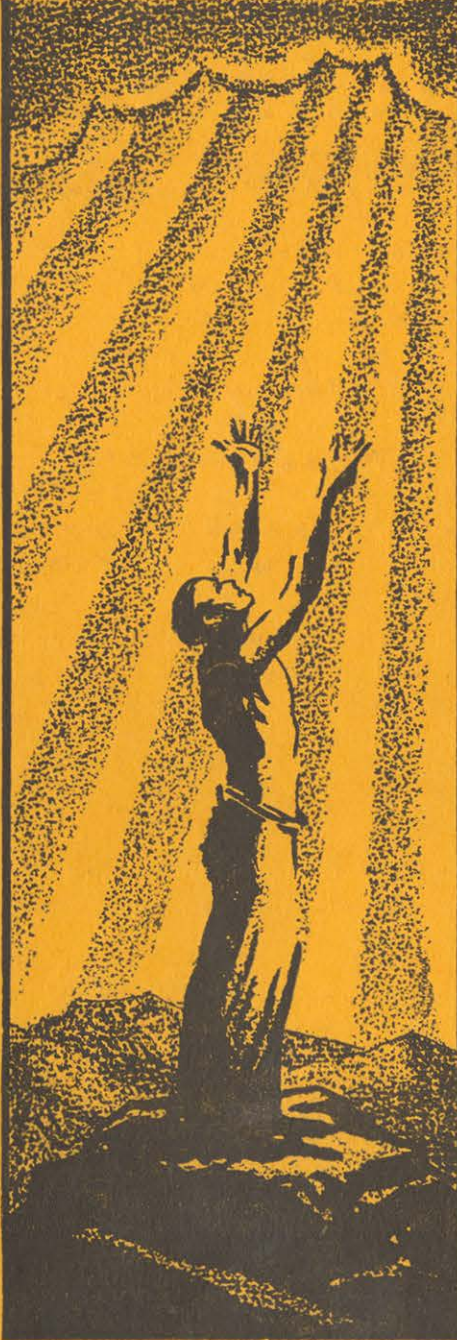


*"This magazine supports the true
and exposes the false."*

"PSYCHIANA"

Monthly
25c



In this Issue:

HOW THE CHURCH GOD
HEALS



THE STILL SMALL
VOICE



PSYCHIC HOCUS-POCUS



ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL



"OVER THERE"



FEARING GOD



MICHAEL SERVITUS—
MARTYR



HEARTS AND HEADS

and many other inspiring and
hard-hitting articles from the
pen of Dr. Robinson. This mag-
azine stands for the TRUTH
without any whitewash.

December, 1931

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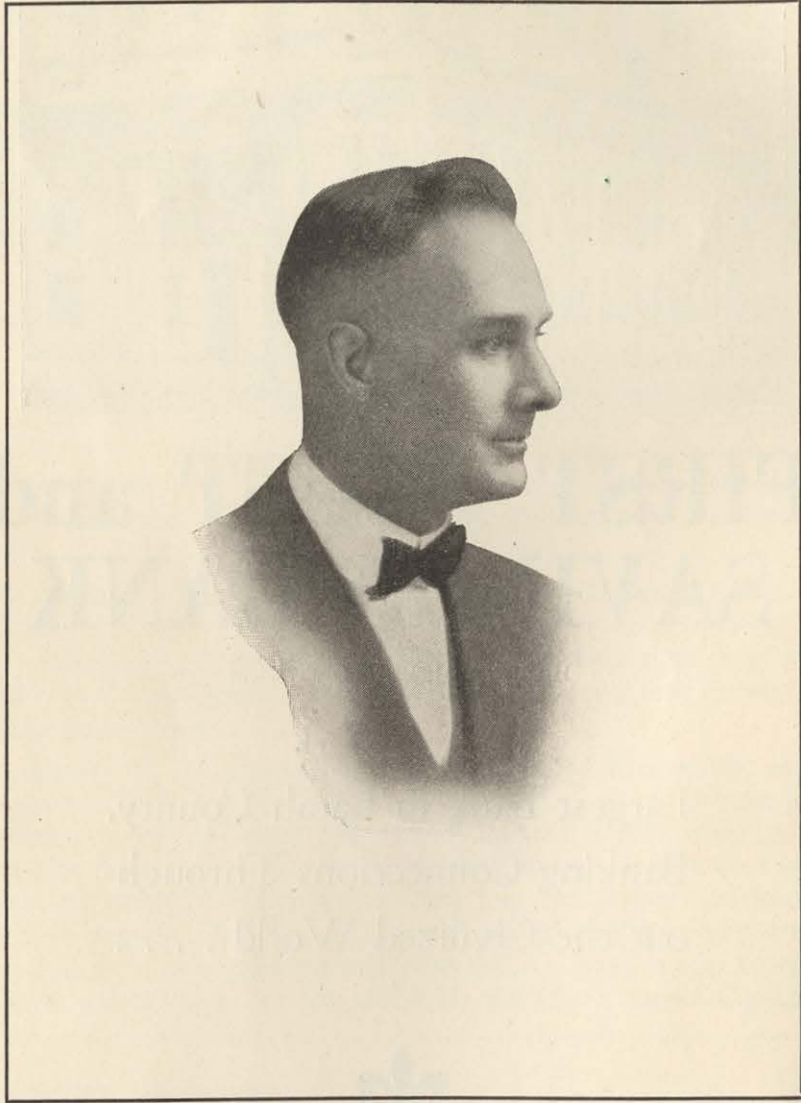
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NOBODY KNOWS," Editor "PSYCHIANA" MONTHLY, and Founder
of THE "PSYCHIANA" BROTHERHOOD.

VOL. I

No. 6

"PSYCHIANA"

MONTHLY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF "PSYCHIANA"

(The New Psychological Religion)

Published monthly by "PSYCHIANA" Inc., Moscow, Idaho

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FRANK B. ROBINSON, D.D., Ph. D., M.Sc.
Editor.

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Business Manager.

All manuscripts submitted to be accompanied by return postage. Not responsible for unsolicited MSS. One month's notice of change of address must be given. Also both OLD and NEW address. All articles appearing in this magazine, unless otherwise signed, are written by Dr. Robinson.

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CIRCULATION

The remarkable growth of "PSYCHIANA" and the demands of our students have brought this magazine into being. Just as soon as humanly possible this magazine will appear on the news-stands nationally. We welcome constructive suggestions and want to be of real service to all in showing what we believe to be the truths of God. (Not the church god but the Living God.)

VISITORS

Please do not come to Moscow to see Dr. Robinson unless you have an appointment made beforehand. This will save possible disappointment. The subscription price of this magazine is 25c a copy and \$2.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$3.50. All Dr. Robinson's works except magazine articles appearing in the national monthlies, may be obtained from us.

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HOW THE CHURCH GOD HEALS

This subject of healing keeps cropping up. In this case I shall tell you of a man who lived in Southern Oregon, who died a few days ago. He is a relative of mine through marriage. He *was* I should say, for by this time he either knows nothing, or he knows the God he trusted in was a phoney one. At any rate, this fellow, who until a few years ago was a successful farmer, "got religion" one day. That is, he got the "old orthodox hell-fire-and-damnation" religion. In some manner or other he got acquainted with some "apostolic faith" crowd, and he developed a good sized dose of their system of "supernaturally-revealed" religion. He received "the gift of tongues" also. Most of this sect speak in tongues, which is based on the Bible. You will remember that when the "holy ghost" came down in the little room at Pentecost, it sat on the heads of the disciples in little balls of fire; it caused the same disciples to speak in other tongues—at least so the record reads. And there are many sects today who claim to have this same "gift of tongues." It sounds more like the jabbering of a bunch of monkeys to me, but it's supposed to be a "gift of the spirit" just the same. And they who are fortunate enough to possess it are very lucky. What good it does them I do not know, but, it being a "gift of the spirit," naturally it must be a very profound and holy thing. (Doesn't it beat the band how superstitious the people are still.)

This uncle of mine, however, received from God a big dose of the the gift of tongues. So much of it did he receive that immediately on finding this "supernatural revelation" he began to neglect his farm and let it go to rack and ruin. His family also were neglected, and the poor wife made to suffer as she had never suffered before. And all on account of this "supernaturally-revealed Bible religion." Instead of paying attention to his ranch and his livelihood, he followed this religious sect around the country, speaking in tongues. When at home he would go out into the barn and speak in tongues. I think the man had gone plumb crazy, personally, but it was all being done in the name of the church god, and on the authority of the "holy Bible," for the beginning of this asinine tongue theory

is in the Bible, and from that book came the idea which brought into existence this "apostolic faith" outfit. Very seldom have I seen as ruinous a doctrine as they teach, and on thinking the matter over, one can readily understand how the church, acting under the spell of the frenzy of religious emotion, would burn thousands of humans to death and all in the name of God. What a farce—and what a tragedy too.

If this brother I am speaking of got sick, or any of his family came down with illness, one method used was the "gift of tongues" and prayer. Under no circumstances was a physician called. This fanatic, a well-to-do rancher until he "got religion," claimed that the god he was worshipping could heal every disease. He made a mistake though and found it out too late. The theory was all right; the thing wrong lies in the fact that he was worshipping "Yah-veh" of the "orthodox church" and expecting that old myth to do something material for him in the way of healing sickness, now. Which of course could not be done. For never was "Yah-veh" other than a pagan mythical tribal Jewish god. He never did exist. And yet he is the god the church has today. And the only god it has ever had too. Had this brother known something of the power of the Life Spirit, the Living God, his theories would probably have worked, but the trouble was that he was pinning his faith in a god that was as false as could be. And all the tongues he ever spoke in he originated in his own diseased or fanatical brain. For the power of this universe—*God*—never causes men and women to resort to such tactics. And whenever you see the "gift of tongues" you can put it right straight down that those who are using it are either slightly mentally unbalanced, or are fakers, pure and simple. This is the type of person I should hate to trust my wife or daughter with.

When I attended Bible school back east, a number of years ago, a strange sect came into town working miracles and speaking in tongues. I was delegated by the college to investigate that mob and to bring back a report of their activities, being careful to watch for evidence that the manifestation was "from god or from man."

I went down to the hall where the circus was being staged, and if ever I have been in a madhouse, it was then. Men and women lying all over the floor, yelling and hollering and screaming at the top of their voice. Monkeys were not in it, for there was nothing intelligent in their bleatings. To me they appeared like a bunch of insane morons. No semblance of order at all. No possibility of anyone receiving any enlightenment from these "tongues," for there were so many of these fools jabbering at once that it would have been manifestly impossible to receive any light on religious subjects, or anything else, from such a mob.

I sat and watched for an hour or so, getting more disgusted every moment. Finally one sister came up to me with tears rolling down her face. "Oh brother," she said to me, "wouldn't you like to know the Lord Jesus?" She put her arms around my neck and I began to wonder just what she meant by "the Lord Jesus." For I certainly knew nothing of any "Lord Jesus" who would make people act like that. Nor would I want to. At any rate, this young dame impressed me as being ready for almost anything, and, under the insane stress of "religion," she probably was. You can imagine, however, the report I turned in. It was to the effect that this sort of performance had better be left strictly alone. And it was.

But to get back to the Oregon brother who "got saved" and "gloriously sanctified with tongues and fire." After several years of meandering around the country with this gang of religious nuts, a few weeks ago he was taken down seriously ill. His throat began to swell up. The deadly white membrane formed, and it was evident that diphtheria had him in its grip. This, of course, meant nothing to this "tongues" brother, for was he not trusting in a god who was able to save the body? Had he not been out for years preaching healing, and tongues, and repentance, and salvation, etc.? At any rate, this brother grew worse and consistently refused to have a physician. Surely there was no need of one, for the god he was trusting in would not let him die. This attitude was kept up to the very end. For there was an end, and the man died the horrible death which diphtheria invariably brings, unless the god-given knowledge and powers of the physician are used. Or unless of course, the patient knows the *real Living*

God, which God uses no "tongue" methods or anything on that order.

So the brother in Christ died. A premature death. They carried him out and now he's planted under six feet of earth. A terrible thing for himself and his family. But all through the teachings of a sect which was allowed to operate here in the name of "the religion of Jesus Christ," and basing their entire structure on the Bible as the divinely inspired word of God. A very holy sect they consider themselves, and on street corners in nearly every large city can this same mob be found any night, bellowing, raving, and offering their "salvation" to whoever is fool enough to want it. For there is neither sense nor reason in it. It's a very damnable teaching and a heresy of the worst kind. And these fanatics will stand there on the street corners, collection box in their hands, spilling out their self-evident false story, and at the same time get their property tax-free and masquerade as "agents of God" acting on the authority of the Bible. For, I repeat, this "gift of tongues" proposition originated in the Acts of the Apostles—author unknown.

I mention this case here, to try and give my readers the correct slant on healing, and so that they will understand the Law before they wire this office asking us to do some unnatural thing for them. For I do not wish to be classed in this fanatical order at all. I sometimes wish no one had ever wired us for healing. Not that we are adverse to helping whoever we can—but there has been so much charlatanism connected with every sort of "healing" that we are very much afraid our stand on the matter may be misconstrued. In the case above alluded to, however, the man did not have a possible chance, believing in the god he believed in. For that god does not exist. He is "Yahveh," the old mythical tribal god of the Jews, and the very same god the church has today. So it was a foregone conclusion that such a myth could never help anyone, and the man was doomed the very moment those little bugs first became active in his system.

Now if you will please excuse me for writing about myself, I will tell you of another case of the same deadly disease, and which happened about one year ago. The patient is still alive and very much so, for he is writing this message to you. In some unexplained manner or other, a little over

one year ago, I contracted one of the very worst and most malignant forms of diphtheria known to medical science. I have a suspicion that some religious fanatic, in a South American country, transmitted them to me through a letter. At any rate, I received a very filthy letter one day. On opening the envelope I found another envelope inside it, and another one inside that. There were six envelopes altogether, and when I got to the letter itself, a filthy thing, I read one of the most blasphemous documents ever sent through the mail. I was cursed high and low by this "holy ghost christian" who told me of his religious fervor in the letter. My doom was to be the flames of hell, etc., and seldom have I heard a worse "christian" letter than that. I receive lots of them, and the more "religion" their writers have, the more bitter are they against me. Strange—but true—and they are evidently running quite true to form, and are following old "Yah-veh" in a wonderful manner.

Be that as it may, that is the only way I can explain that type of diphtheria being in this city. I have made some investigations, and have the findings of the agency all tucked away safely where I can get at them when I need them. And so down I came with this terrible disease. I was in terrible shape. An awful abscess developed in the throat, and it was noised around that "Doc. Robinson is dying." And everyone thought so too. Then Mrs. R. came down with it, and to make matters worse, little Alfred took the pneumonia and broke his arm also. We were at that time expecting the arrival of the sweet little Florence we now have—the very picture of life and health. Quite naturally, on finding out that I had this malignant type of diphtheria, my thoughts turned to God. Not the church God by any means, but the mighty Living Spirit, whose I am and Whom I serve. In an instant the message came to me, "get the very best physician obtainable." This intuition, or answer from God, would not jibe in the slightest degree with the tenets of the "tongue" brethren. I should have been an "unbeliever in god" had I ever considered a doctor. But, I am alive and well, and the other brother is under six feet of earth, and by this time nature's worms are making away with his physical frame.

Let me not be misunderstood here please. Had I received the answer to my faith in

other words or in other terms, they would have been strictly obeyed, but so plain was the message to me that I did exactly what the intelligence of God told me to do. (Now do you get a glimpse of what I mean by the Living God?) So I secured the very best physician obtainable, one Dr. C. F. Magee of Moscow, a man known throughout the entire Inland Empire for his ability and training. And I put myself in his hands. He could not understand where the disease had come from, but he instantly spotted it for what it was. A good big shot of anti-diphtheria serum was given both to me and to Mrs. R., and also to little Alfie. And after the usual time we all recovered and I am in better shape today than I ever have been. Now the point I am making is that in following this procedure, I was playing with the Real God, whereas this fanatical uncle of mine was playing with a phoney power, foisted off on him as the real God, by the phoney organization which is looked upon as a very holy and "christian" sect. This mob operates as a "church" and they state in their beliefs that the Bible is the "holy inspired word of God, absolutely true from cover to cover." And under this garb they masquerade as agents of God. As a matter of fact, however, this, and every other religious organization which considers the Bible the "divinely inspired word of God, true from cover to cover," is operating under false pretenses, and in trying to get you and I to accept such a story, is offering to us something which is not true. There is where I fight them. They are coming to us with a story which certainly is a very humanly written story out of a very humanly and anonymously written book, and asking us to accept it as the "word of the Living God," when as a matter of fact they cannot even prove who wrote the thing. I shall not go into any explanations of the falsity of the Bible here—the only point I wish to make is that the organizations teaching from that book, if they consider it the "divine word of God," are teaching pagan superstition. The sort of thing alluded to in this article had its birth in the "dark ages of faith." And if ever there was a time when this old earth was sodden in iniquity, it was in those "dark ages of faith" when the church was at the height of its temporary power and degradation. Was I an "unbeliever" in taking that serum? I was not. For the men who

found anti-diphtheric serum (God bless them) found a little part of *God*. Do you not see that? There has never been a scientific discovery in any line that has not demonstrated the power and working of God. I don't care whether the man who finds it is a church-member or not. For I don't think there is any connection between the church god, old "Yah-veh," and God as He really is. "Yah-veh" ordered witchcraft according to the Bible. "Yah-veh" himself slew tens of thousands, so how can there be any connection with that monster and the scientist who is working to save life, not to destroy it? And once more may I repeat that the sooner these fanatical and bible-believing bunches of hair-brained religionists, incapable of either reasoning or thinking for themselves, are out of the picture, the sooner will men and women know God.

Was I afraid of death? I was not, *for I knew better than anyone else that I was not going to die*. Even Dr. Magee said there wasn't much chance, and even now he will tell you that it was my iron constitution and will which pulled me through. But it was more than that. It was the sweet smiling confidence in the Living God, and that diphtheria was licked the minute it showed up, and it was licked by the Power of God, partly through my own faith, and partly through the God-given serum. I probably knew a little about the workings of the mighty Life Spirit, whereas my uncle was more concerned with the "gift of tongues" and that sort of god than anything else. So to all I say, don't look to me for the working of any miracles. The cases you see me publish in this magazine are only published to show that the real Life Spirit does exist, and, in man's extremity, can make his power known. I do not understand Him to the full, certainly not—neither do you—neither does anyone else, for the full knowledge of God has not yet been broken on earth. It is to break, and when it does, then there will be no more diphtheria, no more "gift of tongues," no more Ladies' Aid Societies blaspheming and condemning those who are honestly trying to do something for humanity. When the full knowledge of God actually breaks, things will be different I assure you.

Sometimes I feel that He is very close—so close that I just sit still, and try to grasp Him to the full. Then again it seems that

He is not so close. But never is the time when I do not know His presence is here with me. That's not unusual, my friend, that's only the normal condition every man should live in. No gift of tongues, no penitent forms, no Lord's Suppers, no baptismal robes, no long drawn out prayers at all. That can never help you find God, and besides, like the Catholics, you are liable to take the exercises for the Power, and that's not as it is. Exercises, penance, confession boxes, collection boxes, tithes, gifts of tongues, etc., can never bring the human soul close to God. Do you want to know what can do that? Then let me tell you. Just simply a recognition of His presence—that's all. You don't know who or what He is, and neither do I. But we recognize His presence every moment of the day. And that's wherein the secret of God's power lies—in His presence. Won't you try to recognize it? Please do. Let this verse run through your minds continually:

"Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee,
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, *I am with Thee.*"

And then, day by day, as the sweet Presence makes itself known to you, there will steal into your soul the peace which passeth all understanding—it will soothe away the sorrows of the day. It will guard you with a loving hand through the night, and it will bring you to the place in which you automatically live in Him—where you should live. What the future will bring forth I do not know—nor do I care. There can be no harm or danger come to the soul which is "in God." For that protecting Arm and that Protecting Presence covers His own like I cover little Alfred every night. And, resting in that Presence, there is no future; there is an ever-present *now*.

The three great Semitic religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, are all, to a large extent, founded on the first five books of the Bible. Yet Christians would have us believe that they are right and the other two religions, far outnumbering Christians, are all wrong. But they had the self same foundation. This proves that Christianity is, like Mohammedanism, a pagan religion, founded mostly on myth and religious superstition.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

The world of religion is in a sorry mess. Churches are arguing and fighting amongst themselves, at the same time blaspheming everyone else who holds differently from what they do. This religion says this, and the other religion says that. Creed, dogma, and tradition seem to be about the only thing these churches have left. The old Westminster Confession of Faith, which teaches that the world was made in six literal days of 24 hours each, is still in full force and effect. Half of the church is in favor of the divinity of Christ and the other half denies it. Half of the structure is in favor of prohibition, and the other half is not. The Protestant is up in arms against the Catholic, and the Catholic plods along in its quiet way doing very effective work. The Methodists spread the alarm that the country is fast going to the clutches of the R. C. Church, and they build a big building almost on top of the Capitol in Washington, D. C.

In their radio broadcasts the Catholics are careful to allude to the Pope as the only agent of God on earth, while the Protestants would have us believe that the Catholics are anti-Christ, etc., and so it goes. What a mess. And all of it in the name of God. But thus has it ever been, and more blood has been shed and more crimes committed in the name of God than in the name of any other personality, real or fictitious. The Protestants need never fear that this marvelous country will ever be under the control of either the R. C. Church or any other church for that matter, and the Catholics need never have very many visions of running this country for they will never see the day in which the pope controls it. The reaction is quite the opposite direction. All over the world we see not only individuals but entire nations casting off Catholicism, and all other "supernaturally-revealed" religion. And the handwriting is very plainly on the wall. They will all go into the dust-heap before long. Certain it is that the doctrines on which the church has fattened are quite passe and of no use to us today, and certain it also is that people and nations are seeing the utter fallacy of such teachings. They are also seeing the uselessness of them too.

But it's a mess if ever there was one, and it sort of makes one wonder at the amount of superstition in the world yet. Fear—that's all it is. Fear of losing their immortal souls. And they swallow the dogmas and lies fed to them by the differing religious organizations, whereas, if they forgot about their soul and tried to find out something about the real Life Spirit, the chances might be that there would be not so much need for them to worry too much about the hereafter. But many of the people still hang onto the dead and putrefying organizations in the vain hope of having their sins washed away, and living forever "up in the sky amongst the angels." And while they still hang onto such heathen beliefs and superstitions, they forget that thousands of years before Christ was ever heard of, thousands of millions of Egyptians had the same faith in Osiris that these few thousands still left have in Christ. The Egyptians were all wrong of course, but that doesn't seem to make any religionists of today even suspect that their own doctrine is as impossible as that of the Egyptians. And so the mess gets larger and larger. They also seem to forget that one can search in vain for any reference to Christ outside of the gospels. That fact seems to make no difference to them at all. In fact they are not interested enough in their religion to even bother to find out whether or not its foundations are true or false. Whether they will hold in time of stress does not seem to bother them one iota. Just as long as their names are on some church roll, and just as long as the parson greets them with a handshake and a "good-morning my brother," the happy smile lights up their faces and hey—presto—they consider they have a one-way ticket to the regions of eternal bliss, where angels sing around the throne forever and ever amen.

Those of us, however, who have learned just a tiny little bit about the real power of the real Life Spirit, are somewhat shocked at the number of people still assenting at least to the teaching of these old pagan dogmas and superstitions. And well we might wonder, for certainly it is enough to make a man think.

In the meantime, however, we who have seen a little bit of the light of God, are per-

fectly content to learn and know something more of the real Spirit of God as it really and actually exists here and now on this earth. For there is a "still small voice" which can quiet every tempest. It can still every storm. It can right every wrong. The Christian Scientist is not so far wrong when he tells us to ignore the things we do not like. There is a whole lot of truth in that philosophy of life. For it is part of the Law which brings the Power of God into play.

If you and I are *expecting* this naughty thing or that nasty thing to happen, then by no possible means can anything else ever happen. But if there isn't a single idea in our heads other than the best can happen, you may depend upon it that it will be mighty hard for such unwanted things to happen. The trouble with most of us is that we will not or do not even faintly trust God. We are afraid to trust ourselves so is it to be wondered at that we cannot trust this might Life Spirit. Lots of people write me saying, "Well, Dr. Robinson, why don't I get all the money I want. Why don't I have this or that or the other thing?" And my answer to such questions usually is—"Because you have not yet learned to trust God or to *accept from Him these very things you need.*" Then they come back at me and ask how they are to do this. Every case of course is an individual case, and every case is different. But the same controlling and overpowering Law of God rules all men and women. And this Law is positively sure when it is used. "Well—I know—but how can I use it?" writes one good sister of our Brotherhood. "How can I get faith?" is another query. Well, let me tell you one and all. The secret of it all lies in "the still small voice." For that still small voice is the voice of God.

I have no use for these unnatural "silences" at all. They are both unnatural and unscientific, and, in most cases, positively harmful in that they are nothing more nor less than exercises in self-hypnosis. And to hypnotize oneself is always bad, no matter what the "psychological fakers" say. There is a much better way. There is a much more satisfactory way. There is a far surer way. Let me tell you what it is. Keep quiet—just naturally quiet. Let your whole life, no matter how busy, and no matter what problems you have, be a quiet life. Live in a little world of your own in which

there is just you—and the Life Spirit that made you and that enervates you. Hold quiet, smiling communion with that Mighty Spirit. Listen to the "still small voice." Let it lead. Keep so quiet that you can hear its leads, and then, when you get these impulses or leads from the "still small voice"—*obey them.* There is only one way to the father-heart of God. That way is simple trusting faith in this mighty Spirit. Once that faith is even slightly established, it is sure, and will of itself lead you to other and grander faith which will be more effective. Try this once. Just try trusting—actually—trusting God. Try *depending upon this invisible spirit for what you want, always remembering that the moment you are ready to accept it, it will be given.* And if you will do that, I don't think you will have much more trouble with your "faith." For you can take it from me God is true. God is sure. God is mighty. Not of course old "Yah-veh" of the church, for I do not mean *that* God. I mean the mighty Maker and sustainer of the universe—the Living God. *That* God is real. So try taking Him at His word and then see what happens. And in case you do not know what His word is, let me remind you that He has at His disposal, or can get if you please, everything you need to make your life happy as happy can be.

And again—there is a wonderful amount of satisfaction in trusting God. When everything looks blackest, and when the rains of trouble are pouring down torrential floods upon your head, there is a sweet peace and satisfaction about this simple smiling trusting in God. The storms somehow don't seem to rage so hard. The rains of adversity seem to lose their sting. The arrows of doubt and the annoyances of life somehow seem to lose their power to the soul anchored in Him. There comes to such an one, a sort of feeling of actual safety. No matter what may threaten, he feels safe. No matter what the vicissitudes of the sea of life may be, such an one smiles very sweetly, for he knows that over it all, and above it all, and under it all, are the everlasting arms of the love of the Living God. And I know of no sweeter life than the life lived, not "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," but "*Safe in the Arms of God,*" which is an entirely different thing. If the churches could but see this, what a mighty change there would be. Perhaps they will see it some day

PSYSIC HOCUS-POCUS

The Literary Digest of November 7th contains a splendid article dealing with the bunkum which is dispensed by "behaviorists." The writer of the article is Mr. Coulter, who founded the Big Brother movement. The article is a review of Mr. Coulter's articles dealing with this subject, which article appeared in the Outlook. I suggest that my readers get a copy of the Digest of that issue and read this splendid article by Ernest K. Coulter.

In this magazine recently there appeared two articles dealing with "behaviorism" and in those articles the editor placed this "pseudo-science" where it belongs, and that is quite outside the pale of our educational institutions, and we made the further statement that while this "pseudo-science" might be allright for animals and babies before the speaking period, it certainly had no place in the lives of thinking intelligent men and women. This breed of "psychology" created quite a flash in the pan when one, Dr. Watson, first advanced it, but it did not last very long, and now is universally discredited. A few men are still to be found in some of the smaller educational institutions, teaching this sort of tommy-rot, but the men themselves are back numbers mostly, and create considerable laughter and smiles from the students to whom they propound this "Watsonian psychology."

The writer has many conferences with those who are studying this brand of hocus-pocus, and it is amazing to note the number of these young men and women who candidly state that they do not believe what they are being taught along this line, only attending the classes to "make their grades." The writer would be the last one to discredit any legitimate science, or any attempt to advance in the realm of either science or psychology, for I presume psychology may be called a science. But he is equally opposed to the Dumb Dora practices of those who, thinking that they understood something of the ununderstandable, pretend to have a superior knowledge of the human mind and the "stimuli" which are supposed to govern all human actions. Psych this, and psych that. I. Q. tests one day and E. Q. tests the next day. It's comforting to note that the larger schools have never touched this sort of tom-

my-rot, and those who have gotten their fingers dirty, are rapidly beginning to clean them up a little by getting rid of the men teaching this line of twaddle.

Mr. Coulter cites the following case, and it goes to show some of the blah and nonsense heard in our courts by phoney "psychiatrists"—behaviorism experts in other words. I shall give but two illustrations of the poppy-cock released by those professing to be "psychologists" but who are not psychologists in any sense of the word. What they really are is what I often call "psychological fakers" who, under the protection and sheltering wing of some college or other, dispense this brand of verbal foliage. Here, however, is the quotation from the Digest. Read it carefully—then laugh:

"In a comparatively recent case, reviewing a county court proceeding in Brooklyn, a jury of twelve ordinary men reversed the findings by which a young defendant, charged with arson, was committed to a state prison for criminal insane.

"One of the witness psychiatrists insisted that the defendant was only nine years old, mentally, because he described a chair as 'something to sit on.' This surely showed, he said, that the defendant was an imbecile.

"Futhermore, the defendant's answer that 'A fly is a little and a butterfly big,' showed him to be an imbecile, plus-four size, or whatever they call a big one.

"When the defendant lawyer asked one of the psychiatrists what answers the defendant should have given, he stammered a moment and tried out some fancy answers, such as, he said, 'a well-read and educated person might make.'

"The jury actually chuckled at the efforts of the psychiatrists to set themselves straight."

Here is another illustration, the case of a "problem boy," recited by Mr. Coulter:

"A visiting teacher, a 'psychiatric social worker,' referred the boy to a psychiatric clinic, which was telling the world what it was doing for 'child-guidance.'

"They spent weeks, yes, and months 'testing' the boy, circling all around the mulberry-bush, while the honest-to-goodness old-fashioned doctor or oculist would have hit

the lad's trouble within five minutes after the lad had climbed into his chair.

"Here is what they did:

"First—Lengthy oral examination of boy and recording of his statements.

"Second—Investigation of his school history.

"Third—Family history.

"Fourth—Search of records of social service exchange for 'contacts with other agencies,' and communication with those agencies.

"Fifth—Intelligence test to establish his 'I. Q.' or 'intelligence quotient.'

"Sixth—Emotional test to establish his 'E. Q.' or "emotional quotient."

"Seventh—Test of his reflexes.

"And, finally, eighth—Physical examination, when they made the startling discovery that—*he needed eye-glasses!* This was one of our Little Brothers.

"But there is a tragic side. What was the real effect on the boy? With all this 'testing,' 'reflexing,' and elaborate technical questioning, he finally came to the conclusion that he was a 'dodo,' entirely unlike any other boy, a peculiar and undesirable creature to be spurned by society. It took months of patient, sympathetic endeavor to undo this damage; but I am glad to report that, finally, under the guidance and encouragement of a sensible Big Brother, the boy is now a normal individual, and making good."

Have you ever read anything more idiotic than the above cases? I surely never have. And yet we parents (some of us) will send our boys and girls to "college" to have their brains filled with that sort of baloney, expecting to go out and wrestle an honest living from life with a foundation like that. I have been fighting "behaviorism" ever since I first began to write for magazines, and shall still fight it. It hardly needs as much fighting now though, for, as ever, truth has triumphed and the "behaviorist" is peregrinating his weary way down to the bone-pile of "dead psychologists and their theories," and there let their bones rest. Let us forget the harm that these individuals, with a perverted sense of their own importance in the world, and probably an exaggerated ego, have done. Let us forget, if possible, the hundreds of innocent human beings who are now confined, either in some nut-house or some penitentiary, who have been sent

there on the unsupported word of some "psychiatrist."

"It is not possible for a man to study behaviorism and retain any of the higher instincts of life. All is animalism. All is stimuli. These "stimuli" brethren attempt to explain the riddle of actions by the "stimuli" theory. But in the first place "stimuli" means nothing at all, and actions will never be explained in normal or abnormal human beings by any "stimuli" theory. One must get far back of the "stimuli" before he is on any ground which might be fruitful where human actions are concerned. For human actions are not governed by any nerve stimulus, but by the mental and moral reaction of a man first, to his neighbors, then to his God. As far as the behaviorist goes though, there is no God. We know one of these brethren teaching this system of "psych" who, from his lecture platform loudly berates all kinds of religion, but whenever an opportunity is given this fellow, he will be preaching in some church or other, and trying to apologize for his atheistic teachings in college.

Here must be a case of "double-acting stimuli." I think perhaps it would be better if every college allowing that sort of bunkum to be taught, would get rid immediately of the "psychiatrists" teaching it, and give their students some rules of clean moral living. Instead of attempting to explain everything and all by "stimuli," they had far better teach these young men to have faith in some higher power, without attempting to explain what that power is. I am not entering into any argument here as to what God is and what He is not, but I know one thing—I have never yet seen a permanently successful or permanently happy man that did not believe in God. Behaviorism robs a man of that privilege. It takes away from him all hope of higher and nobler things. It puts him in the class with the hogs and the sheep and the rest of the animals, who do as they do because of "stimuli."

It may be all right for some people to sit and eat quassia chips, and it may also be all right to go through other asinine practices in an attempt to "measure willed reactions," that may appeal to some, and probably does. But there is nothing either scientific or elevating in the whole performance. The fact that some of our colleges teach it is no

criterion that it is a correct teaching. Some of the biggest dubs we know are college professors. About all the knowledge they possess is an exaggerated sense of their own importance in the world, and it's a false importance at that. What is taught in college today is very apt to be discarded tomorrow. What is the present day education anyway? It's nothing more nor less than learning from books what some other person wrote as the truth perhaps forty or fifty years ago. But you cannot educate a man scientifically by cramming things *into* him. True education, if the race is to progress, is the extracting or the bringing out of a man what is in him, and not the filling of his craw with what someone else believed years ago.

Had there never been any free and independent thinkers in the world, we would still be living in the educational bog of the dark age. Which is what we do not want. I honor the man who dares dispute what was considered to be truth one hundred or even twenty-five years ago. For the chances are many to one he is correct. Certainly, being taught what someone else believes is not the best way to progress or to educate oneself. The educated man will weigh what this man says, he will weigh what that man says, and he will not accept as gospel any statement, simply because some college professor told him it was so. And as far as behaviorism and its "professional psych's" goes, it will be a mighty good thing for this country when every last college in it bars the teaching. It is not taught in our leading educational institutions and never has been for that matter. And those few still left who are teaching it are finding a lot of opposition to their teachings. One of the most miserable men I have ever met is a "psych" professor in a university. One look at the man's face is enough to show you that he is not only soured on himself, but on everyone else. Not so long ago this same gentleman went to a certain religious leader with the following statement: "What can I do? I am one of the most miserable men alive. I know my philosophy of life is wrong, but I have taught it so dogmatically that it is impossible for me to give it up. What can I do?"

Well, if this fellow is an honest man, which I question, he will go before his class and tell it that considerable doubt has been thrown on the behavioristic theory, and un-

til it can be better proven, he is going to adopt another brand of "psych." That would be the honest thing to do. But this particular man will never do it. What he is attempting to do is to slowly change from the Watsonian theory to the more sensible and more accepted theory of Dr. MacDougal, William James, and other world leaders in this field. There's a whole lot no one knows about so-called "psychology," and certainly there is a whole lot more that is unknown about behaviorism. In this magazine some months ago, I warned parents to steer clear of any man or any college allowing this behaviorism theory to be taught, and I must repeat that warning here. You bring up your child with an absolute faith in a higher and overruling power, and tell him or her to trust that power, and not try to explain it, and you will have a far better, far more capable, far more normal man or woman on your hands than you ever could have through the Watsonian "psych" even though your son or daughter graduated with a hundred academic degrees. If your son or daughter cannot bring out what is in, or if what is in is unsound and unsafe, then academic degrees will never help toward success: 90% of the members of the San Francisco Dishwashers Union are college graduates.

A minister in Canada writes us as follows: "There is too much of your kind of infidelity emanating from the United States. What an ignorant class you must be." Probably Brother Briggs—probably so—but I find myself wondering just who it is that is ignorant—you, who believe in a cock-and-bull story like you do, or we of America, who will accept nothing any religious organization gives us, unless they can prove it true. For that is the sentiment in America today sure enough.

Prof. Ladd of Yale College, states, concerning the authorship of the books of the Bible: "The authorship date of most of the Old Testament writings and some of the New Testament, will *never be known*." The authorship of thirty books of the Old Testament and twenty in the New, is positively unknown. The Old Testament books were probably written from 1,000 B. C. to 100 B. C., which is not at all according to their reputed claims.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL

A letter comes from a Lutheran minister who has made several unsuccessful attempts to trip us in our writings. To date he has not been successful. Here is his latest attempt, and it is a vain one too. He states: "There is indisputable evidence that John's gospel was written by the apostle John, and yet you state it is a forgery as far as the title is concerned."

Well brother—all I can say to you is that you are running true to form and showing the same lamentable lack of knowledge on the foundation of these four gospels. Your standing in life would lead one to suppose that you at least know Bible history. But your writings to me show a terrible ignorance on the subject, and it is somewhat past me to understand your statements. Either you know better and are just trying to find out whether I know, or you are grossly ignorant. For there is absolutely no evidence in existence of any sort or kind, that the apostle John had the slightest thing to do with writing the gospel of John. And more than that, modern Bible scholars are two to one against the presumption that John had anything to do with writing this gospel.

Thirty or forty years ago, the opinion was altogether different, for then about five to one attributed this gospel to John. But today, after much has been written on the subject, and since the higher criticism has had something to say about it, the very opposite is now the case, and I repeat that fully two to one, if not more, of modern Bible scholars reject this Johannine claim to authorship. The reason why I reject the authorship of John is because John was an ignorant fisherman. He had no education at all. But the gospel of John is the handiwork of an accomplished scholar and certainly shows evidence of very finished writing. Then again, the apostle John was born at Bethsaida, and the writer of John says that Bethsaida was in Galilee. Now as a matter of fact Bethsaida never was in Galilee but was in Perea, and certainly John did not say that it was in Galilee, seeing that he was born there and should know the location of his own birthplace.

Now once more, Brother Preacher—John the son of Zebedee was a *Jew*. The writer of the gospel of John certainly was not a

Jew, or he would never have written against them as he did. Furthermore, the other three gospels state that Jesus celebrated the Passover with His disciples, and was crucified the following day. But the author of John states that He was crucified on the previous day, and so did not eat that supper. Irenaeus, in his (*Against Heresies* iii: 3) says this: "For neither could Anicetus persuade Polycarp not to observe it, because he had observed it *with John*, the disciple of our Lord." So you see there is a mix-up here, and evidence that John did *not* write this gospel.

Once more, John was supposed to be standing at the foot of the cross at the crucifixion, while whoever it was that wrote the gospel of John states that someone else saw it, and he who did see it, whoever it might have been, spoke truly. But John himself did not claim to have seen this supposed crucifixion at all. And if he had have witnessed it he certainly would have said so. Preachers will tell us that the "disciple whom Jesus loved and which was leaning on His bosom," was John. But as a matter of further fact, if Jesus loved any one disciple more than another, it was Peter, and not John. We just simply cannot credit John with the authorship of that gospel at all. Then there is another funny thing about this argument. All of the other Synoptics mention many events which we are told were witnessed by John. But in the fourth gospel, John knows nothing whatsoever about them. As Greg. says: "All the events said to have been witnessed by John alone, are omitted by John alone. This fact seems fatal either to the reality of the events in question or to the genuineness of the fourth gospel."

Then again, Mr. Lutheran minister, if you accept the first three gospels, you must discard the fourth. If the first three are authentic, the fourth is not authentic—and vice versa. Alluding to the gospel of John, Canon Westcott, one of the most brilliant of all Bible scholars, says: "The earliest account of the origin of the gospel is already legendary." While Professor Davidson, in his *Canon of the Bible* (p. 127) states: "The Johannine authorship has receded before the tide of modern criticism, and though this

tide is arbitrary, at times, it is here irresistible."

I only wish, brother, that this gospel were true. I only wish that it was written by John, and that it could be proven that John was an eye-witness to the crucifixion and resurrection. I'd upset the world for God if this could be proven to my satisfaction—but—sad to say—it can't.

THE WILD WHITE ROSE

It was peeping thru the brambles, that little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorne hedge was planted, my garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern and heather, on the breezy, open moor;
All within was sun and shelter and the wealth of beauty's store.
But I did not heed the fragrance of flow'ret or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud and it grew too high for me.
In vain I strove to reach it thru the tangled mass of green,
It only smiled and nodded behind its thorny screen.
Yet thru that summer morning I lingered near the spot;
Oh, why do things seem sweeter if we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming, but all that I could see
Was the little mocking wild rose hanging just too high for me.
So in life's wider garden, there are buds of promise, too,
Beyond our reach to gather, but not beyond our view;
And like the little charmer that tempted me astray,
They steal out half the brightness of many a summer's day.
Oh, hearts that fail with longing for some forbidden tree,
Look up and learn a lesson from my white rose and me.
'Tis wiser far to number the blessings at my feet,
Than ever to be sighing for just one bud more sweet.
My sunbeams and my shadows fall from a Father's Hand,
I can surely trust His wisdom since His heart I understand,

And maybe in the morning, when His blessed face I see,

He will tell me why my white rose grew just too high for me.

—Contributed.

PRAYER

Some folks look on prayer as a lazy out for themselves. They are too shiftless to get busy and do the things their god-given powers would enable them to do, so they take refuge behind the Lord, and try to pass the buck to Him, thereby trying to salve their own consciences, and excuse their own shiftlessness. Which reminds me of a story I once heard about a darkie. About two weeks before Christmas this coon, being of a very religious nature, as most coons are, began to pray to the Lord for a turkey for his Christmas dinner.

Every night and every morning he prayed for that turkey, telling the Lord what a good nigger he had been and all that. Christmas morning came, however, and that darkie could see no signs of his longed-for turkey. Being a little skeptical as the hour for dinner drew nigh, he got down on his knees again, and this time he prayed a prayer which was more like it. This is what he said: "Oh Lawd—you jest show dis yere nigger whar dat toikey am—dats all I'se askin' now."

Probably the nigger got the turkey. At any rate, prayer without works is absolutely useless. One can pray till the crack of doom, and when it cracks there will still be no answer to that sort of prayer. We know people who do many things worth while in a religious way, and yet never pray in the accepted sense of the word. They do—while the other fellow is asking the Lord to do for them. That's not prayer. Prayer is the putting into realization of the soul's most sincerest desires. It's faith also, for prayer and faith are the same thing. And both are action.

When a man gets his first consciousness of God, he finds himself in tune, not with any system of theology or religion, but with a great power. In fact the more of God one knows, the farther does one keep away from the churches.

"OVER THERE"

Recently there passed out of the earthly picture, a man who made the world better for his having been here, Thomas Edison. And what a life. A life given up to scientific research and production. For Edison first got his theory, and then, after having proven it to be scientifically true and correct, he put it into effect and gave it to the people. And as a result we have the talking machine, the electric light, the radio and many other marvelous helps, too numerous to mention. Edison was a theorist—and a producer. He knew how to think—and he accepted nothing on "faith." Not even the Christian religion did he accept. For Thomas Edison was a Freethinker. He was a seeker after the Truth, and, as such, he could hardly believe in "supernaturally-revealed" religion.

Recently, and in a reply written to Mr. Edison by Mr. Joseph Lewis, asking Mr. Edison what his opinion of Bible reading and Bible teaching in public schools was, Mr. Edison replied:

"I do not believe that any type of religion should ever be allowed to be introduced into the public schools of the United States."

So evidently Mr. Edison did not think that "any type of religion" was a good thing. Had he thought so, he would have been very much in favor of its introduction and teaching in our public schools.

The point I want to call attention to though, is a purported statement released through the AP and given out by the physician who was with Mr. Edison at the time of his death. The statement we are told was distinctly audible to this physician, and was as follows:

"IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL OVER THERE."

This statement, if uttered, and we have no reason to suppose it was not uttered, opens up quite a channel of thought to those of us who really want to know the truth without tradition or dogma. Here we have a man who did not even profess Christian faith. He did not believe in the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus Christ. He did not believe that "faith in the son of God" would be sufficient to cause him to live forever in heaven. He did not believe

that the Supreme Maker of this universe came down in the form of a human baby, born by "divine" means into the family of a Syrian Jew. He did not believe the story told to us today by the church, nor did he accept the Bible as the "divinely inspired word of God." There are very many outstanding minds who do not accept this thing either. Men of outstanding character and reputation also. For instance Luther Burbank, Rupert Hughes, Clarence Darrow, Sir Arthur Keith, Bertram Russell, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, Dr. Philip G. Peabody, Ex-President Herriot of France. But perhaps the name of Thomas A. Edison caps them all.

For in his scientific researches, he certainly was in a position to know whether or not science gave much or any evidence of a "land beyond the skies," etc. And now this great "unbeliever" lays a-dying. Gathered around him are his wonderful family. The world is mourning. The nation is in darkness for a spell in his honor. No man, not even Jesus Christ, was even honored in his time at his death as was Thomas Edison honored. So this statement of his that "it is very beautiful over there" is mighty interesting. It goes to show that if there is a "hereafter," then the heretic, the unbeliever, the infidel will enjoy it just as much as the believer will. And how significant that is. It's more in keeping though with the God "PSYCHIANA" teaches than it is with the church god. For this church god has laid down laws which must be complied with before anyone can ever enter into the gates of pearl. He has made it conditional of salvation that the applicant for such salvation must "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." He has stated that many shall be called but few chosen. His divine word says that 144,000 only shall be saved. This same "word" says that they who do not believe, shall go to hell, there to suffer and torment forever and ever.

But Mr. Edison, who, with every thinking person, disbelieved such asinine things as these, states, on his dying bed: "*It is very beautiful over there.*" Evidently Mr. Edison seemed to catch a glimpse of "another country." Or again it may have been a reaction physical, or mental, or spiritual

But to him at least the experience and the vision was real. And the significant part of it is, that this Freethinker, this Truthseeker, this Unbeliever, tasted the sweets and received a glimpse of the land of "over there," if there is such a land. That makes me feel better. If Edison saw that country, unbeliever as he was, then certainly there is a chance for me to see it too. And if there is a chance for me to see it, with Edison, then it just means that every soul living will see the same "beautiful country," when we pass through "Jordan." I trust this is so.

I have never believed the annihilation theory. I can't just seem to get that at all. One big English scientist says that life is an accident. Maybe so—but I don't believe that either. Nor can I believe that reincarnation theory for that theory has no proof at all, nor is it even reasonable to me. I realize of course that there are many who do hold it, but that is only because they have not found the power of God, and are floating around like a piece of flotsam and jetsam on the sea of life, being tossed hither and thither. Somehow or other, I seem to find myself believing, that if it was not in the "divine" decree that we should never die, then there must be a life hereafter. I cannot dispense with eternal life of some sort, either here or somewhere else. In my writings I try so hard not to let the teachings of my boyhood enter into a scientific analysis of the subject I am handling, and in this case, even though there be no actual evidence, I am frank to admit that I cannot admit that death ends it all.

Just exactly what Jesus Christ had in His mind when He said "I am come that they might have *life*, etc.," I am not discussing here. But of one thing we may be sure. We may be sure that His entire message was one of *life*. And yet, in passing, note that he died. Also remember that he was but a man—not God at all. But He had something in mind to be sure, and it's questionable whether or not we have grasped it yet. We may be hovering around the question, and it may take a little longer for the answer to come. But I am convinced that Jesus Christ had that answer. I am convinced he knew. Sometimes myself, with others of like mentality and thought, get together and discuss the possibility of eternal life on this earth, as we now are. I am not going on record at this time as

saying what we have discovered or what we believe along that line. I shall in the future. The point I want to bring before you here though is the point that if we are not designed to discover how to live forever here, then there must be a country "over there." And I can readily see that could very easily be so.

And if there be such a country, then Brother Edison was probably right—it probably is a very beautiful country. It probably answers a whole lot of questions that we would like to have answered here and now. What a pity it is that there has been so much fakery and fraud connected with the Christian religion. For I would like to believe it—but cannot. However, whether we believe it or not does not affect our standing with God, for God as he exists is *truth*, and *love* and *life*, and our ultimate "salvation" or future will not depend on whether or not we believe what is written in the Bible. There is every excuse in the world for a man not to believe what is written therein for there is so much fakery, as I say, gone on in its life history that a thinking man cannot tell what to believe of it. And a thinking man is not willing to believe anything on the unsupported word of either preacher or priest. So God will never send you or me to hell, nor will he deny us eternal life for not believing what is written in the Bible. In fact the thinking investigating man can only come to one conclusion regarding it, and that is that the book in no sense can be the "divinely inspired word of God."

But to come back to this land "over there" for a moment. If that's the logical solution and answer to the problem, then I don't think any of us need to worry very much about our getting there. Moody saw a glimpse of it—but so did Thomas Edison, and others not of "the faith." And if that be the logical and correct answer to the problem, then I do not think that a single soul alive need give a second thought to it. Certainly there is no need for them to pay priest or preacher to pilot them there. For it is very definitely established that the ground upon which both priest and preacher stand is highly dangerous ground. In fact it's more of a quicksand than it is a rock. And besides, do you suppose for one instant that whatever power it may be that caused this created scheme of things to be, is not

too big a power to allow one soul to be lost? Do you think for one moment that one's eternal salvation depends for an instant on whether or not we believe a story that a dead Jew, or a dead God for that matter, rose from the dead?

What sort of a god would it be who would make such a condition of salvation. No brothers and sisters, I don't know very much, and all I am trying to do is to intelligently get at the facts, as fast as it may be possible to get at them. I am willing to explore a little into the spiritual realm too, but I hope the day never comes when I attribute to the Life Spirit behind this universe, such a story and such actions as that. Do you not see that these things are pagan church teachings? Do you not see that the same church organization which placed on exhibition a finger and the tail-feathers of the Holy Ghost is responsible for this entire cock-and-bull story? It's very easy to see if one will only give the time and effort necessary to read the history of that organization, and, from their own literature at that. But that day is passing. It's got to pass. For men and women rebel against such teachings any more. They do not appeal to their reason. And because they do not appeal, the church is attempting to change its dogmas and teachings to jibe with the demands of the times. Fine. About the first thing it should do is to get rid of that asinine Westminster Confession of Faith, which makes belief in the literal creation of the earth in six days of 24 hours each, mandatory to church membership, and therefore salvation.

There are many other things which the church can very profitably throw overboard too. And probably they will in time, for public opinion will force them to. But it would be far better if they would be honest and come right out and tell people the truth as they know it about their Bible book. However, it may be that in the supreme plan of God, the "beautiful land over there" will tell us lots of things that we do not

know here. Somehow or other I believe that that will prove to be the solution. So to my readers I say, never forget to trust to the full the power of the mighty Life Spirit here. For never for one moment is He absent from the human life. Never mind the secret organizations, etc., which have a mortgage on all truth. All they are doing, most of them, is getting your money and buncoing you into thinking that in some mysterious manner, the secret of life has been preserved through some old manuscript or other which teachings they will sell to you for so much cash. Never mind depending on the ethereal "subconscious mind" for the answer. And you can safely discard all spiritualistic teachings too. And the crystal balls can go onto the dung-hill with them.

For man needs none of these things to show him the way to God. The trouble is not to find God, the trouble is to get away from Him. And to those thousands who will read this, and who are concerned about the hereafter, let me say that if Thomas Edison saw a land which was "very beautiful over there," probably you will see it also. For in the final analysis my friends, let me say to you that the mighty Life Spirit, the mighty sustaining intelligence behind all, is, in essence true and just. And you have nothing to fear from such a power or such a God.

It is an amazing fact to note that Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp, three of the foremost and most influential of the Apostolic Fathers, *never mention the Four Gospels*. This is the very best sort of evidence that they had never heard of them, and proves them to be more recent additions to the canon than the Epistles of Paul. These three fathers do allude to certain of the Pauline Epistles, but they make no mention whatsoever of the four gospels. These gospels could not have then existed as authoritative works, and brands them for what they are—gospel forgeries.

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MAKE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR OWN MIND BEFORE YOU ANSWER!

FEARING GOD

The word "fearing" is a very nasty and dangerous one, and one which should not be used in the sense in which it is used religiously at all. For it does not mean to be afraid of. If this were a fact, then all of us would be told to "be afraid" of God. This is absolute foolishness, and pagan superstition. For the present religious denominations, especially the Catholic religion, would have us believe that that is exactly what we are supposed to do—be afraid of God—fear God. They suggest that when we talk to God we should get down on our knees in reverence and awe. We should close our eyes. We should beg and cajole and coax God to by some hook or crook, hear and answer our prayers. By no manner of means should we ever look on God as a friend—oh no. The priest or the preacher—he's on friendly terms with God, and he, in his official capacity will intercede with God for us. Well—that's probably all right for those believing in "Yah-veh," the church's god. But this article is not written for that sort of people. We naturally feel sorry for them and would like to help them. But as long as they believe that the Mighty Maker of this Universe came down from "heaven" to the wife of a Syrian Jew, causing her to have a baby by unnatural means, which baby was God Almighty—just as long as they believe that—then we are afraid there is nothing we can do for them. We are sorry of course. They have made their own bed, however, and will have to lie on it, we are afraid, until they either wake up in this life, or go to the tomb and sleep, like everyone else does.

This article is written for the students and followers of "PSYCHIANA." Those who know the power of the Real Life Spirit—the Real God. To them the article will have much meat. It will have nothing for the "church-member," of course. Our Gods are different. Ours lives—theirs was buried 2,000 years ago. At any rate—what I mean by fearing God is this. I mean that the soul knowing God, and the soul who wants to know Him, should always not "be afraid of" God, but recognize His precious presence. Every moment of the day should be lived in the realization of the very present presence of this mighty Life Spirit. Look at it for a

moment. Let's take today. In the early morning, no matter at what time we awakened, it was this Mighty Life Spirit that brought us back from sleep. You and I couldn't do it—neither could the "subconscious mind." It was the Mighty Intelligence behind this created scheme of things—nothing else. So you see, here we are, awakening to activity with a marvelous manifestation of the power of God—the very first thing in the morning.

We dressed ourselves, came downstairs, ate our breakfast, and went to work, and if it had not been for the very present power of God, we couldn't have even come back from sleep. Now I wonder how many of us even stopped to ask ourselves what the power which caused us to arise, was. We probably just take it for granted, and so we go about our daily chores and businesses. Not many thoughts do we give to God. About all we seem to be concerned about is the accumulation of something we haven't got. Some want money—others want a good home—others want a woman—others want a "good time" all around. In fact there are so many different desires in most of us that we do not even think of God at all. Now—if we feared God, or if we trusted and believed God, for that is what "fearing God" really means, then do you not see that from our very first moment of awakening, we should at once, and constantly recognize His presence? Do you not see that? And do you not further see that if the presence of the Mighty Life Spirit were continually recognized, these differing things we desire would be ours already? Do you not see that? For He in whose hand we have placed ours owns all the earth and far more than that. And it is impossible for a single soul, recognizing His presence, to go hungry or to be tossed about on the sea of life like a ship without a rudder, for that cannot be.

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The trouble with some is that they don't seem to be able to recognize the fact of the continual presence of God in their lives. They will sit by the hour trying to "go into the silence." They will stare at the head of a nail or some other glistening object, thinking in that manner by some hook or crook to find the "subconscious" or God, or something else, which something else will prove to be to them a veritable "Aladdin's Lamp." And, of course, such souls will continue to sit and gaze and when the end of time comes they probably will still be sitting and gazing.

Here they are, surrounded on every hand by every conceivable power necessary to their present and future happiness, and still, instead of just simply recognizing this power, they will show their utter unbelief in it by looking somewhere else for it. They try to look "within" wherever that may be. Well, the power is *not* within. Many people try to argue with me on this point, but they do not get very far though, for they cannot just seem to place the "within." The members of the "Brotherhood" have a little card they hang in their bedrooms, and on awakening and on retiring, they read carefully that card. So you see, they go to their labors with the thought of their unity with God uppermost in their minds. Don't you think that will work far better than trying to find God through some crystal ball or some other foolish practice. For the power of God *is*. It exists. It exists *now*. It is all around us. We *live* in Him, we move in Him, and in Him everything we do is done. Now—you "fear" God—or you recognize and trust this mighty Life Spirit in every move you make, and don't you see what a world of power it opens up? I know you do, and the thought I throw out here is that if you will every moment "fear" God, you will never lack for the good things of life. There will steal into your soul, many times unawares, a feeling of utter and indescribable peace. A feeling that is hard to explain, for God Himself is hard to explain. In fact I question very much if any human soul can explain God. We can talk about Him. We can know the Law that works, but I don't think we can tell anyone just what that power really is. I know it is God—I talk silently to that power—I live in that power—I trust that power—I stay quiet in that power—and yet I can't explain it.

I don't want to either. If I knew much about the intricacies of God, I am afraid I should spend so much time trying to understand Him that I shouldn't have much time for using Him. And I mean using Him. For we can all use God. In fact we should use Him, from the very first moment of the morning until the last moment at night—we should learn to live in the very atmosphere of God. It's wonderful when we do that. It opens up a sea of power that is marvelous to those who find it. There is a verse of an old hymn which continually runs through my mind. I love the verse. I love the whole hymn in fact, and were it not a hymn which is much used in the "worship" of "Yah-veh" by the "church," it would be far more valuable to me than it is. But you see, the man that wrote that hymn thought that the common house fly was the spirit of a depraved "heretic." So knowing these things about the writer, I can't put too much stock in what the hymn says. At any rate—I know what the old fellow meant, and were it a fact that Jesus Christ was God, to the exclusion of everyone else, it would be a beautiful hymn. At any rate, I play and play and play this wonderful tune over and over again on my organ. I forget the words, but find the Living God in the tune. Probably the "Yah-veh" worshippers find lots of comfort in the words—and, from their standpoint they are beautiful indeed. Here it is:

"Jesus—the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor heart can tell—nor tongue can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
Oh Savior of mankind."

If the reader will sing that song direct to God Himself, forgetting all about any Syrian Jew story, he will find that it will lift him or her right into the Father-heart of God Himself. And then, just simply realize that Mighty Presence in the daily life, every moment, every hour, every day. Work with it. Talk with it. Plan with it. Consult with it. It will lead aright. It will never fail you. It is God—fear Him.

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MOSCOW, IDAHO

MICHAEL SERVETUS--MARTYR

One usually thinks, when alluding to martyrs, that the term means those who were martyred *for* the Christian faith. This however, is far from being a fact, for far more were martyred *by* the Christian faith than ever were martyred for their beliefs. The bloody days of the Inquisition are past—thank heaven—but their memory lingers on—especially in the minds of those who have seen through the hollow sham of the so-called "agents of God" on the earth, which agents can trace their history, if they care to, back to those who ruthlessly murdered those of differing faith. Take the great Presbyterian body for instance. It was founded by John Calvin. One would naturally think that the founder of such a system of religion must have been a very "holy man of God." And he was—of the Bible god that is—old "Yah-veh." As I have oft-times stated, this is the god whose middle name is murder, and whose chief delight was in "burnt offerings" and other bloody heathen rites. This is "Yah-veh," or Jehovah—whichever you have a mind to call him.

October is worthy of some attention, for it is the month in which this mighty man of "Yah-veh"—John Calvin, founder of Presbyterianism, seized Michael Servetus while passing through Calvin's country on his way to Naples, had him tried for blasphemy, and slowly roasted to death alive, over a fire of green sticks at Geneva, now the capital of Switzerland, on October 27, 1553. Not so long ago—is it? Michael Servetus was a Spaniard, who, although intended for the "ministry" somehow or other got into law, and from thence into medicine. So it may be presumed that this martyr was not an ignoramus, but a normally intelligent man, and who had the faculty and gift of thinking for himself. Dr. Servetus he afterwards became, and his introduction to "holy man Calvin" was through correspondence with him. Dr. Servetus, always interested in religious subjects, of his own free will corresponded with "holy man Calvin" in an effort to find out the truth from this "holy man of god"—who later became the founder of Presbyterianism. Little did he dream when he wrote his first letter that the god this holy man worshipped would just as leave burn him alive as look at him. Little did Dr

Servetus dream that his honest efforts to know the truth of God would result in his own agonizing death—a horrible death, incidentally—and at the very hands of the one to whom he had gone to learn more about God.

For it is very evident that Michael knew how to think for himself, for in those early letters he disputed with "holy ghost Calvin" on the doctrine of "the trinity" and wrote a pamphlet against it entitled "The Trinitarian Error," and "Christianity Restored." These two pamphlets contained absolute evidence and arguments that this trinitarian doctrine is one of the greatest pieces of religious humbuggery ever foisted on the people. Everyone knows that today, but in those days, when the church was at the height of its temporal power and incidentally of its moral degradation, very few even suspected that it was fooling the people by fraudulent doctrines, known very well to be fraudulent by those who were putting these doctrines out. But Servetus knew it all right. And, like your present writer, he was not one bit afraid to publish it either. The difference between these days and those days lies in the fact that people are intelligent today, and "holy ghost Calvin" would have a marvelous time putting his trash across as he did those days. He would also have a grand old time trying to toast someone to death today for their religious beliefs. Not much. Probably those who follow after him are of the same stripe at heart, but as I say, people are thinking today, and the intolerable bunkum of the early church, and its bloody murders, could never be done while the people are of an intelligent nature, as they happen to be in America today.

In his absolute honesty of heart and purpose, Dr. Servetus sent one of his tracts to "holy ghost Calvin" who, imbued with the mighty loving spirit of his god "Yah-veh," said: "If the author of that work ever gets into my power, he will never escape alive." And he did not—poor soul. I wonder in passing what old "holy ghost Calvin," the founder of Presbyterianism, would have done to me had he gotten hold of some of the things I write. Plenty probably. However, no sooner did the founder of Presbyterianism get his hands on him than he

threw him into jail. Michael escaped, however—but not for long, for again "holy ghost Calvin" caught him and the world knows the result. In jail, Dr. Servetus, kept in a foul stinking cell, protested to his "judges" in the following manner: "Calvin is resolved that I shall rot in prison to please him. I am eaten up with lice. My hose are worn to pieces, and I have no change, nor another doublet, and only one shirt, and that in tatters."

But the "holy man of god" had his way, and the end of poor Servetus was a horrible death. So horrible was the death that, with the flames from the green sticks licking the very hearts blood out of the poor toasting frame, Michael implored these murdering brutes, followers of god, to pile on the fuel in the name of their common god, and end his awful agony. This is history. It needs me to give no quotations. It can be found in the public library of any large city. And the thought strikes me, and keeps on striking me, whether or not the tens of thousands of followers of "holy ghost Calvin" ever think of these facts. Probably they don't know of it, for you will wait a long time before you will ever find a Presbyterian parson with sense of decency or fairness enough to tell his "flock of sheep" the truth about the birth of Presbyterianism. But on this month, the occasion of his anniversary, I should like to call the attention of my readers to the actual facts as they happened. Every priest and parson should bow their heads in shame when the story of Servetus is told. Especially the Presbyterians.

History contains lots of others though like Servetus. In fact there has been a similar trail of blood ever since the church started its ghastly series of, and system of, "supernaturally-revealed religion." And the day in which this earth is rid of *all* such trash, of every church and denomination, and in every land, will men and women at least be in a position to find out a little about the power of the real God, which of course "holy ghost Calvin" and his followers cannot know anything about. For the Presbyterians today are worshipping(?) the very same Jehovah that "holy ghost Calvin" worshipped. And this same "Yah-veh" is at heart the same old murderer now that he was then—if indeed he ever existed, which he did not—and were people as ignorant and superstitious today as they were then,

why of course the same things would be done now that were done then too. But slowly perhaps, but very surely, the structure built by such a man and on such teachings, is failing, failing, failing. It has a semblance of life but—inside it's as rotten religiously now as it was when "holy ghost Calvin" founded it.

It attempts to change its skin today, but even that cannot be done, for you and I know it too well. As far as social organization goes, it's good for those who like that sort of thing, but you and I both know that as far as knowing anything about God goes—well—it's just laughable to think that they might. A few more decades will pass though, and then the church of that day will be as different as day is from night, to the church of today. And if you think there are not religious fanatics still left, you should read the letters daily appearing in the Spokane papers about my radio addresses. However—I am not worried so much, for I know inevitably such stuff must get farther and farther away from all thinking minds, and when that day comes—and it's here already—then will men and women see the larger picture, and see the larger God behind it all. And there is such a picture, and there is such a God. But I realize of course that it is hard for you and I, fed on the teachings which originated in the mind of a murderer like Calvin, to get such ideas out of our minds all at once. It has taken time. But all over the world we see unmistakable signs, that even the nations are showing all "supernaturally-revealed religions," and by the way those propagating them also, overboard. It has to come. Nothing anyone can do can stop it. For we live evolutionary lives. We live growing lives. The infidel and heretic of today is the saint of tomorrow. Three hundred years ago, in Spain, the church was burning the "heretics." Today, the "heretics" are burning the churches. I think that's not so good, for these structures could be used for something else I suppose. But it is very easy for me to understand how men and women, when once the true Light breaks, immediately want to destroy such teachings of such men as Calvin. And they should be destroyed. Just imagine for a moment if you will—right here in America—an organization called the Presbyterian Church, and founded upon the teachings of a brute—a murdering brute—

like John Calvin. It's here though. It still masquerades as an agent of God. And it is. Of the same god it had then—old "Yah-veh," who never was anything more than a pagan myth. No one ever saw "Yah-veh." History makes no reference to him. He never did exist. But remember this, reader friend—the church has no other god than "Yah-veh," and never did have. So how can it know the truth of the Living God which we of "PSYCHIANA" know?

It just can't do it, that's all. Of course—to the church we are "heretics" and "atheists," and "infidels," etc., just as Servetus was. But who was right? The "church" and Calvin, who did this horrible murder—or the poor victim. All in God's green earth this man did was to refute the fact that the land of Judea was a "land flowing with milk and honey," as the Bible states. Now who was right? But this same "'Yah-veh' worshipping" church still is here. And it still is teaching the same old "Yah-veh." He has a son now though.

No—my friends—there exists, and there has ever existed, a far brighter Light than the church has ever known anything about. There exists, and has ever existed, a far greater power than the priests and parsons know anything about. And this power does not live in the sky, nor does it wait till "beyond the tomb" to manifest itself—it manifests itself here and now, and to all who are willing to throw into the sewer, all such teachings as "holy ghost Calvin" gave to the world. When all such teachings are thrown once and for all out of the life, then, and only then, can man be in a position to realize the presence and power of the mighty God of this universe. The God the church knows absolutely nothing about. I only hope and trust that the day soon comes when this country will discard entirely, as has Spain, Italy, South America, Turkey, and many other countries, the last jot and tittle of "church-peddled religion," founded by such murderers as John Calvin, the founder of Presbyterianism.

HEARTS AND HEADS

On Sunday, October 25th, this year, the writer listened to one of the most interesting, one of the most inspiring addresses ever delivered over the radio system of the National Broadcasting Company. And it was delivered by a preacher too. Millions of people heard the address, and safe to say, it did not sit very well with the "orthodox christians." And that's a good sign; for whatever doesn't sit so good with those good folks, is almost invariably a very good thing for the race as a whole. For the past few Sundays, one Dr. Frederic Knubel has had the seat of honor on the Forum program, and, speaking personally, a little of that fellow went a long way with us. We question very much whether or not anything that Brother Knubel said over the air did anyone any permanent good. But yesterday, October 25th—what a difference. For the speaker was Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. And what an address he made. This one address alone brands him beyond any shadow of a doubt, for what he is—one of the world's spiritual leaders, and one of the men who are qualified both by personality and education, to turn men's eyes from the

base and fallacious teachings of the "orthodox church" into channels of reason—where God may be found. For I repeat once more, God will never be found in any system of theology or anything else, which contains anything unreasonable in such system.

You will remember that the Presbyterian church kicked Fosdick out. In view of his sermon of yesterday though, this church might have kept him to good advantage, for it will live to see the day when its own teachings are universally discarded, and the teachings of Harry Emerson Fosdick universally accepted. Probably the old "orthodox Presbyterians" who unseated and unfrocked this brilliant preacher Fosdick, would welcome the day back again when this same church could roast and frizzle and fry at the stake, human beings, for not believing the impossible and fraudulent teachings it holds. John Calvin, the founder of this demonination, did this very thing to Michael Servetus, and in view of its attitude in moving Dr. Fosdick, I presume that at heart it still holds the same fundamental doctrines that old murdering Calvin held, and upon which teachings he founded the

Presbyterian church. However—the indictment stands, both against Calvin and against the present Presbyterian organization. The one murdered Servetus, and the other unfrocked Dr. Fosdick. To its everlasting shame and dishonor be it said in passing.

In this sermon, Dr. Fosdick made the statement that the church had lost the laboring class and the intellectual class. He stated that the church would probably deny that, but the fact remained and was apparent to the world as a whole. Dr. Fosdick gave as his reason for this statement that the church had lost the laboring class, the fact that the church, by reason of its grab for the shekels, had made it very plain that unless one could give these shekels to the church, he or she was not wanted in it. This is a fact—a well known fact; and it has been a long time since the church has had anything to offer the working class. It has placed itself a little above this laboring class, and so, has lost whatever hold it once might have had on them. The church has also lost the intellectual class, according to Fosdick, because they have made up their minds that they have absorbed everything the church has to offer, and so they have left it and gone elsewhere in search of something which appeals to their reason and intellect, and something which will satisfy their inner cravings and intellectual aspirations. And these things are not to be found in the church. The worthy doctor dwelt at some length on the question of "conversion," and laid most of it to fanatical emotion, bred by charlatans of the "sawdust-trail." He made the statement that he wished that those who had had so much "heart conversion" would get a little "head conversion" now.

This man Fosdick is a safe man to follow. He is a preacher, true; but he is one of the sort of preachers that is both honest with himself and those he addresses. He does not believe in the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus Christ. Nor does he believe that Christ was a one-third part of God. Dr. Fosdick also does not believe the damnable heresy that God—the mighty Maker and Controller of this universe, ever ordained such a dastardly thing as the "plan of salvation" advocated and taught today by the entire Protestant church, especially the church which kicked Dr. Fosdick out of its ranks. If I were Dr. Fosdick, I would

count that dismissal the greatest honor ever paid to me. This brilliant preacher knows too much Bible history to ever believe that this humanly, anonymously written book is the "divinely inspired word of God." Nor does this man believe that God and a loquacious snake held an argument in the garden of Eden. He discards that, and with it he discards everything on the supernatural order.

He does believe, however, in the very present power of the mighty Life Spirit behind this created scheme of things. He believes in the power of the Life Spirit, here and now. Not in some place "beyond the tomb." Not to be found through the machinations of any Billy Sunday or any Aimee Semple MacPherson. That sort of stuff is nothing more nor less than pagan and heathen superstition, wrapped up in a twentieth century robe. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. And only those who come in the class Dr. Fosdick said left the church, can ever either believe it, or countenance such teachings. Whenever and wherever you see a man who is always raving about his "religion" and his "conversion," then you can put that man down as being one of two things. Either the man is a liar, making a show of religion for business purposes, or he is a very unintelligent sort of person, one who is not even capable of thinking and reasoning things out for himself. This class, in their ignorance, are perfectly content to believe what preacher and priest tell them, taking it as gospel truth without the slightest attempt to analyze the story, or to investigate on the outside to try and secure evidence that the story at least might be true.

The writer believes himself to be a tolerably intellectual man. He thinks he is an honest man. At any rate he is not charlatan enough to send his teachings round the world unless he believed them. And let me say to every reader of mine, this: I have read and studied practically everything written on the Bible and the story it contains. I have been through more than one theological school. I have studied, searched, and researched, for many years, and I want to go on oath to my readers here and now, and tell them that, so help me God, my honest and presumably intelligent researches and studies have convinced me of the fact that this Christian Bible, if foist-

ed onto us as the "divinely inspired word of God" and nothing less than that, is the greatest piece of religious fraud and humbuggery I have ever seen. It certainly was *not* written by God nor by dictation of God, but is purely and simply a product of the Roman Catholic church. And if that outfit isn't pagan then I don't know what a pagan institution is. The Protestants should remember that more than they do. They should remember that the Bible is nothing more nor less than a product of the early Catholic church, and if it's as true as some of the other things this church teaches, then it certainly is a fake and an utterly proven fraud. Probably those at the head of the different religious denominations know this, but they take good care that you and I never find it out.

As Dr. Fosdick said only yesterday, both the working class and the intellectual class have left the church, and I think that puts the working class certainly into the intellectual class if ever anything did. The best thing the Protestant church can do (and they'll have to do it sooner or later anyhow), is to play the game with the public, as far as the Bible goes, let them tell the people what it is and what it is not. Let them tell their audiences the plain truth about it, and if they don't know the truth then let them give the simple historical facts and leave it to the public to find out the truth, or to decide whether or not it is or is not the "divinely inspired word of God." Fosdick said that not only were the intellectual people leaving the church, but he made the statement that the intellectual type of preacher was leaving it also. And no one knows that better than the church knows it. Even the Roman Catholic church is so hard pressed that it is advertising for priests—something it has never done before. In a last effort stand to try and save the day, the church is advocating "church unity," etc. They want to get together. Let them do it, for that will do no good. If they all were to combine, it would just make the decease of it in its present form a little more rapid and sure. For if Fosdick is right, and if the church has lost both the working class and the thinking class, then what in God's name has it left?

Fosdick said that it was composed of people of good morals—people who just went there and sat and sat. Good people—but

dumb. Those are his own words. And how true. For as I see it the church today consists of two classes—those who know no better than to attend, and secondly, those who go there for business reasons purely and simply. And the latter kind are legion. In fact it is considered suicide in some lines of profession for a beginner not to get into some church or other. And they usually do, proving themselves to be of a mentality that certainly is not honest. I admire an honest man, no matter whether he be preacher or priest. I will put my hand into his any time, if he honestly believes what he preaches. He may be teaching doctrines and dogmas as false as hell itself is false, but if the man honestly believes them, he is a friend of mine. For instance, take this man Knubel, who pinch-hit for Cadman for a few weeks. The writer heard this fellow say that never was the church as strong and united as it is now. (Or words to that effect.) As a matter of fact, however, the very opposite is the case, and probably Brother Knubel may hear of it some time soon, if he has not heard it already. For on June first this year, the Rev. Samuel Trexler, president of the United Lutheran Synod, and the denomination to which Knubel belongs, stated, and it was given to the world through the AP, as follows: "The church is limping along, baffled. It is waiting for another Moses to lead it from the shadows into the sunshine." Had Mr. Knubel made that statement over the air, I should have thought a lot more of him, for this statement is a good deal closer to the truth than was his statement.

I have always contended, and I am abundantly being borne out in this, that before this church structure, which is dead both ways incidentally, can ever do anything for the world, it must first "come clean" with the public. It must first tell them all it knows about itself and its holy book. It must tell the people the evidence it possesses in its favor. If it does not do that the people will find out sooner or later, and how much better would it be for the church if it took the public into its confidence. Probably then, both the working class and the intellectual class (which the church has lost), could get together, and they would probably come far closer to the truth of being and the truth of God than the church has come. Instead of getting up in their pulpits Sun-

day after Sunday and peddling a yarn about Jesus coming to save men from their sins, and teaching from the four gospels, how much better and how much more honest would it be if the church and its preachers informed the people that it knew very well that neither Matthew, Mark, Luke nor John had anything to do with writing those four gospels. For that is opinion in the proportion of about four to one, of men qualified to speak or write upon the subject of these four gospels. Why does the church, which has lost the intellectual class, not tell the people that there is nothing which can be said in favor of Jesus Christ that cannot also be said in favor of a dozen other "crucified Christs." Why does it not tell the people that Christianity did not have its birth among intellectual people, but in the minds of ignorant and superstitious people, and in a country which provided supernatural religion galore? Why does it not tell the people that one looks in vain for contemporary evidence of the veracity of the gospel story. Why does not the church tell men and women that not a single word is to be found corroborating that story, outside of the church's own writers. Men of unquestioned authority, living and writing the religious history of that very country in detail, and yet not a single one of them ever heard of Jesus Christ? Why does not the church tell the "flock" that fact.

The following historians lived and wrote history during that time, or within one hundred years after the supposed time of Christ, and you cannot find a single authentic line in any of them, and the list is quite imposing, too: Josephus, Philo, Judaeus, Seneca, Pliny the elder, Arrian, Petronius, Dion Pruseus, Paterculus, Puetonius, Juvenal, Ptolemy, Tacitus, Justus of Tiberias, Lucian, Appion, Epictetus, Appolonius, Pliny junior, Quintillian, and scores of others—why not a single mention of the gospel story?

Philo was born before the time of Christ and lived long after. He wrote in detail an account of the Jews covering the entire time that Christ is said to have lived there. He lived in Jerusalem when the Herodian massacre occurred. He was there when Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. He was there when the crucifixion took place. He was there when scores of dead bodies clambered through six feet of

earth and came back to life again and wandered through the streets of Jerusalem. He witnessed all these marvelous events which, had they really happened, would have filled the world with amazement. It was Philo who gave us the doctrine of the Logos, or Word, and although this Incarnate Word dwelt in the very land and in the presence of multitudes revealed his presence and manifestations, Philo knew nothing about it.

Why does not the church tell the people that there is more corruption in its "holy bible" than in any book ever written. Why not tell the people that some of the United States courts have ruled certain parts of the book "obscene." Why not call attention to the fact that were the same things which we find in certain parts of the Bible found in other books, they would not be allowed to go through the U. S. mails, and the author would find himself in the penitentiary. Why not tell the people that there are more errors and contradictions in the Bible than in any other book ever written. Why do the preachers not try to get at the truth and tell us there is more known forgery in the Bible than in any other book ever written? Why do they not tell us, and why didn't Dr. Knubel tell us that the great Martin Luther, recognized to be the founder of Protestantism, and considered to be one of the highest authorities on the Bible, rejected no less than six of the books at present in the "sacred word of God." Speaking of the book of Jonah, Luther said: "The history is so monstrous as to be absolutely incredible." He also threw out the entire Hebrews, stating: "The Epistle to the Hebrews is not by St. Paul, nor indeed, by any apostle." He also threw out the Epistle of James, calling it "an epistle of straw." Jude also he threw out, and the Revelation, stating, about the Revelation, "I can discover no trace that it is established by the Holy Spirit. That was just a few hundred years ago, but did you ever hear a Lutheran preacher tell his congregation that? Did Dr. Knubel tell us that over the air? Why not, Mr. Preacher, be honest both with yourself and with your congregation? Why not for instance tell them that the great Luther also said, concerning witchcraft, "I should have no compassion on these witches—I should burn them all." (*Table-Talk.*) A certain Lutheran preacher, one Swinehart, challenged the above statement through the columns of

a large western newspaper the other week. I did not reply to the challenge because I knew that it would be quite useless and would only cause prolonged argument, for you cannot argue with a religious fanatic. At any rate, Brother Swinehart has here the statement again, and also the reference. Let him look it up if he cares to. Why not have the church tell the people, and here I want the Methodists to pay strict attention, that the wonderful John Wesley, founder of that wonderful superstition of Methodism, stated: "Giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible."

And while we are on the subject of "witchcraft," which subject the Bible very expressly teaches and condones (Ex. 12.18) Lev. 20:27), and many other passages, let me here review a little while some of the almost countless deaths which were caused because of this Bible teaching of "witchcraft." And the story is horrible. It turns your blood to stone when you read of these monstrous happenings all done through belief in the Bible as the divinely inspired word of God.

If the church is honest, and its creeds are honest, let them read the following list to their congregation next Sunday morning. It will have a kick, I guarantee them that. And incidentally, Harry Emerson Fosdick was kicked out of the Presbyterian church for not believing the Bible, which contains and is responsible for such ghastly murders as the following. Read them carefully—they are all quite authentic, I assure you. At Come, 1,000 people were burned as witches in one year and 800 more at Wurtzburg. Eighty were burned in the village of Savoy and nine women were burned by "christians" at one time in Leith, Scotland. Sixth were hanged in Suffolk, and 3,000 were legally executed during one session of Parliament, while tens of thousands more were murdered by mobs. Remy, a "holy ghost christian" and a judge, personally executed 800, and 600 were burned by one bishop at Bamberg. Boquet burned 600 at St. Cloud, and thousands were put to death by the Lutherans of Norway and Sweden. (Brother Swinehart of Spokane, better be careful about challenging any statement I make through the public press or over the radio—I usually can prove them.) Christian Catholic Spain butchered thousands, and the great Presbyterian body, the same

one that kicked Fosdick out, was responsible for the brutal murder of over 4,000 in Scotland. During the reign of Francis I over 50,000 were put to death, and 7,000 were killed at Treves. The number murdered in France is "almost infinite." Dr. Sprenger places the number of executions for witchcraft in Europe at over *nine millions*. Listen to me my friends, for centuries in nearly every town in Europe the fires burned for the witches, and *this Bible text*, "*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live*," was the bloody torch that kindled them.

Four hundred screaming innocent women, writhing in the flames lit by these holy men of God—see them there don't you?—hear their shrieks of agony—wives, mothers, mothers-to-be, daughters, four hundred of them taken at Toulouse, piled into the public square, and there burned to death by the "humble followers of the Lord Jesus Christ." Is it any wonder that I am out to expose this church organization which is still masquerading as an "agent of God?" What sort of a man would I be to sit back and let the church still continue to operate under its forged and illegal authority. But, if honest, why do not the preachers tell us something about the past of their "church?"

Shall I tell you why—because it's rotten to the core and the church knows it. As ever though, it now seeks to change its color to suit the changing thought, but this it cannot do. It's too steeped in bloodshed and murder for that. The only thing that will save the church is for it to breed some more men like Fosdick, and then, instead of kicking them out, let it give them the torch into their hands and say, honestly, "*Lead us Brother Fosdick out into the light*."

Let it come to those of us who have given a lifetime's research and know whereof we speak. Let it tell the truth to its followers, and it won't have any followers inside of one year. It surely did my heart good though to hear that terribly true indictment hurled at it by one of its own, and over the N.B.C. system yesterday. I'll tell you, my friends, the day is here, and how much it is here, when this hypocritical, bloody-handed organization must get rid of its pagan superstition, and teach and preach the God it now thinks it is preaching but is not, for the reason that it does not know Him. There were enough truths in the spoken words of Jesus Christ to rectify every wrong

in this world now. There is enough of the truth of the *Living* God to be had by all men, without such stories as the church would have us believe. We don't need the help of this organization to find God. For He is not so far away as all that. And any God the church can give to us, unless it's changed its gods lately, is one that cannot possibly be of use to you and I today.

The workers have left the church. The intellectual class have left it. The thinking class have left it. The day of the sawdust trail and the rich evangelist is about over. There are a few fakers left yet—time and the mills of God grind slowly. But bless your soul, brother and sister, the dark night of religious superstition is passing. The day of religious murders has gone by. The Burbanks, the Edisons, the Fosdicks, the Wheless's, the Gauvins are here, and, though called infidels now by the "orthodox church," they are, in reality, saints of God. For they are pointing their fingers toward the light of reason—and out of that Light will come a knowledge of the *True God*.

One of the time-worn arguments offered by the church is that were it not for this

organization the world would be in a heck of a shape. Don't you believe it my friends. Whatever moral and intellectual progress this world has made, has been *in spite* of the church, and not because of either it or its teachings. In closing let me give you some very pertinent figures which have just come into my hands. They are issued by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing, and therefore, representing the most thickly populated state in the Union, they probably will apply the country over. These figures cover the religions of the inmates of Sing Sing prison, electrocuted in the past ten years—read them and weep ye churches. Catholics, 64.1%; Protestants, 26.6%; Hebrews (Jews), 6.1%; Pagans, 2%; and *no religion* 0.3%. According to what the church tells us, the very opposite should be the fact. *But it is not, and Warden Lawes' figures do not lie.*

I am hoping against hope that I shall live long enough to see the day when all "supernaturally-revealed" religion is cast out. For then I know that men and women will be able to find the *real True God*, here and now. God hasten that day.

RADIO NEWS

Our radio lectures continue to attract much attention, and the letters appearing in the Spokesman-Review are becoming more numerous. Naturally, the "orthodox" do not like us at all. They cannot even produce one single scrap of evidence that their story is correct, but they love to debate and argue with one who can come pretty nearly proving that it is *not* correct. And this is where the antagonism comes from. For the first time the people of the Inland Empire are being told a few of the truths connected with the history of the Bible. I am not deriding it at all, but am only showing plain historical facts which every "christian" should have been told long ago.

A good lady, a Mrs. Alice Mohr, of Colfax, Wash., took exception to me through the press. She quoted the gospel of John many times, and tried to inform me that I was a terrible sinner, etc., for not absolutely swallowing that gospel in its entirety. I replied to that letter, and in my reply stat-

ed that had this lady been as familiar with the origin of the famous gospel of John, she might not be quite as sure as she is that what it contains is "gospel truth." It may be "gospel" truth, but it certainly is not *truth*, even though it is in the gospel of John. In my reply I stated that the writer of that gospel was absolutely unknown as the writers of other gospels are also unknown. I showed that these gospels were certainly not of apostolic authorship, and were not even of apostolic times. I showed that they were anonymous productions of more than a century after the apostles, and showed that they were exactly of like origin to the 50 other apochryphal Jesus-writings, admittedly apochryphal and forged, and dating back to the middle of the second century. Mrs. Mohr probably did not know that, and it was quite a shock to her I think to find that out.

But many are being shocked by my radio lectures, and much good is being done by them. People for the first time are begin-

ning to question the veracity of these gospels, and are wondering whether or not they really are what we have been asked to believe they are. That's fine. Now that that is happening, we are in a position to produce evidence that instead of these writings being the "divinely inspired word of God," they are nothing more nor less than positively anonymous contributions, not written by their reputed authors at all, but probably written by monks in monasteries. It would be utterly impossible for the strange and miraculous happenings attributed to Christ to have happened, and not a single historian out of about 300 ever having heard of them. Had any dead men or women gotten out of their graves at any time, history would be full of it. But we search in vain for any mention of the resurrection, or of Christ himself for that matter, outside of these "gospels." Such other reference just simply is not to be had. It does not exist. And did such marvelous things really happen, then you may depend upon it, others, outside the "christian faith" would certainly have heard about them. But they did not hear, and their silence gives the lie to these absurd statements. However, the radio work goes on. There was installed in my home last week a beautiful pipe-organ, which will

be put on the air shortly, and this will be quite a sensation, for this is the only residence pipe-organ in the state of Idaho, and in the whole Inland Empire. It will be broadcast by remote control from my home. Sacred music will be played, and your president will be at the console personally. We look for big things from the installation of that organ. It is a beautiful thing, and will make us many friends. We believe the time will come when we shall be able to go on a coast-to-coast broadcast, and at that time we shall be very happy in giving the message of "PSYCHIANA" Brotherhood to the whole world. We know one thing—we know that the message is true, and we know that wherever men and women are willing to absolutely trust and depend upon the mighty power of the mighty Life Spirit behind this created scheme of things, then nothing right is impossible. According to our faith it is invariably done unto us. So to our readers and students and followers, I say, don't be afraid to trust God—for this power never fails. Don't be afraid to take full advantage of this mighty Law—for its existence is sure, and its results certain. A quiet resting and trusting the God—that's all. Not of course the "church" god, but the Living God.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A recent news item appearing in the Los Angeles Examiner told of the discovery of a hitherto unknown nebula, existing at a greater distance from the earth than any heavenly body ever before recorded, and this discovery was announced by the observatory on Mt. Wilson. The nebula was discovered on a photograph taken by the 100-inch Mt. Wilson telescope, which broke all records of long distance photography known to science by fixing the nebula 120,000,000 light miles distance from the earth.

In addition to obtaining a photograph of an object farther away from the earth than anything ever before recorded, the photographers have achieved a second honor of photographing an object that is traveling through space at a velocity 60% greater than anything ever before measured by speed. The photographed nebula, Dr. Adams, director of the observatory stated,

is maintaining a speed of 11,000 miles per second. At such a velocity of 11,000 miles per second, it was stated, it is traveling at the rate of 6,000,000,000 miles per year and, were it traveling earthward, would require 120,000,000 years to reach this world.

The photographed nebula in itself is a universe of millions of stars infinitely great in size. *The speed of the nebula was measured by means of the spectroscope. Prof. Humason found that its spectrum lines were shifted to the red so that a recession of 11,000 miles a second was indicated. To show such a shifting of the lines would require a velocity greater by 60% than any so-called apparent velocity yet noted.* Information of the result accomplished was communicated to Dr. J. C. Merriam, president of Carnegie Institute, at Washington, who said "it is of special interest at this time because of the bearing that it will have

on Dr. Einstein's conception of the universe."

A person is somewhat staggered at the immensity of things when such statements are made and when, such incomprehensible distances are measured. It makes all of our systems of religion seem pretty small and very petty. But it also shows up the fallacy of every system of religion not founded in truth. Can you imagine the intelligence behind such a solar system being hidden in "heaven" with Jesus Christ sitting on his right hand making intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered? Can you imagine that? Can you also imagine such a power ever coming to earth in the form of a man-god, and being crucified in order that the entire human race might be "saved." Can you imagine that? And can you imagine such a mighty intelligence ever deigning to speak, if indeed it could speak, to an old sheep-herder thousands of years ago from out of an extinct volcano or a burning bush? And can you imagine this power, so incomprehensible to human intellect, waiting until his "enemies" got into the middle of the sea and then drowning them all out? And can you further imagine this intelligence—this infinite intelligence, making a man out of spit and mud and then taking one of his ribs away from him and turning it into a woman? The whole thing is so preposterous that no thinking mind ever could actually believe such monstrous yarns.

But the church asks us to believe them. And on such fallacies is the structure founded. Well—it is on just such fallacies that the structure will strike the rocks too. Its own teachings fall by the weight of their own error. And such is ever the rule in the realm of truth. One fallacy here today, and gone tomorrow. And while the church argues and splits itself up, God's mighty truths are being accepted by thinking people all over the world, as pagan and mythical and untrue fallacies are being exploded by the calm light of reason. Thank heaven "PSYCHIANA" teaches no such foolishness as that while we of course do not claim to be little tin gods, we *do* claim to have caught a fleeting glimpse of the mighty God. And this fleeting glimpse it is which is filling our files with letters from our students.

One thing makes us supremely happy though, and that is that the church with its

pagan doctrines and beliefs and its twenty million "names" on its rolls, is about as passe as it ever can be when it comes to helping anyone to an understanding of God. It knows nothing of God as He actually exists, and people want nothing of its own manufactured product, for after 2,000 years of it, it has been weighed in the balances and—*found wanting*.

Written by a 19-year-old kitchen maid.

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since
I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching
late with thee;
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming
heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and wash-
ing up the plates.
Altho I must have Martha's hands, I have
a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy
sandals, lord, I find
I think of how they trod the earth, what
time I scrub the floor.
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time
for more,
Warm all the kitchen with thy love, and
light it with thy peace.
Forgive me all my worrying and make all
grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food, in
room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do, I do it unto
thee.

—*Contributed.*

A "sanctified" life does not mean an ascetic life at all. It means a life lived in the power of God. Such a life will usually be found to be quite inexplicable to others. Like the wind, such an one moves by his own impetus. He cares nothing for religious dogmas or doctrines. He subscribes to no faith. He just lives and demonstrates the power of the Living God. The old Therapeuts or Essenes were ascetics. They refused to eat, thinking that by mortifying the body they would increase the powers of the soul. The teachings of Jesus were not for aetics, they were for men—real he-men who look for something in life higher than religious tradition. To such ones, the all-illuminating power of God comes as a flash of light, and one is perfectly happy to rest in such illumination.



Questions & answers

Conducted by Dr. Frank B. Robinson.

This question comes from Klamath Falls, Oregon. It's a good question and I am glad it was asked:

"If the story of Jesus Christ is not true, and the story of Buddha is not true, and the stories of all the other gods are not true, then what will become of the millions of souls who are pinning their faith and hope of salvation on these stories? I allude specially to the present day "christians." I am a member of the Presbyterian church, and to date have been quite content to rest my soul in the teachings of that church. Unity literature, and many others, your own included, have caused me to have grave doubts as to their truth. How may I know what becomes of my soul at death if the Christian religion is not true?"

In the first place this sister must try and get the larger picture. While none of the religions of the past ever had any miraculously born savior, and while the Christian religion did not have one either, yet do not say that they are all untrue. There is, in every system of religion in existence much that is good. There is, of course, a whole lot of bunkum in them which is not true—but at the same time they all contain certain things which can profitably be used in the life—if one considers a religion which is supernaturally revealed necessary. I have never questioned the fact that Jesus Christ was on this earth. Nor have I ever questioned the further fact of His doing things never done before. I do not agree with the churches in their stand that he was God Almighty. Every system of religion, pagan or christian, has that sort of a combination of a God and a man. I don't believe that part of the story at all. I believe that Jesus Christ had a spiritual insight and a grasp on spiritual Law far ahead of His time. In fact my large course of instruction is founded absolutely on Jesus Christ. Not as a god, however, for there is not evidence of that fact. But in and through the Christian faith, and indeed in and through any faith, heathen or christian, there runs a thread of truth. That truth is of God, for God is truth if he is anything at all. Furthermore, there is *no* religion higher than truth. And if your denomination tells you something which is unreasonable, and which does not appeal to you as the truth, and if it be not the truth, then the denomination is teaching you a lie. For everything true in the world is of God. Everything false and wrong, is not due to another power but is due to the absence of the God-Law. Left alone, without any truth, which means without God, this world would go to hell in mighty

short order. But it won't go to hell, for truth will keep it straight. The truth may be in a form which positively is not recognized by the church as truth. It may appeal to the church as being quite atheistic in its essence. But if it is the truth, even though it opposes what the church teaches, it is of God and what the church teaches is error and lie, if such is not the truth. So you must discard anything the church tells you, if such things cannot be proven. And if they cannot be proven, then the chances are, they are wrong and did not happen. For the *truth can always be proven* to be the truth, here and now. Don't forget that. One of the main things which convinces me that the Bible is a huge forgery, is the fact that no history makes the slightest reference to the very extraordinary happenings recorded therein. I can't understand that, for I know if any such marvelous things ever happened, then at least one of over 200 historians would have heard of them. But history is strangely silent on the question. As far as your soul goes—you had better prove that you have one first. I have an article ready for a forthcoming issue of this magazine, entitled "The Soul," so will not go into it here. By way of warning, however, let me say that you might not have any soul at all. It might be something else. I wonder if you can guess what.

* * *

QUESTION: "Do you agree with the stand of Russia in denying any God and destroying the church buildings?"

ANSWER: I do not agree with any stand that denies the existence of God. A man would be a fool to deny such existence with such marvelous things as men and women in existence. For they did not just happen. There is somewhere (and we of "PSYCHIANA" know where), a supreme overruling power directing everything in the universe. It is a Law—a Divine Law if you will have it that way, and under no circumstances will you ever find me denying God. Some get the impression that I am opposed to all religion. I am not. I am opposed to all pagan religion sure enough, and I am opposed to the Christian religion, just as long as it comes to us with a cock-and-bull story that it cannot prove ever happened, especially when it was supposed to have happened right on this earth.

Russia is making a great experiment. I think the experiment will be highly successful. I think other nations will have to copy the idea. I think it is a great step forward in the history of the human race. As far as burning the churches

goes, if those churches were teaching pagan superstition which they undoubtedly were, then I think they should be burned, and the quicker the better. The church situation in Russia is quite different from what it is in this country. It was a rotten fraud and graft there, and the church officials knew it. It is a rotten fraud and graft here in this country too, but the church officials may not know it. I think most of them are honest in their contentions. True—their leaders are lost in the maze. They cannot answer the questions hurled at them, and neither can they answer honest criticism. But I don't think they are dishonest in their teachings—and that's a lot. In Russia the church was a rotten fake and it knew it. As such, every last church house in the country should be burned. It is more than likely, however, that after the Russian situation has had a little more time, some man will step to the front and there will come out of that Russian picture, something of the power of the true God as He really exists. I suggest withholding opinion in Russia until time has had a chance to tell the story.

* * *

This one from Arizona:

"I am 88 years of age, and have a cancer of the lip which is gradually eating my face away. Can you or your God heal that cancer?"

ANS: My God can—I can't. I have in my files letters from those for whom the mighty power of the mighty Life Spirit has removed not only cancer, but almost every other disease. And I do not claim to be a "healer" either. There comes a time, and there is a place where, when the one desiring any healing, if they can quietly and sweetly take it from God—it is sure. It is a question for you and God though. And as ever, in every case applying to me for healing, I merely change their direction and put them on the way to find God. I can't do it. He can.

* * *

From Schnectady, N. Y.:

"Which do you like best, Dr. Cadman or Dr. Knubel who took his place in the N.B.C. Forum?"

ANS: Well, I don't think Knubel will ever set the world on fire—or Cadman either for that matter. But I prefer Cadman by far. I think Knubel was the greatest mistake the N.B.C. ever made. Cadman can reason—he is intelligent—and furthermore, I have reason to believe that under the surface he doesn't believe any more of the story he preaches than I do. I may be wrong, but very few intelligent unbiased minds can believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible.

* * *

QUESTION: "When are you going to broadcast your pipe-organ and over what stations shall we hear it?"

ANS: I don't know. The advertising agency in Chicago which handles all my advertising work is working on that proposition now. I strongly suspect that the electrical transcription of my addresses will be made, and, with the organ solos, released through the large eastern stations. I do not know when nor do I know over what net-

work as I have nothing to do with the advertising end of this business, except perhaps in a general way. I tell the agency how much they can spend, and there the matter ends as far as I am concerned. I do as I am told to do. I trust, however, that we can go on a large network, but that costs money and lots of it, and this corporation is not a financial supply house—I'll promise you that. If some of our students knew what a time we sometimes have, they wouldn't make us wait for their payments as long as they do. But as long as we can keep our faith pinned in the mighty God of this universe, when the money is needed it will surely come.

* * *

From Wenatchee, Wash.:

QUESTION: "Shall I be successful in my business venture?"

ANSWER: Please don't send me that sort of question, as I am not a fortune teller, nor am I interested in that sort of stuff. Send your question, with \$1.00 (I think she charges) to Ethel Duncan in Hollywood, care KNX. She will probably give you something over the air in exchange for that one dollar. I don't want that sort of business nor that sort of money. It's mighty seldom that I receive such a question, and when I do I usually make it plain that I don't enjoy receiving them, and I never answer them. This note here will probably be sufficient for the time being though.

* * *

From Spokane, Wash.:

QUESTION: "Do you believe in thought transference?"

ANSWER: I most assuredly do. There are too many authentic cases on record for me not to. I do not believe in crystal balls, and trans this and trans that, nor do I believe in clairvoyance. I think most of that is spiritualistic bunk. Thought transference, however, is a definitely established fact, and opens up quite a realm of thought. We are standing on the brink of a huge sea. We may know more about these subjects than we do now as the years go by. The answer to the problem of existence may lie in that realm.

* * *

From Elmira, N. Y.:

QUESTION: "In one of your books, you allude to your mother as being a beautiful Christian woman. If the Bible is a fake as you claim, how could she be beautiful?"

ANSWER: Well, she was beautiful, I can promise you that. She believed in the literal divine inspiration of the Bible too. You see, here was a case where, in her ignorance, she depended for her belief in God through a book which I think a fake. But that did not stop her from knowing God. She knew Him in spite of the Bible's teachings, and not because of them. Just as the human race has progressed in spite of religion and not because of it, she learned to know the true God, even though she professed to believe literally the Bible. But the reason she was beautiful was because she did know God—and not because of any belief in the Bible.

"THE GOD NOBODY KNOWS"

DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON'S
REVOLUTIONARY BOOK,

This book is creating a sensation among so-called "Christian" people as Dr. Robinson denies in this book that the "Church" as it exists today, knows anything at all about the Real God as He exists. Dr. Robinson claims that there is in existence a God about which the "Church" knows absolutely nothing. He believes that the God the church preaches is a traditional and human-made God, a million miles removed from the real God as He actually exists and operates. Dr. Robinson believes that the New Psychology, in teaching the "subconscious mind" has come a step short of the actual truth as it exists. He believes there is in existence in this world, an unseen power—so dynamic in itself that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside it. He believes

There is in Existence a God the Church Knows Nothing About

Keen of mind, brilliant of intellect, and remarkably in earnest, Dr. Robinson in this book has taken off his gloves and, with a daring seldom equalled, has tackled the tangled question of "GOD." He has certainly called a spade a spade and has tried very hard to show who and what "GOD" actually is. If Dr. Robinson is correct in his reasoning, then the entire world is living in utter ignorance of the most dynamic power ever seen—the Power of God. He believes that there is absolutely no right thing which this mighty power of God cannot give to those who know how to take it right here and now. The Doctor does not believe that we have to wait till we get to "heaven" to know God—and the fullness of His power and His ability and willingness to give us the things our hearts desire. He believes we may know Him and obtain these desired things while on this earth. **THE BOOK SELLS FOR \$5.00.** The available copies of it will be sent to those desiring it in the order of their applications.

Kindly mail me at once "THE GOD
NOBODY KNOWS."

Money enclosed. Send C. O. D.

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Print plainly and send to "PSYCHIANA"
Moscow, Idaho

THE "PSYCHIANA" BROTHERHOOD

So insistent has been the demand for advanced Lessons in Dr. Robinson's teaching, that we have brought into existence The "PSYCHIANA" BROTHERHOOD.

Many who send for our literature are unable to avail themselves of the large course "PSYCHIANA" on account of its price. We are sorry that we must charge for it but we see no other way to send this message out and still be in a sound financial position, without a charge.

The "BROTHERHOOD," however, answers the question, as the membership fee is very small, and the dues are only \$2.00 per month. The members receive a Lecture every second week, and yet the cost is less than half what it was on the large course. Membership may be dropped at any time by simply not remitting the dues, and there is no legal contract as before.

Taken all in all, I am very happy that the BROTHERHOOD is now in existence, and I invite you all to study with me. I will see if I can't give you some of the deeper truths of a REAL LIVING GOD-POWER, which can actually DO THINGS FOR US HERE AND NOW.

Cordially,

FRANK B. ROBINSON.

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