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Sept. '48

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

KONDOR PUBLISHING HOUSE



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Greetings :

In answer to a number of inquiries, we wish to announce that the major part of the material published are genuine spirit writings written through the powers of De-Chard for this purpose at my special request and all sittings have been paid for. The original writings are on file and are my personal private property. Other writings appearing herein are the result of inspiration which has been published by the author's permission.

Psychic photos also are genuine and authentic thus proving the continuity of life after transition.

We wish to call the attention to the new subscribers who would like to complete their library and keep up with the continuity of the various subjects already published that back copies may be obtained at twenty-five cents per copy. (Coin.)

Many of the subjects are too lengthy to be published in their entirety at one time, therefore, we break them to allow for shorter subjects to be published which we feel are equally illuminating and informative.

Soon we will publish an index for the back numbers which will be mailed as soon as it is ready. We sincerely appreciate your approval of the introduction of the index with the July Issue and your commends with our new cover design.

We sincerely appreciate your continued interest and we are happy to have you in our family of subscribers.

GOD'S BLESSINGS

KBDokas

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DR. K. B. DOKAS, D.D.



CELESTIAL LIFE

VOLUME 2

SEPTEMBER, 1948

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Have we your correct address? Please print your name and address plainly.

Front cover insert D. M. Dokas.

VEIL OF MYSTERY

By

KONSTANTINOS B. DOKAS

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

MY wife has been hit by a truck. Her bones and internal organs are literally smashed, doctors refuse to operate, expecting her to live a couple of weeks longer.

"I know that a Divine Master can save her if contacted in time. I also know that they can be contacted through the power of the mind or by projecting ones self to their retreat."

These were the opening paragraphs of Mr. X's letter, who frantically was asking for help to save from transition the one who meant so much to him.

Although the letter traveled nearly two thousand miles, it reached me quickly and the desired contact was made immediately. In fact the contact was made the moment he conceived the thought to ask for help unbeknown to him.



PSYCHIC PHOTO
BY DUNMORE (KONDOR)

As I read his letter and set in motion certain Cosmic Laws to bring about the desired condition, several thoughts passed through my mind which I thought would be a good topic for the VEIL OF MYSTERY and present same to the readers of CELESTIAL LIFE so that other souls in a similar state of mind may be illuminated and govern themselves accordingly.

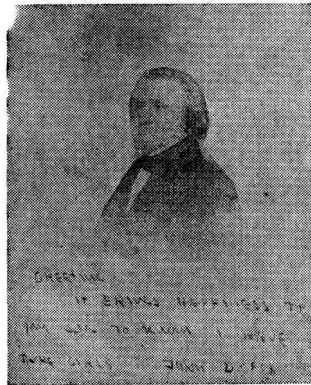
A series of interrogating thoughts just passed through my mind. Do accidents really occur or are they preordained by a Divine Principle to occur at a certain time, place and manner affecting certain groups of people, or are they the result of a fatigued mind, or are they to occur to set in motion other divine principles affecting other groups of persons although widely separated, or are they to test certain agents on earth, or are they to test certain principles understood by the masters?

Of course we of earth like to label them as negligence, carelessness and by many other names and always we like to

place the responsibility upon the other person. We are never at fault; at least we do not wish to admit it.

Of course if you talk to theologians, they will give you their traditional opinions and interpretations, likewise the scientists will try to measure everything with a material yard-stick while the law enforcing officers will use their strong arm reinforced by their shield, and the prosecuting agents will answer with their traditional glamour and dramatic oratorical articulations in obtaining convictions regardless of whether the party is guilty or not or who is being hurt. On the other hand medical science will scan over their linguistic rhetoric of Greek and Latin to uphold that traditional code of ethics. Cosmic Laws however, do not operate in that manner as we shall see.

Of course the student of the Occult, metaphysical, psychic and other similar sciences do offer their version. Who do these things occur as they do, but who of us on earth are qualified to answer these questions? Are we to hide behind a tradition or are we to pierce the veil of mystery and break down the barrier which kept mankind in ignorance for aeons, thereby exploring the unknown. The light will shed the darkness of certain subjects, but as we break down one mystery we create a dozen more mysteries, thus the search goes on indefinitely without reaching any solution.



(KONDOR)

Man of earth as he solves certain mysteries lays certain foundations upon which the general mass must travel, which in time becomes a part of their daily living standards.

The theologians cannot offer us much illumination because they hold fast to biblical traditional writings which became as fables to the children read by their parents and tutors. Science on the other hand by exploring the unknown has solved many mysteries, yet by using that material yardstick to measure spiritual emanations shuts off the flow of that infinite wisdom which illuminates man and frees him from that mental bondage.

The third group however, broke down the resistance and brought about a definite union between the various elements

which links man of earth and the Cosmic and has proved conclusively that accidents do not just occur, but they have begun at some remote point which like an enzyme starting a bubble, which when it reaches the focal point, bursts.

So it is with accidents. They have a starting point and do reach a focal point and explode at the moment when the greatest lessons will be learned affecting certain groups of persons although widely separated, also to test certain other principles not understood by man on earth, or at least he is not conscious of and to set in motion other principles which will affect other groups of persons at another time, place and circumstance.

The law in operation is identified by many names, but the common and accepted name is KARMA; it is a Divine principle, just and impartial. When we speak of KARMA, we must take in consideration the law of METEMPSYCHOSIS.

Of course there are diversified thoughts, but we who have made a careful research know whereof we speak. We can only give our own individual interpretation of our own personal experience based upon the experiences of the current span of life.

It is a natural law for every person in case of an emergency to seek for help outside of his domain, yet the very things he seeks are within himself. (*Have you read, USE WHAT YOU HAVE* in March, 1948 issue of CELESTIAL LIFE.)

We are aware that the mind ceases to function normally in persons affected by the accident; it becomes frantic and confusing, thus it shuts off the normal flow from the Cosmic Plane.

It is also natural for every normal person who has lived a normal life to hold those he loves close to him and as long as he can even though the recovery may not be normal. Of these tender devotional affections, we have many examples in life.

The thought in mind is by what right or principle are we to expect that all divine principles be set aside to satisfy our selfish desires or emotions. In the foregoing communication the author, although he expressed a tender devotion to his wife and by a natural law, he does want to hold her close to himself. He, how-



(Master)
(KONDOR)

ever, did not take into consideration the unknown factors, namely the law of KARMA, the Divine Plan and his wife's desires and longings.

It has been stated that the law of METEMPSYCHOSIS holds many unsolved mysteries. We that have pierced the VEIL OF MYSTERY safely state that Madam X, by her own will undoubtedly violated certain laws which started a Karmic condition in a very remote point which affected other persons about her which was brought forward whose focal point reached at the time when the accident occurred so that those connected with the case might learn their greatest lesson. In this case we have reference to the truck driver.

Her husband, children and those about her at the moment the accident occurred and those who are being brought in the play, including attending physicians, nurses, law enforcing agents and those in remote locations that are called to serve. What connections these persons had in that remote or current time we do not recall.

The Eternal Ruler too may have caused this accident to occur at this point in this manner to set in motion other principles in which the greatest number of persons may benefit by this experience.

I am reminded of Charles Lindbergh's child. If it had not been for that child, today there would be no federal laws to protect other children of less prominence.

What are the desires and longings of the ones in question?

Not so long ago a certain lady, a close friend, was met with an accident. We all felt her separation, but some time later in a direct voice communication she came and explained,

"The shock drove me out of my body. My spirit teachers came to me and said,

"If you go back to earth you will be an invalid the rest of your life and you will have to live in a wheel chair. On the other hand if we take you over here your husband will live a lonely life. The choice is yours'."

"I was then allowed to return to earth in my body; I made the choice, therefore, there was nothing you could do to keep me on earth."

From the foregoing statement by one who had the experience proves conclusively that earth inhabitants have no right to demand that their selfish desires be satisfied at the expense

of another. The only thing they can do in cases of these kind is to offer all the assistance they can give but must conclude their prayer, "*Thy will shall be done*" and in so doing they free themselves from creating KARMA whose effects will be felt at the time when the greatest lesson will be learned.

Of course you who adhere to the old traditional interpretations will scoff, nevertheless, it is a cosmic law of which none of us are immune, however suddenly we come face to face with the truth at the time when the greatest lesson is to be learned

At this point let me call to your attention someone who at a remote point started a KARMIC law whose focal point came at the age of eleven by divine decree. That condition was partially corrected. This case brought into play other laws which taught me the greatest lesson, and again by divine decree this path was temporarily terminated which is to be resumed at some future time. In the meantime truth is being disseminated by the soul from her heavenly abode through the pages of CELESTIAL LIFE and signed by Dorothy May Dokas.

Obviously Madam X because of the nature of her injury did not recover, although a master was contacted at her husband's request and for reasons of his own claimed special dispensation for the law of KARMA to be set aside and the Cosmic rhythm be altered so that she may remain on earth a while longer perhaps against her will. Fortunately cosmic laws are just and impartial.

I recall in the early days of radio broadcasting a group of us wanted to dance to radio music. We called a radio broadcasting station to interrupt its program and play dance music for us. Can you imagine the confusion if the program was interrupted to accommodate the telephone calls as they came in?

Now imagine what confusion and chaos there would be if God from his central switchboard would press a button to answer the requests for each person as they were registered on the tape, I would not want to live, in a world of that kind.

We speak of these facts because they are taken from real life. Some can be measured by a material yard-stick while others cannot. These laws are constantly in operation regardless of whether we are conscious of it or not.

(Continued on Page 160)

SPIRIT CITY OF HARMONY

Greetings:

SINCE direct communication has been established with those of the world of spirit of whom we have been told that they are dead, never to return, a thought passed through my mind that they would be qualified to tell us something about the localities they live in, how they live, and what they do. Among the many notables that came is Enrico Caruso who in the following communication by means of writing, he writes of his experience. Let us now listen to Enrico Caruso. Dokas.

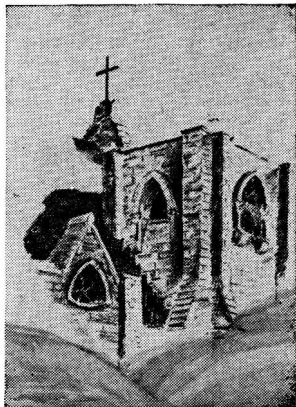
My dear friend Dokas—Greetings:

I am pleased that you have called me. Each time you call, you call the living and not the dead. I still sing, but with a stronger voice. The world of spirit creates voice. Turn wherever you will sir upon earth; there you will find a musical element largely predominating in the nature of man and were all other means of grace denied them, they would sing their way out of a life of care into a world of divine beauty and song that mortals do exist.

Sir, what can be brought into harmony with nature by the influence of music and song. No matter how low down in the scale of manhood he may have fallen, his former sensibilities can be reached and made to keep time; with charms of music argument appeals to man's reason. Music goes beyond this. It stirs up the affectional nature and brings them in sympathy with the rest of mankind.

There are charms in music sir that cannot be produced by any other power when the heart is sad and the head bowed in grief. The charms of music and song will lift the clouds of grief and chase away the shadows which dim the pathway of life.

I live in spirit in the city of harmony. It is grand, magnificent and beautiful beyond the power of mortal language to express. It is for the special and exclusive use of great artists and musicians. It is here where we state and graduate before we ascend to higher spheres.



(KONDOR)

When I came to spirit I was brought to the banquet hall. When I entered, the musicians of old arose, men and women I had met in years past. Those that helped me climb up the ladder of success; they were all there. They stood on their feet and remained standing until I had taken my place on the platform.

There was a calm quiet, then for some minutes the leader stepped forward and silently raised his hand. At the signal there was no sudden clash such as you sometimes hear when the band strikes up, but a low sweet thrill like the murmuring of the brook or like birds singing gradually rising and swelling like waves of the mighty ocean until all space becomes filled with glad harmony; such melody so fine to lure.

Before the masters of long ago, there was Ludwig van Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Franz Schubert, who threw his unfinished symphony in disgust. There was Richard Wagner, Oscar Hammerstein, my old friend Haydn; all were there including the women singers.

I cannot express sir what it was like. It was like a spirit body compared with the physical body. It was like the fully developed man, compared with the new born infant; it was like the great throbbing heart of God's life; it was the immortal spirit of music.

No language describes the music played by the masters. I do hope sir to return often through this channel; eventually we shall bring to earth through you something the earth never before experienced. We shall guide you along the path.

Indeed it's nice to live again. Here with me there are many who do like to write, but the power is low. Perhaps they will write at another time.

God's Blessings,


H. C.

THE LITTLE CIRCLE

Greetings Earth Children:

I AM more than glad to be permitted to write through the hand of my instrument Grace Fryer to you of earth and in this way bring a message to you of earth. We who are helpers and guides from the spirit world at one time lived on this earth plane as you, dear ones are now living. Only in accordance of natural law your earth life has much progressed over the time I lived on the earth plane.

It is over two hundred years since I walked the earth plane in my material body. I was a physician at Norwick, England and a strong believer of the existence of guardian angels. When you are brought to the Spirit plane of existence you little realize that the change called death by you has taken place. There is so little change. Your spirit body is like the material body; it is difficult for you to realize that you have discarded the material body.



Friends, I tell you it is a terrible thing to see the multitudes over here who dwell in the dark regions of the spirit world who do not understand the truth of life after death. When they are brought back to the earth visiting with you in your seances and classes and through you who are kind enough to allow them to visit with you, they become conscious of the light at the distance or by chance they see some dear one who has progressed and then they too follow the path of progression.

There are many classes being formed on earth for this purpose to enlighten those over here who dwell in darkness. It seems that when they are taken to the earth plane, they see themselves as they are and do listen to the help given by those who still dwell on the earth plane.

Whenever a spirit is given permission to take control of any one of your bodies, "in this little circle" it is for their help and never for one instant let the thought enter your mind that any harm will come from it. The band that is circled around your circle is from the power of the Infinite and your dear ones when working under this power only good can come. As these spirits are brought to you, converse with them so that they

may be brought into the light, and the power on high will bless each and every one of you.

Love is the power of God. Love ye one and all. Only by cultivating the thought of Love you are in the power of God for Love is God and God is Love.

Dear ones of the earth, whenever conditions are hard for you, just take a few minutes and go into silence with yourself and your God and ask that love may be radiated around you from which only good may come to you and by holding the thought of love conditions must change because love is power. Only by living the life you should can love radiate at all times.

Love and Hate can never mingle long together.

Love is the power on high. Hate is the power of evil which wilts when the power of love is ushered in. No power or condition can withstand when the power of God which is love within you is awakened. The God power is planted in every soul of every child on the earth. No difference how deep in the mire this child may be that God power is there and some day will be awakened. Perhaps not while on earth plane, but it will in eternity.

It is a natural law. Just as sure as your spirit leaves the material body you will come face to face with the dweller on the threshold claiming its own. Natures law is always the same today and forever and in time everything must advance. The truth and power of God are a natural law and the day is nearing when this truth will spread all over the earth plane.

I shall now leave you and with your permission I shall return again.

God's Blessings,

Grace H. Fryer

Dr. Thomas Browne



(KONDOR)



(KONDOR)

MY EARTHLY TRAVEL EXPERIENCES

Greetings Mr. Dokas:

I GAVE all kinds of demonstrations in my time with a tone of machinery and a company of twin Hindus and all kinds, even to slate writing which I called spirit writing, but I now have come across a master in Mr. De-Chard which makes me look back and think how little I knew of spirit return. (This writing came through De-Chard's powers. Editor.)

Duninger has said, "There is nothing to it. I can produce slate writing." Perhaps he can as I did with electromagnetic currents, but that was not a spirit writing. He, I or any other cannot produce what I am writing, (spirit writing), and all so-called pacts with Mr. and Mrs. (X — X) are trash.

If someone would make an announcement to that effect just to see how many so-called mediums would bite, you will be surprised how many will bite. Many did then and many will today should this offer be made, although not true.

It would be better for my fellow magicians if they would look more to their soul advancement than to try to hurt those that are really helping humanity. There are persons in the world who seemingly are incapable of expressing psychic phenomena. They vow truthfully that they have never seen a ghost. Should they join a circle of amateur table tippers their mere presence would hinder the flow of power. In this they are unfortunate at the opposite extreme.

From my abode I see mediums and sensitives who react violently to everything concerned with the occult. They have visions and speak with voices not there that they often fraudulently enhance. Their affects have been proven, but it is not the point I wish to discuss. Their basic gifts are genuine. The departed souls of departed human beings speak through the mediums and that the latter are at times controlled by outer world intelligences which have never lived in the flesh.

The truth seekers who argue along materialistic lines are equally sure that mediums are more finely attuned than ordinary persons. If the answer be telepathy, plainly a medium receives and sends messages with a special faculty.

Animal magnetism causes tables to tip. It is the medium who starts the current. Not all mortals can be mediums. It is not desirable that they should be the overdeveloped type who

too often pays a price in the form of shattered nerves for fumbling with uncharted mysteries. If you are on that side of the fence and if you attract instead of repel the psychical you are mediumistic and may consider yourself lucky. It means that you are thrillingly in touch with a source of knowledge, the vital secrets of which may be laid bare at any moment. In life I had many strange experiences that I am sure the public would like to hear of from a man who is not dead. I, therefore, shall be pleased to write. If you like my style of writing, I will continue with my travel experiences on earth for your paper which shall be a success.

Throughout the East where superstition is closely interwoven with religious customs and tradition, black magic is a potent factor in every day life. Occasionally it is heredity in certain families, but as there are no young witches and wizards presumably in functions cannot be exercised until power has developed with maturity. Magic is the weapon of age, youth has no need of it, moreover youth plays a very small part in Eastern social life. The years which are so calling to you are the insignia of royalty. In an East which considers wisdom and experience the most valuable of its assets and is the whole of its life which is based on the development of the mind rather than the body. So it is natural which should lay claim to unusual mental powers.

A faint reflection of such powers has been labeled in Europe as the Evil Eye. I have seen Peasants in Italy and Spain make the sign of horror when passing individuals whom they believe to possess the power of throwing evil spells on them.

I remember when I was a child a policeman solemnly asking my grandfather to sign a warrant against a grove who had overlooked his brothers sheep.

In Tarsous history we can read of innumerable witches who have been burned because a murain possibly foot and mouth disease had fallen on their neighbor's cattle. The records of trials in the Middle Ages shows that those are among those condemned to death for practicing the black arts.

Many were accused of murder through what can only have been hypnotism. At the Edinburg in 1743 a woman has been judged guilty of an attempt to destroy a rival by means of a small wax image into whose vital portions she stuck pins which

proved simultaneous agony in the body of her enemy. The image and the pins of course, were simply the vehicles of a mesmeric will just as the crystal or any other bright object focussed the attention of a modern hypnotist.

This principle which has been known to European witches throughout the centuries and which is still practiced in remote districts is developed by the peculiar psychology of the East where it has become the weapon of the weak against the strong, the final arbiter in the struggle of existence. In the most primitive countries the power of the chiefs is always backed by that of the local medicine man or some wise woman, who because he or she is an able hypnotist with a thorough knowledge of herbal propertiees is regarded as scarcely less formidable than the Deity, in Fiji, in Papua and in Zululand.

I have seen different forms of devil houses wherein promising neophytes are initiated into the plastic condition wherein they become mediums of the local experts of magic and eventually are proficient disciples. Such devils and devil houses are held in terror by the natives who will never pass near one if they can help it or even spend a night in a village which contains one.

God's Blessings

Howard Thurston

(To be continued in November Issue)



STRIKE AN AVERAGE — I have long been disposed to judge men by their average. If it is reasonable high, I am charitable with faults that look pretty black.

— Ed Howe.

THE WOMAN IN THE FOREST

My Beloved Husband:

ALTHOUGH you have asked me not to write any more on the dark country of which I serve as a missionary I thought perhaps you would like to know of the experience I am about to write, thus I shall give you my closing remarks of my travels in this dark country. We from spirit feel that it is just as important to know the unpleasant side in spirit so that people of earth might learn a lesson and prepare for the better country.

Frequently my husband, the spirits that are confined in the dark country slip away and influence man to do some of the things he does. If man on earth is attuned to the higher vibrations he would not be reached. If you will refer to the scriptures you will read that man has been and my dear he still is possessed by evil spirits.



How many times has Jesus invoked his (KONDOR)
divine power to expel evil spirits. Think and read my husband; you will be illuminated.

In the spirit world, there are my husband; many beautiful places and there are also scenes which present a wild unpleasant, even gloomy appearance to the beholder. The places I have observed and described to you are as real to their inhabitants as are the dark alleys and gloomy byways on earth in large cities, but while city lanes and alleys have been built in and made so unpleasant and unsightly by carelessness and neglect of physical comfort, these spiritually dark spots have been prepared, hedged in and rendered squalid and barren because of the sin, neglect and selfishness gathered around the inner life of those who linger there to the detriment of the beautiful qualities of the soul that would shine out and make all places bright.

For a time these spirits passing out from the flesh find themselves surrounded by darkness, gloom and wild disorder the objective scenes before them representing the wild chaotic state and barren results of their own misspent lives, but as soon as they realize their terrible condition and begin to mourn

over their past follies and errors then the darkness begins to vanish and light dawns upon them. They then find sweet fields where before appeared sterile rocks and they dimly feel and receive the presence of ministering spirit where before all appeared lonely and desolate. Then begins the struggle to break from old ties and associations that feter the soul, then repentance and reformation commence and the spirit pauses not until he or she has arisen out of old errors and gained light and knowledge and peace.

Spirits like these who have passed through the waters of suffering and trials, who have felt the first of tribulations and remorse do not pause with their own deliverence from evil and temptation, but they innumeraibly become grand co-workers with those sweet missionary angels who delight to do good and like messengers of light they spend their time in seeking to aid some other unfortunate out of the slouch of error or despondency.

There is something connected with spiritual surroundings which would puzzle one very much were it not for this fact kept constantly in view, the fact that the surroundings of any one spirit present an appearance typical of his inner condition, for instance a spirit groveling in the lower conditions whose chief delight was to minister to and cultivate the appetites and passion at the expense of the nobler attributes of the soul, be it in the physical body or out of it.



(KONDOR)

Surrounded by blooming garden of sunny fields appears always as though surrounded by a dense cloud which envelopes him and obscures the brilliant light above and around him from penetrating to his inner life and if he is so devoid of a material body though hosts of higher intelligences surround him sweet scented blossoms yet while he remains indifferent to his soul welfare he can perceive nothing nor hear the songs they sing until his soul becomes quickened by the strong desire to rise above the darkness and gloom.

In the company of Benti who accompanies me on my missions, I have many times been surrounded by gloomy clouds many of them perhaps remain indifferent to the conditions, yet we are always sure of finding someone or more among them who has grown weary and become anxious for more light and

goodness and when we find them in this frame of mind, it is a beautiful task to talk to them and show them how they may grow better and little by little lead them up to more pleasant conditions of existence, but to go on with my description of places.

As my guide Benti and I move alone, we come to a thick forest almost impenetrable stretching out far and wide before us. Its deep dark undergrowth of shrubbery growing upon great, thickest tangled vines covering the trunks of the trees and interlacing with each other so that no sunbeams strain through the leafy covert, no sounds of singing birds, no ascent of a beautiful flower could here be found; all was dark.

It is so lonely, so impenetrable, that it seems not even a spirit could enter the depths of that gloomy place, but as we approached the seemingly objective, I found that we could pass through readily. In the depths of this forest we came upon a female spirit seemingly asleep, pale and haggard she presented an appearance of deep suffering.

My companion then explained to me by saying,

"The spirit before us has, shortly before leaving the mortal form, tossed here and there on the waves of poverty and misfortune, was scorned and neglected and despised; she had felt herself an outcast from the human family and in a fever of despair she had ended her mortal life by poison. Her wild longing for solitude, the hatred of society of any kind, her dislike to the city and her desire to bury herself and her griefs in some uninhabited spot had surrounded her spirit with this deep forest where no step disturbed her lonely vigils.

"She had finally realized that she could not kill the soul. For a time she was thankful that no eye could look upon her, but the silence, gloom and solitude produced such an effect upon her spirit that a terrible reaction set in.

"She had time to reflect, to realize her past life and the cause of much of her misery. She had wept and last she even



(KONDOR)

prayed and here alone with herself she had recognized her dependence upon humanity and the duties she owed to herself. There came a longing for companionship, a desire to leave this dreadful place and a wish that she might go away where she could begin a new life, happy, innocent and good like others weary with contending emotions.

She had sunk down exhausted and her guarding spirit who no other than her own mother who never left her threw her into a deep trance in which we found her still attended by that mother's soul."

It was a pitiful case my dear, if only these things are known to the earth, life would be much different than that it is now. It is for this reason I am taking the time to tell you so that earth people may be enlightened of the truth that awaits them.

We three, her mother, Benti and myself took her in our arms, raised her and bore her away from the solitude gloom and darkness out into a beautiful valley where the sun shone warmly, the birds warbled in the branches of the trees and blue waters of the stream playing between green banks where flowers bloomed in fragrance and beauty and laying her gently upon one of these mossy beds, we assisted the mother spirit in bringing back the senses of her child.

Soon the blue eyes opened and as they began to take in the scene around here filled with happy light and a peaceful smile played around her palid lips; very weak was this child of God. We left her on the fragrant couch where the balmy breeze bore new healing to her weary frame, but not for long.

Again and again we visited her and found that she had been taken to a tiny white cottage by her mother where she was constantly growing stronger. At times thoughts of the old life would cause her cheek to blanch and the frame to shudder but as she was thoroughly regretful for whatever had been wrong in her life and was filled with such a desire to atone for past errors and to learn the laws of her being to perform whatever work my friend and guide had appointed her to do.

She was a willing spirit to learn and so anxious to aid others that the memory of earth has at last ceased to spin her and it only serves to deepen in her soul a tender sympathy and gentle helpful love for the suffering and sin tried souls who dwell on earth.

We call her Charity; she has become a tender helper. When-

ever a poor soul is in need of strength or encouragement, so that the soul may be helped just by our presence in her world.

If you wish my dear, I could arrange for her to come and write of her own experience in her own way in some future time. I shall now my beloved leave you for awhile; I shall return again to write of the world eternal. I must allow other souls to come and impart their wisdom to you which we want you to relay to earth people who must be enlightened of these eternal truths. Truth shall make man free, thus raising him to a higher level of understanding, thus he can live in peace with his neighbor whether he is next door or miles away.

Here in the world of spirit we are just spirits. There are no creeds, but earth habits are so engrossed in man's soul which takes time too in re-educating a soul and only through education man can rise.

My beloved may I leave you with my love and God's Blessings.



(KONDOR)

God's Blessings,

Dorothy May Sokao



THE ETERNAL PATH

Eternal Father of all the Universe
While in solemn silence our thoughts immerse.
Do teach us how to pray,
To see the Heavenly ray
That guides us on the road,
That lifts earth's weary load
Up toward that blessed realm of peace
Wherein our soul may find peace.

Eternal Father, light the pathway
For us to follow thee all the way,
And let Thy angel's guiding hand
To lead us toward that blissful land,
Where peace of mind doth reign supreme,
And life no longer is a dream.
Eternal Father let thy bright ray
Shine on our soul's path all the way.

Dr. Konstantinos B. Dokas, D.D.

Music is available

FAITH

God is my help in every need;
God does my every Hunger feed;
God walks beside me guides my way
Through every moment of the Day.


I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind and loving too,
All things I am can do and be,
Through Christ the truth that is in me.

God is my strength, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing quick;
God is my all; I know no fear,
Since God and Love and truth are here.

Zella Morison

THE MOST GIFTED MAN I EVER MET

Greetings Sir :

MONG the most ancient teachings is that of the elder brothers or teachers, are highly evolved human being who watch over and help their younger brethren along the path they themselves have traveled is stated repeatedly throughout occult literature. These perfected men are spoken of under many names, masters, adepts, rishis, mahatmas but the idea is always the same. The man who has achieved his dom through experience is to this almost universal tradition that I write of, the Comte de St. Germain a life so full of contradictions and paradox surrounded with mystery and drama bizarre and miraculous calm and tempestuous, wise and humorous, contains within itself the deepest secrets of nature which would leave us bewildered and incredulous were it not for this hypothesis which reconciles the seemingly incongruous facts viewed. Thus all fall into place and can be seen as part of a well ordered plan.

Contemporary testimony of a high order pictures the count as an alchemist of the first rank and incredible power. He is variously credited with the possession of an elixir capable of maintaining youth and prolonging life indefinitely, which he had prepared himself, with the ability to remove flaws from diamonds and other precious stones, with the power transmuting baser metals into gold with even the ability to make actual diamonds, an art which he claimed to have learned from mystics in India who taught him the artificial crystalization of pure carbon.

On one occasion when on a visit to the French Ambassador at the Hague, St. Germain broke in pieces with a hammer, a magnificent diamond ring of his own, making the counter part of which also manufactured by himself he had just before sold to a jeweler for 5.500 lovis. One evening at supper at the house of Madame DeTrousel, the conversation drifted upon the topic of the philosophers, stone and the count curtly observed that most people who were in pursuit of that famous goal were astonishingly illogical inasmuch as they employed no agent but fire, forgetting that fire breaks up and decomposes and that consequently it was mere folly to depend upon this, and finally led the medieval chemical science one of whose objects was the transmutation of baser metals into gold.

The alchemist believed in one universal substance of which all things are but variations so that he who knows and understands can produce at will any particular aspect of primordial matter. There is still more esoteric teachings which true philosophers taught, namely the regeneration of man, the base metals symbolized parts of himself which must be transmuted into gold of spiritual life. The true alchemist was he who had transformed his own nature into gold and so gained power over all the elements of nature, he was then able to perform the physical transmutation of base metals into gold without harm to himself or humanity. You are told by H.P. Blavatsky, author of the secret doctrine which during the past quarter of every hundred years an attempt is made by masters to help on the spiritual progress of humanity. Towards the close of each century you will invariably find that an outpouring or upheaval of spirituality has taken place. Someone or more persons have appeared in the world as their agents and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge or teachings have been given out.

The great teacher remarks the Comte de St. Germain was certainly the greatest Oriental adept Europe has seen during this your last century. This strange personage of the Eighteenth Century going into the present century was hated as charlatan and imposter by his enemies and revered as a god by his friends. His life as well as his personality were surrounded by mystery. No one knew who he was, where he lived or where he came. He appeared and disappeared and reappeared and always along his path were happenings of startling occult nature, and legends so extraordinary as to verge on the fantastic. No one knew his age and according to authorities he had lived several hundred years without aging in the least. He appeared, always to remain in his prime; he himself not only was touched by time but he had the power to give others the means to retain their youth his distinguished recent biographer, Mrs. I. Cooper Oakley records that there appeared at the court of Louis the XV an extraordinary man who called himself Comte de St. Germain; the old Countess V. George who fifty years earlier had accompanied her husband to Venice where he had the appointment of Ambassador met St. Germain and Mme. de Pompadour.

For some time she watched the stranger with signs of the greatest surprise, finally unable to control her excitement, she approached the count, more out of curiosity than in fear.

"Will you have the kindness to tell me," inquired the countess, "whether your father was in Venice about the year 1710?"

"No, madame," replied the count quite concerned. "It is very much longer since I lost my father and I myself was living in Venice at the end and the beginning of that century. I had the honor to pay your court then and you were kind enough to admire a few barcarolles of my composing. We used to sing together."

"Forgive me, but that is impossible. The Comte de St. Germain I knew in those days was at least forty-five years old and you at the outside are that age at present."

"Madame," replied the count smiling, "I am very old, but then you must be nearly a hundred years old. That is possible."

And then he recounted to Mme. V George a number of little details which had reference in common to both and to their sojourn in the Venetian State. He offered that if she still doubted him to bring back to her memory, certain circumstances and remarks.

"No," interrupted the old ambassadoress.

"I am already convinced for all that you are a most extraordinary man."

Mrs. Cooper Oakley quotes a contemporary as saying, "One can, I think, well assert that a portion of his miracles is due to his knowledge of physics and chemistry in which sciences he is well grounded; at all events it is palpable that his knowledge has laid the seeds for him of sound good health, a life which will or which has overstepped the ordinary time allotted to man, and also endowed him with the means of preventing the ravages of time from affecting the body. No one in that century ever considered reincarnation."

The same Mme. V George is quoted as saying that during her first stay in Venice she received from the count an elixir which for fully a quarter of a century preserved and unaltered the youthful charm she possessed at twenty-five. This amazing statement was corroborated by Mme. de Pompadour herself from inquiries made by her among contemporaries of the old countess.

Mrs. Cooper Oakley relates a charming incident of the gift to Mme. de Pompadour of the celebrated bonbonniere which was worked very beautifully in black enamel having on its lid an agate. The count requested Mme. de Pompadour to place the bonbonniere near the fire. A few minutes later she went to take it away, when to the astonishment of those present the agate had disappeared and in its place was to be seen a pretty shepherdess in the midst of her flock. After the bonbonniere had again been placed near the fire the shepherdess disappeared and the agate reappeared.

St. Germain has been uniformly described by writers of the period as being of medium height and elegant mannered, his features regular, his complexion brown, his hair black, his face mobile and full of genius. His carriage bore the imoress and nobility common only to the great. He dressed simply, but with taste. His only luxury consisted of a large number of diamonds. Of the history and parentage of this unusual man, little is actually known, although legends are many and varied. I quote here an accdunt said to have been given by himself to his friend, Prince Karl of Hesse. He writes that the prince was the son of Prince Ragoczy of Transylvania and was placed, when quite young, under the care of the last Duk de Medecii and cannot in truth guarantee his birth, but that he was tremendously protected by the Duk de Medecii, who had learned from another source it then appears likely St. Germain was the youngest son of Prince Franz Leopold Racogoy.

Leslie Grant

(To be continued on next issue)

Perfection — Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.

— Montaigne.

MY VISIT AT THE ROBERT BURNS MANSION

(Continued from Last Issue)

Greetings:

How different the scene! A plain unpretentious white dwelling with no attempt at ornamentation; the sun shining down upon it to bring out all its simplicity, while within was the same neat and cheerful suggestion of comfort and repose. Nothing was finical or tawdry, and there was no glitter or display; there was no covering to the cool white floors, excepting here and there a mat made from beautiful trees and green bushes. The walls of the apartment into which I was ushered were draped in snowy gossamer-like fabric, the chairs round, wide, comfortable, while the tables were oval but plain.

Here we were served with refreshments; the juice of fruit I had seen on the trees was very refreshing in the glasses. A kind of cake, tasting of sweet honey, with nuts and sparkling water, different from earth water which is full of germs and bugs and all kinds of diseases.

Afterwards I entered the sitting room of spirit Mary. Here the walls were draped with blue silken stuffs. The furnishings were more elaborate and elegant than in the other parts of the house, and all arranged in exquisite taste. My hostess entertained us with her tender, soulful, singing—striking a harp-shaped instrument which sent out a delicious accompaniment to the song.

In Mary's apartment or boudoir I observed a pot of primroses in full bloom. The yellow petals of the flowers recalled old familiar scenes of my earthly garden, and the sight of the flowers reminded me also that they were the only ones I had noticed within the dwelling. It would only be natural to find every room adorned with slips and cuttings.

Of course the draft of my thoughts was perceived and Burns smiled, but Mary enlightened me.

"Robbie will never pluck a flower," said she, "for his own use. He does not think it right to bring them out of their native element and deprive them of life on the stalk. He thinks they are hurt when they are culled. He leaves them all outside to be enjoyed by anyone who comes along. But I have seen him often break off the flowers for some spirit from the higher planes, in remembrance for those higher teachers."

I looked at Burns. His kindly face lighted up with intelligence and spirit beauty. Every feature was aglow with goodness, and every member of his body filled with energy, with suppressed power, with concentrated activity—now in abeyance but ready to spring forth for the well being of another. This from him who had risen above all earthly passions, and through his great love for and his faith in humanity; and I thought how characteristic of the man in this abode of peace and rest.

The home and shrine of his faith and love, plain, simple, yet full of cheer and interest, holds no glitter nor show; like his own kindly soul, unpretentious and full of kindliness overflowing with interest in God, nature and man.

The beautiful expression of his poetic soul is refined through love, cultured through sympathy, and manifested in his heart and exemplified in the sweetest songs. In peaceful homes I had seen inmates rise and call him blessed, the characteristic of a soul. His is one who would cull a flower to give to a spirit having more beautiful flowers than he has, yet would not pluck one for his own use. He would not deprive one of natural life—for when he had inadvertently uprooted the tiny wayside flower with his ploughshare, he immortalized the humble daisy with his words:

"TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY"

*"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonie gem."*

Still the same good man is gentle alike to man and beasts, tender to wayside flower and weed. Some earthly mortals ask why doesn't Bobbie Burns come back. Why should he return and sing his songs through the lips of a medium? That this is somewhat the case is true but not often; his spirit of love, of faith in God, of hope for human progress, is so broad and untrammled that it breathes itself out in benediction and good over all humanity.

It is manifested whenever a desire to do and be better is felt; it is manifested whenever a soul earnestly prays for help to be of use to others. It inspires the weak with strength, and blesses the erring with a determination to redeem the wrong

committed; it is felt through the spirit realms, purifying, elevating and regenerating. Is not this a great poem, the sweetest song, the noblest tale that bard or prophet could ever have dreamed?

Is it not the outworking in lines of living glory the most sublime yet sweet and soulful poem in praise to God that spirit can conceive? Is it not the breathing, soul quickening, revivifying poem of life that is wrought from the inspirations and aspirations of a gifted struggling soul in mortal form? And the perfect culmination of all that has been dreamed of by that soul in mortal form? And the perfect culmination of all that has been dreamed of by that soul, manifesting itself in the fruition of a work of beauty, glory and grandeur, not of mechanical art but of natural, quickened, sentient life?

Could the mortal denouncers of Robert Burns witness this noble triumph of spirit over matter, this his defeat of all sensual life, his wonderful efforts for the good of others, and his glorious soul radiant with the light of truth, they would bow their heads in abject poverty of spirit before him, one of the band of noble workers; his spirit flows out in love, sympathy and forgiveness to all his enemies, flows out in blessing humanity. Even in spirit life, this soul remembers and loves his native home and haunts of earth, as I do the rugged rocks and darkling streams, the gowan gemmed sod and heather-growned hills of Scotland, all dear to him still.

We were seated upon the side of a gleaming valley dotted with blooming gardens and habitations. The crystal stream murmuring at our feet and the birds chirping in the branches with lofty mountains uprearing their crests so close before us, and the shining sun throwing a flood of golden splendor over all—were marvelous.

I could perceive the thoughts of my companion reverting to earthly scenes, and presently, with bosom heaving and great dark eyes glowing with the intensity of his emotions, he broke forth:

*Fair as thy smiling fields of grey, O Vale,
And sweet the flowers that gem thy emerald sod;
Thy zephyrs bring a spice in every gale
And man and nature here commune with God.*

*Thy crystal waters flow in melody
Thy birds make music through the waving trees,
Thy mountains rising in their majesty
Survey in grandeur all thy harmonies.*

*But fair and sweet as thou, my spirit home
To this fond, loving, clinging heart of mine
Are Scotia's fields where once I loved to roam
And pluck the gowan and the eglantine.*

*Thy brooks are clear but Scotia's burns are bonnie
Where once I paddled through the summer day
Thy birds recall the times not few but many
I've heard the mavis chant her toneful lay.*

*And through thy mountains rise majestic in glory
They are not fairer to my spirit sight
Than Scotia's grim old crags and peaks so hoary
That brought my boyhood soul such dear delight.*

*And Scotia's lands to me are sweet and canny
As in the days I roamed her meadows fine
Wi' loving friends or gleesome, prattling bairnie
Those sweet rare blessings of the auld lang syne.*

As a ray of light, in passing through a pane of glass, may become broken or refracted, or as a straight staff placed in a vessel of water, may present a misshapen appearance to the beholder, so it is to attempt to present to you these straight and symmetrical lines of thought. The golden rays of light emanating from a poet's soul may become broken and distorted in their passage through matter. But by means of these refracted rays you may be able to gain a comprehension of the glory in its entirety of the soul originating them.

Thus we passed our time with great profit to myself for, from the companionship of my friend, I gained a knowledge of the true beauty of the natural life of the spirit and a larger conception of the grandeur of individualized life. When fulfilling its proper mission and expanding to its full capacity, even while drinking in the beauty of my surroundings, quaffing the crystal drops or inspiring thought which filled the soul of my companion, I imbibed that deep peace and gladness that had imbued his entire being. I have attempted to portray to you,

Mr. Belasco, a tithe of the pleasure and profit my spirit gained from this visit to Robert Burns.

I have exceeded the limit of the Robert Burns visit and must close for there are hundreds of men, women, kings, I visited all in the settings of their homes in spirit; I only intended to give you an idea of the home and occupation of Scotland's immortalized son whose songs and poems have enriched the literature of earth and gladdened the hearts of countless beings. Here in the immortal world, it would be useless for me to prolong the narrative of Robert Burns. Suffice it to say that the visit brought great delight to my soul, and it has been repeated more times than once.

In the foregoing cards, I am aware that I have written nothing in regard to the nearest friends of the poet on earth. His honest friends, those to whom he ever paid filial respect and those also who received fraternal sympathy and regard his noble sons, are with him now. That sweet gentle daughter, pet and blessing to his earth heart and his spirit soul, whose earthly loss he mourned until his passing; and last but not least, his faithful forging Jean, counsellor and guide to the end. Because I have not mentioned these is not that they are remote or separated from Burns. No, they are with him as a cluster of stars gather round one brilliant, far-reaching center, and upon him they bestow that true spirit love and sympathy which he reciprocates in kind.

I have dwelt longest upon his connection with the beautiful ideal during early life for in her is centered the power to draw forth the noblest and purest aspirations of his soul, overflowing with the love that has blessed and enriched his being, has ever led him onward and upward over the ruts and pitfalls of sensual life until he reached the heights of self-conquest and self respect, in all senses.

I see one coming at a distance it is—Agatha; Robert Burns also sees her, he came down the path with me to the entrance to greet her. No doubt he will listen to what she has to say, for many spirits are with her, some making a shelter with branches of trees, so I guess she is going to lecture and we will listen.

God's Blessings

William Tamlie

End

ANCIENT EGYPT

Greetings Brother Dokas:

THE soil is still rich in my land; the grass is green, as it was when Joseph picked out this land as the best in Egypt for his famine-stricken father. Cattle still graze in the fields as they did in my time. Camels with tinkling bells still travel the desert.

Egypt, my land, in the words of Herodotus, is the gift of the Nile, and the whole rainless country was once a bed of sterile sand so bleak and bare that not a blade of grass nor a shrub of cactus would grow upon it. This mighty river cuts its way through the rocks and hills and brings down sediments to form the tillable area of Egypt.

You Brother Dokas, should visit Egypt and see our pyramids. They are more wonderful than anyone has ever dreamed, and their immensity grows upon one more and more as he looks. The pyramids are not young. The king who built the greater pyramid for his tomb lived three thousand years before Christ, and five thousand years later people climb up the huge pile of stone, little thinking about the blood, the sweat, the horrors connected with each stone. With magnesium lights people explore the recesses of the room in which kings expected to be secluded for eternity.

The dead in your country are not disturbed, so why our dead? Even photographs are taken, but my father's tomb has not been disturbed as yet; neither have I, for I lay in the same chamber, but the first king who built the pyramid for himself has been taken out long ago, and history does not record what became of the mummy, but it was placed in a cave of solid stone, and covered by the sands of the desert centuries ago, and it is still there. He was a vicious and bad king, and during the fifty years he ruled in Egypt he oppressed the people terribly. He built his pyramid by forced labor, keeping more than one hundred thousand workmen at it for over thirty years.

The stones forming the outside, which have now been taken away, were even larger than those still standing, but many of those that are left are as high as a table and many feet in length. The sides of the pyramid are in the form of an immense stairs which narrow as they go upward. There are two hundred and fifty of these high steps. The inside of the pyramid is quite as

wonderful as the outside construction. One cannot put a pin between the stones on the inside, so closely are they joined.

The queen's chamber (not mine) is seventy feet wide, and the ceiling twenty feet high. It is as dark as the night which the Lord spread over Egypt when He wanted to soften the heart of Pharaoh. The king's chamber is lined entirely with granite, and is as big as one of your churches. It would take two hundred and twenty-five yards of material to cover the floor.

To think of it, Brother Dokas, the price of an Egyptian mummy is just one hundred dollars, and a princess at that. To be taken and put into some museum, hundreds of our ancient dead are being shipped to all parts of the world, and the ghoul-like officials obtain their revenues by disposing of the surplus bodies of nobles who lived and ruled ages ago.

One princess in particular, I saw standing there in spirit. I was at her transition, and helped put a dress on her. She requested we cover her body with the usual accompaniment of a certificate of age. She lay in the clothes she was buried in, but wrapped around with linen as yellow as saffron, and her brown face appeared to smile up at me in spirit as I looked at her corpse. She was put up in spices, and I could almost smell the perfumes with which she was embalmed.

In the earth's museums room after room is walled with the coffins of monarchs who reigned thousands of years ago. The war has shattered some of them and the bodies lay among the debris of the buildings. Shame upon the officials of Egypt, and upon England! Their dead are sacred to them. Why not leave us alone? Yes, Rameses is there, the king who built Thebes, Karnak, and other great cities. He was the Alexander of Egypt, the Napoleon of the Nile Valley some three thousand years ago. He conquered the country about him, and was rolling in wealth. Now he lies there like all conquerers, but he is well preserved, and his iron jaw is as firm as when he uttered commands in his capital, the hundred-gated city of Thebes. His enormous nose is still prominent; the face, though black, is life-like, and his teeth shine out as white as when in life four thousand years ago.

I should be honored, Brother Dokas, to have you stand between my father and me in our tomb, for you would find me smiling up at you, and I know you would feel my presence. I look to be a girl of twenty, somewhat like your pictures of the dream girl. My father was the most handsome man in Egypt.

He was honest, kind, loving and considerate, and I adored him. He left me his kingdom which I ruled in kindness. If you ever see my tomb you will see the gifts there, precious stones given by those that loved me. The slave chamber is very beautiful, for my slaves gave their all, some of them even their lives to still wait upon me. They did not know God had forgiven them long ago for their rash act.

I'll take you to my father's kingdom which lies many hundred feet beneath the sands. Not far away is the mummy of Menepthah, the tyrant, who hardened his heart against the Israelites and would not let them go. Seti lies in his coffin with his black arms crossed and his head cushioned on yellow grave clothes. His features are as peaceful as perhaps they seldom were in life. He appears to sleep well. Would you like me at some future time to bring these kings and conquerors forward, and put before you on these cards their lives? Of course, some have their histories written, but not as I shall write them. History is taken from records, but the real is very often hidden. Some of their doings are left out of history for it would take away their greatness, and greatness, were it written, would make the dead past become very real if you could look upon each mummy of six thousand years ago.

The people of the past had their loves and hates, their cares and their vanities. Queen Akhotupu who lived before Moses had goings-on more spicy than the spices she was laid out in. She had hysterics, and passed away in one of her spells while adoring another man not her husband. Flowers that are in her mummy case are as fresh as one picked today. A little way from our tomb lies King Seti, whose daughter was supposed to have found Moses in the bulrushes. His fat, bloated fingers show that he had the gout. The rich in our day were like the rich in your day. They had fancy cooks, while the poor ate scraps.

There is another tomb, not yet discovered, under the sands

of the desert. The walls of that tomb are covered with paintings thousands of years before Christ. In that tomb there is the body of a princess standing upright against the side of the wall. She is covered with jewels; her face is plated with gold, and her mummy clothes are embroidered. Oh, I'll go on, my friend if you wish. I'll show you life, and I'll show you what the soul is. It does give me a great deal of pleasure to write about my beloved country, Egypt, where I was the first queen centuries ago.



Kondor

Agatha

First Queen of Egypt

(To be continued on next issue)

VEIL OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 134)

By the application of certain principles man can produce certain manifestations in like manner as seen done in chemistry, electronics, physics, etc. The theologians reaffirm these guarantees through the scriptures, however, it requires years of study to attain mastership and qualify to be entrusted with these powers.



(KONDOR)

All of these great men of science, philosophy, art or in any other station in life, do they not only spend years in training, but also they sacrificed many pleasures and with devotion they conducted all the experiments assigned to them 'till they attained mastership. They do not expect special dispensations for the Cosmic laws to be set aside for them; they know they must remain within certain boundary lines. Their prayers are concluded, "Eternal Father, thy will shall be done."

God's Blessings,

KBDokas



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