

fore of great importance that the aspirant who is to use his body for mental and spiritual work should supply his brain with the substance necessary for that purpose." Again, Mr. Heindel says: "In addition to that, the foods should be selected that are most easily digested, for the more easily the energy in food is extracted, the longer time will the system have for recuperation before it becomes necessary to replenish the supply."

It is important that the various organs provided for the purpose of ridding the body of the waste matter should be kept in perfect working order (and this includes the skin), or the blood will become poisoned and carry that poison to the brain, producing a mental sluggishness, even stupor at times.

We know from our Teachings that the creative force built the brain in the first place, and it is reasonable to conclude that the same force will improve the brain if it is directed upwards, and not wasted at the command of the Desire Body.

To understand the next method of improving the brain, let us go back in memory to what was said at the beginning of this article regarding different areas of the brain being devoted to different lines of thought. We all have within our brains certain areas devoted to selfish thought. Thought breaks down tissue, and as the *Cosmo* tells us, broken down tissue as well as all other waste of the body is replaced by the blood.

The heart used to be an involuntary muscle, but is slowly becoming a voluntary one, and developing cross stripes like the other voluntary muscles. These cross stripes can be increased by certain occult exercises, so that the time required to develop the heart into a voluntary muscle may be greatly lessened by occult training, and when the heart has become fully developed as a voluntary muscle, the circulation of the blood will pass from the control of the desire body, and will come under the absolute control of the Life Spirit, and that spirit can then withhold the blood from the areas of the brain devoted to selfish purposes; as the selfish thoughts will break down the tissues, and no new blood supply is sent to that place, they will gradually atrophy. At the same time, the areas devoted to altruistic thought are built up by an increased

blood supply, and in this way the brain will become a mighty factor in our spiritual development.

Mind Development

There remains still to see how the mind may be improved. Concentration is one of the great helps, for by this aid the mind becomes one pointed; also by studies in Abstract thought, by preserving the fluidic state of adaptability, or, in other words, maintaining an open mind, so that it may not become crystallized in one line of thought, but may be ever ready to assimilate new truths. Religion is another help towards improving the mind. When our mind body was new, it coalesced with the desire body, and so the race religions were given to emancipate the mind from desire. Mind should be kept in its proper place, as a link between the higher self and the Personality, and it should seek to join hands with the higher self, and thus we will be saved the experiences which result when the mind forms an alliance with the desire body.

The *Cosmo* states the prayer for the mind is the most important part of the Lord's prayer. It further states: "The mirror of mind contributes increasingly to spiritual growth as the thoughts which it transmits to and from the spirit polish it to a greatest brightness, sharpening and intensifying its focus more and more to a single point, perfectly flexible and under the control of the spirit." It is of great importance that we should have only the right kind of thoughts in our minds, as thoughts of a like character will be attracted to us by the thoughts already in our minds. If we have spiritual thoughts, they will grow and increase because "like attracts like." The mind as well as all the other vehicles may be spiritualized by cultivation of the faculties of observation, discrimination, and memory, devotion to high ideals, prayer, concentration, and right use of the life forces.

And lastly, all the work we do on our desire bodies by purifying our desires and emotions will be extracted from the desire body in the form of the Emotional Soul, and in the heaven world this emotional soul will be welded into the Human Spirit and will result in an improved mind in future lives.

Groves of Gladness

IN the dreamy, and according to our Western views, very impractical Orient, where the deeply religious sentiments of the people as a rule far outweigh the material instinct, the dream sometimes materializes in a most startlingly practical manner. Though England has introduced the iron horse in a number of places, the bulk of travel is still accomplished in the primitive way, on foot or by beasts of burden, which aid in the traffic of the trails, and frequently by the wayside the tired traveler finds a Grove of Gladness, a clump of trees with a small house where, as a religious duty, a free meal is furnished for man and beast by the people of the vicinity who thus unobtrusively give of their scanty store that their brother may be refreshed, rested, and recuperated to start afresh upon the next stage of his journey. What must be the feeling of thankfulness and joy, the sense of rest and relief, felt by man and beast when they enter such a place, after a day in the dust, glare, and heat on the road, and what an atmosphere of altruism must be there, to the incalculable spiritual benefit of both giver and receiver, benefactor and beneficiary. On the other hand, what a calamity it would be if the majority of travelers along these highways and byways were blinded by the dust of the road or the glare of the sun so that they could not see these Groves of Gladness. How much they would miss! How hard and how difficult would be their journey!

Our life is such a journey from the cradle to the grave, and as Job says, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." Even those among us who are living in the most sheltered environment have our sorrow and suffering at times. What, then, about those unfortunates who are beset with trials and tribulations all the days of their lives? All of us have to bear bodily affliction in some measure; some suffer mental or moral afflictions; some suffer through the loss or disgrace of loved ones; not one of us is free from the scars of sorrow that sometimes sear the soul to the very core of our being. Some are disappointed in their ambitions for themselves or for others, after a life of sacrifice, and go down to the grave droop-

ing with disappointment, and all because we are blinded by the dust and glare of delusion, and allow the spectre of sorrow to obscure the Groves of Gladness that are all along the highway of life, abounding in altruism and ready to receive us, removing from our eyes the glare and glamour, to fill our soul with gladness and send us rejuvenated and rejoicing upon our way, making it clear to us that we are journeying not towards the grave but to God, the giver of all good.

Life is a race, but it is not by any means a hundred-yard dash that may be accomplished in a moment by a spurt of energy. It is an endurance test and therefore we should realize that it is a fatal mistake to set up a pace faster than we can keep. It is also a well-established rule that in a race one must lay aside every weight which is not absolutely necessary, and if we learn to make haste slowly we shall probably live longer and learn more because less hampered by the dust of sorrow and the glare of delusion. If we take time to visit the Groves of Gladness—where the sheltering shade of religion relieves our weary eyes from the glare of illusion of what the world values, and opens up the true standards of love and light, where we may live near the brooklets of joy to wash away the dust of sorrow that weighs us down, hindering us in our race, and casting our cares upon Him who careth for us as shown by His invitation, "Come all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—then we shall feel, oh, so much lighter! Our feet shall be shod with the wings of the wind and we shall walk onward sustained by the strength gained in the Groves of Gladness. We shall then be able to accomplish a greater work in the world.

It is not a waste of time to begin the day with prayer and praise and worship of God, the giver of all good, no matter how hurried we may feel. The time taken for this purpose will soon be made up by the lightened attitude of upliftment which we take with us from this communion with our Source and our Goal. It is not needless to turn to our Father when weary, spent and fatigued with the work and worry of the day. We shall sleep the more soundly, we shall rest and recuperate the better. We are usually very religious in our observance of the times when food is served for the restoration of the

physical man, "but man liveth not by bread alone," and no matter how sumptuous may be our fare, we shall starve if we visit not the Grove of Gladness where our Father waits for the wandering ones, ready with the bread of spiritual stimulation to banish dull care, to revive the sinking spirit. Ours is the loss if we allow the dust and glare on the highway of life to blind us so that we pass by these rest houses; ours the gain if we often take the time to turn off from the way of sorrow to eat the bread of life in the Groves of Gladness.

The Church of Mutual Appreciation

A New Ideal

CHURCHES for ages past have been named after and built upon the example of saints of the church calendar, or have memorialized doctrines of the faith. We have had churches of the "heavenly rest," churches "whose motives and whose ideals were other world." A new church, according to the Baltimore *American*, will emerge from this world-struggle and take its color from the life of today, without losing anything that is of value or inessential to its being. The church of the past "was torn with divisions and is so rent," but it has stood the tests of past time. "The inner revelation and the spiritual beauty and the power to dispense the goodness of God were found and are found in the various confessions, whether or not their particular creedal emphasis tends to becloud or to vivify the revelation." This church, having stood the tests of time, is seen by the writer in this Baltimore paper as eternal, and he voices his conviction that "the forces for its welding into a single confession and a single service are operative through the spirit of the living spirit that molds and fashions religious institutions to the divine will." The name and character he gives it seem to owe all to the struggle through which we are now passing:

"It will be the church of the world, in the sense that it will do the full work of the age of which it is part as much as it has sought to do that work in

all other ages. There is a power of spiritual dynamics in the church that is exhaustless. There is a responsiveness of the church to the needs of the times. The church will have the vastest work of its history, certainly during the modern era, when the war shall close and the men shall come home rejoicing from the fields where they have shed their blood as the seed of a widened democracy; and the church will embrace them and place its hands upon them and bid them become the evangels of the enlarged life of the world.

"The kingdoms of this world must be made the kingdoms of God and of Jesus Christ, for Jesus Christ is the personification of the Godhead in that he is the express image in his spirit and life and teachings of the Father, insofar as that image can find incorporation in the human mold. The power of the church over the world will be not the power of subordination but the power of confederation. Being in the world and not of it; being unworldly will still be the ideal of the pure-spirited. Yet there will be the reverse of this presented in the Son of Man who went about doing good and of whom it was said the common people heard him gladly.

"The church of the world will be the church that will disclose closer correspondence between the ideals it advances and the aims of mankind than has ever yet been discovered in human society. And that new order, without regard to race or creed, will include all who have fought and striven for the common ideals and been made to feel that religion is not divisive. They shall come from the north and south and east and west and sit at the feet of the expounders of the new faith and the new brotherhood and the new hope. And they shall find that the One who proclaimed Himself the way, the truth, and the life is the best exponent in practical terms of the ideals of mankind in a democratic society. The church will measure up, and the men who come from the fields of carnage will bring with them the purpose and the vision by which the church shall see more clearly than ever the wonderful meaning of the parable of the Good Samaritan. They shall know that each is neighbor to the other. Then shall the outflowering of the ideals in life and heavenly passion be found and the golden era of love and learning and uplift be

heralded. The temple of the House of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains of lofty human aim and enterprise and endeavor. And the nations shall flow upon it, and one shall say to his brother: 'Come thou with us and we will do thee good.'"

We doubt if this view is correct. Humanity is not as yet ready to be welded into one single Church with one common service, and we doubt if it ever will be. It is an incontrovertible fact that one man's meat is another's poison and the same holds good with respect to our spiritual fare. Each is differently constituted—mentally, morally, and spiritually, as well as physically. Hence we look upon the same things from different viewpoints. In the political field the differing factions are called Parties and each fights for supremacy in the firm belief that along the line of its particular creed lies the national salvation, the political and industrial Utopia. In the realm of religion the various great systems such as Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Judaism, etc., all have their sects each of which fights for national and international acceptance in the belief that its particular creed is the one sure road to eternal blessedness.

But God, Truth, or by whatever name we care to call the great all-embracing power which we all sense more or less keenly, may rather be likened to a mountain which is approached from all directions by a multitude of travelers who are all intent upon climbing it. As they see it from various angles, the mountain (God) appears different to each and the path (religion) he is taking seems the straightest and best. He thinks his view is unequalled and his path the surest. But that is while they are all in the lowlands. As they ascend the mountain they will see that there are many paths leading upwards and when they gain the top they will find that all the paths converge there in the one reality, GOD. Then they will also see that it does not so much matter what we believe as how hard we climb, and they will shout to those below, "Don't bother about the Baptists or Methodists Or Buddhist or Christian Scientists or Salvationists; their path is leading up here just as yours is. Don't spend your time in proselyting among the others. They are climbing just as you are. Call all your

missionaries home and attend to your own climbing. Devote all your energy to helping those that are on your own path and let the rest do the same. Then you will all make more progress and be better friends. By minding your own business and respecting the religious views of others, by giving them credit for sanity and sincerity where they differ with you and by speeding them onward in their chosen path with your blessing, you will help both yourselves and them to reach the Kingdom of God, which is the goal of all"

If the attitude of the Churches can thus be changed from mutual distrust to mutual appreciation and helpfulness, if the differences can be forgotten and the common aim kept in view, we shall soon see a revival of religious sentiment on such a scale that it will surpass the hopes of the most optimistic, for *it is not sectarian views of God that hinder the soul growth of man so much as it is the sectarian view of other sects.*

Our Daily Bread

By Myrtle Reed

Taken from *The Master of the Vineyard*
G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers

I HAD a strange dream which now seems significant. I thought I was in a great factory somewhere that was given over to the weaving of cloth. It was well equipped. There were innumerable orders waiting to be filled and there were plenty of people to work, but nothing was being done.

The floor was covered with rubbish. The windows were thick with dust and cobwebs. Where there were artificial lights they were flickering disagreeably because they were choked with dirt. The machinery creaked abominably and the air of the place was foul beyond description. Meanwhile orders accumulated but the people stood around and complained. Some of them were gathered in groups, arguing. Others sat on dusty benches, singly or by twos, with discontented, unhappy faces. Some were angry and others only hopeless, staring straight ahead with eyes that did not see.

It seems that no one was satisfied with his lot and each was eager to change with someone else who also wanted to change, but not with him. The women whose duty it was to scrub floors wanted to work at the looms, but those at the looms aspired to the big airy room where the bolts of cloth were measured and rolled up.

The men who had been told to wash windows wanted to make patterns; the man in charge of the ventilating apparatus wanted to work in the office; and the man who was in charge of the office, weary and jaded beyond all power of words to proclaim, wanted a place at the loom and a pay envelope every Saturday, instead of a commission upon his sales.

Those who were supposed to weave blue cloth with white dots upon it wanted to make white cloth with blue dots upon it, but it seemed there was no market for the white cloth with the blue dots and they could not be made to understand it.

The boy who attended to the door of the factory wanted to keep books in the office; the men who were supposed to work in the shipping room wanted to cut out the samples that were sent to different firms to order from; the girls who wrote letters and filed the correspondence wanted to draw designs for new patterns.

The man who did the designing was complaining of the headache and wanted to be door-keeper that he might have the pure, fresh air. The man who was supposed to oil the machinery wanted to wash the windows. He said it was a cleaner job; and the messengers were tired of going back and forth all day. They wanted to sit quietly and write letters.

Suddenly an imperious voice called out, "Each to his own work." They hesitated for a moment, then obeyed and presently everything was changed from confusion and disorder, resolving itself into perfect harmony, for each one was doing his own work and doing it well.

And as they worked, the spirit of Love came among them, and the workers began to sing at their tasks. Each one not only did his own work but helped his neighbor with his. They became eager to do all they could instead of as little as they might and still escape censure, and the face of each

one was shining with joy.

When I awoke, I was saying, "Each to his own work." For some time I did not know it was only a dream; but gradually the meaning of it all became clear. Did you ever stop to think that the Millennium could be brought about in less than one hour if each did his own work well and in a spirit of love? It is we ourselves who are out of harmony, not things as they are, and having once attained harmony, everything will become right.

There is a wonderful lesson in this little dream, which everyone may well take to heart. It is pitiful to see the unrest there is among humanity just because of this discontent and the desire to do someone else's work. Department stores and large corporations hire employees by the many thousand every year when the vacancies can only be numbered by the hundred, and the same unrest is felt in the shop where there is only one employee or where the only one is the owner of the business himself. He also thinks that it would be nicer to work at the work someone else is doing. Has it ever struck you that the way and the attitude in which one earns his daily bread is so much more important than the physical work he does to accomplish that object? We are placed here in life's great school in order that we may learn certain lessons, and if we are constantly running away from the experiences which are before us, how can we ever expect to achieve success?. If a boy started to learn the watchmaker's trade today and next week went over to a shoemaker shop to learn there, then to a paperhanger or any of the other trades, in succession, would he ever become a tradesman? It is similar in all other walks of life; we must devote our energies to mastering whatever we undertake before we can really be of use in the world's work, and this world's work, no matter how material it may seem, is really conducive to soul growth in one way or another, whether we see it or not; therefore we should try to cultivate the attitude of Paul: "In whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content" and to do our work each day to the very best of our ability, so that at night we may lie down with the feeling that we have done a good day's work well, instead of running away from the experiences that we should have met and faced.

Maria Mantellata

*The True Story of Padre Settimo's Last Day
of Life*

BLANCHE CROMARTIE

PART II

HOW often his heart had longed to do something for Mary—something real, something of true sacrifice, something far greater than setting up a vase of sweet pinks or a twinkling taper before her, and now—oh, unbelievable joy! his heavenly Lady had come to claim his service.

He leaped from his bed clad in the monastic habit in which he always slept and followed his celestial visitant. Round the cloisters and through divers passages in the precincts of the church they went, the Virgin, sailing stately on and apparently quite familiar with the way. Down some steps, under an archway and along a covered passage to the right Settimo followed her until they emerged at the Western portico, lofty, spacious and many pillared, recalling, in its classic style, the pagan temple that had once stood there to be finally dishonored, dismantled, and robbed to embellish a Christian fane.

This portico, partially sheltered on one side by the walls of a modern chapel projecting from the main body of the building, and completely defended from the easterly gales by the church itself, afforded a measure of protection which had long made it a night refuge for the homeless, just as today they sleep on the steps of the *Gesu* at Rome.

Oddly enough, the waifs who betook themselves to Lucina belonged entirely to one sex. Why it was or how it had come about no one could tell, nor has anyone satisfactorily accounted for it, but it was common knowledge that the destitute from the city who sought this harbor of refuge were without exception women and very many of them—mothers.

The marble steps were cold indeed and frosty breezes whistled round the tall Ionic columns, but still there was a roof over their heads and security against the east wind.

The majority of the melancholy crowd would be

off betimes but some would occasionally linger round the steps on a festival morning and be gladdened by an alms of the smallest copper coin; the church's protection to these poor outcasts ended with their toleration in the portico. It had never occurred to the paroco that these fugitive night birds were any concern of his.

If the priest's mind had not been so completely absorbed by the thought of the Blessed Lady he followed, he would have been conscious that the wind which whirled into the portico, howling round its pillars and under its coffered ceiling, was exceptionally cruel and piercing. Down from the snow-topped Apennines it swooped with a velocity too great for it to lose a single degree of biting intensity in its descent. Never had mountain blast bared a keener tooth, as it were a pack of wind-wolves launching themselves upon their prey.

The portico was crowded with women whose half-starved frames in their threadbare coverings were so many helpless victims for lithe ice-king's pack to batten on. The clouds drifting rapidly across the face of the moon allowed her beams to fall at intervals between the pillars, and by their light Settimo could see that the interior of the portico was dense with human forms, some sitting in huddled groups with arms around each other's necks, embracing one another for warmth; some lying extended upon the cheerless stones as if the finger of death had already been laid upon them; while others leaned against the great church doors and cowered into the least exposed corners, a privilege mutely yielded to them by the rest. These last were the mothers with young children in their arms or infants cuddled to their breasts. All these women were the poorest of the city, wreckage of man's avarice and lust, but their hearts were not so seared as to forget the sacred rights of motherhood; those without children interposed their nipped and shrunken bodies to screen the mothers from the wind.

The Blessed Lady neither spoke nor turned; with the same stately gliding motion, she mounted the broad steps leading to the portico and went in among the melancholy band assembled there. Up two steps the paroco followed her unwaver-

ingly: there he stopped. A moment before all had been plain and distinct; his Vision of the Virgin clear as sunlight; his call to follow her as clear; but now he was at a loss. Mary Virgin, ever carrying the heavenly child in her arms, had entered the portico and was lost to his gaze in the deep shadow, hidden by the group of women crowding round; for they all rose when she came and stood around her, gaunt and spectral in the moonbeams or vaguely divined in the black shadows of the columns.

Padre Settimo peered into the gloom, seeking his Blessed Lady but not discerning her; and standing there he noticed the freezing temper of the wind which blew through his coarse habit, and—I know not, perhaps some sweet quality of sympathy newly quickened within him made him understand something of the anguish and need of a mother and her child unhoused in such a season of frost. But it was still of his Lady that he thought, and his first idea was to get her back quickly into her accustomed place, enthroned within her shrine.

His thoughts ran swiftly and his wizened body ran swiftly too. Hurrying into his cell, snatching the big church keys from the nail where they hung; running back to the church (not by the way Maria Vergine had taken but by the vestry door and back through the black glooming space of the nave with only the glimmer of the lamps which hung before the Blessed Sacrament and in the chapel of our Lady to guide him), he sped on his errand of love. His bare feet pattered noiselessly over the marble pavement; the thick walls shut out every sound of the assailing winds; darkness, silence, mystery, shrouded all; but the paroco heeded none of these.

The great key turned in the lock and the heavy door swung back admitting a gust of wind. From the open portal the priest strained his eyes to discover the Blessed Mother and Child that he might escort them into shelter and safety. There indeed she stood, carrying the child Jesus, and he meekly held the door for her to pass in: to the others he had not cast a thought, his only object being to single out Mary and Jesus. But what was this! Every woman there was Mary—bedecked and crowned,

and every woman a mother carrying the heavenly child, and they all passed by him into the church, Mary and Jesus, Jesus and Mary, a stately company, till the last had gone in and the portico was deserted. Then Padre Settimo shut the door in the teeth of the gale and all were safe within; no wind-wolf could pierce the massive walls of Santa Maria Lucina.

Padre Settimo paused to rejoice in this consoling thought, but its consolation was fleeting; the gale was excluded, true enough, but what of the brooding cold in the unheated church where the marble floor and pillars seemed to breathe out the concentrated chill of all the winters that had passed over them since Juno or Lucina had been worshiped there.

Warm clothing was what the Blessed Babe and Mother needed now. The paroco had an inspiration. Flitting along the familiar aisles, he hurried back to the vestry, kindled a lantern from one of the altar lamps and then, fumbling with numbed fingers at the ponderous lock, he contrived to open the great chest, covered with bull's hide and studded with nails, which occupied a recess. Its lid when thrown back disclosed a pile of crimson hangings carefully folded, the joy and pride of Santa Maria Lucina, for on the great holy days the paroco and sacristan used to bring them out and suspend them from the capitals of the antique columns, eight on either side, which flanked the nave of the church. Long and wide they were, substantial too; relics of prosperous times. Padre Settimo laid the topmost over his arm and hastened back into the big church, now no longer dark and silent but bright with a strange starry radiance and thronged by noble persons—by many a Mary crowned and brave, and many a child Jesus with coronal gleaming from his baby brow.

Casting down his burden before the nearest of these glorified creatures, Padre Settimo fled back to the vestment chest to return as quickly as he might bearing another armful of hangings weighty as the little man could carry. Soon all the curtains had been distributed, and though there were but sixteen, they made ample covering for everyone harbored within the basilica. Once enveloped in

these warm folds, they all fell asleep, mothers and children.

Then a great awe fell upon him, a realization of their holiness and sanctity so deep and heartfelt that all he could do was to creep softly away and leave them—holy beings in a holy place.

Coughing, grumbling, and emitting many a pious substitute for a swear, Marzaccio dragged his ungainly form down the winding stairway of the turret where he had just rung the morning Angelus. It still wanted nearly two hours before sunrise but the moon at her full was shedding a pallid light. Save for her broad silver shield the sky was bare. The wind had fallen a point or two but its stinging keenness presaged snow; a bank of leaden-hued clouds on the horizon told the same tale.

The musical cadence of the bell sounded over the sleeping village, expanded over the surrounding country and died away in melodious echoes amid distant hills and valleys. Its summons was to watchfulness, purity, obedience, service; its message unjangled by the spirit in which it had been sounded by Marzaccio's unwilling palm. Marzaccio paid it no heed, but in crossing the vestry his eye was caught, his footstep arrested by something wholly unexpected and almost incredible, for the feeble light he carried chanced to fall on an object which startled him so violently that he nearly dropped his lantern. What he had glimpsed was nothing less than the lid of the vest-

ment chest gaping its widest, revealing an empty interior.

The precious crimson hangings, the pride of Marzaccio's heart and nigh the sole festal furnishing of which Santa Maria Lucina could boast—were gone. The coffer was bare. 'The horror-struck sacristan rushed from the vestry into the church holding the lantern above his head to discover if the thieves were there.

"Murder!" "Sacrilege!" "Thieves!"

His hoarse, discordant cry, caught up by attentive echoes, was wafted from pillar to pillar and from arch to arch it reverberated along the ceiling of the nave, and rising to the dome died away in weird mutterings and whisperings.

But these were not the only sounds that answered him. From the steps of the chapel altars; from the nooks of the confessionals; from many a niche and corner, there arose a murmur and a rustling; shadows stirred everywhere; and out of the brooding darkness took shape and arose—a mysterious company of sleepers; as if Marzaccio's voice had been the last trump summoning slumbering souls to rise and meet their doom.

Marzaccio's heart stood still; sweat broke into beads upon his forehead; his hair fairly bristled. Seized by deadly panic, he turned and fled headlong from the church, flinging down his lantern as he went.

(Continued next month)

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Question Department

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Celestial Visitors

Why is it that clairvoyants give such differing views and ideas of what they see in the invisible worlds that it is utterly impossible to reconcile their accounts?

Answer. This question has been thoroughly explained in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. It hinges to a considerable extent upon the fact that in the invisible world forms are so plastic that they can change their shape in the twinkling of an eye, thus giving the untrained seer an entirely wrong idea; hence, training is absolutely necessary to observation there as here, but you are mistaken in the idea that *all* disagree.

There are a considerable number of people who have developed the spiritual sight, or perhaps have acquired it involuntarily, but who nevertheless see things alike and thus corroborate one another's statements. We have, for instance, before us the review of a book written by a hospital nurse who has been present at many deathbeds and there observed exactly the same thing that we have written in our various books for the last ten years.

The book is called *The Ministry of Angels*, a term which the author applies to all who have passed beyond the veil and not only to the great Hierarchy next above humanity as the term is used in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*; but apart from that the book is full of experiences which have been duplicated by the writer in hundreds of thousands of instances. We may take a few instances from the resume of this book, given in *The Occult Review*, to show the similarity of the experiences of this lady with our teachings as set forth in the Rosicrucian literature.

When she was about eighteen years of age, a girl friend called Maggie was suddenly taken very ill

and died in her arms. Immediately after her heart had ceased to beat, she says, "I distinctly saw something in appearance like smoke or steam as it rises from a kettle in which water is boiling ascend from her body. The emanation rose only a little distance and there resolved itself into a form like that of my friend who had just died. His form, shadowy at first, gradually changed until it became well defined and clad in a pearly white cloud-like robe, beneath which the outlines of the figure were distinctly visible. The face was that of my friend, but glorified with no trace upon it of the spasm of pain which had seized her just before she died."

This is just as we have taught: At the moment of death, when the silver cord has been ruptured in the heart, the vital body rises out through the sutures in the skull and hovers a few feet above the body. Writing on the subject of deathbeds of the patients she nursed, she remarks that often, irrespective of the physical condition or frame of mind of the dying, just before the end came they would seem to recognize someone who was not of those at the bedside and who was unseen by them.

"I have seen," she says, "a woman who had been in a comatose state for hours, suddenly open her eyes with a look of glad surprise, stretch forth her hands as though to grasp invisible hands outstretched toward her, and then, with what seemed a sigh of relief, expire. I have seen a man who had been writhing in agony, suddenly grow calm, fasten his eyes with an expression of joyful recognition on what to those observing him was only vacancy and, uttering a name in tones of greeting, breathe his last breath.

"I recall the death of a woman who was the victim of that most dread disease, malignant cancer. Her sufferings were excruciating and she prayed

earnestly that death might speedily come to her, and in her agony suddenly her suffering appeared to cease, the expression of the face which a moment before had been distorted by pain changed to one of radiant joy, leaping upwards with a glad light in her eyes, she raised her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, mother dear, you have come to take me home, I am so glad," and in another moment her physical life had ceased.

At first the author was not able to see these invisible beings herself, but gradually she developed the spiritual sight, so that she actually did see those who came to meet the dying from the realms of spirit life and to welcome them into another state of existence.

"The first time I received the ocular proof," she says, "was at the death of L., a sweet girl of seventeen, who was a personal friend of mine. She was a victim of consumption, she suffered no pain, but the weariness that comes from extreme weakness and debility was heavy upon her and she yearned for rest.

"A short time before she expired I became aware that two spirit forms were standing by the bedside, one on either side of it. I did not notice them enter the room, they were standing by the bedside when they first became visible to me, but I could see them as distinctly as I could any of the human occupants of the room. In my own heart I have always called these bright beings from another world *angels*, and as such I shall hereafter speak of them. I recognized their faces as those of two girls who had been the closest friends of the girl who was dying. They had passed away a year before and were then about her own age.

"Just before they appeared, the dying girl exclaimed, '*It has grown suddenly dark, I cannot see anything*'; but she recognized them immediately, a smile beautiful to see lit up her face; she stretched forth her hands and in joyous tones exclaimed, 'Oh, you have come to take me away; I am glad, for I am very tired.'

"The two angels extended each a hand, one grasping the dying girl's right hand, the other her

left. Their faces were illumined by a smile more radiantly beautiful even than that of the face of the girl who was so soon to find the rest for which she longed. She did not speak again but for nearly a minute her hands remained outstretched, grasped by the hands of the angels, and she continued to gaze at them with the glad light in her eyes and the smile on her face. The angels seemed to relax their grasp of the girl's hands which then fell back on the bed, a sigh came from her lips such as one might give who resigns himself gladly to a much needed sleep, and in another moment she was what the world calls dead. But that sweet smile with which she at first recognized the angels was still stamped upon her features."

You will notice that in this last instance the dying girl speaks about the room growing dark, and these and many other facts are taught in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and elsewhere in our literature. So far as we know, nowhere else has such thorough and definite information been given concerning the passage of the spirit from the land of the living to the land of the living dead.

The author comments on the materialistic attitude of relatives and friends when brought face to face with the presence of death, and she frequently felt keenly the hopelessness of convincing them of the reality of what she herself was able to witness. In the above instance, the father of the girl was an entire skeptic and had convinced himself that there was no future life. His daughter's last words, the smile that lit up her face as she recognized the girl friends who had come to take her spirit away, he regarded as evidence of a disordered imagination. It was not, however, always so. In the case of a patient who was dying of pneumonia, his wife was seated by his bedside and he called her to draw her attention to their little boy who had died at the age of five or six years and who was waiting for him. "Look, how he smiles and holds out his hands to me," he exclaimed, "cannot you see him?" Though she could not see him like her husband she remarked afterwards, "I am very glad that he saw B. before he died. I shall now be able to think of them as always together and happy, and when I receive my own summons I

know they will both come for me.”

Eventually our hospital nurse gave up her hospital work and took up private nursing. On one occasion she accompanied a friend to the house of a lady who had been an invalid for many years and needed a nurse. It was her friend, however, who was engaged as the nurse. “When I met her, my heart went out to her at once,” says the author, “for in a moment there were revealed to me the depth and tenderness of her saintly soul, how I know not, I cannot explain it; this woman, I said to myself, is the friend I have long been seeking and the great hope came to me that I might win her friendship.”

The aspiration was not realized in this world, however, but was destined to receive satisfaction in one of those strange friendships in which one of the two friends is on this side of the veil and one on the other. “In course of time,” she writes, “quite a very little time after her death, she became more intimately my friend than any friend I had who belonged to this life. When she appeared to me it was not to vanish almost immediately but to stay with me and converse with me as plainly and naturally as could any human being. When she was with me I could see her as plainly as I could see any of the every-day objects of life, and she disclosed to me an individuality just as pronounced as that of any person possessed of strong characteristics who still dwelt on this earth.” By means of this lady whom she came to look upon as her guardian angel, she was taken in trance to visit many scenes and people in the other world and in particular describes her visits to what she terms the heavenly garden and her friend’s rest chamber there where she came to rest and meditate.

We may regard these descriptions as symbolic, but experience is none the less experience and sensation none the less sensation, though we thus describe it. Symbolism is in fact in many cases the means by which certain emotions are interpreted by our consciousness which would be unable to realize them in any other form. “My guardian angel,” our author writes, “led me through one of the entrances and I found myself in a spacious chamber filled with a subdued light and in which the various shades of color were blended in such

perfect harmony that it impressed one as some beautiful and soothing music made visible. The walls were hung with cloud-like draperies in which greens, pinks, crimsons and golds were blended so artistically that there was nowhere a jarring note of color, but the draperies were unlike any of earth’s fabrics. They were distinctly visible to me but they offered no resistance to my touch; it was like thrusting my hand into a cloud. In the chamber there were several couches that displayed the same soothing, harmonious coloring. Many plants and beautiful flowers were bestowed about the place. “This,” said my guardian angel, “is my rest chamber where I come to rest and meditate, and you shall come here and rest with me often.”

This region, the Summerland of the Spiritualists, with its houses and flowers, its garden of rest, has also been described in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and other places. Thus all along the line there is perfect agreement between this particular author and the present writer as to facts and observations regarding death and the invisible worlds.

Then we are told that she was taken thence by her friend to visit the toiling millions in some city of the earth to whose sufferings the dwellers in the heavenly garden went to minister. Here she visited a factory and observed that she and her companion passed through walls and partitions as they went from one department to another of the huge building, neither brick walls nor steel beams offering the slightest resistance to their bodies. “I often used to wonder,” she remarked, “how spirits entered houses and rooms in which no doors were opened, and how they left them when all exits were closed.” Now she appeared to understand what to us on earth are solid walls appear, when approached close by one in the spirit body, as though composed of something like fog, and to the passage of the spirit-body through them, they present just as little impediment as does fog to the passage of the physical body. Many things, she observes, that are insoluble mysteries to the human understanding, appear just as little mysteries to the spirit faculties as seem to us here the common things and experiences of everyday life. To find

one's progress here stopped by a brick wall occasions no surprise, and similarly it occasions no surprise to one in the spirit body to find that the brick wall presents no impediment. We come here to a problem of the fourth dimension which puzzles many in this world and on which this curious record which in part reads like a phantasy of fairyland, throws some strange sidelight. This also has been covered in a number of places throughout the Rosicrucian literature.

Another incident of a somewhat similar character, in the light it helps to throw on this strange mystery of interpenetrating planes, is given towards the close of this narrative. In one of her visits to celestial regions our author makes the acquaintance of a man she terms the mentor. The mentor gave her a bouquet of flowers which she desired to take with her to earth. "When I returned in my spirit body to my home," she says, "I placed them in a vase, but when next morning in my physical body I went to look at them I discovered that though I could see them as plainly as when the mentor had handed them to me, and could still smell their exquisite fragrance, they were not palpable to my touch, my hands passed through them as they would through a ray of light, and still they remained unbroken with not a single petal deranged: Save myself, no member of my household could see them or smell them." "The angels," she adds, and here is a very curious point, "who visit me in my house can handle them as we do earthly flowers, but the latter, of which I always have some in my house, they cannot handle; they see them just as I see them but they offer no resistance to their touch."

She asks in bewilderment, "which is the world of solid reality, and which of intangible appearances, our world or the spirit world?" These points have also been covered in the Rosicrucian literature, and we would refer our readers to the story called "Facing the Firing Squad", which appeared in the November, 1917, number of *Rays From the Rose Cross*, and gives a description of the last hours of a spy, how he meets death and after the

transition visits a sister. During the journey to his sister's home thousands of miles from the place where he met his death, it puzzled him that the air seemed to be peopled with spirit forms floating through the air just like himself and the Rosicrucian who accompanied him. At first he tried to avoid them but found it impossible. He braced himself for a collision, when to his surprise he found that these people floated right through him and his companion just as if they had no existence whatever. This filled him for the moment with consternation and bewilderment, until the Rosicrucian observing his dilemma laughed reassuringly and bade him not to mind, that was the custom in the land of the living dead, for there all forms are so plastic that they easily interpenetrate one another at times, and there is no danger whatever of losing one's identity.

Arrived at the home of his sister they found her seated in a comfortable living room and the spy impulsively rushed over to her and embraced her, only to find to his dismay that she was absolutely unaware of his presence and that *his hands instead of grasping her form went right through it*. Again he turned to the Rosicrucian and asked the question, what should he do to make himself felt, for this impalpability of a so-called solid body again nonplussed him. The directions were given and the method used by the living dead to attract attention of those in the physical worlds described.

And so there are a thousand and one points of agreement between a number of people who are capable of functioning both in the visible and the invisible worlds. Moreover, this war is greatly increasing the number of those who can perform this feat and eventually we shall all be able to do so, from the least to the greatest; it will be as normal a faculty as sight or hearing. Thus, gradually, we are becoming more and more acquainted with the invisible worlds and the points of agreement are already far in excess of the points of divergence; hence there should be no difficulty in accepting the stories from the unseen on that account.



The Astral Ray

* * * * *

Leap Year

DURING recent years the calendar has been the subject of a great deal of discussion, and bills have been introduced in various legislative bodies to reform it. The chief objections are that all of the months are not of the same length, that the days of the week do not fall on the same days of the month in successive years, and that all those holidays that occur at specific dates fall on all the days of the week in the course of a few years. This confusion arises from the fact that our present Gregorian Calendar is based on the motions of both the Sun and the Moon, there being thirteen lunar months but only twelve solar months in the ordinary calendar year. When we go back into history we find that the seven-day period which we know as the week was used in the distant past by the Brahmans of India. It is also found in the calendars of the Jews, the Egyptians, the Arabs and the Assyrians; and various systems of measurement were in use, based upon the motion of the moon, from new moon to new moon, an interval of about twenty-nine and a half days.

Why There Are Seven Days in the Week

It may be inquired why there are precisely seven days in the weekly period and if we wish to find the answer we must go back to the beginning of things as shown in the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, pages 410 and 411, where we read

that:

“The great creative Day of Manifestation is embodied in the names of the days of the week, for our week-days have been named after the evolutionary stages through which the virgin spirits pass in their pilgrimage through matter.

<i>Day</i>	<i>Corresponds to the</i>	<i>Is Ruled by</i>
Saturday	Saturn Period	Saturn
Sunday	Sun Period	The Sun
Monday	Moon Period	The Moon
Tuesday	First half of the Earth Period	Mars
Wednesday	Second half of the Earth Period	Mercury
Thursday	Jupiter Period	Jupiter
Friday	Venus Period	Venus

The Vulcan Period is the last Period of our scheme of evolution: The quintessence of all the preceding Periods is there extracted by the recapitulation of spiral after spiral. No new work is done until the very last Revolution on the very last Globe, and then only in the Seventh Epoch. Therefore, the Vulcan Period may be said to correspond to the week, which includes all of the seven days.

The claim of astrologers that the days of the week are ruled by the particular planet for which they are named is well-founded. The ancients were

also familiar with this occult knowledge, as is shown in their mythologies, in which the names of the gods are associated with the days of the week. Saturday is plainly "Saturn's day"; Sunday is correlated to the Sun, and Monday to the Moon. The Latins call Tuesday "Dies Martis," which obviously shows its connection with Mars, the god of war. The name "Tuesday" is derived from "Tirs-dag," "Tir," or "Tyr" being the name of the Norse god of war. "Wednesday" was "Wotensday," from Woten, also a Norse god; it is called "Dies Mercurii" by the Latins, showing its association with Mercury, as given in our list.

Thursday, or "Thorsdag," is named for "Thor," the Norse god of thunder, and is called "Dies Jovis" by the Latins, after the thunder gods "Jove" and "Jupiter."

Friday is named for the Norse goddess of beauty, "Freya," and for similar reasons, the Latins call it "Dies Veneris," or day of Venus.

The days of the week are thus named after the planets in the heavens of our solar system because these are the bodies of great planetary spirits who are at the present time directing the evolutionary process of humanity. This seven-day period cannot be changed or altered in any manner so long as these seven great Spirits Before the Throne hold sway. Had there been fewer, we would have had fewer days, and had there been more, the period would have been longer.

Furthermore, since the number three hundred and sixty-five, which constitutes the days in a year, is divisible only by five and seventy-three, it would be necessary to have five days in the week in order to have an even number of weeks in the year. Hence this is impossible.

Starting with the seven-day period, the next step in the scale of measurement is the lunar month, from new moon to new moon, an interval of about twenty-nine and a half days. But it was soon found by the nations of antiquity that this measurement was not accurate in determining the seasons, for by the use of this system the seasons did not fall in the same months. So in order to prevent their gradually making the round of the whole year, it became necessary to make an adjustment.

For this purpose the Jews and Greeks intercalat-

ed a month from time to time during the lunar cycle of nineteen years. Among the Romans these intercalations were in the hands of the pontiffs, who had sole charge of the calendar, and they sometimes used this power for the gratification of their friends. They lengthened or curtailed the year in order that a magistrate or farmer of the taxes might enjoy a longer or shorter lease of office than was permitted by law, and without regard to the unsettlement of the seasons.

Therefore, at the time when Julius Caesar became dictator, the Spring Festival occurred in the nominally summer months, and to clear away this confusion, he, with the help of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, undertook a reform of the calendar, about 46 B. C. This year he made to consist of four hundred and forty-five days and the succeeding years of three hundred and sixty-five days. He then was the first one to inaugurate leap-year in that it was decreed that every fourth year was to consist of three hundred and sixty-six days. He also changed the length of the months so that they have from twenty-eight to thirty-one days each, and in honor of himself he changed the month following June to July.

But the pontiffs again confused his methods by making every third year leap-year until the year now called 8 B. C., when three leap-years too many had been reckoned; therefore Augustus ordained that there should be no leap-year for twelve years, which, according to the Roman way of counting, would make leap-year occur in 4 A. D. At the same time Augustus gave his own name and added one day to the month following July. This one day he took from February.

But though the Julian calendar came nearer to being correct than previous attempts it was not quite accurate, and though it is minute, the annual error accumulated as the years rolled on until in the year 1582, Pope Gregory published a bull annulling 10 days, and in order that the same errors might not creep in again, he also ordained that three of the leap-years which occur in four hundred years should be considered common years, and selected the years to be reduced to common years as those which closed the centuries and are not divisible by four hundred. Thus 1600 was a leap-

year, 1700, 1800 and 1900 were common years and the year 2000 will be a leap-year, and so on.

This method of adjusting the days of the year is called the Gregorian calendar or the "new style" and has been adopted by all the civilized Western countries except Russia, Greece, and a few small states under the dominance of the Greek Church, which still hold on to the Julian Calendar, called now the "old style." At the present time we only allow the error to reach one day and then correct it with our leap-year. There is, however, still a very minute error, but this will not amount to a day until more than three thousand years have elapsed.

Thus we have broken away from the "moons" of which the Old Testament is so full and have fairly well reconciled the calendar with the varying motions of the Sun and Moon. But even with all our modernity, our feasts and holidays are often variable on account of the difference in the orbital speed of the Sun and Moon; notably is this the case with Easter which, for esoteric reasons, changes over a number of weeks, as outlined in our various articles on that subject in previous issues of this magazine. Therefore, as already said, there is dissatisfaction with this measurement of time, and attempts are being made to change it, as also stated.

The Proposed New Calendar

There are fifty-two weeks and one day in the ordinary year of three hundred and sixty-five days. One of the proposed changes is that there be first three months of four weeks each, then a week not belonging to any month, then another three months of four weeks each and another extra week, and the same repeated twice more. This makes in all twelve months of four weeks each, and four extra weeks. One day will remain to fill out the year. It has been suggested that Christmas be this day and that it be regarded as belonging neither to any month nor to the last extra week. In leap-years a second extra day would have to be added.

This system has some important advantages. If the first day of the first month were Monday, the first day of every month in the year would also be Monday. In fact, any date in the month would fall on the same week-day for all months and for all years; all holidays which occur on specific dates in the month would al-

ways fall on the same day of the week.

For example, the Fourth of July would always come on Thursday; the holidays would naturally be computed, so far as possible, into these four weeks and it will be noticed that a considerable number of those which we now have fall in or near them. If the system were adopted, its simplicity and uniformity would probably make men more efficient in business and other enterprises than they are now, for they would not be disturbed by so many interruptions.

The chief objection to the proposed change is that having the extra day at the end of the year, or two days as in the case of leap-years, which are supposed not to belong to any day of the week, the succession of the Sabbath every seventh day would be broken and, in the minds of a great many people, this would be a fatal objection to the proposal which is otherwise sensible and meets the demands of the world at the present time.

The Doctrine of Delineation in a Nutshell

STUDENTS of the Stellar Science will find the following Table very useful in delineating horoscopes, for though the planets confer many more characteristics than there mentioned, the following key-words give in a succinct manner the quintessence of the characteristics conferred by each planet, according to whether it is well or ill aspected.

When the student has mastered the meaning of the positions and aspects of the various planets as given in *The Message of the Stars* he may with the greatest of ease give a good delineation of the effect of each aspect by combining the key-words in this Table and elaborating upon them. For instance, if reading a horoscope where the Sun is trine Saturn, put down the description given in the table as follows:

"The vital, venturesome and authoritative Sun" trine "the deliberative, persevering, tactful, cautious, methodical, thoughtful and thrifty Saturn" (then elaborate) "will give John a tenacious hold on life and endow him with both courage and cau-

tion, so that while he may seem venturesome at times he will always carefully calculate the obstacles to be overcome and not attempt anything foolhardy, but accomplish his object when he has once decided to go ahead. He will be systematic, orderly and methodical, also persevering in whatever he undertakes after due deliberation and forethought; hence his efforts will generally be brought to a successful issue. In dealing with others he will be thoughtful and tactful, hence usually able to obtain his desires by diplomacy. On account of these qualities he will be generally successful in life and he will lay up a fair fortune, for Saturn is also the planet of acquisitiveness."

In a similar manner students may combine the key-words of all the other planets and aspects from this Table and elaborate on them as they can. This will enable them to give a good reading of any horoscope with a little practice. For further practical demonstration of this method students are advised to study the children's horoscopes in this magazine where the writer makes use of it every month. These horoscopes are a mine of instruction which no student desiring to perfect himself in the stellar science can afford to be without.

Table of Planetary Key-Words

- ☉ ✕ △ The vital, venturesome and authoritative Sun.
 - ♀ The lazy, ambitionless, and cowardly Sun.
- ♀ ✕ △ The harmonious, artistic, beautiful, lovely, and suave Venus.
 - ♀ The dissolute, sensual, vulgar, slothful, and lazy Venus.
- ☿ ✕ △ The quick-witted, versatile, eloquent, literary, and dexterous Mercury.
 - ♀ The restless, profane, gossipy, demagogic, dishonest, untruthful, and clumsy Mercury.
- ☾ ✕ △ The magnetic, imaginative, plastic, and changeable Moon.
 - ♀ The negative, dreamy, vacillating, visionary and worrisome Moon.
- ♄ ✕ △ The cautious, deliberate, methodical, persevering, thoughtful, tactful and thrifty Saturn.

- ♀ The malicious, materialistic, melancholy, pessimistic, obstructive and worrisome Saturn.
- ♃ ✕ △ The law-abiding, conservative, reverent, optimistic, opulent and benevolent Jupiter.
 - ♀ The bombastic, ostentatious, prodigal, indolent and lawless Jupiter.
- ♂ ✕ △ The enterprising, energetic, enthusiastic, and constructive Mars.
 - ♀ The egotistic, discordant, destructive, passionate, impulsive, and hot tempered Mars.
- ♅ ✕ △ The advanced, independent, original, liberty-loving and inventive Uranus.
 - ♀ The licentious, unconventional, fanatical and irrepressible Uranus.
- ♆ ✕ △ The occult, prophetic, inspirational, spiritual, devotional and musical Neptune.
 - ♀ The fraudulent, deceptive, dishonest, and mediumistic Neptune.

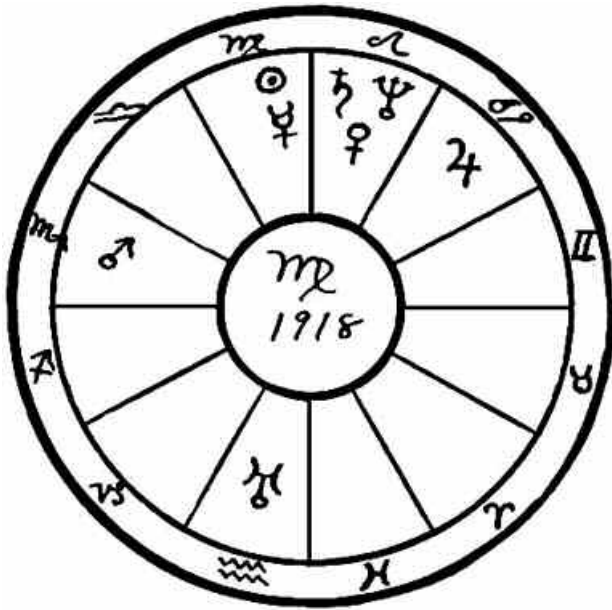
The Children of Virgo

Born August 24th to September 23rd, Inclusive

THE children of Virgo are usually endowed with a high order of intellect, a clear and logical mind, able to penetrate the secrets of nature by scientific studies of which they are very fond, provided Mercury the ruler is not too much afflicted, but they are also often cold and unsympathetic, critical and cruel in their judgment of others, particularly those who are subordinate to them and subject to their orders. They have a good memory and an equable disposition, are not easily aroused to anger, but when once stirred they are difficult to quiet and hold spite for a long time.

If Mercury, the ruler, is not afflicted, they learn with great facility. The study of languages is a special favorite with them, also hygiene and diet. These latter studies arouse them almost to fanaticism. Often they make this their vocation and life study with considerable success, as nurses, dieticians and hygienists. Virgo people also have a keen insight into investments and make fine bankers and brokers.

Usually Virgo people are best away from their kith and kin, for there comes at some time of life a period of listlessness and if they are babied by the sympathy of their friends there is grave danger that they may fall into the besetting sin of the Virgo character and become chronic invalids.



This year's children of Virgo will be more than usually bright, for the quick-witted, versatile, eloquent, literary and dexterous Mercury is exalted in Virgo, adding his rays to the Sun's rays and accentuating the influence of the Sun. These children will therefore be much inclined to scientific studies and mental activities, also to literature and language. They will be unusually eloquent in expression and dexterous to a degree.

The enthusiastic, energetic and enterprising Mars is now powerful in his own sign Scorpio in mundane trine to the optimistic, opulent, and philanthropic Jupiter, exalted in Cancer. This configuration will add vim, vigor, and vitality to this year's children of Virgo and tend to make them successful in life. In some of them the cruel and destructive strain engendered by the passionate,

destructive, and discordant rays of Mars, square Saturn, the planet of malice, melancholy, and pessimism, will rob life of much of its worth. The licentious, and unconventional, fanatic, Uranus in opposition to the slothful and sensual Venus, makes it important that parents should give them the most thorough instruction in the sanctity of the social structure and the sin of incontinence. Thus this tendency may be overcome in those who are fortunate enough to benefit by these predictions.

With respect to health, we find that the hot and inflammatory Mars in the sign Scorpio, which rules the generative and eliminative organs of the body, and square to Saturn, the planet of obstruction, in Leo, indicates that the heart and the before-mentioned organs are the weak points in the body. The heart will have a tendency to irregular motion, alternating between palpitation and stoppage, therefore these children should be carefully taught not to indulge in too strenuous games during the years of childhood when the organs are growing and gaining their strength. This will save them much trouble in later life, and minimize the evil effect of Saturn's rays in Leo. Mars in Scorpio and afflicted by Saturn's rays indicates for the girls difficulty in menstruation, varying according to the individual horoscope from a too copious flow to stoppage.

Therefore it is particularly necessary to give these children the proper instruction in sex hygiene, and prepare them so that should an unusual flow appear they may not in the beginning be unduly frightened but know whence and why this comes, also the proper measures to take to alleviate the condition. This position of Mars will bring to all of them, regardless of sex, some rectal trouble of an inflammatory nature, and it will therefore be the part of wisdom for them to abstain from eating heat-stimulating food, and condiments from childhood up. This method will probably eliminate a great deal of the trouble and suffering.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind
to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth
mens' minds about to religion.—Bacon