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# Occult Life



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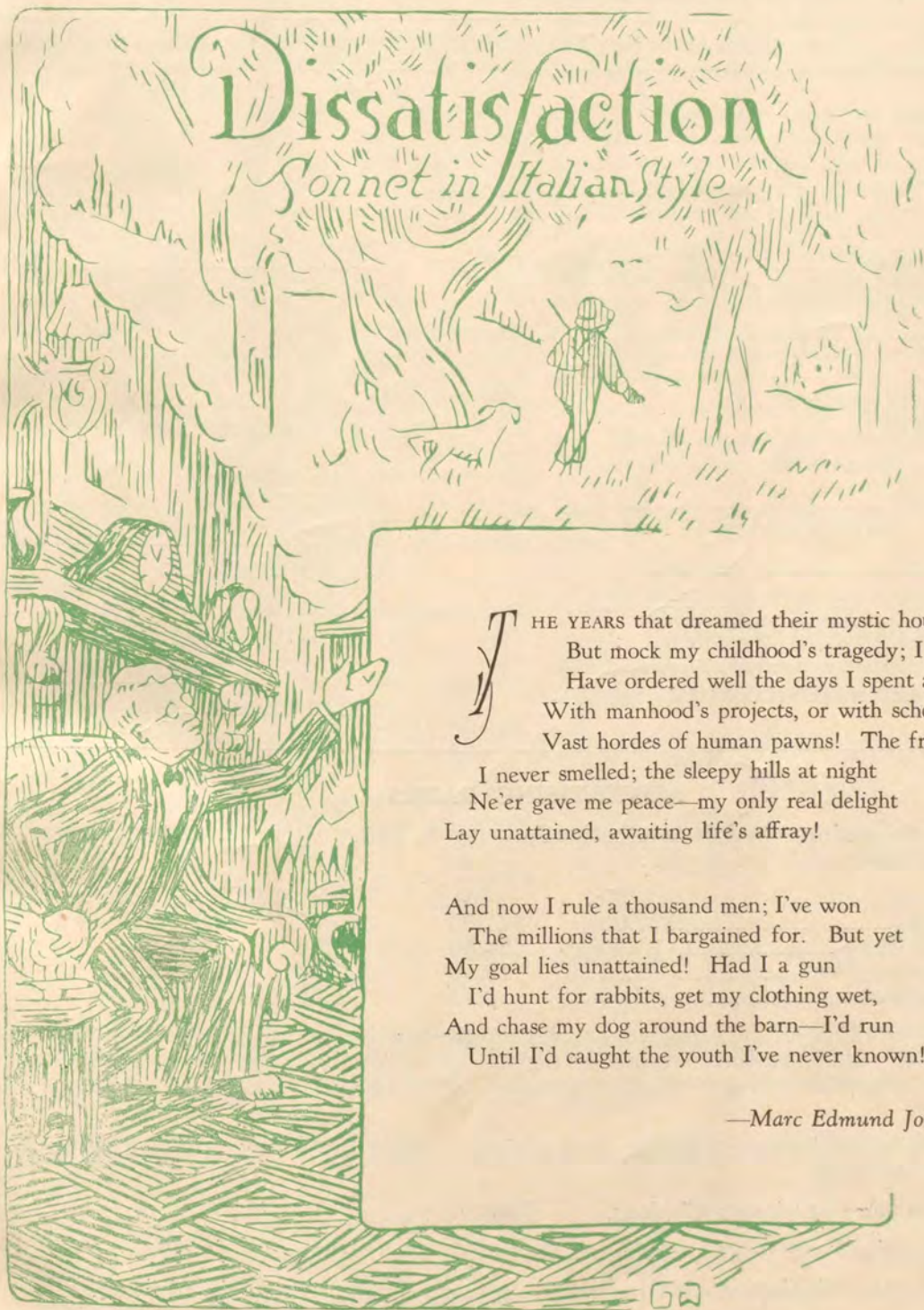
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# Dissatisfaction

*Sonnet in Italian Style*



THE YEARS that dreamed their mystic hours away  
 But mock my childhood's tragedy; I might  
 Have ordered well the days I spent alight  
 With manhood's projects, or with schemes to sway  
 Vast hordes of human pawns! The fragrant hay  
 I never smelled; the sleepy hills at night  
 Ne'er gave me peace—my only real delight  
 Lay unattained, awaiting life's affray!

And now I rule a thousand men; I've won  
 The millions that I bargained for. But yet  
 My goal lies unattained! Had I a gun  
 I'd hunt for rabbits, get my clothing wet,  
 And chase my dog around the barn—I'd run  
 Until I'd caught the youth I've never known!

—Marc Edmund Jones.



APR -3 1929

# OCCULT LIFE

HAYES BEASLEY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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Time of the New Moon in MARCH, 1929

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# EDITORIAL

## CHANGING OUR NAME

**O**CCULT LIFE" is the new name of this magazine. It has been demonstrated during the issuance of the fourteen numbers constituting the life history of "The Occultist" that: There is a demand for such a magazine. It has a distinctive field. Occultism is a much misunderstood term. The editor knows less about Occultism now than when he began the publication of the magazine.

The two years, almost, in which the first volume was consummated, were years of hectic hope and black despair. One of my best friends greeted me on our first meeting with: "I have sensed that 'The Occultist' was printed in blood". But, always, when the type was set and the forms ready to print, the money for the paper has been provided. There has never been a time, no matter how weak and tired the flesh or drooping and discouraged the spirit, but what my purpose has held and the determination to make this magazine worthy its mission, and its mission one of helpfulness to mankind, is stronger today than ever in the past two years.

Probably the greatest lesson learned from the past experience, has been the one learned by the editor: That before he can help others, he must first be able to help himself. Believing, as I do, that there is but one calling in life worth while and that is to be able to lend a helping hand to the individual in need of it, whether on the material, mental or spiritual plane, I have decided to arbitrarily change the vibration from the negative two of "The Occultist" to the positive cosmic seven of "Occult Life", knowing that the new name will attract to the magazine the prosperity to which it is entitled.

## PRIMORDIAL SUBSTANCE

The scientist refuses to accept any premise he cannot reduce to visibility in the test tube or microscope, or to an equation in mathematics, yet is compelled, by the limitations of his refusal to do so, to admit that there is a hypothetical premise beyond the visibility of his test tube, microscope or mathematical equation.

While he may not be willing to concede it, this hypothetical premise is the fact of the existence of primordial substance, from which is conceived the creature or image of all that exists in form.

When we read in the first chapter of Genesis that "the spirit moved upon the waters" some concept immediately is formed in the mind. It must, of necessity, be so. Usually this concept is of so visionary and formless nature that it cannot be pictured

in words or on canvas, although many authors, artists and dreamers have made ineffectual attempts to do so. This "spirit" that "moved upon the waters" was and is primordial substance, for it is still moving upon those waters and still creating in form.

The waters upon which the spirit moved were and are the cosmic mother-womb. The result of the movement was: "And God said", creating the "Word" or the thought substance, which, in turn, projected "Let there be light", or the form.

It is at this point the scientist begins his theses and from which he can work with some degree of certitude. But to go behind this curtain of light, he cannot, for he has wilfully shut himself out of the spirit realm and locked himself in the closet of materiality or world illusion.

Neither is he certain that his deductions concerning light are assured, for he can only measure its manifestations from the surface of the earth, which is shrouded in a deep curtain of atmosphere, variously estimated to be from 134 to 500 miles in thickness.

It is a reasonable deduction that the speed of light is much more rapid than 186,300 miles per second, for the reason that as the atmosphere becomes more tenuous and rare, the resistance must, of necessity, become correspondingly less, allowing the electromagnetic rays to travel at a much higher speed.

If the Refracting Point, or what I am pleased to call Atmospheric Parallax is 134 miles from the surface of the earth, the position of a celestial orb would be different than if this point or Parallax were 500 miles distant from the earth, so the scientist is not certain, even, of the planetary positions.

The deductions of the philosopher relative to the various hypotheses bearing on planetary relationship, primordial substance and other celestial speculation, based on the certain Law of Correspondences, which is demonstrable from the standpoint of physical life on this plane, are much more reliable as a foundation from which to study life, here and hereafter, than any premise or premises that science has yet produced.

The scientist is compelled to stand dumb before the gates of the entrance and exit of life, and to say he has found out nothing useful as a guide to living here, upon which we may build with any degree of certainty, that will help hereafter. He has failed to recognize the premise of spiritual primordium. This spirit is primordial substance and is outlined elsewhere in this issue of Occult Life as cosmic hydrogen.

The vaunted claims of science to be able to create life will never stand, for the reason that life has a beginning in this spiritual primordial substance that



cannot be reduced to the dimensions of a test tube or pestle and mortar, but may only be cognized by those who are willing to transmute the base vibrations of the three-dimensional animal into the super vibrations of the four-dimensional man.

### PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRITUALISM WILL PASS OUT

Psycho-Analysis, Psychology and Spiritualism will occupy the same place in the minds of men, in a few more years, that is now given to hypnotism. The fight has already begun on psycho-analysis and has been in progress for many years against spiritualism. Psychology will have its turn.

The reason for this change of front will be the fact that Astrology, on which is based the superstructure for all three, will become so universal that they will be unnecessary as a means of analysis, on any of the three planes, physical, mental or spiritual.

The urges and complexes of the psychologist and psycho-analyst are but the planetary aspects, transits and progressions of the individual's horoscope and will be made so definite and simple that they will supplant and make unnecessary the former. While the negative and disintegrating practice of trance mediumship will be studied from the standpoint of vibration and the fundamental laws governing it will be made so plain that it will not be necessary to take the risks involved by negative mediumship.

Another bit of hocus-pocus that is now rampant in the business world is the so-called science of salesmanship. Salesmanship based upon any other premise than that of giving value received for every dollar invested, belongs to the realm of highway robbery and will, some day, be treated as such.

Any salesman taking advantage of a victim because of superior ability, inside information or personal magnetism is guilty of a breach of trust, to say the least, and is, even now, on the toboggan of public disapproval.

*ALL the complexities of life come from lies.*

## Finer Forces

By JULIA SETON, M. D.

**T**HE GREAT art of Life is to be able to keep the forces of living balanced at all times. There is always the stream of force going out and the stream coming back. These streams are regulated by our own actions; they are balanced by what we give and receive. We find inharmony in our human life when our law of giving and receiving is not equal.

Many people think and act as if the world really owed them everything and they had nothing to do in exchange for all its gifts. Then they wonder why things go wrong; why they fail to acquire what they want, expecting all and giving very little in return.

We will succeed more fully when we learn that in all attainment it is really "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This old saying was just the Master's way of showing man the universal law of balance and higher justice. It is an eternal fact that whatever we claim from life we must be willing to pay for in full. There are really no gifts in the

great Eternal Plan, there is simply the unending law of exchange—we give and get, get and give.

We can take and never give, we can steal and never return, we can grab all that is best for ourselves and the law of the moment will allow it to pass, there will be no voice to call us halt; we can control, subordinate and punish the weak and life will go on quietly as if nothing had happened; but sometime, somewhere the great law of balancing will begin and the toll be taken. We will then meet the place in our desires where we will have to pay full measure for our over-taking, and will find, what many others have found, that life keeps strict account, and, no matter what we do, it still keeps on collecting to the last penny. We find we are forced to give time, money and our heart's desires to others and that we are slaves instead of free and happy as we thought to be. If we pay as we go, life delights in answering our slightest wish, for "with what measure ye mete, it is meted unto you again". This is the promise, the true justice and the balancing of the forces of Life.



# Hydrogen---Spirit Matter

By W. H. SCOTT

**H**YDROGEN is said to be the basis of all organic life; the hydrogen atom is the basis of all material existence. In Genesis we read "the Gods breathed into man the breath of lives and he became a living soul". This is the "Wind", Pneuma or Breath. It is the agent which carries downward the influence of the two luminaries, the Sun and Moon, diffusing them thru the Earth. Hydrogen on the higher plane contains the trinity of powers, which in man are expressed thru Sun, Moon and Ascendant. It is the "Spiritual Fire" that alone renders man a perfect entity. "In alchemy," says the Secret Doctrine, "it is Hydrogen in general; while in Esoteric actuality it is an emanation or Ray, which proceeds from its Noumenon or First Element. Hydrogen is a gas only on our terrestrial plane. But even in chemistry hydrogen would be the only existing form of matter, in the sense of that term, and is very nearly allied to Protyle. It is the Father and Generator, or rather the basis of both Air and Water, and is fire, air and water—one under three aspects". Its first manifestation springs from the Airy Triplicity. From the First Great Darkness in the sign Libra, springs its potencies, which roll into manifestation in association with the sign Gemini, which renders it diffuse, thru the action of Mercury, translating the Solar Fluid, of which Hydrogen may be said to be the epitome.

In Aquarius we find its first fixed and stable manifestation in an individualized form; the dawn of creation springing from the latter source. This was and is the origin of man.

In our world of manifestation, the material plane, Hydrogen is the objective symbol, the Proteus capable of assuming any shape. It is the material emanation from the subjective and purely spiritual entitative Being—The God-Substance by which creation is clothed and made to appear; virtually the "Word made Flesh".

Says Godfrey Higgins, "Hydrogen is not fire, though it manifests or creates it; nor is it air, though air may be regarded as a product of the union of water and fire". This is seen in the atmosphere of Jupiter, working thru the fiery Sagittarius and the mysterious occult properties of the Watery Pisces. In Jupiter, neither fire nor water exist separately as we know them, but they combine as the Spirituous Creative Fluid. The combination of the two—Sagittarius and Pisces—thus produces the Immortal Twin Element, or Gemini in the higher octave, serving to give the inhabitants of Jupiter faculties, qualities and characteristics of which we know nothing whatever; in virtue of the fact that they have command of this magical transforming element, Hydro-

gen. Yet Jupiter's vibrations are the highest we are capable of manifesting in the realm of religion and spiritual aspiration. Viewed from the standpoint of Sun, Moon, Earth, Mercury, Venus and Mars, and finally Jupiter, we have the scale of Seven, with Jupiter as the final or culminating note of our octave; Saturn being the Initial Planet of the next or succeeding octave of words. Jupiter has nine moons, and these taken together with the body of the planet make ten, the perfect number, beyond which we may not go. Now Hydra, a name having the same significance as Hydrogen, is pictured as a serpent having many heads, while Jupiter is pictured as having many wives, both of which are a hybridism, significant of the many powers possessed by the Spirituous Fluid, Hydrogen, and expressed, as nowhere else, thru the radio-active frequencies of the planet Jupiter. He is the Hydrodynamics of our good world of Great Fortune.

At the very foundation of our personal existence, in the Moon's sign Cancer, the waters of life in which we are planted and grow, Jupiter finds Exaltation, where he forges, on the Anvil of Sense, the true definition of Sentient Life.

Since life, thought and character are a chemical result, we look to Hydrogen as the basis of these three. The more complete union of thought and feeling indicates the association of Jupiter's vibrations with those of the Moon's sign. There is an allegory to the effect that the Moon-God eloped with Jupiter's wife—it does not say which one—and that Mercury was born from this union, and Mercury holds this distinction; viz.: That he is, in nature, hydra-electric and can, therefore, associate with any element. But his chief office may be said to be that of uniting the mind to matter or the physical plane through Virgo. He represents the Active function of the mind, just as the Moon does the Passive or Receptive. He is said to be exalted in Aquarius, where is found the Astral Silver, blending with the Blue; which combines the qualities of Cancer and Gemini or Mercury and the Moon. It is said that "when the activities of Aquarius pass into higher, and yet higher, qualities, the silver and the blue blend into something wonderful—something which only the trained clairvoyant eye is able to cognize". And this is not strange since here we approach those higher mental vibrations that are transmitted from Mercury's upper octave; viz.: Uranus, which rules the Spiritual Lightnings of the Hydrogen of the Ethers.

Now it is a remarkable fact that when hydrogen gas is burning, it emits a beautiful blue flame. And when the inspired thought flashes thru the mind, blue scintillating suns dart before the vision for an



instant; and these often have an undertone of silver; while at other times they are tinged with a violet flame, this violet flame belonging to the Moon's exalted aspect.

Hydrogen has the strange power of the transformation of life; it is an easy route across the Styx. Recently the owner of the house where this writer lives, was found unconscious in the bath tub, with life nearly extinct.

The room was full of gas. There was no design, on his part, to take his own life. When restored to consciousness, he told us of his experience. The odor was described as delicious, and he could not get enough. He was in Elysian fields, blissful and happy, and was quite willing to go on forever, and leave this vagrant earth behind forever and a day.

Thus Hydrogen speeds up the physical life to the higher etheric rates, drawing it clear out of its vehicle. It is only thru the inspiration of the divine fires that the electric life of the body becomes allied to the higher magic of the sympathetic system, where dwells the seat of individuality. And this would cause the mental action to pass into a rhythm whose melodies would stir the inmost depth of the soul. Aquarius seems to be given the task of receiving these spiritualized qualities, which are controlled by that will that belongs to the soul senses. Here man enters upon the next stage of his existence, with enlarged powers and quickened vitality. Many, many, specimens of the New Aquarian Race, are, even now, entering upon this stage, and they are the hope of the future world—they have enormously enhanced Hydrogenous Powers. And a sympathetic nerve structure to take ample care of these higher frequencies.

Mind, consciousness, disposition, temperament, instinct, intellect, intelligence, reason, thought, sense, soul, spirit, understanding—these are never divorced from the elements, since Mental Chemistry is the Meter-Measure of all the life we know. And if our thoughts be tangled with that of the language-makers, issuing false coins of thought from the daily mint, to the end that we mis-read the language of the Great Genesis, it is no fault of the Soul of Nature, functioning through the Seven Moving Planets.

How wonderfully we are protected from the reigning energies of this universal agent of the Great Life, is told by the late George L. Tanzer, in his work on Cosmic Reciprocity, where he tells us that, "Descending from the Hydrogen sphere earthwards, we find Nitrogen appearing as the first constituent of our atmosphere at 110 km above sea level. The nitrogen, as is well known, is incombustible and acts the part of a diluent of oxygen in our atmosphere".

In other words, Nitrogen acts as a shield against violent reaction between Hydrogen and Oxygen, which two elements, by means of their strong affinity for each other, are ever ready to chemically combine, at a high or correspondingly low temperature, or when subject to friction, with explosive violence, forming water.

*Four*

At the portal of physical life stand the Four—Hydrogen, Carbon, Nitrogen and Oxygen; and these correspond to the Triplicities, Fire, Earth, Air and Water. And the origin of the Cross and the Great Name (the Tetragrammaton) is found here. He of the Four Letters appears as the Four in One, whose basis is Hydrogen, furnishing the pattern, according to which, are moving those lines of Divine Energy which is to ultimate in the structure of the ages—the Man Aquarius. Four, like the fabled tortoise, supports the world. Not only the vegetable, but also the animal and human. Gradually the volume of Hydrogen is increasing and transforming our world; quickening the mental powers and vital forces, and extending the length of life, as we enter farther and farther into the sign of Fixed Air, the Man bearing the great urn in which may be found the Elixir Vitae and which alone has the face of a man.

"When, therefore, thou seest a man bearing a pitcher of water, follow thou him". These are supposed to be the words of the Master, two thousand and odd years ago, and they refer to the Hydrogenous Powers of the Aquarian Life; the sign of the Outpouring, whose vibrations are of such a nature as to transform the entire social and political, religious and ethical, trend of civilization.

The ultimate form and expression of the Cross is found in this Fixed Air, Aquarius. This is Saturn's Day-House, and Saturn commands and prepares the way for Unification. Equalizing, synthesizing, coordinating, systematizing and balancing all things whatsoever. Saturn is the Geometrician of the Elohim. As the ultimate of form, of determined boundary, the square (cross) is, of all formation, the most exact in its restrictions. It is the Universal Symbol, and the Tree and the Cross or Square are one in significance and purpose, and the Tree of Creation spreads out its arms everywhere. The nervous system, which fills the body is such a Tree; the body is as the Garden of Creation for man, just as is the body of the "Man Outside," or the Solar System, whose heart-beat is in the Sun and whose Grand Nerve Structure is represented by the sign Aquarius. It is truly said that every man must bear his own cross. He is subject to those limitations, definite and circumscribed, which mark the boundaries of this Tree of Knowledge within him; and, as in nature, there are giants of the forest, slender, and growing shoots, small bushes and the sage-brush of the desert, so in man there is all grades of development and growth in the Tree of Knowledge.

But in the mind qualities of the sign Aquarius we find the Number of Infinity. It is the evolution of the Unity of Mind and the mental powers, amid all this diversity.

It is the function of Saturn to gather and hoard. And just as he is said to define and limit the orbits of all the planets between himself and the Sun—building up from without inward, toward the Source of Life, so, likewise, does he draw all minds into the



One Great Stream of Universal Life and Understanding.

Saturn represents that circumferential limit whereby diversity of mind and thought is arrested and made to return to the Cause of Things rather than their appearance. Here man emerges from his narrow sphere to view the Great Ocean. But in order to accomplish this he must be equipped with mind powers by which to handle higher frequencies and potential elements; and this is not apart from the chemistry of his whole being, body, mind and soul. Now we learn that "Uranus governs the inner or soul senses"; therefore, his sign (Aquarius) must be that sign whose life qualities carry the Dynamics of the soul of man. Aquarius is said to govern the etheric currents, carrying not only the radio message, but also those messages that flash from mind to mind—as in thought transference—and soul to soul. Here the Spirit begins to live in the Acute Man once more. Second sight and sense—which is truly the first—are reawakened. A new strength is diffused thru the whole man, because his mind is being geared up with all other minds, which help him live and understand. The universal fluid, which we call Hydrogen, enters, more and more, into his tree of life and thought, awakening the magic powers of his soul.

The entire history of the evolution of our planet is written in this Book of Life we call the sign Aquarius, and its astral color is the Transcendent Blue of Pure Intelligence; and that is why we are informed that Aquarius belongs to the "Knowledge Series" of the Zodiac.

Aquarius is called the Waterman. We have seen how Hydrogen and Oxygen possess a powerful affinity for each other. They are the two elements which establish the basis for sex union—the masculine and feminine elements of all creation are found in these two. Physical attraction, mental attraction and soul attraction are wholly dependent on them; and their combination as H<sub>2</sub>O gives us water, and it is in water that we find the germs of all physical life. This life is under the dominion of the Moon and the Fourth house or Cancer.

*That is why simplicity is greatness and always greatness  
will be found to be simple.*

## Just a Little Child

BY SVEND RAASTAD

**H**E WAS just a little child, so little that he did not know anything about God. He laughed, and he cried, but he did not know why, for "because" had not occurred to his little mind. He played, not because he wanted to as a result of any premeditated thought, he just played, for Life to him was but the playground into which he had just been led. He was indeed in his Garden of Eden.

What, then, shall we say of Aquarius as a Water-Man? Does he not carry the nerve fluids, along which pulse the currents-of thought? By the law of analogy is it not absolutely certain that thought is born from a union of Hydrogen and Oxygen on a higher plane which we may call the Waters of Thought? We say that emotion and physical sensation belong to the Watery Triplicity, Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces. Here the personal, conscious life takes its rise; likewise we may view the Airy Triplicity as the seat of the soul's emotional activities, her spirituous fluid giving birth to thought or mind-children, the difference being that here we meet the powers of generation in a single organism—man is bi-sexual in his thinking powers. But the laws governing the two planes of generation do not differ in principle, nor do the elements employed differ, save that on the mental plane added properties are present. In Aquarius physical generation gives place to mental generation eventually, in that the race is approaching its ripening season. Here the Sun becomes more powerful, so to speak, than the Moon. It is the urge for Power—the King (dom) Come, the Will which is to be Done, on Earth as in Heaven.

When the Solar System enters the great astral sign Aquarius of the 26,000 year cycle, the opposite quality (Leo) becomes active in the race; and just as the Sun in Leo marks that period when the grain ripens and the harvest is at hand, so Aquarius marks that great month in the Solar Year when humanity ripens and the harvest of souls is at hand. And is not Saturn the epitome of the Old Man (Mature Man) with the scythe, the Reaper? The speculation, rife, as to whether we have yet entered Aquarius, should not exist; the indications are all about us. We are in her Whirlpool of Conscious Knowing even now, that staggers the imagination; and tomorrow you shall see the Scientific Ghost. Tomorrow you will see what appears to be the living actor on a thousand stages, in a thousand cities at the same time. Such are the Magic Powers of Hydra, the Wisdom Serpent of the Living Blue of the sign of MAN.

One day, as a lightning out of the clear sky, a voice penetrated his little consciousness, saying: If you want to be a good little boy, you must not do that, but you must do this. And this little one asked his first "why"; and the eternal sentence was passed on him, that he must spend the remainder of his individual life in the prison-house of "because".

So he listened to the voice, or voices that taught



him to analyze that, which to him had been but one immense something, too immense to question.

The voices multiplied, and the ability to discern that which was called good from that which was, of necessity, called evil, became more and more complicated, as he asked his "why", demanding a "because".

By this time he had formed an idea of God, for they had told him that God wanted all people to be good, and that those who were not good were not God's people, and something awful would happen to them, and from the way they had spoken about God, he really wanted to be of those who belonged to God.

So his little mind listened to the voices and tried hard to remember the lessons taught of that which was good, as well as of that which was evil. He slipped and fell many times on the prescribed path of a good life, but he got persistently on his little feet again and strove on, encouraged at times, but mostly frightened onward, upward.

His little mind developed, and finally matured as an independent thinker. Gradually, during this development, circumstances in his individual life had forced him to question accepted facts, facts generally accepted; he even reached the point where he questioned the existence of God; he felt himself independent of anything but his own will, and that will demanded but that which he chose to demand.

And thus he went on during the many years of his maturity, a dynamic force in his own domain.

But in the midst of this Garden of his own Eden, the voice penetrated again, crying out its eternal "why", and he was compelled, by the power of his dynamic self, to answer his own "because".

Why, out of the innumerable things I could do, do I choose to do that one thing which I demand to do? Why THAT ONE THING, and not another? And why does my fellowman choose to will that particular thing which he demands to do, and not another? Why does everyone, at all times, just do THAT ETERNAL ONE THING, which completely fills every moment of their existence, and not another? Why, in the Drama of Existence, does one play the part of the villain, and another the part of the hero, one the lover, and the other the betrayer, one the servant, and the other the master, one the playwright, and the other the actor; why this immense variety of expression, so absolutely exact in its seeming confusion? Why not something entirely different?

And his dynamic "Why" thundered forth through all existence; and he received the "Because" of all existence: THAT ONE WILL, WHICH ETERNALLY DOES THAT ONE THING IN ALL THINGS, THE WILL OF GOD ALMIGHTY.

And in the twinkling of an eye, he again became as that little child of his beginning, so little, that he did not need to know anything about God.

*The simple thing to do is to "agree with thine adversary quickly".*

## A New Book

NEW MEASURES IN ASTROLOGY, by W. Frankland. L. N. Fowler & Co., 7 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E. C. 4, London.

The astrological world will greet the above book with enthusiasm, as it brings to that world a system of directing that not only has simplicity, but is logical and orderly. The laborious mathematical processes, involved in the older systems, are eliminated. Many examples are quoted demonstrating the accu-

racy of the system and proving the soundness of the foundations on which it is built.

In the foreword, written by L. Protheroe Smith, the claim is made that this is an epochal book. If it is not epochal, it is, at least, a valuable addition to the new knowledge now coming into manifestation along astrological lines.

It is a book that all students of astrology will want, and we heartily recommend its purchase.



# What is Wrong with the "Flu"?

BY DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

**I**N LORD TENNYSON'S observation that "nothing moves on aimless feet", is to be found not only a fine poetic feeling, but also a deep scientific thought. Things and conditions act and react upon each other like cogs in a wheel or chemicals in a retort. Everything influences, or receives influences from something else, continually releasing new or latent energies in the contact with the life-forms of their environments.

Now "Flu" is certainly a thing of movement and action, and should therefore be counted with the things that do not move on "aimless feet".

What, then, is the meaning of this ambiguous visitor, and what is the object of his call?

At a first glance it would seem as if the attacks were all due to chance. Old and young, lean and fat, "pictures of health" and "pictures of decay" are all subjected to the same order of procedure: pains in the back, stiffness of joints, desire to stretch and yawn, followed by chills, headache and fever. The same theme, though susceptible to variations. The latter, however, are modified by influences that lie "deeper than the skin".

The Flu attacks the individual, not because of what he *looks* like—but because of what he really is.

Microbes are wonderful detectives, following a plan of fingerprints and identification all their own, and find their field of action with unflinching instinct. They behave as if they were under the control of a universal health service, charged with authority to remove the pathological elements of the human organism which may for years have been accumulated and stowed away in the cell-spaces of an overfed or wrongly fed body. The removal of these waste deposits from the human organism proceeds very much along the same lines and methods as adopted by the health department of a city. In our body we have the same system of garbage cans and swill barrels as that of a city commonwealth. In normal life, with a judiciously and moderately conducted system of eating the elimination of this waste and exhaust is readily carried on by the normal functioning of the body itself.

But when, in the course of gluttony, the accumulation of wastes exceeds the capacity of normal systematic elimination, the excess has to be stowed away and sealed up in the cell-spaces of the body so as to prevent the spread of the fermenting fluids through the general circulation of the blood and lymph.

Then something unusual may happen to the sys-

tem—the physiological shock due perhaps to exposure to a cold wind, a draught from an open window, or, in most cases to some extra concoction of foods. As the physiological carburetor is already "missing", with the batteries halfway burnt out, and a cylinder or more out of action, the shock may develop into a serious disturbance and cause a "short-circuiting" of the vital exchanges throughout the entire nerve ramifications of the organism.

Failing to attend to the normal elimination of the body-wastes, the latter pressing for release may find a temporary outlet through the eyes, nose and throat,—a condition which we readily diagnose as the old popular affliction "Catching Cold." These "Colds", of course, relieve the pressure of the overflowing systemic corruption very much as the safety valve of an engine allows the escape of gas when the pressure from within begins to threaten. This may explain the common observation that individuals who are suffering from recurring "Colds", seldom become subject to the acute and more deep-going attacks of fever and inflammatory diseases.

## II

On the other hand, if the swollen sewers of the over-charged eliminations should not find a sufficient vent in those recurrent "Colds", the pressure of the accumulating mass may burst the covering of the ducts and allow the physiological filth to leak out and be absorbed in the general circulation. This brings into an acute stage, and starts processes of fermentation in the blood and muscles. The temperature leaps up, and the individual finds himself in the sweep of a high fever, which according to the area under attack, may turn into pneumonia, typhoid fever, pleurisy, or a combination of them all—the "FLU".

It is self-evident that if this picture of the cause and meaning of sickness is correct, our attitude, not only to the "FLU", but to disease in general, should be fundamentally changed. We must cease to look upon these dreaded microbes as harbingers of disease and death, but rather as ambulatory scavengers that come to remove from us the impurities and waste matters we have stored up in our system. In place of firing medicinal broadsides at them—destructive both to the microbes and the organism itself, we should co-operate with their efforts, and readily surrender our system to the scrubbing, flushing, purging methods of this "flying" health squad. Without their assistance we probably would drown in our own filth.

One of the great obstructions we unconsciously throw in the way of our microbic house-cleaning is



the premature feeding and overfeeding of the patient. Digestion is quite a laborious process, and involves the immediate activity of millions of cells, which, in the case of fever, have been called to the battlefield to assist in the life-depending work of directing and controlling the filth combustion started by the microbes. This means, of course, that either digestion or the general elimination must suffer; and as the latter is already taxed to the point of breaking, having to remove and flush the stream of sewage, stirred up by the business of the "Flu", it is evident that to save the system from self-poisoning the assistance of every available cell is called for. Hence, to rush the cells from their work of elimination to that of digestion, would be as unreasonable as in the case of fire, if half of the crew were ordered back to attend to some general routine work.

We must stop regarding the microbes as our enemies. They are not more inimical to our body than a flock of vultures feasting on the fermenting swill and rotting carcasses of our back-yard. Let us rather take a philosophic and practical view of the situation, and in place of isolating our impure tissues from the ambulatory scavengers by sedatives, anti-febrils, and antipyretics, we should co-operate in their efforts, and by every natural agency at our disposal, air, water, sun and fruit-juices, make the grand systemic house-cleaning as thorough-going as possible. In our standardized medication of the sick we make the great mistake, that in place of protecting the body of the patient we protect his filth, and in place of hurting the microbe we hurt most likely the patient himself.

### III

Hence, we are entirely justified in saying that if the patient thoroughly understands his situation, and sanely and scientifically co-operates with the "Flu", the epidemic may prove to be the greatest health event in his life-history. For no artificial purging, or medical shock-eliminations can possibly reach such physiological depths of the organism, and strike off the rusty lids of its sewer-cisterns, as can the "FLU", whose needle-pointed proboscis has the power to penetrate the microscopic stowaways in our cellular underworld.

But the benefits that may be derived from sickness are not limited solely to the physical nature of man. If accepted and treated with poise and understanding, the "Flu", as well as any other form of sickness, can teach us the responsibility we owe to life and to our mode of living, as there is no effect without its cause, so there is no sickness—barring accidents or heredity—which is not, in some way or other, caused by the individual himself, in his relations to food and general indulgence.

In the last analysis we will discover that the element of personal responsibility is an indispensable factor in the solution of our health problems. We will see that the quickest and safest remedy lies in

*Eight*

our own nature—physically, mentally, or morally. Medicine may give us temporary immunity, but physiology offers no recourse to a vicarious atonement. A disease is a boomerang of reaction, returning to the thrower; it is a personal bank note returning to the maker for cancellation.

### IV

Were it not so—our life would be a murderous guerilla war—wielded by a ruthless nature against humanity. The individual would find himself in an alien land, ambushed by snipers from every angle of life—with Nature as an Enemy, our case would be utterly helpless. Were nature inimical to the individual all our medical ingenuity, all our aids and drastics would have been powerless to sustain our place in evolution for a single generation, but nature is our tireless helper, and protector, and all we need for our welfare is to study her ways, discover her laws and—obey them. Health and usefulness must be set above licentiousness with all its life-sapping appetites. A clean mind, an unselfish motive and a firm will has more scientific value to health and immunity than all the pituitary extracts and glandular concoctions of the world's combined health-chemistry.

What especially is worth while to know is the supreme fact that it is only natural and normal to be well, and that we are equipped with powers and tendencies to keep well, not to keep sick. It is the good will of Nature that her children should enjoy health and happiness. Health is changed into sickness—not by nature, but by our attitude to nature. Disease never had a place in the program of life—it is a shadow, caused by a cloud, which man's thoughtlessness, recklessness and lawlessness throws between himself and the eternal sunlight of health and happiness which belongs to him.

It is always the consciousness of lawlessness that forms the background to fear. Our very instinct tells us that no law can be violated without reactions of unpleasant consequences. This consciousness gives rise to fear, and so powerful is fear that its reaction upon the vital processes of the body, in case of gluttony, is often more disastrous than the indulgence itself.

On the other hand—there is no greater tonic to life than the consciousness of being in the right. We feel then that we are under the protection of law. An individual living in accord with the laws of his being, eating right, thinking right and acting right—has no more reason to fear the "FLU", or any other contagion, than the proprietor of a hygienically and ethically conducted apartment house has reason to fear the visit of a health police squad!

Hence the question: "What is wrong with the "FLU" will furnish its own answer in the question: "WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE MAN"?



# Changing from One Plane to Another is Transmutation

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

JULY 16TH . . . I am wondering, here in the mountains this morning, if I cannot set down a kind of resume of what I mean by the love story in this world and beyond; why it means the Road to me; why it is the way to the Way. . . . Self-denial is not self-conquest; it is but a step to conquest, more important to one in the ordeal of it than afterward. Hatred of generation is not self-conquest; it is often, however, an energy used in the preliminary step of self-denial in these affairs. I have said that the life of the monastery cannot bring about the full spiritualization of the body and mind, so long as fear and hatred of women is a governing principle of continence; and that you cannot finally change the organic cry for the mate in a masculine heart by teaching the brain and the centers of the body that all things feminine are vile and abominable.

Certain power comes even from denial. There are men who have mastered many functions of the body, who lived twice the years of men on this planet, who have made thought-force work with potent drive, who have developed incredible memories, and massed enormous knowledges in the cells of the brain. But these are trapeze performances; not the fertile powers of the true mystic. The old occultist, carried in his blanket for fifty years, dies at last; the brain, with its fearful and wonderful accumulation of knowledge, screams its last scream that it is running down. It is thrown into a sewer presently, so to speak, like the brain of Tallyrand which changed the face of Europe; but the mind which drove it goes on more arrogant and intolerant and farther than ever from allegiance with its own Spirit. Only love is fertile; by his fruits you shall know the man.

One cannot run away from a temptation; it will catch him again like the hound of heaven. One cannot kill out desire without stultifying his own force—force that he will need presently to get over a ridge. Desire must be changed; temptation must be transcended. To change a desire from its plane to a higher one, is transmutation—a mystical process like the changing of water into wine. Step by step, day by day, our entire mortality must be changed into spirituality. One does not know the beauty of mortality nor the strength of desire, until this transmutation becomes the dominating process of the life. Passion is power; it is only evil because it rules the Basic Nature. You will need its full power for work in the next higher dimension. The time will

come when You will rejoice in the possession of the power which possesses you now.

I have said that your Spirit is Loveliness Itself. As you awaken to Yourself, you love others. The more awakening, the more love. The more love, the more power for life here, the more beauty and fertility of production. The Real You is also your Genius. It is inimitable. Its utterance through the mind and body is the beauty and the world in art and action and romance. If it could utter, without being diminished at all by the lower vibrations of the mind which bring it through to matter, that utterance would be utterly beautiful and immortal.

Spiritual progress is a love story all the way, because the Spirit is the Lover. Recall how we learn to love; first to love ourselves, our streets and houses, ourselves in others. Growing stronger, we love our countries and then all countries, becoming civilized, loving the world, loving others for themselves; loving that which we are not and becoming attractive for what we are.

The love of man and woman is the strongest love we have to work with here. The love of the mate is potentially the love of children; and the love of one's children is potentially the love of all children, which is the love of humanity. Woman is that which man is not. In his cruder love, man tried to make woman after his own picture; and insofar as he succeeded he spoiled his life and put her real magic into a sleep like death. In exactly so far as woman has yielded to man's picture and become the thing he wanted, she has also become a pitiful nondescript, losing first of all the love of the perverse creature she destroyed herself to please.

Love is yoga—the desire for union. In the physical love, the desire is to possess—to complete oneself by drawing another in. In the spiritual love, the desire is to bestow—to die in order to live, to have by giving away, to liberate the Self by pouring out to another. The changing of the body and mind of man from one love to another; from the love of having and holding to the love that sets the beloved free; from romance to Romance—this is the Mystic Road. When the man learns that the wonder of his mate is that she is not like him, but so much which he is not; that she has no real gift for him until he sets her free—then light begins to form about his head.

Then he will learn that his every product—not alone his children, but his work, his meditation, his quest for Himself requires her equal part; that with-



out her (since she must bring that which he has not to the child and the task and the quest), no product of his life is fertile. He will perceive as he grows in fatherhood, in workmanship, that she is also unfolding miraculously before his eyes; that her Spirit breathes at last in the freedom he has given; that there is no fidelity without freedom; that her fidelity is alive in his heart, a Known thing, not a thought thing. When lovers, separated in mortal consciousness, are compensated by vibrations of the Essential Loveliness of each other, they have touched the Union which transcends the world, the flesh and the devil. To attain the dignity of this Romance should not be beyond the quest of lovers of today.

I have said that the Yearning of the awakening Spirit in man at first arouses the mind and body to tumultuous outer questing, a passage of glamour and its disruption, of torment and parturition, accentuated in one life, as it is carried on more slowly in the masses through the incarnations. The quester cries at last in his agony, that the thing he is dying for is not outside, but within. He takes himself apart then—to find Himself alone. It may be a long process, for the fruits of his past experiences are many and must be assimilated, but when the hatreds are transcended and the scars cease to ache, he finds that he is still alone, and that the Essential beauty of all the fruits of his births and passions are crying out for fulfillment again.

Man and woman went out of Eden together. They must come back together. Each must find the Self to find each other, for it is only through awakening spiritually that they can know the love that lasts. The East in times past has set its face toward the Heights; the West has gone the ways of matter. Each has gifts for the other. In the new cycle the West shall take the celestial quest and the East shall come down to the earth. The spiritual quest of the West shall be of man and woman together; as the East was that of man and woman apart.

Again, the awakening of the Heart Center within and the manifestation of love outside are two parts of one process. The mate is but one who epitomizes humanity; each to the other is a miniature working model of the race. She appears without as she is conceived within. The love of the Spirit is but the inbreathing of a process which finds its outbreathing in the love of humanity; Silence and Action again; the growth of centers to receive powers; the inner establishment of sentiency before it can be recognized in outer manifestation.

The love between man and woman awakens the energies of generation. Love always and love alone brings forth. The beauty of the father-mother-child idea is not dreamed of, as yet, by the many; in fact, it cannot be seen except from above, after the love of the next dimension is entered upon. Suppose two lovers wish to enter this next higher dimension together and put away the prerogatives of earthly

parenthood. In the beginning is one of the fiercest of the ordeals in this place: Two in their highest organic power, not running away from temptation, but together, in the full awakening of the power of desire, changing it daily, lovingly, the primary transmutation. If they are real lovers, really of each other, they shall presently know the power of passion as it is not dreamed of by the myriad slaves of passion. Indeed, it cannot be known until it is known in love; therefore, it can only be put away by lovers—no fear and hatred of reaction, but put away in love.

Why should it be put away? Because the love of generation is a dimension of its own, and entering it, one cannot dwell in another dimension. To ascend from the physical love to the spiritual love, another center must be awakened. The energy must be taken from the physical in order to awaken the spiritual. But remember that the awakening of a higher center sets free the lower in the Law.

The spiritual love center is in the Heart. In its awakening, there is Knowledge. Its full awakening requires other ordeals than the transmutation of the passional nature. These ordeals are brought each to the other by lovers. All the habits of mind and life in relation to the boundaries of the three-score and ten must be transcended. There is no peace in the hearts of lovers who fear the separation of the thing called death. The mind of itself cannot transcend the fear of death. The spiritual nature alone can look over the border of the mutable into the establishment of the changeless. The Love that casts out fear and fulfills the Law can only take possession of the hearts of lovers through the hard trainings of separation, or restraint when together, by which the Self of each is found within.

So it is that with many the ordeals of Together are but half. The two on their separate hills for a time must take the love which pours out in pain and yearning toward each other, and with its fruitlessness bring to birth the consciousness within which transcends time and space. Often the two must learn to be happy apart before they can ultimately be happy together. Indeed, in the spiritual sense it is declared that the joys of separation and together are equal, though different. Those who have experienced them have even said that there is a dearness of presence when the physical bodies are not worn, which cannot quite be known when the two wear flesh. The other way, without separation, is more difficult; its ordeals are accomplished by the instant and unflinching use of all the inward and outward powers of Restraint—which means more than denial. It is a greater way, for those who are strong enough. It requires crystal-clear sincerity and uttermost devotion to vigilance.

In every step of the growth of true Romance, the tests come to keep the lovers from losing themselves in each other. Pain is instantaneous when others are forgotten. The rights of others, whether



of mind or Spirit, whether of world standard or celestial standard, cannot be trampled upon without instantly disrupting the fertility of spiritual love. Intervention of others indicates weaknesses in themselves which are really keeping them apart. If the rights of others are patiently and tenderly fulfilled, as they can only be through the beneficence of the spiritual consciousness, those weaknesses which keep the lovers from perfect expression to each other and to all others, will be made whole. Real lovers dare to wait.

And finally, real lovers are not permitted to forget that as they are the world to each other, they must live as one for the world; that their children are all children; that the desolate Orphan, Humanity, must find in them the ideal of parenthood; that as two, they form one center for the radiation of love to all; that only as they pour out in service to all does the Holy Spirit—the Worker of the Recreative Purpose—bless them. . . . Ordeals—there are many

and subtle. The lovers must not only know, but live the knowledge, that Spiritual Love cannot grow while they hurt anyone by their ways of expressing it. So, they learn, as one, that they must become selfless to find the Self; and that magic joys transpire between them in their utter giving to others; these happen during the still hushes between their great outpourings, during the brief breath-spaces of their ministry as one.

This is touching the outer rim of Spiritual Joy; the Joy itself could not be endured by anyone in this Place. . . . Together and apart, the whole world is playing it in hardly perceptible action and reaction; the few with vivid haste. Together. . . . I do not say it is not hard, but it is Romance. This is the fruitful love by which all men shall know them; and the endeavor required to nourish it will strengthen them to attain the eternal safety of liberation. . . . Never less than now.

*Becoming Non-Resistance to the wise and, too often, least resistance to the ignorant.*

## Gethsemane

BY MARC EDMUND JONES

**T**HIS lesson in Matthew is based upon chapter 26, verses 36-46, and it serves to bring out the respective places of spirit and flesh in spiritual illumination. The passage is common to the Synoptics (cf. Mark, 14:32-42; Luke, 22:39-46) and the accounts are generally alike, Mark and Matthew being practically identical.

In Luke there is but one awakening, and there is the added touch of the angel and the drops of blood as perspiration falling to the ground. Matthew gives the second prayer and states the nature of the third. The word Gethsemane means "oil press", and so has symbolical value since the agony which this garden has come to typify is actually the extraction in consciousness of the oil or inner essence of all experience. The brook Kidron was one of the principal boundaries of the city; the garden, a very familiar place and one to which Jesus was probably accustomed to retire (Judas knew all about it, in any case, and was able to rely upon the movements of Jesus this night), was therefore just barely outside the city. It may have served very much as a public park.

The boldest interpretation of the agony in Gethsemane is in Hebrews, 5:7-10, where the unknown but talented author (not Paul, but Pauline in point of view) refers to the agony in this garden as that point in the illumination of Jesus when he is made a "priest after the order of Melchisedec forever."

The name of the priest of Salem ("Urusalem"—that is, Jerusalem—even in the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence, written in 1400-1370 B. C. anterior to the conquest of the Holy Land by the Hebrews) has been the football of spiritual claims for generations. It translates "My king is Zedec"; generally taken to mean, more literally, "My king is righteousness". The clue is in the Zadoc (meaning "just") who, at the time of David and the conquest for the first time, of the city of Jerusalem by the children of Israel founded the most significant priestly line among the Jews. From this family came Ezekiel and (hardly without question) the Sadducees who, according to tradition, alone, possessed the true "Book of Moses", orally transmitted and wholly literalized in the time of Jesus. There is in all this present material an instruction which is wholly occult, and which otherwise must simply be said to be pure allegory. Rising into higher realms of understanding, however, and approaching the invisible fellowship which Jesus sought to establish (and Ezekiel before him, and Moses and Abraham before either of them) the student may catch a glimpse of an exalted Brotherhood of Consciousness, made up of those who have contributed an eternal understanding to the race and globe and who dwell immortally in their sublimated personalities as the custodians or points in sustaining consciousness of the higher realizations. The Brotherhood is not an organization, but is rather an unorganized association in being. Its keyword (or "password") is Melchise-



dec merely in essence. Thus the present Senior among the Brothers of the Order (generally placed geographically, nowadays, in the Himalyan mountains; and by Theosophists termed the "White Lodge") is significantly known to the faithful ones who have contact as "My name is peace", because in these modern times of a free scope of personality a man's ruler is not so much his political overlord as his general reputation among men: his "king" becomes his "name", and "righteousness" in this instance becomes the outer manifestation thereof, or "peace". The physical agony of Gethsemane creates that "contact in consciousness" which is in essence higher brotherhood, and by the particular magnitude of the expansion of soul of Jesus during this brief hour he becomes elevated consciously (and so "forever") into the fellowship with the "house of Zadoc" or "Zedec"—he has become a cosmic priest and he takes place with Ezekiel, Moses, Abraham and the immortals.

The disciples (the lower personification of the three principles in the symbolical exegesis, and the representation of normal consciousness or ordinary man in the literal exposition) were not able to sustain the higher consciousness engendered in the garden, and so they were unable to share the travail with Jesus. They were drawn wholly out of themselves; that is, they went to sleep. Each time Jesus returned to them and awakened them, for with each step in the building up to its climax of some supreme agony in life it is necessary that the lower principles be awakened and forced to recognize the situation, whether they may be able to share it or not. In the rising to the supreme moment in the garden there are three stages of prayer, or three steps in recognition and yielding of the lower to the higher (dedication of the elements of self, that is). First is the stage of the cup. This is the physical agony, and the fear to drink (apprehension, not that any ill effect will result from proceeding forward, but that there has not been sufficient accumulation of the freighted essence of soul to bring about a successful result of continuing onward and forward). At this stage obedience to the genuine reality within is born, and the vital soul of the initiate is established in its functioning. Second is the stage of the contents of the cup. This is the agony in the etheric or habit nature, where recognition of the

weakness of the flesh lies (that is, if the step is taken, will it be possible for the consciousness engendered to be sustained; if I yield to his spiritual impulse today will I desire to slip back tomorrow to less hallowed ways, and so pay the terrific price of the backslider?), and in this the emotional soul of the illuminated one is established. Third is the stage of the virtue or inner essence of the contents of the cup, the emotional realization in and through the intensification of which the reason for all and the clear understanding of being is grasped. In the overtones known here the intellectual or eternally-sustaining soul of the initiate is born: he is a priest forever, after the order of "The Kingship of Universal Fellowship".

The spiritual teaching of the passage is found in the certification through inner experience, which has just been made clear through the outer allegory and the inner reality of the White Brotherhood of illuminated leaders of men, and which is the third of the seven stages of agony now being undergone by Jesus (covered in this and the following lesson). The path to this exalted state of "Elder Brother" to humanity is open to all who care to enter upon it, and it is for the purpose of making the way clear that Matthew was written.

"Sleep on now", says Jesus, to the disciples. When the inner has been achieved the outer no longer matters; the opportunity, for the moment at least, has passed. And thus it is that, when great spiritual gains have been made within the being, the affairs of outer life may more than ever be left to the normal working of every-day routine.

The personal application of the passage lies in the familiar expression "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak". There is no individual who would not grasp willingly the higher things of eternal being; he merely has failed, in the past, to cultivate the definite qualities in the departments of lower self that make possible the continued sustainment of these greater realities in the higher.

The aspirant must learn the need for an "agonizing" in the tangible realities of outer being, so that the inner actualities may etch for themselves a place therein. There is but one road to greater illumination, and that is a deeper and more deep ensouling of the flesh of every-day with the willing spirit unlimited by "days".

*Man moves from the center to the circumference, on the physical plane, seeking solitude and silence, that he may move from the circumference to the center, on the spiritual plane, there to be merged again with the universal mass mind. In the circuit he has expressed the cosmic urge within him and in expressing this urge has gained God-Consciousness.*



## Hospital Visions

**T**HE GENERAL trend of writers during the first half of the last century and well into my childhood days was distinctly solemn, not to say sepulchral—what one would call now morbid. I did quite a lot of the stuff myself when in school. How well I remember the doleful pages of "The Ladies' Repository", my Mother used to take, and such cheerful themes as were embalmed in the "Maiden's Garland", for girls, and even the fashionable "Godey's Ladies Book", and other literary anthologies of the period were filled with "Lines to a Bereaved One", pictures of weeping willows and cypresses. In those days, we derived a sort of comfort from dwelling on mourning emblems, writing "Odes to a Silent Tomb",—we sent our sweethearts lovely poems, "Shed Tears upon My Grave",—and the like, *ad nauseam*.

Those were the "good old days", when a proper young woman put her best trinkets and treasures on a "What-Not" in the sacred Parlor, and it was usually thought the correct caper to entertain our relations and favored guests by a visit to the family lot in the grave yard, after viewing the scare crows in the purple plush Album on the marble topped centre table. We had one of those fetishes, a well-thumbed relic, but "Praise Be" it got lost in the break-up in the East.

In later years, my thoughts have flown in lighter vein. I have backslid, (or is it "foreslid?") so far as to ban all mourning when I "go over the Divide" and demand cremation, on threat of haunting those who do not take me seriously. But sometimes there are more or less reversions to type, at least partially.

In 1920, I went a second time for another operation to an Eye Hospital in New York City, to save my waning sight. Nothing to do but *think*,—rather serious sometimes,—someone suggested to "invite my

Soul",—get acquainted with myself, and be sure I had a Soul.

Lying with bandaged eyes, waiting for kind Nature to heal the wounds by which skill and science sought to avert the threat of blindness, strange fancies floated up into the Conscious World. The Sun-Conscious Self peered out from hidden depths and seemed to seek expression for ideas the objective mind had buried beneath the rubbish of a work-a-day life.

One night the ward was silent. Only the casual undertone and muffled rumblings of the sleeping city drifted across the Sea of Consciousness. Did I sleep or dream? I do not know. Alone I stood by an open coffin, within which lay a cold and lifeless form, frozen in a final *rigor mortis*. In every lineament it was what I had always known as Myself, but in the likeness of my present age,—and yet I looked upon it now as a thing apart, no longer the Me,—for there I stood, erect, with every sense and faculty complete, gazing upon a strange and rigid *thing* I no longer knew. And then I seemed to sense the change,—the outer shell outworn, like a castoff garment no longer needed, which waited only the flame to be merged finally into material dust. There was a feeling of friendliness, born of long association, and yet a cold repulsion.

Our occult friends tell us the tie that binds the physical and the real self cannot be loosed till every vestige of the corporeal body has been dissolved into its original elements. To await the slow process of ordinary dissolution in the grave means age-long penance for the sentient Astral Self, and I seemed to feel a keen relief that cleansing fire would quickly set me free.

All this I seemed to sense and words took shape, so vivid that I later wrote them down:

## Final Epilogue to the Old Body

**O**LD BODY mine, goodbye! I dropped you yesterday.  
You served me long and well, thro years of joy and pain,  
Since first I builded you and knew you as Myself.  
I bid you now a last adieu! They patched you up,  
As best the Surgeon and the Doctor could,—kept on,  
Till worn and spent with toil, the Master said: "Enough".  
You are My handiwork, you picture forth my Soul:  
Each feature wrought to show in every lineament  
A semblance faint, but true, and mirror of the Self.  
A garment worn to shreds, I cast you off just now.  
Quite motionless you lie, hands crossed in peace, at last,  
And bended heads confront the mystery of Death.



"The last Great Adventure", said Roosevelt ere he went,  
A leap into the Dark, to face the great Unknown.

I had no sense of fear;—  
But all was strange and Nature shrinks as bonds are loosed.  
I know not how, but some sweet surcease eased the shock,  
As I slipped out and left this cold and lifeness hulk,  
The tattered coat of Yesterday. A few more hours,  
And then, what matters it, when vital strength has fled?  
The ashes left a kindly wind may blow away.  
No worms shall gnaw their way, unheeded 'neath the sod,  
Nor slow decay melt down, in darkness, reek and slime,  
The tissues you have built;—but swift consuming fire  
Shall cut the Silver Cord, no more to drag me back,  
When naught is left but ash and elemental stuff.

But as you slowly grew,  
My Astral Self took shape, within, of finer clay,  
A Shining Shadow that I now have brought away,  
To serve me for a term, till I go hence again.  
I am Myself! No haloed Saint, nor Sinner damned;—  
And yet, I stand agape, to see you lie so still,  
Scarce witting we should part.

I am not *Dead*.  
I feel not one whit less the real and true Myself  
As yesterday,—and yet, *you* are a thing apart.  
I felt no fear of Death, save that he linger not.  
Behind his grimmest frown I sensed a lurking smile.  
He came to take my rags, altho I knew it not,  
And shining raiment gave, to deck this holiday.  
The outer husk was naught, made but to face the world;  
I can afford to smile at Death, that takes the shell  
That pinned me down to earth,—for truly now I'm free,  
My journey to begin, across the Universe.  
Gone are the aches and pains, my joints are supple now,  
My youth has come again, my eyes no longer dim;  
My ears attuned to catch the music of the spheres.  
Each sense responds and throbs with keenest joy and life.  
Farewell, old eyes, long years you did good work;  
You painted truly all that came within my ken,  
Then failed and clouded o'er, quite sightless grew,  
Until I dwelt in Twilight Land and faced the Dark.  
Your task is done:—I need you now no more,  
My vision seems quite limitless, scanning the stars,  
Or searching out the tiniest things Creation knows,  
Untiring and unquenchable.

Goodbye, old body mine!  
You served me well and long, a buffer 'gainst the world.  
Your atoms, fire dissolved, will serve to build again,  
When incarnations yet unborn shall seek to win  
The guerdon of the Master's praise.

I go! I yonder glimpse  
The trail that leads, between the stars, mayhap to find  
'Mid whirling Nebulae, where Seraph feet shall tread,  
The crossroads of the Universe.  
The Dwellers dark who haunt the threshold menace me:  
I sense their writhing shapes, but this new Self is strong.  
Beliefs are idle things, untranslate into deeds.  
The Password,—a good act,—no other sign so patent.  
No Purgatory this, no weird Dantean Hell,



Nor Paradise with harps,—I'm sure I could not play.  
No crown, nor halo bright,—no feathered wings to fold;  
But vibrant life upon the wind-swept ways of Heav'n.

Glad faces beckon me!  
The friends of *auld lang syne* come swarming down the Path,  
Unchanged by lapse of years, as they come pressing on.  
My boyhood friends are here, my olden chums again;  
The same grandfather's smile, so full of quiet cheer  
To greet the new-clothed Soul, as Earth fades with its cares.

I listen,—yes, Mother dear, I come,  
Once more your little child, to hearken at your knee,  
'Tis long you've been away,—I'm glad to be at home.

—*Ervine Denison York.*

*Any art that needs applause to assure success, ceases to  
be art and becomes commercialism.*

## The Little Turkey Girl

BY JEANNE L'ESTRANGE CAPPELL

HERE was a time, long before any white man had seen or heard of this country, when ducks, geese and turkeys were all tame and lived with the Indian the same as his pony. They were kept shut up at night so the wolves and other wild animals would not get them but all day they fed in the forest or by the stream.

Now in one Indian village there was a girl they called the Turkey Girl. She took care of all the turkeys in the village. Every morning she took them out to feed and at night brought them back and shut them up. Now she did not belong to the people of the village, that is, she was not of their tribe, for she had been taken a prisoner once during a war when she was very little. She did not come into the lodge with the other people of the village, but had to stay outside. In the winter she slept among the turkeys to keep warm.

It was in the spring time and there was to be a big celebration. They would dance all day and all night, then the next day there would be a big feast. The little Turkey Girl overheard the other girls of the village talking about it and wished that she could go. Of course they would not let her go and she knew better than to ask, but she was very sad just the same. That evening after the turkeys had been safely fastened up for the night, one old gobbler said to the other turkeys, "Do you see that our little keeper is very sad"?

The others said they had not noticed it. They were not as wise as the old gobbler. Then he said, "I am sure she is sad because she cannot go to the dance and the feast that follows".

One of the turkeys said, "Well, you know our people will not let her go because she does not belong to their tribe".

"But", said the old gobbler, "she is good to us, she finds us good places to feed and always sees that we have water before she shuts us up for the night. If she did not take such good care of us the wolves would have eaten many of our number".

They knew this. Then the gobbler told them he was a maker of magic and if they would help him, their little mistress might go to the dance and the feast, whether the Indians liked it or not. So they listened to his plan. He told them to gather up all the feathers they could find and put them in a pile, and they all worked so hard that in a few minutes they had a big pile.

When the little Turkey Girl came to take the turkeys out to feed in the morning the old gobbler said to her, "Why are you so sad"?

At first the little girl was much surprised to hear the old gobbler talk, but she felt so bad that she soon forgot to be surprised and told him, it was because she wanted to go to the dance and feast.

"Well, you can go", said the gobbler.

"But they will drive me away", said the girl, "and besides I have no pretty clothes to wear".

That morning the dance started and in the evening when the turkeys were all back in the yard again the old gobbler said to her, "Look at all that pile of feathers".

She did, but there was no sense to that. But when the gobbler began sticking the feathers all over her old rags and they became a beautiful deerskin



dress all trimmed with fringe and beads, then she did open her eyes. Then he put some feathers on her feet and they turned to the loveliest pair of moccasins, and a head band the same way, and she looked so pretty no one would have ever thought she was the poor ragged little Turkey Girl.

So she went to the dance. All the young men looked at her for she was beautiful, and they danced with her until the other girls were jealous. They were so nice to her and everybody said, "Who is she, and where did she come from?" but no one could tell.

Now the old gobbler had told her she was to leave the gate open when she went to the dance, then they could get out to go and feed in the morning, but she must come for them before it was dark at night, and bring them home—if she did not she would be found out.

All night she danced and had such a wonderful time. Next day was the feast and the poor little Turkey Girl had never had so much to eat at one time in all her life. Oh, how she did eat and how good it did taste! And how nice it was to be talked to like the other girls and told how pretty she was and how nicely she danced? She was having such a good time that she forgot all about the turkeys and the sunset. Suddenly as the sun went down all her pretty clothes vanished and there she stood bare-footed and in her dirty old rags. Then the people knew her and were angry at her for coming to their dance and dancing with the best young men, and they chased her away out into the forest and no one ever saw her again.

And the turkeys, having no one to take them home, the wolves got in among them and ate some of them and scattered the rest and so in the valley ever since the turkeys have been wild.

*The true artist knows when he has pleased his audience  
without a sound being made.*

## Numerology and the Potency of Sound and Speech

By W. H. SCOTT

**A**N ASTROLOGER (?) once said to this writer, "Of all the pure bunk and nonsense I ever heard of, this Numerology is the worst"! There is a word among us,—cant. Rightly named from the Book of Etiquette this should mean hi-diddle-diddle. It is our old enemy dressed up in its dotage, to keep the magic spells of superstition away, even as "one apple a day, keeps the doctor away".

But Truth is a dangerous prisoner; there is much Exact Geography in the Truth. The Geographical Straits, portages, estuaries, rivers and inlets of Astrology, have undercurrents that we may do well to follow in our quest for truth, and these warn us to drop our feeble sing-song of cant. We can scarcely sail very far on these currents ere we tighten the mind and let go our dogmas.

Cant and prejudice, after all, are a sort of an excommunicated excitation of the emotions. It is a sort of madness that threatens us with mischief.

Everything is made up of Sound; a certain rate of vibration establishes the integrity of a molecule of salt or sand, as the case may be, and an "Army of Voices" establishes nature and her Hall of Learning. There are certain places on the seashore of Southern California where the sand, when stirred, becomes musical. Meissner, long ago, discovered that the

finger tips crepitate and give forth a different sound in every age of each person. Well, no wonder Gemini talks. The vibrations produced by the characteristic sound of every living creature, or thing, express the quality of the organism that produces the sound, and as we all know, every sound expresses some state of mind; and these states of mind are produced by planetary sound or vibration; and the Zodiac is God's Vibrating Fountain of Joyous Life. However, we should not strive to awaken the sluggard out of his self-chosen lethal chamber of unbelief. Let him beget children of the mind and torture them as he chooses. But everything is made up of Sound, and it has a rate of vibration in its negative pole that may be made to disintegrate it. It is said of Caruso that by striking the keynote of a wine glass or water glass he was able to shatter it in pieces.

And what says the Comentararies? We shall see directly; in the meantime let us observe that there is a bomb in every small seed, since, when they sprout they can, in time, unlock the mightiest masonry, even as a patient root will break a solid wall of concrete. Let us beware, then, of taking the vow of celibacy before the spirit of Cant. But if the plant's offspring can crack the walls of Jericho, perhaps the dynamic seed of thought can throw them down altogether, if we call them by their right name, when the thought-seed germinates and finds



expression in the Word; for these walls undoubtedly know their own name, and the Master-Key to which they yield obedience. Somewhere there is an earthquake in every name, in spite of the hard-minded, deaf and dumb.

"When our soul (mind) creates or evokes a thought", says the Commentary, "the representative sign of that thought is self-engraved upon the astral fluid, which is the receptacle and, so to say, the mirror of all the manifestations of being".

The signs express the thing; the thing is the virtue of the sign. To pronounce a word is to evoke a thought, and make it present; the magnetic potency of human speech is the commencement of every manifestation in the "Occult World", where names originate.

"To utter a name is to not only define a Being (an Entity), but to place it under, and condemn it to the influence of one or more occult potencies, through the emission of the Word (Verbum). Things are, for every one of us, that which it (the

Word) makes them while naming them. The Word (Verbum) or speech of every man is, quite unconsciously to himself, a blessing or a curse; this is why our present ignorance about the properties and attributes of the idea, as well as about the attributes and properties of matter, is often fatal to us.

Yes, names are either beneficent or maleficent; they are, in a certain sense, either venomous or health-giving, according to the hidden influences attached by Supreme Wisdom to their elements, that is to say, the letters which compose them, and the numbers correlative to these letters."

Here the phonics of the Zodiac, letter, number, sound, go hand in hand to form the Trinity. The magnetic polarity of the name is found in the rising sign, and the planet rising, if any. Its root significance and power number is found in the Sun-Sign, and its number of response in the Moon's sign, the latter being the call to which you answer. It is that name of harmony you love best. Here you yield to the Sound. The Moon is your Silver Cord to which the harmony of sound is attached, and thus it might be said to rule the Given Name.

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## Kevah-Grams

By KEVAH DEO GRIFFIS

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When we become circular, any point that you pick as a beginning, has the end in it. Where the circle begins, there is the exact point that it ends, or it wouldn't be a circle.

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Watch the will-to-power of each planetary type and of each sign doing its perfect work. The Saturnian will wait. He knows all things come to him who waits. The Martian must hurry and bluster and act. Action is the breath of life to him. He will stab through or shoot through or cut through, or dynamite any obstacle that stands in his way. He must use energy and muscles and steel and fire.

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The Sun man will use the power of government, of kings and councils, and of glory and fame, of renown and the favor of the authoritative ones who are in the know, and sitting in the seat of the mighty.



The Lunarian will tell you that thrones topple over and government changes, and officials die, but the power of the people, the force of multitudes, the pressure of the majority, the might of the fashion of the day is the thing to rely upon—ever changing yet ever the thing which must win out.

\* \* \*

The Uranian, with his lightning-like comprehension, of the force of the new bud pushing its way out through the old sheaths, his keen, synthesizing intellect, his daring, his power to organize all the forces of all the other planets, his understanding of group consciousness and his ability to endure any loneliness and work for his clear vision, can some-

times accomplish alone what it needs all the others put together to do. He can use a group, or he can break away and form a new one and enthuse them with fervor for what he sees and they cannot understand.

\* \* \*

But the Neptunian—his can be the power of invincible non-resistance. The mightiest force of all,—the acceptance of every part as perfect because the whole is perfect. His is the mystical wisdom of throwing his whole will into willing the Will of God, of losing his life that he may save it—of having no knowledge that he may have all wisdom, of needing nothing, of fearing to Fear.

*The individual who does not think is very liable to reach a conclusion.*

## Getting Right with God Through Numerology

BY DR. JUNO KAY WALTON

*"Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's and unto God the things which be God's".*

**E**VERY person in the world faces the requirement of getting on in the world. In this endeavor he deals with material things and renders unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's.

But just how to render unto God the things which belong to Him is not always thoroughly understood. People try this by going to church, or they adopt some religious idea. They even try to give up all practical things or material interests, even to the point of sacrificing material ease, in their endeavors to render unto God that which is His, feeling that these things must be denied and all that which is lovely, comfortable, artistic or rich in order to get right with God.

From the statement which Jesus made it appears that we must find our place in the world of practical things, but at the same time there is something we must do for God. The needs of our daily affairs force our attention upon the things which are Caesar's and in order to live and exist and to meet the dominating law of material life, it becomes necessary to train our lives and minds to the requirements of earning our daily bread. But, at the same time, we can fulfill the spiritual requirement and keep right towards God and enjoy both phases of existence, if we will just try to understand life a little more clearly.

Eighteen

Every soul on earth is a part of God and has a spiritual expression and is a part of the Great Universal Life. We all belong to the Divine scheme of things and, therefore, by our very existence represent a spiritual fact as well as material embodiment. Both are absolutely necessary and when one is neglected for the other, man does not keep a perfect balance in life, for one is as important as the other. It is as important to be a success materially as it is to be a Light spiritually. To be material and not spiritual is wrong, but to be spiritual and unable to make a decent living is not truth, either. Every soul on earth is born for a spiritual purpose. Every life can know what this purpose is. It is shown through the NAME given at birth. If this purpose is fulfilled during the lifetime on earth, then the spiritual purpose is worked and the individual makes himself right toward God. He fills his place successfully in the Great Universal Scheme of things and as a result comes into a splendid usefulness and receives many unexpected blessings from on high. The one who ignores this spiritual purpose, finds he is not happy even in material accomplishment and delay, sorrow and unhappiness result. God seems to desert him. But he who knows his destiny and radiates this ideal from his own soul becomes a chosen one and all the finer things both spiritually and materially become his reward. More than this, he has



the satisfaction of rendering unto God that which is His and of knowing that he is right toward God.

There are many purposes in life, all numbered and arranged under the symbols represented by the numbers 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9. Each one of us is placed in one of these divisions, according to the name which was given at birth. Were they not all numbered and placed in life according to their names and ages in the book of Numbers in the Bible? The name given at birth can be figured and the sum or number representing the name is what the individual owes to God and must pay in ideality to uphold his corner of the universe and to get RIGHT with God.

Figure your name at birth in the following manner. Be sure to use the full name at birth, not the married name. Place the letters of the alphabet under the numbers from one to nine.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9  
 A B C D E F G H I  
 J K L M N O P Q R  
 S T U V W X Y Z

Figure your name in this way:

Alice	Bell	Lacy	
13935	2533	3137	
21	13	14	
3	4	5	or (12) 3

Add together the numbers of each name. Reduce the sum to a single digit by repeated addition. Finally add the single digits of each name together and reduce again to a single digit by repeated addition. This final number is the destiny and the spiritual requirement and what the individual so named must represent in life and give back to God in order to do his share of the universal work. No man escapes his task. It is the covenant between God and man. In fulfilling this requirement he renders unto God that which is His and God will repay him. He need not ask then for a blessing from God. It will come of His own good will.

If your name number is the number *one*—you must represent the ideal of courage. Others will look to you for leadership and as you keep this spirit of courage at all times you will finally become a leader of men. You must never be discouraged. You have been chosen to be the standard bearer of victory. If you fail where shall others look for courage? Flame is the color of your banner.

If your name number is *two* you must win your way. Do not fight for your rights, you must be the peacemaker. "Blessed are the Peacemakers" so bless, heal and comfort and as the years go by you will be called to do some great work in the world because of your tact and diplomacy and because you have learned peace yourself. You carry a golden banner.

If you're a *three*, you must inspire the world; make it happy; chase away the gloom. You were born to be the joymaker and to radiate joy from

your own heart. Others must catch the spirit of fun and happiness from you. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone". This is the creative consciousness and it will lead you to art, beauty and expression and your works will beautify the whole of life. Your banner is rose-colored.

When *four* represents your spiritual purpose in life, you must stand upon the platform of honesty, squareness and construction. Others will depend upon you to build, uphold, unify and to shape and from their lives. You will have many details to attend to, but in time will become the organizer and constructionist and your life will be a model of substantial accomplishment for others to copy after. God will send many to help because he can depend upon you. A silver bordered banner of blue is your standard.

When the number *five* is your name number your responsibility is to bring freedom and progress to the world. Many changes will come into your life and many times you will be forced to let go of old conditions prevailing. You must never bind or tie any one. Be free and allow others to be free. Progress is the watchword of your life. Onward go. A cherry-colored banner calls your own to you.

Number *six* brings a deep responsibility. You must represent the high standards of truth and justice. Be steadfast to ideals. The golden rule applies to you. Service to humanity brings you ever-increasing love and many will seek you for assistance because of the ideals which you represent. A heliotrope banner is your color of attraction.

If number *seven* is your name number, you must be one who knows. You must not leave things to chance. You must understand the cause of things and not be deceived by appearances. "With all thy getting get understanding", and through knowledge you become the teacher and educator of the race. Your banner is amethyst with a pearl border.

Number *eight* brings the requirement of power. This power is attained through good judgment. Your judgment must be true. "Judge not lest ye be judged" and you must be as wise as Solomon. You will become recognized in life when you have attained true philosophic judgment. An ivory and turquoise banner is your standard.

If your number is *nine* then you are a chosen one for you represent charity, compassion and love. If you fail in tolerance and universal sympathy and charitableness toward all people and races you fail in your destiny. To think of yourself and personal love is to lose all. To love all and to know no prejudice is to win both personal and universal appreciation. The rainbow, including all colors is your standard.

Blessed is the one who knows his destiny and fulfills it. All confusion is taken away and all experience is explained.

Conclusions are final—the end of thinking—static.



# Wayfarers of the Heavens

BY ELIZABETH ROWLAND

THE BLESSED LORD of Love and Light sat on his lotus throne. His head was bowed upon His breast and a deep sigh rose from his heart.

Two fair, sweet angels sat at his feet looking up into the beloved face with tender glance. One leaned her pearly chin upon His knee with hands clasped before her, the other strummed a heart-shaped disc strung with golden wires, and a tender mist filled their eyes for the shadow of His sigh.

A third fair angel stood by his side, more regal than the two, and she bowed most solicitously to the Lord and questioned with gentle grace.

"Treasures of my heart", the dear Lord spake, "the time has come when I must leave you for a while. The need of the sad children of the dark star disturbs my bliss. They have lost the vision and I will go among them all unknown and by my love, draw them together again into one fair brotherhood, under the fatherhood of their God".

The angel Mithra, who clasped his knee, spake never a word but a smile lay on the fair, rose lips, and the mist gathered into drops like dew that sparkled with scintillating light reflected from the Beloved's face. Most tenderly he lay His hand upon the golden head, feeling all the love of her unspoken thought.

The gentle Zorah bent low over the harp and the whispering melody was like soft sighs from a broken heart.

But Sutra, the regal, touched His arm and said, "But oh my Lord, will it be of use? They've come to such clear, bold ways of thought! Will they not doubt your claim of being Lord? And if they did believe would they not dispute your right to judge them, even resenting your interference?"

"I shall go the way of the flesh my child", answered He of the celestial realm, "and be born a human child and earn my right to their love and obedience". His compassionate glance swept the Elysian fields and to each heart of the myriad hosts of heaven He silently spake, blessing them with His all-compassionate power of love.

The heavenly hours, of lovely form, burst into gladsome song; the angels and the archangels singing, to, unto the One, the perfection of love, harmony and beauty, the only Being. The mighty chorus echoed over the celestial hills, far past the fields of Ardath, to the farthest shores of Kingdom Come.

The Lord stepped down from His seat of light and spread His arms open wide, and before the

Twenty

blazing light of His countenance the hosts of heaven bowed their lovely heads and covered their eyes until He was gone.

For many days the little angels sat by the lonely lotus throne. Mithra, her cheek pressed to her up-drawn knees, Zorah's melody sobbing for Him who was gone.

Then Sutra appeared before them and said, "Dear little lovers of the One, I have come to say good-bye. I have decided to follow our Lord and help Him in the great work when the time shall come. Many of the great archangels have already departed earthward, and if they can go, then, surely, I may go, too". She stooped and kissed them on their hearts and smiled into their eyes.

She was gone through the sapphire sea ere the angel maids fair, caught their breath. Leaning from the dais of the throne, they long gazed down as if they expected to see Sutra's lovely form rise on the crest of a wave, but no bubble of colored light nor splash of azure foam disturbed the shining surface of the sea.

With one accord they turned and looked into each other's wide-opened eyes. Once Mithra's rose lips parted as if to speak, but they closed again in gentle smile, while Zorah's beating heart gave birth to strange, new melodies.

Then, one bright morn, they crept close together, pressed cheek close to cheek, clasping each other's flower-like hands.

"We will do it! We will go to Him lest He be lonely for our songs".

Then Zorah laid the little harp on the lotus throne, lest, perchance, the Lord return and finding them gone, think they were on some playful quest.

"You will not leave me, Zorah, ever"? Mithra asked.

"But of course not, Sweet", Zorah smiled. "How should we be parted, dear"?

"And you are sure we shall find Him, sure you know the way"?

"I will hold you fast by the hand and we shall go as Sutra went . . . she must have peeped when the Lord went down . . . she was so sure. But nothing shall hurt us. Are we not handmaids of the Lord"?

"But shall we find our way in the dark, we who know naught but the light"?

Zorah shivered.

"But He is in the dark of the star even now. Let us haste unto Him, Beloved".

And so saying they leaped into the deep, deep

blue, and hand in hand, beating their wings in rhythmic whirl, flew down toward lower realms. But always the light kept pulling them back, and had it not been for angelic faith they should have been unable to go at all.

Now when the Lord of Love and Light entered the gates of Thou Shalt Not Pass, all memories of heaven were stripped from Him with His wings, by His own fair decree, and He lay a golden, newborn babe in a regal crib in a land of white-domed roofs where hills were covered with roses and groves of pomegranates cast their shade.

He was cherished and loved and as He grew, no heart but melted under His sweet, pure smile. So tender, so compassionate, was He that His parents shook their heads and whispered in awe that He was unlike any ancestor of all their line.

From babehood He knew such melodies as made tears spring to hard, dry eyes whenever His golden fingers swept over the vina strings, or as He sat with wrapt gaze on flower or sky, singing unknown mantras of supernal grace. His fame swept early, like a flame, across the country wide, and many an emperor and many a prince sought His song, hanging rich jewels about His neck or opening coffers wide in ecstasy of delight. But He cared not for jewels nor gold, save to give, even as it was given unto Him, and He wandered on and on, ever answering the call of hungry hearts.

Then, one day, as He sat by the road and sang to a little child who clung to His knee, gazing up into His face with faint smile on its fair rose lips, the gates of Thou Shalt Not Pass opened wide and the songs of the hosts of heaven swept down, and all that He had willed to forget came back. He saw the lotus throne and the little harp upon the seat and tears of bliss fell on His cheek.

"They are seeking me! They have come! Coming! Coming! Oh my little loves"! He laid the vina tenderly down and fastening His sandals more secure, hastened down the highway that led to the sea.

Now Sutra had made for the sad, dark star, the day she flew out of heaven, full confident that she would land at the Lord's blessed feet, but something in her quick, young mind sent her spinning toward new and modern lands, and she was born a sweet white babe in a prominent family of a new and modern church.

Sutra was always sweet and very pure, but a little set in her ways. The religion of her father fulfilled her needs and she was sure that theirs was the one right way.

Zorah and Mithra, you may have thought, most surely would have been born twins, but the gates of Thou Shalt Not Pass click once for every soul, and Zorah went to the east, and Mithra to the south, and each was born in a nice and respectable little family. Mithra cried a good deal the first few

weeks, but cuddled and kissed from morn until night by doting, new parents, she soon forgot what it was she missed.

Zorah was a lovely maid, and soon was seen to have unmistakable genius. When she was just eighteen she played the great organ in the rich, new church where Sutra's father read. Sutra had a voice of angelic quality, had she chosen to use it, and the two lovely girls might have become close friends, but while they went together with a rush, they soon drifted apart in pursuit of different tastes. Zorah had a bent for old book shops and many a volume of mystic lore puckered her fair, white brow with wonderment.

Mithra was the sheltered child. Her earthly parents kept her from all worldly knowledge and contact with modern life. She was tender and compassionate and loved everyone, it seemed, from the time she was a babe. She adored her parents and loved, to distraction, all her little friends. Like a fair young saint, she walked the modern street, and seemed more like a dove or a pure white nun.

Then she met a fair, young god and all her heart and soul poured forth in an engulfing stream. To her white-fire mind he appeared a very lord of love and light and she lifted worshipping eyes to the immaculate throne where she placed him. With his ardent wooing and hot, sweet kiss, it never occurred to her to say him nay, and when he left her, life seemed blasted, like a tender flower by noontide sun.

In daze and blackness she wandered far, the sweet garden of life became a desert of maddening thirst and strange mirage. Then, again, the sea engulfed her; love shone radiant across the burning sands; a mighty wave it came, before which she could not stand. And again her heart was broken, all the bright soul beaten down. Days, weeks, years, she labored toward the light. With shining face and beating heart she bowed before each god of clay, whispering ever again, "Ah, at last, thou beautiful one of love! My lord of light"!

But all the idols crumbled and bitter night fell on the tender heart, and life was broken and hope forlorn. Sick, sick, in soul and body, she wandered, unheeding, down desolate wind-swept ways. Oh jangling, maddening days and jangling nights.

The blessed Lord, all unknown, but knowing what He would, crossed the earth, deserts, plains, and at last the sea, and He shone, a path of light, that all who were not blinded by ego-mists might see.

At last He came to the church where Sutra prayed, weekly willing to answer the modern call for a modern lecture. Crowds fought to see and touch the golden prince who, later, would have fought to get away. When Sutra stood before Him, she pressed tight her lips in sudden distrust of His color, and thought how superior was her race. He held her fair, white hand in His hand of darker hue, looking tenderly into her eyes, silently calling to her soul.

Twenty-one



For a moment her heart gave a flutter then she coldly drew away and spoke a word of formal parting. The tender eyes dwelt on the slender form and with compassionate smile, bade her farewell. The path is long, but all return.

Now, as Zorah played the great organ, her fingers trailing over the keys for the strange moments of silent prayer, she could not tear her eyes from the gentle soul who spoke in tones of heavenly love. When the throngs were departing, He turned back as if to speak a word of thanks. She sat with bowed head, hands clasped between her knees. Vague memories, like little half-forgotten dreams, washed up on the shores of her mind, like little waves of a sunlit sea.

"My child"! He stood before her and lightly touched her arm. She took his hand in hers and pressed it to her cheek.

"Oh Master! Who are you"? she asked. "Teach me, oh, teach me, the way"!

Shaking the bright tears from her eyes she looked bravely into His, and though she remembered Him not, she silently pledged her soul's fair troth anew.

After many days they came to the land of the setting sun and hastened down the merry streets. And as they passed an alley, a drab and pallid creature darted out, starting back in terror of pursuit. She stood just before the Master, and as she turned and fled, her wild eyes glancing up caught His smile. Cataclysmic light flashed through her, maddening torture of pain or bliss, and when she would have followed Him, the crowd had blotted out the way.

Tortured nights of madness, days of wild seeking in the streets, but the One who bore the light for her soul was lost for aye, it seemed.

Then Zorah came upon her, staggering from the alley and sick unto death. Startled by the agony in the wasted face, she hastened toward her reaching out strong, young arms, and the wasted form fell on her breast.

Love, all-consuming, flashed through them with wild, sweet thrill. They drew hastily apart to gaze into each other's eyes, then fell throbbing heart to heart again.

"Beautiful lady", Mithra spoke, "one day this week I stood just here and in the hurrying throng one passed who can save my soul, one whom I do not know, but who is God to me. Help me to find Him, lovely one, before I die".

Fire and light filled the girl, Zorah's mind. This little one, so utterly forlorn, seemed a part of the radiant Being to whom she had pledged her soul. With arm about the quivering form, she led her down the streets and carried her far and fast to a

secret garden where she bade her wait. Then she hastened to the blessed Lord and eyes shining into His, she said, "Master, down in the slums I found a soul to whom my soul is twin. And though I love you more than life and to be with you is heavenly bliss, this other one, with sin o'erburdened, looked on me and I must hasten to her side. Strange", she said, "that in her wide, sad eyes I seem to see thine own sweet, beauteous smile. Lord, forgive my faithlessness, but I cannot do otherwise".

The blessed Lord laid His hand on her head and said, "Remain here until I call, oh valliant flower heart of the lotus throne".

And she, who sat by the garden wall with head leaned back, tears seeping through the heavy lids, heard a footfall and sprang to her feet, for down the path with stately tread came one ablaze with light.

Strangely familiar he seemed; her mind rocked and storms seemed to engulf her soul. She would have fled in terror but there was no escape, and she fell to her knees and bowed her face in her hands wracked with agony of sobs.

The blessed Lord stood before her. Tears glistened in His eyes, His lips moved and He raised His face toward the realms of light.

"Beloved, oh beloved", he spake.

"Oh Lord, Lord", she cried in agony, "look not upon me in my degradation and misery. My heart, my soul, are lost, unclean. Through all the years of life have I sought Thee in many and many a dream of love. But all was illusion . . . always, only a dream. a beautiful dream with sad awakening, and now, now, my soul has found Thee, my blessed Lord of Love and Light, and I dare not look into Thine eyes".

Then the blessed Lord reached down and lifted the little one in His arms and held her close to His breast, and Zorah, eagerly awaiting His beckoning smile, came swiftly, as some bright bird winging home.

"Oh little treasures of my heart"! He wept. "Such love as thine do I need to sustain me. Such love have I not found in this sad, drear world".

"Blessed, oh blessed art thou, little wayfarers of the heavens"!

His eyes were raised to the sapphire sea of light, and listening on His heart, they heard the mighty rhythm of His soul . . . vast wings, beating, beating, and soft, faint echoes of angelic song, the hosts of heaven singing paeans of joy, that their Lord had found a moment of perfect bliss to cheer His pilgrimage of compassion to the sad, dark star that would know Him not.

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