

Couldst thou not watch with me one hour? Or, as Omar put it:

*When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?*

Need we then ask what the Tavern is? If it is in the lower sense the place where alcohol, the spirit of degradation, may be purchased, then in the higher symbolism the term is used as a cloak for that spirit, which in so many places in the Gospels is referred to in the form of the Vine—the Vineyard, or the Wine of the Miracle of the Marriage—all these being the symbol of spiritual enlightenment. In those times symbolism was common. Was the Christ not born in a stable—and is the human heart not a home for animal lusts, and therefore to be likened to a stable? And if the Christ is not born in the stable of the heart, what immediate good is it to us whether he was born some two thousand years ago in Bethlehem?

So then is Omar Khayyam's Tavern the "Heart," and the "Voice of the Silence," the Soundless Sound, which he heard within is the Voice of the Christ; the most wonderful of all the Wonders that surround us, and among which we live, and which we are.

What then is the Phantom of *false* morning? Dreaming when Dawn's *Left* Hand was in the sky! What that noose of Light? What the Sultan's Turret, and who is the Hunter of the East?

We shall see in the next issue.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

By A. D. C.

It was early morning, and I "found myself" poised above a quaint old farmhouse built of bricks covered with cement and painted white; the roof was of thatch. Not far from the house was a large evergreen tree, a yew I believe, that had thrown its friendly shade over many generations of the farm people.

But alas! Out of the East with the quiet dawn came a dark menace in the air. Bells were sounded by the watchers of the night. There was a great alarm and much scurrying to the bomb-proof shelters and cellars.

I became aware of a little child who was run-

ning away from a woman who stood in the doorway to a cellar that was under the farmhouse. The little girl ran out towards the truck garden to get her dearly loved pet, a small black and white kid but a few months old.

The woman screamed frantically for the child to come to the house, but the little girl first secured her pet, then started to return.

It was then that I received a mental impressment from the Angel of the Tree. I was "impressed" that the farmhouse and all within it would be destroyed, but that the tree would not be harmed. I was then impressed to use all my concentration of will power to induce the child not to go to the woman, but to the shelter of the tree. This I did, and was so thankful to succeed in getting the little one and her pet close pressed in my arms against the trunk of the tree before the horror occurred.

The destroyers from the air were driven off, and the dust from the havoc they had wrought cleared away. Then bands of rescuers came to gather together the living and the dead amid the ruins. They found "my" little war orphan alive and unhurt, standing under the tree with her pet tightly clutched to her breast.

So the above is what I brought out of the night.

Thanks to the Angel of the Tree, glory and praise everlasting to Christ, our Savior, and gratitude and faithful service may I ever give, O our Elder Brothers in the Great Work. Amen.

All the above incident seemed to happen in a few seconds and I had enough of the light and reflecting ethers with me at the time to ring it clearly to my waking consciousness.

You may ask why I did not save the older people. The reply is that the older people are not so amenable to spiritual influences. It would have been a waste of time and the child might have been killed also. The child was seven years old, more or less, and its vital body (which is the channel for the forces that sustain life, cause growth, convey sense impressions, and support memory), had not yet been completely differentiated in the planetary vital body. Therefore I had a channel of connection with the child stronger than that of the Angel, because the Angel's etheric body vibrates

so high that it cannot slow down to the necessary low rate to impress an etheric brain and impel action in a human being. Hence I was permitted the sacred joy of being an intermediary.

Those who thoroughly understand what I have written above will see one of the spiritual causes operating to save children alive out of the terrible wrecks of war. They will also see the reason why so many children have done such “fantastic” and “unreasonable” things at the time of supreme danger, and have come out unscathed.

Twenty-five years from now those children will be the powerful factors of a new generation. They belong to a new type of humanity that is slowly evolving, with radically new principles of conduct. Humanitarianism will be much more than an idea too rarely expressed in isolated philanthropies, as at present. Humanitarianism will be a powerful principle of municipal, national, and international policies. Thy Kingdom come!

No doubt you will want to join the “Invisible Helpers” in the Great Work. Here is a way of preparation for the work.

*Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps ‘the law of kindness’ still
Whatever others do.
Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world’s ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.*

THE SONG OF CITY PAVEMENTS

Corinne Dunklee

The thronging pavements of a great metropolis are the white keyboards of humanity upon which the varied footfalls play. Stretching ever calm and quiescent they absorb and hold all this wonderful music, waiting always for the ear attuned to the playing: When ream upon ream, scroll upon scroll, in all the beauty of variations it is wafted back again for those who may catch the wondrous strains.

Oh, the quivering heart-ache that trembles through some of the notes. He who listens well

may hear the music of the tear-drops falling, falling.

In gladsome arpeggios come the steps of youth. As radiant as the light of morning. All fragrant with hopes that sparkle like woodland flowers ‘ere the noonday sun has stolen the dew from out their hearts.

Faltering minor notes of despair sometimes creep into the wonderful harmonics; so long drawn out that the very pavements quiver with sympathy.

The hurrying rush of breathless crowds would wait and listen could they out hear even the faintest whisper. But alas, so intent are they upon externalized perceptions that unheeding they pass, and only the pavements—the great white keyboard of humanity—registers the song of sorrow.

In delicate trills that tremble with human sweetness, softly as cathedral music sounds the foot-steps of the mother-soon-to-be. In the beauty of her passing shines a tremulous mystery that quivers with the echoes of enchanted dreams .

Forming a deep undertone to the music rings the footfalls of the lonely. So many are the notes that sound from here, sometimes it seems as though the other tones must all be crowded out. Yet beautiful they are to the listening ear—these lonely foot-tones. Some of them blend into rare variations, giving forth such music as the world would never otherwise have known.

In all this pulsing, echoing orchestra there ever sounds an insistent note. Running through the lights and shadows; singing in octaves of majors and preludes of minors—the *dominant chord of unsatisfied aspirations*. Oh, the yearning music of this seeking multitude. Aimlessly drifting or anxiously searching. In a legato of unconscious pleading mourns, why? Why? Why? To be answered by a vast crescendo of sob-tones that re-echo, where? Where? Where?

As the shadows lengthen, comes the weary, toneless music made by tired feet. Have you ever listened to it? And wondered why in all the beauty and the gladness of God’s world a dissonance in life’s music should be sounding in the exquisite hour that tolls the passing of the day, when all the earth is encircled with prayer? Did you ever

listen for the gentle sighing that murmurs in the heart of night; at the ceaseless rush of dancing music from the steps of those who heedless of her matchless beauty, seek only the flickering will-o-the-wisps of pleasure. But for those who understand—Oh, the tender compensation of the night. The low, leaning night with its vast heartbeat of stars. And the gentle requiem of darkness that soothes all the woundings and the heartaches gathered in the rush of day.

All ye who may listen to the music of the pavements with its thousand foot-notes. A faltering, hopeful, weary, radiant, dreaming, longing chorus, bending into a divine unity of strange beauty that forms a stupendous shadow-song of the city.

And he who lifts his soul above the clinging hands of earth may listen to its singing.

THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES

Blanche Cromartie

The Prince lay on a couch in the vast studio, the one spot dear to him of all the many rooms of his many castles and palaces. Two bulky objects occupied its centre; a mass of clay covered by wet cloths, and a great block of rare marble.

Night was retreating and the planet of beauty, Venus, heralding the orient Sun, shed her luminous beam through the open casement onto the Prince's face.

It was then he roused from dreaming with the knowledge of what thing it was his to make. He has seen it as he journeyed in the land of awakened souls and now, from the marble's flawless core it called aloud to him:

"I am here. I am here. I, the collective Soul of Humanity. Set me free! Fashion me into a form."

Kindled by the vibrance of the star, touched by the marble's appeal, the Prince leapt to his feet and there and thus began a sequence of days, months, and years even during which every thought was devoted to his art, every duty of a regnant Prince forgot; for by day as by night, by night as by day, the claimant marble usurped him wholly, claiming all daylight hours, oft summoning him to leave his bed at nights; for the

voice of the imprisoned, once heard, rang ceaselessly in his ears:

"I am the Collective Soul of Humanity. Set me free! Fashion to me a form."

Rejecting the tentative clay, the Prince flung himself at once upon the marble and indifferent to all the immediate interests of his principedom, wrought tirelessly on; not his, henceforth, to occupy himself with the material needs of the fleeting hour; nay, but his to set before the people all that was highest, so that beholding, seeking, striving, they might finally attain. Scarce he ate, scarce he slept, but labored on, deaf to all calls of government and state; conscious of but one necessity—to set *Her* free, to fashion *Her* a form.

Days, weeks, months, years even, heedless of passing time the Prince wrought on, until at length the emerging perfectness stood revealed; peerless, mystic, wonderful; a creation prefiguring all Creation's goal; endued with faculties undreamed of yet, replete with beauties past imagining; the *Summum bonum*, Humanity's Collective Soul.

Throughout the principality the mandate ran; on such a day, to the great central piazza in the Capitol, everyone was summoned to repair; old, rich, poor, gentle and simple; all were bidden.

Transportation had been provided, seats prepared. The facade of the palace was obstructed by a huge platform on which, screened as yet from view, the Prince's Masterpiece had been enthroned.

Around it the flower of the aristocracy and the prominent men of army and state were clustered; the Prince with his consort by his side occupying the foreground.

The immense square showed one packed multitude of upturned faces; then, all at once, shattering the silence of expectancy, a single trumpet blared forth the signal and thereat the screen fell apart, leaving the people and the Masterpiece face to face.

And before the screen fairly fell the applause broke forth, applause thunderous, prolonged, renewed, reverberating, awakening every sleeping echo in the city, now repeated from the hills, now volleying afresh from every throat in the assembled throng, seeming as if it would never

cease.

At last the plaudits subside somewhat and individual eulogies could be distinguished.

“Glorious!” “Marvelous!” “Princely!” “Unsurpassed!” “Splendid!” and the like, till every laudatory had been exhausted.

In an ecstasy of joy the Prince faced the delirious multitude. He had given to the Collective Soul of Humanity its perfect expression, so far as marble can embody it. Men saw it and adored. Seeing and adoring they would grow into its image and likeness. The Prince’s supreme aim had attained its consummation.

Thus standing, rapt in bliss, the Prince chanced to lay his hand upon the statue.

Now mark me! This statue was no ordinary production but the rarest thing on earth, for it had been conceived in utmost sincerity, in utmost selflessness and, by virtue of such conception and such fashioning, was pregnant with vital truth.

It follows therefore that upon touching the statue the Prince’s inner ear was opened so that he heard true. The words of the lips fall upon the outward ear but the inner ear can catch the utterances of the heart so that though the crowd persisted in their loud-tongued eulogies they came to the Prince’s understanding in such terms as these.

“Fantastic!” “Hideous!” “A perfect freak!” “Ridiculous!” “Unnatural!” “Absurd!” “Have we come so far only to see such folly!” “After such a rotten show the least he can do is to give us a good feed!” “He has been letting everything in the country go to ruin while he was making that monstrosity!” “Not fit to be a Prince!” “Ought to be in a lunatic asylum!” Everyone had some term of condemnation, till finally they unanimously expressed their thought in one word—Mad! Mad!

“Mad! Mad!” hissed at him from every quarter; the very air seemed dark and turbid with its grim reiteration.

“Mad! Mad!”

With a ghastly look of appeal the stricken Prince turned to his consort’s faultless, inexpressive face.

“Exquisite. exquisite.” her lips were murmuring, but from her too came the same fatal verdict.

“Mad! Mad!”

And then, for one annihilating flash, he saw his Masterpiece with other people’s eyes.

“His Highness has fainted,” cried the attendants.

“The Prince is dead,” said the physicians.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON’S IDEA OF THE SUPREME BEING

Sir Isaac Newton wrote on the subject of God, in a most unexpected place, to wit, the close of his incomparable *Principia*, or *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, of which Laplace, the great French mathematical genius, said that it was “pre-eminent above all the other productions of the human intellect,” while of Newton himself it has been averred that he was “the greatest man who appears in the history of science, and possibly the greatest intellect that has ever worked on earth.”

In a “general scholium,” at the end of his mighty masterpiece of mathematical reasoning. Newton says of the solar system and the systems of the fixed stars that they could only proceed from the “counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being.” Then he goes on to develop his idea of God, in measured sentences that are like a magnificent song of praise, bursting unexpectedly upon the ear as the reader emerges from the stern, dry logic of the preceding demonstrations. Its beauty is enhanced by the sonorous Latin in which Newton, according to the practice of the learned men in his time, put forth the *Principia*.

“This Being,” he says, “governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all....The Supreme God is a Being-eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect....The word God usually signifies Lord, but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God....And from His true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being, and from His other perfections that He is supreme or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, His duration reaches from eternity to eternity. His pres-

ence from infinity to infinity. He governs all things and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite. He is not duration or space. He endures forever, and is everywhere present, and by existing always and everywhere, He constitutes duration and space....

“In Him are all things contained and moved, yet neither affects the other. God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God....As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen nor heard nor touched, nor ought He to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing.

“We know him only by His most wise and excellent contrivance of things, and final causes. We admire Him for His perfections, but we reverence and adore Him on account of His dominion, for we adore Him and His servants, and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same

always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things.

“All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which though not perfect, has nevertheless some likeness. And thus much concerning God, to discourse of whom from the appearance of things does certainly belong to natural philosophy.”

The ideas of such a man must possess a perpetual interest. People who think that science, since Newton’s day, has demolished God are fatally in error. Reading only portions of Newton’s argument above, some might imagine that God was identified with what modern science calls the ether or with that all-pervading thing called electricity, but Newton had no such meaning. He insisted upon God as a Being containing and controlling nature by His will and providence.

Selected

Prayer--A Magic Invocation

SOME months ago this lesson was originally sent out to students on our correspondence course and is reprinted by request of a number who feel that it ought to be given wider publicity through the columns of the magazine.

There is only one force in the Universe: the Power of God, which He sent forth through space in the form of a word, not a single word, but the creative fiat which by its sound-vibration marshalled the millions of chaotic atoms into the multitudinous shapes and forms from starfish to star and microbe to man which constitute and inhabit the world. As the syllables and sounds of this creative word are being spoken one after another through the ages, new species are being created and the older ones evolved, all according to the thought and plan conceived in the Divine Mind

ere the dynamic force of creative energy was sent out into the abyss of space.

This then is the only source of power, and in it we really and truly and literally live and move and have our being, just as surely as the fishes live in the water. We can no more escape or withdraw ourselves from God than the fish can live and swim on dry land. It was no mere poetic sentiment when the Psalmist said:

“Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me.”

God is Light, and not even the greatest of mod-

ern telescopes which reach many millions of miles into space have found the boundaries of light. But we know that unless we have eyes wherewith to perceive the light and ears which register the vibrations of sound we walk the earth in eternal darkness and silence; similarly, to perceive the Divine Light which alone can illuminate our spiritual darkness, and to hear the voice of the silence which alone can guide us, we must cultivate our spiritual eyes and ears; and prayer, true scientific prayer, is one of the most powerful and efficacious methods of finding favor before the face of Our Father and receiving the immersion in spiritual Light which alchemically transforms the sinner to a saint and places around him the golden wedding garment of Light, the luminous soulbody.

Preparation for Prayer

Ora et labora

But be not deceived, prayer *alone* will not do this. Unless our whole life, waking and sleeping, is a prayer for illumination and sanctification, our prayers will never penetrate to the Divine Presence and bring down upon us a baptism of His Power. *Ora et labora*—pray and work—is an occult maxim to which all aspirants must conform or they will meet but scant success. In this connection an ancient legend of St. Francis of Assisi will bear repetition because of the light it sheds upon the life of one wholly dedicated to the service of God.

One day St. Francis stepped up to a young brother in the monastery with the invitation:

“Come, brother, let us go down to the village and preach to the people.” The young brother addressed responded with alacrity, overjoyed at the prospect of a walk with the holy Father, for he knew what a source of spiritual upliftment it would be. And so they walked to the village, up and down its various streets and lanes, all the while conversing upon topics of absorbing spiritual interest, and finally turned their steps homeward towards the monastery. Then suddenly it dawned upon the young brother that they had been so absorbed in their own conversation that they had forgotten the object of their walk to the village. Diffidently he reminded St. Francis of the omission, and the latter responded: “Son, while we were walking the

village streets the people were watching us, they overheard snatches of our conversation and noted we were talking of the love of God and His dear Son our Saviour; they noted our kindly greetings and our words of cheer and comfort to the afflicted ones we met; even our garb spoke to them the language and call of religion, and so we have preached to them every moment of our sojourn among them to much better purpose than if we had harangued them for hours in the market place.”

St. Francis had no other thought but God, and to do good in his name, therefore he was well attuned to the divine vibration, and it is no wonder that when he went to his regular prayer he was a powerful magnet for the divine Life and Light which permeated his whole being.

We who are engaged in the so-called secular work of the world, and forced to do things that seem sordid, often feel that we are hampered and hindered on that account, but if we “do all things as unto the Lord” and are “faithful in a few things,” we shall find that in time opportunities will come of which we do not dream, and as the magnetic needle temporarily deflected from the North by outside pressure instantly and *eagerly* returns to its natural position when the pressure is removed, so we must cultivate that yearning for Our Father which will instantly turn our thoughts to Him when our work in the world is done for the day and we are free to follow our own bent. We must cultivate a feeling similar to that which ensouls young lovers when after an absence they fly into each others arms in an ecstasy of delight. This is an absolutely essential preparation for prayer and if we fly to Our Father in that manner, the Light of His presence and the sweetness of His Voice will teach and cheer us beyond our fondest hopes.

The Place of Prayer

The next point requiring consideration is the place of prayer; this is of very vital importance for a reason not generally known even among students of occultism, it is this: Every prayer, spoken or unspoken, every song of praise, and every reading of the parts of the scriptures which teach or exhort *by a properly prepared reader who loves and lives what he reads, brings down upon both the wor-*

shiper and the place of worship an outpouring of spirit. Thus in time an invisible church is built around the physical structure, which in the case of a devout congregation becomes so beautiful that it transcends all imagination and defies description. Manson in *The Servant in the House* gives us only the faintest glimpse of what it is like when he tells the old Bishop that,

“I am afraid you may not consider it an altogether substantial concern. It has to be seen in a certain way under certain conditions. Some people never see it at all. You must understand, this is no dead pile of stones and unmeaning timber, it is a LIVING THING. When you enter it you hear a sound, a sound as of some mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts; of the nameless music of men’s souls, that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes, you will presently see the church itself, a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows leaping sheer from floor to dome, the work of no ordinary builder. Its pillars go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable. The faces of little children laugh out from every corner stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and *up in the heights and spaces are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers in the world.* It is yet building, building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light. Now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish, now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings, like the cry of thunder. Sometimes in the night time one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work in the dome, the comrades that have gone aloft.”

But this invisible edifice is not merely lovelier than a fairy palace in a poet’s dream, it is as Manson says, *a living thing*, vibrant with divine power of immense aid to the worshiper, for it helps him in adjusting the tangled vibrations of the world which permeates his aura when he enters a true “House of God” and gets into the proper attitude of prayer; then it helps him to lift himself in aspiration to the throne of divine grace and to offer

there his praise and adoration which calls forth from the Father a new outpouring of the spirit in the loving response, “*This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*”

Such a place of worship is essential to spiritual growth by scientific prayer, and those who are fortunate to have access to such a temple should always *keep the same place* for that becomes permeated by *their* individual vibrations and they fit into that environment more easily than anywhere else, consequently they get better results.

But such places are scarce, for a *real* sanctuary is required in scientific prayer; no gossip or profane conversation may take place in or near it, that spoils the vibrations; voices must be hushed and the attitude reverent; each must bear in mind that he stands upon holy ground and act accordingly, therefore no place open to the general public will answer.

Furthermore, while the power of prayer increases enormously with each additional worshiper—the increase may be compared to geometrical progression—if worshippers are properly attuned and trained in *collective* prayer; the very opposite may result if they are not.

Perhaps an illustration may make the principle clear: Suppose a number of musicians who have never played with others, and perhaps are not very proficient in the use of their instruments, were brought together and set to play in concert; it needs no very keen imagination to realize that their first attempts would be marked by much discord, and were an amateur allowed to play with them, or even with a finished orchestra, no matter how earnest and how intense his desire, he would inevitably spoil their music. Similar scientific conditions govern collective prayer; to be efficacious the participants must be equally well prepared as elucidated under a previous heading; *they must be attuned under harmonious horoscopic influences*; when a malefic in one nativity is on the ascendant of another, those two cannot profit by praying together; they may rule their stars and live in peace if they are developed souls, but they lack the basic harmony which is absolutely essential in collective prayer. Initiation removes this barrier but nothing else can.

It was knowledge of these difficulties which prompted the Christ to warn his disciples not to say their prayers before men and advise them, "When you want to pray enter into your *closet*." We cannot each have a large beautiful edifice for our devotions, nor do we require it; too often pomp and display are apt to turn our hearts from God, but most of us can set a small portion of our room aside for devotion, curtain it off with a screen, separate it from the rest of the apartment, *or* we can take a closet (literally) and make it into a sanctuary. The nature of the encircling walls matters not, it is *the apartness and the invisible House of God* which we build by our prayers and the divine downpouring which we receive in response from Our Father that are important.

A picture of Christ and a Rose-Cross may be hung upon the wall if desired, but are not essential. The All-seeing Eye is preferred by some very successful occultists of our acquaintance, as a symbol of the Father, but we remember the Words of Christ, "The Father and I are one," so though we have no authentic picture of Him, we prefer such as we have, for we know that thoughts are not mis- sent on that account, and Christ is the Lord of this era. Later, of course, the Father takes charge, but now Christ is mediator for the masses.

We need scarcely say that no matter how large or small, the whole room or apartment of the successful aspirant is permeated by an atmosphere of holiness, for all the thoughts which he can legitimately have, apart from the faithful performance of his worldly duties, are for the heavenly Father, but the corner or closet set apart as a sanctuary soon becomes filled with *superlative spiritual vibrations*; therefore any aspirant who contemplates following the scientific method of prayer should first secure *a permanent place of residence*, for if he moves about from place to place he will suffer a distinct loss every time and have to begin to build anew. The invisible temple which he built and left disintegrates by degrees when worship ceases.

The Wings and the Power

It is a mystic maxim that "all spiritual development begins with the vital body," which is

next in density to our dense body; its key-note is *repetition*, and it is the vehicle of habits; hence somewhat difficult to change or influence, but once a change has been effected and a habit acquired by repetition, its performance becomes automatic to a certain extent. This characteristic is both good and bad in respect to prayer, for the impression registered in the ethers of this vehicle will impel him to faithful performance of his devotions *at stated times* even though he may have lost interest in the exercise and his prayers are mere forms. If it were not for this habit-forming tendency of the vital body, aspirants would wake up to their danger as soon as the real love began to wane and it would then be easier to retrieve the loss and keep on the path. Therefore the aspirant should carefully examine himself from time to time to see if he still has *wings and power* wherewith to swiftly and surely lift himself to Our Father in Heaven. The wings are two in number; *Love and Aspiration* are their names, and the irresistible power which propels them is *intense earnestness*. Without these and an intelligent understanding to direct the *invocation*, prayer is only a babble; properly performed it is the most powerful method or soul-growth known.

The Position of the Body

The position of the body matters little in *solitary* prayer; that is best which is most conducive to concentration of purpose, but in *collective* prayer it is the practice of accomplished occultists to stand with bowed heads and hands folded in a peculiar manner. This makes a magnetic circuit which unites them spiritually from the very commencement of the exercises. In communities not so advanced, the singing of a hymn so standing has been found of great benefit, *provided all take part*.

The Invocation

Prayer is a word which has been so abused that it really does not describe the spiritual exercise to which we have reference. As already said, when we go to our sanctuary, we must go as the lover who hastens to his beloved, our spirit must fly ahead of our slow-moving body in eager anticipation of the delights in store for us, and we must for-

get all else in the thoughts of adoration which fill us on the way. This is literally true, the feeling required for success resembles nothing in the world so much as that which draws the lover to his beloved; it is even more ardent and intense. "As the hind panteth for the water brook, so thirsteth my soul after Thee," is an actual experience of the true lover of God. If we have not this spirit, it can be cultivated by prayer, and one of the most constant of the legitimate prayers for self should be, "O God, increase my love for Thee so that I may serve Thee better from day to day." "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Invocations for temporal things are black magic; we have the promise "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added." The Christ indicated the limit in The Lord's Prayer when He taught His disciples to say: "Give us this day our daily bread." Whether for ourselves or others we must beware of going further in a scientific invocation. But even in praying for spiritual blessings we should beware lest a selfishness develop and destroy our soul-growth. All the saints testify to days of darkness when the divine Lover hides His face and the consequent depression. Then it depends upon the nature and the strength of our affection: Do we love God for Himself, or do we love Him for the delights we experience in the sweet communion with Him? If so, our affection is essentially as selfish as the feelings of the multitude which followed Him because He had fed them, and it was necessary for Him to hide, a mark of His tender love and solicitude for us which should bring us to our knees in shame and remorse. Happy are we if we right the defect in our character and learn the lesson of unflinching faithfulness from the magnetic needle which points to the pole without wavering despite rain or storm or clouds which hide its beloved star.

It has been said that we must not pray for temporal things, and that we ought to be careful even in our prayers for spiritual gifts; it is therefore a legitimate question: What then shall be the burden of our invocation? And the answer is, generally, *praise and adoration*. We must get away from the

idea that every time we approach Our Father in Heaven we must ask for something. Would it not annoy us if our children were always asking for something from us? We cannot of course imagine Our Father in Heaven being annoyed at our importunities, but neither can we expect Him to grant what would often do us great harm. On the other hand, when we offer thanksgiving and praise we put ourselves in a position to the law of attraction, a receptive state where we may receive a new downpouring of the Spirit of Love and Light, and which thus brings us nearer to our adored ideal.

The Final Climax

Nor is it necessary that the audible or inaudible invocation should continue during the whole time of prayer. When upon the wings of Love and Aspiration, propelled by the intensity of our earnestness, we have soared to the Throne of Our Father, there may come a time of sweet but silent communion more delightful than any other state or stage; it is analogous to the contentment of lovers who may sit for hours of unbroken silence, too full of love for utterance, a state which far transcends the stage where they depend upon speech for entertainment. So it is also in the final *climax* when the soul *rests* in God, all desires satisfied by that feeling of At-one-ment expressed in the words of Christ, "My Father and I are One." When that climax has been reached the soul has tasted the quintessence of joy, and no matter how sordid the world may seem or what dark fate it may have to face, the love of God which passeth all understanding is a panacea for all.

It should be said, however, that that final climax is only attainable *in all its fullness* at rare intervals; it presupposes not only the intensity of purpose to soar to the divine but a reserve fund to remain poised in that position, which most of us have not always at hand. It is a well known fact that nothing worth while comes without effort. What man has done, man can do, and if we start to cultivate the power of invocation along the scientific lines here laid down we shall in time reap results of which we little dream.

And may Our Father in Heaven bless our every effort.

Question Department

* * * * *

Question—Are doctors justified in allowing a child to die that is bound to be an idiot and physically helpless when an operation would enable it to live? Does an idiot gain any experience during life? Is the ego within aware of the physical disability of the mind and body during such a life, and does it learn thereby? Can insanity be classed among the hereditary diseases?

Answer—Supposing a child met with an accident while playing, a blow on the head, and hence became abnormal, or perhaps was put into a state of coma; no one would hesitate for a moment to have the operation of trepanning performed so that by taking the pressure of the skull from the brain the child might be restored to its normal state of consciousness. And why should a new born child not receive the same care, and have everything done for it that is possible? It would be considered criminal to allow an older child to die for lack of care, and it is just as indefensible in the case of a new born child, for when the ego has gone through the womb in order to gain the experience of this physical life, we are duty bound to support its efforts in every possible manner. Then you ask, is insanity hereditary, and does the ego gain experience by a life of insanity? Yes, it does, for the ego itself is never insane, but it is the improper connection between its various vehicles, the mind, desire body, the vital body, and the dense body, which makes insanity. When the connection between the brain centers and the vital body is imperfect, then we have what is called the idiot, often melancholy but generally perfectly harmless. When the faulty connection is between the desire body and the vital body, the conditions are somewhat similar, but include the class where the muscular control is defective, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, et cetera. When the connection is broken or faulty between the desire body and the mind we have the raving maniac who is violent and dangerous. And when the connection is defective between the ego and the mind, we

have what we might call a soulless man, the most dangerous of all, gifted with a cunning that is usually at some unexpected time put to a most diabolical use. However, if we consider the body, or the different bodies, as musical instruments upon which the ego is playing, then when every connection is perfect the ego can bring out a more or less beautiful symphony of life, according to its stage in evolution; but when the connections are faulty or broken the ego is like a musician forced to exercise his talent with an instrument lacking a number of the strings, and therefore unable to bring out anything but discords. To a musician it would be torture to be forced to play upon such a defective instrument, and it is the same with the ego which is immured in an insane body; for reasons to be sought in past lives it is forced to stay with a body that it cannot control, so it suffers more or less acutely according to its stage in evolution, and thus it is learning the lessons in the School of Life, which are required to make it perfect. It is a sad condition, but though a life time appears to very long, it is but as a fleeting moment in the unending life of the spirit, and we may console ourselves with the knowledge that when the ego comes back to earth it will have a normal body, provided of course the lesson has been learned.

With respect to the third part of your question, is insanity hereditary? We may answer either in the affirmative or the negative, according to which phase of the problem we are considering. From the spiritual point of view, as we have already stated, insanity is not a defect in the ego, but because of a twist in its character it cannot build a normal body, hence by association, it is drawn to a family that is similarly inclined. This on the very same principle that we see people of like character always seeking one another's company, as the old saying goes, "birds of a feather flock together." Musicians congregate in music halls, at concerts, and similar places. They also seek birth in the families of musicians because

there the instrument needed, long slender fingers and an ear in which the semicircular canals are properly placed, et cetera, give them the ability to express music. Sporting men and gamblers flock together on racetracks and in gambling dens. Thieves have their resorts, and so on. Similarly those with a certain defect in their characters are attracted to people and families which have the same defect. Hence if we view the problem of insanity from the *form* side, it may be said that it is hereditary. As the following article sent us without name of source will show, scientists who view the matter entirely from the form side are of the opinion that by limiting the reproduction of defectives they may stamp out the disease; but just as the soft juices which at one time formed the snail's body are gradually set out and crystallized into the hard and flinty shell it carries upon its back, so it is also the acts of the soul at one time which gradually crystallizes themselves into a body wherein the spirit must dwell until it is worn out, and relief will never be obtained by working with and upon the physical body alone, any more than operating upon the shell would cure a sick snail. Emerson said truly that "a sick man is a scoundrel who has been found out breaking the laws of nature." The insane are in that category, and if we wish to cure them we must apply the spiritual means of education, for all other methods are simply palliative, they do not reach the source of the disease.

Question—If we should not eat meat, I presume fish is included, what then is the answer to the miraculous draft of fishes as told in the Bible? No a doubt these were wanted for food.

Answer—We have often stated that while the gospel is a true version of the life of the man Jesus, they are also manuals of Initiation. The Sun, as visible in the heavens, is the physical light-bearer which is the "light of the world," but behind it there is the invisible Sun carrying also spiritual light, and the initiate who follows the path of initiation is in the Same sense a light bringer or enlightener of the people. Therefore their lives are inseparably connected with the Sun, and as the Sun in its yearly course goes through the twelve signs of the zodiac by direct motion

from Aries, the ram, to Pisces, the fishes, and in its course ripens the grain and the grape which feed mankind physically, so there is also another motion of the Sun known by astronomers as the precession of the equinox, whereby the Sun goes through each sign in about 2100 years. This is connected with the spiritual progress of humanity, and therefore the symbol of the Saviour of any age is always that of the sign through which the Sun at that particular time is moving by precession.

To keep within historic times, we may say that at the time when the Sun by precession went through the sign Taurus, the Bull or Calf' was worshiped among the most advanced human nations. We find the Bull, Apis, among the Egyptians and Mithras, the Persian Christ, riding-upon a Bull. But when the Sun by precession moved from Taurus, the Bull, into Aries, the sign of the Ram or Lamb, *God's people went out of Egypt* at the passover or vernal equinox when "the Sun passes over the equator. It then became idolatry to worship the Bull or the Calf, and they were taught to worship the Ram or Lamb of God. At the time of the advent of Christ the Sun by precession was in about seven degrees of Aries and within orb of the next sign, Pisces, the *fishes*. He was the Saviour of the coming dispensation, and therefore He sought *fisher-men*, and as He took them from their vocation He stated He would make them *fishers* of men. All through the New Testament you will find this continual allusion to *fishes*. At the time when the Christian religion was being established after His death, there was a controversy whether the symbol of this Saviour should be the Lamb or the Fish. Therefore, and as a relic of that controversy, we have even to the present day the Bishops wearing a mitre shaped as the head of a fish; at the same time the functionaries of that Church also have the staff of the Shepherd, signifying the connection with Aries, the Lamb. It was not until several centuries after the death of Jesus that the Lamb was used as His symbol, but Pisces, the sign of the fishes, is a watery sign, and therefore we see at the doors of the Catholic Church the holy water wherewith the worshippers make the sign; they are taught that on Fridays they must



The Astral Ray

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The Heavens Declare the Glory of the Lord

(Continued on page 66)

WE who are city dwellers do not study the heavens. We are generally shut up in and among houses and look up and down long electric lighted streets, but when we go out in the country and view the heavens expanding over the earth as a vaulted dome, we obtain a better view, especially if we have the seeing eyes.

Perhaps towards the west we may see a vapory cloud draping as a curtain the couch of the setting sun; perhaps we may see a living fire above the broad expanse of the Pacific; and after that has disappeared perhaps we may see the new moon a little further up, and a little further up still, Venus, the most beautiful and luminous of all our planets. And then, as we turn around and look further toward the east, we may see how, one after another, the lamps of heaven are lit as the stars of different magnitude appear, and finally we behold a myriad of worlds.

There seems to be no order and no system, and yet, when we look carefully and with understanding, we may see that there are many constellations; and that they move in orderly succession from the east to the west; that the nearer they are to the pole, the more they swing around in an orbit, and as the different stars take different positions at different hours, we may well quote the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the

glory of the Lord."

There is something wonderful in that vaulted sky and those fiery blossoms of heaven when we look upon them one after another, as the day disappears and the darkness of night deepens. In the day-time we see only the sun and perhaps on certain days the moon, but at night we are more impressed with the infinitude of space, the vastness of this universe in which we are living, and surely we must realize that there is a ruling power behind it all.

The materialistic science of the middle of the last century started the theory of spontaneous generation—that at some time there appeared in space, spontaneously, a fire-mist, and just as spontaneously there appeared in that fire-mist currents which sent it spinning, and then, spontaneously also, the centrifugal force threw off rings and they formed planets which revolved around the central sun, and thus solar system after solar system was formed.

But even Spencer, the great master materialistic thinker of the nineteenth century, could not agree with that nebular theory, for he saw if such a theory as that were true there must have been behind it all a first cause; he would not believe in a Divine Creator but he thoroughly understood that there must have been an extraneous cause to have started that fire-mist. The scientists of that day were wont to make an experiment with a little oil, which they stirred in a basin of water to show how

the fire-mist would shape itself into a ball and would throw off planets, so they would revolve about the sun, and they tried to make people believe that it was nothing but blind natural law; but Spencer understood that the one who stirred the water represented a first cause, and so we must sometimes believe that behind this vast universe there is a ruling power, or there could not be such orderly expression. If we throw a box of type up in the air, do we expect it to come down in such a way as to spell a beautiful poem? No, we could not, and much less can we expect a mass of atoms, such as was predicated by science at that time, to shape themselves into such orderly forms.

So "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord," and when we look up into the skies and see all this with our naked eyes, that should be enough to assure us that there must be a great and ruling Being that orders the motion of all these worlds in their orbits, and when we look through a telescope we see that there are a still greater number of worlds; and the greater the telescope, the more we see that there are worlds upon worlds that are not revealed to the naked eye.

Look up, for instance, at the constellation Orion, the lowest one of those three little stars which form the sword is, as it were, a nebulous mass; nothing will be seen by the naked eye but a nebulous mass, and we may try even such a telescope as the great astronomer Herschel used when he discovered the planet Uranus, but that also will only show a nebula. It is only when we use the greatest telescopes of our own day that we get any satisfaction concerning what is there, and when we see it through such a telescope we find that it is not a nebula at all, but a solar system such as ours, only many, many times greater.

We are here upon a little planet that we call the earth, and the sun around which it revolves is one million times greater, but such a sun as Arcturus that we see so far away in the heavens, sheds five hundred times more light than does our sun, and one star in the far distant Pleiades that are so nebulous as to be scarcely distinguishable to the eyes, is said to shed one hundred million times more light. Our earth spins around upon its axis at the rate of one thousand miles per hour, and it rushes

along in its orbit around the sun at the rate of sixty-five thousand miles in the same time. It takes it three hundred sixty-five days to make that revolution; it is part of a solar system, and the solar system in which we live is said to move in an orbit that it has been calculated would take eighteen hundred million years to accomplish. Orbit within orbit, and star within star, and so it goes, but "the heavens declare the glory of the Lord," because they point to the fact that there must be a great and wonderful central source of power that keeps all this going.

And when you and I, dear readers, think that we have accomplished something great, when perhaps we feel vain, and when we go out and look up into that vaulted sky, what is the lesson we learn there? When we compare our own small achievements with what is there in that universe should it not teach us humility? And if sorrows and troubles visit us, if we feel worried about the little things that happen in our lives, let us just think of that wonderful universe in which we live.

Upon earth there may be sorrow and pain and strife; the tempest may in one hour destroy more than man can build up in centuries; and the eruption of a volcano can in a few seconds destroy a city of millions, and an earthquake can bring great havoc, but when all this has passed, and we look up, the universe has not been moved one particle. The same stars shine above us that have shone above the earth for millenniums. There is immutability there; these stars that move about in their changeless orbits are under an immutable law that holds them steadfast there. We may call that law gravity, or we may call it God, but it is there, and this very immutability—this very fact of the changelessness of the laws—is that which gives us security.

If it were not for that law of gravity, we could not safely leave our homes in the morning and rest assured that we should find them there at night, but because of that law of gravity which holds everything in its place, they are there when we return. We know that water, when evaporated into steam, is a force, and that under certain conditions that force can be used; we depend upon the immutability of the laws of God, and we rest

safely in that.

As it is in the universe so is it with the small things of life. To contemplate those changeless orbits of the stars gives us faith that we are not to be hurled into nothingness; that year after year there will be time for further development, until such time as we have rounded out and enjoyed all the opportunities that are here for us; faith that there is not to be a sudden convulsion of the earth to hurl us into space and make this life count for nothing; faith that everything that is here is under the same immutable law that governs and has governed and held up countless stars in space for millions and millions of years, and then we can thank God that we have been given this opportunity, and that we can have faith to look into the heavens and in that way come nearer to Him.

Mankind in former days always contemplated the heavens with reverence; it is only in these materialistic days that we for a time have forgotten; but we who have been studying the stellar science from a spiritual point of view should realize that just as there is the orbit of the earth around the sun, and also the orbit of the sun around another central sun, so we too have an ever

widening orbit. We may at the present time have small opportunities, but it depends upon how we use them whether we shall have greater opportunities in the future, or stay on in the environment that is ours today. If we do not diligently embrace the opportunities here, Nature in her beneficent solicitude takes us off and gives us another chance in another environment; but when we have exhausted the opportunities here on earth, a new environment is given us with greater opportunities.

Those who have received the deeper teachings ought to take especial advantage of all the opportunities for study given here, and appreciate the Rosicrucian teachings, which are the most advanced given to the Western world, and we should also appreciate any opportunity we have to live more useful lives in the world than we see other people living. We should not seek work far afield—it behooves us to do all we can in the environment where we find ourselves to live noble and lofty lives, though also very humble. We should not let the little worries of life overcome us, but aim to let our lights shine in increasingly larger orbits, that we may add luster to the Glory of the Heavens as becomes students of the

The Moon and Plant Growth

The old idea that the moon has some sort of influence on plant-growth still persists among farmers. Some farmers, we are told by *The Rural New Yorker* (New York), refuse to plant crops or to kill hogs unless the moon is in some particular position, and there is frequent argument about the matter among them. But the influence of the moon on the growth of crops, or on other agricultural operations, has always been denied by scientific men. The following statement by C. F. Marvin, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, printed in the paper named above, shows what they think of the matter:

“It is the general belief of scientists that the moon has no appreciable influence on temperature, rainfall, or any other weather element, or on

stellar science.

plant-growth.

“Plant-growth depends upon temperature, light, humidity, and plant-food (both in the soil and in the air), and its availability. Obviously the moon neither mellows the ground nor fertilizes it, neither does it alter the composition of the atmosphere; hence it affects neither the mechanical condition of the soil, nor the kind of quantity of available plant-food.

“If the moon has any influence on plant-growth, it would seem that it must exert this influence through its light. Experiment, however, shows that when a plant is so shadowed that it gets only one-hundredth of normal daylight, it grows but little better than it does in absolute darkness. Full

daylight is about 600,000 times brighter than full moonlight; hence one hundredth of daylight, already too feeble to stimulate appreciably plant-activity, is still 6,000 times brighter than full moonlight. The conclusion is that, even in respect to light stimulus the moon's influence on plant-growth is wholly negligible."

But the scientists are by no means unanimous in their beliefs. Professor Serviss admits that though "we are not quite as ignorant of the nature of the fluid medium in which we live, the air, as fish are assumed to be of the nature of their medium, the water, yet there are many things about the atmosphere which may be of fundamental importance to us concerning which we know nothing. Of course, there are many things about it that we do know. It is a transparent shell, relatively a mere film, surrounding the earth, out of which we could not pass and live.

"It is the home of clouds and winds and storms. It is a blanket to retain heat. It is an invisible machine continually conveying water from the sea and scattering it in refreshing showers upon the continents. It is the agent through which the sun distributes some of the most important of his life-sustaining energies broadcast over the earth. Not a river would flow but for the atmosphere. The loftiest mountain would have no crown of snow if there were no air. Every land would be a desert without the atmosphere.

"When the earth was divided between land and sea an atmosphere had to be stretched over them both in order that the land might be rendered habitable. But, in fact, the atmosphere is probably more ancient than either land or sea. When the globe was yet too hot to retain oceans, and too plastic to have permanent elevations and depressions on its surface, it must have been already enveloped with gases and vapors.

"That primeval atmosphere differed widely from the present one, but was, in a sense, its ancestor. After the continents rose, the clarified air became a universal highway between them, through which the energy of the sun brought up vapors from the sea, even to the mountain tops, where, condensed to water, they began to flow back again, by gravitation, to their source.

"It is amazing to think that the waters of all the mighty rivers first ride invisible over our heads from the broad oceans, to come back again, under foot, through the soil, through rivulets and springs, gathering in the valleys, uniting their hurrying streams, until a Hudson or a St. Lawrence, a Mississippi or an Amazon, is formed, pouring its majestic current unceasingly seaward! An irrigating system so vast that we may see its working without comprehending its mechanism!

"But, while we know and infer these great facts about the atmosphere, there are others, perhaps not less important, that remain to be cleared up, and possibly some whose very existence is still unguessed. What, for instance, is the explanation of a phenomenon that everybody must have noticed at times, namely, the curious influence of certain atmospheric states upon the activities of the mind and the body? This earth seems to be independent of all the so-called meteorological elements constituting weather.

"On days when the detailed weather report shows practically no difference of atmospheric conditions, some subtle influence appears to be at work, stimulating or deadening the nervous system, as the case may be. Many human beings, like many lower animals, are conscious of the coming of foul or fair weather long before the most delicate meteorological instruments give an indication.

"Many think that electric forces play a great part in such phenomena, and a possible support for such an opinion is furnished by an observation recently made at the Lowell observatory, at Flagstaff, Arizona. It has been found there that since June, 1915, when the experiments were made, a persistent auroral illumination has prevailed in the sky whenever spectroscopic photographs of the sky light are made.

"The effect has been found even in the presence of moonlight, which might be expected to obscure so faint a luminosity. The light is not distinguishable to the eye, but its presence is shown clearly in the photographs because the apparatus is so arranged as to bring out with particular prominence the most characteristic line of the auroral light, which is in the yellow-green portion of the spectrum.

“Continuous exposures of a few hour,; show this line in the spectrum of the faint light of the sky, no matter in what direction the instrument is pointed, but there are indications of greater intensity toward the horizon and possibly towards the sunrise and sunset points. The inference is that there is a permanent, though probably variable, auroral illumination in the atmosphere.

“Now, the auroral light, which attains its greatest intensity in displays of what is usually called the aurora borealis, or the Northern lights, is believed to be due to electricity, and the ultimate source appears to lie in the sun. Great outbursts of solar energy, whose effects may or may not be otherwise noticed, seem to react upon the earth in such a manner as to produce “magnetic storms,” arches and streamers, waving and coruscating in the sky and centering about the earth’s magnetic poles.

“The recent observations at the Lowell observatory indicate that besides these great exhibitions, which are relatively rare phenomena, there is always a play of similar electric forces in the atmosphere, and that if we could look on the earth from outer space we might see its night side continually illuminated.”

It is the invisible etheric lunar rays that affect the growth and propagation, not only of the plants but of all sentient beings as well, as has been long stated by the Western Wisdom Teaching, for the Moon is the vehicle of Jehovah and his Angels, who have particular charge over the etheric vital bodies of plant, animal, and man, which form the matrix or mould for the dense physical forms of the various species. Hence the Moon is the planet of fecundation, and in time the scientists will learn these truths which are now hidden because they close their minds to obvious facts.

A BED-TIME FANCY

“I don’t object to going to bed,”
A young Philosopher once said,
“Because, you know, when day is done
I think it’s rather jolly fun
To lie there and dream that I
Am out a-walking in the sky,
And getting introduced to stars
And planets like old Mr. Mars.

They’re all as friendly as can be,
And wink most cordially at me.
Why, sometimes when I’m fast asleep,
All of a sudden, the Moon will peep
In at my window, with a grin,
And whisper, ‘Say, may I come in?’
Then the baby Moonbeams come,
A jolly band, and frolicsome,
And dance all over me until
Dawn drives them from my window-sill.
At other times I take a trip
Right up the Moon-wake in a ship
That lands me where the small stars play,
Both up and down the Milky Way.
We’ve tag, and puss-in-corner, too,
And hide-and-seek with all the blue
To hide in—oh, it’s lots of fun
With merry twinkling stars to run!
To hide inside the Dipper bright
And hear the Great Bear growl all night
Because, in spite of all his wit,
He’s doomed forever to be it!
And then when once again ‘tis day,
With all your pranks and lively play,
To wake up fresh as you can be
Back in your own sweet nursery!
No matter how far you may roam
To find yourself always at home
The moment you wake up, and hear
The breakfast bell sound loud and clear!
Ah, bedtime is the time, I say;
It doubles up your hours of play;
And best of all, with all its rout,
It never leaves you tired out.”

—John Kendrick Bangs

THE INFANTILE PROBLEM

“Say, dad!” “Well, son?” “What do they mean by the riddle of the universe?” “Just this, my son; a kettle of boiling water with the fire and steam inside the water, there being no kettle.” “But, dad!” “Son! no more questions. Why did nature endow you with brains? Go, neutralize yourself in the waters of Being, the Fire of Life, the Mists of Time, and when you have attained to understanding, come back and you may learn more. But then you will be in no need of a teacher.”

The Children of Taurus--1918

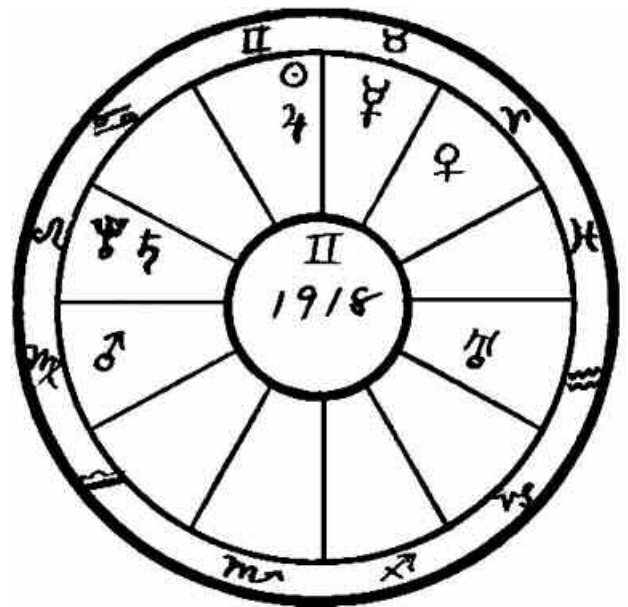
Born May 22nd to June 22nd inclusive

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the custom of astrologers, when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine his remarks to the characteristics given by the sign the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what these people are like, for if those were their sole characteristics there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We are going to improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. That should give a much more accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 25c each.

There are two types of Gemini children, dark and fair, but both usually have a tall straight body with long arms and limbs. They are very active and alert, quick in their motions, and decisive in their actions. Gemini is ruled by Mercury, hence these children partake of the mercurial qualities. They are quick-witted, fond of reading and writing, debating, and other activities which call for the exercise of the mental powers. They are also very ingenious and resourceful in overcoming difficulties, possessed of considerable manual dexterity and they excel in speed as stenographers, telegraph operators, et cetera, where flexible fingers are required. They have a natural ability for architectural or mechanical drawing, and are also very nimble on their feet. Therefore they are fond of walking and dancing. Gemini is a sign of voice and confers upon its children the ability of vocal expression, so that they always have an answer ready in any emergency; generally speaking they have a very good disposition, but there is a tendency to worry and irritability. They are versatile, well informed, and clever at making an argument. But if the Sun is afflicted in Gemini, or if Mercury is afflicted in the horoscope, they are apt to be sophisticated in their methods of reasoning, or even dishonest and untruthful. This is also the tendency if Saturn,

Mars, Uranus, and Neptune are afflicted in Gemini.

This year's crop of Gemini children ought to be exceptionally good and fortunate for they have both the life-giving Sun and Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, opulence, and good fellowship, in this sign to confer upon them the qualities that make for comfort and success in life. They will be endowed with all the good tendencies enumerated above under the general reading of the tendencies of Gemini, and besides they will have that expansive good will and fellow feeling which radiates to all in their environment and attracts all good



things to its possessor, giving them the joyful nature to love and appreciate it all. They will enjoy the respect of the community and rise to posts of honor and preferment. Theirs will be a contented mind.

For the children of Gemini born after the 10th of June we predict unusual mental powers, for Mercury, the planet of reason, is then entering its own sign Gemini and acts as a focus for Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, and the life-giving Sun, thus adding strength to their rays and intensifying their effect in the life. Those born earlier

in the month will experience the same beneficial results later in life when Mercury enters Gemini by progression, so that they may all be said to have been born under very lucky stars.

Venus is in the Martial sign Aries during the whole month; this will add to the popularity of the 1918 children of Gemini and bring them many friends, but they are apt to lose some at intervals because of a tendency to be too domineering, and this position is also apt to bring, inharmony in the marriage relation because it gives a tendency to be too masterful with those they love. This tendency should be counteracted in childhood; the parents can do a great deal during the first seven years to modify the child's character, and it is the particular purpose of these horoscopes to enable parents to so help the souls that have come to them for guidance. These children are also apt to be too impulsive in their love affairs, and when they reach youth parents will do well to watch them that they do not run off and marry hastily to regret later at leisure. Venus in Aries will also make them impulsive in their sympathies, and therefore they may often be taken in by persons who come to them under the guise of friendship to use them for selfish aims.

Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, is in the

other Mercurial sign, Virgo; this has the tendency to further sharpen the mental powers of these children.

Uranus, the planet of intuition, in the intellectual sign Aquarius, will also help them in that respect, and Mars will infuse energy in a measure, but it will also make them restless, impatient and irritable towards those with whom they work, whether employers or fellow employees. It gives natural ability in chemistry and the sciences relating to food and diet.

Saturn in Leo makes it hard for the 1918 children of Gemini to forget an injury and they take a real or fancied slight much to heart. That is their worst fault; they need to learn to forget and forgive, otherwise they may have much unhappiness and suffer severely in health,

Neptune in Leo strengthens their ambitions, thus they are thoroughly well fortified in the battle of life.

To sum up, the 1918 children of Gemini are possessed of the vim, vigor, vitality, and ability which makes for success in life. Their worst fault is irritability and a tendency to be domineering. They have good constitutions and recuperative powers, but should beware not to put too great a strain on the heart, for that is their weakest point.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. besides typewriting, typesetting, plating of the figure, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires at least one half day of the editor's time. **Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get them to subscribe.** We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your luck. If it does not, you have no cause for anger at us.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the trouble of returning their money. Please do not thus annoy us: It will avail you nothing.

MARGUERITE K. Born May 8, 1915, 5 :50
a. m., Santa Monica, Calif.

Marguerite was born under one of the most beneficent configurations in the whole gamut. At her birth the life-giving Sun was rising in the robust, vital, and energetic sign Taurus, sextile to the Moon which is the particular significator of health for a woman, and also sextile to Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, opulence, and good-fellow-

ship. This shows that Marguerite has an exceptionally strong constitution and is likely to enjoy splendid health all through life, for should any slight temporary indisposition occur she will have a wonderful recuperative power to right herself quickly. It shows that she has a kindly lovable nature, radiant with good-will towards all with whom she comes in contact, and therefore she will gain much respect in the community, and