

They asked. He asked in the best trench French, and she asked with a charming little hesitation in her accent and a most bewitching interrogatory raise of her eyebrows, but neither of them could make anything of the answers they received. The replies were hidden in such a torrent of verbosity and gesticulation that they were left no wiser than before.

"I know what's the trouble," said Jimmie after the eighth or ninth native had left them in a maze of waving palms and shrugging shoulders.

"Oh, what is it? I'm so mortified about my French!"

"Why, it's all your fault."

"My fault?" her eyebrows went up in a distracting arch, "why?"

"Why, these natives take a look at you and get so excited they can't talk sense. I don't blame them either."

"Well! I like that! Am I as awful looking as that?"

"I didn't say you were awful looking. I said they looked at you and got excited."

"Well! That's just the same as saying I'm awful looking. Thank you, Mister Lieutenant James Westman for your kind opinion."

"Fishing!"

"What do you mean 'fishing'?"

Jimmie saw his mistake and was afraid. He had not realized how much her good opinion meant to him and now that it was in danger he was distinctly nervous.

"Why, you know, Miss Louise, just what I mean. If you don't I'm going to tell you. I mean just this—say! you won't get mad if I tell you?"

"Why I'm mad now—quite mad. You said I am so ugly that nobody can look at me without getting excited."

"No, I didn't either, and I'm going to tell you now whether you get mad or not. What I mean is that you are so pretty that when anyone looks at you he just naturally—just—"

"Just what?"

"Just naturally loses his head, that's what. That's just what I do every time I look at you. Now get mad, if you want to."

Silence.

"Are you mad?" More silence. "Are you?"

Her head was averted but as he bent to listen he thought he caught the words,

"Not very."

It was Jimmie's nature was to be carried away by his enthusiasm when he was greatly interested in a subject and he was carried away now.

"And I'll tell you more and you can get mad if you want to, just as mad as you like and I know I've no right to say it but I think it and I say you're the prettiest and the sweetest and the nicest and the dearest girl in—in—" before Jimmie's memory flashed the picture of that other girl—dancing, tripping, airy, gliding, glowing Marjorie, golden Marjorie, sweet-voiced gentle Marjorie, and hesitated in his speech. Was he true? he wondered. His conscience smote him a little. Was it right to make love to two girls? He faltered. "In France," he ended lamely.

Louise noted the falter in his voice. She did not know whether she was in love with this man or not and she had not tried to analyze her feelings, but she had thought she was going to hear a proposal, a thing always dear to a girl, and she was disappointed. This falter in the voice was too much of an anticlimax in his somewhat fiery speech and while she did not understand, yet she was at a loss how to explain in any other than the orthodox way: Clearly he had a sweetheart at home. Gently she disengaged herself from his grasp and slowly turned towards him.

"I—I—think I'd better go now, Mr. Westman." There was just the faintest trace of a catch in her voice.

"Louise! Oh Louise! Don't think that of me. I know what you are thinking but it's all a mistake, dear. Won't you listen to me?"

She hesitated, provoked that he had tried to make love to her when he had a sweetheart in America, yet unwilling, too, to break with him entirely until she was sure that there was no misunderstanding.

"Well Mr. Westman, what do you want to say?"

"I say you're the sweetest girl in the world!"

"In France, you mean?"

"No, in the whole wide world."

"Are you sure? Don't you mean in France?"

"Yes! I'm sure, and I mean anywhere!"

"How about the girl back home?"

"There isn't any!"

She looked at him meditatively at first, then with a little touch of contempt in her glance. He saw it and began to realize that his situation was desperate.

Like a flash of light the realization came upon him that he loved this girl and must not lose her. He must not.

"Then why did you stammer so just now?"

"I'll tell you and you'll understand everything". Please listen to me, won't you?"

"I'm listening now but I'm not hearing very much."

"Well, I can explain all about it as we walk back."

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Westman, I'm not sure that I care to waste time over things that have to be 'explained.' I think you are strong enough to take care of yourself now and I have an errand I want to do anyhow, I'll leave you here and hurry along."

She left him, in spite of his protests, and turned down a side street while Jimmie, loitering on the corner, watched her in the hope that she might relent and turn or look back. But he watched in vain.

Sadly he turned away toward the hospital.

There was nowhere else for him to go. He did not care to visit a club or Y. M. C. A. for he was too sore and hurt to mix in a crowd of soldiers. He wanted only to be alone and to think up something to say to her that would change her mind. Suddenly the Elder Brother's words recurred to him:

"Your introduction to spiritual things has come in an unusual way, but it is not a gift for you have earned it, and it will be your duty to work *ten times harder* from now on."

He saw now, that he had wholly forgotten his promise and the great work, whatever that might be, that was contained in that magic word "duty." He had somehow carelessly come to look upon his wonderful experiences as upon a dream. He had started out to find the address given by the Elder Brother and had calmly let everything go, in order to make love to a girl! Oh, but such a pretty girl! Thus he justified himself. This was undoubtedly a tangle. He was in love with two girls, both beautiful and sweet and altogether lovely, but one on earth and one in—in—well, say in Paradise. He could marry only one. Would that offend the other? Would Louise believe him when he told her of his other love and would she be jealous or not? He thought, or at least he hoped, that she cared for him, but such a story as his would be hard for her to believe.

Oh! the thought just struck him. The Elder Brother could straighten out this tangle, providing

there really were such a man. He did not know, himself, whether to believe his memory or not, and if *he* had any doubts, how could he expect Louise to believe? Was there an Elder Brother, or was his great adventure but another cloud of the stuff that dreams are made of? Stupid! There was proof—sure proof—if he could only find it—proof that would convince even Louise, no matter how skeptical she might be. Hurrah! He would put his dream to the test and proof, which the Elder Brother himself had suggested, and in doing so he would prove it to himself and to Louise at the same time.

Some French children playing in the street were astonished to a Lieutenant of "Les Amis" strolling slowly along the pavement break suddenly into a run as if his very life depended upon his speed.

Louise had not yet returned to the hospital when Jimmie forced himself to saunter leisurely in at the gate, but he determined to let no grass grow under his feet and sat down in an easy chair to wait for her.

Louise came in feeling repentant over her exhibition of temper. After all, Jimmie was suffering from shell-shock and such patients are not always fully responsible for their actions. Her vigorous walk by herself had done her good and the brisk circulation which it had induced had made her more charitable by sweeping some of the cobwebs from her brain, and also it had, though of course she was unaware of the fact, brought the roses to her cheeks.

Jimmie sprang from his chair as she entered, or at least he would have sprung if he could, but as it was he got up as quickly as possible and came to meet her, and whether or not there are such things as auras and whether or not Louise would have recognized one if she saw it, the fact remains that before Jimmie could speak a word she knew that every atom of his being was vibrant with apology and inquiry, reminding her of nothing so much as a big, playful, loveable puppy in an agony of endeavor to please. She could not refuse to speak to him for a few minutes? No, of course she would hear what he had to say, though he must hurry for she went on duty in half an hour.

And so Jimmie, who had made up his mind that the only way was to tell her exactly how matters stood, walked her out into the little garden where a recreation ground had been made for the convalescent patients, and there poured into her ears the story of his adventures from the time he found him-

self walking along the meadow until he finally awoke in the hospital. She listened with interest, especially when he spoke of Marjorie.

"And so you see," he explained "how very important it is that I should find that address, because if there is such a street and such a number and if there is a man named "Campion" living there, then it will prove the truth of all that I have told you and he will be able to help me out and convince you that the story is true."

"There is no need of that, Mr Westman, because whether or not the things you have told me really happened does not affect your truthfulness at all. I believe every word you have said and I think it wonderful. How I should like to see some of those beautiful colors you speak of. And Marjorie, too; she must be a dear!"

Jimmie's heart throbbed violently at the joyful revelation that she accepted his story as true and consequently forgave him for his loyalty to Marjorie. It was evident that Louise did not believe in the actual truth of his account, but so intense and earnest had been his manner in narrating his experience that, though she considered the whole story the figment of a brain suffering from shell shock, she was firmly convinced that he believed it and that was all she really cared about, for it explained his hesitation and accounted for his loving another girl as well as herself, a thing which she could in no wise have forgiven except for the fact that the other girl was merely a creature of the imagination and had no existence in reality.

"Louise, say, Louise!"

"Well?"

"Gee! I'm glad we've had this talk. You know I've been afraid you were mad with me."

"So I was. I thought you were trying to flirt with me while all the time you had a sweetheart back home."

"I don't blame you. But now you know all about it you've forgiven me, haven't you?"

"Why, Mr, Westman, how absurd! There was nothing to forgive."

"But I believe when you thought I had a sweetheart at home you cared a little bit or else you wouldn't have got mad. Say! Louise!" he dwelt on the word, pronouncing it slowly as though it tasted good. "Louise—"

"Well?"

Don't you think, maybe, after a while, after you know me a little better—"

"Well?"

"Don't you think—maybe—perhaps—you might come to care a little more?"

Silence. He took her hand as she turned her face away.

"Couldn't you?"

"Maybe—"

The next day Jimmie sought and obtained permission for another walk and for Louise to accompany him, which he assured the doctor was a necessity on account of the dizzy spells which might seize him at any time. The doctor demurred at first and kindly offered to send an orderly with him, or another convalescent soldier who would not be subject to "spells," but Jimmie's consternation was so evident that being very human and a kindly enough man, the doctor gave the necessary permission and then disgusted Jimmie by showing a quite superfluous anxiety in the matter on account of an alleged fear that the "spells" might be the result of heart disease.

Louise and Jimmie had studied the map of Paris in the meantime and had found that there actually was a Rue de la Ex, but this proved nothing, for Jimmie might have heard the name somewhere and the subjective mind, with its wonderful memory, might have brought that particular name out of all the rubbish with which it was loaded and presented it to his shell-shocked imagination.

Jimmie knew, or thought he knew, a great deal about the subjective mind and carefully explained the matter to Louise as they walked along, but it is a question as to whether his somewhat technical language enlightened her to any great extent, and even if it did, it must be confessed that her interest in the enlightened her to any great extent, and even if it did it must be confessed that her interest in the mysteries of the subjective mind was not particularly intense .

Before a certain house in the Rue de la Ex they halted. The house was there, but that proved nothing. The front door was in an arched passageway which led to an inner courtyard. They rang the bell. A rattling of the door announced that someone inside was in the act of opening it. The next few moments would decide the matter.

To be continued in the February issue

The Lion

A Scene from a Past Life

In a place paved with stone, with walls and arched roof of stone, some twenty or thirty persons were crowded together. There was an iron gate across an opening, and beyond it the sunshine blazed upon the sand of the arena. Where the sand ended a portion of stone wall, pierced by low openings and lying in deep shadow, was visible.

I stood with the others, but nearest to the bars, looking out into the arena, and idly talking with a young soldier.

We were all Romans who had been collected haphazard from the prisons to be thrown to the lions, for they needed food. The prisoners were of both sexes and various conditions—good and bad, rich and poor.

Behind me a young woman had thrown herself face downward on the ground and was sobbing; but for the most part we were a silent and stoical company. This was the established order of things, and did not arouse any feeling of outraged justice.

The young man and I were plainly of the educated class—though he was a soldier and I was a courtesan—and I noticed the well-bred quality of our voices. I was saying that being mauled by a hungry and probably mangy lion would not be a pleasant experience, to which he assented with a shrug.

He appeared to be thinking deeply, and I studied with some interest his rather stern face, small head, and athletic figure. Presently he said:

“of course I cannot help you much when we get out there, but if you will stand close beside me and bury your face against me, I will hold you in my arms and may get the first onslaught. At least you will be spared seeing the beggar come on.”

Kindly meant as it was, the proposal did not please me. To meet death with averted eyes offended all my instincts. An interruption spared me the necessity of replying. There was a sound of clashing weapons, the gate in front was withdrawn, the prisoners behind us were thrust roughly forward, and we found ourselves in the arena, the gate closed again behind our backs.

The glaring light, the smell, the heat, was overpowering.

I saw nothing of the spectators that I knew must

surround us, but only vague, lean shapes leaping and creeping in the alternating light and shade of the circus. I heard snarling, and one piercing shriek. Then I felt protecting arms round me, and hid my face submissively.

Almost instantly I was flung to the ground by a violent shock, and was aware that a large lion had felled my soldier, crushing in his head with a mighty paw.

I sat on the ground where I had fallen.

The soldier was certainly dead, and the wild beast was already tearing and wrenching as he stood between me and the body. With every movement the big muscles rippled along the lion's back and flanks under the tawny hide. I could see his tossing mane, but not his head. As I leaned there on my hands, I seemed to see some portion of myself. Hanging forward over one shoulder was a thick tress of hair, of reddish-yellow color, and so solidly and thickly wavy as to be almost ugly. I was scantily clothed in a single garment of white wool or linen, much torn and not very clean.

My hands pressed down on the sand, and reddened by the position, were small and delicate, and the slender arms were of an extreme whiteness, having a slightly greenish tinge.

Calmly observant, I studied the lion.

A strange emotion of sympathy and kinship with the animal was stealing over me. For the dead soldier I felt nothing, He was dead and of no further interest. But the lion—splendid vital creature of the jungle and desert, caught and caged, enjoying now a brief moment of liberty—the lion touched a chord of deep understanding.

Cautiously drawing a little nearer to him, I laid one hand on his heaving back. With a snarl he swung his head round and looked at me, his eyes glaring, furry ears pressed back. For an instant we held each other's gaze, then he turned away and went on feeding.

“As he is nothing but a big cat,” I thought, “he may like having his back stroked,” so I crept yet nearer and gently rubbed and patted him.

This time he only snarled without turning, continuing to feed; and I thought he lifted his back a little

under my touch, as cats will, asking for more. I was now entirely absorbed in the lion, and in my desire to show him my friendship. A feeling of isolation grew upon me, and I seemed to be shut away from the sounds and sights of that blood-soaked place. Nothing existed for me except the burning sunshine and the beast, and I watched and stroked him, sinking my nails into his coat, while he satisfied his hunger.

Presently raising his head, licking his terrible jaws, he turned toward me. Now his great mask face me as I sat. Straight into mine his eyes glared, and I held them without any feeling of fear, and saw the flame of animosity slowly die out of them.

Dropping his head, and with a sort of lumbering carefulness, the lion came close to me and pressed his great front against my shoulder. I laid one arm across his neck, and pulled and kneaded his mane.

After rubbing and butting against me, nearly knocking me over, he flung himself down beside me, and proceeded to lick his paws, occasionally pushing me with his muzzle to signify that he was content with my presence, and also, perhaps, to make me understand that I was by no means free to go at my own pleasure. We two seemed to be alone on an oasis of peace.

* * * * *

Beneath a canopy supported by white and gold post Nero sat. Lounging back, he twirled round his finger a jewel hanging from a silken cord that gleamed in a varying circle as the cord wound and unwound. Slightly behind him a very handsome man, evidently a courtier, leant on one elbow and whispered a long story into the Emperor's ear. Nero's amused expression showed that his attention did not wander from the narrative; and, as the courtier spoke, his own glance moved, hardly seeing, over the rapidly moving drama of death and fear that was being enacted on the blood-soaked sands below. Today's spectacle was like that of so many previous days. And yet—the courtier's gaze was suddenly arrested by something unusual happening in the arena. The thread of his story broke, he started in surprise.

"By the Gods? That is—that can only be—Ignatia? There are not two women in Rome with hair like that, which looks so fatally like a wig, yet is not. How came she here?" Summoned thus abruptly, Nero leaned forward on the stone

balustrade and looked where the pointing finger indicated.

* * * * *

Patiently I stroked the lion until he rolled over on his back, wriggling in the sand, paws in air, cruel teeth sheathed, a picture of lazy ease. Suddenly, with lightning spring, as though the point of a spear had touched him, he was on his feet, standing tense, apparently startled by something I had not noticed, listening, every sense alert. My hand lay upon his mane, and I instinctively grasped a lock of it. With a movement that I cannot explain, as it was too quick to understand, the lion had tossed me upon his back and was carrying me as he ran in great bounds. I was breathless, half-frightened, half-exhilarated by the springy jolts and held fast.

The air, hot as the blast from a furnace, rushed over me. "In this way," I reflected, "do these creatures carry their dead prey home to the lair." My weight seemed nothing to him.

Across the blazing sand we swept, and through a low opening into darkness.

The lion dropped me roughly on stones, and flung himself down beside me, panting. I had almost lost consciousness, but here it was cool and shadowy, and I began to revive. The uneven pavement under me hurt my body, clothed now only in fragments of cloth. Overhead was a low roof of stone; stone walls surrounded me. I was in one of those cubicles where the wild beasts were kept.

From where I lay I could see the opening by which we had entered; opposite that was a barred door giving the keepers access to the place. The cubicle was clean, but had the evil smell of carnivorous animals in captivity.

Confused sounds reached my ears from the arena; faint shouts and muffled roars, shouts and applause; like wind in rushes at a river's edge and having little more significance to me.

The noisy panting of the lion lessened.

He yawned, turned over, and became absorbed in licking his paws, and the long hair under his throat.

He was certainly a magnificent specimen of his kind, a creature of royal attitudes and lithe movements.

Even his toilet he performed with a sort of noble dignity. Having brought this to an end, he heaved himself lazily erect and stood regarding me.

Throughout the whole episode, I had been unconscious of physical fear of him, although I was well

aware that at any instant I might be killed by a blow from that enormous forepaw. Perhaps I was too tired to feel fear. Possibly I faintly enjoyed the thrill of toying with the death I knew presently awaited me—the swift and merciful death I was beginning to long for.

Once more the lion and I gazed calmly into each other's eyes. Then he came very close, sniffed my face and hair and rubbed his head against me, plainly trying to be gentle and ingratiating.

I pulled his velvet ears, and he almost purred, his head sinking ever lower, until with a sigh he lay down once more, this time with his head in my lap. I might have enjoyed it, but for my increasing fatigue, and for the odor of the place. Slowly I stroked him, giving him the caresses he invited, and felt the weight of his head relax upon me, almost crushing my knee. I thought he was about to go to sleep. In this, however, I was mistaken, for suddenly and without warning, he sprang to his feet, and flinging me flat on the ground with a push of his shoulder, began to shove me about with his muzzle. The roughness, the blast from his nostrils, were almost unendurable. This way and that he rolled me upon the uneven stones, tapping me with powerful velvety pads, until I was so bruised and aching that I could hardly keep myself from screaming with the pain. I was growing weak and faint, and my only definite thought was "A mouse caught by a rat must feel as I do now." But in this play of the lion there was a difference. He did not wish to harm me; rather he loved me and was showing his affection in this terrible manner.

I must have fainted then, for I was next aware of a sound at the keeper's door and that the lion was standing above me and growling. His four giant legs seemed to grip the pavement like rods of iron riveted to it. The door beyond the bars was cautiously opened, and from where I lay I could see soldiers and the gleam of armor trying to line up in the restricted space of the corridor. The captain, a blond and sunburnt man, whose red nose was peeling, called out—

"Hey, you there, come out. The Emperor wants you. He says you are too good for the lions."

Slowly I raised myself, grasping one of the forelegs of the lion; dragged myself round in front of him who stood like a statue of bronze; leaned back against him.

"Who wants me?" I inquired.

"Nero, the Emperor."

"The Emperor—your Emperor? Tell him that I prefer the lion."

Strange, how plainly I can see myself at that moment.

I looked the man straight in the eyes, insolently.

Raising one arm above my head, I buried my hand in the lion's mane and rested against him, smiling.

There was confused movement among the armed men observing me. Then the captain said—"I suppose you know what you are saying?"

"It is my habit to weigh my words," I replied.

"Well then, we must kill the lion, take you to Nero—and not deliver your message."

"First you must kill the lion," I reminded him, smiling eyes half closed.

And now the bronze statue came to life. Through the lion I felt a tremor run and heard the lashing of his tail. He sensed danger.

Like a clap of thunder, a coughing roar rent the air. It struck that narrow place of stone and seemed to crack the walls and fall back upon us in a rattling avalanche of sound.

In that mighty challenge I heard the defiance of a free-born creature, the defense of its own, the nostalgia for wide spaces, the indifference to odds, and yet the uneasiness of the savage faced with some unsuspected trick of civilization. Again and again it peeled forth. The vibrations were like blows and I felt the remnant of strength leaving me.

At the first impact of sound, the soldiers had recoiled, but now one pushed forward armed with a long spear tipped with iron. I saw that they were going to kill my lion from a safe distance, and I think he saw it too. With a tremendous bound, he hurled himself against the bars, and before that onslaught the men fell back.

The lion wrenched and tore at the bars with teeth and claws, struck through them at the soldiers, seized the pike and broke it in his jaws.

Another spear was brought, and they drove it into his breast. As I saw the royal fighter beaten down I could bear it no longer, and sprang to his aid, throwing myself in front of him.

Something cold pierced my back.

No doubt they killed me then, for I remember nothing more.

K.L.P. in *The Occult Review*

Fijian Witchcraft

By LOLOMA

Those who have lived their lives in peaceful English towns can have no idea of the strange atmosphere which broods over Papua, the Fijis, and other South Sea Islands. Experiences of the supernatural may and do frequently happen in English towns and villages, but to a sensitive person the very air in Fiji is filled with a strange and indefinable something—a something which gives the impression that here the unseen world is nearer, and that certain powers—certainly not powers of good—are abroad.

I have had friends who lived in Papua, and all of them agreed that there was more in the witchcraft which the natives there practice than the average person was willing to believe. But of Fiji I can speak with more certainty, for my brother lived there for nine years, and until the war came, and with it the end of so many women's hopes, it was my intention to make my home in that garden of the South Seas.

My brother is not a believer in the supernatural. Only on rare occasions can he be induced to speak of those things which he has seen for himself and for which he has no reasonable explanation to offer. He has the Briton's dislike for "tall stories," and he keeps silence rather than permit the average man whom he meets to dub him one of the Munchausen type of travelers. But to me, sometimes, he will speak of Fiji and the natives, for whom he has a genuine affection and admiration; and more rarely he will tell of strange and weird happenings.

He has told me of a brilliant, sunny day, when the blue sky was reflected in the bluer sea below, when a little schooner lay tossing at anchor near a coral reef. Two white men, wearied with the monotony of the schooner's decks, the everlasting smell of coconut oil, and the endless warfare against the giant cockroaches which infest all vessels engaged in carrying coconut and coir, had rowed across to the reef. On the far side they found a small group of Fijians, gathered behind an old, old native, who crooned in a quavering voice a strange haunting tune. He sat at the edge of the water and his weird song mingled with the lap-lapping of the waves against the coral. At a little distance, motionless in the water, were seven huge sharks. For some time he sang, the sharks apparently remaining attentive listen-

ers. Then he finished his song on a long wailing note, and arose. Instantly the monsters swirled through the water and disappeared. Politely, as is their custom, the Fijians bade farewell to the white men, and departed in their fishing canoe. Whether the rite had been for the obtaining of good luck in the fishing, whether it was purely religious rite—some form of ancestor worship—those white men never knew. But they will never forget the eerie feeling which possessed them as those man-eating sharks lay apparently charmed by the thin notes of an old man's voice.

This is another tale of Fiji, but it is not a pretty story. In an inland village there lived a white man—one of those derelicts who drift to the South Seas to hide from all those who once knew them. This man was a University man, and had been a doctor. One day, maddened with drink, he shamefully ill-treated the little Samoan girl with whom he lived. My brother noticed that his natives seemed restless and excited and inquired what was wrong. He was told that early that morning the white man had beaten S __, his native wife. My brother lived three days journey from the erstwhile doctor, but he knew enough of the strange system of bush telegraphy which exists in Fiji to make no comment on the rapidity with which the news had reached his people.

Late in the afternoon my brother's natives betook themselves to the bush. He heard afterwards that with many rites and chanting of strange songs they buried some threads of the white man's clothing in a split bamboo stick. It was perhaps a week afterwards that my brother learned that the woman-beater had been seized with paralysis at the day and the hour when unseen guardians were called upon to avenge the Samoan girl. That bamboo stick was dug up and turned around and reburied more than once, and on each occasion that it was touched, another stroke of paralysis stole the use from limb and tongue. The unfortunate man lingered for a few weeks speechless and helpless, until a final ceremony took place in the mysterious bush and the tortured spirit left the broken body.

It is a beautiful place, is Fiji, but there is something evil, something mysterious and terrifying, hidden beneath the smiling playful exterior.—*Occult Review*

Mysticism

AGNES COOK

To the uninitiated, the word "Mystic" conjures up the vision of a person who spends his life in a semi-dreamy state, evoking thoughts and imaginations which have little in common with an orderly, wholesome life. Yet, curiously enough, on the roll of names are those of men and women of affairs, capable organizers—many of great executive ability. In short, the mystic has been, and is, the greatest power we have in the world today.

There is no room for idleness in the mystic life, for even the hours of seeming contemplation and absorption veil divine activities and companionships, which, though they correlate in a marvelous way those of physical life, yet are transcendent in their scope. And we must posit also that everyone, whether he will or no, has a part in the unseen life, for the seed of the spirit lies within each individual, and the Path which leads to a knowledge of the soul is the same road by which we find God and the Kingdom within; thus we all possess the silver thread which is the clue to that world of beauty.

And here we must also premise that mysticism has little in common with psychism in its manifold present-day forms. For the visions and experiences of the psychic, if unaccompanied by purity and spirituality, may be false fires,, luring to destruction the premature florescence of an unevolved soul, whose roots are bedded in shifting sand—yet, when guarded by a clean heart and a fearless outlook and accompanied by the earnest desire to love and serve humanity, these same powers are a heavenly ladder upon which the angels of aspiration and inspiration ascend and descend.

To the avowed skeptic, one can give no proof of these subtle experiences, for the things of the spirit can only be sensed by the spirit, and only a mystic can comprehend the mystic life. Herein probably lies the part of skepticism in God's

economy; for the materialist by his unbelief acts unconsciously as a porter who guards the door of the Temple from those who would profane its precincts, and his own attitude may be his safeguarding from a premature vision and a too hasty evolution of the psychic side of his personality.

It has been said that mysticism takes four forms—Practical, Devotional, Symbolical and Natural.

The *Practical Mystics* are best exemplified in the life of Saint Teresa of Avila, who was eminently a woman of affairs, whose hours of absorption in Divine mysteries fortified and vitalized her schemes of reformation, what she received with spiritual ear and eye being promptly translated into useful labor by her generation. This type is all too rare, but we may look for many such in the future, particularly among Western nations, as our naturally practical outlook becomes spiritualized by wisdom, and we understand more of the life of the spirit and its compelling power.

Devotional Mysticism finds expression in the writings of Thomas à Kempis, Jacob Boehme, William Law, and Madame Guyon, to name but a few whose nearness to God has given a series of works to the world which are a source of continual inspiration to lesser lights who also seek the Path of Holiness.

Emmanuel Swedenborg, with his wonderful doctrine of correspondence between the two worlds of Spirit and Matter, Thomas Lake Harris, with his counterpartal theory expressed in majestic poetry, are two typical exponents of *Symbolical Mysticism*.

To these we must add the Churches, especially those of the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions, with rites and sacraments, each having her special ladder of communication with the divine.

Symbolism is one of the most usual forms of mysticism, but there are many pitfalls therein, as

to describe what happens in higher states of consciousness by physical acts is to confine the experience to the symbol and sometimes to lose its significance and efficacy.

Nature Mysticism. Many hail Saint Francis of Assisi as Apostle and leader, and in this expression of religious experience lies no danger, for its very essence is Love. Love to all things, and in every insect, bird, tree and flower the Nature Mystic sees part of the Divine life, and the Brotherhood to which he belongs includes every sentient thing. The wonderful side of Nature Mysticism is the response it evokes from our brothers of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. How gratefully they receive his spontaneous outflow of good will. Witness the birds gathered round the good Saint as he includes them in his simple service of praise to a common Father.

There is a very wholesome trend in this direction in present-day literature. The different Nature-books issued, presumably for children, but giving equal delight to older persons. Such works as Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, Blackwood's *Education of Uncle Paul*, and Barrie's *Peter Pan* do more to show the fragrance of this path of joy on the Mystic Quest than reams of theology, because they are couched in what one cannot but believe are terms of personal experience, and for these are we very grateful.

Some may fear a return to Pantheism, which has been such a bogy of hindrance to many seekers after truth. But Pantheism can never stand in the way of those who feel the stirring of Divine Life under the green robe of Nature, and who see in her "One Spirit in myriad Manifestations"; to whom the nightwind sings a real love-song, who can hear the voice of the Father speaking in whispers in the hush of dawn, and again in the twilight, as a chorus of twittering birds heralds the rest-hour; who look in the heart of a rose and find under its crimson canopy a love message from his Friend and Maker, with whom he walks in the cool of the day, up and down the Garden of the Soul, made fragrant for the Heavenly Guest by pure and lovely imaginings.

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in.
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone.
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with
thee,

Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise.
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words.
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No.'
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst.
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night.
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud.
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls.
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd
'Mirage'!

...lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—
beyond

A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

—Tennyson, *The Ancient Sage*

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

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

The Lady in Grey

She is very, very old, and yet as young as the dawn, and always dresses in grey. Everybody knows her and nobody likes her! She calls on each and all, but no one has ever yet given her welcome.

Every little child, every man and woman in the wide world is on her visiting list, and the strange thing is that, thought unloved, uninvited, feared, and often hated, she is perfectly at home in all the rooms of all the houses.

I first made her acquaintance when a tiny child, and have grown to know her intimately since then, and I have made many discoveries in her favor.

Some people learn to understand her better than others, and those who do are invariably among the best and most esteemed characters, and speak gently, often tenderly about her.

Others persistently ignore and despise her, and thereby lose much that would be great gain: for this lady's hands are full of gifts, curious in size and shape, but containing what wise folks seek after.

As I was so young when this friend first came to me, I saw no higher than her grey skirt and turned weeping in dismay from the cold stranger. But closer scrutiny has since revealed a gleam of rose under the grey robe—a hint that "Things are not always what they seem," and that the unwelcome guest is fairer than at first sight appears.

Now and then she has drawn aside her veil and allowed me a fleeting glimpse of her face.

Will you believe me if I describe her? Such sweet grey eyes—grey like her gown, and full of love and pity; grey hair, too, and soft and abundant; a fair skin and a mouth as red as her under robe.

Not a face to fly from! But few know this, for the veil is never raised, save to those who treat her with respect, remembering that such visits are only of necessity and not from petty captiousness.

She frequently makes her way into palace and Parliament, and nothing of importance ever takes place without her presence.

Soldiers and statesmen are among her closest friends, and those who take counsel at her lips, learning the lessons she is qualified to teach, rank ever among earth's bravest and best.

Poets, artists, and aspirants after the highest possible good have reached success solely through heeding her voice.

In the homes of the poor she is better received than anywhere else. They call her "never mind," and generally say it softly, with a sigh, and then she smiles and scatters gifts.

But the fashionable folks can't bear this lady, and rudely dub her "Hard Luck," whereat she frowns and turns away, leaving only an ache behind.

One day the veil will fall from her face for ever, and the grey of her robe will flush into the exquisite rose of perfect and beautiful desire fulfilled.

Have you guessed her name? It is Dame Disappointment.—S. A. Women in Council

As one who gathers on the ocean shore
Day after day the treasures of the sea,
Conch shell and coral and the abalone
And many-tinted sea-anemone,

So we, upon the shore of life may glean
Our treasures, also, from the mystic Sea,
The Ocean of Experience which yields
The fadeless riches of Eternity.

—Prentiss Tucker

RESOLVED THAT

The law of compensation shows us again each day that everything has its price. Yes and Mother Nature is the cashier and she demands full payment, and Mother Nature who is so relentless in her demands for payment will *pay* you an hundred fold for your *you do*. If you will plant a grain of corn Nature will give three ears for your work. In Nature's justice there are no holes to sneak out through. Your lawyer can't get a stay—you are paid with a cold and relentless precision and charged the same way. Your cries for mercy are unheeded. You disobey the law and get yours. Ah yes, mother Nature is kind while she seems indifferent, for when you take your hand out of the fire she heals up the burn. When we repent she lets us forgive ourselves. We only sin against ourselves. It doesn't injure *God* nor *Nature*.—"Buster Brown"

Causerie

THERE are many proverbs which are inflicted upon our unwilling ears when in the throes of a disappointment, which only aggravate us to the point of frenzy and convey no real comfort. especially when delivered by a well-meaning friend.

Of such an order are the vulgar expressions, "Grin and bear it," "What can't be cured must be endured," "It is no use to cry over spilt milk." But I venture to think, nay I know it, that there is something going on underneath the shattering processes of blighted hopes and ruined castles in the air, to which a clue of hope may be found. This silver thread, however, is not perceived by the Stoics but by those more eager souls who are wise enough to realize that the evolving spirit seeks to build for itself more and more enchanting dwellings, and that to do this there is a ceaseless process of breaking down and rearrangement going on in which seeming disappointments play a beneficent part.

In that charming story, "A Weaver of Dreams," the writer shows how futile it is to clutch with eager hands at joys which are already passing us by. They are not for us, and our energies are better expended in going forward to meet those which are our legitimate property. I suppose the two centers round which the fires of disappointment most fiercely rage are the twin passions of love and ambition, and well it is for us that these are never fully satisfied, even in the hour of apparent accomplishment. Were it so, were love at its deepest depths and loftiest heights to secure satiety and ambition be gratified to the utmost horizon of power, this world would indeed be an evil dwelling place, peopled by devils.

Individually we should be in the condition of pampered lap dogs with all the diseases incident to overfeeding. Better far the life of the veriest mongrel kicked from pillar to post. He at least sees life and has his moments of intense joy.

Another point of view in the face of grievous disappointment is the fact that when we are able to look back calmly on our bitterest hours, we survey them as a possession, as experiences which seem to round out the orb of life, which we would be sorry to have missed.

Of course I realize that this is the peculiar privilege of middle and advanced age, To the child and very young person with each disappointment the world lies in ruins about them and they cannot see beyond the blank walls of the evil day which closes in. A disappointed child needs all our sympathy, but to older persons, past sufferings may be viewed as so many gateways to fuller experience.

The books we read, the open windows of art, operas which we hear, so recently enjoyed, are feasts all the more filly entered into in the light of personal experiences, good or evil.

Even a simple love tale has no charms to one who has not experienced the throes of the divine passion, and our disappointments may become wings on which we rise to the level of the artist or poet, as he reconstructs past scenes in vivid imagery.

Let us therefore grasp our nettles and no longer sit amid the ruins of ancient hopes and aspiration, but go forward calmly to meet those which are already advancing towards us and which in some other life, if not this, will surely be realized, for the powers of thought are regal indeed, and no ardent desire sent into the Emyrean but finds a goal, and in the joy of an advancing ideal lesser ambitions will lose their savor. —*Exchange*

True Stories of the Unseen

An Arizona miner relates the following experience:

"At the time I was at a mine called 'Rosales,' about twenty miles east of Carbo, Sonora, Mexico. I had with me my assistant and two other Americans. A Mexican family occupied the building where we made our headquarters, The corral, or inclosure for the horses of the party was about fifty yards from the house, and was fenced with posts and brushwood, with one entrance. There were no other houses within two hundred yards.

"We had been quite busy examining ore samples in the house and finally, late in the afternoon, to get a breath of fresh air and rest a little, I went to the outside door and leaned up against the door frame lazily, thinking of nothing in particular. The rest of our party were inside busy with assay samples.

None of the Mexicans was in sight.

A voice, more to my inner hearing than outward, but to me perfectly audible, said: 'Go to the corral!' Now, if there is anything I am not likely to do on a trip, it is to have anything to do with the care of the horses or the corral.

I looked toward the corral, saw nothing out of the way, and answered the voice, perhaps not audibly, 'What should I go to the corral for?' and kept my position. In a few seconds it came again, 'Go to the corral!' peremptorily. I went. I stepped quickly inside the corral (first time I had been there). The ground was covered with several inches of dry grass and hay, old fodder, etc., which, near one side, was on fire. I gave the alarm and by quick work we saved the corral and the horses.

Before I got inside the corral I had neither seen nor smelt smoke and had not the slightest idea of anything wrong. None of our party or the Mexicans knew anything of what was going on till I gave the alarm."

The Martyr

A flame above the candle hung—
 A flame no earthly torch had lit—
 And even as the cradle swung
 His eyes would follow it.
 And older, as he bent to turn
 The book that held his heart, behold!
 The shadow of a flame would burn
 Across its page like gold.

And men reviled him in those days,
 When from old creed and tenets grim
 He turned to follow through strange ways
 The flame that beckoned him.
 That flame that never burned above
 The tall cathedral spire, but stood
 Above that outcast flock his love
 Had made a brotherhood.

And when before his judges flung,
 Daring their council to be meek,
 The live flame fell on lips and tongue
 And burning, bade him speak.
 Hence, one day, glorious with grace,
 Men led him with bell, book and prayer
 Out to the crowded market-place
 Where the heaped faggots were.

And lo! he saw the flame—his flame
 Spring from the pile men's torches lit,
 Exultant to its light he came,
 And gave himself to it.

—Theodosia Garrison

Were there no sleep to the end the day of sorrow,
 Were there no rest to end the day of pain,
 How could we look with joy for a tomorrow
 Or hope to see the golden sun again?
 Were there no death to end a life of sadness,
 Were there no grave to end a life of sin,
 How should we hope to live in Heaven's
 gladness,
 Or trust a sweeter, purer life to win?

—Prentiss Tucker

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 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 contribute your share, someone else must pay for you.*

Question Department

The Aquarian Age

QUESTION: Why do some Astrologers give the year 1912 as the beginning of the Aquarian Age?

Answer: We have seen that statement made, but no reason is given. You don't need Astrology for that calculation; ordinary astronomy will give it very clearly. The vernal equinox at the present time is in 10° of the *constellation Pisces* and that, of course, is called by Astronomers the first degree of Aries. They have the same system we use in Astrology of differentiating between the two zodiacs, and they always start with the first point of Aries, which they call 0 degrees of longitude, indicating the time when the Sun passes over the equator every year. They know and measure precession at the rate of about 50 seconds of space every year. When we go back that 50 seconds of space every year it amounts to one degree in about 72 years, and one sign in about 2,100 years, so that is the same measurement we are using in Astrology. The Sun is at the present time crossing the equator in about 10° of the constellation Pisces, as already said, and as it precedes at the rate of 50 seconds a year, or one degree in 72 years, you can easily figure when the Sun will by precession enter the constellation of Aquarius: about the year 2638, and why anybody should say that the Aquarian Age begins in 1912 we don't know. This much may be said, however: that every one of us has an aura about 16 inches and growing larger as we become more spiritual, but that is the average. That accounts for the fact that sometimes we *feel* a person standing behind us, his aura and our blend and thereby we sense the presence and feel his vibration. And it is the same with the Sun, Moon, Earth, and all the other planets: Each has this particular aura. Thus, as the Sun moves towards the constellation Aquarius, its aura goes before it and contacts the Aquarian vibration of the Sun, so that the influence began to be felt by us in about the middle of last century. And if we will consider the fact that Aquarius is the sign of invention, originality, inde-

pendence, changing the world to brighter and more liberal ideas, and then remember that since 1850 the religious and social ideas of the world have undergone a very complete revolution, science and invention have taken a wonderful turn, this seems to work out. Just think of the things that have come into the world since that time. Steamships were then beginning to be used, then the telegraph and telephone, then wireless telegraphy, automobiles, airships, electrical appliances, and everything that has revolutionized life in the past 60 or 70 years. We have just transformed the whole world with that Aquarian influence and this is being more and more felt every year. Therefore it may be said that *we are in orb of Aquarius*, but the Aquarian Age has not started. When Christ came the Sun by precession was in 7° of Aries; it still had seven degrees to go to Pisces, but it was within orb. In 498 A.D. the Sun crossed in 0° of Aries, and from that time it has been preceding into the sign Pisces and then the Piscean Age began.

It is usual for a great Teacher to come in each age, and we may expect Him to come through the Rosicrucian Fellowship, because the Rosicrucian Fellowship is the herald of the Aquarian Age, as John the Baptist was the herald of the Piscean Age.

PLANETARY HOUR TABLES

Question: Is it right to use the guidance of the Planetary Hour Tables for the purpose of pecuniary gain, or to gain the advantage over another person?

Answer: It is certainly very wrong to use any means to get the advantage over another person. It doesn't matter what the reason is; but if, on the other hand, we want to help somebody—let us say that a person is sick and we want to pour out our vitality and give him all that we can spare, then we can do that best in the hours of Mars, the planet of dynamic energy. And if we want to help somebody to obtain a position, we use the hour of the sun to go and ask for a position for him, the Sun signify-

only be coincidental, because children are dependent upon the other party's horoscope also), and they also died on the same day. And so the main events of their lives were similar, yet they were different because of being placed in different environments: one was a kind, the other an ironmonger. If you will read the article in the *Message of the Stars* about "Amenability to Planetary Vibrations," you will see that humanity learns to respond to one after another of the planets. Many of us are beginning to respond to Uranus, but very few people respond to the vibrations of Neptune.

THE ELDER BROTHERS

Question: Please give a clear description of the Elder Brothers and say if they function on this plane in a material body, also of the Lay Brothers, etc.

Answer: As far as the Elder Brothers are concerned, they have a material body just as you and I and they live in a house which you might think the house of some well-to-do people, but not ostentatious, but well-to-do. They seem to hold offices of distinction in the community where they live, but it is only a blind that they have these positions so as to give a reason for their presence and not create any question as to what they are or who they are or that there is anything out of the ordinary in them. But outside of that house and in that house and through that house there is what may be called the Temple; that is etheric and is different from our

ordinary buildings. It might be likened to the auric atmosphere that is around our Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters that is much larger than the building and is etheric. Manson's word picture of that spiritual church he built gives an idea of what such structures are. They are around buildings and churches where people are very spiritual and of course they differ in color. The Rosicrucian Temple is superlative and not to be compared to anything else, but it surrounds and permeates the house in which the Elder Brothers live and that house is so permeated with spirituality that most people wouldn't feel very comfortable there. And the Lay Brothers, "have they a material body?" Certainly, the editor is not very ethereal and may serve as an illustration of the average.

THE WEDDING GARMENT

Question: What will be the condition of those who have not prepared the wedding garment when Christ comes? Will they still live on earth and go on evolving?

Answer: That is very difficult to say. A great number of those who were left behind in Atlantis because they had not evolved the lungs so they could live in our atmosphere have not been able to catch up with us yet, and there is quite a grave doubt if people who have not evolved the wedding garment to the point where they have some soul growth will be able to live in that Age or whether at a later point and apart from us.



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Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS
(Sixth Installment)

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

(Pages 48 to 55, *Cosmo-Conception*)
Continued from December number

- Q. And where is the World of Life Spirit reflected?
- A. In the Etheric Region of the Physical World.
- Q. And the World of Divine Spirit is reflected where?
- A. In the Chemical Region of the Physical World.
- Q. Are the seven Worlds placed one above another as shown in the diagram?
- A. They are not, but they interpenetrate one another.
- Q. How can you illustrate these relations of the seven Worlds?
- A. We may represent the dense earth by a sponge. Then imagine that sand permeates every part of the sponge. Let the sand represent the Etheric Region, and let us further imagine the sponge and sand immersed in a spherical glass vessel filled with clear water, and a little larger than the sponge and sand. The water as a whole will represent the Desire World if we think of the air in the water as representing the World of Thought. Finally imagine the vessel containing the sponge, sand and water placed in the center of a larger spherical vessel, then the air in the space between the two vessels would represent that part of the World of Thought which extends beyond the Desire World. By placing another larger spherical vessel outside, we have a representation of the World of Life Spirit.

- Q. In order to travel from one planet to another, what is necessary?
- A. It is necessary to have a vehicle correlated to the World of Life Spirit under our conscious control.
- Q. To what may the various solar systems be compared?
- A. To so many separate sponges swimming in a World of Divine Spirit.
- Q. What is the highest vehicle of man?
- A. The Divine Spirit.

THE FOUR KINGDOMS

(Pages 56 to 86, *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. How many Worlds of our planet are at present in the field of evolution?
- A. Three, the Physical World, the Desire World, and the World of Thought.
- Q. How are these Worlds divided as regards our evolution?
- A. They are divided into a number of different kingdoms, at various stages of development.
- Q. How many of these kingdoms concern us at the present time and which are they?
- A. Four, the mineral, plant, animal and human kingdoms.
- Q. In what way are these four kingdoms related to the three Worlds?
- A. They are related in different ways, according to the progress these groups of evolving life have made in the school of experience.
- Q. What can you say of the dense bodies of all these kingdoms?
- A. So far as form is concerned, they are all composed of the same chemical substance, the

- solids, liquids and gases of the Chemical region.
- Q. Is there any difference between the dense body of a man and that of a stone from a chemical standpoint?
- A. They are both composed of a chemical compound, but the latter is ensouled by mineral life only.
- Q. In speaking of man and mineral from a physical standpoint, are there any differences?
- A. There are several differences. Man moves, grows and propagates his species, while the mineral in its native state does none of these things.
- Q. When we compare man with the plant kingdom, what similarity do we find?
- A. Both plant and man have a dense and a vital body and are capable of growth and propagation.
- Q. What faculties does man possess that the plant does not?
- A. Man feels, has power of motion and the faculty of perceiving things exterior to himself.
- Q. When we compare man with the animal, what do we find?
- A. We find that both have the faculties of feeling, motion, growth, propagation and sense-perception.
- Q. What faculties has man that are not possessed by the animal?
- A. Man has the faculty of speech, a superior structure of the brain and also hands, which are a very great physical advantage.
- Q. What else has man evolved that places him above the other kingdoms?
- A. Man has also evolved a definite language in which to express his feelings and his thoughts.
- Q. Where must we go to find the causes which give to one kingdom that which is denied to another?
- A. We must go to the Invisible Worlds.
- Q. What is first necessary to function in any of the Invisible Worlds?
- A. We must first possess a vehicle made of its material.
- Q. What must we have to function in the dense Physical World?
- A. It is necessary to have a dense body adapted to our environment.
- Q. If we did not have a dense body, what would be the result?
- A. We would be what is commonly called ghosts and be invisible to most physical beings.
- Q. What must we have to function in the Etheric Region?
- A. A vital body to express life and grow or externalize the other qualities peculiar to this Region.
- Q. What kind of a vehicle is necessary to show feeling and emotion?
- A. It is necessary to have a vehicle composed of the material of the Desire World.
- Q. What is necessary to render thinking possible.
- A. A mind formed of the substance of the Region of Concrete Thought.
- Q. Why is it that the mineral cannot grow, propagate or show sentient life?
- A. Because it does not possess a vital body.
- Q. As an hypothesis necessary to account for other known facts, what does material science hold forth?
- A. Material science holds that in the densest solid, as in the rarest and most attenuated gases, no two atoms touch each other; that the atoms float in an ocean of ether.
- Q. What does the occult scientist know relating to the atoms above referred to?
- A. He knows that it is true of the Chemical Region and that the mineral does not possess a separate vital body of ether; and that it is the planetary ether alone which envelops the atoms of the mineral, that makes the difference described.
- Q. Then what is necessary to express the qualities of a particular realm?
- A. It is necessary to have a separate vital body, desire body, etc., to express the qualities of a corresponding realm.
- Q. Then why is it that the mineral cannot feel, propagate or think?
- A. Because it lacks a separate vehicle to function in the different realms. It is interpenetrated by the planetary ether only and is, therefore, incapable of individual growth.
- Q. Which of the four states of ether is active in the mineral?
- A. The chemical ether; and it is due to this fact that chemical forces are active in minerals.

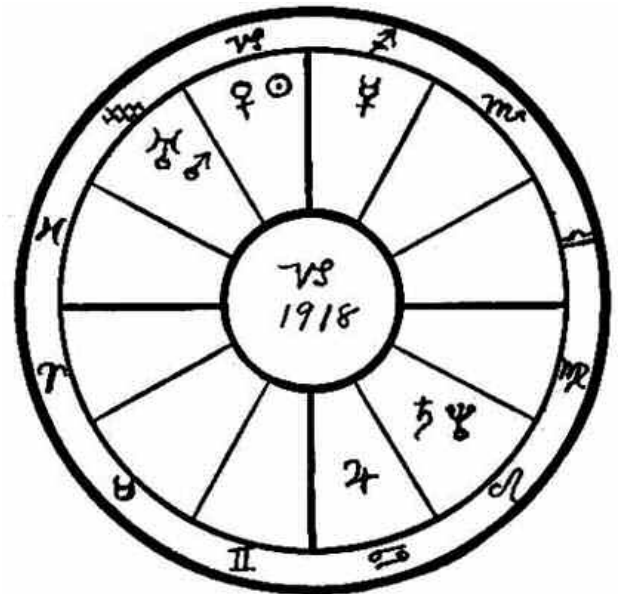


The Astral Ray

The Children of Capricorn, 1919

BORN DECEMBER 23RD TO JANUARY 21ST, INCLUSIVE

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is the custom of astrologers, when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine his remarks to the characteristics given by the sign the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what these people are like, for if those were their sole characteristics there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We are going to improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. That should give a much more accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after June, 1917*. The price of back numbers is 20¢ each.



Capricorn is ruled by Saturn, the planet of obstruction; therefore the vitality of these children is very low and they are difficult to raise, but once infancy is passed the saturnine persistence makes itself felt and they cling to life with such an amazing tenacity that they often become very old. They are very much subject to colds and their principal source of danger is falls and bruises. The children of Capricorn are usually timid and bashful in the presence of strangers, but when they have become used to people they show their domineering nature and endeavor to make everybody around them conform to their will. The saturnine quality of the sign makes them jealous and suspicious of the motives of others, therefore they are very fond of detective work. They will follow a trail with unerring instinct and unwavering perseverance than never gives up as long as there is the remotest

chance of success. It is good to be friends with Capricornians and bad to make enemies of them, for they find it very hard to forgive a real or fancied offense or injury and always brood over any wrong done them. On the other hand, if they once give their confidence or friendship, they are also consistent in that direction. They are very ambitious and anxious to have their services recognized by other people and they have a splendid executive ability because of the unusual qualities of forethought and concentration conferred by Saturn. They are born leaders and organizers but chafe under restrictions and dislike particularly to take orders from others. When they are placed in such a subordinate position and cannot have their own way they become gloomy, taciturn, moody, pessimistic, irritable, and given to worry. The children of Capricorn usually have a disinclination to marriage and are seldom at ease if they