

the one who sought to offer comfort was himself dead, the situation began to assume something of the comical. Jimmie smiled a little. Things were too serious to laugh about, yet there was the element of humor, and that very fact of itself struck him as funny for humor and the life after death had seemed to him, before this, as being as far apart as the poles. No one had ever connected the two together to his knowledge. The sergeant, however, was very grave.

"So it's come at last," he said, partly to himself and partly to Jimmie. "It's come at last and it's not nearly anything like I thought it would be. "Say!" he looked at Jimmie. "You have been over here for three days now and you ought to be feeling at home kinda by this time; where are they?"

"Where are which?"

"Why heaven, though I guess us fellers wouldn't go there, just at first anyhow, but where's all the things the parsons talk about, hell and the devils an' the other things? This is just like where we were before an' I don't see much difference except that yap Milvane couldn't hear me when I spoke to him, but what does a feller do here? Do we go an' hunt for a harp to play on or do we go on fightin' or what? 'Spose a lot of German ghosts come along, what. are we to do?"

"Darned if I know," said Jimmie to whom the idea was new.

"Well, I don't know what we can do but I bet I can lick any blankety blank German ghost that ever lived."

Jimmie felt a peculiar sensation. He had never been a profane boy and his worst expletive had usually been the mild word "darn." Stronger than this he seldom spoke, but now that the sergeant used a few words of what the majority of the company would not have classed as swearing, that is as *real genuine* swearing, Jimmie felt a sensation almost akin to pain. It was a combined feeling, not physical pain and yet much like it, much more than mere repugnance to what he formerly would not even have noticed.

He remembered the Elder Brother's request and wondered if the hour were up and if it was whether he ought to take this friend of his into the some-

what austere presence of that strange man. His doubts were solved for him by the sudden appearance from nowhere of a laughing little child who came dancing up to him, singing in a semi-chant as children often do:

"Come along, Jimmie, the Elder Brother wants you."

Jimmie turned to the sergeant who was attempting to interfere with a soldier busily engaged in removing the ammunition belt from the sergeant's discarded body.

"Come on sergeant, Mr. Campion wants to see us."

"T 'ell with yer friend. Look at this guttersnipe here trying to rob me of all my cartridges, an' he knows blame well I got all my tobacco in one of them pockets an' I'm responsible fer that belt. Drop it, gol darn you!" This last was addressed to the soldier at whom and through whom the sergeant swung a right hand blow that would, under former circumstances, have almost felled an ox, but the soldier paid no attention to it. The sergeant was inarticulate with rage.

Jimmie had to stop a minute to get the situation clear in his own mind, and then with a laugh, he interposed between the fuming sergeant and the unconcerned robber who was not a robber at all but merely obeying his orders.

"Come out of it, sergeant! You're dead! Get me? You're dead! You can't hurt that guy. Come along with me. You're dead!"

The sergeant stepped back a pace, looked at Jimmie with a puzzled expression on his face for a moment and scratched his head.

"Danged if I aint," he said thoughtfully, "I forgot that."

"Sure," Jimmie smiled at him, "and what good would your tobacco do you anyhow? You can't smoke now."

The sergeant stopped short and straightened with a jerk, looking at Jimmie, his eyes growing wide with horror.

"Aint that hell?"

Again Jimmie felt that painful feeling surge over him at the sergeant's words and again he doubted the advisability of taking this profane soldier,

brave and honorable man though he knew him to be, before the Elder Brother, who was, as Jimmie had 'sized him up,' something of the nature of a 'Gospel Sharp' or 'Sky Pilot.' The army seldom used the word *minister* and Jimmie had fallen into the army vernacular. What would this friend of Marjorie's think if sergeant Strew should forget himself and casually utter an expletive?

Again the little child with the smiling face danced before his eyes and repeated the message. "Come along, Jimmie, the Elder Brother wants you."

This time Jimmie determined to obey.

"Come along, sergeant, it's orders that I've got to bring you with me."

The sergeant came along, pensively, muttering to himself something about tobacco and the utter uselessness of any locality or state of being where the solacing weed could not be smoked. Nevertheless, he followed, in a preoccupied manner, climbing out of the ditch after Jimmie and then nervously looking around as though just remembering that the sight of him might excite Fritz into starting a bombardment.

"Don't worry," Jimmie said, noticing the sergeant's apprehension, "Fritz can't see you and if he could he couldn't hurt you. You're just as dead as you can get."

"That's right, I never thought of that. I aint got used to the idea of being dead yet."

He drew his hand across his forehead wearily, then gave a gasp of dismay as he felt the hole in his head and took his hand away covered with blood. He felt, gingerly, of the place where the sniper had drilled him. "Say, I better go an' get this fixed up. This is a bad place to get hit. I might have got—it's a wonder it didn't—"

He stopped short and looked at Jimmie wistfully. The wound had evidently startled him in a way, for the fact was, that in spite of the evidence, he had not yet realized that he was dead. Often it takes a long time to realize a thing which we know and admit readily as a mere statement of fact, and while the sergeant knew that he was dead, yet he had not realized it nor had he learned to coordinate his thought with what he knew to be the truth, and the old impulse to get a wound 'fixed up' before

any complications could set in was too strong to be shaken off.

Jimmie did not know and so could not explain to the sergeant that the blood with which his hand was covered was merely the result of his own firmly fixed idea that there ought to be blood where such a large wound was. Subconsciously the sergeant felt that if he were dead and a ghost then it would follow that a ghost could not bleed. Yet he was bleeding for was not his hand covered with blood? So, partly by conscious and partly by subconscious methods he reached the point where he doubted whether he were really dead or not. Theories were thrown to the winds. The wound was a practical and compelling fact.

"Say, Jimmie, I've got to go an' get this fixed up. I'll come an' see your friend some other time. I gotta go before this gets worse."

It was, indeed, a ghastly wound, not only where the bullet had entered the forehead, but much more so where it had come out at the back of the head for there the wound was much larger: Jimmie realized the necessity of getting it 'fixed up' but then the thought flashed across his mind—*where?*

Grand, merciful and devoted as the Red Cross was there was yet no hospital he knew of where a man who could not be seen could be treated for a deadly wound of which he had already died.

"Where you goin' to sergeant?" he asked, "where do you think you can get that thing fixed up? Don't you know that's what killed you?"

"Don't they have no hospitals over here," demanded the sergeant, "when they get hurt?"

"They don't get hurt."

"The dickens they don't! I'm hurt, aint I? If I don't get this fixed up somehow I'm liable to—to—"

"To what, sergeant? Come to life again?"

"Darn you, Jimmie. This thing hurts like the dickens. It's a wonder you wouldn't flag a stretcher-bearer or an ambulance or somethin' instead of standin' there grinnin' like a durn fool. Of course they have ambulances over here. Naturally they would."

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

Some Women of Ancient Egypt

AGNES COOK

(From *South African Women in Council*)

IT has been said that the true lover of old forgotten things is a spectator of splendid pageants, a ministrant of strange rites, a witness to vast tragedies. He also has admittance to the magical kingdom, to which is added the freedom of the City of Remembrance.

It is in this spirit that I propose to open one of the Gates of the City of Remembrance by recalling some of the characteristics and the atmosphere in which they played such notable parts—of those great Queens of Egypt, whose achievements are written in stone and delineated on papyrus, never to be entirely obliterated while the world lasts—although, indeed, as has been the case for thousands of years, the sands of the desert may again overlay the records.

The Egyptians have a saying that he who has once drunk of the water of the Nile thirsts for it again, and although in the case of some of us long centuries have elapsed since that happy day when with cupped palm we stooped to drink, while we may not in our physical body slake that thirst, we can and do travel quickly and well in the mental state.

Such a journey I propose, and were we suddenly to drop down in the Khaf Khaluf Bazaar at Cairo, we should find the same forms of bargaining going on as took place in Abraham's time. A friend who wanted an amber mouthpiece for a pipe once had to go through the very dialogue which passed between Ephron and Abraham. He objected to the price. "Nay, then," replied the modern Hittite, "take it—I give it thee." At last the price was agreed upon, and he took the money.

The East, overrun by tourists, is yet changeless in its salient aspects. Indeed, one of the Arab proverbs warns us: "Meddle not with those who are given to change." A typical saying.

But we are now going to study for a little the characters and achievements of three notable Queens who lived long before Moses, and the latest of whom was playing a brilliant part at a bril-

liant Court more than a thousand years before Cleopatra—the Siren of the Nile. We shall not include her because we have Shakespeare's masterpiece to consult, or as an alternative, the play by G. Bernard Shaw.

The first lady who appears on the stone pages of Egyptian history is *Nitocris*, who has the unique distinction of being a woman who built a Pyramid. Naturally this fact is a matter of dispute today among archeologists, but Manetho (who wrote a history of Egypt in Greek 300 B. c.) avers that the third Pyramid, known as 'the Supreme,' was built by her. He describes her as the noblest and most beautiful woman of her age, fair in colour.

Our story of Cinderella has its foundation in the love tale of Nitocris.

She was a maiden of lowly birth, and one day while bathing in the river an eagle swooped down and bore away one of her sandals. Far away, at the Capital (Memphis, at that time) a prince was dispensing justice in the open air, surrounded by his court, when an eagle began circling around him, and dropped a tiny sandal in his lap. You can fill in for yourselves what happened in those romantic days. A search was made for the maiden to whom such a dainty sandal could belong, for the Prince swore to marry her.

Fortunately, when found, she turned out to be beautiful, and not unwilling, and the marriage was celebrated.

The old King died soon after, and Menkaura succeeded. Thus, the country girl Nitocris became a great Queen.

I am sorry to be unable to tell you that Nitocris lived happy ever after, for as usually happened in such cases, the mesalliance led to intrigues at the Court, and her husband and brother were cruelly murdered.

She, however, had many more years of life, during which she found time to build the third Pyramid, which is inscribed with her husband's name, Menkaura (also her own throne name). It

may have been intended as a memorial by her, for no trace of a body was found in the beautiful blue sarcophagus of this pyramid, and the sarcophagus itself is at the bottom of the sea, the vessel which was bringing it to Europe being wrecked.

Nitocris was a woman of heroic character, and avenged her husband's death in a unique way. She constructed a magnificent subterranean building, and, on its completion, invited the aristocracy to a banquet at the opening ceremony, When the feasting was at its height, gaiety and music resounding, she silently withdrew and opened the sluice of a concealed canal, and then locked the doors. Facing her audience she told them what she had done, and we can imagine the whitening faces of those hereditary lords of Egypt and her own husband's enemies! as the rushing of the waters pronounced their doom and hers.

One can imagine that round her pyramid many stories have been woven, and indeed the hieroglyphics tell "that there was a spirit appointed to serve it, which parted not from it." It was also guarded by a Small image of eagle stone (from the enchanted city of the Black Eagle, now engulfed in the sands of the Sahara). On the base of the sandstone a statue drew towards it the awestruck intruder till he stuck to it so that he could not move, and finally men mad or died.

The Arabs say that this pyramid is haunted by the form of a woman of extreme beauty. With an enchanting smile she draws men to her, and when they are distracted with love, laughs at them, so that their senses leave them, and they become mad with grief. Divers persons have seen her walking about the pyramid at noon and sunset. Poor *Nitocris*! An awful fate, if it be indeed she, which I'm inclined to doubt, because the description does not tally with that loving, faithful heart, or with the heroism necessary to fulfill her vengeance, wicked though it seems to us. That she was possessed, too, of considerable occult power is evident from her being able to invoke a guardian for her pyramid.

Although the period at which *Nitocris* lived is variously estimated as being between 4,000 and 3,000 years before Christ, or nearly 6,000 years ago, it was one of inexhaustible fertility and unparalleled achievement. In architecture their tireless

genius had created the column and originated the colonnade. In government they elaborated an enlightened state, with a body of wise laws, and they were the first men whose ethical intuition made happiness in the future life dependent upon character. They had serviceable sea-going ships which explored unknown waters, or pushed commercial enterprises far up the Nile into Africa, and it was the ancestors and contemporaries of *Nitocris* who evolved the most profound and wonderful scheme of religion ever presented to man in their Book of the Dead, and its embodiment in stone, the Pyramid of Light.

We make obeisance to these grand and spacious days!

* * *

And now you must imagine that at least 2,000 to 3,000 years have elapsed between the life story of *Nitocris* and *Queen Hatasu*, concerning whom much more definite information is available, for if *Nitocris* built a pyramid, *Hatasu* has left an exquisite temple, in which are recorded the main incidents of her life, from birth, indelibly on its walls, in colors almost as fresh today as when they were painted nearly 3,000 years ago—1500 B. C.

You will observe that the staging of Egyptian history implies *entr'actes* of immense periods.

Hatasu was a very similar character to our own Queen Elizabeth—nay, let us say a mixture of Elizabeth and that Sphinx-like personality, the late Dowager Empress of China, with a dash of Queen Victoria.

Hatasu came to the throne on account of being the sole survivor of the royal line, and although the feeling in Egypt was against being ruled by women, the Legitimate Party forced her father, Thutmose I to proclaim her his successor in the middle of his reign.

From that moment she dominated three reigns—her father's, her husband's, Thutmose II and her nephew's, Thutmose III. She was practically regent, although publicly only the honor "great or royal wife" was granted her. But her innate power so asserted itself that the word "majesty" was put into a feminine form, and the conventions of the Court completely altered to suit the rule of a woman.

Not only was Hatasu the builder of a beautiful temple against the western cliff of Thebes, but nine great obelisks and other handsome ornaments are attributed to her.

On the walls of her temple at Der el Bahari we have a series of reliefs. We see her expedition to the Kingdom of Punt described in fullest detail. There is the departure of the fleet of five vessels. Its arrival at the city; Prince Aty and his very portly wife and buxom daughter coming on board to welcome the expedition. Then there are pictures of the vessels being loaded with myrrh-trees, baboons, monkeys, a giraffe, panther, several panther skins, and some large vessels of cosmetics and eye-ointment. Hatasu was very coquettish, and divided the sweet-smelling unguents between the services of the temple and her own charming self. On the wall she is depicted as a little lady, with a long, straight nose, thick lips, and an expression rather determined than agreeable. Her husband, Thutmose II, has a weak and poor-spirited countenance, decidedly an accomplished performer on the 2nd violin.

Hatasu is best remembered by her achievements in architecture—her expeditions; her attention to military training, although she was no believer in war, and opposed and stopped all campaigns during her reign; and her development of the arts of peace, particularly mining industries of Syria which, left a beneficent mark on her country for many a long year. She died when her nephew, Thutmose III, was about 25 years old; and he—so long repressed by his clever aunt—revenged himself by erasing her name everywhere, even going so far as to hack out her figure from her own temple. Round her obelisks he built masonry to hide her name and the record of her erection of them. In one case, at least, this masonry has fallen down, exposing the gigantic shaft to proclaim to the modern world her greatness, while her temple will live for countless centuries and perpetuate the memory of a great Queen.

We must not be too hard on him.

That long nose and well-developed chin must have been trying to live with, and he doubtless suffered eclipse from her brilliance. After her death the military instincts of his race asserted them-

selves, and he became a great warrior, organizing no less than sixteen campaigns. He left several obelisks also, nine of which are in Europe and America, including the one misnamed Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment.

He was really a great king, who launched his armies upon Asia with one hand, and with the other crushed the extortionate tax-gatherer, a man of tireless energy, unknown in any Pharaoh before or since. Some exquisite vases, designed in a moment of leisure, stand to his credit.

Vale Hatasu and Thutmose!

* * *

We must now assume that a hundred years have passed, bringing us to about 1400 B. C., and the reign of Amenothos III, the Magnificent. And thereby hangs another love tale, which placed a maiden, not of royal birth, upon the proud throne of the Pharaohs.

This is the story of Queen Thii:

It would appear that her father and mother occupied some sort of official position at the Court. The father, whose face (his mummy is very well preserved) bears remarkable resemblance to Popo Leo XIII, was probably a priest, her mother was of Syrian birth, and no doubt imparted to her little daughter the beginnings of that great religious revolution from polytheism to monotheism which her husband, in turn, inaugurated in Egypt.

Amenothos, as a prince, fell in love and married Thii, but although as was usual with the Pharaohs, he contracted other alliances with princesses of his own rank, he never ceased to care for his original sweetheart, and never rested till she was acknowledged as the Queen. Her bust shows her to be North Syrian in type. Never before had a Queen been so freely represented on all the King's monuments, nor possessed such a series of titles.

Her figure stands beside the legs of the two great Colossi at Memnon, and there are huge statues of herself and her husband in the Cairo Museum.

She seems to have had a prominent mouth and an enormous chin, which will explain why it is that there is absolutely no trace of the King's other wives among the records.

Queen Thii relegated them all to the background almost before their marriage ceremonies were

over.

The splendor and gaiety of the Court over which Queen Thii presided reminds one of *Arabian Nights*. It was an age similar to that of Louis XV, of France, and in the palace we see reflected the spirit of the age. Elegant chateaux and luxurious villas with charming gardens grouped about vast temples. The wealth and captive labor of Asia and Nubia were rapidly transmuted into noble architecture, and at Thebes a new and fundamental chapter in the history of architecture was daily written.

The elements of our basilica and cathedral are noticed now, while the colonnade is very much in evidence to give Greece her inspiration. The palace must have been very beautiful. Our museums are filled with objects of the most delicate beauty—vessels in gold and silver, exquisitely engraved, crystal goblets, glass vases, and grey porcelain vessels inlaid with pale blue adorned their feasts. The pavements were painted and walls ornamented with blue glazed tiles, whose rich colour shone through elaborate designs in gold leaf.

Queen Thii had her own exclusive quarters laid out—a present from her husband, which included an excavated lake, on which festival fantasias were held. Her orchestra included a harp as tall as a man, with 20 strings, a lyre, lute, and double pipes.

Her barge was called *Aton Gleams*. She also possessed a temple in which she was worshiped as a goddess.

After her husband's death she lived a great deal with her son, *Aknaton*, formerly Amenotes IV, in the beautiful town of Aton (Tell el Amarna), and Queen Thii, who ruled her husband, also ruled and influenced her gifted son, who has been described as the first individual in human history, because of the courage of his convictions, which enabled him to break away from the established cult of Amon to the worship of the Supreme Being, under the symbol of the Solar Disk. His first name, Amenotes, means *Peace of Amon*; his later name, Aknaton, *Glory of Aton* (the Solar Disk). There is little doubt that this great revolution in religion was directly due to the influence of Queen Thii.

One of the gems of the world's literature, *The*

Hymn to the sun, was left by Aknaton. It is similar in composition to the 104th Psalm, composed in the atmosphere of a grand, rich civilization such as the world has not since seen.

Craftsmanship attained a high level in those days. Beautiful cedar doors of vast size, weighing some tons, were overlaid with sheets of bronze, and quaintly damascened in precious metals. In sculpture and relief the artists of Queen Thii's reign were masters. We find across 35 centuries a maturity in the contemplation of life which is unmatched anywhere.

Some years ago a family of mummies were discovered lying peacefully at rest surrounded by funerary equipment. It was the father and mother of Queen Thii, and, that she looked after her parents from her high estate, is evident from the magnificent objects found in their tomb.

Armchairs, decorated chests, beds, jewelled sandals, statuettes, cushions, etc., a collection which fills one room at the Museum at Cairo.

Later, the tomb of the Queen herself was found. It had been undisturbed for more than 3,000 years. When the entrance was forced, a wonderful sight presented itself, a treasure of *Arabian Nights*.

Gold on the ground, on the walls, urns overflowing with coins, plaques, vases and furniture. But on looking more closely, the coffin, which at first sight appeared to be of gold, inlaid with enamel and precious stones, turned out to be of wood, overlaid with gold leaf. The paste had evaporated, and the moment they came into contact with the outer air, the decorations, coming away in layers, crumbled into dust before the eyes of the artist who was copying them, and the fairyland disappeared.

So passes the glory of this world. This, I think, provides a fitting close to our brief hour with this great woman of antiquity. Life is a miracle which we all share, but where are the modern women who will leave behind them such miracles of art as did Nitocris, Builder of the Supreme Pyramid, Hatasu, the Temple Builder, or Queen Thii, whose achievement was greater than either, in the conversion of an alien race to her own creed, by the influence she wielded through husband and son. And so good-bye Egypt, the land that has a spell. Wonderful, beautiful Egypt."

Maria Mantellata

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

BY BLANCHE CROMARTIE

(Concluded)

THE mandate of the Cardinal Archbishop was brief and plain, conveying two definite orders. First: Padre Settimo was to set forth immediately without escort for His Eminence's palace. Second: Marzaccio and all the inhabitants were to repair to their houses at once and there abide until Padre Settimo had departed, nor were they to follow nor molest him in any way.

Marzaccio's eyes gleamed with suppressed malevolence as the dry authoritative voice of the Cardinal's messenger proclaimed the contents of his master's missive. The crowd, which would have exulted in priest-baiting, slunk away. Even Marzaccio himself, daunted at the thought of the Cardinal, vented his spite only in sanctimonious lamentations.

The Cardinal's representative imperiously ordered the peasants to their homes, and though curiosity made them long to stay and see the end of it, prudence carried the day. So obedient was their behavior that by the time Padre Settimo, attired in hat and cloak, came into the street, he found it completely deserted.

Neither ass nor mule had been offered him; the wind was rising again and it had begun to snow. No urchin was there to fling a stone, not even a dog barked after him; the Cardinal's men, haughty and unbending, remained on the portico steps for a few minutes, then they turned away to find refreshment and accommodation as their orders were to spend the night at Lucina.

The little priest got on quickly at first for the road, winding precipitously downward from Lucina, presented no difficulty, being narrow and hemmed in by rocky sides which afforded shelter and admitted no straying from the path. It was quite otherwise when, after some fifteen minutes of rapid descent, it debouched upon an open country over whose bleak expanse it led in a westerly direction to the feudal castle on the outskirts of the

city which was the Cardinal Archbishop's hereditary palace.

Here the snow flakes became thicker and faster, whirling dizzily, bewildering the eye and brain. Padre Settimo tapped his stick on the ground in an attempt to discover the path but all indications of the track were obliterated and before he had gone fifty paces he had completely lost his bearings. Guidance by ordinary means wholly failing, all he could do was to commend himself to the Virgin and walk on, so uttering his unvaried *Maria Vergine*, he struck out into the trackless space, walking without hesitation, seeming mysteriously to divine the course he should take.

He may have proceeded in this way for an hour or more when the exaltation of spirit which had so far sustained him began to flag; the body, faint for want of food and exhausted by conflicting emotions, began to assert its claims; his pace slackened, his steps began wavering; the icy wind blew through cloak and habit, piercing to the very bones.

He reached at length a piece of rising ground and here he respired with increasing difficulty; his heart beat irregularly and with painful violence; the snow flakes swarmed in his face like angry bees, and he gasped agonizingly for breath.

All at once, not through any advertisement of eye or ear but through an inward consciousness, he became aware that he was no longer a solitary traveler. Someone else was there walking close beside him—overtaking him. Side by side the priest and his unseen companion went forward over the snow-clad waste. Neither spoke.

Peering through the shifting whiteness, the paroco managed to get some impression of the stranger's appearance, tall and erect, unimpeded by the roughness of the footing, facing the wind with head unbowed. With the consciousness of companionship a gentle glow of warmth crept into the priest's shivering body; his pinched lips parted

with that habitual word of praise and prayer: "Maria Vergine."

Then came a brief lull in the gale, a momentary abatement of the falling flakes, enabling him to take a good look at the person who had so strangely overtaken him. What he saw was a woman, muffled apparently in a long shawl and carrying something enveloped in its folds. What her burden was he guessed at once, and a second look made him sure; the woman was not alone but held in her arms a child.

Padre Settimo halted abruptly; at this discovery all that had happened on the previous night flowed back upon his mind with extraordinary intensity, but coupled now with a new understanding, with a comprehension of a truth which in the emotional rapture of the morning he had failed to see; a truth to which the anguish of the succeeding hours had still more profoundly blinded him.

He knew now the meaning of what he had seen, and he knew that he knew it—

Every woman—Mary. Every child—Jesus. With this knowledge the impulse of love and sacrifice overtook him in a whelming flood and he obeyed it in the only fashion that occurred to him. Dropping his staff, the paroco tugged with stiffened hands at the collar of his cloak, burst its fastenings apart and flung its ample folds, without a word, around the shoulders of the mother—the act of moment.

To an earthly eye the scene was unchanged—the snow storm still drifted and swirled before the mountain blast, the paroco stumbled onward through the glimmering obscurity, the only human being on that pathless wild.

But within the man—that 'within' which is the 'Kingdom of God,' everything was transfigured, everything had become new.

With the transference of the cloak to the woman's shoulders Padre Settimo had laid aside once and for ever all the burdens oppressing him, or that had ever oppressed him; the menace of the snow-enshrouded plain was gone and with it his bodily pain and weariness, the monotony of his unmothered, unfriended life, the unmerited cruelty of Marzaccio, the ingratitude and persecution endured from his own people, even these hours of

unspeakable desolation when he had believed himself the sport of some diabolical delusion—all were effaced, annulled, and swallowed up forever. A new born sense of freedom, *jouissance* and contentedness pervaded the paroco's mind; all feeling of separateness had left him, his entire being rejoiced in union with the infinite; boundless love surged up in his heart as he entered into recognition of the great Cosmic Oneness where man is united with all creation, where nature in all her manifestations of insect, beast, and bird, of sea and sky, bleak wind or stinging snow, is seen as friend; where we no longer regard our fellow-men as traitors or persecutors but as our brothers and our teachers.

And Woman—what of her? Was she Satan's lure? A snare? Unclean? Fallen and the cause of falling?

A thousand times no! All these misteachings departed forever from his mind, leaving in their place only—Maria Vergine, at once a vision and a reality, eternal purity and eternal love, clad in the shape of woman. Every mother—Mary; every child—Jesus.

The snow had ceased to fall—so at least he thought; or were *these* snowflakes—these fragrant roses and pinks that showered on his path caressing him with their blossoms as they fell? How glorious it was! He must sit down upon that flowery bank yonder, just to muse upon it all.

* * * * *

It was high noon on the following day when the Cardinal Archbishop with a numerous retinue was proceeding on the road to Lucina, whence his messenger had returned, reporting the departure of the priest and the state of affairs in the pastorless village. As meantime nothing had been seen or heard of the paroco, His Eminence lost no time in ordering his coach and setting out thither in person, accompanied by chaplains, monks, postillions, footmen, some on horse or muleback, others on foot. The storm was over; the sun shining in a sky of faint electric blue, the snow sparkling in response.

Among those who went unmounted in the Cardinal's train was the monk Eugenio, a young ecclesiastic, already remarkable for his devotion

and austerity. Barefooted he walked, a sinewy, commanding figure, his dark eyes flashing from the shadow of his cowl, with an uncanny faraway look that seemed to perceive things beyond the purview of ordinary men. Ascetic, psychic, mystic; he walked somewhat apart from the others, shunned by the everyday commonplace men who marveled at him much and feared him more, as chattering, singing, praying, jesting, laughing, the cavalcade fared toward Lucina. One of their number, a portly canon, reining his mule alongside Eugenio, asked him what he thought had become of the erring paroco. Eugenio's emaciated finger directed his questioner's gaze ahead as he replied:

"Yonder we shall find him, at the next dip in the road."

Just then a shout was raised. The foremost members of the party had discovered the staff which had fallen from Padre Settimo's hand. All halted at the spot. Quickly they cleared away the snow where Eugenio indicated the body would be found. There it lay in the eye of the sun, blue and rigid yet bearing the imprint of an ecstatic joy which so irradiated its face that the bystanders could scarcely believe it was that of the despised Padre Settimo.

"He has no cloak!" was their surprised exclamation.

Some of the baser sort, acquainted with the facts of the accusation, were ready with unseasonable jests.

"O, he has lent it to the Virgin Mary."

The body was thrown across a mule, the Cardinal and his train resumed their journey; Eugenio walking beside the corpse, rosary in hand, his lips moving in prayer.

At the portico of Santa Maria Lucina, the sacristan was louting low, eager to curry favor with the powers that be; the villagers were assembled all agog with expectation, wide-eyed with excitement at sight of the dead priest. The Cardinal's suite and the contadini had this much in common; they all condemned heartily and unreservedly the departed paroco, many affirming ambiguously that they "had always known it," and everybody gratified to think that divine judgment had interposed to justify their opinion.

His Eminence had been escorted to the vestry and the great vestment chest opened before him.

Marzaccio began displaying the hangings and many were the head-shakings and horrified comments on the sacrilege that had been committed and on the damage the hangings were supposed to have sustained, as one by one he drew them from the coffer.

One of the chaplains, a business-like man, had been counting them. He made an observation to the Cardinal, whereupon that dignitary inquired whether Marzaccio had found the set complete when he replaced them.

"It seems that there is an odd number," said His Eminence; and so sure enough it was: they counted and recounted them but there was no gainsaying the fact—one of the treasured draperies was missing. Discussion and conjecture became animated; most of those present declaring their conviction that a curtain must have been stolen by one of the fugitives whose escape Marzaccio and his friends had been unable to prevent.

When the others entered the church, Eugenio had remained outside, watching over the deserted body of the paroco, deemed unworthy to be brought into the house of God where he had so faithfully ministered at the altar. A dozen servile fellows now ran to announce that the Cardinal was calling for Eugenio. When the monk stood before His Eminence, the others shrunk back a little, leaving a clear space around him as the Cardinal informed Eugenio that a curtain was missing and asked whether he could throw any light upon the matter.

A smile lighted up Eugenio's features, as in a sonorous voice he answered:

"Seek for it in the shrine of Our Lady."

So to the shrine they all betook themselves:

Marzaccio produced the key and the Cardinal, unlocking the door with his own jeweled hand, displayed to the eager, curious gaze of the crowd, the ancient image of Mary, her staring glass eyes and tinsel crown, with the infant Jesus in her arms, just as they had always seen them.

But—Madre di Dio!—what was this? The figure of the Blessed Mother from neck to knee was wrapped in a wide black cloak, none other than that formerly worn by Padre Settimo, while underneath it, in hooding her crown and trailing under

her feet, gleamed the crimson of the missing hanging.

* * * * *

His Eminence installed Eugenio in Padre Settimo's place and before long the villagers feared him as much or more than they did the Cardinal. The new paroco continued to practice prolonged fasts and vigils, and to be blessed by many visions and revelations.

Some of these, transcribed by him, can be read in the library of the Basilica at the present day; among them is the true story of the last twenty-four hours of Padre Settimo's life, revealed to the monk, when the paroco passed out of separatedness into the great at-one-ment.

Under Eugenio's sacerdotal regime the old Basilica entered upon a fresh era of wealth and popularity; adjoining it he founded the hospice called Maria Mantellata, where kind-eyed nuns garbed in spreading cloaks such as the clergy wear, minister to all the wayfaring mothers and children who need help and shelter.

Eugenio died at an advanced age in the odor of sanctity; his name has already been beatified and in due course he will be canonized.

Guide books call the attention of visitors to "the tomb of Blessed Eugenio with its fine modern mosaics."

"But where did they bury Padre Settimo?"

"Not a soul can remember."

THE END

Life, God's Training School

KITTIE SKIDMORE COWEN

(*Second Installment*)

IN THE light of the many foregoing quotations, it is clear that God is a Great Spirit and that He alone created mankind *within* Himself, and God being pure spirit, mankind must have, of necessity, been created in His likeness.

But Paul speaks of man as being composite—spirit, soul and body. And at the time when Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden (Lemurian Epoch), we read in the Bible: "Unto Adam also and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skin and clothed them." Had we neither biblical nor occult evidence relative to the existence of the physical body, its very dense construction alone would bear sufficient proof of its existence. But this is not true with the soul, for it, like the spirit, remains unseen. But to return to the original statement, that God created man in His likeness: If this be true, He must of necessity have created him pure spirit, and that is what the occult student knows to be true. But if man was created pure spirit, we must in some way account not only for the creation of his soul and body, but the reason for the creation of the same.

See *Lecture Series*, No. 13; "The occult teaching,

in harmony with the Bible (when correctly interpreted) and modern scientific theories, as explained in the chapter on the "Occult Analysis of Genesis" in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, is that that which is now the Earth has not always been as dense as it is now, but that it has gone through three periods of development previous to the one we are now in, and after the present "Earth-period" is over, there will be three more periods before our evolution has been completed.

At the beginning of evolution the threefold spirit, created by God, was naked and inexperienced. During the three previous periods just mentioned, the spirit through the process of Involution was building its threefold body. This work was accomplished unconsciously with the help and direction of higher powers. When the brain and cerebro-spinal system were sufficiently evolved, the link of mind was given and the threefold spirit, the Ego, began slowly to draw into its bodies and became an *indwelling* spirit and fully conscious of its outside environment. This occurred about the middle of the Atlantean Epoch. When the bodies have been built and the link of mind added and con-

sciousness acquired, evolution begins. Evolution involves soul-growth and must be accomplished by the individual efforts of the spirit while working in its threefold body.

Let us turn to the *Rosicrucian Mysteries*, page 36, for a clear and lucid explanation as to how this soul-growth is accomplished. "All things are in a state of vibration. Vibrations from objects in their surroundings are constantly impinging upon us and carry to our senses a cognition of the external world. The vibrations in the ether act upon our eyes so that we see, and vibrations in the air transmit sounds to the ear.

"We also breathe the air and ether which is thus charged with pictures of our surroundings and the sounds in our environment, so that by means of the breath we receive, at each moment of our life, *internally* an accurate picture of our surroundings.

"That is a scientific proposition. Science does not explain what becomes of these vibrations however, but according to the Rosicrucian Mystery teaching they are transmitted to the blood, and then etched upon a little atom in the heart as automatically as a moving picture is imprinted upon the sensitized film, and as a record of sounds is engraven upon the phonographic disc. This breath-record starts with the first breath of the newborn babe and ends only with the last gasp of the dying man, and 'soul' is a product of the breath. Genesis also shows the connection between breath and soul in the words: 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' (The same word, *nephesh*, is translated breath and soul in the above quotation.)

"In the *post mortem* existence the breath-record is disposed of. The good acts of life produce feelings of pleasure and the intensity of attraction incorporates them into the spirit as soul-power. *Thus the breath-records of our good acts are the soul which is saved*, for by the union with the spirit they become immortal. As they accumulate life after life, we become more soulful and they are thus also the basis of soul growth.

"The record of our evil acts is also derived from our breath in the moments when they are committed. The pain and suffering they bring cause the

spirit to expel the breath-record from its being in Purgatory. As that cannot exist independently of the life-giving spirit, the breath-record of our sins disintegrates upon expurgation, and thus we see that 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' The memory of the suffering incidental to expurgation, however, remains with the spirit as *conscience*, to deter from repetition of the same evil in later lives.

"Thus both our good and evil acts are recorded through the agency of the breath, which is therefore the basis of the soul, but while the breath-record of good acts amalgamates with the spirit and lives on forever as an immortal soul, the breath-record of evil deeds is disintegrated; it is the soul that sinneth and dies.

"While the Bible teaches that immortality of the soul is conditioned upon well-doing, it makes no distinction in respect of the spirit. The statement is clear and emphatic that when '...the silver cord be loosed...then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.'

"Thus the Bible teaches that the body is made of dust and returns thereto, that a part of the soul generated in the breath is perishable, but that the spirit survives bodily death and persists forever. Therefore a 'lost soul' in the common acceptance of that term is not a Bible teaching, for the spirit is uncreated and eternal as God Himself."

Now let us make a hasty review of the points brought out in the foregoing paragraphs and find how much or how little light has been thrown upon the real origin of the composite being of man.

The facts are as follows: The threefold spirit, born of God, during involution, under the direction and with the aid of various hierarchies, evolved a threefold body. Prior to this time the spirit was outside the body and did its work from *without*. When the threefold body was ready, the spirit drew within it and the link of mind was added. Then, and not until then, was the spirit ready to begin evolving its threefold soul, for the soul is evolved from the body through the process of experience, and the work is done from *within* through the agency of the breath.

From the experiences gained through the dense body the spirit builds its conscious soul; from those gained through the vital body it builds its intellec-

tual soul; and from those gained through the desire body it builds its emotional soul. The reason for this is obvious. It was through the acquirement of a dense body that the spirit became self-conscious. The vital body is the storehouse of the panorama of life and the seat of the memory, hence its particular fitness for furnishing the material wherewith to build the intellectual soul. While in the desire body we find the seat of all our emotions from which we construct the emotional soul.

How little or how much soul a man has depends entirely upon himself. Right action, external impacts, and experience while in the dense body promote the growth of the conscious soul. The emotional soul grows by the feelings and emotions generated by actions and experiences. The intellectual soul, as mediator between the other two, grows by the exercise of memory, by which it links together past and present experiences and the feelings engendered thereby.

The two chief qualities of the soul are conscience and virtue. Conscience is the spirit's memory of past sufferings occasioned by the mistakes made in previous lives, which will in the future guide the Ego aright and teach it how to avoid similar errors in the future. The soul gains this quality through that part of the "soul that sinneth," for as before stated it is the pain and suffering which these evil acts bring that cause the spirit to expel this part of the breath-record from its being in Purgatory. And so the soul quality of conscience is born of pain, and again is evil transmuted into good. The other soul quality, virtue, is the essence of all that was good in former lives; it is the "soul that is saved," and acts as an encouragement to keep the spirit ardently striving upon the path of aspiration.

Twelve kinds of opportunities come to mankind each month through which to gather experience for soul-growth. These opportunities for service come to us through the twelve departments of life represented by the twelve houses in the horoscope, and according to how much or how little we make of each opportunity when presented depends our progress in soul-growth. How much depends upon this soul-growth is readily comprehended when once we realize the fact that it is the threefold soul

which in turn enlarges the consciousness of the threefold spirit. The Conscious Soul increases the consciousness of the Divine Spirit. The Intellectual Soul gives added power to the Life Spirit and the Emotional Soul adds to the efficiency of the Human Spirit.

In the third heaven the threefold soul amalgamates thoroughly with the threefold spirit, and becomes a part thereof. Thus, in the course of his lives, a man becomes more soulful, and the soul qualities of conscience and virtue become more strongly operative as guiding principles of conduct.

Just so long as the mind coalesces with the lower self there can be very little soul-growth and consequently very little spiritual advancement, for during the spirit's passage through Purgatory "the soul that sinneth it shall die," and but little of benefit is left to unite with the spirit. It is only when the mind becomes the willing servant of the spirit, the higher self, that anything like real progress in soul-growth and spiritual advancement, which depends wholly on soul-growth, can be attained. But the mind is the instrument of the individual Ego, and not its director or dictator, and when the Ego, through the exercise of the *will*, learns to control the mind and direct its energies where it dictates, then, and not until then, will the real self, the Ego, become master and capable of conducting its activities in harmony with the laws of God. For the spirit of man is of God, and only unto His own has He or will He see fit to reveal all things.

Summary

The threefold spirit is born of God *within* Himself. It, with the aid of various Hierarchies, built its threefold body. The spirit was outside the body while this work was being done. When it was nearly completed the spirit began to draw into the threefold body and the link of mind was added. Up to this time the spirit had been guided and assisted in its work, but now when the link of mind was given to guide it, the spirit was left to "work out its own salvation."

The threefold spirit, born of God, now had a threefold body built by itself with the assistance of the Hierarchies and a link connecting the two—the link of mind. The spirit's work was now to build to

build its own threefold soul. The necessity of building a threefold soul was because the Ego must have such an instrument in order that it can gather experience from its outside environment, and this it could only get through the experiences incident to the threefold body and the only instrument it could use in gathering these experiences from the body was a soul.

The soul may be either good or bad, but usually it is composed of both qualities. It depends on the kind of experiences gathered. The evil, being foreign to the nature of the spirit, which is essentially good, is expelled from it in Purgatory, and as it cannot live independently of the spirit, which is life, it must of necessity die, for it is the "soul that sinneth." But the memory of the suffering it caused the spirit remains with it (the spirit) as conscience and warns it to deter when in a later life the same or a similar temptation assails it. The good extracted from the experience, being of the same nature of the spirit, forms a union with it and becomes, like the spirit, immortal. It is the "soul that is saved."

The threefold spirit is immortal because it is born of God.

The immortality of the soul is conditioned upon well-doing.

The body is of the earth and returns to the original elements of which it is composed after its death.

The soul and the body are the vehicles of the spirit, created by it for the purpose of gaining the needed experience, incorporated in its good and evil acts performed by it while in God's great school of life, which will in time expand its consciousness and advance it from impotence to Omnipotence, from nescience to Omniscience.

In the beginning the threefold spirit was endowed with the all-consciousness of God, but it lacked self-consciousness. Self-consciousness, dynamic power available for use any moment, and an independent will were the spirit's objects to be obtained in evolution. This could only be accomplished by first building bodies, then a soul with which to extract the experience gained through the bodies, and later amalgamate it with the spirit.

When the work of the spirit is finished, it will, in addition to the all-consciousness of God which it possessed in the beginning, have acquired self-consciousness, soul-power, a creative mind, and an independent will, whereby it can institute new and original departures—Epigenesis. Then the spirit's latent possibilities will have become dynamic powers and available functions.

It is then that the exhortation of the Christ will have become exemplified: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." For the Divine spark, the embryonic God within, will have in deed and in truth become like unto the Father in whose image he was conceived.

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 it 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 or 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.*

Question Department

* * * * *

QUESTION: How does the Rosicrucian teaching agree with the Bible in the following particulars. You say "Saviors" and speak of Jesus as a Savior, and class Him with Buddha and Mohammed. The Bible says Jesus is God's only begotten son (John 3:16). The Bible also says there is *no other name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved (Acts 4:12). Jesus said "No man cometh to the Father *but by me* (John 14:8).

Answer: If you will read the Rosicrucian teachings carefully you will find that a distinction is made between Jesus and Christ. Jesus was a man among men; when we look in the memory of nature we can find his previous lives just the same as other human beings, though he is probably the grandest and most noble soul that ever lived in a human body. But Christ is the highest initiate of the Sun period and had never lived in an earthy body before he took the body of Jesus at the baptism, to teach men directly the way to the kingdom of God. Thus both Jesus and Christ are vastly above other grand and noble world teachers such as Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and others.

You are right, the authorized version of the Bible says that Christ is God's only begotten son, but to understand this it is not enough to rely upon the English translation. The word used in the Greek is *ton monogene* and it may be translated as "the *alone* begotten," the same as in plants, where mono-genesis takes place; that is to say, many plants have both male and female flowers and are capable of fertilizing their own seed, so that these seeds will grow up into plants like the parent. We know from the Bible that in the beginning man was male-female, a hermaphrodite, and he was then capable of begetting from himself another being without the cooperation of another, as is now the case, because of the division of sexes. Therefore

the idea which the Bible wishes to convey is not that the Christ was the *sole* and *only* one begotten by the Father. That may be the case, or it may not, we have no knowledge concerning this matter, but what we do know from the Bible passage is that the Christ was begotten by the Father Himself without any other intermediary, by mono-genesis, the same process by which a plant possessing male and female flowers, as already said, can reproduce its kind. This does not apply to the physical body, however, for the dense garment Christ wore during His ministry among us was the body of Jesus, born in the usual way and referred back by the historians in the genealogy found in the Bible to David as the ancestor of his race.

It is also true what the Bible says, that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, and that Jesus said no man cometh unto the Father but by me, but we must also remember that both these sayings have regard to the indwelling Christ spirit whereby the body of Jesus was informed during the years of the ministry.

INVISIBLE HELPERS

Question: When one who has been working unconsciously as an Invisible Helper leaves the body at death, will he recognize those in the Spirit World with whom he has been working at night, or will those experiences leave no record?

Answer: The experiences of an invisible Helper who works unconsciously in the Invisible worlds during the time when the body is asleep may be likened to a dream which he does not remember upon awakening, but the experiences are nevertheless stored in the seed-atom and will form part of the panorama of life, so that when he leaves the body at death he will see all that has happened to him, awake or asleep, during the time when he lived in the body. Thus his recollection of what has happened will not be quite the same as if he had

gone through it consciously, but he will, nevertheless, obtain from the life-panorama a knowledge and an idea of what has been done, so that though he will not have the same feeling as if he had been going through the experiences *consciously*, he will soon adjust himself to believe and understand that what seemed a dream is nevertheless a perfectly true experience.

EGYPTIAN ASTROLOGERS

Question: Why did the ancient priests of Egypt study Astrology so thoroughly?

Answer: Why, the whole fate of humanity is bound up in the stars. It doesn't matter whether we go to our own Bible or the textbook of any other religion, everywhere we shall find that the stars are given a most prominent place. In our own Bible we know that they are called the Seven Spirits before the Throne; they are the Seven Star Angels as known particularly to the Catholic Church; the Seven Planetary Spirits that have had to do with our evolution ever since humanity began to evolve on this planet, and therefore, naturally, the course of the stars and their configurations are time markers in the history of humanity. We hear Pythagoras speak of the music of the spheres. Most people think that a poetical expression. It is not; it is a fact. Anywhere we go we shall find there is a sound distinct from the sounds of other places. The rustle of the trees when the wind is blowing, the babbling brook, all have peculiar sounds, no two brooks will give the same sound. Musicians who

have a trained ear can hear the difference. If we go into a city, there is a conglomerate noise, but all that noise blends and that is the tone of that city. And the composite of all the sounds all over the world, the rustle of the winds in the trees and all the noises are heard in space as a certain single tone, and that is the tone of the earth. These stellar orbs travel around, as is well known to astrologers, not in a circle, they don't stay in one order, but come into different configurations with one another. And the same with the seven tones in the octave, which are the replica of the Seven Planetary Spirits; just as they can be brought into different connections and make different chords, so also these different tones of the worlds that are moving through space make up the harmony of the spheres, and according to the change in these vibrations humanity is evolving. There is a different vibration every single moment of time, and as a new being comes into existence, these varying vibrations act upon him and make him different from all others, and therefore he has a certain fate. It is the same in the microcosm and the macrocosm, the little world and the big world, we all have to do with the stars, everyone is bound up with the stars, without them there is nothing done or made. That is why the ancient priests of Egypt who knew, took up that phase of religion, that is why they studied Astrology so thoroughly, and the day will come when a great many more people will study it, the science of Astrology will be revived when we grow wiser.

Expiation

Ella Van Gilder

One day a soul knocked at the door of heaven and asked to be let in; but an angel stood at the portal and said: "Nay, Soul; on earth you were a man of pleasure. You robbed the orphan, and lived for self alone; there is no place in heaven for you, for here only those may enter who love their fellow-men."

"Then may I never come inside?"

"Go back to earth and learn to love," the angel replied.

That night in a humble cottage a frail little girl was born. The years went by and life was hard; she

grew older and life was sad, and the price of sin was dear, and the pain of living was bitter-sweet.

But the sin and the pain and the sorrow were all for love; her heart ever listened for the cry of the weary, her hand was ever outstretched to the lowly, and so the years dragged by until at last an old woman lay on her bier, and a soul not daring to lift its eyes stood trembling at its side; then suddenly the air was filled with angels, and the Soul was borne in triumph through the gates of Paradise, and a smile of peace rested on the dead woman's face.

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the custom of astrologers, when giving



The Astral Ray

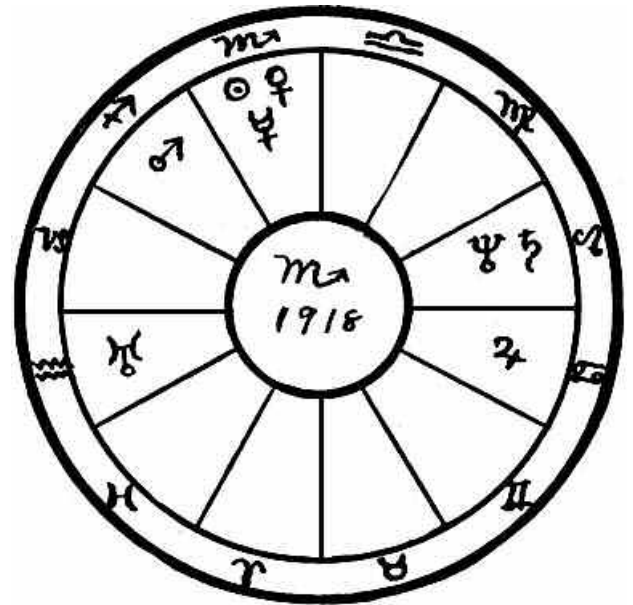
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The Children of Scorpio, 1918

BORN OCTOBER 24TH TO NOVEMBER 22ND, INCLUSIVE

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

SCORPIO is in a sense a dual sign; it is symbolized both by an eagle and a scorpion. The eagle may soar into the empyrean on its powerful wings till it is hid from the gaze of man, but its piercing eye is still able to watch in minutest detail what goes on beneath its lofty position. There is one small class of people born under this sign who resemble the eagle. Soaring aloft on the powerful pinions of a noble aspiration, gifted with the penetrating vision of seers, they live very near to God, though their feet may walk in the mire of misery that they may serve and save their brethren; some worship them as saints, others say they are mad; they are a class apart, a peculiar people, not to be judged by ordinary standards. But God knows them.



The majority are different, and well described by the scorpion symbol, martial and militant, ever ready to sting, because Scorpio is ruled by Mars, the god of blood, war, iron, and fire. They are always anxious for an argument or a fight, either in their own behalf, or to help some one else. They are very blunt and brusque in their manner and speech, hence they often offend those with whom they come in contact, even without meaning to do so.

But they are straightforward, honest, and above-board in their dealings with others. They scorn to do a low, mean, or underhanded trick, for there is no treachery in their nature; hence, they make the

very best and staunchest friends, or else the best, noblest and most magnanimous enemies. They never strike an adversary when he is down. When they take up any cause they soon become its most ardent and enthusiastic advocate and no sacrifice is too great to further it; on the other hand, when they are against anything, they are also thoroughly antagonistic and spare no pains to fight and vanquish it.

There are no half measures with them, when they love they love, and when they hate they hate. Furthermore, their fiery enthusiasm carries others with them, for good or ill; hence, they become leaders in their environment as pioneers of constructive enterprises, if the general tenor of their horoscope is good, or advocates of anarchy and similar destructive measures if ill.

The children of Scorpio are often of a very uncertain temper and temperament, as already said, they are usually blunt and brusque, but when they disapprove of anything or when anything annoys them, they are very sarcastic, biting and sneering. When they have an afflicted Mercury they are on occasion even vitriolic, and their tongue has the poison-sting of the scorpion or rattlesnake.

On that account parents ought to train these children very carefully to be kind; Scorpio is a fixed sign and its portents difficult to alter, still, in infancy the nature is plastic, at least to a certain degree, and more may be done then than at any time in later life. The child should have the idea thoroughly drilled into it that we cannot hurt another creature without also harming ourselves.

These children have a very vivid Imagination and a considerable personal magnetism, so they always make themselves felt in their environment. They thrive in the discipline of military occupations, as surgeons, machinists, and all vocations where fire and iron are used.

This year Mercury is in Scorpio until the 9th of November, when he enters Sagittarius. This will give the children born in the fore part of the month a very keen mind, but inclines them to be extremely headstrong and stubborn, very resourceful and dauntless in the face of danger.

Those born in the latter part of the month, when Mercury is in Sagittarius, will have a more philosophical turn of mind, though they are very keen for freedom of thought and speech. Still, they believe in law and order and are generally respected in the community.

Venus in Scorpio makes them very attractive from the sex point, they will be demonstrative, lovers of home and inclined to have a large family.

Saturn in Leo, well fortified, brings favor from people of influence and success in obtaining employment; it gives tact, diplomacy, system, and order, all of which are very valuable to their possessor. Should Saturn be afflicted, they will be cruel and very jealous.

Mars in Sagittarius will make the children born in the fore part of the month somewhat argumentative and fond of debate, also very anxious to appear well in the eyes of the community. Those who are born after the 10th of November, when Mars is in Capricorn, are likely to rise to responsible positions in life, for they will be both ambitious and enthusiastic, patient and persevering; so that they will overcome all obstacles and gain their goal.

Venus in Scorpio is the principal drawback to these children) for the love-ray of Venus does not blend well with the martial passion of Scorpio and sexual excesses are apt to undermine the constitution, unless they learn to bridle the lower desires.

It should therefore be the special care of parents whose children are born in this month to educate them properly in this matter and inculcate in them a sense of sanctity of the fount of life and imbue them with a reverence that will deter them from desecrating the altar of love by burning upon it the fire of lust.

With respect to health we find that Saturn in Leo, the sign which rules the heart, gives a tendency to heart trouble, and parents should be careful that these children do not over exert themselves during the growing years, later the danger is not so great.

Mars in Sagittarius gives a tendency to broken bones and accidents, the femur is especially threatened; this also can be avoided by care.