

of those vibrations in the great gaps where the human senses are unable to hear, see, or feel the movement, then science will be in touch with those powers that are exercised in clairvoyance and clairaudience, spiritual sight and spiritual hearing. Then it will not be a matter of faith whether there are invisible worlds and whether they are inhabited by people who have formerly lived among us in the physical world, *but everyone will then know and see for himself.*

Science has done wonderful work in its efforts to grapple with the problems confronting it, but *it has always been limited because it depends upon instruments.*

A coil of wire may be, and is, used with splendid effect in transmitting a wireless wave to the furthest corners of the earth, but coils of wire are unnecessary around the human head to transmit thoughts, and what the scientists need to recognize is the limitation of their instruments and commence to cultivate the powers within themselves, for *every human being has these spiritual powers latent within himself and our future evolution depends upon the development of these powers.* The telephone is only a crutch to enable us to hear better with our present ears. The telescope is another crutch to enable us to see better with our present eyes. The microscope is another crutch that helps us to perceive the infinitely small as the

telescope reveals the infinitely great, but in addition to these organs of sense we have finer organs and finer forces which will some day come into use. Had Alexander Graham Bell lived in the dark ages and produced his telephone, the chances are that he would have been burned as an evil magician. Had Edison lived and produced his electric light and phonograph at that time he would probably have shared the same fate. Today even those who possess the finer senses are looked upon as frauds and cranks and only the fact that the general sentiment is against violence protects them from being confined in prisons or insane asylums.

But the tears that are flowing from millions of eyes and the yearning that is almost breaking millions of hearts for a glimpse or a message from those who have gone to the land beyond the veil, are gradually wearing the scale from the eyes and attuning an increasingly large number to the vibrations of spiritual sight and hearing. And the thoughts of the so-called dead, their yearning to communicate with the friends they have left behind, is an equally intense dynamic force. Two great armies are thus tunneling through the wall of the great divide, and *soon faith and hope shall give place to direct first-hand knowledge that the dead live, for we shall then see and communicate with them at will, just as easily as we do now with the so-called living.*

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## Commentary on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

(An exegetic study in Comparative Religion) *H. Gentis*

EDITOR'S NOTE—*There is another beautiful commentary on "Omar Khayyam" in the November, 1917, number and we would urge those of our readers who have not read it to do so. Those who have read it may re-read it with profit.*

### Part II

Those who study the Metaphysical, those who have the attention of their consciousness drawn toward the psychic side of life are aware of the fact that dreaming is a condition which exhibits different characteristics in different persons, and varies according to their state of growth psychically. Some then, dream seldom, or never—others intermittently, and others again very regularly, night after night, yea even during the day, when just closing their eyes dream visions come before their mind—in other words, their consciousness is subject to modifications and transformations, independent of their will.

To these last, the very regularity, clearness, and, if so desired, clear memories of their dreams make a separate, and almost as important, sometimes even a more important, life than their day's experiences are. It becomes a second life, one with its ideas, its language, its meanings, its hopes, fears, and incidents, joyful or miserable.

They have entered undoubtedly into another stage of consciousness—into a condition not participated in by the majority of those around them. In the beginning, with the zeal of the Neophyte, they are eager and enthusiastic. Has not their day come at last? Will they, nay, do they not, get first-hand information, first-hand experience of that Inner or Super life, which means in the ultimate, the Communion with the Saints, the Meeting of the Master? To increase that, to accentuate that, they will go to those extremes religious devotees are generally willing to go to.

And where do they say they are? They are—if we believe them—in the Hall of Learning, they have met the Master, they write whole books about it. Has ever man been so wise? Has ever Nightingale sung so sweetly? Has ever prediction

been so clear, so well defined, any warning so earnest, any danger so appalling, any endeavor through a series of years so persistent?

But what did the Christ say about it? Who-soever does not hate his own life could not be his Disciple! Which life? Not the physical, as the churches have wanted us to believe! That life that comes in between the Christ in man and the personality, that life which is the result of the subdued mind, that life which the Voice of the Silence in the book of the Golden precepts says:

*For when unto himself His form appears  
unreal;*

*As do on waking all the forms he sees in  
dreams;*

*When he has ceased to hear the many—  
He may discern the One, the Inner soul,  
which kills the outer.*

The "many" are the things seen in dreams, of which the same book of Initiation says again:

*The name of Hall the second is the Hall of  
Learning; in it thy soul will find the lessons of  
life—but under every blossom a serpent coiled.*

And also:

*And having learnt thine own ignorance flee from  
the Hall of Learning, this hall, dangerous in its  
perfidious beauty, is needed only for thy probation.*

It is therefore to warn against that danger, that Omar Khayyam calls it "Dawn's Left Hand." Before it came into being, the personality was blind, as most people are, in the darkness of the material world—thus the first spiritual experiences are like the dawn's aurora. The right vision is not obtained at once. It is therefore that he speaks of the Sultan's turret—using the metaphor of the "Sultan" because we are all the rulers of our own little kingdoms, our own destiny. And the "Turret," because the mind is at that moment the highest pinnacle, the apex, the tower of the personality, and in its state of growth bigger than

other minds, the reform also like a tower. An analogy is found in the Parable of the Tower of Babel, which, metaphorically, the people built to reach unto Heaven, but during which work the misunderstanding of tongues occurs. Lao Tze, the Chinese philosopher of 600 B. C., says about it: "Yea and Yes are they not almost alike?" The Devil was a liar and a twister of words since the days of old. That is the attitude of the unsubdued concrete mind, dramatizing everything.

But how can one escape it? Therefore, it is a noose of light, in which the dreaming Sultan is caught and his Schersherada will live and tell him stories, as long as he is captivated by her yarns of the night, all those thousand and one night's long—when he is no longer enslaved she will be beheaded—that is, he will relegate his Dreams to the nothingness to which they belong.

And the Great Hunter of the East—what a good name for the cause of dreams, the King of Illusion, the Mind personified—as the Voice of the Silence calls it. The Mind is the Great Slayer of the Real, let the disciple slay the slayer!

So that is what Omar, the Tentmaker, tells us in the first stanzas. The next step is not less recognizable nor less important; it occurs in His Song of the Soul as in that of the Nazarene! Says Omar:

*And as the Cock crew, those, who stood before  
The Temple, shouted, "Open then the door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And once departed may return no more!"  
Now the New Year, reviving old desires,  
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires,  
Where the White hand of Moses on the Bough  
Puts out and Jesus from the ground suspires!*

Let us again compare, that same cock has been crowing elsewhere. Is it not strange that the insignificant noise made every day in every barnyard is immortalized by such a great poet as the Persian Singer, and the Author(s) of the Gospels? Also the Chinese Philosopher mentions him—with hundreds of years between, still every day cocks do crow. It sounds like a cry of Victory—even in the story of Peter's Denial, but it is a Victory of the Lower Personality, not the Higher Self. A Victory of lust, so well symbolized and so

prominent in the Rooster's division of the day, hence that Victory cry is typical of the struggle between the evanescent personality and the eternal ego, in which, in Peter's case, the Lower did win temporarily.

And that view tallies with the description of that scene in the Gospels, where the Outer Court is the Hall of Learning again, not yet the Inner Temple; the men warming themselves around a fire, the fire of lust; a maid (here a servant of all) provokes Peter, the Mind, man; he falls into temptation and denies his Higher Self, the Christ; then the Cock crows. "Following the rambling senses" as the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Lord's song, has it.

But Omar's Aspirant is more steadfast for Divine Light. Therefore the cry is: "Open the Door," and the argument is, how short is Life, or "ye know how little while we have to stay." Not said to someone who knows not, but spoken to the supposed all-knowing Master of the dreams.

And then Omar mentions the time when that opening of the Door may occur, and under which conditions it will occur:

*Now, the New Year, reviving old desires,  
The thoughtful soul in solitude retires.*

Not the company of the maid thus! Where the White Hand of Moses? (see Exodus 4:6.)

Now what did they mean in the Bible by that White Hand of Moses; and what did Omar mean by it? He does certainly not trifle or write nonsense, but refers to something that should fit into the whole, if we understand the meaning of it at all.

For once the notes of Fitzgerald are at least partly right. It says in those notes: Where Moses drew forth his hand at the divine command it was not, according to the Persians, "leprous as snow," but white as our May blossom in spring, it was without color.

But does not this make us think of the etheric counterpart of his hands, which, if he could withdraw them from the physical, would mean a first step into the higher planes, a slight increase of Consciousness, or at least an experimental proof that those Higher Planes exist? It is valuable to know this by one's own experience, a recompense for sacrifices incidental to the choice towards the

Higher which is taken at the withdrawal into solitude—instead of giving the maid, the fire and the Cock the Victory.

Then also the next following words become clear:

*The hand from Moses on the bough puts out  
And Jesus from the ground suspires!*

In old folklore, in several religions—e.g., in the Shri-Krishna-Ardjoeno saga—the hero among the youth of his time is the only one who can draw a certain bow. An effort of the will is required to draw the vital body out of the physical body, which is compared with the drawing of a bow, or in the *Voice of the Silence* with the drawing of a grassblade from its sheath. In the Combination, the Christ-Jesus, Jesus is the lower personality and the Christ is the God in man. So Jesus suspires from the ground; i.e., the consciousness of the personality leaves the dense physical body (as at death) and unites with the Higher, the Christ, on the Mountain. Or as St. Paul expresses it, “I die every day.”

This is surely not the Lucullian twaddle of a wine-bibber as *Omar* is generally supposed to be.

### Part III

The next Stanza accentuates the spiritual explanation of the *Rubaiyat*. It reads:

*Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose;  
And Jamshyd's seven-ringed cup, where no one  
knows;  
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,  
And still a garden by the water blows.  
And David's lips are lock'd; but in Divine  
High piping Pehlevi with Wine! Wine! Wine!  
Red Wine! the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
That yellow cheek of hers to incarnadine!*

In Fitzgerald's notes as given in Macmillan's *Golden Treasure Series*, 1899 edition, it reads: “XVIII, the throne of Jamshyd, *King Splendid*, of the Mystical Peshdadian Dynasty.” Now let us turn to the *Voice of the Silence* again. We find on page 21 this about the Hall of Learning, or in other words the desire world:

*This Hall is dangerous in its perfidious Beauty,  
Is needed but for thy probation. Beware Lanoo*

[disciple]

*Lest dazzled by illusive radiance, thy soul  
Should linger, and be caught in its deceptive  
Light.*

This Light shines from the Jewel of the Great Ensnarer, Mara. And a note says about this Mara: it is represented as a King of the Maras with a crown in which shines a jewel of such luster that it blinds those who look at it. (This luster referring of course to the fascination exercised by vice on certain natures.) In other words this is the “King Splendid” with the seven-ringed magic cup of our Persian Poet.

Take this in connection with the disappearance of “Iram with all its Rose.” And of Iram we hear that it was the Capital, as Jeru-Salem was the theatre where the Initiation of Jesus was enacted. So we are in both cases in the seat of the mind, the head, so to say the capital of the body.

“All its rose”—all the things which were with magic brought before the mind's eye, things that were or that were not; things that would become or would not become—all together the False Dawn, the “deceptive light” of the *Voice of the Silence* afore quoted, blinding the consciousness in their unescapeable noose of light emitted by the Great Ensnarer, or the Hunter of the East, “He who awakes illusion.”

Now this all disappears and a Ruby kindles in the “Vine.” That cannot refer to the home or garden variety of vines; jewels do not grow on Vines of that kind, but if we go to the Hindu metaphorical and metaphysical terminology we see that there is mention in the mystic words *Aum-Mane-Padme-Hum* of the Jewel that is in the Lotus. And the Lotus (or the Rose) is a name for the heart, of which the spiritual original has points from whence streams of power go out, if developed, which look like the petals of flowers; therefore the metaphor.

Then why does Iram and King Jamshyd disappear? Read again the *Voice of the Silence*. It says, having become indifferent to objects of perception (not physical objects, but those of perception only—*ad ergo* dream objects) the pupil must seek out the Raja (King) of the senses, the thought producer, he who awakes illusion. “The mind is the

great slayer of the real; let the disciple slay the slayer!"

Omar now sings a little further:

*You know, my friends, with what a brave  
Carouse,  
I made a second marriage in my house;  
Divorced old barren reason from my bed  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse!*

(Fitzgerald might say, with my soldier friends, that to recover the pennies swallowed in the pub, one has to marry the daughter of the Publican, but happily Omar thinks a few octaves higher.)

So that Omar does slay the Mind—old barren reason—and became betrothed to the Divine Vine. "He who has the Bride is the Bridegroom," as the Gospel says about the same thing.

Or to quote another saying of Christ, this to the Samaritan woman:

"Verily thou sayest well; thou hast had five husbands, and the one thou hast at present is not thy husband." The woman is the soul (the personal ego), the five husbands are the five senses, the one she has now (Father Jacob's well) is the Mind, who is not to be the regular master in times to come and, therefore, not "the husband."

"Old barren reason," i.e., the well of Father Jacob—of which, when one has been drinking, thirst, desire for more, comes back again and again, as the mind does not give ultimate and perfect insight in things—is also advised to be divorced, for the Christ offers a drink which quenches the thirst (for wisdom), so that one thirsts no more. Referring to the absolute wisdom of the God in man: the Christ, the heart, the Lotus, the Rose. But then the mind disappears with its illusions; i.e., does not take any more a commanding, but a servant's place.

(To be continued)

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the deeper degrees depends upon merit.

## PICTURES

Cordelia Wilson

The symphony concert was just over and the soloist was preparing to leave the opera house. He gathered his music up absent-mindedly. He had received a great ovation during the evening but there was no trace of satisfaction in his face. In fact he looked extremely unhappy. His sensitive lips were set in a thin line and his dark eyes were full of something that seemed very much like despair. He gave a farewell glance over his shoulder at the empty seats and a little while later he was entering his own beautiful rooms.

His artistic nature was amply evidenced by the coloring and arrangement of these rooms. They were done in green and brown, the soft shades of the half of the year. There were a few fine pictures and two marble medallions—one of Wagner and one of Mozart; beautiful faces that shone with starry purity against the soft brown of the background. In one corner was a piano littered with sheets of music and manuscript. A bright fire burned in the open grate, changing the soft browns of the room to topaz, and the greens to emeralds.

Indifferent to these beautiful surroundings, the young man walked toward the fireplace and stood there a moment in deep meditation. Suddenly the despair in his eyes sprang into a flame. He threw back his head with abandon. Looking upward, as if addressing some deity, he exclaimed, "I cannot stand it! I have never accomplished one of my desires! I have always been baffled! Baffled!" And he shook his two clenched hands as if they were shaking the bars of a cage. From one of his pockets he took a small crystal filled with a colorless fluid. This he placed upon the mantel. He then sat down at a quaintly carved old-fashioned desk.

How it happened that he should sleep at this tensest, most portentous moment of his life, he never knew. Perhaps it was the fatigue of the evening. Perhaps the little flames of the fire wooed him with warm soothing touches to slumber. At any rate, he slept. Hardly had he stepped over the border into the twilight land of sleep before he had a most remarkable and vivid dream. He found himself in a room the like of which he

had never seen before, for it had neither window nor door, and the walls stretched infinitely up and up to the zenith where the fiery ethers were playing. Along the sides of the walls were pictures, not placed against the walls to show their designs and coloring, but piled one on top of another in huge piles whose tops lost themselves in the brilliant light above.

The young man was lost in wonder at the strange sight, he wondered still more when he saw the custodian of the place, a very thin old man with a long white beard. But when the young man looked into his eyes he shuddered involuntarily, as if he had lifted a veil which covered some sacred object, or as if he were receiving an initiation into some profound mystery. The expression of the face betokened supremacy over life and death. From the eyes streamed a white radiance that chilled the young man, for he thought that it meant severe implacable justice.

This strange being motioned to him and, half afraid, he followed through the rows and rows of piled pictures. At last the old man stopped and addressed him, "I am going to give you some pictures to look at, but I ask you to look at them and not live them, for they are given to you only that you may learn," and he selected from the pictures before him a portfolio filled with engravings. "You may sit here," said the old man, with a wide-sweeping gesture and miraculously, as things happen in dreams, the young man's own quaintly carved old fashioned desk stood before him and in front of it his favorite chair.

Wonderingly, the young man set himself to the task of looking at the pictures. As he opened the leaves and looked at the first one, a startled cry broke from him, for it was a picture of himself when he was a small boy. The little fellow stood there in his black suit, for they had just buried his mother. How well he remembered his numbed empty heart, the vacuous days that followed, and the stern father who understood nothing of the delicate and sensitive nature of his little son. With a sigh he turned to the next picture. Here he was a few years older and he was saying "Good bye" to his Cousin Mary. His arms were clinging around her neck as if they would never loosen. How well

he remembered her with her black hair and her brown eyes so full of love and understanding. She had come to take care of him after his mother's death, but now she is married and she is going away. "Good bye, beautiful Mary! Good bye. Good bye." Once more he is bereft. Hurriedly he turns over the leaf. Here he is sitting before a piano playing. His father had early discovered his musical talent and wishing to develop it he had bought him a beautiful piano. Those were the happiest moments of the child's life. When drawing harmony from the keys he forgot that he was sad, he forgot that he was lonely; he almost forgot that his father did not care to have a small hand creep into his. The young man lingered over this picture and was loath to turn to the next one, for this showed the first gropings of his soul to express itself.

The next picture showed him as a lad at school. He was out on the playground watching the other lads at their games. As he pondered over this engraving he remembered that though he was a grown boy he still carried with him that terrible loneliness. Other boys had never liked him, for he had always hated games and rough sports. He had made many timid advances for their friendship, but he was constantly repulsed. He remembered now as he looked at this picture how he had longed for the delightful companionship that other boys won without trying. And he had almost hated the wonderful gift of music which separated him from them and placed him above them.

The young man was glad to turn away from this, for it showed some of that bitterness which was already commencing to crystallize in his heart. The next picture gave him a degree of satisfaction. It was a picture of himself playing at his first concert. How wonderfully he had played! How he had swayed his audience! Here at last was a way he could reach people's hearts and speak to them without misunderstanding. How he had poured out his soul in his music and how they had responded with thunderous applause! But the bitterness and loneliness were growing. Two hard lines sometimes appeared about his mouth. His eyes held smoldering flames that might at any moment break forth into a destructive fire.

He turned to the next picture. His heart for time seemed to stop beating and then it seemed to turn over, for here was a picture of Esther as he had first seen her. She was a creature of unbelievable beauty. She was sitting by the sea on the yellow sand. Her yellow head, as yellow as the sand at her feet, was outlined against the purple shadows of the great rock behind her. Her eyes were as cold and as blue as the sea in front of her. Her perfect profile was towards him.

He loved her from that moment. He gave her all the love he would have given his mother, had she not been dead. He gave her all the love he would have given his father, had he accepted it. He gave to her all the love he would have given to friends, had they loved him in return. But this fiery essence pouring over her aroused no answering spark. She deceived him cruelly—for her heart was as cold as her eyes. They always reminded him of sapphires. The warm flood of his love returning to him had well-nigh destroyed him. His heart was broken and his ambition was crushed, though he was already known to the world as a composer of note.

With a last longing look at the picture of beautiful Esther he turned to the next one. In this he was sitting with his head bowed upon his arms. The whole figure denoted acute suffering. It was the terrible moment in which he had determined upon suicide.

Suddenly the old custodian appeared at his elbow. There was a note of stern rebuke in his voice. He placed his finger upon the portfolio of pictures. "You have been living these pictures, not looking at them as I instructed you. I gave them to you that you might learn."

With these words he gathered up the pictures and in a moment's time seemed far away, almost disappearing in the distance. The young man started after him with the painful retarded motion that sometimes afflicts us in dreams. "Come back. Come back," he cried. "Allow me to see just one more."

The old man's figure seemed to hesitate. When he turned around the young man fell on his knees awestruck and amazed at the change in his face. The justice was still there, but it was softened and

glorified by a radiant effulgence that vivified and warmed whatever it touched. It even reached the young man's heart so that he felt like weeping. He knelt with clasped hands hardly daring to look on that shining countenance. "My son," came a gentle voice. "Look into the future and do not forget what you will see." The young man raised his eyes and saw himself seated at a magnificent organ. Behind him was a rapt and listening audience. Suddenly, as he looked, he commenced to hear the harmonics that were pouring forth from the reeds. He was profoundly moved by their beauty. Still intently listening, straining his ears to hear those celestial sounds, he awoke.

Dazed at this sudden transition from the world of dreams to the world of sense, he sat gazing abstractedly at the tiny crystal full of the poison which he had intended to take. He seized the little vial and dashed it upon the hearth. "I can not do it, for God put out His hand to save me." An unwonted peace settled upon his heart. In the midst of the despair of the present a hope was springing up like a tiny light in the darkness. Perhaps sometime when he had learned to look at the pictures and not live them, he might be able to give to the world what he longed for and needed through his art. Perhaps even in time his face might shine with love for the world in dim likeness to that of the old custodian.

#### *HOW WE LEARN*

It is only in our own minds that we know. There is for us no other storehouse of knowledge. But as we experience new things, states, and conditions, and they become impressed on our minds, then knowledge springs up spontaneously. There is no other way in which we may acquire knowledge.

There are indeed many ways by which we experience the new and thereby acquire knowledge: by collision, association, vital necessity, instinct, accumulative perception, thought, intuition, etc. But the most of us are so terribly "dense" that we learn but little except by "collision." No wonder experience is so unutterably "hard."

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Help to spread these glad tidings by introducing this magazine among your friends.

## Heredity

**H**EREDITY is no longer one of the dismal sciences. Family diseases often neutralize one another, and for each strain of weakness and failure there are at least five of vigor and success. And all diseases are curable or preventable, "if you begin with the grandparents," as Holmes said.

Even the problem of limiting reproduction in parents having or inheriting a defect which is not curable in the offspring, though pitiful and difficult, is far from hopeless.

The diseases which fall in this group are fewer in number, in that they do not affect, certainly and positively, more than three to five per cent of the population, and possibly or indirectly, ten or fifteen per cent more. But they make up for it by their grave and distressing character.

Chief among them are idiocy, imbecility, feeble-mindedness, insanity, epilepsy, various forms of crankiness and eccentricity, inebriety, hysteria, excessive piety, cretinism, blindness, deaf-and-dumbness, about half of all habitual criminality, and at least two-thirds of all prostitution and pauperism. A terrible list, but no longer discouraging, because nine-tenths of it could be wiped out inside of three generations simply by switching a few hundred or thousand contaminated and polluting muddy creeklets out of the clear current of the race stream.

In what way can this best be done? Again our sheet anchor is education and intelligence. This may sound paradoxical if not absurd. For when "feeble-wit" mates with feeble-wit and produces families of twelve and fifteen, there is obviously no use in appealing to a quality which is conspicuous by its absence. But such matings, although they furnish the most horrible and moving examples, are the smaller part of our problem. The greatest difficulty, the most serious danger, lies in the mating of individuals of normal stocks with members of families who show this tainted blood in only slight degree.

The out-and-out imbecile, feeble-wit or raving lunatic is not so dangerous. Nobody will marry him but one of his own kind. The more nearly normal they are, the more dangerous they are, because they may deceive normal individuals into mating with them. And the most dangerous individual of all is the one who is apparently normal, and yet comes of gravely defective stock.

It is characteristic of all grades of mental defectives to marry early and often and have large families of children, although this last danger is pretty nearly offset by the pitifully huge infant mortality in such families.

And, as it is only within comparatively recent years that we have had the proof of how deadly and inevitably inheritable these mental defects were, even to the eighth and tenth generation, it would be perfectly safe to say that there are tens of thousands of parents in this country who have married into one of these defective stocks, either in ignorance of or indifference to the fact.

This type of marriage, of course, ought to be avoided. But at best, a long time must elapse before this can happen, both on account of ignorance of the danger run, and also on account of the strong tendency on the part of tainted families to conceal the damaging facts.

Each case must be carefully and intelligently considered on its own merits. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules; and there is no need of taking radical or inhuman positions in regard to the situation. Of course, the general principle emphatically applies; least bred soonest mended, to paraphrase the old saw.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if it is not too late to apply this, there is usually a reasonable amount of ground for hope of avoidance and preventing the ancestral ghost from walking again. This for two reasons:

First, that where one of the parents is normal and of sound stock, the probabilities are always that a certain number, and possibly majority of the



children, may escape more or less completely. Secondly, that in certain forms of these defects, children may be born so near the border line between sound and unsound, so nearly balanced between good and bad, that the care and surroundings which are given may make all the difference between their breaking down or maintaining their balance.

This is particularly true of insanity. Indeed; many weighty authorities declare that insanity may be fed and trained out of a stock—prevented from appearing in the second generation, save when too strongly inbred, and counted among the preventable diseases.

So that when two parents, of whom one is unfortunate enough to have defective blood, will limit the number of their children and arrange for their births at such intervals and periods as will find both parents in the best possible condition to give them every advantage, the chances are quite fair that they may fall short altogether of the one-fourth or one-eighth risk of the transmission of the defect.

Or if the defect should reappear in minor or modified degree, it may be largely overcome by affectionate and intelligent care, although that child should be prevented from marrying when it grows up.

\* \* \* \* \*

At all events, there can be no sort of question that when the terrible misfortune of a defective child has fallen upon a mother and a father, they are abundantly entitled to avail themselves of any means that will prevent a repetition of the disaster.

Broadly speaking, the amount of restriction should be guided by the per cent of risk. This we are now prepared to state fairly positively, as follows:

If both parents are feeble-minded, all the children will be feeble-minded or otherwise defective; i. e., out of now some thousands of investigated matings, from the marriage of a feeble-minded mother with a feeble-minded father, there

never yet has been discovered a normal child.

If both parents are insane, from half to two-thirds of the children will be insane.

If one parent is feeble-minded and the other sound, from a quarter to a third of the children will be feeble-minded, or otherwise defective, but three-fourths of them will bear the feeble-minded blood, and be capable of transmitting feeble-mindedness to their children.

If one parent be of feeble-minded stock and the other normal, the probabilities range all the way from one-fifth to one-twentieth of the children being feeble-minded or insane, and one-tenth to one-half of them carrying the defective strain.

So that a family of moderate or even average size may possibly escape open defect altogether.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though we are only at a beginning of an accurate knowledge of this subject, one thing is standing out more and more clearly; and that is, that without some trace of this inherited defect, which may express itself as idiocy, imbecility, feeble-mindedness, insanity, epilepsy, or inebriety, very seldom will a child grow up into a confirmed and habitual criminal, or later become insane, or a drunkard—even under the most unfavorable of circumstances and surroundings.

Of those born with a tendency to some of these grave mental defects, a very considerable percentage may be prevented from developing them, and made into useful and self-supporting citizens—though not into desirable ancestors—by good surroundings and good training.

If we only apply our best intelligence to the strict limiting of the number of children of parents showing any degree of defective strain, while preventing those children who are born defective from marrying and contributing to the next generation; we shall find little difficulty in dealing kindly but firmly with those unfortunate matings, with both parents defective, whose fated offspring can look forward only to an inheritance of nothing but shame and misery and degradation.

—Selected

ARABIAN PROVERB

He who knows, and knows he knows,  
 He is wise—follow him.  
 He who knows, and knows not he knows,  
 He is asleep—wake him.  
 He who knows not and knows not he knows not,  
 He is a fool—shun him.  
 He who knows not, and knows he knows not,  
 He is a child—teach him.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'  
 pillage. —Lowell

Grace thou thy house and let not that grace thee.  
 —Benjamin Franklin

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
 Of which the coming life is made,  
 And fill our Future's atmosphere  
 With sunshine or with shade.  
 —Whittier

Take time to speak a loving word  
 Where loving words are seldom heard;  
 And it will linger in the mind  
 And gather others of its kind,  
 Till loving words will echo where  
 Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare;  
 And somewhere on the heavenward track  
 Their music will come echoing back.

That man is great, and he alone,  
 Who serves a greatness not his own,  
 For neither praise nor pelf.  
 —Lord Lytton

For touching hearts, the only secret known,  
 My worthy friend, is to have one of your own.  
 —Goethe

We are immortal now and here,  
 Our fear is all we have to fear  
 —Alice Cary

Sin is it state of mind,  
 Not an outward act.  
 —Sewell

I find letters from God dropped in the street  
 and everyone is signed by God's name.  
 —Walt Whitman

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,  
 Where'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise.  
 —Longfellow

FAITH

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the  
 ineffable Name  
 Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made  
 with hands!  
 What, have fear of change from thee who art  
 ever the same?  
 Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy  
 power expands?  
 There shall never be one lost good! What was,  
 shall live as before;  
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying  
 sound;  
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil,  
 so much good more;  
 On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven,  
 a perfect round.  
 All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of  
 good shall exist;  
 Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor  
 good, nor power  
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives  
 for the melodist,  
 When eternity affirms the conception of an  
 hour.  
 The high that proved too high, the heroic for  
 earth too hard,  
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
 the sky,  
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the  
 bard;  
 Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it  
 by-and-by.

—Robert Browning from *Abt Vogler*

# Question Department

\* \* \* \* \*

## OUR DEBT OF DESTINY

*Question*—If a person has a life full of hardship at present and strives to the best of his or her ability to fulfill all duties, will the next life be lived under easier and more bearable circumstances, or if it is an advanced soul, must it have hardships in order to help and heal humanity?

*Answer*—During the earlier part of its evolution mankind committed the most atrocious crimes because actuated entirely by selfishness and disregard for other people's feelings. In those early lives we were cunning, cruel, and seldom did a good deed; in fact, it is recorded that at that time man spent the whole of the interval between earth lives in the purgatorial regions expiating the crimes he had committed during his physical life, and there was no heaven life to speak of.

That was the condition spoken of in the Bible as "lost in trespasses and sin," which made it necessary for the Christ to enter the earth and attempt the task of raising the vibrations, so that altruism might gradually conquer egoism and give us a heaven life upon which promotion and progression in our evolutionary career could be based.

Now, it will be evident that during that period of degradation and sin we contracted a great many heavy debts and obligations to one another which we must now work out by love, kindness, and service. Each of us has this burden of the past and it is that which constitutes the so-called *Dweller on the Threshold*.

It is said, and said truly, that "though the mills of the Gods grind slowly they grind exceedingly fine," and every transgression under the law merits a just recompense; therefore, the debt of the past must be paid, and in the interval between each two earth lives there is shown to us the pictures of that part of it which is now ripe for the reaping by the ordinary process of evolution. We are then allowed to choose our future as we will from among the opportunities presented to us. Therefore, if the soul is, as you say, an advanced

soul it will choose the hardest life possible so that it may the more quickly dissolve this burden of debt which has accumulated from the past, for the more quickly that is liquidated, the sooner will the spirit be ready to go on to its highest mission.

On the other hand, it is said that "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" and the weaker souls who are unable to bear up under the hardships are therefore given what we see as easier lives where they may pay their debts in small coin, a little at a time, but it will take that much the longer before they are finally liberated.

Thus there is a good reason why a Job is called the friend and a favorite of God, and why it is said that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." By giving us all that we can bear according to our request and with our consent the great Hierarchs who are in charge of evolution are really showing us favors.

This is why the Christ called those blessed who were persecuted for His name's sake; that is to say, as He also emphasized, when it is *falsely* done. And the light of occultism upon the problem of sorrow is one of the strongest rays of hope to the one who is blessed with this knowledge. It should give us all heart to bear up under all afflictions.

Whatever comes to us we have earned and if we are only careful to learn the lesson and to render the help and the service required of us in each particular case, then we may be sure that we are not only liquidating debts of the past but also laying up for ourselves treasures in heaven which will revert to us as useable soul powers to keep us on the path of rectitude in future lives.

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## HEAVENLY HAPPINESS

*Question*—If there is a strong attraction between two people which cannot reach a legitimate consummation in marriage because of previous ties and one of them passes out of this life

with that longing in mind, will they meet and mate in a future earth life.

*Answer*—Yes, in all probability the attraction they feel for each other and which cannot find expression now will in many instances bring them together even before the next life, for though there is no marriage in heaven, those who love each other and are therefore in a sense necessary to one another's happiness, are united in a bond of closest friendship during the stay in the first heaven, if they pass out at or near the same time.

But if one remains in the body for a number of years after the other has passed over, the one who is in the heaven world will with his or her loving thought create an image of the other and endow it with life, for we must remember that the Desire World is so constituted that whatever we think of we are able to give bodily shape. Thus, although this image will only be ensouled by his thought and the thoughts of the other person living in the body which often go with such a loved one, it embodies all the conditions that are necessary to fill the cup of happiness of this inhabitant of the heaven world.

Similarly, when the second person passes out, if the first person has gone into the second heaven, his or her shell, so-called (the disintegrating desire body in which he or she lived), will answer the purpose and feel perfectly real to the second lover until his or her life in this realm is ended. Then when they pass into the second and third heaven, forgetfulness of the past comes over them and they may part for one or more lives without loss, but some time, somewhere they will meet and the dynamic force which they generated by their yearnings for one another will unvaryingly draw them together so that it may reach its legitimate consummation.

This applies not only to lovers in the generally accepted sense of the word, but the love existing between brothers and sisters, parents and children, or friends who are not related by blood, will also work itself out in a similar manner. Our life in the first heaven is always blessed and filled by the presence of those we love. If they are not in the spirit world and thus actually present, their image will be, and it must not be thought either

that this is pure illusion, for it is ensouled by the love and the friendship sent out by them toward the person of whose heaven life they are part.

#### SPIRITUAL HERMAPHRODITES

*Question*—In your esoteric explanation of the Opera *Tannhauser*, you state that man must find the woman in himself, just what do you mean?

*Answer*—It is taught both in the Bible and esoterically that there was a time when mankind was male-female, hermaphrodite, or bisexual. At that time each was able to perpetuate the species without the assistance of anyone else; man was then a complete creative unit, capable of self-fertilization.

But in order to become a perfect vehicle for the spirit, it was necessary that a brain should be evolved together with a larynx so that man might be able to think and express himself in words. In order to accomplish this one half the creative force was directed upward to build these organs and enable man to turn his creative consciousness outward and people the world with things of his fancy, such as we see in ships, houses, railways, telephones, and all other things made by the hand of man, which have first been conceived in thought then objectified in the world.

Thus man became a creator on two planes, the physical and the mental, but we know that we cannot make an electric circuit with one wire, we must have two of opposite polarity, and when one-half the creative force was diverted to the brain, only the other half remained useable for procreation; thus man ceased to be a complete creative unit and became dependent upon someone else to supply the part of the force which he lacked, either positive or negative, masculine or feminine.

Since then sorrow, sin, and trouble have entered into the world and we have come under the dominion of death; but in time mankind will learn to turn the other half of the creative force upward through the spinal cord into the brain, *which will then be bi-polar*. At that time we shall use *both* the hemispheres of our cerebrum and not one as is now the case. When that day has come the man

will have found the woman within himself and woman will have found the man within herself; then it will not any longer be necessary to seek a mate in order to perpetuate our bodies, for *we shall then be able to conceive in our brain* a vehicle fit for our expression and objectify it as we now clothe our other ideas in physical form. It is by this power that adepts perpetuate their physical existence and create a new body before they leave the old, but they have *two spinal cords* and use *both hemispheres of the brain*.

### THE EPHEMERIDES

We now have fifty-six years of the Ephemerides set and printed and within the next month the other four years and the Tables of Houses will probably be completed. This has been a gigantic task and we shall all draw a sigh of relief when it is finished, but we feel we have done something, of lasting value to Astrology in preparing these books, for the previous conditions where students of Astrology were unable to obtain the necessary textbooks were certainly intolerable.

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### THE SOUL'S MYSTIC TRAIL

Over the mystic trail, dear Friend,  
Where deep'ning shadows mass!  
Beyond the cross, where old ways part;  
Up through the lonely pass,  
Where warmth and cheer of human love—  
The love of other days—  
May nevermore its glory prove,  
Nor light life's tangled maze.

Over the Path where frowning steps  
Loom over the mystic cross!  
Yet on we go into the deeps  
Feeling no sense of loss.  
No backward glance, no thought or sigh  
For joys of time and sense.  
The thrill of conquest stirs the soul  
To life profound, intense.

Over the mystic trail, dear Friend—  
The trail blazed long ago  
By Him who came to lighten part  
Of life's deep gloom and woe.  
Into the night of the "Sorrowful Way"  
We follow our lonely quest—  
Nor seek to keep or hold or stay,  
Nor pause to dream or rest.

Forever on and on we press  
Unto the star-blazed Way,  
With youth immortal in our hearts,  
With aeons for a day!  
With ageless ages far behind,  
With deathless life within—  
Into the mystic trail we pass,  
Where *death*—and *birth* begin!

—Eva G. Taylor

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# The Astral Ray

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## “Sun-Time” and “Clock-Time”

**A**S we put behind us each twenty-four hours of time, we little think of the natural phenomena which are concerned in the making of the day.

When we speak of the day only, especially if we be versed in the sciences and have a pedantic regard for the exact use of terms, we may mean either of two quite different things. The day that we all know and ordinarily have in mind is familiar to science as the solar day.

The phenomena of the solar day are plainly apparent to observation. No calculation is necessary to determine its features. We first see the sun in the east. We then observe its apparent movement from the eastern horizon to the western, although the movement is only apparent. The phenomenon is really caused by the constant turning of the earth from the west toward the east on its axis. It then remains hidden from sight, while night is upon us, until we again see it in the east. We have thus been witness to the passing of one solar day.

The other thing we may have in mind when we speak generally of the day is what we may term, for want of a better name, the stellar day, the word we now employ being derived from the Latin *stella*, a star. This day is measured by the rotation of the earth upon its axis, with relation to the fixed stars, just as if no sun were in the heavens and just as if the earth were not, during its continuous rotation, racing along its orbit around the sun.

In speaking of our observed solar day we have had the twenty-four hours begin at sunrise. Astronomers measure the day from noon. Accordingly, they have defined the solar day as being the interval of time which elapses between two consecutive returns of the same terrestrial meridian to the sun. Speaking with less exactness, it may be said to be the time expended in one complete turn of the earth upon its axis, for it is this turning, or rotation, which, on an average of every twenty-four hours, presents a given terrestrial meridian to the sun. Let us now understand why it is not strictly correct to say that the solar day is marked by one complete turn of our globe on its gigantic axle. The day which is so marked is really what we have termed the stellar day. It must be remembered that, as it rotates, our sphere travels rapidly along a path or orbit around the sun. Again, we must note that the rate at which the earth moves along its orbit is far from uniform throughout the year. The orbit is not a circle, but an ellipse, and the globe is nearer the sun at some stages of its movement than at others. When we are at our nearest to the sun, the earth is said to be in *perihelion*, when we are farthest away, it is said to be in *aphelion*. The change in distance from the sun, operating through the law of gravitation, successively accelerates and retards the speed at which we move about the great luminary which is the center of the solar system. We may now see what effect the orbital movement has upon the

length of the solar day. Our advance along the orbit at varying rates of speed, the advance being considerable during each rotation of our sphere upon its axis, makes uncertain the length of the intervals between the successive returns of meridians to the sun, however uniform we may concede the periods actually occupied by the rotation to be, as measured by the fixed stars. Therefore, while we invariably consider the solar day as twenty-four hours long, the truth is that we can seldom actually describe that period to its duration, although, as we have indicated above, twenty-four hours is its average length.

As a result of the variations in the length of the solar day, watches and clocks, which show the time according to the stellar day, cannot often agree with the sun dial, which registers true solar time. Flammarion gives us the following table of "times" which a well-regulated watch would show at solar noon on certain days of the year at a given place:

Date	H.M.
January 1	12:04 P.M.
January 15	12:10 "
February 1	12:14 "
February 11	12:14 "
March 15	12:09 "
April 1	12:04 "
April 15	12:00 Noon
May 1	11:57 A.M.
May 15	11:55 "
June 1	11:57 "
June 15	12:00 Noon
July 1	12:03 P.M.
July 26	12:06 "
August 15	12:04 "
August 31	12:00 Noon
September 15	11:55 A.M.
October 1	11:49 "
October 15	11:46 "
November 3	11:43 "
November 16	11:44 "
December 1	11:49 "
December 15	11:55 "
December 25	12:00 Noon

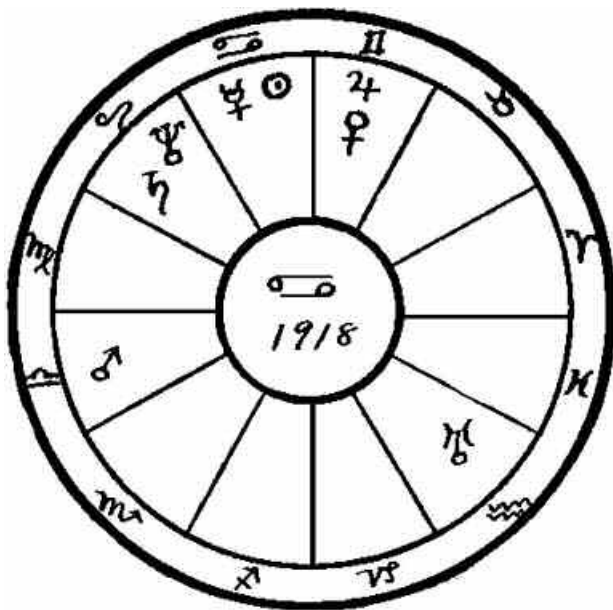
It will be understood from what we have said that it is only from the standpoint of our relation to the sun that the length of the day is variable. The actual time consumed in a rotation of the earth upon its axis, that time being what we have termed the stellar day, is practically exact and it is less than twenty-four hours. If, then, we regard the day as being coincident with the period actually occupied by one turn of the globe upon its axis, and look not to the sun as our mentor, an inspection of the fixed stars teaches that the duration of the day is twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds. The conditions we have stated are thus strikingly put by Prof. Poynting: "The sun is not a regular timekeeper. our twenty-four hour day is only the average between successive noons or times when the sun is due south. If compared with a good clock, the sun is in parts of the year too soon and in other parts too late, sometimes as much as a quarter of an hour. The variation in the solar day is due partly to the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane in which it moves around the sun, partly to variation of the earth's motion round the sun at different times of the year. The fixed stars keep good time, getting round in about four minutes less than twenty-four hours. By them clocks are rated. Their day is the true time of our revolution of the earth."

The day has been divided into twenty-four hour parts from the earliest times, although, in different sections of the world and at different periods of history, its commencement has been placed at different points in the twenty-four hours. In present times and in most countries the day is usually regarded as commencing at midnight, the twelve hours before noon being designated as A. M., or *ante meridiem*, those after noon as P. M., or *post meridiem*. The ancient Chaldeans and the modern Greeks have made the day commence at sunrise, while, at least until a few years ago, the Italians and the Bohemians begin it at sunset. The ancient Greeks, instead of dividing the entire day into twenty-four equal parts, cut the period of light into twelve equal portions and the period of darkness into the same number.

## The Children of Cancer, 1918

*Born from June 22nd to July 23rd*

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.



Cancer is one of the weakest signs in the zodiac and when it stands unfortified upon the eastern horizon, the children born at that time are usually deficient in energy and ambition; but those who are born during the month when the Sun is in this sign, from June 22nd to July 23rd, are somewhat better off in this respect, for though it weakens the Sun, the sign itself is strengthened thereby and thus the children born at sunrise within the dates mentioned above are somewhat better off in this respect than the average Cancer child, though far

from robust, unless other signs of good health are indicated in the horoscope.

The weakest point in the anatomy of these children will be the heart, because this year we find Saturn the planet of obstruction in the sign Leo, which governs the heart, and in mundane opposition to Uranus, the planet of spasmodic action. This indicates a constitutionally weak and fluttering heart; therefore, these children should have considerable care during their infancy and they should learn to husband their strength, for in that way it is possible to build up quite a good constitution. There are many people who ruin a good constitution by excesses in work, play, and living; similarly, there are also others who by forethought and foreknowledge may strengthen a congenitally weak constitution and preserve health by husbanding their strength instead of wasting it. This of course depends greatly upon what care the child is given and what training it receives. If the parents of these children will take heed of the warning here given, much sorrow and suffering can probably be avoided. Cancer children are very adaptable and quick to grasp an idea, so that if the point can be brought home to them when they arrive at the age of reason, they can probably be depended upon to do their part.

The children of Cancer have a very sympathetic nature; they are eager to make friends and very loyal to them. These characteristics are much accentuated in those who are born in 1918 because there we find Venus, the planet of love and friendship, together with Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, kindness, and joviality, in the sign governing brothers and sisters, Gemini. On account of the characteristics fostered by these planets it should be easy for them to forge ahead and win a place at the front. Jupiter and Venus are also in mundane sextile to Saturn, the planet of tact and diplomacy; this gives them forethought and discretion, order, system, and method, virtues that are of great value in making one's way through life.

We also find Mars, the planet of dynamic energy and construction, in mundane trine to Venus



and Jupiter; this is another sign of success, for it gives them energy, ambition, courage, and the power to overcome obstacles. All who have the Sun in this Fourth-House-sign Cancer, are very fond of their homes and the women make excellent mothers, who care for their offspring in the most unselfish and efficient manner.

The children of Cancer have a very vivid imagination, therefore they are good actors and are generally fond of the dramatic art, they love applause and feel very vain about their accomplishments. They are generally quick-tempered but do not keep spite. The 1918 crop will be somewhat more liable to this defect of character on account of the mundane square of Mars to the life-giving Sun. This also gives a tendency to feverish complaints and therefore the parents

should use all means at their disposal to teach them to keep cool, both physically and mentally. Mars in mundane square to Mercury, the planet of reason, implies a mental twist in the direction of untruthfulness and dishonesty, which ought to be nipped in the bud during the years of childhood, so that they may grow up to be honest and upright in every respect. The conjunction of Jupiter, the planet of opulence, and Venus, the planet of attraction, sextile to Mars, the planet of dynamic energy, shows that these children are apt to accumulate quite a competence, and taking the horoscope as a whole it indicates a fairly fortunate life for all of them, but particularly of course if the parents will help them to eradicate as much as possible the faults that we have mentioned as being latent in this group of children

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## Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive. for 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.

Ruth R., born July 14, 1904, 1:45 P. M., at Columbus, Ohio.

At the time of Ruth's birth, there were four fixed signs on the angles with the material sign Scorpio rising and Mars, the ruler, was trine to the Ascendant. We find in the horoscope five principal aspects, two of them are called good and three are called bad, though, as we always say, such terms are not really applicable, for we learn both by the good and the bad aspects, and to learn the lesson of life is the object of this school in which we are placed from birth to death.

There is first, the life-giving Sun in conjunction with Venus, the planet of love, art, and music. Then we have Jupiter, the planet of benevolence and opulence, trine to Uranus, the planet of originality, intuition and independence. Next we have Mercury, the planet of gossip and mischief, and Venus, the planet of disorderliness, square to

Jupiter, the planet of self-indulgence. We also find the Moon in opposition to Saturn, the planet of obstruction.

Taking the first of these aspects, the life-giving Sun in conjunction with Venus, the planet of music, art, and love, we find that it gives Ruth an amiable, affectionate nature, kind and sympathetic to all with whom she comes in contact, a cheerful disposition which spreads sunshine in her surroundings, a fondness of music and art; she also has some ability in that direction and is eager for pleasure, comfort, luxury, and leisure. It will make her very popular, secure a rise in life and a comfortable income. When the time comes for her to marry, she will meet a mate who will draw out her love nature to the fullest extent and an ideal union will result, filling her cup of happiness to the brim.

Jupiter, the planet of benevolence and opulence,