and gently led me from it. No words were exchanged between us. My soul was too full to speak and in silence I retired to another room for that one had shaken my soul. I then went out on the front porch with the guide and his wife and the three daughters I had discovered they had.

Benti then spoke,

“Look at that volcano on earth.”



I could see the earth from my home. The volcano was throwing off its fires high into the heavens and emitting from the summit of its flame was a dense black smoke. I observed that the top of the mountain which had once towered high in the air was not partly burned off. Its lava had in times long past run down its sides and contributed to fill up and elevate the valleys and now it was pouring forth ashes which were falling in thick showers on the surrounding earth country and was creating and encircling the soul.

KONDOR

I perceived also that its sides or crusts were burned very thin and must soon by the operation of these, be consumed and fall within the crater and rough places of earth be made smooth and its bareness be converted into land fit for human habitation leveling what remains as the rugged parts of material existence

are softened and beautified by the never ending operations of God's laws. So it is in man. In proportion to the density and quantity of the contents of this material prominence, so must the fire that burns them out be more intense and more enduring. Benti then spoke,

"Such is the law now operating in man. If the human soul had preserved its level, there would have been no lofty mount to consume, but if there be elevations they must be destroyed."

He bade me to remember the lesson for it was true, not alone in that instance but everywhere in everything and in human wants.

As I was meditating upon this the guide said,

"Thus all nature in man as well as matter, the same law operates as in this mount. Its center must be burned out by those raging flames before it can be made to beautify nature around, so must the human heart be purified by its internal fires, first throwing off from its bosom its foul black smoke and fertilizing all around it by the consumption of its own impurities and the production of a material that is capable of enriching, beautifying, and the law of progression is the same everywhere operating in the same general manner, always alike and always in the man or matter producing the same results and now while the dark spirits hail you as some of them have while you visited their plane, the brighter spirits surrounded you so that no harm may come. It is your duty to go that way again; I shall also be pleased to guide you."

So my dearest husband, I do hope your readers read between the lines and their souls be illuminated as yours has by reading my letters. Our world is as natural to us as earth is to you. I want to come often; I can indeed startle you with truths of the after-life. It is not all as beautiful as ministers say. It takes more than a prayer of priests to get those souls out of that hell. Only spirits can do it and can only do it if we can show them there is a better locality ahead. The balcony of my home extends out over the earth. I can see the earth world while living in spirit. I now wish to close this communication with a prayer and may God bless you my husband.

"Lord we now kneel before thee in thanksgiving and praise. Accept this tribute of love from thine earthly children Father God Spirit Divine, let thy messengers of peace descend, bringing

consultation and hope to the hearts of man that this troubled world down the valley of darkness and bigotry. They too long have wandered; they seek thy heavenly guidance. We beseech thee to open their eyes to the glories of thy kingdom. Help them O Father to become worthy to join the celestial throng whose glorious and radiant presence illuminates the halls of the beyond. Gracious and most beneficent father, to their own thanks we return for all the many and varied blessings thou has shown in full towards all thy children raising them from the disbelief and showing them the pathway of truth."



KONDOR

God's Blessing,

Dorothy May Dokas

VEIL OF MYSTERY

(Continued from page 101)

One of the questions in the agenda will be a proposal as to whether or not a monument shall be erected in the original site where the first raps occurred in memory to the Fox Sisters, namely Leah, Margaret and Katherine. Their cottage was moved to Lily Dale, New York in 1916 which still is in good condition and the raps are still heard through the Mediumship of Flo Cottrell.

Since Spiritualism has found itself in the hearts of man giving him that comfort which liberated him from that traditional fear. We firmly advocate the erection of a monument in memory of the unwilling martyrs who against their will were used as agents by the world of spirit to bring to earth the assurance that there is a continuation of life beyond the grave.



KONDOR

God's Blessings

KBDokas

dit

MY VISIT TO THE ROBERT BURNS MANSION

(Continued from July, 1948)

Therefore, Robert Burns is by no means confined to his books; as he expressed it, although his brightest thoughts are drawn from the life of nature or from the hearts of humanity, yet he loves to gather about him all the expressions of the sweet, and soulful, the noblest ideas of good which others have or are ever having.

Much that he was deprived of on earth by force of circumstances is his now; all of that will enable and evaluate the soul denied of it here. Here he is on this chore, and why does he not ornament his home and surroundings with the love for beautiful objects that would denote rank and wealth to mortal eyes? Could they gaze upward? Here it is plainly, because his soul loathed the arrogance learned to despise the intense selfishness and superciliousness which he found in the hearts and stamped upon the faces and manners of many wealthy and aristocratic personages that he met while on earth. He was a child of nature and cared naught for the glittering pageantry of earth.

I have seen Burns in a hall, a bower, in lofty scenes, and finally met him in person. I responded to his kindly invitation to visit him, and an opportunity presented itself for me to do so in company of a friend who wished me to travel not by the propelling force of will, but leisurely as mortals do; who accompanied me to point out the natural beauties and points of interest that spread all along the route.

Who was the friend? Agatha, of course.

I set out with joyful spirit and anticipation of a rich treat in store for me visiting the home of Scotia's immortal bard. I will not weary you by describing our journey. The time is coming when localities and their scenery belonging to spirit life will be described to mortals by those spirits who are fully competent to give them. At present I will confine myself to the object of my journey, namely, the arrival at the spirit home of the poet.

My companion and myself journeyed along; she interested me by relating bits of history or incidents concerning places we passed together; then anecdotes of the people and their customs until we arrived at the entrance to a natural basin or valley set like a great green glowing gem between two opposite ranges of towering mountains.

To the right a mighty pile upreared its lofty head in solemn grandeur; the morning shadows resting against it only served to deepen the impressiveness of its height and power. Its base of bronze brown hue supported by rugged piles deepened in color as it rose until the apex presented the appearance of a gigantic amethyst shining beneath the light of morning in purple splendor.

At the left, rose a range of polished stone as white as sculptured marble which gleamed and glistened in the sunlight like a mountain of frostwork. Its numerous cracks and pinnacles shone like so many spires of frozen snow, and the rosy light resting upon its sparkling surface presented an appearance at once marvelous and bewitching to the beholder.

In the hollow formed by these mountain ranges nestled a valley covered with luxuriant growth showing trees in all the glory of foliage and leaf that met the eye at every turn; nor was this all—white walls of cottages gleamed here and there around us and dotted the scene with an appearance of home comfort; the people whom we saw busy about their flower gardens or caught a glimpse of between the open doorways of their houses appeared happy and contented. Their countenances betokened peace and liberty; songs of innocence and mirth arose upon the balmy air mingling with the tones of children's merry laughter.

In short, here was an arcadia in real life such as any poet could be proud of, or dream of, or picture to the delight of his fellow men.

"These," said Dr. Cushman to Agatha, for he had joined us; "Are the people who have gathered about Robert Burns, as a flock of sheep gather around a beloved shepherd, or better, as a group of children gather about a venerated father to listen to his advice and follow his counsel knowing it is for their good.

“Robert Burns has made these people what they are; they have come to spirit life, one by one, worn weary from the cares of earth; some of them sin-sick and degraded from unnatural lives led in the body. He gathered them together, taught them self reliance, preached to them through the opening flowers, the running streams and the soul birds. He has taught them to forget their cares and to desire a nobler existence. He has set them at work to cultivate flowers.

“In doing this they have grown happy and at rest; from him they have learned patience, self-restraint, abnegation of self, and a belief in the divinity of every spirit, and in a love for humanity. Some of these people, worn and broken down, came to him of themselves; they had heard of Burns while on earth, had read his works and words of sympathy, love and tenderness.

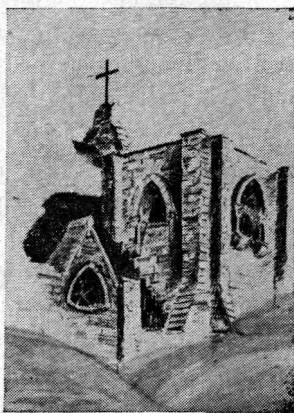
“He knew that they had sinned and suffered, and he had faith in man, now greater through the desire in their souls to see him. They were drawn to his presence and to his great kindly heart; understanding their needs, he spoke to them words of cheer that gave relief and strength.

“Others he himself found by the wayside, sunk into misery and degradation. He held out to them the helping hand that kindled contrition for wrongs committed and brought to their breasts a desire to do and be better.

He found their loves and loved ones for them and every one reverences him with love and blessings.

“The children abiding here are little waifs cast off from earth; they knew no tender care before spirit birth. Here they are tended and educated by those capable of opening their minds by loving care and fine instruction.”

A group of merry children, laughing and shouting, dashed by us as Agatha viewed their little faces radiant with joy and happiness. We paused at the entrance of a magnificent garden extending its limits far and wide; well kept walks, a superb parterre of blooming flowers, immense shrubs raising leaf-



crowned branches in conscious pride; grand old trees uprearing mighty heads and casting grateful shadows here and there; the pond at the further end gleaming and glittering in the sunlight, rustic seats scattered about. Banks of velvet-like richness, bright with their vivid hue of emerald green betokened this place the property of one who loved nature and who was willing to work in beautifying it and adorning its production.

This immense garden was not enclosed except by a low hedge of evergreen whose tops were tufted with delicate creamy-hued fragrant blossoms reminding me forcibly of hawthorn. No gate barred the entrance way which was opened to the admittance of all. At the farther end of the principal walk across a space a plain unpretentious dwelling had white walls gleaming with an appearance of purity and peace. So far had we come up the valley that the walls of the cottage fairly rested at the base of the purple-crested mountain like a bird's nest securely fastened upon some rugged rock.

"Here," said Agatha, "You have the home of Robert Burns, and I will leave you to his care."

A form issued from the open doorway of the house and hastened down the path to meet us. That beaming countenance, those kindly eyes, warm cordial hands were extended to greet us.

That commanding yet unassuming figure, clothed in simple rustic garb, could belong to no one or no man in God's Universe but Robert Burns. It needed no honeyed words, no speech of set greeting; no conventionalities to tell us we were welcome. The spirit of our host overflowed with hospitality and his soul beamed with all the fever of his joy at meeting us.

Oh, the pleasure that enwrapped my being when I first entered the sanctuary of that good man's great heart, and felt that we were congenial companions. No constraint, no conventional formalities with him! All freedom and perfect ease.

My companion pleaded necessities as an excuse for leaving me alone with my host. As we both preferred roaming in his great treasure garden to entering the house; and I felt as refreshed and strong in spirit as though I had just partaken of food . . . this was true as I had been feeding my soul with the many delights I had encountered . . . so we turned down a by path and I began examining the rare plants and wonderful shrubbery of the place, my host explaining and displaying his treasures.

Again we paused, this time by the side of a parterre of the most beautiful garden lilies that I ever beheld; the creamy cup-shaped blossoms which crowned the slender stems supporting them rose tall and straight from a low mass of deep and glossy leafage. And the regal flowers with their tints of snowy richness flecked with tiny bars of golden hue were yet subtle with delicate odors.

There were dozens upon dozens of these royal blossoms filling the air with their rich perfume and inviting all spirits to look their way, while I paused to admire this magnificent group of beauties, mentally thinking of and likening them to a bevy of pure-souled white-robed angels; and I was drinking in the full richness and glory of the scene spread out before me. There came, wafted through the scent-laden air, a strain of sweetest music such as I have often heard in spirit but is never produced by any but highly cultivated or advanced souls. In this instance it was accompanied by a female voice in song, such singing so filled with melody that its tenderness was expression in its rich under-current of harmony.

Mortal tongue or pen is inadequate to describe it; I looked at Mr. Burns inquiringly, he said:

"It is my Highland Mary, the sainted soul who passed on before me and has made me what I am. This patch of lilies is her special pride. I have named them for her and call them the Snaw Mary; we shall soon be with her and you will see for yourself."

Let me here remark that our conversation was by no means carried on after the manner of earth, but as soul speaking to soul through the medium of thought and without the aid of language. Yet occasionally I could perceive a word corresponding to that used in his dear old language of earth. Color, like a ray of light, illuminated the pure reflecting flow of thought in the mind of my friend, and I noticed that it seemed to give him joy now and then as he broke out in the never-to-be forgotten mother tongue. I was delighted at the prospect of meeting Mary; this was perceived of course, and we moved on past those beds of beautiful verdure and bloom of every hue, arriving soon at the pond, or rather lake. Lake it was, for a superb sheet of water clear as crystal extended over a vast area. Its margin, laid with tiny white looking like cobble stones, presented a neat pretty appearance.

A fairy-like boat was moored to a landing place at the side; and I observed painting, as it appeared but was not exactly paint; it seemed like flowers pressed in. A large thrifty looking thistle, a rustic bridge, were seen across the lake where a number of tiny arbors, around and above which twined and clung flowering vines. Some were familiar to me, for on the palace grounds of my beloved country were such arbors and near these a honey-wreathed pavilion.

My companion, Robert Burns, turned as the sound of the singing ceased, and through the swinging leaflets of the vines I could perceive the white drapery of female garments. In a moment we were in the presence of that sweet, long-loved and immortalized Highland Mary. Well, might Robert Burns have mourned her loss and well might the poet soul have sung his sweetest song to Mary in spirit.

The features of this sainted maiden were indeed almost transparent, a halo of celestial beauty was shown about her form as she moved her beautiful eyes that emitted a radiance truly dazzling to those not fitted to enter her sphere of purity. Her bonny hair, confined away from her face by a silken snood, rippled down her back in waves of golden light.

The beauty of mind, the purity of an innocent soul expressing itself in sympathy toward the weak and erring, combined with the certain traces of experience in human suffering, all manifested themselves in the chastened refinement of that lovely countenance and in the sphere of purity surrounding that angelic being. I stood before her, abashed, and humbled.

But a moment more and the sweet voice of Burns' Mary bade me welcome, and I was made to feel at home. Years of experience in the higher life has been of inestimable value to that maiden. She has had the teaching of highly developed spirits; and the beauty, brilliancy and grace of a cultured mind accustomed to deep thinking were plainly discernible through the web of her remarks.

I was content to be a listener and to drink deeply of the scintillation flashing from the gifted mind of my host; and from the tender longing soul of his companion but our stay in the pavilion was short. I would fain have lingered far longer, but the lady, intent on hospitable thoughts after the fashion of

woman everywhere, seemed anxious that I should be conducted to the house and refreshments. My protestations were overruled and we accordingly started for the abode around the outer side of the garden.

On our journey I made a new discovery; Mary had previously turned to me and said:

"I would like you to see my aviary, the place where I keep my pets, in fact, their shelter house."

Soon I understood to what she referred, and we were approaching a thicket of bushes among which I recognized furze, gorse and hawthorn. Passing through this, we entered an extension of the garden, still laid out in beds of lovely flowers and a grove of trees, in the center of which a pretty fountain sent up its jets of crystal water. This arrested my attention and beyond was the sprawling roof of a large glass building; the bushes and trees resounded with melody, from the gaily feathered throats of the numerous songsters, every size and variety.

It was a bird kingdom upon a small scale; as we entered, the birds surrounded us, lighting upon the heads and shoulders of my companions. But while they flew pretty close to and around me, only one, a tiny white warbler, would alight upon my shoulder, as pertly as possible.

We entered the glass building, not glass as you have it on earth, but a substance that cannot be found—that in earth language resembles glass. Within were planted shrubs and trees, some of them bearing a peculiar sort of print. There were no cages, but I observed little separate houses; there was no floor only the natural spirit earth. In the spirit world, the sun above shone warmly and all was beautiful, like a morning in June. Also there were no doors but here and there an entrance way always open for the convenience of the feathered denizens of the place. A stream of water gushed from a rock and gurgled, splashing over a heap of stones. This was the bird house, and her pride, belonging to Highland Mary. We tarried a few moments, then continued our way to the house which we soon reached.

William Tamlie

(To be continued in next issue)



INTRODUCTION TO REAL FRIENDS

Indeed, we are pleased to announce, that herewith we shall present such books as are really worthy of being in the library of the thinker. Books do carry a real message in a language simple to understand.

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