

The
SPIRIT
OF THE
UNBORN

BY
TWO WORKERS



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ERRATUM

ON PAGE 107, REPLACE LINES 17 TO 19 BY:

**In My Race, 'giving' will be the general expression of the
people's selflessness; it will be their keenest *joy*.**

PREAMBLE

*I am the Spirit of the Unborn.
I come to plead for better bo-
dies, in which I wish to live.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE UNBORN

I am the Spirit of the Unborn!

I am the Spirit of *all* the unborn children of all the world. I am their sum total. Each one of them is a particle of Me.

I come to call upon the parents of today and of tomorrow, with a plea for Purity.

But not alone to those do I direct My call.

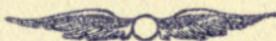
For in younger people, too—who know not yet if they ever will be parents—there is impurity which, by its subtleness, hampers My true expression.

And not only to the living is My plea, but to the dead as well. For in their future shall they live again on earth; and in their earth life may become parents.



Hence: to *all* I speak. To all humanity
My Voice goes out.

Still your desires—and listen to My
Voice!



THE COMING RACE

I am here to beseech you to prepare for Me, the Spirit of the unborn children of the Coming Race.

I am the One and only One who represents them all. For I am He who is in the heart of *all*.

In behalf of the children of the New Race shall I speak in this book: especially for their sake is the Purity required for which I plead. Never shall one of them become the child of any parent who is not in every way pure.

You, who do not wish to purify yourselves—you may still beget children, if you so desire; but you will have to be satisfied

with whatever child may come to your home: to the impure parent no pure and highly evolved child can ever again be born. Into the home of you who are impure and selfish can come only the ones who have not reached the stage where they can form a part of the New Race!

But not to you, O parents who are pure and unselfish, will anyone ever come who is not worthy of yourselves. Never shall you give birth to a child which is not all that can be expected of the Future Race—all that is to be realized by it.

Only if the parents of the present race will purify their bodies and their habits, their emotions and their thoughts, can I, in My new bodies, express those qualities which will make the earth a heaven, and life an eternal bliss.



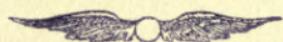
I—the Spirit of the Unborn—have come to call together the parents of the New Race!

The time is nigh in which to divide the

people of the world into those who are prepared to establish My New Race, and into those who are not yet ready.

I come!

And listen, ye who long for beauty in your children: once more I call!



THE PLEA FOR PURITY

*He, still impure, shall not despair.
He, who is pure, shall not despise.
He, who but strives, stands closer
to the gateway which admits to My
New Race, than all who—having
seemingly attained—still criticize and
condemn.*

PURITY FROM PASSION

Over the world of men—over the cities, and wherever men have made their homes—there hangs a cloud, a muddy, viscid, astral cloud of sensuality.

Looking out over the earth from My pure spiritual realm, I see the globe enveloped in a red-brown-colored fog which men have emanated.

From hour to hour seems the foul mist to be growing thicker, its sickening stench ever more pernicious—caused by the continuity of sensual actions, sensual talk and sensual thoughts of men.

Into that cloud *I* must descend!

Through that almost impassable barrier
I, Spirit of the Unborn, must go—to find
new incarnation!

How—tarnished by *its* filthy stain before
I reach the earth—can you expect *Me* to find
adequate bodies, fit for My pure expression,
fit for the Coming Race?



Watchfully am I waiting for possibilities
to incarnate in purer bodies, conceived by
parents who live in purity . . . even
though married.

Marriage—the sacred bond of love, to
which I looked for an opportunity to find
bodies created *in purity*—what have men
made of it? It has been desecrated, de-
graded into an institution of legalized im-
morality, debased by habitual seeking of
carnal satisfaction.

This *must* be changed, if you want *Me* to
come! Only in *pure* bodies can I take birth
—*I*, the Spirit of the Race of the Future.

Creative power should be used by you for
My sake: that I may find new bodies, in

which to manifest the best and highest that is in Me!

Creative energy is the godliest part of you; in it lies not alone your semblance with the Divine, but *your own* Divinity!

Therefore: *abuse it not!*

What *have* you done with it?

What are you *doing* with it?

Answer these questions *to yourself*, in perfect honesty. I *know* the answer—without your telling Me; for from My World I can observe the most hidden facts in yours.

That you *yourself* may *think*, and *for yourself* may *know*, and not rush thoughtlessly along in the customary rut this is the purpose of My asking you:

Can I come to *you*, and find *in you* the Purity which for My full expression I do so urgently need? Or will the atmosphere around you, too, suffocate Me?

Am I too personal, too rigorous in the way in which I tear the bandages from a

filthy sore on present humanity . . . even if not on *you*?

Stop listening to Me, if you wish.

But then: never complain about the consequences of your indocility, of your persistence in willful ignorance. And know: *I see*—*I see every act* of yours, of past and present . . . and of future possibilities, too. And it is because I see a probability of your carefully considering these words—of your *living up* to them—that I find it worth My while to come and speak to you, just in the way I do.



I see!

And what are the acts that I have to look upon?

Waste of creative energy, by old and young . . . even by the *very* young!

Whose fault is this? *Who* is to blame for the alarming spread of self-abuse and immorality amongst young children?

Your fault, O parents, who are not living My Purity! *Your* fault, O men and women,

all you of mature age, who fill the atmosphere with emanations of *your* impurity. On others it reacts, what *you* send forth in acts, emotions, *thoughts*. And tender youth is extremely sensitive; by *it* your influence is the most readily caught.

You are the ones to blame!

You, who *have* children—do you remember with what motive you have called them forth? Was it with thoughts of love for those who might come to you? Or thoughtlessly, ruled by your passion, in sense-gratification?

And as, within its sanctuary, the body was being builded—have you respected the sacredness of its development? Or is it true in your case, too: that many an illegitimate was conceived in greater love and in greater purity than the children of you who scorn?



Born of sin—of 'the sin against the Holy Ghost', as it has been rightly called—most children grow up, breathing in and absorbing the baneful influence of the (be it ever

so hidden) sensuality in acts and thoughts of their surroundings.

Thus, sensuality is stimulated in them. Uncautioned—for *who* will caution them?—lacking true knowledge about the most vital things, they are permitted to indulge in fatal, secret sins.

As a result: the weaklings, seeking what they call 'pleasure', in a prostitution of themselves and of others . . . All at the cost of Me!

For wherever they go, the cloud of sensuality becomes always darker, and more impenetrable. Wherever they go, there is no place for *Me*! Their very exhalations would tend to smother *Me*.

And, sad to say: the greater part of today's humanity are *they*!

Therefore, I call and call, and call *again* for greater Purity.

But very few there are who seriously listen. And fewer still are they who are willing to enlist in My army, which with intense determination will work for Purity—preparing the way for *Me*, the Spirit of the

Unborn.

Patiently am I watching for rents in the stifling cloud—which anyone can make who *strives for Purity*.

Each one who tries can, to begin with, stop adding new material to the hideous, qualmy cloud. Each one who *goes on striving*, can become like a little sun, a radiating center of luminous Purity, and pierce that ghastly cloud.

From My World I cannot shatter it; for it is a hopeless task to cleanse and purify where men continually sully.

But whenever anyone in your world tries, *I see it*, and rejoice—and to him goes My help. And with My help his strength will grow, enabling him to make an opening through which I can come down to find unhampered expression be it in his children, or, if possible: *in him!*



I, the Spirit of the New Race, have come to plead with you: not only that in those who are yet to be born you shall offer usable instruments for Me—but that *in you your-*

self, I with My qualities, may find expression; in order that *you*, too, may be worthy to be chosen for the Coming Race!

I plead for Purity in every possible way.

In the first place: for purity of sex life—for a pure use of all creative powers, *for creation only*.

Stop wasting your divinest energy in self-gratification of the lowest, coarsest kind! *Transmute* it, when not needed for the creation of new bodies, into the power of creating uplifting words, ennobling thoughts, with which to help the world. Apply your generative powers to the *re-generation* of your own bodies. Then can I, the Spirit of the New Race, be born *within you!*

To men and women, and to all young people is My call, My plea for Purity!

Help Me, each one of you. Become a ray of spotless Purity, around which the cloud of sensuality cannot remain in existence.



Passion—the cause sown in the past, re-

sulting now in painful child-birth, endless physical disorders and mental abnormalities—is going on to cause still worse afflictions . . . till it is conquered. Passion is the *abnormally* stimulated divine impulse—grown beyond control by vicious habit, by continued undue thought. You are its slave—because you *yourself* have given it a power over you.

Do not place the blame on your Creator for it all! You have *yourself* developed this natural force into an artificial abnormality. Now, you *yourself* will have to conquer it. This, *you*—each one of you—*must* do, before you will be ready to receive *Me*.

Where you wish *Me* to come and build a body, even the sowing of the seed should take place without passion. Just as the pleasure of intoxicants, and of strongly seasoned food, is apt to naturally vanish when a person purifies his ways of living and of thinking—so will the passionate satisfaction of sexual intercourse entirely fall away from him who travels on the road towards perfect Purity.

The Coming Race, rising above the domination of the senses, will know no passion; it will have acquired—and *live*—that purer, greater love which seeks no bodily gratification. Only for love's sake, for the love of the yet unborn, will the New Race fulfill nature's most holy function—giving to the to-be-incarnated souls the highest it *can* give.

Free yourself from passion!

Thus will you help yourself, as well as help Me. For with every step you take towards greater Purity, a greater joy—abundant, pure, and *lasting* joy—awaits you.



PURITY FROM CRIME

Freedom from crime I want, wherever I come down!

Not alone from what *you* at the present time think of as crime—but from what I, the Spirit of the New Race, consider to be such.

Acts that are now called criminal are but the coarsest instances of what *is* criminal in *My* terminology.

Millions of people *now* will disagree with Me. But *all will* share My viewpoint . . . when they themselves are ready to become members of the Race of the Future—when they have climbed to where they can manifest *Me*.

As long as you are of a different opinion,
you are not quite ready for Me!

As long as you go on killing, or have
creatures killed *for* you—you cannot be ac-
cepted in My soon-coming Race.

I need bodies, unstained by bloodshed, un-
blemished in *every* way. Nor may there be
a trace of cruelty in the hearts in which I
shall be born!



No *slaughtering* shall there be where I go!
For slaughtering, even for food, is a break-
ing of My Law—which is the Law of Love.

You, who think it necessary because you
do not think; you, who do not like to think
about it because you *like* it so much; you,
who fill your stomach with corpses for fear
of becoming one—know this: that the soul
of every creature which is killed by, or for
you, sets up an obstacle on the road between
you and Me!

No matter what you are devouring: be it
meat or fish or fowl—I consider you a crim-
inal, your food impure and foul.

Think!

Think how *you* value life's manifestation in *yourself*. So does each thing that lives! Think of the wondrous structure which nature has built up even in the smallest creature which you—unnecessarily, as many a one can prove—are chewing as a food.

Think! Think yourself now into *its* consciousness. Look through its eyes—those beautiful, pure eyes, through which Life (which *is* God) looks out into the world.

Feel the death blow that strikes it—if it is not tortured by pitiless proceedings, such as being slowly bled to death, or boiled or skinned alive in order that *your* palate may be tickled by more 'delicious' food! Then feel its fear and hatred against humanity—which do go out into the atmosphere and *must* react on man, in the form of suffering.

Much of *your* suffering—against which you are rebellious, and which you call unjust—may be the consequence of your own slaughtering in the near or distant past.

Know: there is *no* injustice in the universe! What comes to you, *you* have caused; what you now do to others, by deed or word or thought, will react on you, *some* time.

You say, *you* never kill—but have it done *for* you? Then, *twofold* is your crime! First, you are guilty of the death you cause; and—thoughtlessly, I suppose—you encourage cruelty in some of your fellowmen, impelling them to deeds for which they, in *their* future, have to suffer. *Both* will react on *you!*

I know your reasoning: *something* must be destroyed to keep your body fed. But in *your* power it is, to bring destruction down to the less evolved things—to cause *less*, ever less suffering. Even the killing of the vegetable kingdom *can* be avoided, if you *will* it so: when your compassion grows and takes *that* in. For on the fruit of assiduous plants man can exist.

It is for you to expand your *love*; so will you find that without slaughtering, you yet can *live*.

No—you need not fear that cattle and game will be so plentiful (when not killed off by you) that they will overrun your gardens and your cities and your homes. Nor will they take your food.

Love, as the basis of your attitude and actions, will never bring ill to you. Love is the basis of Creation, the fundamental Law of the whole universe. Where love is lived, *this Law itself is set in motion* to adjust conditions and to harmonize all things.



Vivisection? I shudder when I think of it! How is it possible that man could be so misled by mental fallacies, that he commits—even *indulges* in—this scientific crime?

Man—in your hands was placed the care of the dumb, defenseless creatures, to lead them, lift them up to a more highly evolved stage. They are your *younger brothers*—all of *one* family in the Creator's mind.

You stand accused of crime!

For you have not alone enslaved, ill-

treated, and exploited the helpless ones for selfish purposes—but starved, and frozen alive, sliced, ripped and sawed, burned, baked and butchered, scalded and scalped God's *living* creatures. Unscrupulously dabbling in the blood and agony of sentient, sensitive beings, you have caused excruciating pain by the cowardly and cursed practice of vivisection.

Instead of older brothers, loving guides, you have been vicious brutes and monstrous torturers.

This still goes on!

Pity the poor 'little ones' who, by the thousands, *serve* the experiments.

But, after all, have *more* pity on those deluded beings who *make* the experiments! For the effects of their willful cruelty will be terrible. No one can keep from them what—after death, and in other lives on earth—they shall experience. All acts react—such is the Law. By their own frightfulness, they have stored up great cause for suffering. This *must* work out on them—that they, *by suffering*, may learn to spare,

and to protect all things that live.

Have pity on *them*!

But do not dodge your *own* responsibility. For you yourself *have* helped—*are* helping *yet*, I fear—to strengthen and encourage the vivisector in his inhuman deeds.

By your own cruelty—be it of ages past—you have created, in super-ethereal matter, thought entities, which, gathered together, intensify the experimenter's horrible inclinations. Then, by your approbation, or by protesting only half-heartedly, or by indifference on this vital point, you are *partakers* of the crime.

Do you approve of vivisection, because you think (*erroneously* though it be) that it helps to cure disease? Remember then: pain and disease result from a breaking of the Law, and cannot be *overcome* by breaking the Law *again*. The cosmic Law of Love and Justice *cannot* be evaded.

Perhaps you still believe that vivisection may help to prolong your life, or that of those near and dear to you. But even if

this *were* true and possible: *I* would rather have *no* bodies than such as are kept alive at the cost of suffering of whatever creature it be!

This viewpoint must be *yours*, if you wish to side with *Me*!



Your laws *forbid* murder—and yet you murder murderers *by law!* Only distorted brains can deem this logical! But human laws and brains both lack perfection, both still lack Purity.

When I, in the children of the Future Race, am born, there will be purer brains, and *no* laws, but: *the Law*—i. e.: the Law of Love.

They will *live* by this Law, and need no *man-made* laws. And they will *know* more than you now *can* know.

But even you *should* know: that in a criminal the *owner* of the body is diseased; the entity *within* is the one who commits the crime, using the body as its instrument.

You may kill the *body*—but the man himself *lives on*.

You *liberate* the man—who, *after* the execution, is much more dangerous than he ever was *before*. For—filled with revenge and hatred, in addition to other wrongs—he will go on spreading, unchecked in any way, his ominous influence.

Caught in the body, you can limit the depraved actions of the indwelling entity, control it, *better* it. Thrown out of its physical vesture, beyond human control, it gravitates towards those who have similar vicious propensities—inciting them to villainous acts, using them as its tools, its mediums for revenge.

Thus, legalized murder makes *more* murderers.

Therefore, again: *kill not*—not even criminals. Their death does not help *you*—nor does it help *them*.

Restrain their actions, while you *cure* their souls. Treat them as patients, for they are *morally* sick. Their souls are young—*young as your own* once was—and weak, and

ignorant. Give them of your own wisdom, of your own moral strength. Apply the Law of Love!

If you really *are* the older, more highly evolved one, your duty is to *help*, to guide, to teach, to *love*. But if you continue to execute and despise . . . you are not yet far evolved above the criminal. You are then yourself guilty of a lack of understanding and of love—from which results all crime.



No hunting can there be—be it for fashion's sake or as a sport—where I shall manifest. Whoever *does* it, or *causes* it to be done, commits a serious crime against My moral code, which is wholly based on love.

Your furs which you are so fond of, because they . . . *cost* so much (their price was the suffering and the life of animals, which, indeed, is far *too* much!);

your feathers, torn from slain (oft only injured birds, whose nests of young are left to starve—that *you* may go about with a 'fashionable' hat;

the skin of unborn bodies, cut from the mother's womb to give *your* hands soft covering

the very sight of all this hurts every cell in Me; and where such things are worn, I needs must stay afar.

Do you not realize that such ornaments are laden with a *curse*—and that each one who touches them for greed's or vanity's sake will be subjected to its fatal influences?

Do you not realize that your adornment is detestably distasteful in the eyes of anyone who—as I—can *see* and *sense* the pain and anguish attached to it?

You, many of you—on the ground of moral principles, of tenderheartedness—would never think of doing with your own hands what you allow others to do *for* you.

But you are just as guilty—if only of a lack of love, which counts heavily with Me—as the one who *does* the killing, for your ill-chosen means of comfort and satisfaction.



Killing for sport, for amusement, is an atrocious thing—incomprehensible to all the children of the Race that is to come.

Did you ever saunter through field or forest, on a lovely day when the deep blue of the sky, the golden sunshine on the trees and foliage, the fresh green grass and shrubs work as an inspiration? Could they 'inspire' *you* then: to go and *kill* something?

Did you ever come across the bloody trail of a wounded animal, or find a dying creature, shot, but not killed outright by hunters, wantonly 'sporting'? Or did you see an animal caught in the iron jaws of a cruelly squeezing trap, and see its agony, its desperate efforts to regain its liberty?

Could you then go and kill—kill these life-loving creatures who, like yourself, enjoy the happiness of existence in the realms of bounteous nature? Could you still go, destroying these unsuspecting, living things—just for the sake of boasting about the numbers *you* had killed?

Then go and do those things, if you can—

not resist the longings which make you thirst for murder and for blood. But do not think that where *I* am, *you* ever can come near. The joy and beauty of the New Race will be protected from your influence—for your mere presence would defile its Purity.

Even hunting beasts of prey will not be done by those who aspire to form a link with *Me*.

Such creatures are the outcome of your own cruelty. As, in the past—in lives long past—you trained domestic animals to help you on your hunts, *you* have evolved those species which you yourself now fear. You have imbued them with *your* cruelty. Beast preys on beast because *man* taught him so. All murderous instinct—in *all* creatures—is of human origin!

Great is the guilt of man towards the animal kingdom. When will he be willing to expunge his debts, and—by deeds of mercy and of kindness—obliterate his outrageous transgressions?

Man was, and *is*, the one discordant note

in nature's symphony—the *one* dark blot on the work of the Creator. Man has become a menace to the consummate fulfilment of God's plan. Yet is he *meant* to be—and still *destined* to be—its most glorious culmination.

To him was given *self-consciousness*, the power of thought, to use for the unfoldment of his divine qualities. Greatly *abused* has he the godlike gift that was bestowed upon him.

But in the future he will attain to *SELF-consciousness*—and know all Life as *One*. Then will he undo the evil that in the past he did. Then will he learn to love *all*, as he loves *himself* now.



Yes—*even* vermin, even what you call 'pests'!

They are the outcome of your hatred, of human evil thoughts. Think not that just by 'killing' you can free yourself from them. Your own *thoughts* live in them. And those will take new forms—with venom intensified,

caused by the horrid feelings with which you still can kill.

These are the *facts*, known to the ones who fully know the Law—facts, visible in subtler realms, *invisible* to man, who is blinded by self-made obstacles of ignorance and sin.

Study—and *live*—the Law. Then will you *know* and *see*!

Your envy and your ill-temper; your greed and mercilessness; your stinging criticism; your own uncleanliness; your secret ugly thoughts which you have been sending out so superabundantly from day to day, and almost every hour—all these instill into vermin the very qualities that make them a nuisance to you.

Destruction of the forms will *not* destroy the thoughts which are essential to the vermin life. But you must stop your hatred, your fear, your unkind thoughts. Only by *purer thoughts*—only by thoughts of *love*—can you eradicate the power which, in the past (be it only yesterday) you have stirred up by your own loveless thinking.

Sages—and even ordinary human beings—have *proven* that: no beasts or vermin bother those who *live* the Law of Love that is: who love *all* Life.



Some day, you will *know* as *I* know: that the *One* Life is manifest in *all*. To kill is to rob Life of its form—which, after all, is: robbing God of a form for His expression.

All Life is He.

Life, the mysterious power that man can *never* control, is the Divine Itself—the *One* Reality in *all*, in *you*, in *Me*.



PURITY FROM POISON

Why do you all—or almost all—*eat* poisons, and *drink* them, *breathe* them, and *inject* them into your own blood?

Just because others do it? Through thoughtless habit? To please your physical senses? For fear of sickness and of death? To seek forgetfulness from troubles and from boredom? Or, for what other reason?

None of these motives appear very sound to Me. None of these could influence the spiritually evolved, who seek the Purity which the New Race will *have*.

To that Race, not only will the present use of poisons seem the greatest folly—but the arguments for their use will be quoted

as proof sufficient of the lamentable state of moral and mental development of today's humanity.

The lack of individual convictions; the giddy-headedness; the willing submission to the rulership of bodily wants and won'ts; the ignorance about the continuity of conscious existence; the weakness of attempting to elude life's lessons—all these are proofs of a *young* stage of evolution, which has to be outgrown before admission into the Coming Race can be obtained.

No poison will impair the Purity of that enlightened Race!



Meat—is it necessary for Me to tell you that it is poisonous . . . in addition to the fact that crime is attached to it?

Not only are the animals frequently diseased; not only do you make a grave-yard of your own digestive organs, and thus pollute your body with the decaying remnants of cadavers; but also is their blood the carrier of animal qualities; by eating meat you build

those into you. You strengthen animalism in yourself, which you are intended to outgrow. And the anger, fear and hatred which fill the animals as they are slaughtered —these go into their blood . . . and poison you.

It makes you irritable, emotional and restless; stirs up your passions; sets up a thirst for fiery drinks and spices.

All kinds of reasons there are—hygienic, physiological, economical, ethical, occult—why you should *not* eat meat. Read, if you like, the 'pros' for swallowing it—and also read the 'cons'. Then (without worrying about your shape of teeth or the length of your intestines) look around, and see the convincing *fact*: that many live quite joyously *without it*.

But above all this, bethink what I now say: no blood may pass the lips of those in whom I shall manifest! And *not a single creature* shall be allowed to die or suffer for their sake.



*Alcohol . . . yes, taken in quantity you all agree that it is detrimental. But you should also know that *every drop* of it is poisonous.*

Whether gulped down the throat as liquor, or carefully apportioned as a medicine, sniffed up in perfume, or rubbed into the skin, natural or camouflaged, or when denatured—it is *always* injurious to moral and to mental as well as to physical health. And every bit of it—its faintest odor in the atmosphere—draws undesirable entities who make the world around *you* impure. In this way, too, it is poison for yourself, and for those who are close to you.

It may briskly stimulate, inciting wit, quick action, and a sensation—though deceptive—of feeling extremely well. It acts like a flaring fire: a brilliant display . . . followed by desolation.

In reality it *dulls*. Dulls brain capacity. Dulls the keen sensitiveness of the nerves. Dulls the ability of judging sensibly. Dulls the digestive powers. Dulls muscular vigor.

Dulls moral stamina. Dulls clear vision.
Dulls practically every organ.

Most harmful of all: it dulls—even when taken in minutest quantities—those organs which, in latent potentiality, contain man's power of superphysical vision; and more than that: of *spirituality*. Long discarded and unused—put, and kept out of operation by man's own impurity—these organs will be revived in the children of My Race.

Only by *Purity*—not alone from alcohol, but from all passion and poison—*can* they regain their true function.

What has been said of alcohol, applies to opium, morphine and other drugs. And even to *tobacco*. For nicotine *is* poison—albeit that some can smoke, and live a hundred years.

Tobacco soothes—which is to say: it stupefies emotions, nerves and mind, and all those faculties which are also affected by the use of alcohol.

Although not criminal like eating meat,

not tending towards crime like using alcohol—smoking, in one way, is more apparently objectionable than either. The smoker, with his pernicious habit, pollutes the atmosphere to the disgust and danger of the health of those around him. First with his smoke, and afterwards with his breath and nauseous, evilly magnetic emanations, he makes himself an offensive nuisance.

The disregard for the interests of *others*, by which the smoker proves his utter selfishness—this in itself would make it quite impossible for any member of My Future Race to smoke.



The most dangerous group of poisons—though scientifically prescribed—are vaccines, serums and all those obnoxious things which you allow to be injected, infecting your very blood. This superstitious practice, this dangerous medical craze, is the most ludicrous fallacy of science run amuck.

Wild tribes (how foolish!) look most



reverently at the dances and performances of their 'wise' medicine man.

Your ancestors (how stupid!) submitted most trustfully to the crude bloodletting operations by their 'wise' medical men—who eagerly applied it to whatever ailed the crowd.

You now (how what?) most confidently permit your medical faculty to let putrid, septic matter contaminate your blood.

Worst of all, these serums—themselves products of disease—have been obtained at the cost of suffering: by vivisectional experiments on animals, and occasionally on men!

For *this*, more than for any other reason, the practice of inoculation stands in the New Race *condemned!*

There, disease will be *prevented*. *Not* by absorbing poison, or by injecting pus—but by sane and sanitary living; by purity of food, of every deed, of thought.

Only by *Purity!*



It is *habits*—senseless habits—you are ad-

dicted to. They poison your existence, spoil your pure joy of life.

By your habits—thoughtless habits—you have built up the instincts and the cravings of your body which *demand obedience* of you. You have become slaves of habit, instead of masters of destiny!

By habit you do all you do. By habit you slur through life—grasping all *passing* pleasures . . . instead of winning that great and permanent joy which comes with Purity and freedom from the rulership of habits.

My Race will have entirely risen above the poisonous dominion of restricting growth-impeding habits!



PURITY FROM PETTINESS

You, Gods-to-be—you, who would know that you *are* God, if you but knew your SELF what are you yet but tiny tin-gods on a homemade pedestal? Hollow at that, both base and statuette; inside them naught but choking air with which you inflate your *self*.

It would be amusing if it were not so pitifully petty, if pettiness were not the key-note of your lives! Please note: it is not your neighbors that I have reference to—but decidedly to the pettiness *in you*.

Review your days.

Consider carefully the *motives* for each deed. Weigh on a balance all your selfishness: all that you did to please and glorify

your *own personality*. And on *precision scales* measure out your love: all that you did for others, *in perfect selflessness*. (I hope you will find a pair sufficiently sensitive.)

Compare the two results.

Then say whether you would still blame Me, if I stated that your whole life seems petty.



How, in the mornings, do you get up?

Just sluggishly, because your shop, your office, your routine work needs attention? Or sometimes gleefully, when you look forward to an agreeable happening: a trip, a party, or a present, some special profit, or the visit of someone that will give joy to you?

Did you *ever* greet the daybreak buoyantly, filled with the thought of what this day may enable you to do *for others' sake*? To lessen pain, to impart happiness, to *help* with all the means that you have at your disposal—not alone by what you *have*, but by all that you can *be*?

This is how all My Children will arise: filled with that purest joy of self-forgetfulness. If yours are other motives . . . they are petty.



What do you work for?

Just for the daily bread of your own family? To add to your material possessions? To keep up—or improve—your social standing? To acquire for yourself a name, and maybe fame?

Or, for the betterment of conditions for your fellowmen—even if no salary, no write-ups in the papers, no recognition from any side results from it for you?

Is petty selfishness, or unreserved selflessness your incentive?



What have you a family for? What did you marry for?

Just because *you* wanted happiness? Because you thought of the pleasure and the comfort that it would bring to *you*? Even

with so-called love: did you not *mostly* consider the advantages that it would have *for you*? Do not pretend that you did it for love's sake, if in reality it was for self's sake, to accommodate the puny, selfish 'you'!

My Children will not be led by any such petty thoughts. Only *unselfish* reasons will guide their every step. As a result: a happiness that you—with the utmost brain strain—have no idea of.



What are you eating for—three, four, five times a day?

Do you eat to live, and to be able to work better—or do you work, and apparently only live, in order to eat better, more epicurishly?

Are dinners and delicacies still desirable attentions to be offered to your friends—by them again to be repaid to you?

Do recipes for new dishes, for soups, pies and desserts still fill a large percentage of your daily talk and thought?

Is your kitchen still your shrine room, the

cooking stove the altar on which you bring offerings—blood offerings at that—to the highest you can worship?

Is your stomach still the sun of your existence, around which a system of numerous 'plan-eats' and 'come-eats', in dyspeptic disharmony, everlastingly revolves?

Then, pettiness (I am sorry) is paramount in you.



Why do you dress—in full or in half dress?

To protect your body from weather influences—which can be done in graceful simplicity?

Or: to parade; to make others think that you are *somebody*; to proudly revel in beauty which others can *not* have; to be admired; to excite jealousy; and to attract attention?

If so—go on, you slaves of fickleness and fashion. Do not let Me bother you. Continue being petty; indulge in hats and haberdashery, and expensive petty-coats. On *you*

I need not count for the establishing of the glorious, free New Race!



Why have you a religion, or a philosophy? Why do you go to church, or to religious meetings?

Because your parents do? Because it is customary? Because it gives a splendid opportunity to make acquaintances? To insure a reserved seat in heaven? Because a ceremony, or a well worded lecture, makes you feel—through emotionalism—exceptionally good? Because your concrete mind delights in definitions and speculations about vague and far-off things?

None of these petty reasons seem plausible to Me. Only as an expression of your inner divinity, as an irresistible desire to realize your inherent link with God—thus only are religion or philosophy true values, instead of spurious shams.



Your very virtues are, too frequently,

petty vices in disguise. Some of you are so full of virtue that you make yourselves unbearable, and, by your self-complacency, cause pain to others. True virtue never harms.

You are very kind—*sometimes*, when conditions are suitable, when you are in the right mood, when it may serve your special purposes. If you *are* truly kind, you are *always* kind, and make no distinctions.

You are charitable—on official subscription lists.

You give liberally—in order to gain, no matter *what*: love, friendship, recognition, satisfaction, gratitude.

You are full of joy—when everything goes well with you.

You are humorous—no matter whether it may hurt somebody's feelings, if people but call *you* smart. Your humor only humors your vain personality.

You love to do your work perfectly—in order to excel, to be considered more than others.

You adore the beautiful, in music, in all

art—with the one wish: to have it for your own enjoyment and glorification. What your rival has, or has produced, can *not* be beautiful, of course,

You long for spiritual development—not that you may help others, but to *be helped*, in order to become *more* than your fellowmen—not to *serve* the world, but to *rule*, and gain authority.

I know your motives—better than you do yourself. I shall not undervalue a single one of you. But you must know *yourself*: your little 'self' first, with all its pettiness—before you can know your *SELF*.



Why do you talk—*and* talk?

About the weather; about your health; about your food; about your own affairs, and even about those of others; about people whom you know—but usually do *not* know; and about all kinds of petty nothingness?

Is it just a habit which you *cannot* stop?

Can you not grow beyond the stage of prattling children? It is worse than that: child's talk is innocent—is *yours* always? When you gossip? When you repeat an unkind story about friends or strangers? Do you know their motives, all their difficulties, the lessons they have to learn, the struggles they have to fight? If you did, you would not speak about them in the way you do.

Is there nothing better to be done than to indulge in this petty talk, *talk*, TALK? You waste your time, your energy—your opportunity to hear the wise and loving Voice of your true SELF.

You do not even know that there *is* such a Voice? Because you talk too much! Because you are always occupied with your petty little 'self' and its material interests!

My children in the Coming Race will *know* and *understand* the Voice of SELF—and readily *listen* to it.

And then . . . do not forget that sound *creates*. Speech is creative force. The manifested universe was actually created by the

Logoic Word. So do *your* words create.

Every word you utter, every noise you make, sets up vibration in the physical ether. *Where* does it stop—and *when?* *Nowhere*—and *never!* It goes *out* and *out*—and *on* and *on*. Your chattering and jabbering *disturbs the harmony of the whole universe!* And for eternity the origin of the disturbance can be traced back to *you*.

Better be silent, than abuse this mighty creative force in senseless, thoughtless, useless, aimless, endless talk!



Why do you *live*—and *die*?

Do you think there is no reason for such events as birth and death? Do you think they are just 'happenings'? Or do you not think at all?

Do you only live because you cannot help it, and die without knowing *why*? Do you *fear* death, for fear of losing 'life', losing all your property, losing consciousness of 'self'?

The time will come when you will realize

that your own life is *eternal*. Then will the 'self'—that petty, selfish 'self' with all its separateness—appear to you like an unwieldy load that has been hindering your growth.

Better shake that burden off while you are what *you* call 'living': for death will not free you from it.

Un-self yourself. Then will you really—and for ever, in unbroken consciousness—*live!*

Perhaps you think that—though there may be a reason for life as well as death—you are not supposed, not even *allowed* to know?

You, man—created in the likeness of the Almighty God—do you think you can be like Him without omniscience? You *are* He—in latency, in undeveloped powers. But by your pettiness you limit *His* expression!

Investigate! Think! Know! Unfold your latent powers! *Become* almighty—and omniscient! No expression of life is too in-

significant—nothing too great for your understanding. There is no secret in the universe that you are *not to know!*

Outgrow your pettiness!

Throw off the chains which limit your SELF-expression: your trifling habits and imaginary duties, your thoughtless going-on along customary ways, your fear to differ from your surroundings, your fear of *anything*.

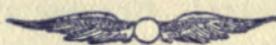
All that belongs to 'self' must *go*. Then—and *then* only—manifests the SELF.

Set to work—and do not despair.

Even the biggest fool will evolve into a tool in the hands of the Great Architect, Who will finally express the glory of His Being through all His creatures.

Hasten the process of your evolution.

Thus will you speed the coming of My lofty, fearless Race!



PURITY OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Unsolved social problems throw a black shadow upon present humanity: problems of capital and labor; of wealth and poverty; of child's and woman's welfare, and of destitution of invalids and aged; of wages and working hours; of overwork and unemployment; of vice and unutilized benevolence; of crime and charity; of hygiene and disease; of tenements and untilled land; of power for the few, and slavery for the many; of trusts and lack of trust; of money and lack of money!

These problems are the weeds in what *could* be the enchanting, luxuriant garden of human civilization. But you have mistaken

them for the permanent growth. You have protected *them* instead of the superb vegetation that you were intended to foster—until they have smothered all the more delicate plants, which need full sunlight, need to be bathed in rays of Divinity.

The weeds were *easier* to grow. Now they have grown above your heads—thick as a forest—and you begin to feel the chill that hangs in their shadow. You long for sunshine—and try to trim and clip the gigantic weeds, in order that a little ray may penetrate to you.

Do you contemplate *cutting* the plants, to get *more* warmth, *more* light? Be careful what you do! If the *root* remains, it will sprout again: your cutting will not help, until you pull out the root. That root is: *selfishness!* Not alone in others—but *in you!*

Clean out that little plot, which has been entrusted to you! To clean those of all your neighbors is far too great a task: that is not expected of you. First clear your own—and do it for *their* sake: that *they* may be able to enjoy the light thrown on your garden,

and the beauty of the tender plants of Love, with fragrant blooms of Purity that will take the place of weeds.

Then—seeing what you have done, and what you have attained—they will soon follow your example, and readily accept your unobtrusive help. Ere long no weed will remain. Its roots will be destroyed. And no more shadows will be cast by *the outcome of selfishness* upon the *joy of being* of the human race.

Then will My Race spread out over the earth, abiding in those Gardens of selfless Love and perfect Purity, which you can now prepare. And *you yourself*—by the power of your un-selfed SELF—will belong to that sublime New Race, and, *with the others*, will enjoy the fruits of the prolific plants which you must now guard and cherish.



I do not deal with each problem separately. I shall not show you how to potter about, repairing leaks, replastering here and there, and covering with fresh paint soiled spots on

your tottering building of civilization.

Keep it up as best you can. Go on living in it until a new home shall be ready.

Meantime: combine your efforts in erecting a New Building. Lay the foundation of an all-enduring selflessness; raise the walls of a protective love; and decorate with undefinable purity. Provide, for all alike, the furnishings of brotherly thoughts and joy.

Then move—and leave behind your trash of social problems: you will have neither place nor use for them.

Keep the old structure as a museum, with relics of a queer and foolish past. No one will ever want, or need to live in it again; provided: *you do your share* in helping to construct the new edifice—provided you join the workers who are preparing the world for the beauteous New Race.



Problems exist only for the ones who are still ignorant. To Those Who guide human evolution—to the Teachers of the child humanity—your social problems do not any

more exist. Once having solved them for Themselves, They *know*.

Why then, do They not come and help you solve them? Would it help a child in school, if the teacher solved its simple little problems of arithmetic? It would be easy for the teacher—but would it train the child? Would, in that way, the child develop the qualities and the capacities *for the purpose of which the problems are laid before it?*

Wise teachers watch the children lovingly, rejoicing when a pupil, *by his own exertion*, has solved a problem. Then they advance that pupil, and give him harder problems—until the school years are over, and the children graduate.

Thus do the Teachers of the present race consider social problems. They have laid them before you—that you, in solving them, *may develop your inherent powers!* You must work them out, without the Teacher's help.



In the meantime, I am waiting for you to

graduate. For graduation from this race means admission into Mine: into that illumined Race, into which *ali* can be born.

But I cannot wait indefinitely! I cannot wait for all those who are lazy, who would rather play than work at the problems, who try to evade the training, and who seem to believe that the purpose of the tasks is to make life miserable!

Only those who apply themselves cheerfully, glad of the training which will enable them to do *better* work, later—those only can be candidates for My Coming Race.

I have come to help them—to hasten their promotion. A *hint* is all that I can give. But it contains the *key* to the solution of *all* difficulties.

Listen, you who seriously struggle with your problems, anxious to solve them: LOVE is the key that will open the secret chamber—the chamber of the human heart—where you will find the ever-present solution which will make all problems vanish from your existence.

Take that key.

But remember: it works *only* if it is handled with immaculate Purity!



Until you have discovered that Love is the only key to the solution of your problems, your lessons have not been learned: you cannot graduate.

As you refuse, life after life, to learn—you are handed over to a private Teacher *Who never fails*. Strong, patient, forgiving, compassionate, filled with the one desire to *help you* to grow towards greater happiness, towards the Future Race—and *with a perfect knowledge* of your failings and your possibilities, this Teacher takes you in hand. You may not like the method—but it is the greatest help that could be given you.

The name is: Suffering.

No greater—and more loving—Teacher ever was than Suffering!

Unfailing are the ultimate results. When nothing else brings out love and compassion

—your own suffering *does*. It makes you understand what *others* feel; it makes you feel *with* others, thus sowing the seed of Love.

Not always does this grow immediately.

It may have to drill its way through a crust of stony ground ere its tiny shoot becomes visible on the surface. And Suffering may have to help, to break the ground and loosen it, and keep it soft.

This Teacher—the liberator of the Divine in man—continues to *bear* with you, with your obstinately clinging to selfish interests . . . until you have learned the lesson: unburdened yourself from 'self', begun to live in the SELF.

Pain is the shortcut towards liberation—towards a conscious realization of Life and Light divine. It is the dark tunnel through which all must pass to reach the land of unfading beauty, of eternal youth and bliss.

As you advance into the tunnel, the darkness deepens: no beam of light behind, no glimmering ahead; the air is heavy; you

awkwardly grope about to find your way; you fear a cave-in; you are near exhaustion, and bitterly complain.

Go on, go on! Listen to the sounds ahead. They are the cries of ecstasy of those approaching the opening at the end, and who begin to see what you can not yet see: the colors and the splendor of a light such as they have never seen, which will be *yours* for ever, once you arrive there.

Listen again: footsteps coming towards you, glad voices calling you. It is they who have had a glimpse, and now come back to encourage you, to cheer you, to share their joy with you. For they have seen the light of the new era—which only instils joy, *when it is shared with others*, with all who can be reached.



There is *another* way to the valley of blithe felicity. It is a long and weary way, zig-zagging across high mountain tops, through fields of never melting snow. A lonely road which is full of dangers: where

avalanches threaten, where one easily loses his path, freezing to death in solitude.

Some try that road; but they either become lost, or, eventually, return—to pass into the tunnel.

No human creature ever reached his goal, except by going through the Tunnel of Suffering!



All is well!

All that is, is well as it *is*, and for the good of everyone concerned. But that is not excluding the fact: that it *might*—and *will*—be better.

Are you not yet convinced that in a universe ruled by Love—of which the Almighty Ruler *is* Love itself—there *can* be no injustice?

Even the greatest suffering, as well as the slightest unpleasant experience, is *self-attracted*. Not as a punishment, laid upon you by the wrath of an avenging Power; but as the natural reaction of your own actions, of your own stubborn refusal to learn life's les-

sons, your continued seeking to serve the 'self', instead, and at the cost, of SELF.

Perhaps you *are* conclusively aware of this fundamental truth: that *nothing* is unjust, and that to every creature is meted out only a well-deserved share of evil as well as good. You may have this wisdom at hand, and freely make use of it . . . whenever *others* are in trouble, in sorrow, in serious difficulties. But—when some disappointment thrusts itself upon *you* . . . where is your wisdom then? You are provoked and angry, worried, unnerved, upset—and call whatever strikes you: unwarranted, undeserved, *unjust!*

You are blinded by the 'self'. Wake up; take your own medicine, with the *impersonal* wisdom of the SELF.

Suffering—and every blow that you ascribe to fate—is medicine, *of your own making*. You brewed it by your past deeds; it is *yours*—every drop of it. But by the Ones Who guide your evolution, it is lovingly applied to *cure* you . . . from your *self!*

Hence: all is well.

Even the misery of your present social conditions . . . as long as they remain as they are.

But: things will not be as well with *you* as you wish them to be, as long as you have not exhausted every means whereby to alleviate your brother's suffering—from whatever cause that be! Things *cannot* be what *you* call 'well,' as long as you still need a repetition of the same lessons—until you have learned brotherliness and compassion.



Outer conditions are the outcome—the mirrored picture—of *inner* qualities. This counts for individuals as well as for a race.

You, in your world of unrealities, try to remodel the ephemeral reflections—your social conditions—by some sketching and some painting on the surface of the mirror. Do you not see the *originals*—your inner qualities—as the things that should be changed to improve their own reflection?

The change for better *can only* come from

within—from within yourself. First purify yourself—then will conditions change.

This is not a selfish way—nor a self-centered one. For, to succeed, you must *rid* yourself of 'self'; and, void of 'self'—how could there be a question of selfishness?

As you purify yourself, you grow from 'self' to SELF—towards unity with all. And then you cannot help loving and *helping all*. Further: your own perfection helps to perfect the whole of humanity—just as each additional light helps to dispel the darkness in a dimly lighted hall.



A difference in evolutionary standpoint, in spiritual development, in brain capacity, in physical strength, in health, in ability along definite lines—and even in possessions—will probably *always* exist.

But in the Coming Race, in a loving mutual understanding, no one will cause another's suffering: the greatest joy of everyone will be to use all that he *is* and *has* for the giving of joy to others. There will not

be the misery of poverty—neither the curse of selfishly used wealth.

Your money values do not count with Me: *heart* values are the only things worthy My consideration. With all your millions—with all the world's treasures—you cannot bribe Me to come. But where a pure heart is unfolding **SELF**—though in its humbleness and lack of brilliancy unnoticed by most of you—there am I attracted. *There* is the New Race coming into expression. *There* dawns the wider consciousness which will bring a perfect solution of all problems, of all mysteries.

The *only* mystery which you *need* to solve is: the realization of the Oneness of all life. **LOVE** *will* solve it—and therewith *all* your problems.



PURITY OF EMOTIONS

What a whirling and twirling in the super-ethereal substance of your body, and in your atmosphere! Invisible to you, perhaps? But *there* nevertheless—as a result of your excitability, your uncontrolled emotions, your restlessness.

Learn to *see*. Then watch the turbulent motions of the fine matter on which emotions are impressed. Watch the disturbances, set up in the earthly atmosphere by the hurry and the struggle and the nervousness of modern life. Watch the superphysical conditions of a city, of noisy traffic, of a celebrating crowd. Then, too, of your own home. And of yourself!

But *you* are not emotional, are you? You are wonderfully balanced. You can read in the daily papers, without being in the least stirred, about battles raging where thousands are killed and maimed but none *you* know are there; about destruction of factories in which *you* have no shares; about cataclysms and calamities all far away from home; about murders, hold-ups, etc. . . . not in *your* neighborhood.

But—on the next page is a paragraph look again can that be right? A slump in your best stocks? *Your* candidate exposed? A rumor about some scandal in your family? Or your name honorably mentioned so terribly misspelled that nobody will know it is *you*? But that is more than anyone can stand! Now watch the atmosphere!

What an agitation when your dinner is somewhat late, when the soup is over-seasoned, the coffee served cold! You try to keep your poise; but from a gloomy face, you emanate muddy torrents which darken the whole house.

What horrid streaks in your aura, splashes of miry hues . . . when you 'enjoy' low emotional music, or a passionate opera—which you like to call 'art'! Or when reading obscene stories, or exchanging vulgar jokes.

Such pastimes are to your emotions, what salted pretzels are to the lining of the throat: artificially, they excite a thirst, a longing for satisfaction, entirely unnatural.

If only you could see what a chaos you create by your applause, your yells, your screams, and unnecessary noises! They go fairly well with bull-fights, with Indian war-dances, with feasts of savages, orgies of uncouth brutes. At the present time they *should* not—in the Coming Race they *cannot* find a place!

Why permit them in your children, encourage them in colleges and schools? Why do you, you *yourself*, go on with most of them? Because you *like* emotion? And do not care to know about nature's finer forces? Because you are too much filled with what you call 'pleasure', to seek the nobler pleas-



ures of the Race that I shall bring?

Emotion and excitement—could you live *without* these? Without your dinner parties, your theatres and shows; your tension about new quotations, your chance for special gains; your shopping, and selecting unneeded things at sales; your friendly (?) naggings and quarrels with your nearest relatives; your chats about the 'latest' (quite confidentially, of course); your numberless appointments (all important, to be sure); and even your disappointments . . . ?

Days would seem dull and dreary, if you had to miss these things. They are the stimulants that keep you going—the spices, without which *your* life would be tedious indeed!

You have not yet *transmuted* your emotions. You are still negative. You are still *being lived* by outer influences—instead of positively *living* a life ruled by yourself, by the SELF from within!



What then?

What can replace these things, which are

now so coveted and without which existence seems insipid. . . . to you who do not *know*?

Fear not.

Life will not be prosaic where *I* can manifest. I prompt no long-drawn faces; no yawns of irksomeness; no faintness; no depression; no attacks of melancholy. These are themselves the outcome of your emotionalism—unwholesome as it is. They will all be discarded when *I* come.

What is the song of birds to one who is totally deaf? What, a glorious sunset to the blind—or spiritually blinded? Can Kaffirs grasp an artist's ecstasy? Could you *make* them understand, while they still lack the needed faculties?

Neither, perhaps, will it be possible to make the enrapturing joy of My exalted Race comprehensible to *you* . . . as long as you lack Love—and Purity.

All your emotional pleasures will be looked upon as playthings, with which a young humanity—with its childlike consciousness—once amused itself.

Are you not longing for an expansion of

your knowledge, for a capacity to be thrilled by now unknown manifestations of life around and within you? Or would you, like some children, rather cling to your toys? Toys are quite useful—as long as the mind is weak. But if kept *too* long, they form obstacles to further growth. So does the unchecked play of your emotions: it hinders your unfoldment.

My Children will acquire that *wider* consciousness, which brings with it a comprehension, now undreamt of, of other worlds than yours; and a capability to approach the *cosmic* consciousness, at present vaguely sensed by only very few. This cosmic consciousness is as far above your own, as yours is beyond that of the atoms of which your body is composed.

Expand your consciousness—by purifying your emotions. Help it to grow, to take in more and more—until, finally, it will be cosmic. As it unfolds, you will begin to realize the unity of *all*—and that brings *love* for all: *of all, for all*.

Then comes the happiness that never can

be disturbed, and which makes all work a joy.

The Coming Race will live in the *greatest* joy: the joy of *giving* joy—the purest of pure emotions.



Emotion must not be *killed*—but it should be purified, transmuted, kept under strict control . . . under the control of SELF.

Balance must be acquired—but *not*: indifference. Balance is *controlled* emotion. *Destroyed* emotion is indifference.

Have you compassion? Do you weep with those who weep, and suffer with those who suffer? And, in another hour, do you laugh with those who laugh, and giggle with those who giggle? Then, even your compassion is but a play of your emotions.

Become compassionate! Learn to understand the *cause* of suffering. Look with the greatest love—with *understanding* love—upon the sufferers. Without yourself being swept by your emotions: *will* to help. Intuitively you will know *how*. Console. Relieve. Instruct. And bring good cheer.

Help *all* you can. Respond to every call of those who suffer. But never lose control of your emotions.

Thus will you show true compassion—and balance . . . without indifference.



Be ever *more* sensitive—without being sentimental.

Not: sensitive about things that bother *you!* Offenses or neglects, unkindnesses, ill-luck, losses, annoyances will not affect you any more when you purify and master your emotions.

But: sensitive for others, so that you may understand and respond immediately to the needs of your surroundings. This selfless sensitiveness will naturally develop with the growth of *pure* emotions.

The New Race will be super-sensitive—yet *not* emotional.

The higher sensitiveness will open up the sensory organs to numberless new impressions: to natural phenomena, in the existence of which you now scarcely believe—because

you are blind and deaf, your organs still unfit to respond to a greater range of vibrations.

Things, now unseen, will become visible to My Children: colors of indescribable beauty and brilliancy will loom up before their eyes. The harmony of the spheres will become audible in music, free from the limitations of physical instruments. Perfumes, delicious and pure, will be found to fill the air. Things, long heedlessly overlooked, will fascinate man by their color, sound and scent.

Immeasurable treasures will Nature reveal in limitless abundance to the Children of the New Race.

That is: to *you*—if you prepare for it, if you purify your emotions.



PURITY OF THOUGHTS

What would you do?

If you could see the thoughts of everyone around you—what would you do?

Be glad you do *not* see them! Those concerning *you* might seriously disturb your self-sufficient complacency. And an unsuspected knowledge of the thoughts of others about their business and their private affairs might lead you to a selfish abuse of such secret information.

Yet: you *will* see them when you come into My Race! But by *that* time you will have lost all touch of selfishness.

If every thought of *yours* could be seen by other people—what would you do?

Would you want them to be seen? Would you *dare* to have them seen? I fear, you are often *glad* in your conviction that others can *not* see.

But: all *will* see your thoughts, in the New Race!



If your every thought—no matter on what subject, however definite or vague—could *now* be seen by Those Who (though invisible and perhaps unknown to you) *are* guiding and teaching you, helping your evolution, preparing you to become eligible candidates for My noble, peerless Race what *would* you do?

They *do* see them!

And so do *I*.

It is upon the quality of your *thoughts*—more than upon anything else—that you are judged by Them. Essentially upon your thoughts your very growth depends. The amount of Love and Purity that you put into your thoughts—that will decide whether you can pass into the Future Race.

Your every thought is watched—even the faintest impulse of a thought is noted. And every occurrence—even the slightest incident in your every-day life—is utilized as a test: *to see what kind of thought it will arouse*; for nothing and no one should have the power to bring out undesirable thoughts in you.

The result is automatically registered, *indelibly*: each thought sets up vibrations in superphysical matter, impressing upon it an ever-lasting record, which is an open book to Me. Many a page is soiled, unworthy, most often worthless. In vain I look for definitely pure and worthy, loving and constructive thoughts which will help to bring humanity nearer to the day on which I can manifest in the magnificent New Race!

How does *your* record stand?

What will you do to make it better? What are you adding from hour to hour?

What *will* you do?



You doubt My words?

That does not change the *fact*: that I do

see *all* your thoughts. Even your most secret thoughts are not hidden from Me. Even merely passing ones are noticeable to Me. I see them, even *before* you have put them through the process of shaping them in your brain!

For, in the spiritual realms—where I dwell—thoughts, *all* your thoughts, are palpable, tangible things.

Thoughts *are* things—*real* things—things that you have *created*!



In your little material world of deceptive appearances, you judge each other almost exclusively by the clothes you wear. And by a shrewd selection of your garments, you try to convince others that you are, what you are *not*.

But to *My* eye you wear quite another cloak! You are surrounded by the forms, created by your thoughts. That is the garb which you make for yourself, into which you weave every thread, draw every design, frame every pattern. That is the apparel

which shows what you really *are*.

And what an object it presents, of most of you!

A shapeless, slovenly bundle of dirty rags, of unattractive, muddy colors, patched and pinned together without any apparent plan, with far too many "I's" and grasping hooks—and full of holes and gaps, showing the emptiness of your existence, your lack of thought.

Such is the attire in which you show yourself to Me—and to all those who *can* see.

In the New Race *all* will see. But none will enter it, who have not changed their robe—making it presentable and pleasing to the clear-seeing eye. None but those who have purified their thoughts, and ensouled them with love, will be admitted into My Race of the Future.



By your thoughts you create your own future: what you *think*, you will *be*!

By concentrated thought you create a form of what you *wish* to become. After this pat-

tern, if you make it strong enough, you—your conditions and your body—will be shaped.

This is a dangerous knowledge. For you want things selfishly. Your desire is to be rich, or famous: to *shine*, to stand out above your fellows in power, wealth, learning, or artistic ability. And you want even spirituality . . . only *to be more than others*.

Therefore, a *practical* knowledge of the creative power of thought is being withheld from you. You would utilize it for selfish purposes. And so you would *retard* your evolution—and that of humanity, of which each one of you is an integral part. You would intensify the hampering influence of the 'self'—and thus prevent the coming into expression of the SELF.

Once you are selfless—once you are less a slave to your paltry little 'self'—you will learn how to create instantaneously and visibly by thought. This, the Children of My Race will have learned to do. Their knowledge will be applied only *for others' sake*—never for their own.

All of them will be artists—in that *new* art: the making of exquisite thoughts, which everyone else, with the sense of clearer sight, will be able to enjoy.

More beautiful than the greatest treasures of art, now kept in your museums and stored away in private galleries, will be *their* works—produced by all, for all.



Thought is the *ultimate* creative power.

Sound creates *in physical matter*; but wise, thoughtful beings first consciously *think*—they first *consciously* create by thought, in subtler matter, that which will serve as a model for their physical creations.

The Great Power Who created the universe, created it *by thought*—before, by His spoken Word, He brought it down into physical manifestation. If you consider yourself to be made in His image—do as He did: and *think . . . before you speak.*

First in the realm of thought are made the archetypes for all things physical in the Macrocosm. So do *you*, by your thoughts,

create the patterns for all that will occur in your future microcosm.



Strong, definite, oft repeated thoughts build *living entities*—even though you see them not. If you nourish them, and give them regular attention, they will do obediently what you charge them to do. Whatever quality—of hate or love, of healing or destruction—you put into them, will be their motive power, their actual life force.

Strong thoughts are rare—and fortunately so: if there were many, the evil, grasping, selfish ones would far outnumber the unselfish.

Such is the present race. But in the New, rid of all selfishness, all will know how to build beneficent, entrancing forms.

You think no vitally harmful, no violently hateful, not even essentially self-seeking thoughts, do you? Just a perpetual succession of the smallest, faintest thoughts of personal criticisms, of personal dislikes, of trivial personal wishes . . . are these your

average thoughts? They may *seem* harmless—but they do not build a world in which *I* can manifest!

After all, they are more harmful than you now realize.

These countless millions of diminutive vague thoughts, continually sent out by most of you, are—by the Law that like attracts like—drawn to each other. They strengthen one the other, forming what might be called: great reservoirs of force.

These—good or bad—when filled to overflowing, empty themselves upon humanity. Rarely is one containing love and kindness filled to the point where it is ready for distribution. But frequently contents of a less enjoyable nature are poured out. Then comes catastrophe or epidemic, pestilence or war. All are of man's own making: resulting from his thoughts. Each person receives what he himself has put in—by the accumulation of his own thoughtless thinking, of his own unchecked thoughts.





Not till you *purify* your thoughts will these horrors cease.

Not till you leave *all* harmful elements, *all* selfish proclivities out of your thoughts, will suffering and sorrow be no more attracted by you.

Not till determinedly you direct the pure power of your thoughts towards the helping of others, can I manifest in you.

Not till there is Purity in your every deed, in your every word, and in your every thought will—where you are—the Coming Race be born.



EPILOGUE

*Exalted and exultant beyond the
most fanciful visions of today's
idealists, will be My radiant Race
—which soon will be established.*

THE PRESENT RACE AND THE NEW

I am no *dreamer*, visualizing things as they *might* be! I *know* what *is* to be!

Behind some dreamers of utopias I stood, inspiring them, guiding their thoughts—that through their works the world might see the future, and exert its efforts to approach the day when I shall come to establish the New Race.

My hints they worked out according to *their* viewpoint—and used them to support that single fraction of the Truth which they had recognized.

But now *I* speak *Myself*, with definite knowledge of what is planned to be—of what already *is* in the Universal Mind, existing

even *now* in the highest realms of thought, which to My vision are more real than trees and stones to yours.

I am *not* merely 'dreaming', when I speak of the Coming Race—I, who *am* the Spirit of that Race!

But on *you*, the people of today, on *you* it will depend *when* it will be established—when, with its joy and peace, its splendor, its unequalled happiness, it will come down into physical expression.



I, Spirit of the Unborn, have indicated—in My *Plea for Purity*—some of the changes, essentially needed in preparing the world, and *yourselves*, for the New Race.

Now I shall synthesize the differences between the present race and My Race of tomorrow.

The keynote of the present race is: to HAVE; that of the New: to BE.

You try to obtain, be it for the benefit of yourself or for others, whatever of outer things

may seem desirable. But no matter what you possess—it *can* be lost again, and *will be lost*, sooner or later.

Try to *become*—help others to become, to build into themselves eternal qualities: the only things that *never* can be lost. Then will you help the coming of the New Race.

The present race seeks to GRASP; the New will live to GIVE.

Large incomes, high positions, accumulation of private property, personal satisfaction—that is what all the world is seeking in these days. 'Giving' is looked upon as 'sacrifice', as 'renunciation'—and whenever it is practised, it is usually prompted by the hope of *some* return.

In My Race, 'giving' will be the general *ex-* only things that *never* can be lost. Then will be their keenest joy.

The watchword of the present race is: COMPETITION; that of the New will be CO-OPERATION.

Beginning in your schools, the training is: to outrival the other student, in learning, in sport. And all through life this system is kept up: put others into the shade, *compete*.

Life-poisoning competition has done its share in the plan of evolution: in helping to develop

the concrete mind. But this is not the *highest* that humanity can gain!

With the New Race comes *transmuted* competition: there, all will vie in giving others what they would most desire for themselves. Each, knowing that he shares the One Life with his brothers, will do his utmost for the *common* good. Without reserve, all will *whole-heartedly* co-operate.

The present race is **DESTRUCTIVE**; the New will be **CONSTRUCTIVE**.

Watch children: how—almost without exception—they enjoy destroying things. Adults encourage them, and eagerly assist in destruction of *living things*. The propensity is checked—by rules of propriety, and, mainly, of police.

By his injurious emanations, man has estranged the many ethereal, now invisible beings who exist and evolve alongside him. He has filled them with distrust, disgust. The New Race will be harmless and helpful to all that co-exists—thereby regaining the kind assistance of the nature-spirits, who will beautify the world, accomplishing their joyous task before the purified eye of man.

The elements themselves will co-operate with man, and will no more destroy—by cyclones, earthquakes, floods, or fire, by extremes of heat

and cold—what man has wrought. All these catastrophes *are caused by man himself*: resulting from his destructive attitude towards nature, as well as from his thoughts.

In the New Race, new inventions will utilize enormous powers which will be revealed in nature—and in man; and these will be available for great *constructive* work. They are still kept unknown, because under the control of a *destructive* race they would be dangerous.

SEX-CONTRAST is a mighty factor in the present race; in the New Race, **SEX-EQUALITY** will prevail.

The mystification of the process of reproduction; the secrecy attached to natural forms; unwarranted prudishness and pseudo ignorance; the over-accentuation of sex difference in dress, in education, in mannerism—all these promote furtive thoughts and stealthy whisperings concerning sexology fomenting sensuality, refined as it may be.

In My luminous Race, sex will be recognized as a minor incident. There will be little difference in dress, in expression—even in character: both sexes will more equally manifest the highest that is now in each.

KNOWLEDGE, scientific knowledge, is the glory of the present race; but in the New,

WISDOM will be supreme.

Science, however admirable, deals with the *outer*, with the phenomenal side. It is a slow, slow process towards the *heart* of things! Not from the outside in—but from the inside out, is wisdom's way.

Within is the One Life. Seek to know *that*! Turn your attention within yourself: you can find it there. That *same* Life manifests in others, and is the motive power in all nature's phenomena. Once you attain a realization of *it*—which can be done by utmost Purity—you know the *cause*, the *how* and *why* of *everything*: perfected wisdom will include all knowledge.

The present race is led by INTELLECT; the Coming will be led by INTUITION.

Intellectuality is the ability to conceive intelligently the actualities in the world around you—as far as they can be observed by your defective and imperfect instruments and organs of perception. It depends entirely upon impressions on the brain *from the outside*.

Whereas intuition is tuition *from within*: it brings the unlimited, *true* knowledge of the SELF. When you completely open yourself to it, you will know all there is to know in the entire universe. For, in your SELF, you can share the

consciousness of all, and of *the ALL*—in your SELF you are *One with all*.

The present race has **RELIGIONS**; the New will have **RELIGION**.

Religions are the garments in which the Divine has sheathed Itself in order to remain perceptible to the spiritually blinded eyes of human souls. And as the soul-eyes differed—so has Divinity shown Itself in different cloaks.

But true religion enables man to see *through* every garment, perceiving the Divine in Its Purity within: the *Same* in *all*—manifesting not alone in Its garments of religions, but *in everything*, and *everywhere*.

In the New Race, the true meaning of religion: *the reunion of man with God*, will be fully understood—and this reunion will be accomplished by each one of My Children individually and directly without the need of doctrines, dogmas, rites or creeds.

The present race is surrounded by **UGLINESS**; in **BEAUTY** will the New one be enveloped.

Your standard of beauty is guided by cost and rarity: most of the articles you value for their 'beauty', you would not deign to look upon if they were cheap, if they could be possessed

by everyone. Your preference for the beautiful is, as a rule, a seeking of personal gratification—and grossly selfish.

In the New Race, art and beauty will be a *result* of inner purity—instead of having for their *aim*, as they *now* do, the demonstration of outer superiority.

It is *beauty of the senses* which is sought by the present race; but in the New, the *beauty of the spirit* will be predominant. Soul beauty will find expression in feature and in form, in gracefully rhythmic motions, in pleasing, melodious voices and in kind, loving acts. The beauty attained *within* will cause all *outer* objects to be beautiful.

Not by contemptuously shunning, not by repugnantly repelling from your presence all that is still ugly, can the beauty of My Race be gained: *only by purifying*, only by beautifying one's inner nature can it be acquired.

When *that* is achieved, the ugly *can* no more exist. Then, nature itself will be magnificent as it has never been—because man will no longer interfere with the work of its agents. It will open up its hidden garners and spread its treasures of unexampled beauty over the earth. And the radiance of good cheer and of supreme enjoyment will be on every face: on *yours*, when you will be reborn into My resplendent Race—or, on *yours now*, if you pre-

pare yourself to be selected as one of those who will lay the foundation for that Race.

The present race stoops under a load of SUFFERING; the New, with lifted head, will reflect the light from heaven, which is the purest JOY.

Stop *causing* your own misery by self-centeredness, by shutting off your 'self' from the joy-giving luminosity of the SELF!

More radiant than the sun's beams is the SELF. Let it shine within you, and enlighten you —filling with its great and imperturbable joy all the dark chambers in your being. It *will* do that—if *you* cleanse the windows, and do not keep the shades and shutters of your selfish separateness closed. It *will*—if you concentrate your efforts, and thoroughly *purify* yourself.

This is why I plead with you: that even *now* your suffering may be lightened, and that you may begin to know the all-surpassing joy in which the New Race will live.

The present race is marked by SEPARATENESS; the New will be distinguished by UNITY.

Each one now prides himself on what he has that others do not have—and attention is given

exclusively to *differences* in possessions, in race, in dress, ability, political convictions and religious beliefs.

My Race seeks that which *unites*. And as each one will realize that he himself, that his own inner **SELF**, his Life, *is God*—and *that all else that lives is himself*, because it is in essence the *same SELF*, the *same Life*, the *same God*—none can any longer feel interests separate from those of others.

Try to realize *now*: that you really *are* the others!

The present race is **ATTACHED**; the New will be **DETACHED**.

Attached to physical forms and formalities, to outer appearances, is present humanity. Even in its friendships, in its love, it clings to the matter side.

The New Race will know the spirit side of all manifestation: it will deal with the eternal. Therefore, it will be detached, freed from the deceptive ties of temporary objects, freed from the fear of losing whatever it may have—and hence free from *all* fear.

The present race is **PERSONAL**; the New will be **IMPERSONAL**.

Your personality is considered all-important: *its* wants, *its* wishes, *its* opinions, *its* interests,

its well-being—these fill your life, your thoughts.

As yet, it seems almost useless to speak to you of your *Impersonality*—of the One SELF within yourself, which links you up with all!

My Race will be free from the despotism of the selfish, *personal* 'self'—acknowledging alone the absolute supremacy of the selfless, and *impersonal* GREAT SELF.

LIMITATION holds the present race in bounds; Mine, throwing off all shackles, will attain to LIBERATION.

Imprisoned, vastly limited are you in your SELF-expression—even if you know it not! Your selfishness restrains you; your materialistic intellect confines you; your separative principles entomb the *real* 'You'.

By subjugation of your 'self', unfetter your true SELF! Then you will triumph over every limitation—and, as a member of My mighty Race, reach liberation from all ignorance, all suffering, all woe.

Break away from the detention of the *involutioning* SELF in the *manyness* of 'selves'—and consciously share the Oneness of the *evolutioned*, liberated SELF!



These few points of contrast indicate the trend of My New Race—and what it will mean to *you* if you can enter it.

Then you will *realize* that all the world is *you*.

Then you will be *at-one* with every living creature, with everything that *is*: with sky and trees and ocean, with elements, with insects, birds and beasts, with fellowmen, with gods—and, yes: with God.

Then you will *know* that you are *immortal*—that you *have always been*, and will *never cease to be*.

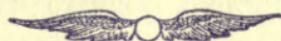
Then you will consciously *feel* the power of God pass *through* you *to others*—and pour out the divine Life in all its greatness and its glory over others.

Then you will be aware that there is a never-ending unfoldment of Divinity *in you, in all*; that a greater, and ever greater expansion—an unlimited succession of incomparable and wonderful attainments—lie before you.

Then you will find yourself receptive to

sensations, such as a little human soul can scarcely comprehend—and in comparison with which all that is now considered 'happiness' sinks into nothingness.

This is the promise for My triumphant Race!



UNIVERSAL LOVE

Love is the uniting power of the Great Cosmic Magnet.

Whatever *is*, is a particle of that Magnet: *apart* from It—yet always held bound to It by this inherent faculty of Love.

Be it only manifest in the form of cohesion, of gravity, of chemical affinity—it is the same uniting force of Love. Be it greed, or longing, or personal attraction—it is the working of the same principle: a leaning towards unity with *something* else.

It is true: many an atom seems sadly demagnetized because—by cold mentality—it has gone far away from the Great Magnet; because it has shrunk into the form

of a closed circle, keeping the current flowing *within itself*, wholly self-centered, loving only the own 'self'.

But every fragment gradually *unfolds* its inborn quality into pure *self-forgetting*, personal love. As it evolves its *inner* power, it is lifted up in the direction of its Source; so it will reach the point where the *direct* current of the Great Magnet is near enough to fill it with Its own original potency: of *universal Love*.

Pure *personal* love is the ultimate accomplishment of *your* race.

When you enter into the stream of *universal* Love, you enter into *My* Race.



All *personal* love is limited, exclusive—hence an *imperfect* demonstration of divine Love. But do not underestimate the value it has for you; do not be misled by the *fallacious* thought: that you can rise above it by ignoring its exalting influence.

Only by the perfecting of the highest *personal* love, *can* you be lifted up to where

the constant current of *universal Love* can touch—and flow through—you.

Great personal love is gradually developed by memories of *happiness*, shared in the past with the beloved ones, strengthened through many lives, growing from selfish passion into *unselfish*, pure—be it still: personal—love.

While it evolves, one learns to share lovingly the *sorrows* of the beloved. Out of this, *com-passion* grows—by which the power is acquired to feel *with*, and *in others*, more and more.

Both—the compassion and the personal love—must *by your efforts* be intensified, augmented to the highest attainable degree, in order to prepare you for the influx of the *universal Love* and, thereby, for My Race.



Perfect, unlimited, all-inclusive is *universal Love*. When it becomes manifest in you, *all* are as near to you as the dearest you love now. And it expands until, *without distinction*.

tion, you love all—until you have fully realized that all are only One, that all are 'You'.

Universal Love is *not*: the personal love, parcelled out in negligible minims to every creature—*not*: personal love, diluted into indifferent kindness for all, without brotherliness for any.

It is: a *new* outpouring of Divinity in you; the acquisition of a wider consciousness, at the point where you can step out of the present race into My spiritualized Race—where you can break the shell that limits full-grown humanity, in order to enter into the infancy of super-humanity.



PERFECT PURITY

For Purity—for *perfect* Purity—have I, the Spirit of the Unborn, been pleading with you, in order that My Race of a purified humanity may come into manifested existence.

Soon I shall select a few of you to establish it in a secluded place—where conditions will be ideally suitable. *Some* I have found who are ready; *more* I expect to find in the near future. But not until a *sufficient* number is prepared, can My Race be founded *definitely*, as a segregated unit.

I have therefore come to lay before you all those qualities which will be indispensable

if you wish to join the early settlement of the New Race.



Purity and Love are the fundamental needs—not only for admission into *My Race*; for in the course of time no one can progress very far without Love and Purity!

The purity that I require is one, not only of deeds, but of every word and thought; and not only of your thoughts, but of your very *being*, of your whole nature! *So pure* you must be, that not *any* influence from the outside can awaken an undesirable response in *you*.

This may seem almost impossible for anyone of you to attain *perfectly*. But if you strive—and *refuse* to be ruled, even for a single moment, by other principles than those of Purity and of Love—then you will see improvement from day to day; and the tendency to yield to less worthy influences will rapidly lose its hold upon you. Thus will you become a candidate for *My Race*.

Has it no attraction for you? Does it appear to you as if devoid of interest, monotonous, nonsensical, absurd? Only the narrow-minded can thus misjudge what in the course of evolution—in the growth of consciousness, of liberty, of *joy*—still awaits them.

All will attain *some* time. The choice *I* bring is *this*: will you grow *willingly*, *helping* the cosmic Law, and *hastening* evolution—or blindly struggle on, unknowingly, even *unwillingly*, and remaining so much longer in the misery of your half-evolved stage?



I, the Spirit of the Unborn, have come to call for aspirants for the Coming Race!

I *am* the Spirit of that Race—and I *am* even *more*. I *am* the *Spirit*—of the New Race—and of *all beings*. I *AM*—the *SPIRIT*!

But I have spoken only in this *one* aspect: as Spirit of the Unborn—because for *their*, as well as for *your* sake, the New Race must *soon* be born.

I have not called in vain!
I have not called without arousing some of
you to the significance of what I have stated:
that a New Race is about to be established.



What I want *every one* to know—what I
have wanted you to know and understand
all through this message is:

that the Unborn of a New *Ideal* Race are
ready for your world, when *you* are ready
for *them*;

that they will come, when *you* prepare
their way;

that they *are waiting* for purer bodies, for
purer surroundings, for purer parents, and
for purer Love;

that they will incarnate, *as soon as you*
are pure;

and that *you yourself* can enter My New
Race—when you *steadily* strive for *perfect*
PURITY.



I AM WAITING!