

He had forgotten that. She could *glide!* How in the Sam Hill could anyone *glide?* It just can't be done, except on skates—

"Oh yes, it can! You can do it yourself!"

"Me! Gee Whiz! how did you know what I was thinking of?"

"Why, I can tell from your 'aura',"

"My—which?"

"Aura. Your aura! Didn't you know you have an aura?"

"Never heard of it before. I got a medal for sharpshooting but they didn't give me any aura and I know I didn't bring one over with me."

She danced around in front of him as he walked, gliding, tripping and looking tantalizingly at him, first from one side and then from the other, and all the time laughing at him with that trilling, tinkling laugh of hers, so full of merriment and fun. She was laughing so that she could not speak for some moments. He did not understand what the joke was but it was evidently such a good one and she was so happy over it and she was so pretty that he reached out and took her hand and they danced along together, laughing, she at him and he at himself, for the joke he could not understand.

By Jove! He had forgotten!

By all the rules he ought to be worn out.

Since the big bombardment had commenced several days ago he had not known what it was not to be tired; yet there he was, dancing along with this pretty girl just as though he was as fresh as a daisy. Ah! he felt tired now, dreadfully tired, it just showed the force of mind over matter that he had forgotten his weariness for an instant in the joy of this new-found friend. He could hardly drag one foot after another.

She drew her hand away with that old, familiar expression of pretense at anger.

You're not tired, either! You just *think* you are. Now make up your mind that you're *not* tired!"

"I can't, girlie! I'm awfully tired. Why I haven't had any sleep for two nights, and tramping around in that mud and all—why—Marjorie, a fellow can't do that for three days and *not* be tired,"

"Now, Jimmie, don't you *know* you didn't feel at all tired at first, and when we were walking along and you were wondering how I came to be here

you were not tired at all because you were not thinking of it and now, just because you *think* you *ought* to be tired you go and *get* awfully tired. Let's sit down awhile."

"It's too damp here for you to be sitting on the ground, girlie, you'd catch your death of cold."

She laughed at him.

"No, I won't catch my death of cold. It's quite dry here. See how dry the ground is. Besides I *can't* catch my death of cold. There are reasons. That's what I came to tell you about, but I don't know how to begin, Jimmie."

He looked at the ground. It really was perfectly dry, just as she said.

"Well, let's sit down, then. But remember I've got to hurry back and report and so I can't stop but a minute or two. But what did you come to tell me about? And why can't you tell it? I never knew you to be unable to hold up your end of a conversation, Marjorie. What is it you want to tell me?"

"Oh, Jimmie! It's hard to tell you. You won't believe me."

"Yes, I will, Marjorie. I'll believe anything you say. But there are some mighty queer things happening this morning that I don't understand at all. Now, how did you come here?"

"Just as I told you. I was sent. But I *asked* to be sent because I wanted to help you. And now I don't know how to say it."

"Who sent you, Marjorie?"

"The Elder Brother. Oh, He is so kind and good to me."

"Who is this 'Elder Brother'—a doctor?"

She smiled, a little sadly, but very sweetly. "Do you remember what you thought first when I spoke to you and you looked around and saw who it was?"

"Yes, I remember what I thought—but, but, you don't know what I had been told."

"Oh, yes I do, for I was there when you were told and I saw you turn around and gulp something in your throat and I know you were told that I was—was—dead."

"Yes. That's just what I was told, and I believed it because everybody said it and they took me out and showed me the—the—grave and—and—"

"Yes, Jimmie, dear, I know all about it for I was

there and heard it all and I saw how you went out that night, way out into the country and into that old lane we used to walk in and how you cried and cried where you thought no one knew. Yes, I know all about it Jimmie, for I was there."

"You !—there!"

"Yes, Jimmie. My dear friend. My dear, *dear* friend. I was there and saw your grief and I put my arms around you and tried to comfort you. I was there, for it was true what they told you—it was *true*."

"You were—you are—?"

"Yes, dear friend. I was dead. There! I might as well say it." She smiled through the tears for she was frankly crying now.

"I might as well use the hateful word. It has to be used, though it is untrue-untrue, Jimmie. We never die. Neither you nor I are dead. No! My dear, dear friend, we are both more alive than we ever were before, for we are one step nearer the great Source of all life and love and I know that is true, for the Elder Brother told me and He is so great and so good and He knows everything, Jimmie, and He knows you and all about you and He loves you too, Jimmie, and I knew I *could* help you. And I have permission to tell you more than is told most of the soldiers because you are able to bear more than most of them can, and I know that you will believe what I tell you because it is what the Elder Brother has told me. And oh! Jimmie dear, it is nothing to worry about for now you will be able to do so much more work when you have learned about the war and the other things and about the Master."

She spoke now with almost a whisper and with awe making her beautiful face even more lovely than it had been.

"You will learn about the Master and how we can work for Him and maybe, maybe if you work hard for Him, Jimmie, some day you will see Him. I saw Him once," she added proudly, "I saw Him once, at a distance, but I think He looked at me and I felt so happy that I just danced and sang for a long time. But that was before they had let me do any of the war work that is going on here. They told me at first that the conditions were too terrible

for me to try to help until I got stronger, but since then they have let me help a little, especially with the children, and I do love to take the little ones when they first come over, so terrified and so frantic and to soothe them to sleep and to work with them until they realize that they are surrounded with love over on this side and not with that awful hate which has so filled poor Belgium. I feel so sorry for the poor little mites and I have helped that way a good deal lately."

Jimmie had not known what an aura was when the thing was mentioned but now he saw Marjorie surrounded with a glowing cloud, a radiating light of which she seemed unconscious, but of which she was the center, and it made her ten times more beautiful than she had been, and Jimmie shrank back a little, feeling unworthy to be so near one of God's own saints.

"Since I began that work I haven't danced much," Marjorie continued, "not near so much as I have today, for I am so glad to see you and be allowed to come and help you. It is the first time they have allowed me to meet any of the soldiers who have come over for it is a dangerous thing, sometimes, and it needs great strength and wisdom and I have neither, but have one thing that counts far more, far more." She turned away and whispered the words to herself and Jimmie was not sure but he thought the words were—"I have love."

"Oh Marjorie! Do you mean that I am—what we just now said?"

"Yes, you are, Jimmie; but don't let it worry you, for it is really an advantage. There are lots of reasons why it is a great thing to be here and I am going to tell you some of them, but you are lucky, for the Elder Brother is coming to meet you."

"I don't want to meet any Elder Brothers. I want to talk to you."

He reached out and took her hand.

"If I'm dead then you are too and so neither of us has any advantage and I'm sure you don't *look* dead a bit and I don't *feel* dead and I'll be darned if I can make heads or tails out of it."

(The second installment of this story will appear next month.)

The Religious Consciousness

BERNARD SEXTON

IT IS a common assumption among intellectuals that the religious consciousness has had its day and no longer serves a purpose in the evolution of the race. And this assumption is one of the causes of the wide and fatal chasm existing in the world of thought today, separating mankind into so-called believers and so-called unbelievers. The assumption itself is based on an error of observation which confuses religion with sectarianism, and assumes that the believing instinct is equivalent to superstition.

As a matter of fact the religious instinct is far more widely diffused even among intellectuals than is generally believed, and it is an instinct that survives both rationalism and superstition. It is one of the immemorial attitudes of the mind—it is a *certain way* of looking at the universe and, as such, it is to be judged by the success it achieves in making those who hold it fit for survival. And judged by such a standard, there seems no doubt of its efficacy—so that probably the “religious races” have had greater chances for survival than the “non-religious” races, if such there were.

And the reason that religion makes for survival is that it puts the believer at home in the universe. It makes the world “intelligible” to him. It offers a chart and a compass, and a goal to reach. It matters not that the rationalist protests that the chart is erroneous and that the compass is out of true and that the goal is not there. The probabilities are indeed that the evolution of the human race is taking place on such a gigantic scale that the religious goal may be ultimately the same as the scientific goal. At least, no one can fail to be impressed with the survival-value that religion has had for the Jew, for example.

Now, after centuries of experiment, we have learned to disassociate the religious instinct from what were formerly believed to be its inevitable concomitants—political power, dogmatic social creeds, and emotional ceremonial observances. Remove all these and Religion remains—an *attitude* towards the universe, the outcome of the indi-

vidual meditating on the whole that he sees.

Religion is widely suspected today because of the working of the law of association. The religious observances we remember are almost invariably associated with unpleasant elements of social inhibition. The surest way to make a child irreligious is to *send* him to church. Keep your child away from church if you would have him love your faith. After awhile he will want to know what goes on in the strange, ugly buildings that have spires and perhaps he will go in and be caught by the spirit of Man breathing out its deep desires in the solemn music of the old faith. And perhaps the archaic dogma will amuse him, for “they were formulated by childlike, simple men—who believed!

There exists a widespread belief that the religious consciousness can be destroyed by rationalism or built up and preserved by dogmatic preaching. This belief is not justified by the facts. Rationalism simply sweeps away the parasitic dogmas that thrive on the religious life. But always the religious feeling is a form of *life*. It can be changed in form, but not destroyed. And neither can its stature be added to by the evangelism of any particular creed. As far as the real religious consciousness goes, Isadora Duncan would be more effective than Billy Sunday. And her dances are certainly more “holy.” More *real* religion would grow in a community that her child-dancers had passed through than in the same community after the attentions of the “great evangelist.”

And this is so far the reason that all religions are inextricably interwoven with the instinct for beauty. A religion without beauty dies. Puritanism with its relatively clear rationalism has almost passed away from New England as a definite working religious force. And Catholicism with its roots deep in the mystery and beauty of art grows apace in the Puritan republics.

I am referring here to Catholicism *as a religion*, and not to the political or social attitudes of those who profess it. We know the fate that awaits the political church. There are those who dream that

our modern social passion—the most hopeful outcome of our civilization, will some day strike its roots deep down into the religious consciousness and that, drawing nourishment from that still undried reservoir of race force, it will become a

thing of undreamed-of beauty. Then the men of the Comrade-Kingdom will sing and carve and go on to victory, and will not suffer any longer that Beauty shall run like a winged Victory before the armies of the enemy.

A True Story

CORDELIA WILSON

IT IS Halloween and a beautiful, balmy night for this season of the year. The quiet stars look down upon a village, bright with lights, shining upon the mountain side. From one house perhaps more than from the others come the sounds of gaiety and light laughter. Here there is a Halloween party. The yellow light shines from the windows and young voices send their music outward to mingle with the soft murmuring of the pines.

Within, the youths and maids of the village are gathered and they, with the intensity peculiar to youth, are engaged in those tests and games identified the world over with Halloween. All are gathered in the center of the room watching one of their number trying to bite an apple suspended from the ceiling by a string. Among the band of boys and girls is one gayer, more exuberant than the rest. They call him "Philip" and as he stands with the lights of the hanging lamp falling upon his head, he is well worth a description.

Hair of intensest black covers the head and is thrown back with an abandon that seems characteristic of the lad. Eyes that almost match the hair sparkle beneath a white brow. The red cheeks and redder lips seem bursting with the blood that races through his veins. His body, though not tall, is strong, supple and vibrating with life. With his swelling muscles and overflowing life he is a magnificent type of physical vigor. Philip's fun, too, matches his physique, for it is boisterous and sometimes coarse.

The apple game is finished by one of the lads tearing the apple from its mooring, the young people are turning their attention to the last game of the evening. Each one is to take a tiny lighted taper

and go into a dark room and look in the mirror. There within its shadowy depths each one hopes to see his future mate. With much laughter and bantering several have already asked the vital question when the lot falls to Philip. He at first refuses for some unwonted reason, but finally after being unduly urged marches forth to his fate, half laughingly, half reluctantly. The door had closed upon him some time and the others were becoming impatient when it opened and there stood Philip with his black hair in disorder and a face of ghastly whiteness. "What is it?" "What did you see?" "Did you see a ghost?" came the questions from every side. Philip deliberately took his watch from his pocket and said: "It is after twelve. Let us go home." Though some of them were startled by his strange appearance, his matter-of-fact tone had its effect. The party broke up and all trooped homeward with subdued gaiety. Philip himself was so quiet that his mood affected the others. Thus the Halloween party passed into the realm of happy memories.

The village church bell was ringing for the morning service when Philip opened his eyes. He lay listening to his mother moving about in the next room getting ready for church. "Mother, come in here," called Philip, and there appeared in the doorway a little old woman in a black bonnet and cape, with a care-worn face and toil-worn hands. Her face lighted up as she saw Philip lying there in his beauty and strong young manhood. He was her last and only child. There had been others but they had passed into that shadowy land that lies beyond the gates of death. She and Phil live alone together and she thinks he is a good son for he gives her what money he does not spend upon his own

whims and pleasures, so by rigid economy she ekes out a living for the two of them. She knows there is much left to be desired, but she is sensible enough not to expect too much of youth.

Phil has made a place for her upon the bed beside him and as she sits down she takes his young hand in her two old wrinkled ones and says, "What is it, my son?" Phil is filled with diffidence and has some difficulty in starting his story, but at last the story of last night's frolic comes out.

"Mother, do you believe in dreams or visions? I had one last night when I went in that dark room to look in the mirror. I didn't want to go in at first and even after I had shut the door invisible hands seemed to be pushing me backward and a voice seemed to be shouting in my ear, "Don't look in that glass." But, mother, I looked. At first there was nothing, but in a moment a picture commenced to form, as it were, from the mists of the mirror. And mother, it was a picture of myself, dead and in the coffin. I had on my new black suit with a white rose in the button-hole. What can it mean, mother?" And he looked at her with eyes so full of trouble that her only thought was to comfort him and quiet his fears. "Nothing, my child, nothing. It must have been your imagination." And she looked at him in such a positive manner that Philip was half persuaded that she was right.

* * * *

As time passed on even the most careless observer noticed a difference in Philip. It was of course much more noticeable to his mother, his constant companion. The fire of animal spirits seemed to be dying out—at least it only came at times—and these times came farther and farther apart. The old-time sparkle of Philip's eyes changed and there came into their black depths at times a sweet expression that made them shine with a soft splendor that was indescribable. His attitude towards his mother changed, too. He had always loved her, but in a selfish, boyish way. Now he treated her with a loving consideration and gentleness that often brought the tears to her eyes. Phil had not always been a clean boy morally, but now those dark and pestiferous haunts where he had spent, alas! too much of his time, knew him no more.

At Christmas time the church installed a pipe organ—such a great event for a small town! Philip had always been passionately fond of music so he started going to church with his mother to hear the organ. Every Sunday found him in the pew beside her and sometimes there was a strange expression of listening on his face as if he heard fairy voices calling him. The strangest part of Phil's metamorphosis was that he was utterly unconscious of it himself. But if Philip was unconscious of the change in himself, he very soon noticed a change in his mother. Happiness was making her young again. The many wrinkles seemed smoothed away and to the old cheeks had come a pink tinge like the roses of youth. In her eyes was a deep satisfaction.

Near the end of the month of May Phil and his mother came home from church together. It was a touching and beautiful sight to see the happy old woman leaning on the arm of her beloved and loving son. After coming in the house they sat down opposite each other in front of the window where there was a white rose blooming. Phil leaned over and took her hand. "Mother, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Mother, I have been thinking a great deal of late." He looked at her with compelling directness, but with diffidence he added, "I wish I had my life to live over again. I would lead a cleaner life." His eyes caught hers and there followed a long mutual gaze of solemn sweetness and understanding. Passionate words of love and tenderness and praise rose to the mother's lips but she left them unsaid. She dreaded to dispel that beautiful unconsciousness which surrounded her son's reform with an unearthly charm.

Phil kissed his mother good-bye the next morning—an unusual thing for, him, as he was inclined to be reserved. In the evening the villagers brought home his dead body. He had been killed that day in an accident.

On June 1st the bells of the village church were ringing for Phil's funeral. At the head of the quiet aisle stood the coffin and over it bent Phil's mother, her heart filled with the black anguish which comes only to the aged mother when she lays away the child she had thought would outlive her by many years. No tears had come to relieve the overburdened heart. Her eyes traveled over the

familiar figure. They rested on the face, so young, so boyish, so beloved; on the black suit they had spoken of last October as new. At last they rested on the white rose that she had herself placed in his button-hole but a few moments before. With a fearful blinding shock came the remembrance of Phil's description of the picture in the mirror. The old woman clasped her gray head with her wrinkled, toil-worn hands in utter bewilderment. "What does it mean, what does it mean?" she cried. She stood a long time thus questioning—questioning her own heart. At last she saw dimly,

oh! so dimly, through the veil into that region where there is no such thing as time, and into her heart came a new faith. She saw that devout old Christian that she was—she had been allowed to brush the surface of a mighty mystery, to catch a glimpse of eternal design. "O Christ, care for my son!" was the prayer that fell from her lips as the tears fell from her eyes—tears of love for her son, tears of trust and love for her Maker, lastly, tears of renunciation. Doubtless those precious drops were gathered up by the angels and placed among the gems of Paradise.

Maria Mantellata

THE TRUE STORY OF PADRE SETTIMO'S LAST DAY ON EARTH

BY BLANCHE CROMARTIE

(Continued from the September Number)

PADRE SETTIMO had just finished his Mass; a Mass all to himself and the angels, for other worshipers there were none; neither sacristan nor acolyte. The paroco was accustomed to this, since devotion was at a low ebb in Lucina and it was not the first time that Marzaccio's attendance had failed when nights were cold and drear. The little priest moved about the altar as in a trance of beatitude; his mind occupied with the glory and wonder of the past night, not knowing if what he had seen had been real or whether his Blessed Lady had visited him in dream. He could not reason about it at all; he could not even think, but his heart made celestial melody. "O Maria Vergine!" he ejaculated, closing his eyes to better enjoy the rapture that pervaded his soul.

He was about descending the altar steps when the church doors were pushed open by quite a number of persons who stopped just within the entrance, talking angrily. This unwonted interruption brought the priest back to the world of hard facts, and he turned his face toward them in question and astonishment. Could it be a whole troop of belated worshipers where two or three would have been a wonder? Had something untoward happened in the village and were the peasants

coming to the church for refuge? What was the matter and why did they stand there sputtering? Men, and women came elbowing in more and more; all the village seemed to be there. Prominent in the threatening crowd Padre Settimo recognized Marzaccio, whose voice, vibrant with anger and resentment, had almost the intonations of some ferocious beast.

Shouting and gesticulating, Marzaccio, led the body of peasants to where the priest's unimposing figure, clad in chasuble and stole, stood before the steps of Our Lady's altar. As they came up the nave, Marzaccio paused no here, now there, calling his followers attention to the crimson hangings which lay scattered up and down the church, wherever the frightened women had dropped them when, roused by Marzaccio's shouts, they woke and fled.

The sacristan, even more panic-stricken than they, had rushed to the nearest neighbors and, livid with terror, incoherently imparted his terrible story.

The women and children, fortunately for them, had made no ceremony about their going. Life had taught them that men were ever ready to persecute and to pursue, and this morning, rude though their

awakening had been, their bodies throbbed with an unaccustomed sensation of health and vigor, which lent speed to their flying feet and, when beyond harm's way, they halted to take breath, their hearts beat with a warmth and confidence to which they had long been strangers.

The villagers summoned by Marzaccio had recognized them and had indeed started in pursuit, but seeing that there was small chance of overtaking them, they turned back to the church to find out what havoc had been committed.

Reassured as to the nature of these nocturnal visitors, no Satanic intrusion as he had feared, not even robbers, but *women*, females of the lowest kind—outcasts—Marzaccio regained much of his self-possession. His native shrewdness and cunning thereupon set to work divining how this occurrence might be turned to good account; good, that is as exemplifying his own righteous zeal on the one hand and, on the other, convicting the paroco of questionable dealings with women of disreputable character—and introducing them into the basilica by night. The prospect had already kindled his imagination and when he beheld the hangings strewn abroad, he felt convinced of Padre Settimo's guilt, for no hand but the paroco's could have unlocked the vestment chest, no hand but his have given out the festal drapings. Marzaccio's moment had come at last and he exulted in the role of discoverer and denouncer.

What might be the cause of this extraordinary uproar Padre Settimo had not the vaguest notion; he simply stood where he was, gazing into the dim spaciousness of the nave in the attempt to discover who were the invaders of the hallowed peace of Santa Maria and filled with wonder as to the cause of their tempestuous bearing. He saw Marzaccio lifting something from the ground and waving it angrily before the little mob as he hurled out denunciations which they answered by a volley of angry shouts. Then he saw the sacristan and his band sweeping across the basilica like some storm-driven cloud till within a few paces of him; as if in surprise and hesitancy they came to a sudden halt.

In the grayish light of a December morning, and of a few flickering candles, the priest could barely distinguish any of the people before him, and the

agitated cries of contempt, derision and indignation fell on his startled ear a confused jumble of imprecations at once unintelligible and fearful, as if some horrid nightmare had become audible.

Marzaccio's expectation had been that the paroco would have taken incontinently to his heels and his malignant anticipation was already picturing the delight of the pursuit. Padre Settimo in flight, with the enraged villagers hard upon his track hounding him ignominiously from Lucina.

But the blameless conscience of the paroco never allowed him to suppose for a moment that this hostile demonstration could be directed against himself, and he stood his ground tranquilly. The broken phrases he so far had caught had not helped to enlighten him as to the real state of affairs; shouts of "lewd priest," "hypocrite," and such like opprobrious terms, mingled with many coarse provincial expressions, rang through the Basilica, but he did not grasp their application.

Seeing him standing there so quiet, so unruffled, so wholly unafraid, nonplussed his would-be assailants, dampened their ardor and recalled them to some remembrance of the sanctity of the place. Vociferations subsided into mutterings and then followed a moment's silence broken by Padre Settimo's low thin voice enquiring: "My children, what is all this about?"

The first shadow of a doubt fell chillingly upon Marzaccio, whose mind foreboded a terrible disappointment. Was he to be balked of victory? Was it possible that the paroco could be innocent after all? For a moment he was brought to pause by the aura of purity which emanated from the priest's person, but he repelled its influence. He recoiled a step or two and then, recovering his confidence, planted himself in front of the paroco crying as he flourished the crimson drapery in the latter's face:

"It is finished with your hypocrisy, my fine paroco! It is you who have defiled these precious hangings; it is no use your denying it. You have been discovered at last. Could you find no other place than the church to meet your disreputable friends? Say, which of them did you wrap in this?"

He flicked the priest's astonished face with the corner of the curtain.

Padre Settimo clasped his hands: "O Maria

Vergine!”

Although confidence had returned to Marzaccio, that momentary doubt had been of service to him, stimulating his scheming mind and inspiring him to conceive an issue to this morning's work which would answer his purpose better than putting Padre Settimo to flight like a frightened hare. As a rule his brain worked slowly; *now* his state of excitement gave it unwonted activity. A better plan had occurred to him, one which would not only discredit Padre Settimo more effectively but have the additional advantage of bringing him—Marzaccio—into laudable prominence before the eyes of the powers ecclesiastical.

There are moments when hatred seems nearly as swift as love and nigh as fertile in resource.

The sacristan turned to address his followers, who had now formed a ring about the two principal actors in this strange scene.

“Men of Lucina!”

The villagers, to whom he had long been a person to be reckoned with, were ready enough to listen to him.

“Men of Lucina! This is not for the laity to deal with; it is a matter of sacred importance. You must do nothing to offend His Eminence. There are but two men of religion here at Lucina; one”—Marzaccio indicated the paroco by a vulgar gesture—“has disgraced himself as you know.” A fervent murmur of assent endorsed this. “The other is the sacristan, your friend here, Marzaccio. It is my place to act and I will lose no time. This very hour I will set out to acquaint His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop with what has befallen; *he* will know how to deal with the paroco.”

No suggestion could have been better pleasing to the people of Lucina, for dearly as they would have enjoyed maltreating the paroco, yet his office and some sense of the sanctity of the place restrained them and, in far higher degree, their wholesome dread of the Cardinal, in whose domains they were, and who was only too likely to evidence his displeasure by doubling the taxes he levied upon them on behalf of the Pope. Therefore, after some further gestures and coarse taunts, they submitted to the judgment of Marzaccio, at whose bidding they jostled the friendless paroco out of

the basilica into the cloisters, securing the door behind him.

Then Marzaccio, with their assistance, replaced the dishonored hangings in the chest and having obtained all the keys from Padre Settimo's ‘study,’ locked up the church, mounted an ass subserviently loaned him by one of the contadini and, encouraged by the shouts and cheers of the excited peasants, jogged off in the direction of the Archbishop's palace.

Padre Settimo was alone, a dazed, forlorn, pitiable sight, shivering in the deserted cloisters, gloomy at all times and doubly lugubrious on this biting morning, but a deeper gloom than theirs pervaded the poor paroco's heart. He was in that condition when the numbed reason refuses to work; when the numbed body is unconscious of its pain; when the heart alone wakes, thrills, agonizes in dumb endurance.

Mechanically, his feet followed the familiar way to the tiny cell which he called his ‘study’ or ‘parlor.’ Its whitewashed walls were unrelieved by any ornaments saving a grim crucifix against which leaned a withered palm branch; for furniture there was a chair, a stool and a scaldino; two or three books of devotion were contained in a niche. Turning to a cupboard, which broke the uniformity of the blank wall to the left of the crucifix, Padre Settimo pulled a knob as if to open it, upon which the cupboard door, attached by hinges at the bottom, fell outward from the wall so as to form a narrow table, the only one in the room. Sitting down he laid his face upon it and there remained silent and motionless, as if turned to stone, while all the ‘billows passed over his head.’ His brain was bereft of thought; his whole being, engulfed in speechless woe, whirled helplessly in a blind chaos of emotion, wherein time and all the manifold changes and chances of this mortal life were blotted out by a baffling impenetrable mist.

There he sat; his hands clasped above his head, as if to protect it from the blows of fate, till at length a voice from the outer world came to draw him out of the gulf of mute despair into which he had fallen, an abyss where the soul found no footing, where everything deemed most sacred seemed on an instant to have become false and frail, where

even his Blessed Lady had failed him—no celestial vision but some deceitful phantom of the night.

A voice from the outer world, yet, in a sense, a voice from the world beyond it was, which called the paroco from the deathly shades where his soul was straying; the note of the Angelus, borne from some distant tower, penetrated Padre Settimo's consciousness, arousing him from his stupor of woe, calling him back into relationship with concrete things. He had been like a swimmer—overpowered, become the sport of the waves, tossed from billow to billow, surf-belashed and spent; but at the accustomed sound of the bell, he returned to himself and to some remembrance of what had been happening. Automatically he made the holy sign and repeated the Ave, whereupon the mist cleared away still more from his mind and quite a definite idea occurred to him; he realized that it was the hour of noon and the turn of Santa Maria in Lucina to take up the angelic salutation and to pass it on to hills and dales more remote, whose belfries would repeat it in their turn.

He remembered too that Marzaccio had gone to the Cardinal and that there was no one to ring the bell; remembered too that the basilica was locked against him. Immediately upon this recollection came another; there was a little door on the side opposite to the vestry, and he felt sure that the sacristan had forgotten to lock it. Action followed prompt on thought; three minutes had barely passed when Padre Settimo's foot was on the turret stairs and his hands grasping the rope which depended from the bell.

An ancient bell it was, cast at a period when bell-founders were artists indeed, and occultists too. It had been sanctified and dedicated in those olden days to the honor of the Trinity and in the name of San Gabriele, and throughout the surrounding region, wherever its voice was heard, the bell was familiarly and affectionately known as 'Il piccolo Gabriele' (Little Gabriel). Around its base

in quaint characters ran a distich with this significance:

*Hearing me
The devils flee.*

Sweet and penetrating Gabriele's argent notes vibrated on the frosty air, speeding the angelic message far and wide; they rang in the paroco's ear like a benediction, and when he retired down the steps and through the vestry into the spaciousness of the basilica his countenance was completely changed; all its bewildered despair had vanished and been replaced by an expression of more than wonted serenity.

Straight to the shrine of Mary went the paroco. It was an unpretentious cabinet, little better in fact than a cupboard of solid oak secured by a massive old-fashioned lock. Search for the key only convinced him that along with the key of the great church, Marzaccio had carried off the key of Mary's shrine.

Characteristically enough, this discovery did not distress him; he had no feeling of resistance to distract him but in its stead only a spirit of humble acquiescence in the position in which he found himself.

It was not for him to resist evil, though no words can tell how in that moment he longed to gaze upon the cherished image which for so many years had been to him the symbol of all that was dearest and holiest in his life.

Returning to the vestry, he brought out all his store of tapers, set them up and lighted them before the shrine, and then kneeling before it, began reciting the rosary of the Virgin. As time passed, the great stillness of the place blending with the great tranquility he was experiencing lulled his senses to repose, and when at length Marzaccio, accompanied by the Cardinal's emissary, entered the church, he found the paroco sleeping like a child before the shrine.

(To be Continued)

Men are disturbed, not by things, but by
the principles or notions which they form
concerning those things. Death is not terrible.
The terror consists in our notions of death.

—Epictetus

Question Department

* * * * *

Rebirth and Sex

QUESTION: While Theosophy representing the wisdom of the East and the Rosicrucian Teachings, representing the wisdom of the West agree in many respects, there are certain points in which there is a difference between the teachings of these two schools of occultism. One of these points is their respective teachings concerning rebirth. Theosophy teaches that the interval between the earth lives of the average ego is about five thousand years while the Rosicrucians teach that the interval is about one thousand years.

With reference to the sex of the ego, the Rosicrucians teach that each male embodiment alternates with a female embodiment, while Theosophy teaches that the alternation of sex is not in individual lives but is by series; that is, that a series of male embodiments, seven in number, alternates with a series of female embodiments of equal number. Will you kindly explain the discrepancies above noted.

Answer: It is our invariable rule never to criticize or belittle the teachings of any other spiritual movement. Therefore we can only say that you are correct with respect to the teachings of the Rosicrucians that the ego is reborn twice during the time that it takes the Sun by precession to go through a sign of the zodiac. It is also taught that these embodiments are male and female alternately because the conditions on earth do not so appreciably change during one thousand years and the purpose is to give the ego all the lessons that can be drawn from experience on earth under each sign and these vary for the man and the woman. But if the ego is born once as a man and the next time as a woman under the same sign, it will learn practically all the lessons that can be extracted from the conditions existing on earth under such planetary

vibrations.

This is not at all hearsay, either. Each neophyte is given the proof shortly after initiation, for he is in the first place told to watch a certain ego which is passing out of the body. Then he continues to watch its life in the invisible worlds for a year or two and when an embodiment is found for it he is shown how the ego seeks a new embodiment and thus he knows the absolute truth of the doctrine of rebirth. It is obvious that it would be impossible for him to watch for a thousand years as he does not live that long in an earthly body himself, but he is always given for this demonstration an ego which passes out as a child and therefore seeks a quick re-embodiment.

When that lesson has been learned and he knows by first-hand knowledge that rebirth is a fact in nature, he is taught to watch the lives of certain people in the Memory of Nature so that he may gain an understanding of the various details connected with this matter. This, however, cannot be done until the initiate has learned to function in the Region of Concrete Thought, for the etheric record of the Memory of Nature does not reach sufficiently into the past to give the detailed information. Every initiate who has progressed sufficiently far knows these matters as well as he knows his name.

The law of rebirth is not a blind law. It is under the administration of four great beings of wonderful knowledge and power. They are called the Recording Angels in the Christian terminology, and where it is necessary to vary the interval in the case of a certain ego, the necessary modifications are made so that it may be a much longer or a much shorter time before certain spirits are reborn.

The teachings of the Rosicrucians with respect to sex, borne out by the investigations of the writer and a number of others of whom he knows, are that

the sex alters in each successive birth for the reasons already given. It has been published in the newspaper reports of lectures given by Mrs. Besant, and it is also generally stated among her followers, that she claims to have been Hypatia in ancient Alexandria, a woman. It is said that later she was born as Giordana Bruno in Rome and at the present time she is again in a feminine embodiment. This, if true, would bear out the teaching of the Rosicrucians rather than that of the faith which, as you say, claims that there are a series of seven masculine embodiments followed by a series of seven feminine lives.

MORPHINE AND THE POST-MORTEM CONSCIOUSNESS

Question: When a person who has been very ill for a long time and who, because of the severe suffering, is kept unconscious by morphine for many days, passes from earth life in that condition, does the released spirit become conscious when it leaves the body, or what is the condition compared to that of one who dies suddenly and in full possession of all his faculties?

Answer: The use of morphine and other narcotics in very small doses such as generally taken by the ordinary drug fiend has a deadening effect upon the nerves so that the spirit feels less sensitive in the body and more like the freed or released spirit which has left the physical vehicle. That is why, under such conditions, the mental faculties are better and the person feels such an ease of mind and body that it is like heaven itself until the reaction sets in, for at that time he begins to suffer the tortures of hell and consequently takes more in order to restore his previous sense of well being.

But when morphine is given in such great doses as you describe, that of itself would constitute a case of fatal poisoning, with a condition similar to that of a person who passes out while under an anesthetic. The writer has met a number of the latter but has never seen one who has passed out under the action of morphine. Therefore he cannot give you the direct information you want. But those people who have died while under an anesthetic were just as conscious as the ordinary human

being once the silver cord has been severed. They went through their life panorama in about the same way as the person who passes out ordinarily and had no different experience. Therefore we should say that the friend concerning whom you inquire has probably had no extra unpleasant experience on account of the morphine that was given him before his transition and the first feeling would be one of great relief that he had escaped from the suffering incident to the condition of severe illness which preceded death of the physical body. This feeling of relief is common to all who have suffered, no matter whether consciously or unconsciously. They are all exceedingly grateful that this is past and can scarcely realize that there is no sickness in the land of the living dead to which they go after leaving this world.

SLEEP-WALKING, ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Question: Please tell me what sleep-walking really is and if there is any way to help those who are subject to that condition.

Answer: The Rosicrucian Christianity Lecture No.4 deals with dreams, sleep, hypnotism, mediumship, and insanity. That is to say, the abnormal conditions of consciousness, and in that Lecture a very thorough explanation has been given of the various conditions, with the exception of sleep-walking which, however, resembles dreams in a great measure. We cannot give so full an explanation here, but suffice it to say that during the daytime the physical body, which we call man, is surrounded by an auric atmosphere composed of his finer vehicles, just as the yolk of an egg is surrounded by the white. But these finer vehicles interpenetrate the physical body and are the sources of power and sense perception. It is their activities which tire the physical body so that in the evening it, so to say, collapses and the finer vehicles draw out of it, leaving it helpless, sleeping upon the bed. When this *complete* separation has taken place, the sleep is dreamless. But sometimes the ego becomes so intent upon the things in the physical world that it is with great difficulty that it can tear itself loose from the physical vehicle. It may then be half in and half out of the body. Thus

the normal connection between the ego and the brain is wrenched, but not fully ruptured. Under these circumstances the ego sees the things going on in the invisible worlds which it confuses with the things of the physical world and this accounts for those phantastic and foolish dreams which we sometimes have. Under such a condition the body may toss about on the bed; it may even speak and gesticulate, and from that condition it is only a step to sleep-walking where the ego compels the vehicle to leave the bed and wander about, sometimes aimlessly, but at other times with a definite purpose in view.

If we remember that when the ego is outside its physical vehicle during the hours when that is left sleeping on the bed, the spirit moves with equal facility through the window or the wall as it does through the open door, and when we realize that it cannot be burned by fire nor drowned by water or fall from a house-top, we can readily realize that, being unconscious of the fact that its physical vehicle is with it, it may attempt to go out of a window, and should that window be open, the physical body naturally drops to the ground and is hurt more or less according to the distance of its fall. We can all walk a very narrow plank when it is close to the ground but if the same plank is lifted up only a few feet a sense of fear comes over us, and we would probably fall off a very wide plank were it placed hundreds of feet from the earth. But when the body

is manipulated by the spirit from without, it is itself unconscious and therefore fearless. Consequently it walks with impunity wherever it can get a foothold and the only danger is that the sleeper may awake; that is to say, that the ego may draw into its vehicle and assume the normal position. Then the fear will almost inevitably cause him to fall from whatever perilous position he may be in and, in consequence, there is an injury of more or less seriousness.

As to the remedy for this trouble we would suggest the practice of conscious relaxation of the body. It is the desire body which keeps a grip on the dense vehicle and during relaxation this desire body is taught to let go and leave the dense body inert, so that if an arm or a limb is lifted it drops immediately to the bed. This practice will in time stop sleep-walking, but in the meantime, if wet towels are placed on the floor, it will probably have the effect of awakening the person the moment he steps out of bed, for the higher vehicles are of a nature somewhat akin to electricity and we know that water has a wonderful drawing effect with respect to the electric current. Similarly, when the feet of the body contact the wet towels on the floor, the finer vehicles are drawn into the central position with respect to the body and consciousness is restored. Thus the body is awakened and the danger of sleep-walking is averted for the time being.

Astrology by Correspondence

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion, and we teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but use to help and heal suffering humanity.

HOW TO APPLY FOR ADMISSION

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will, *upon request*, receive an application blank from the General Secretary of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is returned properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

THE COST OF THE COURSES

There are no fixed fees; no esoteric instruction is ever put in the balance against coin. At the same time it cannot be given "*free*," "*for nothing*," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery, and postage also cost money, and *unless you pay your part someone else must pay for you*.



The Astral Ray

* * * * *

Planetary Polarities

WHEN we study magnetism we are dealing with an invisible force; and ordinarily we can at best state the way it manifests in the physical world, as is the case whenever we deal with any force. The physical world is the world of effects; the causes are hidden from our sight, though they are nearer than hands or feet. Force is all about us, invisible and only seen by the effects it produces.

If we take a dish of water, for illustration, and allow it to freeze, we shall see a myriad of ice crystals, beautiful geometrical figures. These show the lines along which the water congealed and these lines are lines of force which were present before the water congealed; but they were invisible until the proper conditions were furnished them and they became manifest.

In the same way there are lines of force going between the two poles of a magnet; they are neither seen nor felt until we bring iron or iron filings into the place where they are, then they will manifest by arranging the filings in an orderly pattern. By making the proper conditions, we may cause any of the nature forces to show its effects, moving our street cars, carrying messages with lightning speed over thousands of miles, etc., but the *force* itself is ever invisible. We know that magnetism travels always at right angles to the electric current with which it manifests; we know the difference between the manifestations of the electric and the magnetic current, so dependent upon one another,

but we have never seen either; though they are about the most valuable servants we have today.

Magnetism may be divided into 'mineral' and 'animal' magnetism, though in reality they are one; but the former has very little influence upon animal tissue, while the latter is generally impotent in working with minerals.

The mineral magnetism is derived directly from 'lodestones, which are used to magnetize iron, and this process gives to the metal thus treated the property of attracting iron. This kind of magnet is very little used, however, as its magnetism becomes depleted, is too weak in proportion to its bulk, and principally because the magnetic force cannot be controlled in such a so-called 'permanent' magnet.

The 'electro-magnet' is also a 'mineral' magnet. It is simply a piece of iron wound around with many turns of electric wire; the strength of the magnet varies as the number of turns of wire and the strength of the electric current that is passed through it.

Electricity is all about us in a diffused state, of no use for industrial purposes until it is *compressed* and forced through electric wires by powerful *electro-magnets*; We must have *magnetism* in the *first* place before we can get any electricity. Before a new electric generator is started the 'fields,' which are nothing but electro-magnets, must be magnetized. If that is not done they may turn it till the crack of doom, at any rate of speed they please, and it will never light a single lamp or

move a grain of weight; all depends upon the magnetism being there *first*. After this magnetism is once started it will leave a little behind when the generator is shut down, and this so-called 'residual magnetism' will be the nucleus of force to be built up each time the generators started afresh.

All bodies of plant, animal, and man are but transformed 'mineral.' They have all come from the mineral kingdom in the first place, and chemical analysis of the plant, animal, and human bodies brings out that fact beyond cavil. Moreover, we know that plants get their sustenance from the mineral soil, and both animal and man are eating 'mineral' when they consume plants as food; even when man eats the animals he is nevertheless eating mineral compounds, and therefore he gets with his food both the mineral substances and the magnetic force which they contain.

This force we see manifesting as "Haemoglobin," or the red coloring matter in the blood, which attracts the life-giving oxygen when it comes into contact with it in the millions of minute capillaries of the lungs, parting with it as readily when it passes through the capillaries, which all over the body connect the arteries with the veins. Why is this?

To understand this, we must acquaint ourselves a little closer with the way magnetism manifests as seen in industrial uses.

There are always two fields or a multiple of two fields in a generator or motor, every alternate, 'field' or magnet being 'north-pole' and every other alternate is 'south-pole. If we wish to run two or more generators 'in multiple' and force electricity into the same wire, the first requisite is that the magnetic current in the field-magnets should run *in the same direction*.

If that were not the case, they would not run together; they would generate currents going in OPPOSITE directions, blowing their fuses. That would be because the poles in one generator, which should have attracted, repelled, and vice versa. The remedy is to change the ends of the wire which magnetizes the fields; then the magnetic current in one generator will become like the current of the other, and both will run smoothly together.

Similar conditions prevail in magnetic healing; a

certain vibratory pitch and magnetic polarity was infused into each of us when the stellar forces surged through our bodies and gave us our planetary baptism at the moment when we drew our first complete breath. This is modified during our pilgrimage of life, but in the main the initial impulse remains undisturbed, and therefore the horoscope at birth retains the most vital power in life to determine our sympathies and antipathies, as well as all other matters. Nay more, its pronouncements are more reliable than our conscious likes and dislikes.

Sometimes we may meet and learn to like a person, although we have a feeling that he has an inimical influence on us for which we cannot account, and therefore strive to put aside, but a comparison of his horoscope with our own will reveal the reason and if we are wise, we heed its warning, or as surely as the circling stars move in their orbits around the Sun we will live to regret our disregard of this handwriting on the wall.

But there are also many cases when we do not sense the antipathy between ourselves and a certain person, though the horoscope reveals it, and if we see the signs when comparing the two horoscopes, we may feel inclined to trust our feelings rather than the stellar script of the horoscopes. That also will in time lead to trouble, for the planetary polarity is certain to manifest in time unless both parties are sufficiently evolved to rule their stars in a large measure.

Such people are few and far between at our present stage of evolution. Therefore we shall do well if we use our knowledge of the stellar script to compare our horoscopes with those at least who come intimately into our lives. This may save both them and us much misery and heartache. We would advise this course particularly with regard to a healer and his patients, and with reference to a prospective marriage partner.

When anyone is ill, resistance is at the lowest ebb, and on that account he is then least able to withstand outside influences. So the vibrations of the healer have practically unrestrained effect, and even though he may be ensouled by the noblest of altruistic motives, desiring to pour out his very life for the benefit of the patient, if their stars were adverse at birth, his vibratory pitch and magnetism

are bound to have an inimical effect upon the patient. Therefore it is of prime necessity that any healer should have a knowledge of Astrology and the law of compatibility, whether he belongs to those who admittedly heal by magnetism and the laying on of hands, or to the regular schools of physicians, for they also infuse their vibrations into the patient's aura and help or hinder according to the agreement of their planetary polarity with that of the patient.

What has been said with regard to the healer applies with tenfold force to the nurse for he or she is with the patient practically all the time and their contact is so much more intimate.

For healer, nurse, and patient, compatibility is determined by the rising sign, Saturn, and the Sixth House. If their rising signs agree in nature so that all have fiery signs rising, or all have earthy, airy, or watery signs rising, they are harmonious, but if the patient has a watery sign rising, a nurse or a doctor with fiery signs will have a very detrimental effect.

It is also necessary to see that Saturn in the horoscope of the nurse or healer is not placed in any of the degrees of the zodiac within the patient's Sixth House.

With respect to marriage, the planetary polarity is shown principally by a consideration of the feminine Moon and Venus in a man's horoscope, for they describe his attractions towards the opposite sex, and in a woman's horoscope the masculine Sun and Mars have a similar significance. If these planets are harmoniously configured and the signs on the cusps of the Seventh Houses of the prospective partners agree, harmony will prevail, especially if the Sun, Venus, or Jupiter of one person is placed in the Seventh House of the other. But if the planets mentioned afflict one another, or the Seventh Houses of the parties are out of harmony, or if Saturn, Mars, Uranus or Neptune of one is in a degree included in the Seventh House of the other, it is the handwriting on the wall which indicates that the planetary polarity is inharmonious and that sorrow is in store for them if they allow their evanescent emotions to draw them together in a bond of unhappiness, for it is easy to change the field wires on two electric generators so that their polarities will agree, but it is extremely difficult to reverse the planetary polarity of one person to make it agree with that received by another at his planetary baptism.

Progressing the Horoscope

By N. B. Goodrich

The most practical and interesting phase of the absolute science of Astrology is the progressed horoscope. Here is shown in general terms each year's experiences of the individual in this physical life. No student can say what anyone will do under these aspects; he only sees the indications, for as is often said, "the stars incline, but do not compel."

In these progressed charts are found the time when an illness of years may pass and the person may again take an active part in this world's affairs. Here may be noted the success of the long-struggling inventor, and there where another may turn from cant and bubbles to seeking realities. More and more does this science fill one with wonder and amazement in its exact denotations. However, one may state most emphatically that

only the student who takes up the study of Astrology with some degree of veneration seems to make any great advancement, because it is a spiritual science and as such cannot be desecrated with impunity.

Before progressing a chart for a future year, always rectify it by dates of events which may be given. As the degree of the rising sign changes every four minutes, unless the minute of birth is first determined it might make a difference of a year or more in an important event. For instance, suppose in a chart the progressed Mars was going to a square of the radical Ascendant, indicating an accident (natal horoscope denoting accidents). Suppose Mars was moving less than forty minutes a year; if the natal horoscope was half an hour incorrect, the student might miss this primary

direction by some years.

When asking an instructor how to rectify horoscopes, the writer was assured it is an art in itself. It is, truly; but the only way to learn is to get at it; no matter how blundering, for by those blunders one can work out a fine system which, by the way, is excellent training in learning how to judge future events.

To find the minute of birth, the student should first cast the natal horoscope for the time given; then progress it to the time of any of the data given as guides to rectification. Taking the configuration, he looks for indication of the nature of the event he is endeavoring to prove. Suppose it is a date of marriage; we first look to the primary directions. Here we may note if the progressed Mid-heaven is within about a degree of conjunction with the radical Venus, or a similar configuration prevails. For the secondary, there might be seen the progressed Moon perhaps in almost an exact trine to the radical Moon. If we turned to an ephemeris for that year, we might see the ruling planet transiting some benefic on that date. Such testimonies would prove the time as given right; perhaps within a few minutes. Making the correction in the natal time so this direction is exact, the student may progress the chart to the dates of the other events given and strike an average for the true time of birth.

All marriages are not denoted by a progressed M. C. conjunction radical Venus; or trine radical Moon ; or the progressed Sun conjunction radical Venus. As there are many ways of expressing any action, so does Astrology diversely indicate similar events, but it shows or describes the event exactly as pertaining to each individual.

Astrology makes one think, and if the student, having the right attitude, is in earnest, he seems to be advanced in it as fast as he can assimilate the knowledge. There are many little points, and if one knows them the work of rectification may be greatly facilitated. For instance, when the writer was rectifying a chart recently, the time given showed the person to have the last decan of Capricorn rising. This described his personality very well, except that he is slightly deaf. Sagittarius was on the cusp of the Twelfth House and Mercury was in

the Eleventh House, being in square to Mars. Referring to page 67 of *The Message of the Stars*, one reads that if Mercury be in the Twelfth House and afflicted, deafness is denoted. Recasting the horoscope for fifteen minutes later placed Mercury in the Twelfth, showing the above affliction. Only one further slight change in time was necessary to prove the minute of birth. Thus are numerous aids given the student.

Having rectified the horoscope, one proceeds to progress it to the present year, figuring each planetary position: its declination, and the declination of the M. C., Ascendant and cusp of the Sixth House. Regarding the latter, it may be observed that the parallel declination of the progressed sixth House to the same declination of radical Mars or Saturn may be the only configuration showing a serious illness. The writer recalls a progressed chart of a man who was ill for two months. The only aspect was the progressed Sixth House in exact parallel with radical Mars, the lunar direction relating more to his business; besides, a secondary alone would not indicate a long sickness.

Having placed the planets in the chart for the progressed birthday, on the reverse side of the sheet place the twelve months, beginning with the adjusted calculation date, and opposite to it the monthly longitude of the Moon, as : Aug 17, Moon 8 :37 Virgo; below this, Sept. 17, Moon 9 :42, etc. Place all lunar aspects in the month of their culmination, writing after them their exact longitude, as: Pg. Moon trine Rd. Uranus (8 :52) . One will thus be able to see at a glance what part of the month a lunar direction culminates. Next calculate and place on the sheet all primary directions in force. First note any aspects of the progressed Sun to the position of natal or progressed planets, the M. C., and Asc. Next figure the mutual directions; then note important transits, and if any New Moon forms an exact configuration.

After the tabulation, the student takes up the general reading of the year's events of the person. It may be mentioned that only that which may be shown in the radix will affect the native by progressed position. If a planet is not a significator its progressed aspects will have small importance; if a malefic is an afflicter in the radix it will be in like

significance by transit, by lunar and primary direction. Likewise if a planet be in benefic ray it will bring its sunshine.

First then, the primary directions are studied carefully, heeding any counterbalancing aspects. Next take up the secondary, including the position of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars transiting the radix. The secondary usually give the fuller reading, but they most always assume the nature of the important primary; although there may occur both desirable and undesirable experiences at the same time.

The advanced chart is read in connection with the natal one, excepting aspects pertaining to the former alone. In determining an event indicated, the significator is studied. It will have somewhat dissimilar meaning in different horoscopes. Its position by House, Sign, and Rulership must be given thoughtful attention. For instance, suppose in a man's chart Mars, ruler of the Second House, is in the Eighth House, there being no planet in the Second House; then aspects to the radical Mars would largely relate to the man's finances. Suppose Mars, ruler of the Third House, were in the Eighth House, no planet in the Third House; then an aspect of the Moon in the Third House trine radical Mars would likely indicate a short trip. Suppose Mars to be in the Sixth House, then malefic aspects thereto might denote some fever or inflammatory disease, temporary or otherwise, according to primary or secondary direction. In one figure a long period of intestinal illness was shown by the progressed Ascendant (Virgo) coming into opposition with radical Saturn, the latter being ruler of the House of sickness.

While text-books on this science are very helpful, the student must gradually learn to think out these problems. Astrology is like that excellent

game of golf, in which it is impossible to reach perfection. So in Astrology there does not seem to be any limit to the knowledge one may obtain from its study.

Regarding the time of an event: Primary indications last in effect from a month to over a year, according to the aspect under consideration, and the relative significance of the planets in the radix. Thus several secondary directions may bring out a number of desirable conditions under a benefic primary.

To ascertain the date of some special event, note that it may occur on the date of the lunar culmination, or several days before or after this date; however, it is usually shown by an agreeing transit or New Moon, which is in exact aspect, thus pointing even to the part of the day the event may happen.

While holding that everyone should study this science, one realizes from looking at some horoscopes that it would be extremely difficult work for many people to reach proficiency. However, if only one member of a family would take up its study in earnest, innumerable benefits would be shown them, especially if that member, is a parent. The latter could see the various needs of guidance as might be best for the child—mentally, physically, and spiritually. The parent would not try to coerce his son to enter the same profession or business as that of the father, but would glean from the son's horoscope what his real talents are, the things to overcome, and the general nature of his work in this world.

The older student can be of great assistance to his friends. By personal demonstration to them, superstition may be allayed and the viewpoint of life broadened, showing the divinity seemingly hidden, but ever moving in its marvelous order, system and harmony.

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