

My Visit to the Sun



Phoebe Marie Holmes

MY VISIT

TO THE

SUN

[1933]

This is not a fantastic tale but rather, the actual mystical experiences of the author. Contents: The Celestial City in the Sun; The Philosophy of Heaven; The Second Coming of the Lord.

Phoebe Marie Holmes

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DEDICATION

To Americus V. Holmes—my beloved husband—the embodiment of all nobility and tenderness and harmony of mind and soul: I dedicate this book.

Through all the years, his love has been my inspiration and my strength—until now, my love for him is so entwined with love of my Lord, Jesus Christ, that the two sacred Loves of my Soul are as companion petals of a rose, and as blended notes of a song.

Bridging the chasm of death itself, his arms have found and enfolded me; and he whose life's music was broken in the full tide of its glory, completes for me in spheres of the Spirit the melody left unfinished on earth.

And I who walk in the ways of the world and also know the shining pathways of the Eternal City of God stand side by side with my Beloved, saying to all who will hear: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you."

PHOEBE MARIE HOLMES.

PREFACE

The world today faces conditions that humanity has never known before, and it is the duty of all who can throw a ray of light on the dark path, to do so—regardless of personal cost.

Pioneers of the past have met with ridicule or condemnation or a blending of both; but the Edisons and the Fords and the Bells and the Burbanks, undismayed and unafraid, went on with their works of genius, regardless of the obstacles before them.

Spiritual pioneers, from the dark ages to the present day, have found their way through dense forests of human ignorance and prejudice and fear, ever keeping their eyes turned toward the vision of man's liberation from the prisons of his own making.

Within the pages of this book, the writer has pressed living flowers from the garden of her heart, as an offering of tenderest love to the whole world. If but a few find comfort in their fragrance and a new light in the rays of their radiance, I shall not mind what the world may say.

It is given to the dreamers of the world to be its prophets and seers. What if they be crucified? Truth arises in holiest resurrection, her banners floating to an echo of material song. Love and Truth walk hand in hand above the chaos of disintegrating worlds, and God bends down from

highest Heaven to lift them in the hollow of His hand. And so, I fulfill my promise.

May the holy wisdom given unto me in these sacred visions of my Soul be like a finger of light piercing the darkness, from North to South and from East to West, to guide the beloved children of my Lord, Jesus Christ, into the heaven of the glorious City, which my Soul has seen—the New Jerusalem—the City of the Sun.

PHOEBE MARIE HOLMES.

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PART I

THE CELESTIAL CITY IN THE SUN

In the Sun is a City—which I have seen!

HIS is not the fantastic tale of a professional story spinner, but a conscientious report of something that *actually happened* to me; and I was wide awake, clear of brain, spiritually at peace.

These are troublous times, as we all know. More than ever before, humanity strives to pierce the veil that hides the Great Invisible; and more than ever before in the history of the world charlatans reap a golden harvest from those who are sick and despairing and groping in the dark. Men and women who once knew affluence, now are in want. The nations of the earth are like crouching beasts ready to spring at one another's throats. All in confusion. New creeds and philosophies and governments come into being almost over night. Big business trembles in fear. Kings sit in glittering pomp on insecure thrones and wear their crowns uneasily indeed, seeing royalties of many nations now changed into the laboring class. Rumble of war is heard in the distance, ever coming nearer and nearer, until all mothers of the world see the faces of their sons through a mist of tears—sensing what is to come.

I, who have lectured and taught all over the world, can see an unending procession of aching

hearts, stretching from continent to continent, until no place on the earth is left free from the unholy baptism of blood and tears. The world has gone mad in its lust for power. It refuses to learn from past experiences. Greed rules, instead of God. Men crown him as their king and kneel to worship at Mammon's shrine.

Sick of heart, I have watched it all. I am not a dreamer, but a doer. I have no fantastic visions, no strange predictions. My name is as well known in Africa and Australia as it is in America, as a writer, lecturer and teacher. My "RADIANT HEALTH CLUBS" have been founded all over the world, and I have been the honored guest of princes and kings. I am telling these things of myself, that it may be known at once exactly who I am and for what I stand. An exponent of scientific living, I am a teacher of Christian psychology, philosophy, breathing, diet, healing. In fact. I am just about as practical as any person can be.

Of course, I know what the world will say when this book of mine reaches it, Men and women will read the pages with eyes that are blinded by prejudice, and they will say I *dreamed* it all. But they will be wrong. The thing I experienced was not an astral vision or a dream; it was a *real* journey, to a *real* place, among *real* people and things.

When I returned from a four year tour around the world, my many friends were deeply interested to hear about the countries I had visited and the people I had met. Now—I am wondering if they will be as eager to hear about this stupen-

dous journey of my Soul, through a country no mortal eyes may see, to a CITY OF GOLDEN LIGHT in the very heart of the SUN!

Jesus of Nazareth said: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also." I HAVE SEEN THESE MANSIONS.

Wide awake, so completely awake that not the slightest detail escaped me, I was taken in *Spirit* to the very heart of the glorious Sun, where lies the magnificent City of the New Jerusalem, described so minutely in the wonderful vision of St. John. I was transported in a flash of consciousness, leaving my body of flesh apparently asleep in bed. By my side appeared a radiant personage, who said: "Be not afraid! I am your ministering Angel. You have been in my care for many incarnations, and now it is given to me to reveal to you the unimaginable beauty and glory of the Eternal City of God." Side by side, we floated or flew through the ether. About us at front and back and on either side, were hosts of angels. Their gossamer wings were as iridescent as the rainbow. Their faces were so lovely that I tried to miss none of the beauty, and so turned my eyes from face to face continually. Finally, there was a great change in the atmosphere. I had imagined the sun to be as a ball of fire; but deep within its heart the temperature was like a balmy summer day. All of the air was fragrant, as if from the breath of millions of flowers. I drank in the sweetness thirstily. Even as the angel beside me, I noticed that I pos-

sessed wings. They scintillated in the crystal light as if bejewelled. And all the time I was conscious that I was still connected with my body on earth. But it seemed unreal. The glowing body with shining wings, which I now occupied and used, was all that concerned me at this time. I could not imagine my Spirit imprisoned again in that far away body of flesh and blood. The remembrance of its clumsiness appalled me. And I knew that it would be easy to sever the slender, elastic cord that bound me to that inert body so far away. The Angel sensed this thought, and answered; "Your work on earth is not yet complete. You are given this vision for the one purpose of returning to the earth and relating to humanity all that you shall have seen and heard, all of the wisdom imparted to you. Finally, because of your message, others will come, and will be shown the New Jerusalem; and they, too, will be sent back to earth to verify your message there."

At last, from a great height, I looked down upon the Heavenly City, whose iridescent loveliness lay below me in a panorama of beauty and splendor too great for words to picture or all the artists of the world in united genius to paint. Farther than eye could see, even with telescopic vision, in the crystal light of heaven I saw terrace on terrace, with magnificent mansions and shining rivers and blooming trees—for countless miles on every side. It seemed impossible to reach the limits of that Glorious City. This, then, was that Heavenly City "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God."

Jesus Christ foretold it. Paul was snatched up to it, the seventh or perfect heaven. John visited it in his wonderful apocalyptic journey, and describes it perfectly, saying: "And an angel carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great City, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and the light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal . . . And the wall of the City had twelve foundations And he that talked with me had golden reed to measure the City, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the City with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper: and the City was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the City were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."

Now, I had heard this description many times in the past, but the *living reality* of it had escaped me. Today, I read those words with an inward

illumination. *For I have seen the selfsame City that John saw.* I, who am still in the physical body, living on the earth, have walked on its shining streets, have entered its mansions, and strolled through its gardens; and its inhabitants have walked and talked with me.

Always by my side floated the beautiful form of my angelic guide, explaining the conditions and the scenes as they changed before me, giving reasons for everything, and answering my questions even before they could be voiced by me. For example, I began to wonder how I could possibly remember everything when I returned to earth and sought to redeem my promise to recount everything for the benefit of the world. Just as when I had felt the longing to discard the physical body permanently and dwell henceforth in the glorious spiritual body that had replaced it, and the Angel had read my thought,—so did he sense my feeling of bewilderment now, and hasten to reassure me. With no preliminary words to lead up to the subject, he said:

“Pay close attention to all that you hear and see; then, as the need shall arise, memory will recall words and scenes, and you will be able to write or speak with authority. Great truths are to be revealed to you. Treasure them as jewels beyond price. Live them with every conscious breath. Teach them to all who will heed your voice. It is your sacred mission to go forth to all parts of the earth, seeking those who hunger and thirst for the living waters of Truth.

“There are many who are not yet ready for

your message, who will turn deaf ears and blind eyes. Be patient with such as these. They are the little ones of Spirit. Give to them your tenderest love, and reprove them not. Behold in them child-souls to be led gently into adult soul life. Even as the flower bud must unfold slowly and naturally into a perfect blossoming, so must the young soul be given the sun and dew of tenderness and care in order to develop into perfection. Therefore, give your message, and go your way in happiness and peace. Those who are ready will drink of your living water as nectar from the invisible cup of Truth, and they will pass the draught to others, in unselfish love and faith. Many of these will be transported to the Holy City, even as you have been; and upon their return to earth, they will substantiate your words, thus gaining the attention and belief of millions more.”

As the Angel talked, we were speeding over the vast, shining terraces of the City. Closer and closer we drew to the glowing gardens and gleaming rivers and quiet lakes. I could feel on my face and hands the gentle caress of breezes that seemed laden with the blended fragrance of many flowers. I knew that I was breathing deeply, but had no consciousness of lungs. Moving in rhythm with the Angel, I rose or lowered myself as he changed his course, remaining ever by his side. Actual words were unnecessary between us, for we were speaking in the universal language of thought. Now, as I write, the unspoken words of the Angel return to me as if written on my heart in music and fragrance and light.

“Salvation,” he said, “will never be complete until each created being shall live with the Father in Paradise. So you must return to earth, beloved one, for you are needed there. You must summon aspiring souls to climb unto the mount of spiritual vision and tear away the veil of ignorance that hides from mankind the face of the Living God. You must gather from north, south, east and west, all the elect of Spirit, soul, mind and body, that are to have place in the life of each and all. You must lift high the glorious banner of Love and Truth that will have nothing for one that is not for all; for the entire human family is in the image and likeness of God. You must teach that God is always near, to every one, to all created things. Wherever space is, there is God; but only through the powers of spiritual discernment can He be seen and known.

“When you return to earth, you must teach that all the qualities of God are portrayed there; and it is there that all these qualities of the Spirit must be known and understood and developed by mankind. As one lives with God consciously, so does he grow *like unto* God, but not *become* God. The only perfect fullness of joy for man is for him to sense this divine companionship through living the life of a son of God, returning at last to his Father's house, to live there forever—nourished by the Tree of Life, which is the very Life-Essence of God.”

Thus spoke the Angel, and his words were as music, and his face glowed as from a light within. As we floated through the air, we were

at ease, as though firm substance were beneath our feet. We now drew close to the great terraces. Without actually having seen them, it would be impossible for one to imagine the beauty and splendor of these foundations of the City's wall. Each was at least twelve hundred feet high, and the twelve of them extended entirely around the city; and I was told that they were one hundred miles apart. It is difficult to imagine such immensity. Certainly a City so tremendous could not exist anywhere on our earth or on a like planet. Only the great and glorious Sun could be used for such a purpose.

The mountain on which the city was built gave an appearance of squareness at the base, sloping gradually upward to the summit. On each of the vast terraces were many thousands of angels, robed in shining apparel that radiated all the tints of the rainbow. They were free to come and go as they pleased. Through scientific control of the breath, they were able to fly like birds, apparently without exertion. Even as on earth human beings assemble in congenial groups, so did the angels gather in little communities, seeming to enjoy one another because of some affinity of feeling or thought. They had halos or luminous circles around their heads, and their sacred names were inscribed on their foreheads in characters that gleamed like gold. These names were not in actual writing, and were not imprinted upon them, but appeared to be in the ether about their foreheads.

The atmosphere of the City was balmy in

temperature, and all the inhabitants were joyous and busy and abundantly alive. Every face was alight with purest happiness. I gazed upon the gleaming terraces and glorious, angelic faces until a picture of them was photographed forever on my consciousness. With the seeking eyes of my Spirit, I found new wonders everywhere. In the distance could be seen a glow as from mounds of opals, and the Angel told me I was beholding the heavenly "gates of pearl." Later, we passed many times through those glorious gates whose soft lustre was like transparent satin through which fairy rainbows shone. At last, we came to rest on the very summit of this vast mountain, with the beautiful terraced City spreading below—rivers and valleys and trees and flowers making a multi-colored pattern of living beauty as far as we could see.

Looking into the Angel's face, I saw unutterable sadness depicted there. He began to speak in a very low tone, more as if he were communing with himself than conversing with another. "All of this glory must remain hidden," he said, "from those who do not first fulfill their moral responsibility to live according to the laws of Almighty God. In the dim light of their undeveloped spiritual understanding, they wander farther and farther away from happiness and peace, ever stumbling and hurting themselves, and thus retarding their progress for age upon age, until at last these sick and weary souls allow the tinsel trappings of their worldliness to fall away. And then, they come into the light, finding in the shining pathway be-

fore them the perfect fruition of their dreams.”

For a long time we were silent, thinking upon what he had said. Then I asked the Angel to tell me where Jesus went when He ascended and a cloud received Him. Smiling almost as a tender mother would smile at a questioning child, he answered: "Jesus came directly to the Sun, His spiritual home, where He sits at the right hand of God, His Father, whom He loved and served and prayed to constantly while on earth. He gave to the world the pure spiritual teachings that came straight from God. There is but one way that leads to perfection, the way of Jesus Christ, who is the Ruler and Savior of the universe. His abode is here in the Sun with His Father, but the Power of His Spirit overshadows the entire universe. As humanity progresses, the teachings of Jesus will become clearer and clearer, and it will become easier to follow Him in daily life. Then, at last, will the living earth bring forth the divine blossoming of love and hope and happiness."

Every breeze gave forth the rhythm of music. The sweetness of lilies and roses came to us. The Presence of our dear Lord seemed enveloping us, until His glory shone in everything. It was not necessary to see His face or to touch His hand. My heart overflowed with tenderness, as my soul reviewed in a flash of memory His short years of ministry on earth, His loving service, His wisdom and His sorrow, the agony of Gethsemane. I knew that I must remember everything revealed to me, so that I might return to earth with a message of hope for all mankind, in the name of the Lord.

And so I prayed: "Oh, God—let me speak with the tongue of a prophet. Let me herald Truth to all the world. Let the awakened Christ within me help to heal the nations of their sickness. Guide, oh, guide me always, that I may lead others aright." It was as if all the planets sang, and their united symphonies flowed into my heart and made a sacred melody there. It was as if all the roses of all the worlds sent their fragrance over infinite space, breathing of God's love. I folded the sorrowful world into the yearning arms of my Spirit and crooned to it as a mother croons to a little suffering child. It became my child, for I was all-embracing motherhood and every created thing was my child, a part of me forever.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that the Angel was smiling upon me, and I returned his smile as naturally as I have always smiled upon those I love on earth. The great City of God shimmered below us. Its loveliness seemed a part of me, as if living Divine Beauty were spread over all creation. The Angel spoke again:

"You have read John's description of this Celestial City. You will remember that he said—'I saw no temple therein . . . the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb (the Innocent One) are the temple of it.' He also said—'There shall be no night there and they need no candle, neither light of the Sun.' Now you can understand the statement of John's, for you see that the Sun is a glorious luminary with a light 'like unto a stone most precious, even a jasper stone, clear as crystal'."

"But we must not tarry too long, for you have

much to see. John lives in one of these mansions, and one of them will be your own home when your work on earth is finished, a home created for you and yours through your loving service to humanity. To that home all of those who love you and are beloved by you will be drawn by an unbreakable tie."

We were speeding through the air as easily as the birds were flying, and the panorama of beauty that unfolded before me was more real than the mountains and valleys of the earth had ever been. Clearly the Angel said:

"See how easily you are receiving into your own consciousness all that I am transferring to you from mine, without the utterance of words. In the same manner, many on earth will commune with you in silence. But to the world as a whole you must clothe your divine message in the garment of familiar language. Always speak plainly. So that there may be no misunderstanding. Be utterly fearless at all times, for Truth will be your unfailing staff, and your Spirit will be refreshed and inspired as the need shall arise."

We began floating slowly and I could see the City clearly, for spiritual sight is not confined to certain distances but extends as called upon. Therefore, I found that I could control my vision to examine something near me or to see the detailed loveliness of an object far away.

"Look upon these great terraces," said the Angel. "Their magnificence cannot be painted in words so that the human mind may vision them as they are. Their iridescent glory is beyond ex-

pression. All of the languages of earth, with the greatest poets of the world garnering from them the richest treasures of word and phrase, never gave to humanity even a glimpse of this one glorious scene before you now: Sapphire and amethyst and beryl, in unimaginable miles, tier upon tier—beauty and glory unrolled on the illimitable canvas of space, straight from the hand of God.

“But come! Let us descend. Note how light is the feeling of your spiritual body, as if it were one with the elements. Also take note of the fact that you feel no hunger or weariness. In this heavenly region there is no hunger or thirst, and fatigue is unknown. There is neither heat nor cold, but always a gentle warmth.

“To visit any certain part of the City, we have only to feel the desire, in order to be transported there with the speed of thought. The spiritual body knows no limitations of time or space. On the earth plane this limitation is a great barrier to accomplishment and happiness. And to further hamper the Spirit, human beings fill their daily lives with countless unimportant duties and senseless pleasures, failing to take advantage of their opportunity for development in order to reach the great goal intended for them. Being clumsy because of constant confinement in physical prisons, they blunder along slowly and painfully, timing themselves by the clock and making no allowance for the Spirit’s needs.

“When you return, you will become impatient because of the necessity of adapting yourself to the confines of the flesh again. But be not dis-

couraged. Your physical body will become more and more pliable to your will, as it is used in this manner by the Spirit.

"Now, pay close attention. Even as I am privileged to guide you thus, so may you become a celestial guide—while still on earth—causing souls to awaken to the reality of heaven. With you, they will be able to fly through the translucent ether to distant planets, and finally come with you to this glorious City of the Sun."

As the Angel talked, we were speeding through space so lightly and easily that it seemed as if we barely moved. The scenery changed as though it were being shifted in a theatre. At last we came to rest on a great terrace, with gardens of flowers and shrubs and trees, and in the distance I could see shining rivers and lakes. There was a smile on the Angel's face. He said:

"I have a surprise for you. Behold!"

Even now I catch my breath at the very thought of what I saw before me when I obeyed the Angel's command. *A giant fountain sparkled and sang as it sent its rainbow-colored spray thousands of feet into the air!* It seemed to be a living thing. It was like a play of fireworks, and the water shone like crystal. *And music flowed from the spray!* As the waters rose into the air, it sounded as if dozens of pipe organs were playing all at once: and as they came dancing down, there was a sound like the music of a harp of a thousand strings. As the Angel talked to me and I answered him, our voices seemed to be part of the water's song. I stood entranced. The foun-

tain seemed to fill all space. Its spray floated in fairy rainbows over the spreading terraces, sparkled on the lifted faces of the flowers, lay like jewels on the leaves of the shrubs and vines and trees. I felt it like a caress on my face, it shimmered in my cupped hands—but I felt no moisture, only the very spirit of freshness and coolness and fragrance.

Silently, I watched the sparkling waters as they gathered at the base of the fountain and then ran singing from terrace to terrace in waterfalls of glory. Through the great parks, over the broad boulevards, into the gardens of the shining mansions, raced the tinted beauty of living water as if on a holy mission of love. I found myself crying: "Oh, God! Give me words! Give me words!" I knelt and caressed the grasses at my feet, I touched my cheek to a rose. And all the time my heart was singing a hymn of praise, and the fountains caught it up and echoed it through the air. Fragrance and beauty and glory were wrapped about me like a robe. Breathless with wonder and delight, I floated above and around the fountain. Its spray kissed my lips and tangled itself in my hair. I could not get enough of it. It was as if I had been thirsty forever and my soul could not drink its fill.

My heart kept singing to itself, over and over again: "Oh, my dear Father-Mother God! Oh, my dear Lord Jesus Christ! This then is the glorious home prepared for children of the earth. This is where the hurt ones will know healing for their wounds. This is where the poor will become rich indeed. This is where the sorrowful

will grieve no more, but will know such happiness that will dry all tears forever. This is where the soul may see its holiest dreams come true.”

* * * *

All about me were angelic beings, taking unselfish pleasure in my happiness. Their white robes floated about their bodies in graceful folds, and on their beautiful foreheads shone their sacred names. Their eyes were tender and their lips smiled. Many of them touched me and spoke to me, some kissed me and called me by name. I returned their caresses and talked to them freely. I had lost all count of time. Yesterday was a dim memory; tomorrow was a shadow far away. Space was only a word. Eternity was mine.

The Angel came close and took my hand in his. I think he was sorry that I must return to the earth and live there for many years, when such glory was unrolled before me and I was so much a part of it all. At last, he said: "We must go." Our direction changed. Soon we were far away from the fountain itself, but its spray was about us still.

Finally we stopped flying and found ourselves standing in a spacious garden, with lovely, shining walks that were bordered with such flowers as I loved best. There were roses of many colors, some of them very large. And there were the dainty wild roses of pink and white, smiling into my face like familiar friends. Everywhere blossoms seemed to be waiting to greet me. The very leaves of the trees in this particular garden seemed

to whisper loving things to me. I did not want to gather any of these flowers to take away. I wanted them just where they were.

We walked slowly along the broad driveway leading to an imposing dwelling that could be seen through a bower of trees. There were many arbors and pergolas on either side, covered with flowering vines, and having comfortable seats and tables and pretty stands.

At last we stopped in front of the glorious mansion, made of purest alabaster, and shining in the light like a great jewel. The building was square in shape, with great white columns on all four sides of each of the three tiers that seemed to divide it into different parts. I was told that these tiers represented the three states of consciousness—body, soul and Spirit. The lowest tier was the most massive, and its carvings were large and deep. The middle tier was not so large as the bottom one, and its carvings were more delicate. The top tier was still smaller, and its sculptured tracery of flower and vine and symbolism was limned upon the softly gleaming alabaster so exquisitely that it would be necessary for one to look closely and carefully in order to decipher the pattern and discern its esoteric meaning.

I stood immovable, and gloried in the vision of perfect loveliness before me. At last the Angel led me away, and we entered the mansion through the great front door that swung so lightly on its golden hinges that it seemed to open of its own accord. There was a tremendous hall, with rugs and pictures and furniture; and then we entered

a beautiful, spacious room, with carved doorways leading into many other rooms. At these doorways there were lovely draperies of shining brocade. Growing flowers smiled at me from their places near the great windows, through which streamed a flood of light straight from the glowing heart of the Sun.

As I turned my steps toward something that attracted me especially, the sound of low music came from an adjoining room. At first, I did not grasp its significance, but I knew that something hauntingly familiar was in those significant notes of some stringed instrument being caressed by a master musician's hand. For a moment, I stood entranced. And then with feet that fairly flew, I ran into the room from which the music came, knowing that my own beloved was he who played.

He opened wide his arms and from their haven of tenderness and strength I searched that dear face with eager eyes. On earth, his features had possessed great spiritual beauty; but now I saw a face glorified beyond description. At first, I could not speak. I could only cling to my darling, almost delirious with joy.

Unlike our former meetings, which had taken place many times since my husband's promotion to a higher sphere, this reunion was a complete fulfillment to both of us. As happy as two children, we went from room to room of our heavenly home. The Angel said: "Your husband built this palace, but it must be furnished by you. Great and true love is immortal, and comes to full and perfect fruition here. The foundation of this mu-

tual home was laid in earth by you both. Your beloved was released from earthly duties and became a teacher on other planes, and through his unselfish service this palace has been created for you both. As you do your work on earth in preparation for the Master's return to His Kingdom there, each room of this mansion will be furnished completely. And when your earthly tasks are finished, you will dwell here in perfect happiness with your beloved."

Eagerly we examined everything—passing through a great conservatory where orchids of every color were growing; through a music room where rare instruments waited for the touch of loving hands; through a dining room from whose spacious windows we could see our garden's loveliest flowers and trees; through a dainty kitchen where I would have liked to stop and prepare a meal with my own hands; through bedrooms, halls, nooks. And everywhere pieces of furniture were missing: *my work* was not complete.

As we passed from room to room, I felt that I must stop every once in a while to impress certain things on my mind, and the Angel let me have my way. All through my life on earth, I had greatly loved some of my possessions, which had been given away or sold or lost, as the years had passed. These things were now mine again more beautiful than ever. I delighted in the new, but the old and dear things were what I wanted to touch lovingly with my hands. The Angel said:

"Love of beauty led your soul in childhood, and made it seek to climb to the shimmering

beauty of a dream world. Love of beauty and harmony were your guardian angels all through the early years of your life on earth. The flowers were your friends. Music spoke to you in a language that you knew. Your passionate tenderness toward all little things lay on the white altar of your childish heart and sent its pure incense in unceasing prayer to the very Heart of Christ.

“Always, you gathered beauty and kept its essence within your soul, until it became a part of you. Thus, you have developed the magic touch of turning ordinary things into loveliness. That is why so much beauty is here for you in your own eternal home. Give this message to those on earth: *All useful things should be beautiful too.* There is no excuse for ugliness. Beautiful surroundings influence the development of the soul. As humanity progresses spiritually, beauty will be taken into consideration at all times. To the highly developed soul, beauty and harmony are *necessities*. Great suffering is caused to such souls by forced contact with discord and ugliness. There should be missionaries of harmony and beauty on earth, ever seeking to drown discord with music and cover scars with roses.”

Finally, we passed into a very large room where there were many carved shelves on the walls. And there were low tables and easy chairs. There was no need for me to be told that it was a library. At once, I visioned quantities of familiar books on those bare shelves; and lo, they appeared in actuality almost as quickly as I had thought of them. But the Angel said:

“It is not from such as these that wisdom’s knowledge will come to you, but from the Book of Life, which can only be read with the clear eyes of intuition.”

My soul knew this to be true, and with the conviction came that desire to read only that one Great Book, whose divine pages unfold themselves to the seeking eyes of the Spirit, revealing Truth given by God Himself. Lo, the shelves that had been crowded with books became bare again. Flowers and shells and rare ornaments appeared instead.

Through the great windows we could see the shining City, and since the mansion was situated in the very midst of a forest garden, we could see flowers and trees that were so close we could touch them from the windows. I noticed that many of the trees bore leaves that were heart shaped, and they were green on the outside and silver underneath. There were a great many fruit trees, all of them bearing. The fruits were unusual in size and beauty, the grapes being as large as apples and deep purple or pure golden in color. The bananas were yellow, but the fruit was perfectly ripe. Every leaf and twig was filled with life.

Through the shining corridors we passed, the Angel and my beloved and I, until we came to a regular bower of roses that appeared to be in about the center of the garden. There we stopped. Into my heart came an overpowering hunger for music, not the great symphonies of heaven, but the familiar strains that the hands of my beloved had drawn from instruments on earth. My prayer was

answered. There in the garden of our dreams, my dearest one played for me in the old way, and as he played he told me of his eternal love that throbbed in every note. The roses seemed to understand and their fragrant loveliness touched my cheek like a caress. "There is no loss! There is no death!" The music sang those words. The very leaves of the trees whispered them. They rang like vesper bells in my heart.

When the melody ceased, we sat for a long time in silence. Memories crowded upon me. I saw every step of the way that led from earth to heaven. What of the few years that we must dwell apart? They would be but a moment of time out of Eternity. They would be but a minor strain in a divine symphony of joy. They would be but a waking dream of my soul. This was *reality*.

At last I knew that I must resume my journey alone with the Angel; but I also knew that my beloved would wait for me at the open gate when my soul should call to him as my body slept. And I knew that we would work together in Spirit on astral and higher planes, until this glorious home should welcome us again, and we could dwell forever here in the City of God.

The Angel took my hand in his, whispering a benediction. I knew that he blessed me, and my beloved, and our heavenly home.

I did not say goodbye. There was to be no parting to cause grief and loss, but only a little period of happy activity in separate ways. Once more my beloved played for me, standing where

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the roses bent above him and smiled into his face.

“Come,” said the Angel. With one last, lingering look, I followed him.

PART II

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEAVEN

SOON, we were flying again—over the shining terraces, over the broad, shimmering rivers and silvery lakes, over the quiet serenity of flower-starred valleys and sentinel hills. At last, we came to rest in a great park, where thousands of radiant angels were gathered in groups. The fountain's spray lay like multicolored mist about us. Flowers were so abundant that it was necessary for us to be careful lest we crush them as we walked.

The Angel said: "You will notice that the flowers here are much brighter and far more varied in color than the flowers of earth. All plants are marvelously alive in appearance and in reality. Their texture is superfine. They are more fragrant, also. You will remember that you always talked to your flowers when you planted and cared for them. Your love entered their flower-consciousness and they responded to you as they could not have done had you felt and acted otherwise toward them. And in your heavenly home the flowers growing there for you were created by your love of them and your desire for their beauty. But had you not loved flowers on earth, they could not have manifested such loveliness for you here. When you return to the world, teach that *what is done on earth will be duplicated elsewhere*. The law of reaping as one sows is an im-

mutable law of Almighty God. Those on earth can create either heaven or hell for themselves, to come into manifestation when they shall have left that planet forever.

"It is in the school of earthly experience that the soul must learn its lessons of the lower grades of consciousness; and the sooner these lessons are learned, the more quickly will promotion to higher grades be earned by the soul. These lessons *must be learned!* Unfoldment of spiritual consciousness is inevitable for all. He who plays truant and refuses to learn quickly, can only *delay* his destiny. As you traveled from continent to continent on earth, your work of hastening soul development was recorded; and when you finally reach the haven of the City of God, to depart no more, those whom you have led upward in Spirit will surely find their way to you here. Those same brave souls and many others who are now awaiting your teachings on earth, will be your companions and students in the higher spheres, and will eventually reach this Holy City and find their way to you through gratitude and love. Such ties that are made on earth are eternal ties. They break not, through the centuries of centuries, and they tarnish not. In the shelter of your arms, sorrowing ones on earth have found peace. Your love has reached them in the depths of sin and pain, creating for them a holy radiance in which they felt the divine urge to rise to the heights, with you. And so, you are blended with them eternally through the spiritual alchemy of love, and they became your little ones of the heavenly fold, ever

seeking greater and greater unfoldment, because of the divine spark alight within them, which must finally burst forth in glory here in the gardens of God.”

As the Angel talked, I noticed that the scattered groups began to come together. Many of them lifted their graceful wings and flew like beautiful birds into the distance and were soon lost to sight. My companion beckoned me to follow. We flew toward the East, into the softness and beauty of seeming twilight. Many others joined us, from time to time, some of these being travelers from other spheres, like myself. All were white robed and lovely to look upon, but the angels were lighter of wing and more shining of personality than any of the others.

We hastened to a great auditorium, that was without walls or ceiling. Countless millions of radiant, expectant beings gathered there. Some sat at ease under the trees; others stood quietly, still others lay on the soft grasses. But all had the strange, seemingly breathless expectancy that made their faces so lovely and tender that I felt my eyes misted as with tears. Silence fell about us like a veil. The wine-like air was sweet with the blended aromas of countless flowers. The fountain’s song was subdued, almost like a faint echo of itself; and the spray was like dew everywhere, soft and fragrant and bright.

Guided by the Angel, I floated to the very center of the auditorium, to the foot of a great throne that was so shining that I shaded my eyes with my hands. Its jeweled beauty gleamed with living

glory, and I fell on my knees and prayed. The very air seemed to be still as in prayer. That strange silence more eloquent than words enfolded us all, and we were as one Being, as if all Rivers of Life had met in the boundless ocean of Love.

In the rose-tinted twilight, the kneeling angels were like Easter lilies. The holy beauty of heaven lay upon them. I think my soul held its breath—waiting, and waiting, and waiting.

And then, lifting my eyes-----I knew that before me in all its white splendor was the shining *Throne of God!*

. . .

Down the long, winding golden stairs, from the very top of the throne to the auditorium's floor, came hundreds of radiant, rejoicing angels, harbingers of glad tidings, all of them with golden trumpets in their hands. As they descended, they formed in line, twelve abreast, with their beautiful, shining robes floating about them and their graceful feet gliding amid the rose-lit glow as if the stairway were not needed to support their weight. A golden light, tinged with purple, proceeded from their radiance, which poured out its fullness upon all who beheld the glorious sight.

As they descended, the angels made of themselves the form of a double triangle; then the square; and then they formed into a circle around the throne. In the fullness of their glory, they were divinely radiant in their purity and transparency.

High above the throne, other angels were pat-

tering themselves into seven-pointed stars, until there were twelve glorious stars, composed of multitudes of angels, with the seven colors and all the shades and tints of the spectrum of life reflected in their raiment. Each point of the star represented a different color; the first was red, then came orange, then yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. As we stood in awe watching these radiant, angelic beings fashioning themselves into living stars, it seemed to me that the twelve stars covered a radius of at least one hundred miles in circumference, so large it was. The Angel communicated to me silently that the overshadowing of Infinite Love was thus represented as a glorious canopy, and that all this beautiful ceremony was taking place around the throne in preparation for the *arrival of the Lord*.

Suddenly, there came harmony as from a thousand harps, blending with the melody of musical instruments of every tone.

The holy angels sounded their trumpets in joy and triumph. The living stars shone softly in unimaginable radiance. All faces were upturned. And then ... *The Lord approached His throne!*

Around Him shone the rainbow of promise, with all the glorious colors blended, until the whole of Heaven became suffused with the Holy Spectrum, and full of Life and power which was the office of each color to impart. These colors represented the perfection of His Nature and the fullness of the Divine Love and Wisdom which dwells in Him, the Lord of Life and Light.

On either side of Him were two heavenly mes-

sengers who serve Him in the inmost sanctuary of Heaven. Their faces glowed in holiness and love, and their raiment was purest white.

At last, I lifted up my eyes and looked upon the face of my Lord my blessed Lord the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world! His countenance was radiant with the Light that comes from the Glory of the Christ.

As I looked upon Him there, before me came the vision of the many times He had revealed Himself to me on the earth, as my Redeemer and Friend, assuring me that He would never leave me nor forsake me. Gazing upon the Son of God in all His Glory, my soul was filled with a great awe. I was thrilled with unspeakable happiness and peace. My heart overflowed with adoration for the Lord of Hosts, King of Glory, the gentle Christ—and I thought of what I had read in Revelation: “But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them Light: and they shall reign forever and ever. Behold, I come quickly: Blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.”

The melody increased until it seemed to fill all space. The angels chanted the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying: “Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints.”

I asked the angel—"Who is that beautiful, perfect Being with the Lord?" And the Angel answered—"She is Mary, the blessed Mother of Jesus, in her glorified condition, being clothed with the Sun, the Light and Life Giver. She represents Eve the Mother of all living beings, having obtained victory over the moon conditions, having placed them under her feet through the understanding of the Truth of her mission on earth. She became clothed with the Sun, or overshadowed by the Holy Spirit, which made it possible for her to be the pure channel to bring forth the body of Jesus through an immaculate conception; and who—being the product of enlightened understanding and wisdom—became worthy to be caught up to the throne of God."

All of this was said to me in lightning-like flashes of thought. I kept my eyes focused on the face of Jesus, as He stood between His Angels, with Mary beside Him. The light about us grew softer and lovelier still. The time was now at hand for services in the Divine Temple not made with hands.

The reverberating music became a soft refrain. The paeans of praise were changed into murmuring rhythm like far away echoes of song.

The radiant face of my Lord was turned toward me, and His beautiful, tender eyes gazed into mine. I knelt at His feet and lifted a fold of His robe to my lips. He smiled upon me, and I knew that my tears were falling, and I was also smiling. His Presence enfolded me like a garment, and I have felt it about me ever since.

His voice! How can I describe it? That exquisitely lovely, gentle voice! Every word could be heard, I knew, by all the millions gathered there. With rapt faces and softly shining eyes, they listened with their Souls.

He spoke as naturally as He must have talked to His disciples when on earth. There were no lowly ones and no exalted ones in that vast audience; all were equal. The mantle of His love lay upon all alike. His smile was for each and for all. Truth flowed from His lips. Peace lived in His Presence. Forgetting all else, the great throng listened as one being—listened until His voice died away. And then, there arose once more the lilting loveliness of angel voices and the music of the fountain could be heard again.

I did not know when our Lord left His throne I only knew that I had been drinking from the fountain of Divine Knowledge, and that I must take its waters back to earth in the brimming cup of my soul. No longer was I afraid of forgetting, for I knew that I could tap the source of memory at will. I had lost all count of time. So much had been said, and so much had happened.

Once more the angels assembled in groups, but it was plainly to be seen that the words of Jesus had stirred them so deeply that they sought quiet meditation instead of companionship.

The Angel led me to a seat under the trees, and then others joined us there. In the following pages, I will try to recount the wisdom unfolded to me in that fair garden of the blest. Many of the Great Ones of heaven came quietly and sat

with us, talking and teaching. These teachers were not inclined to have me repeat their words, giving them credit. Their only desire was *for the message to reach humanity*. So I shall give it as closely as possible in the form in which it was given to me.

I was told that the earth was about to put on immortality, and that our Lord Jesus Christ would return to claim and rule His Kingdom, as every government must rest upon His shoulders. Because of certain things that he said, I recognized John, the beloved disciple of Jesus; and Moses identified himself without mentioning his name. Many who talked to me were former inhabitants of the earth; philosophers, musicians, poets, statesmen, as well as many great souls of the world who had never received recognition there.

Always, my guardian Angel remained at my side, seeming pleased that so many others came to us with their offered wealth of wisdom; and he appeared to be gratified that I so eagerly gathered it all into my consciousness.

I said that I considered it strange that although Jesus, John, Moses and Elias, while still on earth, were carried in their spiritual bodies to this Celestial City in the Sun—yet that glorious City had not become a *reality* to the world. I was told that such happenings should not be considered supernatural, as they were in complete accord with both physical and spiritual laws of the Universe; and that eventually it would be an accepted fact that the Heavenly City lay in all its glory in the heart of the Sun, because as human-

ity progressed, more and more earth beings would be transported as I had been at the present time, and as others had been in the past. I was told that the mind of humanity had been slow to accept tangible, earthly things, from time immemorial; and that revelations of science and spiritual Truth had been unable to come into full manifestation quickly, because of the same slowness of undeveloped souls. This being the cause, it became the sacred duty of all who rose in consciousness and were given the blessed privileges now accorded to me, to spend the rest of their earthly lives in the work of awakening humanity to its own divinity and power, and its ultimate goal.

I looked at the panorama of living beauty unrolled before me. Lifting my hands full of jeweled pebbles and then letting them fall back in glittering beauty upon the terrace, I said: "Many will say that I have only dreamed. Others will declare that psychic visions came to me. Only a blessed few will say: 'I, too, have seen the Holy City. It is just as you have said.'" The angels smiled and nodded their bright heads. One of the teachers answered: "Give your message without thought of how it may be received. Sow the seeds of Truth. Even though some may fall on stony ground, others will find rich soil in human consciousness, and eventually will bear the ripened fruit of Truth."

After a short period of silence, he continued: "A new era is dawning on earth. Humanity is evolving in spirituality as never before. When man was compelled to struggle against the elements

and unknown dangers, ever fighting for bare physical existence, he was unable to turn his full attention to needs of the Spirit- But now he is being freed from the bonds of fear, and his soul will call to him for its heritage of development and joy; and he will answer that call by lifting his eyes from the dust and seeking to read God's Word as written by Him on the eternal pages of His Book of Creation. As the soul develops, it must be released from the time consuming routine of physical existence, so that it may have leisure and accumulate its store of power for the greater purpose of spiritual unfoldment. In this new day, that will be accomplished. Man will be born anew. It is *your* task to hasten this new birth of mankind, together with all other earthly teachers who have found God through Love and Service to His children on earth."

As I listened to the wonderful, thrilling voices of those consecrated ones who so freely and gladly poured forth the riches of their wisdom into the open chalice of my soul, the music of the fountain was as an accompaniment, rising and falling in notes of harmony such as we have never dreamed on earth. There was rhythmic movement everywhere in this glorious City whose living beauty seemed to breathe. The leaves of the trees and plants swayed gently. The flowers seemed to whisper to one another. In the distance, millions of angelic beings were busy in work or study or play. But even when the leaves and grasses and flowers showed no movement at all, they were strangely vital, as if filled with unlimited power of feeling and expression in growth.

At last, I found myself alone once more with my angel guide. A period of rest was welcome, although no weariness touched me in any way. There seemed to be no need of haste, but I sensed that much more awaited me, and so focused my attention on the glorious scene before me, that I might paint it in my mind in glowing colors that would never fade. Lying still and relaxing on the velvety grass, that was not crushed by my weight, and with the fountain's gentle spray playing upon my face—I recalled much of what I had learned on earth. And I knew that my task would be to *unlearn* many of those things mistakenly taught me as Truth. I thanked God for His wisdom in leading me to a great and wise teacher on earth. And I thanked Him that my soul had found its way from the lowlands of consciousness, and rising to the heights of spiritual understanding, had entered the Holy of Holies and heard the voice to my Lord.

I remembered how I had thrilled when "Science" proclaimed new findings; how eagerly I had pored over scores of written pages from the pens of "Masters;" how tirelessly I had sought knowledge from earthly sources, and how tragically my weary soul had faced the fact that all the beautiful pictures were but mirages in a desert of despair. And then, I remembered those rare times when the closed doors of the Spirit had opened wide, and I was led forth into the dazzling light of understanding, seeing life not as a little span of time but as an eternal flow of precious essence from God Himself.

Looking into the quiet face of the Angel by my side. I noticed that he was seemingly lost in thought. But soon he turned his eyes toward me as if trying to read my inmost heart. At last, he smiled, and said:

“Yes. it is true that the great scientists of the earth and of other planets are oftentimes misled through their own limitations, and so teach wrongly even though sincerely. However, it is far better for them to do research work that later must be corrected, than that they fall into mental apathy through idleness of mind.

“Only those who rise high enough spiritually to secure knowledge from the unpolluted Source, may lead humanity aright. Such leaders are few. The little children of your world look up to and reverence Ignorance, clothed in tinsel robes of make-believe. Bigotry and Intolerance walk proudly over the earth and smite with their unholy power all who would say them nay. While simple, unassuming Wisdom, seeking no adulation, waits quietly for heart-weary suppliants to find their way to her and seek of themselves those sparkling waters of pure knowledge from the hidden Spring of the Spirit.

“It is true that the dark ages have not yet passed from the earth. Humanity stumbles and strays and suffers, ever seeking and finding not. And all the while, there is the shining path that leads from grief to gladness, from pain to peace, from ignorance to knowledge; and the path lies before each Soul, waiting for his straying feet to find its haven at last. Into this path, your Soul

found its way long ago—but none may travel it with you save he who seeks and finds the path through his own desire and endeavor.”

“Are there imminent changes for the better?” I asked. He said: “Humanity is rising in consciousness daily. New leaders will come forward as needed and be used as instruments for man’s upliftment, inventing marvelous things, making new laws, blazing new ways.

“Electricity will be known as the Cosmic Force used by the Divine Creator for the making of all things and the governing of them in their relations to one another. It will be used by man with such wisdom and intelligence and knowledge, eventually, that he will find himself possessed of a power unlimited in its scope. And as his spiritual horizon broadens, he will find the hand of Divinity consciously in his, guiding him to undreamed-of accomplishments. So long as man walks in the narrow pathways of the flesh and materiality, he limits himself; but when he steps forth unafraid into the broad highways of the Spirit, he lets fall from his shoulders the dragging yoke of physical imperfections and weakness, and walks unhampered in his newly found Eden of power and perfection. Striding over the earth as a giant, his word will gather stardust from the sweep of the Milky Way, and fashion new spangles for the breast of the heavens.”

At a signal from the Angel, I arose and followed him, once more flying through the air as if to a definite goal. My attention was called to the River of Life ever flowing between flower border-

ed banks, and dimpling into branches and springs in the gardens of the lovely mansions. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb And on either side of the river, was there the trees of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

I marveled at the beauty and glory of it all, and knew that John and those others who had preceded me never could have expressed in words what it must have been in their hearts to say, even as I would strive in vain to picture the City of Heaven as it really is.

Because I was thinking so intently of John at this time, he appeared at my side and began talking with me. Among the things he said, I especially remember these:

"The teachings of Jesus were governed by love. It ran through all of his sayings like a golden thread through beads of pearl, binding them together in a shining strand—the holiest treasure of the ages. 'Love thy God with all thy heart . . . Love thy neighbor as thyself . . . Love thine enemies.' . . .

"Jesus Christ is the ruling Deity of the universe. Man's development and destiny are in His care. Giving the world a perfect example of life in the fullest and highest, was His mission of love; and now humanity is rising in spiritual consciousness and eventually will prepare His Kingdom for the rule of Love through Christ. Then

will He rejoice in His heart and be exceeding glad.”

He impressed upon me the importance of earth's schooling, saying that we should apply ourselves diligently to our lessons of self-control and patience and tolerance, ever striving to see beyond the lesson itself into the *reason* for the task set before us. And he said that earthly teachers should not fail to remember themselves as students also. I agreed with him, and he smiled upon me, and passed from sight again.

Seemingly without limit, the Holy City lay before me in its unimaginable splendor. Great and wise souls came, from time to time, as the Angel and I traveled from place to place, and they seemed anxious to pour forth their riches of knowledge. Always, when my mind dwelt on a thought or a question, there was immediate response from them. In like manner, I could define the thoughts of the Great Ones near me and answer without words. In answer to an unspoken question from one of these, regarding the effect my journey to the Celestial City was having upon me personally, I replied, mentally: “I know that all I am witnessing is the Eternal Truth. I know that God reigns over all His creation; that this glorious City of Heaven is His abiding place; that man is His beloved son, created in the Father's true image and likeness, with the power to rise in consciousness until he can live forever in his ultimate home in the Sun. I know that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the marvelous things

that God hath prepared for all who love Him and obey His Laws. And I know that my beloved Lord Jesus Christ reveals Himself to all who truly love and serve and follow Him, and that He will return to earth and claim His Kingdom there, even as has been prophesied. I know that this is REALITY! My soul is quickened to hear and see and feel as never before. Realizing that my work on earth is a sacred task yet unfinished, I am reconciled to return and be about my Father's business. In the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, I faithfully promise to transmit to others all knowledge and wisdom from all channels that shall be opened unto me."

He who had questioned me, smiled as I finished—and I knew that he was pleased with my answer. My ministering Angel continued with his discourse, which had been interrupted when others joined us. He said: "It will be unnecessary for you to give scientific data, when you return to earth. Others will be used for that purpose. You are an inspirational teacher and writer, and your work will be to gain the interest and attention of humanity, describing the Holy City and its location, revealing much of its philosophy, and yet avoiding controversy. The great Sun's electro-magnetic energy creates this delightful climate, never too warm nor too cold, where flowers of tropical beauty may bloom constantly and delicious fruits ripen in the warmth yet never become too ripe. On earth, in the near future, many wonders will be demonstrated through the use of electricity, the magical force of which humanity knows so

little today. And when this time comes, it will be easier for man to comprehend that the Sun is not hot, as has been taught in the past.”

As the Angel ceased speaking, an unuttered desire entered my mind. I wanted to see *myself*, separated from my physical body, and I wanted to know if my Soul in its state of new freedom and power could vision that inert body, without returning to earth. Immediately, I saw a vision of my Real Self standing about three feet above my physical body, which was still lying on the couch and seemed fast asleep. The Angel said:

“This body is your personality, the earthly instrument of your Soul. It represents the cross of matter, which the Soul must take up each day and carry wherever it goes; for without the cross of flesh the Soul could not manifest on earth. The Soul builds its own cross, and must, carry it alone, and take care of it until it is needed no longer. During the night, the Soul rebuilds the worn-out cells and tissues and bones, so that its house may be kept in repair.”

Then I said: “But what is this part of me that is so shining and bright?” The answer was: “It is your Soul, or Sun, that is created in the image and likeness of God, and which is birthless, changeless and deathless.”

The earthly vision faded. I heard again the music of the fountain and felt its spray on my face. The Angel continued speaking of the Soul. He said:

“The physical robe changes continually. The Soul never changes. It develops but it is always

the same Soul, a divine atom of Almighty God. When man becomes conscious of his own actual divinity in God, he will arise from his groveling in the dust and lift himself to the glowing heights of the Spirit, forever free from the prison of the flesh even though still on earth and functioning in physical body. His destiny is glorious beyond human conception. But only by graduating from the lower states of consciousness into the higher, the Christ consciousness, can he become attuned to Deity, and find himself indeed one with the Father. The materialists of earth can not remain materialists, for they must gain spiritual knowledge even against their will, and finally walk in the selfsame path the mystic treads in such joy of soul. Cults and creeds should not be condemned. They are needed by many as temporary guides; but when the soul receives its greater sight, it walks alone without need of such guidance.

"The most important thing for man to know is that he is an immortal being, and that the loss of a physical body does not deter the soul in its schooling, for the Great Teacher gives His lessons everywhere, according to His will and the student's need. When a great genius dwells no more in his visible raiment of sand and star dust, the flame is not extinguished but burns more brightly still, in another urn, on another altar. Nothing great nor beautiful nor pure is lost, in all eternity."

I thought of the wonderful earth as a great school, where the Father's beloved children were given their tasks in order for them to learn wisdom according to their ability to learn. If only

all humanity could vision themselves in this way! How futile would seem the strivings to satisfy ambition, the heart breaking efforts to accumulate wealth. How beautiful would be the homely tasks of every day, how sacred would be the heart's dreams of Love and Faith and Truth.

Our churches of earth would open wide their doors and never close them again. They would become the busiest centers of the cities and towns, where the problems of souls would be solved in the ever shining Light of Truth. Our ministers would be shepherds indeed, patterning after the Great Shepherd, Jesus Christ.

Lovers would build their love on the foundation of purity and joy, and walk together under the star-strung heavens with no fear in their hearts.

And there would be no mourning for those who only go ahead for a little while.

The Angel said: "There will be many changes on earth, in the near future—in both business and religious life. Originally, as first given by the founders, the teachings of the majority of the religious movements on earth were purely and beautifully spiritual. For all who were ready to receive such sacred knowledge, they contained the Divine Wisdom as interpreted from the higher sphere; but man, in his limited understanding and visions of Truth, caused the true teachings to be crystalized around and into lifeless ceremonies. Those who were chosen to reveal the truth, simply and unselfishly, were exalted to high places, and the inner meaning of the spiritual message has

been lost in personal worship of the message bearers. For example, so much of the personal has entered into the teachings of Jesus, that the Christ has been submerged in objective manifestations. Therefore, the Christ has been dethroned, under all the religious systems, through *exaltation of the personal*.

"In the spiritual mysteries of the Egyptians and the early Greeks and the ancient Hebrews, and in the revelations given through Jesus of Nazareth—the misled and mistaken followers took the sign for the thing signified, burying the inner meaning in the outer symbol. In this manner, they took the personality of Jesus to be the Christ, the Divine Sun Himself. Thus, the failure to achieve the sublime end for which Jesus strove.

"This is the great danger of the present time, which must be guarded against. This can be accomplished only through understanding of the true nature of the coming of the Lord. Christ, the ever Blessed One, is not a man, although in a potential sense He is in every soul. He is not personal, although human souls have been and may be spoken of as *individualizations* of Him. He must be thought of impersonally, for the soul is impersonal though individual also—the microcosm is even as the macrocosm.

"Nor is the Logos or Adonai a man, though in reality He has part in every human soul system. He is ever like the Unmanifest One, of whom He is the manifest, the image of the Invisible and the blessed Potentate of the glorious universe . . . He overshadows the soul, but He is never a man.

He is always transcendently greater than the one filled with the Christ Consciousness. The Christ is not a man. When a human being attains the Christed Consciousness, as did Jesus at His baptism, he is filled and illumined from the Eternal Christ, the Adonai or Logos. It is not the personality who is the Christ, but the soul or sun of God, who has attained to the state of consciousness of the indwelling Divine Presence and the overshadowing of the Highest, or Holy Spirit. When one reaches that state of consciousness all things personal, national and racial are transcended for the Christ or universal Consciousness. It is the state of consciousness that relates the soul *knowingly* to the Kingdom of Heaven; for then, it is the Father within that speaks, and it is He who doeth the works.

"Christ cannot receive the worship of humanity. His work is to direct all souls unto the Father, and to reveal Him, calling souls to reverence, honor and serve Him. The soul must worship God alone. It was not the personality of Jesus which was the Christ and the Lord, but the soul or sun in the glorious states of consciousness, which these terms represented. He was in the Jesus state of consciousness because His life was so pure and full of Divine Love. He was in the Christ Consciousness because His innermost life was illumined from the Eternal Light, the Radiance of the Eternal Father within Him. Also, Jesus was crowned with the glorious consciousness of the overshadowing and indwelling of the Lord, the Adonai, the Logos. The sublime teachings of Jesus

were brought down from the highest spiritual plane, to which they belonged, to the lower, earthly plane.

"The teachings of Jesus of Nazareth must again be given to the world by those willing to be as Jesus was. Their mission must be to heal the sick, to lift souls up into the redeemed life, the life of purity and love. On earth, there are many great souls, illumined from the Divine Presence within, whose work will be to lead all who are able to follow the path of Christhood, the path to Regeneration. There will be many consecrated teachers, having the consciousness of the Divine Overshadowing, who will have the mission to bring out of all lands and peoples the scattered remnants of those great souls who were known as 'the Sons of God,' and known at this time as 'the true Israel,' that those souls may again enter into their glorious inheritance, becoming teachers and leaders to the nations, guiding them in the way of Divine Love and Wisdom from the inner spheres of thought and realization. These will be the most advanced teachers on the physical plane. Some are with you now, and there will be many more. Some of these teachers may appear to be higher than others, because of the nature of their ministry, but there are neither high nor low in the Kingdom. All teachers sent forth from God are one in spirit and in love, one in heart and in service. They are but the vehicles of manifestation given through them. He Who is the Greatest, even the Eternal One, is servant of all souls, and all teachers are only His servants."

The voice of the Angel ceased, but it seemed to me that my soul still drank from the brimming cup of his wisdom. I thought of the earth and wanted to cradle it in my arms, yearning over its griefs as a mother holding a hurt child to her breast. So simply could all the problems be solved, so quickly could all the wounds be healed! But the sick world cries out in its troubled dreams, yet will not awaken and walk in the Light of the Spirit.

"Tell me," I said to the Angel, "tell me about the coming of the Lord. The distress of the world lies upon my heart, even in heaven. Give me some definite word to take to the suffering ones of earth. Give me hope to take to them. I will return and give my whole life to service, as I have done in the past. But I know that the clouds of war are lowering everywhere; men, made in the image of Almighty God, are marking themselves with the brand of Cain. Little children are being robbed of their childhood, made to labor beyond their strength that greedy ones may profit. Hate and despair are filling the world with madness. Oh, let me do my part to lead it back to sanity and peace. Give me wisdom! Give me strength! Send me back with something so substantial to give that the world *must* heed my voice. Mankind is stumbling in the dark. Only the Christ can lead them unto the light. WHEN WILL HE RETURN?" And the Angel answered:

"The second coming of the Lord has *already taken place* on earth, coming even as a thief in the night, as the Master said. It came when no man was aware, in a manner wholly unlooked for. For,

behold, I say unto you that it has come to the planet *in the approach of the angelic world to the earth planes to communicate with every soul able to arise in spiritual consciousness and receive the very life-stream of the Father-Mother God that is being poured out from heaven upon all the planes of earth.* Only the older souls upon the earth, unto whom it has been given to understand these events now being discovered, are able to receive this truth at present. The great change which is now taking place in the social, national and religious life of the nations, is not only a preparation for the coming of the Lord—*it is the first result of that coming,* in the manifestation of the planet's being overshadowed, through the approach of the angelic world to encompass it."

Into the glorified face of the Angel came such beauty that I could not turn my eyes away. I saw what humanity should be, what it can be, what it *is to be.* And I knew that a ministering Angel was eager to guard and guide every soul on earth, as I was guarded and guided by the holy Angel at my side. A great weight seemed to fall from me. Taking my hand in his, the Angel said—"Come!" Once again, we flew through seemingly unlimited space, until at last we came to rest at the very crest of a great mountain. It seemed impossible to believe that any spot in all creation could be barred from the radiance that flowed from that Unseen Presence I knew to be God. His smile lay upon the mountains and the valleys, His voice sang in the waters and breathed in the air. His

beauty lived in the flowers and the trees. All space received Him, all time encompassed Him.

I could not speak for the rapture that possessed me. And then—I looked where the Angel directed. From the very heart of heaven, down through all the heavenly planes, the mental planes, the astral planes, even to the earth—thronged of glorious beings made a *great white way*.

“See,” said the Angel, “the path is before you that leads from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth. It is ever thronged with angels, preparing for the return of the rightful King, who is to rule the earth! Herald His Truth to all who will hear. The time is at hand when the old order of things shall be no more. But first there must be the shaking of the earth to its foundation, and breaking of all the hard and cruel conditions of man’s nature, even as though some spiritual earthquake were taking place. Man must awaken to the realization of his oneness with his Creator and must find his place in the Father’s house, that he may be counted worthy to be called a Sun of God when the manifestation of the Divine Presence takes place, appearing upon the clouds of the heavens as the Lord of Righteousness. Behold, I say unto you, that the Christ hath once more appeared unto all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Many cannot yet realize the changed spiritual conditions coming upon men and women, the opening of the heavens unto so many souls, and the illumination given to those who are ready to enter into the Marriage Feast of the Soul, through consciousness of the Divine Overshadow-

ing and Indwelling Presence of the Lord, the King of Glory, the Ever-Blessed One, whose Love is the Source of all Being and the Radiance of all souls.

"It was the Lord who overshadowed the Soul of Jesus, and it was that same Divine Father overshadowing the earth planet, through the encompassing of it by His Presence. It is His Holy Presence, within the soul's sanctuary, that constitutes the *Christed Consciousness, or the return of Christ to His Temple*. The chords of Love triumphant are being struck everywhere. The music of the heavens is penetrating all souls, at-tuning them, that all may find Harmony Divine.

"This is taking place in heaven and on earth—now, for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Your work is planned for you. You have been shown the Celestial City of God, that you may return to earth and teach humanity TRUTH. The way will be hard and many difficulties will beset you, but you will take your message to all parts of the earth; and when your sacred task is finished, you will find your shining palace awaiting you, with your beloved to welcome you there. He will meet you in the fragrant garden, and enter with you through the beautiful door of Love.

"Look once more at the Blessed City, my child, for this hour must you return to earth. To all the world, you must tell what you have seen and heard. You will remember as you have need of remembrance. You will be upheld and guided every step of the way. The blessings of the Father, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of all the angels of Heaven—will follow you . . . forever!"

The scene faded. The voice of the Angel was stilled. The music died away.

Once more imprisoned in a body of flesh, I arose from my couch and gazed upon the familiar surroundings of my earthly home. I do not know exactly how long I was away, but it must have been at least nine hours. In my household, orders are given that I must not be disturbed until I give the word, so no one had come to my door during the morning. It was almost noon when I went downstairs. I felt unusually refreshed, as though I could never feel weariness again. And, strange as it may seem, this actually has been the case. *I have never felt a touch of weariness since that time!*

Ceaselessly, I have written and lectured and taught, seeking to give my message according to my promise. These pages have been written almost without an intermission. The words have come faster than my hands could pen them. My work is before me, and I have no fear.

So long as I live on earth, I will bear witness to the sacred teachings of those who gave me of their wisdom in the City of the Sun. It is a *real* City! And it is just as I have described it herein. To no one are its gates barred or its doors locked, for all of us its shining mansions await.

The ultimate goal of humanity is perfection, at-one-ment with our Father-Mother God; and realization of our *inheritance of divinity is the first* step toward that perfection and at-one-ment. Just so long as we walk sorrowfully with down cast eyes that see only, the dust, we retard our soul-

progress. But when we lift our eyes to the stars that are like silver blossoms in the glorious gardens of the sky, and when we strain toward their beauty and attune ourselves to their rhythmic breathing, *knowing* that all the universe is but the visible expression of the Creator of all—then, indeed, do we sense God in the silence and see His face and hear His voice, and walk forevermore in the sunlight of His smile.

When we turn our steps from the money-marts of the world and seek quiet places where the Soul may set aside its armor and be as a little child in simplicity and joy, the peace of the Holy City overshadows us, and we can almost hear the flutter of radiant wings.

When the Soul awakes from its sorrowful *dream of separation*, there is no more wandering in weariness and doubt, for the pathway is as clear as if illumined with a magic light.

We are building *now* for eternity. Let us learn to use our tools as artisans. Let us forget differences of race and creed, and recognize our common brotherhood. Only when we learn to understand and love one another, can we love and understand God.

Jesus gave us the example of a perfect life, by living on the earth among men, under all the trials and sorrows of humanity; and He gave us clear and explicit rules and precepts as guides, by which we may live a perfect earthly life in accordance with Divine Wisdom and Justice and Love. Let us study His teachings with a new understanding. He asked no impossible things of us. It is only

because we have wandered into the mystic maze of earthly desires, that the simple beauty of His words and their inner meanings so often escape us. But as we rise in consciousness, intuitive powers develop within us and then we see beyond mortal sight, and hear beyond mortal hearing.

The marvelous thing that has happened to me is not some strange, unnatural experience, but something that may come to any one of the Father's children, on earth or any other planet. The Holy City is a real City, beautiful and glorious beyond description. But its pearly gates are closed to us until we create our own homes there, through living as Jesus taught.

The Spirit is not limited by time and space and environment. Its wings are unbound, and it may forever go whither it shall desire and will. But man is a trinity of body, mind and Spirit, and must conquer the body and the mind first of all in this school of human life. If there were not necessary lessons for our souls to learn on earth, we would not be here. The Great Teacher has planned everything for our development. We have only to *live* here *now* as our Lord Jesus Christ portrayed the perfect life, and then there will be no more hard lessons for us to learn.

The time has come when we must be a *united humanity*, no longer thinking of God as One afar off, but as the Father of Infinite Love, guiding us always, loving us always, enthroned within our hearts. Through millions of centuries, in millions of worlds, the Wisdom of the Creator has worked unceasingly for the good of His creations. We,

being the highest of all, next to the angels—surely must draw nearer and nearer to Him as our souls break their fetters of selfishness and greed and fear, and rise from the mire of earthliness, free from all imperfection and stain.

Together we must rise. Those who are strong must help the weak ones on the path. We must build perfect, healthy bodies. We must train our brains to think and our hearts to feel. Always, guidance will be given whenever it is needed. There is no limit to our accomplishment if we follow Christ, Who leads the way.

God's greatest gift to the world is His only begotten "Sun," Jesus the Christ, the Redeemer of Israel, which is neither Jew nor Gentile, for all those having the Spirit of Christ (Truth) have the Gift of God, that is Christ, by which the Body of Jesus Christ is identified. This Body is made up of many members of the One Body, just as the hand is a member of the same body as the foot; for Jesus represented humanity, the "Son of Man," which Christ came to save.

All who would attain the highest state of consciousness must be zealous to be of true service to God and humanity. Jesus is, as it were, an individual cell in the body of humanity. In one sense, He is not only a part of, but is *one with* the body of humanity, in that He is united to the whole body of mankind vitally. Thus, by fixing the inner consciousness upon Jesus the Christ, *feeling* divine at-one-ment with Him, and being quietly receptive to the influence of His Presence, we may become inspired to live the Christ life and enter

into the path that leads at last to the ultimate destiny of God-likeness, for which we were created.

In this message I have endeavored to create new ideals of man's future life and give it a habitation and a definite place. I have striven to portray all that was shown to me, and much that was told to me, when my Soul found its way to the Holy City of God. All the rest of my life will be given to the spreading of the sacred message that sings forever in my Soul.

It may be that I shall be taken again to the Holy City. I do not know. But its glorious reality will remain with me always. As I travel from country to country, as I have done so often before, those familiar scenes will not be more real to me than the shining streets and jeweled terraces of the City of the Sun.

As I breathe the pure air into my lungs, I know that I am breathing in living atoms straight from the Sun, because the Sun is the electrical generator of our universe, obeying God's command to send its vital, invisible currents of power to all living things. Let us then breathe deeply and joyously, absorbing radiance straight from God, ever seeking to walk in the Light of the Spirit, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Here on earth, we may so live that heaven's happiness can be ours *now*. It is the selfishness and greed of man that must be conquered, first of all. Just so long as men and women live selfishly in their daily lives, the nations will seek to conquer and destroy one another. Even as I write,

with the very harmonies of heaven still ringing through my heart, I know that the monster War is fitting on his armor, eager to drink human agony and blood as the drunkard drinks wine.

Even in America, the richest and most powerful country in the world, selfishness and greed reign supreme. Helpless men and women see their children battle with hunger and disease, while millionaires and multimillionaires pile up more and more wealth. There are bread lines, with not enough bread to stave off starvation. There are repulsive slums, crowded with poor humans who finally cannot pay for even shelter, and must lie in the public parks.

Is it any wonder that our prisons overflow with so-called criminals? Is it any wonder that our insane asylums are not sufficient to house the broken of brain?

With everything to make earth into a heaven, the whole world is in the throes of grief and pain and fear, seeking every way out but the right way, the simple way, the Christ way—the way of Love.

In the City of the Sun, the Christ principles are obeyed joyfully and eagerly. Every heart is filled with love, every Soul knows peace and joy. To each being is awarded a home of his own creating, which cannot be taken from him in all eternity. No needy ones beg alms from door to door. No suffering ones seek refuge in hospitals to conquer the ravages of pain. Every face radiates love, every heart beats to the rhythm of happiness supreme. It is all natural, unstrained, spontaneous

and true. Even so should it be here on earth. Only selfishness and greed stand in the way.

Let us examine our own hearts. Must we wade through rivers of blood to learn that War settles nothing? There can be no "War to end War." It is self that must be conquered, not some "enemy" of our own or an alien land. The real enemy is the spirit of selfishness, the spirit of greed, possessing human hearts.

Spiritual development is an individual thing. Even Christ Himself could only show the way. It rests with each one of us to study His teachings and follow Him of our own desire. God does not *compel* us to rise from the mire of worldliness. He swings His planets rhythmically in infinite space, and floods all of creation with the electrical glory of suns and stars. But the tiniest flower that lifts its face to the dew is given His tender care, and is an important, vital part of the Whole.

It is the idea of separate-ness that keeps humanity divided, and makes nation destroy nation. As the individual develops his spiritual forces that have been lying dormant within him, he realizes that he is one with all humanity, and one with Christ—in God. No longer does he see with clouded eyes. His vision is of the Spirit instead of the flesh, and he feels the heart throb of the whole world in the beating of his own heart. The plan of another is his plan. The joy of another is his. The plan of his life widens and widens, until it encompasses the well being of his brother next door, and then in the next city and town, the

next country, the next world—all other worlds, forevermore.

The dawn of a new day approaches. The night of past ignorance must give way before it. This earth is being prepared for immortality, and all who do not make themselves ready for the new dispensation of spirituality instead of materiality, will be sent away to work out their destination on other planets. The immutable law of sowing and reaping in kind, cannot be tempered to mercy by all the gold of the world heaped mountain high.

The way is clear before us. Why do we falter so?

Is it not glorious to know that our Father-Mother God created us to be like Him? If we but clear our altars of the world's idols, we shall find them heaped with the flowers of immortal love and joy. Our feet will stumble no more, if once we guide them into the path of peace. Our hearts will drink from the fountain of eternal happiness, if we but cease draining the bitter draught of worldly strain.

Jesus came to us as an Elder Brother, giving us all the knowledge and guidance we shall ever need. And He will return to us and rule the earth with His Love and His Truth.

How shall we prepare for His coming?

All peoples of the world must turn from the darkness of ignorance to the light of spiritual knowledge.. Nations must find themselves so closely allied in brotherly love that there will be no need of armament, ever again. The strong must lift the weak if they stumble and fall. Poverty must

be wiped out wisely with the power of unselfish love.

When all of this is done, the King of Kings will reign in every heart, and heaven will extend itself to enfold the earth.

We are one family, children of the One Father. Let us work and dream together. In the universal language of the Spirit, let us understand one another, for understanding brings love.

I have struggled and suffered, even as you have done. I have known loss, as you have known it. I have known pain and despair, even as you. And I have loved and dreamed, as you have loved and dreamed. Whatever language you may speak, it is my language too. Wherever you may go, there must I go also. For we are as one. And wherever we go, there is God, beside us, above us, below us, within us.

If the path be made dear to me, so must it be made dear to you. The very gates of heaven quiver and open wide when the hand of love is laid upon them. The Father of us all overshadows us with His care, however far we seek to wander in the dark away from Him. Knowledge is power. Let us light our life's torches from its flame and flood the world with glory.

The road that leads to the happiness of heaven is a wide, bright road, broad enough for us all. Let us enter it together.

In the City of the Sun, Divine Love governs all creation. The very flowers of heaven bloom for us in beauty and fragrance, as though we already were there. The spray of the fountain sings to us

in our dreams, and our Souls drink from the sparkling River of Life as we rest in sleep. The angels guard and guide us, by night and by day. The Great Plan unfolds as God ordained from the beginning, and its pattern is Life's story written in Beauty and music and Song, the living Beauty of Service, the Music of creation's wordless prayer, the Song of pure, unselfish Love.

Love must be wise as well as tender. It must lift and guide the weak, but not carry nor compel.

Many times, in their impulsive zeal to rise to spiritual heights, very earnest souls make the mistake of lifting all burdening responsibility from those weaker than themselves. This kind of assistance is unwise. Not only does it create unnecessary strain upon the helper, but it retards the development of the one who is relieved of his fair share of responsibility. Each must carry his own portion. Only so may he develop his spiritual forces as it is meant for him to do. Love your brother enough not to hold him back through encouraging him to remain weak. Lift him when he falls, by all means, but inspire him to walk unaided as quickly as possible. Our Human relationship must be directed into channels of wisdom and held there, irrespective of pity or negative sympathy. As dearly as the Divine *Father* loves *us*, He allows us to know struggle and strain and pain, just so long as such experiences are necessary for our development.

In the teachings of Jesus Christ, humanity has been given *the perfect foundation stones* on which to build the structure of a happy and successful

life, and He has placed in our hands *the golden* keys that unlock every treasure chest of the Spirit. But we are left free to use defective foundation stones if we desire to experiment at our own risk, and we are free to try to fit divers keys with or without avail. Finally, however, after the waste of many years or countless incarnations, we must come to the full realization that *His guidance* is the only answer to the Soul's prayer for happiness and peace. The sooner we reach this point, the more quickly will the Soul cease following will-o'-the-wisps, and know that the unwavering Light of Truth is the Light that leads humanity from the darkness ignorance and misunderstanding into the glorious knowledge of God's perfect plan for His children.

We can weave into the fabric of our earthly lives all the beauty and glory of heaven, if we but make the threads of our daily acts and desires into the rainbow-colored loveliness of spiritual aspirations and dreams.

While I was a guest of angels in the City of the Sun, this fact was especially stressed—that we need not *wait* for the manifestation of heaven, but may become magnets to attract to ourselves, here and now, all the heavenly attributes for which the Soul longs. The price we must pay is not a heavy one. If we wilfully blunder along through the fears, trying to find our way from the darkness into the light, without using the Christ Principles that are freely given to us if we but ask for them we find ourselves seemingly lost in unfathomable shadows of grief and despair. But if we

obey the "still, small voice," and unceasingly seek, the path in which the Great Master walked while on earth, we shall see His invisible footprints at last, and follow them joyfully for all the rest of our life.

Many who desire to walk in the path have the mistaken impression that they cannot do so unless they isolate themselves. This is not the truth. It is while we do our daily tasks, meeting our fellow beings in business and pleasure and sorrow, that we develop our spiritual knowledge and strength to the utmost. When we learn to conquer temptation, in whatever guise it may appear before us; when we meet sorrow and loss and pain on every side, and yet keep faith alive in the heart; when we fall, only to rise again in new courage and strength; when we feel our kinship with all Life, everywhere; when death becomes a name, a fleeting shadow to obscure the radiance of the Sun but a moment of Time: *it is then that we knowingly contact God!*

Cosmic Consciousness comes from constant communication with the Christ Spirit. It dawns upon the Soul in a burst of glory, often after the darkest night of sorrow. And when it does come, the Soul expands until the farthest star is a part of it, and the song of the sea is as the Soul's own song, and every flower that blooms is a fragrant offering on the Soul's altar, and every other Soul ever created or to be created, is the dearly beloved comrade and brother of that awakened Soul.

If we could but know in early life what such consciousness really is! But we are taught the

things of the world, almost to the exclusion of spiritual knowledge.

But the old order must give way to the new. Spiritual teachings must come first in importance. The bodies of our children must be cared for scientifically, so that the temple of the Spirit may have a fitting abiding place. Young mothers must be given courses in dietetics, and child training, and home making, and self culture. The State must consider human beings a sacred charge.

There is no need for poverty. There is no excuse for political machines that grind out corruption on every hand. Civilization that still countenances such things is but a mockery of the name.

The Philosophy of Heaven that was given to me so clearly and beautifully, and which I have tried to give to humanity even as it was revealed to me—should also be the Philosophy of Earth. It is not an impractical dream, but a substantial reality, this Divine Philosophy of Heaven, to be used in our daily life on earth.'

We have only to weed out the many unimportant things that we have cultivated so zealously, and in their place plant as directed by the Master Jesus. We have only to select our foundation stones with wisdom and care, as so clearly set forth by Him, and use the shining keys of love and truth to unlock every door of Spiritual unfoldment and joy.

Just as we must learn an alphabet of some language first of all, and then learn to spell simple words and make uncomplicated sentences, before we can enter the University and comprehend its

studies—so must we enter kindergarten spiritually, and then progress grade by grade, before the Soul can take its rightful place in the University of Spiritual Life.

The path broadens and brightens as we progress, until at last the whole of creation seems flooded with radiance and beauty. The spiritual centers unfold, one by one, and clear vision and clear hearing and intuitional understanding take the place of the old dim vision and imperfect hearing and blundering action. We live in a new world henceforth. Trials may come, but the newly acquired sight causes them to be welcomed as lessons from the All-Wise Teacher. Seeming losses may take place, but the awakened Soul does not falter.

Christ said: "In my Father's house are many mansions." He also said: "I go to prepare a place for you."

Having seen those mansions in all their wonder and beauty, having walked in heavenly gardens, side by side with God's angels, hearing their voices and touching their hands—I long with all my Soul to impart to others the marvelous feeling of security and happiness that has come to me. Perfect realization can only come to those who develop their spiritual powers through constant practice of Christ Principles.

There is no quick and easy way to become enlightened. The Soul attains its higher consciousness by traveling in many different roads. At times, it is through our errors that we learn the most valuable lessons. When we take the wrong path

either wilfully or ignorantly, and then profit from the experience by changing our direction according to the dictates of newly acquired wisdom, we find ourselves stronger than ever before.

There are definite steps that must be taken to reach the goal of realization. First, concentration. Not straining to keep the conscious mind at a given point, but the elastic concentration of the mind that allows all phases of a subject to come forth for examination and acceptance or rejection. Second, meditation. Do not strive to stop thinking about outside things when preparing for meditation after the exercise in concentration. Sit as quietly as possible, free from all physical strain. Center the conscious mind on the chosen thought. For example, let us use the quotation: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Ask yourself the meaning of the words. Do not worry or feel frustrated if alien thoughts race through the corridors of your mind. They are only boisterous children seeking attention. Ignore them. They will pass, leaving the pool of the mind cool and still. Close the physical eyes so that the spiritual insight may be unhampered by confusion of visible things.

Meditation opens the passageways for realization, which finally flows into the consciousness through the unobstructed channels of thought. Thereafter, words are no longer essential. However, they are necessary at first; for words set into action certain mind vibrations; those vibrations set into motion certain spiritual feelings; the aroused spiritual feelings quicken divine forces

lying dormant. At last, the Real Self, the Soul takes charge. The inner, greater self conquers the outer, personal self that we have known.

Do not confuse the personal self with the eternal, Real Self. Practice the art of attaining this wider and deeper consciousness of the Higher Self. Picture yourself as the physical personality, going about its daily affairs automatically—known by a certain name, living in a certain country, speaking the language of that country, subscribing to that country's prejudices and just or unjust laws.

And then—think of that other, that Real Self, beyond and above the physical, changing self, yet contacting and absorbing that self. Think upon infinitude of time and space. Have no fear. *Let go!* Cut all the fetters of limitation with the clean sharpness of mental power. Shatter the prison bars of race consciousness. Be free! You are not small and weak and helpless, for you are as big as creation and as old as time. Believe this in the very depths of your consciousness. Affirm it in all sincerity and faith. Hold it to you as a garment of glory, trailing its shining beauty from star to star.

Rest spiritually, deep in the ocean of feeling and understanding. Remember that it is only on the surface that the sea is restless. Ships are wrecked on the face of the waters, but there are no breakers in the depths. When the Soul forsakes the surface consciousness where clamor and confusion reign, it finds peace and safety in the depths of super-consciousness, enfolded in Arms Divine.

It is the Soul thus wholly awakened to whom

comes the Voice of Voices, and to whose clear-seeing eyes is given the vision of the Beloved.

Man is God individualized. When he learns to use the transcendent powers of Cosmic Intelligence, there will be no more darkness, for the shining Torch of Knowledge will send its flame always in his path, and he will walk and talk with angels once again.

The super-conscious Mind, with the resultant states of consciousness, is a place of refuge for us all. The Life Power of the Universe and the Cosmic Mind is ever with us. It reaches to the utmost bounds of Infinity. North, South, East, West—there is no limit. And through it our various incarnations are strung like pearls on a platinum wire. Each incarnation has its own individual contact with the Eternal Life of the Absolute. Shall our pearls of this life be small and defective, or shall they be large and perfect, and of "great price?" This life is ours, for us to make of it whatever we desire. We can skip a dozen grades, or a thousand grades, at will. And we can bring remembrance from past ages, that we may profit by those experiences, here and now.

That is what Jesus meant when He said: "The Spirit will bring all things to your remembrance." All the past will be revealed to us through union with the Cosmic Mind. And through this same divine union, we can visit other spheres, while yet in the earthly body, returning to our world to share our knowledge with others who have not yet found the Way.

Man is not material. He is not flesh, but spirit;

and at his center ever burns the flame that links him with the One Infinite Mind. And that Mind is ours *now*. We do not have to wait until the next year, or the next hour, or even until the next day. When the consciousness expands into full Realization, the phenomenon takes place instantaneously: Man-mind and God-Mind flow together as One.

Dominion is the birthright of mankind. For that we were created; for that we were made in the Image of the Eternal.

If our creations are to stand the shock of time and abide through eternity as perfect expressions of us, then we must build on the solid foundations of Cosmic Law. And yet, we carelessly select the crumbling bricks and stones of earthly ideas, and seek to build with them shining castles of the Spirit.

The foolish nations of the earth believe they can create lasting civilizations on the shifting sands of personality, material wealth, and limitations; yet history proves that only those who build in harmony with Divine Law can escape destruction.

As the old order passes and the new takes its place, the nations as well as the individuals will rise to a higher consciousness.

What, then, are our real needs today—the wants of the heart and not merely of the body? We all need wisdom, understanding, knowledge, courage, daring, health, peace. These are the greatest things in life for without them happiness and success cannot be ours. When we learn to

count our riches in terms of joy, strength, love, and the many blessings of ordinary daily life, we shall enter into the Kingdom that is Eternal, and there shall abide forever.

Some day, the whole race will awaken to these seemingly stupendous truths. Some day, all humanity will believe and *know*. And then we shall dare to work miracles as Jesus did. For He has sent forth His Spirit, His Power, His Life into this planet, and into each human heart and mind, and into earth soul. When we become thoroughly awake to this great truth, then we shall be reborn into the Divine and the Eternal, and we shall know our Real Selves, our infinite capacity to do and to be and to express. With this rebirth, we shall know that we are, in the Reality of our Mind—one with the Infinite Mind Itself.

No inspired and earnest worker in the Temple of Humanity ever works for himself alone. He labors for the good of the whole. When we come fully into the realization that we are all of us bound in the same River of Life—we shall learn to live in harmony with that Principle; for it is the selfsame Life functioning in and through the composite body of humanity.

We are all together in the Body of the Spirit. Those who know the Truth, know that there is a golden thread of Life which unites us all to the Cosmic Body of the Logos, or Christ. This is the silken cord that nothing can ever break, for it unites the soul and mind of mankind with the Holy Spirit of the Father-Mother God.

A great mystic declared—"One moment with

Christ (the Eternal Self) is of more worth than ten thousand worlds." As I write, my Soul hears again that beloved Voice ringing over the vast multitude of angels assembled in the auditorium of the Holy City; and the song of the fountain comes to me in music, so haunting and sweet, that I can almost feel its fragrant spray on my face. "One moment with Christ!"

This great glory came to me, not for myself alone, but to share with others.

Heaven is not a shadowy human dream. It is a *glorious reality!*

Its streets are substantial under our feet. Its flowers grow and bloom and give fragrance to the air, just as earthly flowers do. The angels meet us there and guide and teach us in wisdom and love. Our loved ones will find us there at last, in the blessed reunion of our hearts' dreams. Their hands will not be shadowy hands, whose caresses we cannot feel in the old way. Every deep feeling that we had on earth will be intensified. The dross will be gone, but the shining purity will remain forever.

In the very heart of the Sun, the City of God lies smiling!

The stairway that leads from earth to heaven is not hard to climb. We are helped every step of the way. Unseen angels lift us if we fall, and comfort us when we grieve. Not one human being shall be missing in the Divine Circle of Love at its completion.

Through all the countless ages of the past, inspired teachers and prophets have been sent to

us. And they will come again and again and again, until all humanity shall find the glorious path that leads to life everlasting, in Christ, with God.

A new page is being turned in the Book, of Life. Let us read it with spiritual understanding. Only so may its message reach us in purity and power. The mystic centers within us are unfolding; and we who have seen but dimly in the past, will behold new glories everywhere.

There are no barriers between man and God, save those of man's own making. The time has come for the destruction of all such barriers through soul enlightenment.

Together we have wandered in the darkness of ignorance, suffering and striving together. And it is together that we must rise from the darkness into the Light.

As the flower and its fragrance are blended, as the Sun and its glow are fused—so is man an inseparable part of the Divine Creator. Creeds and dogmas dissolve as mist before the sun, when the Spirit of Truth shines in its fullness upon them.

Beloved children of the One Father, we must become eternally *conscious* of our common brotherhood. Here on earth, we must build our heavenly mansions with the spiritual materials created by unselfish acts and all-embracing love. Here on earth, our souls must know resurrection from worldly limitations into the glory of infinitude.

We must cast aside our foolish burdens of fear and hate and jealousy and pride. We cannot climb to the heights while they weigh us down. As

individuals, and as nations, we must seek the happiness of *all*, the good of *all*, above human self.

He who receives the Torch of Truth must carry it forward in steady hands, letting its flame flood the darkened paths of those in need of light. And we must blame not those who mistakenly stumble into wrong ways. They are only where we once were in development. Our light must shine upon them, even though it be ignored.

Whatever of Truth shall be received by the one, must be freely shared with all.

In the City of the Sun, the Law of Love is supreme. Every being there is of equal importance with all other beings. There are no high ones, and no lowly ones, in the sight of God. All of us are His, and He belongs unreservedly to us all.

Jesus Christ lives in the Holy City and rules it in Wisdom and in Love, as eventually He will rule this earth. Let us prepare for His coming. On the cleansed altars of our hearts, let us place offerings of purest love. Let us so live that He will enter into the holy of holies of each Soul, here and now. So must He come to us first, as the Beloved Guest for Whom we have prepared Love's feast.

As it is in heaven, so must it be on earth. The far-flaming glory of the Sun that reaches every part of our earth, is the very essence of Life. The flowers drink it in and smile their thanks in fragrance and beauty. It is a gift without price, flowing through space to us from the very throne of God.

Humanity has stumbled slowly and painfully, through countless ages of the past. But at last the time has come when darkness must give way to light. The philosophy of earth has been tried and found untrue. Its robes of pomp and power have fallen into a ragged heap in the dust at our feet, torn and soiled beyond repair.

Let us lift our eyes and read the handwriting of Truth on the new page before us.

Let us turn our hearts from sorrow to joy, and attune our awakened Souls to the perfect, transcendently beautiful Philosophy of Heaven.

PART III
THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD
JESUS CHRIST

MILLIONS of human beings, in all parts of the world, are thinking about and discussing the subject of the Lord's return to the earth; but just when He will return, and in what body He will appear, seems to be uncertain in the minds of His followers. However, because of previous visions and revelations given to me at many different times in the past, before my visit to the Sun took place—I have been able to understand much of the Great Plan that has been so wisely veiled in mystery until the world could be made ready for further revelations.

The spiritual development of humanity is absolutely necessary during these years of upheaval and change. But with all our stupendous advance in mentality and our almost unbelievable accomplishments of inventive genius, we have practically remained at a standstill spiritually. It is true that many individuals have risen to a high state of consciousness and have given to the world of their experience and their wisdom; but the great mass of humanity has remained on a low level in spiritual illumination and strength, until at last no more time can be lost by those who seek to prepare themselves for His coming the second time to the world which denied and crucified Him nearly two thousand years ago.

This preparation is not difficult, except to those who make it so, by holding to old ideas and beliefs or entering the treadmill of daily grind to secure wealth and power for themselves. No matter how glorious a scene may be, the blind cannot enjoy it unless they regain their sight. The sublimest music is lost if it falls on deaf ears. And in the same way, the glory of the Lord's coming will be lost to those who remain *blind and deaf in Spirit*.

It is just as natural a phenomenon for one who has developed certain spiritual centers to see clearly on the different spiritual planes, as it is for one with unimpaired physical eyesight to behold the physical world in detail, even to the most delicate shades and tints of a flower. It is just as foolish for those who have not developed these spiritual centers to decry the allegation of ones who have, as it is for the physically blind to deny the existence of things described to them by those with perfect sight, or for the color-blind to allege the absence of the almost unlimited colors and shades and tints as glowingly described by the artist. The same rule applies to hearing and feeling. Coming down through the ages, from man's oldest records to the present day, there have been those who were able to reach attunement or one-ment with Infinite Intelligence and Wisdom.

There are many different grades and phases of this spiritual development. The great danger is that so many become sidetracked, as it were, by stopping in the byways of psychic phenomena. While it becomes possible, at certain stages, to

hold communion with many of those who have left the earth, it is not advisable to do so indiscriminately. Judgment should be used in selecting the channels of this kind of communication. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God." 1st John 4:1. This warning should never be forgotten. Therein lies safety. And while receiving comfort by communicating with departed ones the seeker after Truth should be bending every effort to develop *within himself* those spiritual powers of sight and hearing and intuition that lead to adeptship. As the physical body lies in apparent sleep, the initiate visits other planes and possesses the necessary power to enter into all activities there, many of them teaching on the lower planes, helping to release imprisoned souls. Meantime, the body recuperates from the drain made upon it during the waking period, and is even more refreshed than through ordinary sleep.

At first, it is impossible for the Soul to remember details of its journeys on other planes. There is only the uplifted feeling of accomplishment and a new vitality of body and brain, with spiritual joy permeating every waking hour, no matter how many trying problems must be met. Finally, flashes of remembrance will come—scenes, voices, faces, impressions. And at last, the soul life on spiritual planes will become the *real existence* while the hours spent in the physical body will seem only intermissions between the acts of a great and glorious play.

Before my visit to the Sun took place, I had

become accustomed to sojourns in spiritual spheres, able to remember clearly and recount my experiences in detail. For many years, I have been a teacher on the astral and higher planes, and have had remarkable adventures there. One whom I had loved dearly during her life on earth became imprisoned in a self-created purgatory and in her anguish called to me pitifully for release. I found that this "purgatory" was an abyss, and these agonized Souls were in such pitch darkness that they could not see one another, but could only hear their mingled cries and prayers, with no power to help one another.

My Soul heard the familiar voice of the one whom I had loved, coming through the darkness, calling and calling my name. As I advanced toward the sound, I called in return, knowing that she would hear. I stood on the edge of the great abyss and turned to the north, calling her name, making a megaphone of my hands. And then, I called toward the east; then to the south and the west. Often, I wondered how I would ever be able to reach her, for she seemed lost in a grave of blackness so thick and so deep that it would be impossible for me to find my way back should I go farther in order to find her. Continually calling her name, I cupped my hands and again and again turned to north, south, east and west. Understanding the law of attraction, I centered all my thoughts upon this one being in the great mass of poor Souls struggling in the dark.

I called to her through my cupped hands that I had come to get her, and that she must come to

me. Had it not been for the light of my own Soul, which was like a searchlight penetrating about fifty feet into the darkness of the abyss, she would not have been able to find her way to me, for I could not see her until she actually entered into the radius of my spiritual light. But finally I was able to reach her groping hands and draw her into the safety of my arms. She had become so accustomed to total darkness, that she could not bear the light. With closed eyes, she clung to me, weeping. I held her close, comforting her and telling her that she was safe, until finally she relaxed and seemed to realize that the horror was to be no more. Then I said to her: "Dear heart, how could you stay in a place like this?" She looked up at me and said: "Dear, I could not stand it any longer. You had to come to me." And then she ceased speaking, and into her eyes came a far-away look; and lo, around her head I saw her thoughts taking form: "My earthly beliefs could not help me. You were the only one that could reach me—*because you understood the Law.*"

Then I said to her: "Yes, my dear, because I believe in a God of Love. And you must remember that in your earth life you often used to tell me that you thought no one was good enough to go direct to heaven, but had to be detained in purgatory to be purified. So, since 'as a man thinketh, so is he'—through your own belief in a purgatory, you created that place for yourself—even as many millions of others have done, and still are doing. Through the *law of attraction*, you had gravitated to the place which you had prepared for yourself."

“Oh, yes,” she said, “ I see it all now.” And then I said: “To prove to you that this is true, I shall take you to the Paradise that God has prepared for those who truly love Him and believe Him to be a God of Love.” Immediately, I began to breathe the inner rhythmic solar plexus breath, and my body became as light as a feather; and I took hold of her wrists, and said: “Come, let us fly!” And away we went. We flew for thousands of miles (as space is measured on the earth plane), until we came to a beautiful City, with glorious temples and shining streets, where the sky radiated all the marvelous colors of the rainbow, like the after-glow of the setting sun. This city is the heavenly abode of God’s children of the earth planet who pass from that plane before they have fully developed and passed through their initiations in preparation to reside in the City of the Sun.

I said to her: "There! Behold the heaven that God has prepared for His loving, faithful children." She whispered—"How glorious! " And then she folded her arms across her breast and bowed her head in reverence, telling me not to speak or stir. After quite a while of this silent adoration, I had to tell her that I must return to earth and take up my body that was lying there in sleep. She said: “Oh, I want to remain here.” I said to her: “Yes, dear heart, you can remain here as long as you desire to do so, for you are a free Soul. You may go wherever you will. Through the law of attraction, you will find your true abode.” Thus I comforted and instructed her, and then gave her into the care of ministering angels who took her

by the hand and led her gently away. It has been my great happiness to visit her many times in her heavenly home, helping her to take advantage of the wonderful opportunity given her for development in the spiritual school of many grades. And her progress and joy have given a song of thankfulness to my heart.

It is well that all of us cannot hear those crying voices from Souls in the dark. We must know the great Plan of Salvation before we can stand the agony of others under such conditions, and *still keep our own sanity and peace*. No soul is ever lost from God, but millions of poor, suffering beings spend countless aeons in the bottomless pit of despair until they are taught how to break their prison bars. It is here on earth that we, usually through wrong teachings, forge those prison bars about our Souls. And it is here on earth that we should learn the divine rules of Life, so that we may step *consciously* from one phase of existence into another, avoiding the “purgatory” of darkness and pain that is like an unplumbed abyss of black despair. It is *here* that we should make heaven for ourselves and others; and *here* that we should immortalize our bodies and express our souls.

To me, it seems so simple that I cannot understand how any seeking human being can fail to see the broad, white path that leads to peace. We are made in the image and likeness of God. There is no limit to our progress in Spirit. To every one of us (for we are beloved children of the one Father-Mother God) there is a divine heritage of the

highest and best. The rare fruit is ripe, and we have only to gather it from the abundance of the Tree of Life.

Dreams and psychic visions should not be confused with actual experiences of the Soul while the body lies at rest. All who are psychic are not necessarily seers. Many become so satisfied with the lesser that they never seek the greater things of the Spirit. As the powers develop, the Soul receives clear and definite messages and visions from the higher realms. The intuitional faculties become so powerful that the physical senses are intensified to such an extent that one really lives in a fourth dimensional world. When this state of consciousness is reached, the Soul is freed from the bondage of the flesh and can travel without danger to the physical body, a visitor to higher spheres, and able to remember all happenings in the way that I can remember my visit to the Sun. Every detail of that journey stands out in relief. I can recall the very words spoken to me, and every scene and sound. In the same way, I can remember other Soul visions and journeys. Many times it is hard to interpret revelations at the time they are given, but eventually the meaning is revealed in still another vision, which may take place many years later. Such was my experience regarding the vision of Christ, as He appeared to me, three times in succession—each time as if many years had passed.

One morning, at about eight o'clock, I entered the living room of my home and was astonished to see in one corner a strange formation that

appeared like a column of smoke. I stopped, feeling nothing of fear, but having a premonition of some unusual event. The dark object was really great black clouds, which changed and changed. All at once, the *face of Jesus appeared*. He looked like a young man in the twenties. There was a huge halo around his head, and the whole room was filled with the radiance of the rainbow. The clouds kept changing, until the whole form of Jesus appeared. He was wearing a white robe, hanging straight down, but with a heavy fold draped over the right shoulder. He wore no girdle. Sandals were on His feet. He stepped away from the clouds and walked toward me in a stately, calm manner, looking at me and smiling all the while. Upon reaching me, with a radiant smile on his face—He disappeared.

I exclaimed to myself: “Why, that was my blessed Lord!” Immediately, the clouds appeared again. With the same unfoldment, His face appeared again; but He looked as though He had aged by many years, and was feeling the weight of the world upon His bowed shoulders. He looked very sad and walked with a halting step. After reaching me, this time, he looked at me with such a sad countenance that the pain of it wrung my heart. Turning His face sidewise, His head drooping wearily toward His right shoulder. He gazed sorrowfully and compassionately into my eyes, and then He nodded His head back and forth, as if to say: “I have suffered much; but you, too, must suffer.” Instead of disappearing immediately, as He had done the first time, He walked back to the

corner of the room where the black clouds still hovered, and disappeared as they enveloped Him.

It seemed to me that I was riveted to the floor, for I could not move nor speak, so amazed was I at what I had seen. Then, for the third time, the cloud gathered and spread and changed and changed; but this time it was black as night. Once more, the Lord's face appeared. But this time it was so emaciated that His eyes were sunken and the face muscles were all contracted. He resembled one who had been ill for many months and was ready to draw the last breath. He was so feeble that he could scarcely take a step. He dragged His feet, and His whole form was bent with weariness, as He walked toward me. Then, upon reaching me, He took both of my hands in His. Looking into my face, He began to speak in a tongue which I could not understand. I began to weep, and I said to Him that I could not understand a word He was saying, and begged Him to repeat the first sentence. But He did not cease talking,—looking into my face with those sunken, suffering eyes, and nodding His head back and forth, back and forth. I knew, then, that I would have to catch the meaning of his words intuitively. At once, it came to me that He was telling me I would pass through many sorrows and tribulations, and through many persecutions, even as He; but to remain faithful and courageous, for He would be with me always, to guide, strengthen and protect me—*that He would never leave nor forsake me*. And thus, while still holding my hands in His, He disappeared.

It was such a marvelous experience that for days I seemed to be living in another world, and was constantly asking myself the meaning of such a visitation. I went to my minister to see if he could understand and be able to help me interpret the vision. But he could not do so. He could only comfort me by telling me that some day it would all be revealed to me. It was many years later that the meaning was made clear to me, in another vision.

About two weeks after this strange and startling visitation, and about the same time in the morning, a few minutes before or after eight o'clock, another remarkable experience occurred. At this time, I was a young bride, and my husband and I were living in a lovely home in the midst of a beautiful lawn and garden. We were talking and laughing together when the bell rang, and I went to the door, still smiling to myself in happiness. At the door stood two strange women. They greeted me and smiled, asking me to come outside and talk with them. This I did. But when I looked up, expecting to see my familiar lawn and shrubs and flowers, the whole landscape had changed. *Before me, there was a vision of the world as a great, ungarnered harvest.* All the streets and houses were gone, and I was alone with the two women whom I had never seen before. They did not look unusual in any way. They were dressed plainly, but in the fashion of that day, and they spoke my language free from foreign accent.

I looked at them, startled by what had hap-

pened to me; but they at once began to reassure and calm me. They told me to have no fear, that they had come to give me a great and divine message. Then they led me to a tremendous grapevine and showed me bunches of fruit as large as bunches of bananas. I Was shown peaches and pears and apples, and all other kinds of fruits, hanging from tremendous branches that had to be supported by frames to keep them from breaking. *And all of these different fruits were ripe at the same time.* I ran from tree to tree and from vine to vine, touching them with my hands. I noticed with surprise that not a single leaf nor twig was withered or dead, but all were a vivid green, and full of beauty and grace and life.

My two companions remained close to me, and every now and then they smiled at each other as if they were pleased. Finally, one of them said to me: "The harvest is very great, but the laborers are few. You were predestined for the work of the Lord, gathering His harvest of precious Souls for Him; that is why the angels appeared to your mother before you were born, telling her that you would be different from her other children, and would have to be treated differently. Her failure to understand has caused you much hardship and suffering, but now you are ready for the Great Work, and you must travel over the world, giving to humanity of all nations the message and teachings of the Lord, Jesus Christ."

I answered: "My husband must be willing, or I cannot go; but I will see him at once and let you know." Then I ran into the house, very much ex-

cited. Calling my husband, I told him what had happened. Never in all the years to come did he fail to understand when I went to him for advice and help; and now he quieted me and wrapped me in his tenderness as if it were an actual garment enfolding me. "You may go," he said, "wherever you want to go, my darling. We shall go together, for we are as one." I then ran into the kitchen to get a bucket so that I could bring a bunch of grapes into the house, so real did the vision appear in my consciousness. When I returned to the women, I told them that I could go, that I could do my Father's work, with my husband's love and cooperation upholding me. We returned to the very spot where they first had shown me the whole world as a great harvest ready for the reaping: and I set my bucket on the ground, reaching up to gather a huge bunch of grapes. Just as I touched the fruit, *a heavy mantle was placed about my shoulders*. Before me, there flashed a mental vision of the vastness of the work which had been given me to do. It was so tremendous an undertaking that I did not touch the fruit, but turning to the women, cried out to them—"Oh, but I cannot do all this work alone!" Lo, the two women had completely vanished. The panorama of the ripened harvest had disappeared. Everything was as before,—gardens, flowers, houses, streets, all were in their accustomed places. But I knew that I had been called to work in my Father's vineyard.

For thirty-five years, I labored unceasingly and unselfishly, working in the poorest slums, visiting and ministering to the sick, teaching and comfort-

ing the prisoners; always going about my Father's business, and giving so freely of all that I possessed, even of my strength, that I came to the end of my physical endurance at last, and had nothing else to give. I went to the very borders of death. The physicians could do nothing more. And then—my Lord appeared to me, once again. The ceiling of my room opened, and He came to me out of the blue sky. He seemed to be surrounded by a great number of people, and I appeared to be connected with my Lord by a silver cord, about the size of an ordinary electric cord. He extended His hands toward me, and it seemed that He was talking about me. He and those with Him seemed to have been holding a consultation about me. He looked down upon me, and said: "Fear not, precious one; you will recover. Your work on earth is not yet finished. It is scarcely begun. New life and strength shall be given you, such as you have never known before." I knew that death had passed me by. The ceiling closed. I was alone. My husband came into the room, his anxiety showing in his eyes, although he tried to hide his fear from me. At once, he could see the change in my condition. There was a different look on my face. I recounted to him what had taken place. And I said—"It will not be necessary for the physicians to come again. I shall be well and strong very soon." And it was so. The miracle was real.

My husband then purchased a lovely home in the mountains, where I could have a period of rest and recuperation. There I spent some of my happiest days, working in my garden and talking to

my flowers and birds. God revealed Himself to me in Nature. I learned the language of the birds and flowers and the rocks. My neighbors considered it strange that I could commune with my flowers and talk to my birds, and that they showed that they understood my words and caresses. These beautiful experiences would fill a book all by themselves — showing how God's laws work through every created thing.

One day, as I was working among my nasturtiums, clearly there came the sound of a Voice, as though Someone were standing by my side—saying: “Why waste your time here? You should be a fisher of men. You must be about your Father’s business.”

I knew that the time had come when I must forsake everything, my flowers, my garden, my pets, my home—and go forth into the world as God’s messenger.

It was only a few days after this, that I was directed to go to hear a very great teacher (now continuing her glorious work in higher spheres); and while listening to this inspired message of Jesus Christ, my whole future life-work was revealed to me. First, a bright and beautiful star dawned before me, twinkling in a dim corner of the temple for at least five minutes. I wondered at its significance: but when it disappeared, the meaning was made clear- I saw myself on the platform. in many different parts of the world. Then —*the heavy mantle which had been placed upon me so many years previous, when the two women and I stood alone in the vineyard, began to slip*

from my shoulders. And when it finally fell away entirely the relief from its weight was so great that I almost fell from my seat. And at that very moment, *all of my old, preconceived ideas and ideals, and all of the past work of my life, seemed to be like a closed book.* Such a joy as entered into my heart, no tongue can describe. I felt as though I must shout aloud. In place of the old, human weakness—it was as if I were being inflated with new vitality not of this world. And as I wondered what was taking place, a Voice said that I was passing through my *spiritual birth*, that I was *being bom again of the Spirit*, as Jesus had said in the Scriptures.

And from that hour, I have never known a moment of illness nor fatigue. Actually, I have been a new being. And not only was I changed myself, but I was imbued with the power of healing others. Since then, every known disease has been healed by my prayer and power of the spoken Word; and since that time, *I have never asked the Father for anything, that He has not given it to me!* Immediately afterward, I entered the University for a three years' course in the Ministry, that I might be thoroughly equipped for my life's work. Instructed by the great and wise teacher, whose words had caused my Soul to awaken into its wonderful new birth, I finished the three-year course in a period of two years. At this time my husband began preparations to dispose of his business and properties, so that he might travel with me over the world. But this was not to be . . . his work on earth was finished, while mine had just

begun. The passing years had given to us such a wealth of happiness that it seemed as if heaven had come to us even while we lived in the world. Now, my beloved and I were nearing the end of our journey together.

One day, before leaving me to go to his store (he was owner of a large musical business), my husband said he did not feel very well, and asked me to pray for him. When he had gone I seated myself and began praying; but instead of continuing the prayer, suddenly I said: "*Papa! Papa! Remember the promise Jesus Christ made to us!*"

Immediately, I felt that I was traveling through space at a terrible rate of speed, although my body did not move a muscle. *I was being transported in Spirit to Golgotha!* Already, the two thieves were hanging on the cross. Mary Magdalene, John and other disciples were gathered about Jesus. But when He saw me, He came to me—walking slowly and painfully—and took my hand. My husband was standing beside me. A page from the Records of Life was before us. I knew that this scene of my vision was a repetition of a real scene. I knew now why my beloved and I had recognized each other when first we met, even as though we had but recently parted and were finding each other in another part of the world. And I know why my Lord had come to me three times, so long ago, showing Himself to me in a representation of the three periods of His ministry on earth; showing His part that He played in the greatest drama this world has ever known. The first year, when He was strong and young and light of heart; the sec-

ond year, when the weight of His responsibility lay heavily upon Him; and the third year—when He faced the Cross. As he stood before me now, He looked exactly as he had appeared to me in the third vision.

It was as if we three—my husband, my Lord and I were alone, so great was our concentration upon one another. Jesus spoke in Aramaic, but now my Soul understood. He told me to go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel of the Resurrection and the Life. He said that He would be with me always, guiding and protecting me from harm. Weeping, and clinging to Him, I promised to be true to His message and to Him. One of the Roman soldiers came close to us and tried to pull Jesus away from me, but He held my hand firmly, continuing His message to me.

Oh, I cannot describe that white, agonized face of my Lord. His eyes were sunken and tortured, and the blood was clotting where the cruel thorns of His mock crown had been pressed into His tender flesh. Every word that He uttered sank into my Soul, burned into memory with the fire of my own agony that blended with His. And then—He was led away to the Crucifixion. *I witnessed that Crucifixion!* And I believe that there are others in the world today before whose Souls that scene has been unrolled. And I believe that the time will come when they will have the courage to speak.

The vision faded. Again, I was in my room alone. Little did I dream that in less than two weeks my husband was to pass into the higher life. I continued my prayer for him, and upon his

return home, he told me that he felt much better. We continued our preparations for the world journey together. And then—at the very moment when I least expected it, his Soul took its homeward flight. I was left to do my work alone. Memory took me back to the time when I cried out to the two women in the vineyard—“Oh, but I cannot do all this work alone.” Here was the tragic fulfillment of that prophecy of so long ago. My Soul passed through its initiation of sorrow—that it might be able to understand and alleviate the grief of others who faced the loss of their loved ones. I had to have the full realization that there is no death, by thus bridging the chasm of death with my own great love, before I could prove to others that the dear dead live, and that they even know all things that are taking place in the lives of those they loved while on earth, and are ever ready to comfort and help those who rise high enough in consciousness to commune with them in Spirit and in Truth.

Every night during sleep. I joined my husband in realms of the Spirit, and I knew that his love and protection surrounded me always, for true Spiritual marriage is a lasting union of mated Souls. He told me that it had not been difficult for him to leave the body, and that his work on earth had been completed for more than a year, but my great love and devotion for him had kept him in his body.

Because of his sudden departure (only five hours from the time when first he was taken ill), I had been unable to solve the intricacies of the

business, since he had used a secret code in his bookkeeping. While my body lay at rest, and we were reunited in the higher spheres, I asked him all about the business tangles. He explained everything in detail, even telling me the location of a certain stringed instrument which we had been unable to find when the customer called for it. We found the parts of the stringed instrument exactly where he told me they would be—the body of it on a certain shelf in a closet, and the keys in an envelope in the bottom drawer of his desk. We immediately had the instrument repaired, and it was all ready for the customer when he returned for it. Also, I was able to explain the secret code to the accountant, and he had no trouble then in checking up the books perfectly. In this way we were able to know how much the customers owed, and how much had been paid, as most of the business was done on credit.

With my husband's assistance, through advice given to me when we met in the world of the Spirit, I ran his business for many months, selling it eventually for a much higher price than he had been offered.

I was now free to leave America for my foreign work, according to my promise. The Lord's vineyard covered all the space of the earth, not just my own beloved country, and I had given my promise to labor for Him in all parts of the world, and that promise must be kept. With a prayer in my heart, I suited out on my long journey-

When I reached Honolulu, it was night—about twelve o'clock. Before retiring, I looked out into

the darkness and prayed to my Lord for guidance and protection and wisdom, that I might serve Him as a true disciple. And, lo, while I stood thus in silent prayer, a Voice spoke softly. I raised my eyes, and beheld a *glowing rainbow around the moon*. The Voice came again, beautifully sweet and clear, saying that the rainbow was a token of God's promise to me that all would be well with me during my journey over the world. I called others to see the phenomenon, and they were astounded, for to their knowledge nothing like it had ever occurred before. And I have never heard of a like happening since that time. I went to bed strangely uplifted. All misgivings and loneliness left me.

On the way to South Africa, there arose a great storm at sea. I remembered the rainbow of promise, and so I began to pray for protection for everyone on the ship. Once more, clear vision came to me. *I saw the Lord at the helm!* He was in a white robe that strained wildly in the storm, and it seemed that the wheel must be jerked from His hands. But I knew that He would conquer the storm. When the vision disappeared, I went to sleep, thanking Him for His protection for us all, and was able to know unbroken rest the balance of the night. In the morning, when I awakened all was calm.

Again, going from South Africa to India, there was a terrible storm. I prayed constantly until three o'clock in the morning. Then, it was as if the whole top of the ship disappeared, and I saw thousands of angels, with their outspread wings

almost touching, covering the ship completely, front and back and top and sides, holding it to safety. Oh, the most glorious feeling that can come to any human being is to *know* this divine protection. No storm is too great to be stilled by Him and no grief is too deep for His peace to reach. The rainbow of His promise is ever above us all if only we attain clear vision of the Spirit it to see it there. I went to sleep thanking my Lord for the blessed vision. I knew that all danger was past, and it was. When I awakened, our ship was riding calm waves to its destination, much to the surprise of every one on board.

Another wonderful thing happened, my last night in Jerusalem. I was wide awake. In the moonlight, I could see my door opening, although I remembered having locked it. The loveliest face I had ever beheld appeared in the partly opened doorway. It was Mary Magdalene, who rushed into my arms—crying: “Oh, sister, sister, welcome home!” She kissed me repeatedly, and I lifted her long, thick braids in my hands: they were as large as a woman's wrist, and reached to her knees.

Every night thereafter, I was visited by some of those who lived in Jerusalem in the time of Jesus. I knew myself to be one of them and they all accepted me as one who had been on a long journey and had returned home. The second morning after my arrival, while I was in deep meditation, wondering which places I would visit that day—lo, and behold—before my eyes, standing at the foot of my bed, was the very same

Roman soldier who had attempted to pull Jesus away from me in the vision of His crucifixion. Attired in full Roman military regalia, he stood there, with a frown on his face as he looked at me. I was so startled that I exclaimed—"How in the world did you get in here?" I knew that I had locked my door before going to bed, and I could not understand how he had gained entrance. He was so real to my human vision, that I jumped quickly out of bed, ready to call for help. But as my feet touched the floor, he immediately disappeared. He did not manifest himself to me again. Every night, however, those who had loved and served the Master during His earth life, came to me in my room and talked with me.

Everywhere, all over the world, as I traveled and taught, my way was made clear for me. Crowds gathered to hear my message, and never did I grow weary, for I knew that I was doing the work of my Lord—and the rainbow of His promise overshadowed me.

At last, after remaining four years abroad, and establishing permanent centers of Christianity in almost every foreign country on the globe. I returned to America, establishing my home in lovely California. Here, I continued my lecturing and teaching, healing the sick, caring for the poor. It is impossible to recount here the many marvelous revelations that came to me during this time. The ideals of the "war to end war" grew dim in the memory of the world, and the great unrest and distrust of the nations hovered like a black cloud over the earth. More than ever before, I needed

guidance. And so I prayed with all the strength and faith of my Soul, saying three times: "Let mine eyes be opened that I may behold the glories of His Majesty."

Suddenly, while my body lay in sleep. I was caught up in Spirit, away above the earth plane.

Then I realized that an angel was by my side, and I was told that I was to behold the great catastrophe that is to occur on this earth, that I might warn the people and to help them to get ready to meet their Lord. Then I saw this earth planet rock from one side to the other three times like you would rock a cradle. Then I saw the buildings crumble as though they were made of paper, until not one building was left standing, except the Great Pyramid. People thought that the end of the world had come. Those who had not been caught in the buildings or killed outright were running to and fro, not knowing which way to turn. There was wild panic everywhere, and such fear and anguish as no one in the world had ever dreamed could be. All the volcanoes of the world began to erupt at once, and great volumes of smoke and fire and lava and sulphur fumes poured out to such an extent that the atmosphere of the entire globe became so filled with deadly fumes and smoke that it seemed impossible for any living thing to breathe.

And then a great quake occurred and the mountains were split open and the ocean was spilt as you would spill water out of a basin, and the sea had given up its dead and all the buried treasures, and I saw people running to and fro, fran-

tically screaming and tearing their hair, for they thought the end of the world had come, but it was really the judgment day that had come upon them and everyone was being judged according to their own deeds that were recorded upon the great Book of Life, for the seals had been opened and the names and the record of their lives were all recorded upon that great book. Then the angel led me back to the earth that I might console these people.

One man was going through such agony of mind that my heart went out in compassion. I tried to console him, assuring him that he would be all right. He answered, moaning and crying: "But you don't understand, oh, you don't understand. Look at them! Only look at them!" I asked him what he wanted me to see. He answered: "They are haunting me. They are haunting me! I cannot get away from them!" I asked him: "Who are they?" And he replied, wringing his hands and moaning: "I was a surgeon. All whom I have caused to lose their bodies by operating upon them are here, condemning me. *For I did it for money! Oh, I did it for money!* They would have gotten well—but I murdered them—I destroyed their bodies for money. I did not know that the human body was the living temple of God; so, for love of money, I caused hundreds of human beings to lose their temples. They are haunting me, and their eyes follow me and follow me, everywhere I turn. Can't you see them? Oh, can't you see them? They are everywhere around me, and they will not leave me alone. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I

do?" So great was his despair that no words of comfort could penetrate his consciousness. I had to leave him to his sorrow and turn to someone else.

Lying prostrate on the ground, a man was weeping and praying for mercy. He, too, was reading the terrible pages of his Book of Life. I bent above him and asked if I could do something to help him, but he only continued moaning and praying. It was quite a while before I could attract his attention. Then he said to me: "I was a real estate dealer, and I foreclosed on the properties of others to gain them for myself. I put the defenseless poor out of their homes to face suffering and despair, when I should have helped them to save their possessions. They had so little, and I had so much. But I persecuted them. I was a very rich man—and now I am left desolate, for all my property is destroyed, and I have nothing left in the world but the memory of a misspent life. Oh, what did it profit me to gain all that wealth? In the twinkling of an eye, it has all been destroyed. I have nothing left. And I cannot forget the ones I wronged. I cannot forget . . ."

Then my attention was called to another poor Soul, who seemed to be in such torment that he was striking himself and pulling his hair in anguish. I tried to tell him that God was merciful and that he should be glad he was still alive. But he cried pitifully: "What is the use of living, now that I am weighed in the balance and found wanting? I was a minister of the Gospel. But, oh, how did I minister to my flock? I was supposed to be their shepherd; I was told to preach the Gospel of

Jesus Christ, to open the eyes of the blind, to heal the sick, to raise the dead. And, lo, *all I did was to preach!* I did not comfort those that mourned; I did not look after the widows and the fatherless; and when the members of my fold came to me for healing—I sent them to physicians and surgeons, instead of ministering to them myself. And now I realize that it was through our lack of faith to heal the sick that our sheep have gone astray; and so hospitals had to be built, asylums had to be filled, and penitentiaries had to be provided for all those who had lost their way through our failure to be true shepherds to our sheep. Oh, if I had only known, had I only understood and realised what I know now, how differently I would have lived! But now it is too late . . . too late! I have betrayed my Lord!”

I tried to comfort this poor Soul, to assure him that it was never too late. I tried to tell him that God, in His infinite love, would forgive to the uttermost. But his remorse was so great that no words of mine could have any effect, for he felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Therefore, I had to leave him in the care of the Father and turn my attention to another Soul—a woman who was crying as though her heart would break. It seemed that this woman had hardened her heart to the sacred duty of caring for her sister's son. He was motherless and fatherless, and was frail of body. She was rich, but had refused to help him. So he tried to work his way through college and it was beyond his strength. He passed out of the body, because she had hoarded her

wealth instead of using it to help one of the “little ones.” Now, all the wealth was gone, and there was nothing left but the memory of the great wrong that she had done. She, too, could not be comforted.

I turned to another suffering one. He was a banker who, through misappropriation of the funds of his bank, caused many hundreds of people to lose all their earnings. Many of these were aged people, with all they had in the world in his care, and they trusted him—and he had betrayed their trust. He was a pitiful object to behold, so great was his remorse.

I passed on to another. This man was a capitalist whom the world had held very high, both socially and financially; but, oh, what a poor thing he felt now, in Spirit. Gone was all the wealth that had been secured for him through the grinding labor of poorly paid employees. Gone was the prestige of the world. Now, when it was too late, he realized how many he could have blessed and made happy, had he lived according to the Brotherhood of Man. He remembered one of his employees, an old, broken woman who should have been in her prime. She had worked for him for many years—and had not received enough from him to keep body and soul together, and so had died in poverty. And he knew that he could not say—“Lord, Lord!” and enter into the kingdom of heaven. Bowed down with regret and remorse, he dared not even pray.

Meantime, a few radios had been put into action, and from all parts of the earth came reports

of the catastrophe that had spared no country on the globe. At last, the radios were unable to work because of the increasing denseness of the atmosphere. Country was cut off from country by the unbreakable wall of silence. Cities and towns became isolated, unable to communicate in any way. Chaos reigned everywhere. Parents and children became separated, human beings no longer ruled the earth, but were only helpless things scattered over the ground, pinioned under timbers or crawling about in the dimness, feeling their way as if ill and blind. The living and the dead huddled together, not knowing the one from the other. Always, the moaning and crying of those who faced the judgment of their own Souls, mingled with the noises of crashing walls and splintering trees. For even in the darkness, the Book of Life was before them, every page being read in the light of memory. And there was no redress! The records stood as they were. The law of sowing and reaping was being fulfilled. The poor, unwise judges of the earth had given wrong verdicts for they could see only a part of the Truth; but these who judged themselves could not dissemble. The verdict of "guilty" blazed about them on every side. Wherever they turned, the results of their wrongdoings were pictured on their own Souls. And they could only cry and moan for mercy.

Everywhere that I looked, there was the same anguish stamped upon the features of those who had survived the great day of judgment. And all this time, the volcanoes were active and the atmosphere became more and more stifling. Dark-

ness fell upon the world, for the Sun had ceased to give its light; and now the stars were falling from the heavens, until at last there was such pitch darkness that not a living soul dared stir. We had no way of telling how long this lasted. It seemed only a moment—and it seemed forever. But finally the intense blackness began to lift from the earth like the slow dissipation of a heavy fog, until human forms could be distinguished among the unimaginable wreckage. The whole earth resembled a battlefield, for there was nothing but devastation, north and south, and east and west.

And then. I began to hear the music of the spheres. It was as if millions of trumpets and voices blended with the sound of harps of a thousand strings, echoing and re-echoing. Then, once again, the whole planet began to rock—away over to the right, and then to the left. Then it righted itself. Instead of turning clear over, it stopped in the center, and in the twinkling of an eye, it was as if two angels had been holding a curtain, and all at once that curtain parted and the veil of materiality was rent from top to bottom; and lo, millions and millions of angelic beings filled the heavens, and they sang—“Praises to God in the Highest.” And then—Jesus the Christ appeared, as though He had come right out of the Sun, with a halo of glorious light 'round His head, and attired in white, while above Him spread the rainbow that formed a complete circle around the earth. His beautiful form seemed to float in space, and on His face there was a smile that was like the smile of a mother bending above a babe on her

breast. His hands were outstretched on either side, and He said: "*Behold!*" The vibrations of His voice penetrated to every part of the world, like a thousand radios. When the vibrations subsided, again He said: "Behold!" And He turned his compassionate eyes from the north to the south and from the east to the west, saying: "Behold! You have passed from death into life, and you shall inherit the earth—for this is to be your heritage—the New Paradise. All who have survived this great catastrophe will remain on the earth as immortals; for this planet now has put on immortality, and there shall be no more birth and no more death, and every government shall be upon My shoulders, and I shall rule with love and forgiveness and mercy. And all of the resources of this earth shall be used for the good of all, for all shall share equally in the bounty of the One Father. But all must work together in harmony in the rebuilding of this glorious Paradise"

When those who had survived heard His words, they were filled with joy and new courage, and they rose to their feet and *freely* offered their services, saying: "Lord, what can we do? Put us to work so that each may do his share." There seemed to be no thought of pay in any form. So great was their happiness in having passed from death unto life, that they were concerned only with giving of themselves, each one to the fullest extent of his capacity to serve. Many had never lost their physical bodies at all. These were the ones who had possessed and used their knowledge of God's laws. Others were in their etheric bodies.

All were rejoicing. I shall never forget the happiness of that gathering of beautiful Souls. It seemed that heaven and earth had blended into one. Those of the earth who had put on immortality recognized their loved ones that had passed to the great beyond. They, too, were functioning in their immortal bodies. It was the greatest reunion of Souls that the planet had ever experienced. since the stars had sung together in the long ago Mothers found their children; husbands found their wives: parted lovers were drawn together by the immutable law of attraction; friends found their way to friends. All the sorrow and heart-ache had passed forever, all the forgiveness was forgotten; all the bitter feelings and words of the past had melted into rejoicings and words of praise. The Kingdom of Heaven had come on earth, and the Will of the Father was to be done by His once prodigal children who had returned to the Father's house, never to wander again.

I asked—"But what has become of the 'wicked'—those who continually made war with God's children, those who did not believe in Jesus Christ whom He had sent to save the world?" The answer was that they had been deported to another planet. I said—"Another planet? What planet?" The answer came—"To the moon planet." I said—"I thought the moon was a dead planet." The answer was—"At one time it was. but it has been resurrected. For many centuries it has been in preparation to receive the stragglers of the earth, all who had not arrived in consciousness to the state where they could build for themselves the

perfect form that could put on immortality." I was told that these had to be deported, for the time had come when only those who believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and who had washed their robes in the tears of tribulation and sorrow, and had absolutely believed in Jesus Christ as their Savior—only these could remain on this planet. I said—"Is this the meaning of the Scripture where it is said—'Two shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left; two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other shall be left?' The answer was—"Yes." And then, I said—"Will these people who have been deported to the moon remember that they have come from the earth?" The answer was—"No, they will not remember, even as the people of the earth do not remember that they have come from other planets." And I asked—"What kind of bodies will they have?" I was told that they would gradually put on bodies of the same substance as the moon planet, bodies suitable to the climatic conditions and atmosphere of the moon, just as the inhabitants of this earth lived in their etheric bodies, which were called bodies of light, before they were clothed with flesh as their paraphernalia or protection for the soul.

I asked many more questions and always received a reply. The last of the clouds disappeared. The radiance of the sun enveloped the earth once more. The day of judgment had passed. Song and beauty and service and love took the place of discord, and ugliness, and greed, and hate. The Lord had received His Own unto Himself.

So real had been the vision that I lay still, with closed eyes, reviewing each scene that had taken place and pondering upon the inner meaning of the whole. Still shaken in Spirit by the suffering I had witnessed, it was difficult to turn my thoughts back to the earth as it is today. The warm blue skies of California, the brilliant flowers, the stately mountains, the singing streams—all were as they had been. The homes and public buildings remained on their foundations. People went their accustomed way. And yet—my Soul looked beyond the present and saw the future.

The time for awakening has come! The old, imperfect standards must fall, and the new, perfect ones must arise in their place. It lies in the power of humanity to accomplish this miracle, without the necessity of wholesale destruction and terror, such as my vision showed. But humanity, heeding not "the handwriting on the wall," goes its way with eyes that refuse to see, and ears that will not hear. *There is no salvation from ignorance, save by knowledge!* God's laws are immutable. When man breaks them, either wilfully or through ignorance, the result is the same. One who deliberately walks over a precipice and another who falls accidentally, are affected equally by the law of gravitation. Likewise, all who break the Spiritual laws, whether in ignorance or otherwise, must suffer the consequences. Man must reap as he sows. There is no alternative.

Because of the inadequacy of earthly justice, wrong has triumphed over right, weakness has been trampled by strength. Sin, which is only un-

developed good, too often holds the reins in mighty hands, driving purity without mercy. But the justice of Almighty God transcends all decrees made by man, and the pattern of the Great Plan is governed by Him, even unto the frailest thread in the loom. Assisted by His holy angels of highest Heaven, and by the Great Ones of all ages since time began, and by every created being who rises to the heights of Spiritual consciousness, the Father-Mother God of all creation works His miracles of harmony from chaos, beauty from ugliness, and good from bad. What man thinks or believes, does not change the Great Plan in its ultimate perfection and glory. Man can only *hasten* or *retard* the culmination of that universal destiny of humanity. Meantime, the law of compensation protects those who do comply with the Laws of God. Divine Justice overshadows human justice, and slowly but surely the Christ Consciousness flows from Soul to Soul, recreating all mankind in the image and likeness of God.

Jesus Christ has bridged the chasm between man and God, with His sacrificial love. Following Him, we cannot lose our way.

Spiritual illumination comes to all who earn its light. It cannot be bought and it cannot be given and it cannot descend as an inheritance from one being to another. After many experiences, the older Souls turn from the playthings of the world and enter into the wisdom of maturity, seeing at last with unclouded eyes, and hearing at last with ears no longer deafened by the noises of the earth. And then, such Souls become true

prophets and seers and work hand in hand with the angels of God.

These angels are many and of numerous kinds, having various offices to fulfill. They are illumined by the light of God, and they look like fire or flames. While on my visit to the Celestial City in the Sun, I was told that all angels had been created out of the fire and the light and all the powers of God, having within themselves all the seven qualities of the Spirit in different stages of unfoldment. Each of them is a complete being and, each individual possessing divine characteristics, they mingle and blend with one another like a beautiful symphony. Through their deep love and devotion to their Creator, the Father-Mother God, they are united by the most powerful bond of love, peace and harmony, whereby each one receives from the others beauty of form, loveliness and virtue and supreme happiness. The spirits of God perpetually rise in harmony with one another, and so enjoy a companionship such as the earth beings have not been able to experience thus far.

The angels are not limited by the locality in which they reside. However, each one retains his *center of gravitation*, or position belonging to him, which has been assigned to him as his own special sphere. The angels are God's instruments in governing the world, and as such they not only glorify the celestial realm wherein they rule, but also dominate over the terrestrial world and its individual regions. In the angels, the reasoning mind is not unfolded. In them are perception and emo-

tion; they perceive and know all things from within, and having never been incarnated in the flesh, are all goodness and purity.

I was told that man is surrounded by good and evil, self-conscious and invisible powers which may influence him for good or evil. His Soul is the battlefield where the combat takes place, and he is free to choose the good or the evil. The evil influences are easily attracted if one merely remains passive to their power. In this battle against evil, the angels are always ready to assist man in an invisible manner against temptations, provided he be willing to give up his old life or ways of thinking and living, opening his heart to God, the Father, and believing in the Lord, Jesus Christ, and His power to heal him of all imperfections. Man must *desire* to live the life of a true sun of God; for no one can recognize the Christ, or be recognized by Him, unless the true love of Christ be in his own Soul. It was Adam's own state of feeling and thinking that created an Eden for him; and it is thus that each human being creates his own Paradise. Paradise means a state of consciousness of purity and innocence and happiness. Before the "fall" of Adam, he was in harmony with creation, and as one with all nature he could experience the feeling of all things in nature within himself, and express them accordingly.

Only when man's *spiritual perception* is unfolded and he attains divine knowledge of self, will he know the living reality of Jesus the Christ and of all the celestial powers whose aggregate goes to make up the Kingdom of God existing

within himself, and thus attain the self-consciousness of his own immortality.

Our blessed Redeemer does not come from the sky, beyond the clouds, but manifests His presence in the soul wherein He dwells. Thus the soul becomes clothed in the substance of God, like receiving a garment for the soul, which is called the "wedding garment." Unless a man shall attain this spiritual substantiality through the process of spiritual regeneration, he will be like a guest at the marriage feast, mentioned in the Bible, who was without a wedding garment and, therefore, cast into outer darkness. It is very important to bear in mind that no man can know anything about the splendor of God's majesty, unless that splendor be revealed to him by the power of the Holy Spirit *acting within himself*. No man can know the Divine Trinity unless that Trinity shall reveal Itself unto him in and through his own purified soul. He who lives a real Christian life, sees God become manifest—and is in heaven here and now. Thus does God create His own heaven within the Soul of Man.

In God we live, move and have our own being—our seeing and knowing is all *in God*. He reveals to every one in this world as much as He wills or man is ready to receive. We are not in independent possession of our own selves—God Himself is our knowing and our seeing. We know that the light of the *Sun* does not shine upon the earth because we desire it to shine. All we need to do is to come out of the darkness into the sunlight and receive its blessing. So it is with the sunlight of divine wis-

dom: If the Soul ascends to the mountain-top of absolute faith, then will that light of infinite love and inspiration enter into it in a flood of beauty and radiance, without any effort of the Soul to attract it. Therefore, we should seek only to live in the heart of Jesus Christ, the Center of Truth, where we may dwell in the secret place of the Most High and abide under the shadow of the Almighty-

The heavens are full of the glory of God. His radiance is ever manifesting in manifold degrees, through the angels and archangels, according to their realization and ministry. If our hearts be pure and we live the life becoming to a true son of God, *we may commune with the glorious citizens of Heaven*. Passing through their spheres, we may receive understanding of the nature of their ministry and may gather fruits from the trees of wisdom, which we may take as food of the Spirit to the children of the earth. Always, there must be the desire to share with others all blessings that we receive, for the black cloak of selfishness must fall away before the Soul can rise into the higher planes.

When a soul ascends in consciousness to the sanctuary of the Glorious Presence, it must pass through all the realms between earth and heaven, for on its way must be acquired the breaths and substances of each realm. Thus the Divine Initiate becomes clothed like the realms he enters, at last taking on of the glory of the Father-Mother God, as the Soul treads the glorious path unto the castle in the sanctuary where its crown jewels are preserved. As I was shown these precious jewels,

immediately I thought of the song I used to sing at church services, called—"Will there be any stars in my crown?" These beautiful jewels are like shining stars.

Here, in this sanctuary, I learned many sacred mysteries regarding soul unfoldment, and of the Cherubim and Seraphim, Archangels and high angels, *and the glorifying manifestation of Jehovah Elohim within the Soul.*

When the Soul ascends into the heavens of the Divine Presence, it must pass through the seven-fold gateway, as it must take its initiation within each sphere, and pay tribute before the altars of those spheres. At the gate stands a glorious Archangel of God, who is the interpreter of the mystery of creation upon the outer sphere of the Divine world; and I was told his name is Orphiel. He is the messenger of Jehovah Elohim for the distribution of knowledge unto the Soul upon the seventh sphere. He is the teacher of all initiates who pass through the portals and are worthy to approach the Divine world. And I was told that a true artist, who has to create and express divine ideas in concrete form, derives his inspiration from Orphiel.

Therefore, there are seven angelic realms or spheres belonging to our earth planet, and these realms of the angels and Archangels are within the various heavens; and the Soul, or Initiate, must pass from realm to realm in the various degrees of initiation, before it may abide with the Father-Mother God in the Eternal City in the Sun.

The new era is at hand, and the time has come

when knowledge hidden from man throughout the ages, *must be revealed*. No longer can we afford to wander in the bypaths and waste the years in futile effort and foolish play. Throughout the entire world prophets are arising and sending their clarion call to all who will hear. The second coming of the Lord? Behold, He knocks at the portal of every Soul, and when the door is flung wide, He enters and dwells therein. Look not for Him save in His Holy of Holies. Strain not your eyes to pierce the clouds. Strain not your ears to hear the distant trumpets of angels, heralding His approach. Make haste to purify His altars, and lay thereon all things that are His: Love for all the world, faith in Jesus Christ as the Holy Sun of Almighty God, and the high consciousness of the Spirit, eternally one with the Creator—Jehovah Elohim.

Awake! Arise! *He is here!* Unlock the doors, fling wide the windows that were barred.

Behold: Israel is returning to her long lost home. The Messianic age, which we have already entered, will be strictly an Israelitish age. This returning of Israel is the prelude to the final union of Judah and the ten tribes of Israel in the land of Palestine: a twelve tribed, united Israel again will function as God's chosen race, the Kingdom of Israel, in order to bless and save humanity.

Thus saith the Lord, "Israel is My son, My first born." This is owing to the fact that the chosen race of Israel were a peculiar people, because of a physical development within the organic body, which had not developed within the

body of the Gentile nations up to the A.D. period of time. It is this quality of a sun which God in His plan embodied as a final perfection and fulfillment of His creative idea. In order to become the possessor of this kind of a body, man was to surpass the angels in perfection, for he was to be a complete image of divine glory—the angels being created out of two principles, while the soul, with the body of the outer life, is created out of three principles. Therefore, man is to be higher than the angels, provided he remains in God in *consciousness*. Adam was to be a perfect symbol of God, created out of eternal Spirit, the ideal, into the body; and he was to take possession of the new kingdom as a ruler of all created beings, and the whole of the earth, as well as over the stars. Adam was to rule over all nature, therefore his body was taken from all the powers of the external world.

Man comprises three principles: the principle of fire, from which originates his soul; the principle of light, from which originates his Spirit; and the third principle is the basic element of his body. There are three states of consciousness in the life of man: first, the innermost, that is to know God eternally, hidden within the soul; second, that which from eternity has stood as an image and likeness in the wonders of God, comparable to a person seeing himself in a mirror as the power of light; third, the longing which attracts and becomes full substantial substance from which the physical body grows.

In Adam, the external body was hidden within the inner body, like darkness being hidden within

the light, and the Spirit of God was dwelling within that inner body, representing the kingdom of heaven. This substance of which man is made is an extract of all substances that exist in heaven and on earth of the souls of all things, all spirits and minds, attracted to a focus by means of an electro-magnet or spiritual center within each form. In him are all the potencies and qualities that exist in the universe; his terrestrial substance is from the earth; his mental faculties, from the Universal Mind; but the divine wisdom in him belongs to God, for it is above all. Only the divinity in man can know God in and through man; only the element of love can feel love; and only the true spiritual man is the sun of God. The soul truly possessed her life before the body existed, but it was hidden in heaven within the heart of God, and was but a Holy seed, a center of power in God. Only when man's spiritual perceptions are unfolded and he attains divine knowledge of *Self*, will he know his oneness with God through Jesus the Christ, and enter into the Kingdom of Heaven within himself.

The Spirit of God resides eternally in His own essence. When he breathed the breath of life into the image of Adam, then was heaven created *in man*, for God willed to reveal Himself in His sun as in an image created after His own likeness, and to manifest the great wonders of His eternal wisdom. Adam also received spiritual intelligence, which is the Living Word of God, to furnish food for his soul; so Adam was created to enjoy everlasting Life in *Paradise*, in a state of perfection.

Divine love illumined his inner being as the sun illumines the world. He knew the language of God and of angels. Had he remained in Paradise, he would have had the power to unfold the wonderful attributes of God, for they would have been nearer to him in his angelic form.

Man was created in Paradise, for it was out-blooming through the earth—and from the earth of Paradise, was Adam's body created, because he was lord of the earth, and it was his destiny to unfold the wonders of the earth. Had it not been for that purpose, God might have endowed him with an angelic body; but, in that case, the substantiated being with its wonderful qualities would not have been unfolded. In the Adam man, was manifest the kingdom of grace, the divine life, because he lived in Paradise or harmony; but he did not know that God was revealed in him. He did not know that which is good, because he had as yet experienced no evil. How can there be any joy where no sorrow is known? Therefore, man requires the material or “animal” element in him to endow him with strength to rise above it by the power of God. We are to overcome the animal in us by the power of divine wisdom. He who has nothing to overcome cannot know the delight of achievement and the satisfaction of victory.

The tree of temptation grew by the power of the hunger after self-knowledge of good and evil. The Soul-Spirit was produced out of Divine Omnipotence, wherefrom all things have been created; it was a divine spark out of God's power; but, after it had been gathered into a created being

(individualized as an organism), it gave way to its own selfish desires and broke away from the whole; and the image of God began to pale in him, and he sank into the terrestrial state, into impotency and sleep.

Thus the death of the physical body was inaugurated, to prevent Adam from falling into the unfathomable abyss of hell. Sleep signifies death and surrender. The lust of the world had conquered Adam. He fell asleep in the angelic world and awoke to the external world. Then his celestial body became flesh and blood, and his strong power became rigid bones. Then the celestial virgin (female) within Adam, left him and went into the celestial ether, the principle of power. But Adam was not left alone: he was given Eve, the terrestrial woman, in the place of the celestial virgin. Adam now represented the principle of the Spirit of man, Eve represented his soul mate on earth. In perfect man—this divine marriage of souls is consummated, once more uniting the divided parts into the perfect Whole. Spiritual marriage is to the human soul the holiest earth relation, and is most essential to perfect progression in nature's pathway. Therefore, sense attraction should be subjected to soul attraction. The intellectual faculties must be cultured enough to impart to the affections a clear image of the ideal companion, the one whom the soul's heart yearns to embrace ever more with a deathless love, caught momentarily from the ever-breathing life of Deity. Each individual being needs this all-supporting, joy-giving nuptial. Like sweet aroma from a gar

den of immortal flowers, like soft strains of music from a distant harp swept by the breezes of Paradise, like a glorious sun shining through all the mist of earthly darkness—so cometh love to the hearts of those who enter into the divine partnership of progression together. How can such love be described; to what can it be compared? It flows beautifully, like a living lyric; sweetly, like the music of spirit-birds; majestically, like an epic of Omnipotence. True marriage is of the Spirit. The body is but the “temple” wherein love dwells to perfect the soul—as the garden wherein the Spirit unfolds from bud to full-blown blossom, as a cradle where the infant life is rocked, as a cottage where the heart rests a moment, as a palace where the Spirit is crowned, as an altar whereon incense rises to the Infinite. True lovers are each other’s translators, feeling the same gratifications and receiving the same benefits.

O precious Beloved! Thou hast unlocked the love treasures of my soul; thou didst descend to the hidden mine of my being, and bring forth the rarest of jewels, which I had no knowledge of possessing! Thou hast opened all the pent-up streams of undying love in my soul, that they might rush into the oceans of thy Spirit, mingling my whole life unreservedly with thine! My soul was to itself a stranger, until thou didst introduce me to myself. Thou camest to my imprisoned nature, bringing with thee the lamp of Truth; and thou didst unclasp the prisoner’s chain, setting the captive free! And then, thou didst lead my Spirit forth from darkness into eternal Light! Now, Beloved,

our dual natures mingle *in one essence*, and I yearn from all earth's trammels and pageants to be free, that I may forever escape the prison bars of mortality and dwell with thee through all the embowered spheres and rose-crowned periods of Immortal Life. Thou art *the home of my soul*, my heart's resting place, and the divine imperishable within me seeks the immortal in thee, because its completed life thou art. The immortal in me woos thee, for thou art its heaven. My eternal essence of Spirit would mingle with its undying Whole. In my soul's visions, I sit with thee beneath the shadow of the tree of righteousness, and all around us bright immortelles are springing—and I gather them, and thou dost form of them a beautiful wreath to crown me like an angel.

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The outpouring of the mighty power of God, the Holy Spirit, is taking place *this hour*. According to prophecy, those who have made their hearts pure shall see the sign of the Son of Man, *Jesus the Christ*, in the heavens, and He shall manifest to the world the outpouring of the Water of Life upon humanity. Then shall there be a stirring within the hearts of those who have been longing for the spiritual life, and they shall come into their New Birth, called the Christ Consciousness, symbolized by Mary, who was overshadowed by the Holy Ghost (Mother God) and the "Power of the Highest," the Father God. This is symbolized as the birth of the Christ Child. This is the Christ seed, that was planted in the soul of God's chosen people, so many thousands of years ago; but it has

been sleeping in the womb of the Mother God, nourished by Divine Love, and now is ready to come forth from the secret chamber of the spiritual heart of each human being who is ready, when the Holy Ghost and the mighty Power of the Highest shall bring forth this beautiful, spiritual Child Consciousness, whose name shall be Emmanuel or God-within-us. For the heart of the soul or sun of God is the manger in which the consciousness of the indwelling Christ is born.

The delight of Paradise is the influx of God's love into consciousness. Eternal life is the consummated result of the union of Wisdom (male) and Love (female) in Christ, and can only be generated in a divine ego, that is, a united male-female being. This union is to take place in the Lord, at His second coming, when the holy marriage principle is established. Hence, they who are accounted worthy to attain to that world of Spirit, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; "for they have become equal unto the angels," having entered into the angelic state of spiritual consciousness of innocence and purity, becoming a sun of the resurrection, invited to the marriage feast with Christ, and adorned with the wedding robe of immortality.

Through countless ages, man has wandered in Spirit, ever seeking his way back to the Soul's Paradise. But at last, there stretches before him the broad, white path of knowledge, and he need wander no more. In the light of his own immortal Spirit, he may walk serenely henceforth. Thus may he know that he dwells in the very heart of God.

able to hear His voice and see His face—not after death, but here and now. Awake, all ye who sleep! Mortality is but a dream! Our heritage is Life Eternal! But only this awakening to Divine Love and Wisdom brings us into the recognition of our true relationship with the one Father-Mother God. Jesus Christ is the foundation and the chief cornerstone of that building of God in man, which must take place in each individual being.

The great visions of the Spirit that the prophets and sages of the world have received and given to mankind, overshadow us with the rainbow of the divine promise that man is to become like God with all the powers of the Godhead opened to the Soul; that we are to be one with the Father, and to have perfect dominion over the earth, the air, the sea and the sky. As a son of God, what the Father is, man must be. Since God is Life, then man must be Life forever and manifest that Life forever. This he does through a knowledge and understanding of the Truth of his Being in God. Revelations come to all who reach the plane of consciousness of the seer.

The day is at hand when closed doors shall open, and the shining stairway from earth to heaven shall unfold to seeing eyes, and the “music of the spheres” shall flood the world for all who will attune their Souls to hear.

Lo, to every Soul wearing a wedding garment and holding within a purified heart the shining cross of the Love of Christ—will be heralded the unimagined glory of *the coming of the Lord!*