

PORTAL OF INVISIBLE POWER

25¢

EGYPTUS

MAY

1941

• LIFE • HEALTH • WISDOM • SUCCESS •

Immortality Through Reincarnation

*Let me arise and live a glorious strain,
A song to venerate the soul's new birth . . .
I've lived before, and I shall live again
When like the plant this body slips to earth.*

*The seed imbedded in the pregnant sod,
Nursed by the magic wine of sun and dew,
Rends its confines and lifts its palms to God,
And births and deaths its destinies renew.*

*The still-born babe is but an embryo
Of mineral matter formed in fleshly mole,
In which the Ego-Flame of Love must flow
Ere yet it can become a living soul.*

*Blest souls and egos in the heavenworld
Whose lives the garments of the flesh did wear,
Wait where creation's virgin buds unfold
Like fireflies that illumine the mundane sphere.*

*Ten thousand Ariels wing the Cosmic Void
Spirit inhabitants of time and space,
The Buddha, Wagner, Shakespeare, Lincoln, Freud,
Come back to earth to uplift the fallen race.*

—George Reginald Margetson.

A E G Y P T U S

MAY — 1941



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A E G Y P T U S

"Like the rising sun, brings you the dawn of a new day."

MAY — 1941

Volume III

No. 5

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HAMID BEY,

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PROSPERITY

HAMID BEY

Part I



WELL, Frank, I think you are making a great mistake. Here you have arrived at the pinnacle of success in your profession and you are willing to throw it all overboard to try to do what thousands have tried. You want to get rich overnight. That, Frank, is a common disease for which the only remedy is common sense."

"You say I have arrived at the pinnacle of success. But I say I have gotten nowhere. Why, George, compared with my clients, I am as poor as Job's proverbial turkey," Frank Grant replied.

"The answer to that statement," said George, "is that you don't know the real meaning of success. Neither do you know what prosperity is nor the way to gain prosperity. Let me review your case a bit and see if my diagnosis won't help you to discover your malady and suggest its cure.

"In the first place, Frank, you were born in a little country town, on a little one-horse ranch, among people who had very meager opportunities and who lacked the incentive to promote themselves beyond their immediate surroundings. Your mother was a woman of overweening ambition for her children. She was a very religious woman, too, and saw in you the avenue to give expression to her deepest desire — helping the human race.

"You started to go to a theological seminary but changed to another pro-

fession as it seemed to provide a bigger field for you to make money—a desire you had as a boy—and you have often told me you always expected to get rich. If you had stayed in a country town, your own town, for example, your consciousness of wealth would have been to be equal to the wealthiest in it. But you didn't stay there. You came to the city, this big, rich city. You did well, Frank, working hard and living right. When the time came, you were selected to head this great institution and you are making good here.

"You are making good in all but one way. You have no interest in it except as a means toward an end. You aren't in it for the love of the work, or for the good of humanity, or for the joy of doing. You are here only because you can get more money out of this job than any other. You still want great wealth; you think wealth is success.

"Let's see, you are getting \$18,000 a year, besides having some time for private practice, and you think that is not enough. What you don't know is that you have the nucleus right here

for the big fortune you feel you ought to have and which you are bound to make."

Frank leaned back in his chair, a slightly sneering smile on his handsome face, as he said, "That's all very fine and I suppose you think I should stay right here and help the world.

"Well, I'll tell you something. I'm just going to stay here long enough to get all the friends I've got to go into the oil game. George, there's millions in it just waiting to drop into our pockets. They'll all thank me when the oil comes spurting out of the ground. My oil, their oil, and your oil, too, if you get into the game. That thousand acres is right over oil territory, you can gamble on it. And I'm going to sink wells, lots of wells. A man can get rich overnight."

"But you don't know the first thing about oil," replied George. "There's an old adage, 'Every man for his own work.' You have heard it often said, I'm sure."

"I have an engineer for a partner, and he knows."

"Maybe he's satisfied to earn the big salary he's going to get. Probably he likes the work and thinks there is a chance. If the project succeeds there will be plenty of money; if it doesn't, he will have been well paid."

And there the conversation ended.

Frank entered into his new enter-

prise with the most earnest zeal. He enthused over the prospects not merely as prospects but as certainties. The gardener, the scullery maid, the engineer in the basement of the huge building, the members of his staff and his wealthiest clients were all glad investors. Assistants used their life savings. Young men handed over the money set aside to set themselves up in business later. Young and old gave in small and large sums to buy the very pretty certificates indicating they owned shares in the enterprise.

Out in the fields the busy engineer drilled his first test well. Reports of signs of oil came in. A gas pocket was cut. Wealth seemed to be on the way. But the signs failed and the hole bottomed in solid rock.

A new well was started. New money was sought and it came with a little more difficulty this time. Then came the climax to Frank's professional career. He was asked to resign and a new man was appointed in his place.

This second well showed all the signs the first had displayed. Frank went into the fields himself and the engineer gave up the job.

A third well was tried, and money began to get low. Frank employed a new engineer and went out to get more funds. All of his money went down with the drills and no money came up from the ground. The signs of oil never failed in the many holes that were tried and big capital became in-

terested. Now when big capital takes an interest in such enterprises there is almost invariably a reorganization. And this case was no exception. When the new company went in, Frank went out.

Years had gone by. Frank had to return to his profession and build up his practice as he had done when he first started out. Discredited in the city of his first success, he went to another. Hard work and strict attention to business brought the reward which always follows every honest attempt in the field of endeavor in which men have knowledge and skill.

Frank should have profited by his past experiences. His new practice was bringing again an income equal to that which he had enjoyed before. He should have seen the golden opportunities which were all about for wise investment from which adequate and legitimate profits might accrue. Small investments from time to time are avenues through which wise persons augment their incomes. The road to prosperity is not an arduous road, but it is also not a short road. It is a road with little dangers; a road that has no end.

We of the Coptic Order have been taught the great truth that *prosperity is normal; its acquisition is by steady growth*. It is not a mushroom to be grown overnight. It is an outgrowth of consciousness. Consciousness is itself a growth. It is an evolutionary process.

The claim of the uninitiated that we can merely THINK money into being and control its flow into our pockets is a false teaching, and those who teach this doctrine are false teachers.

The flow of money toward us, in our direction *is* under our control but in exact proportion to the consciousness of money we have acquired through the evolution of the self from a limited to a more unlimited vision. Our lessons—the Coptic Fellowship lessons—will give you the fundamental training needed in this evolutionary process.

Frank did not profit by his failure. He saw the new company go into the field he had hoped to develop. This company had a large staff of competent engineers and geologists and it had unlimited funds. He saw the black gold flow in a steady stream into the huge tanks and he felt that he had been robbed, as he knew his friends and investors had been. Frank did not inquire into the causes of his failure. The fact that there *was* oil in the field he had so firmly believed in was to him an invitation to find new avenues. He looked eagerly in every direction to find a way.

(To be Continued)



MAKING CONSCIENCE BEHAVE ITSELF

By DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

PREACHERS habitually speak well of conscience. They even call it the voice of God in the soul of man. Yet one of the most difficult tasks in human life is to make conscience behave itself. When Jesus foresaw the persecution of his disciples, what foes did he fear? Unconscientious men? Upon the contrary, he said, "Yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you shall think that he offereth service unto God." When Saul of Tarsus, not yet converted into Paul the Apostle, threw his vigorous antagonism against the Christians, putting many of the saints into prison, was he unconscientious?

Upon the contrary, he said, "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth."

Paul the Apostle was not one whit more conscientious than he was when, as Saul the persecutor, he hated Christ and all his ways. The ambiguous nature of conscience is a puzzling problem.

How practically serious this problem is, is evident. Conscience, as almost universally presented, is supposed to make us behave ourselves, but now we are saying that we must make conscience behave itself. The natural reaction to that is a protest.

Conscience, we say, is all we have to live by, and yet you tell us we cannot trust it; that is like giving a mariner a compass, and saying, "You must not sail by that, but look out for it; you cannot rely on it; it may land you on the rocks."

When we want a compass to keep us straight, and then we have to keep the compass straight, *that* makes nervous sailing. Nevertheless, that is precisely the situation the mariner faces.

Any compass can get out of order. A stray bit of metal carelessly dropped near can utterly deflect it. Every ship's compass needs periodically to be checked and re-checked and, when that has been neglected, many a compass, faithfully followed, has landed its ship upon the rocks. That is true about conscience also.

Now in checking conscience, nothing has helped some of us so much as the personality of the Master himself. To carry our problems of right and wrong into his presence and try to see them as he would look at them is a swift, practical, efficient way of checking conscience. One of the finest testimonies I ever heard of any man's character was given by a New York layman to his minister when he said,

"He has been our animated conscience."

If Christ is not that to us, then our discipleship is a lame affair. From the first he has been trying to make the conscience of his disciples behave itself. What, then, would he say to us about that?

For one thing, he would certainly say, "Keep your conscience on the right side of real issues." We ordinarily apply the adjective conscientious only to those whom we ethically approve. Galileo was conscientious, we think; he stood for his truth; but to the men who persecuted him we would not instinctively attribute the same quality.

Read the record, however. The persecutors of Galileo were just as conscientious as he was. They honestly thought that the new astronomy, making the earth a mere satellite of the sun, would steal from man his special dignity, deny centrality to this human drama, and make it impossible to believe in the sanctity and infinite value of each human soul. They had no selfish ends to gain in persecuting Galileo. They did it for conscience' sake—as Jesus said, thinking they were offering service unto God.

Many of the sorriest tragedies in history and in personal life, spring from this fact that conscience is an ambiguous force. The explanation of this ambiguity is plain. "You ought to do right," says conscience. Everlastingly it says that. But by itself con-

science does not tell us what is right. A man's ideas of what is right come from many sources—his inherited tradition, his contemporary culture, his own passion and self-interest, his excuses and self-justifications, the books he reads, the movies he sees, the people he admires—what a confluence of many streams goes into a man's ideas of what is right!

So conscience, saying, with imperious authority, "You ought to do right," can back up almost any combination of ideas about what is right. Nazis, Communists, and believers in democracy can all be conscientious.

Conscience is like fire—an indispensable blessing, but it can burn a city. It is like water—we cannot live without it but it can flood a countryside.

All mankind, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts. First, unconscientious people, of whom there are plenty, but not so many as most people suppose. Second, conscientious people, whose conscience has been so twisted by circumstance or wangled by self-justification that it can back up almost any public or private evil.

When Richard Croker, the notorious chief of Tammany Hall, came toward the close of his career, he was asked once whether he had any regrets. Meditatively removing his cigar and thinking for a few moments, he said, solemnly, "No, sir, not one. I do not remember ever having done any-

thing I ought not to have done, for I have done good all my life."

Even a Richard Croker can be conscientious. Remember the letter that Christopher Columbus wrote from this side of the Atlantic to King Ferdinand: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, from here we can send as many slaves as can be sold." So! Humanity, therefore, desperately needs the third class of people—conscientious folk who know how to make conscience behave itself.

This being the situation, let us bring it home to our own doorsills. Once a friend of mine was asked by his son, "Dad, what is conscience?" And he answered, "Son, I don't know, but whenever that telephone bell rings, you take down the receiver and listen."

I would say that to a boy, too. That is good advice. But then I would watch him to see what ideas of right his conscience was backing up. Few more crucial events are going on than our dealing with our consciences. Passionately we want to do something; our self-interest clamors for something, but we do not want to have trouble with our consciences about it. We want to be at peace with them. They are dreadful when they are aroused, so we are fixing them. We are assuaging them, wangling them, bribing them, with excuses and self-justifications. Said Fredrick the Great: "I take what I want; I can always find some pedant to write a book giving legal or historical grounds for justifying my ac-

tions." Everybody has so used his conscience.

Friend, for the sake of yourself and any one you may influence, get at that compass of yours and check it. Get some objective and impersonal test and criterion of it apart from your passion and self-interest. Above all, take your planned behavior into the presence of the Master. Will it stand the clear look of his revealing eyes? One way or another, day after day, our business is to make conscience behave itself.

For another thing, Jesus would surely say, "Keep your conscience concerned with large and significant matters; do not let its tremendous power be associated with trivial peccadillos."

Practically all of Jesus' trouble in his ministry was with conscientious people. They "tithe mint and anise and cummin," said Jesus, and neglect the "weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and faith." That is the curse of conscience. It can be one of the meanest, most picayunish factors in human life. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "They strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel." That is, they are meticulously scrupulous about trivialities, and then without a qualm accept a major evil.

This, of course, is one of the main afflictions of religion. Religious people, by and large, are conscientious. But think what they often are con-

scientious about! Fanaticism and bigotry, two of the most deplorable afflictions of human life, spring from conscientiousness gone haywire. Indeed, the most probable etymology of the word "bigot" is that it is an abbreviation of the exclamation, By God! A bigot is a man, who associating trivialities with religious convictions, says By God! about them.

When I am told, therefore, that we need more conscientiousness I raise a question. We have a lot of conscientiousness. The sense of duty is one of the most prevalent factors in human life. What we need is a finer type of conscientiousness — more intelligent, more spacious, more Christian. What a generation this is—calling for great character, fine living, wise decision, long-term devotion to causes that cannot win their victory in a few years, but to which the future belongs!

(To be Continued)

"In acting after the manner of men, it is easy to fall into hypocrisy; in acting after the manner of Heaven, it is difficult to play the hypocrite."

—*The Texts of Taoism.*

* * *

"When you cannot master yourself, and try to force yourself where your spirit does not follow, this is what is called doing yourself a double injury; and those who so injure themselves are not among the long-lived."

—*The Sacred Books of the East,*
Vol. XVI.

COPTIC NEWS

NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS!

On Sunday, May 4, Hamid Bey will open a series of lectures and classes at the Masonic Temple in Spokane, Washington.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

On Sunday, May 25, Hamid Bey will give a free lecture in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Seattle, Washington. Students in this city and vicinity should attend this meeting so they may learn about the lecture program which he is intending to conduct.

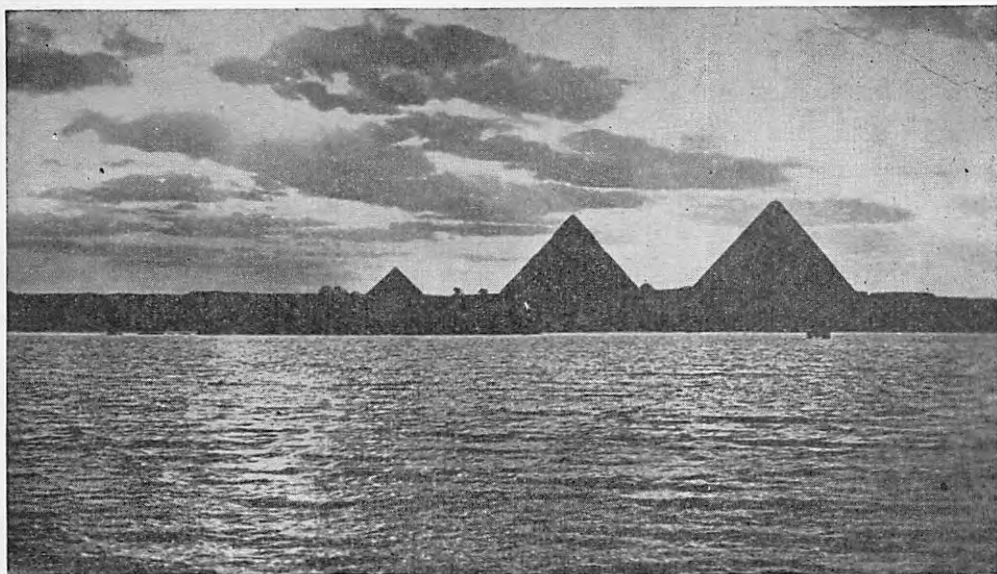
TOLEDO, OHIO

Mr. A. R. Martin will give a series of lectures at the Toledo Center, Corner Bush and Erie Streets on April 16, 17 and 18. The students of this group feel they are most fortunate in having this one ring Master back in their midst as they find his lectures most helpful and inspiring.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Miss Henrietta Schmandt resigned as leader of the Buffalo Center on April 22. She has been appointed as one of the members of the teaching staff of the Coptic Fellowship. Her new duties took her to Detroit, Michigan where she is conducting a series of lectures and classes. She has the hearty good wishes of the students of the Buffalo Center, of all of her friends there and elsewhere, and of Coptic Fellowship headquarters. May success attend you, Miss Schmandt!

(Continued on Page 28)



PATH OF THE FLAME

By CLARA EMELIA BURR

Part V

I looked at the last word speculatively: *Farewell!* Had Cleo known, or sensed, that she was not coming back? I replaced the letter in the drawer with a feeling of utter loss. I did not regret the book though it was perhaps the rarest in my whole collection, it held too dark secrets.

Sleep eluded me, and in the morning Julian's haggard face told me that he had not slept. We breakfasted on the sun porch and he sat toying with his eggs and toast. Suddenly he burst out: "I must follow her, Doctor Eric!"

I saw him burning up; I knew that if he did not follow her in the flesh he soon would in the spirit. Maybe pity for him in his extreme need crys-

tallized the call in my own heart to solve the mystery. I felt almost surprised at my own words.

"I will go with you, Julian."

His swift look of silent gratitude paid my decision many times over. So we arranged it between us at once. Julian wanted to be there at the same time of year as their last pilgrimage. We timed our arrival to the day.

I could dwell at greater length on that journey but space forbids since it does not bear on the subject. To a seasoned traveler even the last lap of the trip over the desert to the Pyramids is not a hard matter. We camped on the very spot where Cleo's party camped, so Julian said, and the two Arab guides pitched their tents with the camels a little farther away, as is their custom.

Perhaps you have camped near the Pyramids? Then you know the weird, uncanny feeling that creeps over one in the dead of night if you happen to stay awake while the rest of the caravan sleeps. It came over me stronger this time on account of Julian, I suppose. Something about him awoke the same fear I had felt for Cleo.

I felt a sudden certainty that he meant to tempt the same fate and wondered why I had not understood this sooner. Yet, what could I have done? I barely reached this reflection when I saw the silhouette of his tall figure outlined against the open flap of the tent as he slipped out into the moonlit night.

I got up and followed him. He sought to dissuade me but I held firm.

"I must go with you, Julian." I told him. "I know you would rather be alone, and perhaps it is selfish of me, but I cannot help it. That which happened to Cleo might possibly happen to you. If it does, I shall at least

be there to give what aid I may."

"So be it, then. But I warn you that if my undertaking succeeds you will be powerless; and if it does not —," he paused expressively.

I felt that menacing tingle over my scalp and down my spine, as if something stood behind me. I kept from looking back with an effort of will.

"At least I will be with you and I will know," I said.

At that he smiled and clasped my shoulder in a hard grip, then turned and preceded me across the sands toward the great Pyramid. His bur-noose blended with the sand so closely that at times I found it hard to make out his marching form before me in the tricky moonlight. We came to the northeast corner of the Cheops and here he halted, gazing towards it silently. I paused also and sank down on the ground so that I could observe better.

Julian stood there, perhaps one minute or perhaps ten, as usual the sense of time deserted me. At last he raised his arms towards the Pyramid and sent forth a call. A strange, clear, penetrating and somehow compelling call. Three times he intoned it and each time it echoed back from the Pyramid and the night with a swelling sound that crashed like thunder. It seemed to pour a molten fire over me so that I tried to shrink back within myself.

Suddenly I saw that someone joined him. With a thrill I recognized Cleo, proud and aloof and with a new wonder over her like a golden cloak. Her voice rang in my ear with a harp-like cadence.

"Do you know what you have done, Julian?"

His reply came without hesitation: "Yes, Cleo, I know."

"I must accept your challenge, but you may not be able to prove your right to make it. You don't understand what awaits you in the King's Chamber," she said gravely.

"You forget that I also read the book *Seven Gates*," Julian told her, his voice steady.

At this she clapped her hands and immediately about a dozen figures surrounded them, clad in the same sort of burnouses we wore. Presently they all came towards the spot where I crouched and seemingly began to pass in through the solid stone. But, as I summoned all my courage and mingled with them, I saw that one of the great blocks swung inward and left a small opening. One of the band stayed behind to operate the mechanism that closed this aperture. I followed the rest in the dim light that had no visible source.

Cleo led the way, with Julian following and flanked by two on either side, the others forming a sort of vanguard. Our way led along a passage that widened into a sort of gallery, but presently we came to a low place

where we must creep to get through.

Finally, we wound up in a large space that I felt must be the King's Chamber. A stone receptacle stood in the center of the room. We stopped here and I saw that three other figures stood awaiting us, one of them a tall and imposing man, half a head higher than anyone else. I caught a glimpse of his face and recognized Leon Aries.

Something about him froze the breath in my throat. I felt an awe, mixed with terror. Cleo's words to Julian and the deep mystery about everything had prepared me for some sort of danger. I knew he challenged powers that would hold him to answer, ~~now~~ I remembered the guard set over the seventh gate. I knew that even Cleo might be endangered through his rashness. As this thought flew through my mind, Leon Aries addressed Julian, his voice stern:

"What right have you to crash the portals of Divinity?" he asked so solemnly that I felt my flesh crawl. But Julian stood there with a look of white pride on his face and his answer came with a ring of exultation:

"I have kept my mind, my soul, and my body fit for the love that is supreme. I came in under the wings of Sun conjunct Uranus in Aquarius rising and I understand the Message of the Stars and the transmutation of sex through the Kundalini. I ask to be tested so that I may prove my right to walk beside Cleo to our destiny."

(Continued on Page 29)

A WOMAN OBSERVES

by

a u d r e y s t r a t t o n



It's a beautiful world today. Our California "showers" have subsided for the present and have let the full beauty of spring through.

On days like this my husband's usual remark is: "Pack up your things. We're going down to the boat!" And off we go to the harbor to rub metal until it gleams with blazing rays, to paint until the hull of the boat vies with the gulls in their whiteness. Ship-shape it must be because summer is just around the corner and the blue Pacific calls in siren-like tones to all sailors—so it's down to the sea in ships.

What a gloriously active place a harbor can be in one instant and how gloriously inactive the next!

There's the sound of droning motors around us today, a sort of background music to this harbor symphony. Now the staccato of the soft, lapping, sunlit water against the sides of the boat. There's the sharp overtone of the meadow lark's song from the grass-covered shore and the laughter and voices floating over the water from the other boats. There's the warmth of the red sun beating down on the blue sailcloth of the cockpit and the lazy

motion of the ensign in the light breeze. There's the smell of fresh varnish and oil in the soft, warm air that ripples over one's face like balls of cotton. There's the gentle rocking of the boat caught in the wake of passing craft and the quick dive of the sea gull breaking the now glassy surface of the water.

We can hear the swishy-swishy-swish of sandpaper against the deck of a nearby boat. There's the gentle flop of my husband's paint brush on the smooth sides of our dinghy. I look at the cloth in my hand that has turned from grey to black and, as I see the shining metal around me, I sigh with satisfaction.

Someone has just come in from their morning cruise. The custom of the anchorage demands that all hands stand by to catch the lines as they are tossed.

Questions are plied to the incoming skipper, "How was it out there today?" "Much of a chop?"—which means, "Was the wind blowing?"

The winds, the clouds, the fog, the sun, the moon, and even sound are of
(Continued on Page 18)

GROWTH

By F. HOMER CURTISS, M. D.

Part II



NATURE grows not merely to express herself for her own sake, but in order to *give something* to the world. The Sun shines that it may *give* its light and life to our whole solar system. The plants *give* of their seeds, the trees their fruit, the flowers their perfume, the birds their songs, the beasts their activity or their labor. Even God *gives* of His only begotten Son that we may have spiritual life more abundantly.

How are you doing your part in this vast cosmic scheme? What are you growing for? What are you *giving* to the world by your life here in it? What is your attitude toward life? Merely to get all you can with no thought of *giving*? Is your idea of growing to grow rich and influential? How is your life affecting your family? Your friends? Those with whom you live intimately and also those you contact in the life of the community? How will they be better by your having lived in it, by what you have *given* to it?

Establish the habit of *giving something of yourself to others* daily, even if only a cheery word or a pleasant smile.

Evidence of Growth

If you have been really growing spiritually, not merely intellectually by acquiring knowledge, but spiritually by radiating love and helpfulness, your friends will realize that a change has been going on within you—an unfoldment of new qualities, a new kindness, unselfishness and helpfulness, a

new patience, cheerfulness and inner happiness that radiates to others. In other words, new qualities of soul-unfoldment are radiating from you, and these impinge upon and *modify other lives* constructively according to their response.

The challenge of your example, the cheeriness of your smile and the warmth of your love unconsciously act like rays of sunshine to help open the buds of their higher realization and attainment. And all this happens without any thought or intention on your part to "reform" or uplift them, just the radio-activity of the spiritual qualities you are expressing.

As a negro delivery boy recently said of a member of the Order: "I sure likes to see that man, 'cause he's always smiling inside himself, and it makes me smile, too, and feel good inside."

There had been no attempt to impress the delivery boy. He merely responded to the unconscious outshining of the person's inner radiance.

What Have You Done?

One of the tests of your growth is the effect it has on others. How have they been affected by the growth you have gained? How many lives has your growth changed? What have you brought forth and *given* them? To how many have you told the story of the change in your own life and the joy it has brought you? To how many have you pointed out how the unhappy conditions of their lives also can be changed? If you have not done this consciously, then select some person who is suffering from unhappy conditions and reveal your happy secret of the power of the inner guidance, and note the results in his or her life as well as in your own.

Correlate with Nature

When all Nature is "smiling inside" so powerfully that she bursts forth outwardly in swelling buds and the radiant smile of Spring, you, too, will feel the force of her radiance and, like the delivery boy, you will instinctively respond with a joyous heart. For just as one man's inner radiance caused a quickening response in the delivery boy, so can the inner radiance of God's life force, bursting forth in outward manifestation, quicken your own reaction and expression.

Just as the mighty up-rush of the Christ-force in Nature in the spring is flowing forth into expression, so are you bathed in that radiance and thrilled and nourished by it. If you absorb it and *make use of it*, it will help to open the buds of your spiritual realization and the blossoms of your inner life.

Life was not meant to be complicated, for Nature is simple and direct. It is our lack of response and the demands of the personality which complicate life and shut us off from realizing our oneness with all Nature.

Therefore, make a practice of going out into the country, the woods or the parks, even in your own small garden perhaps and observe the miracle of resurrection and growth. Say to yourself: "It is time that I also cast off the hampering husks of old ideas, old hampering habits, old experiences, old thoughtless, selfish ways of treating people, and put forth new buds and leaves on the love-barren limbs of my outer personality. It is time that I let the unfolding power of the Christ within give new expressions to my resurrected spiritual consciousness, new manifestations of joy, of love and appreciation of the beautiful qualities I now see in my family, my friends, in all mankind, and let me rejoice and grow with them."

The trees and the flowers and the birds and the beasts do not need to understand the process of growth or to be taught any special technique in order to grow and unfold. Neither do you.

Our text tells you to "grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but earnestly anxious to open its soul to the air." That means to open your heart to the love of the Christ within that its regenerating power may unfold God's plan for your life. For that plan is written by the finger of God in your Book of Life within.

There you will find the answer to every question and the solution of every problem. There you will find the God-guidance for every circumstance in your life if you will only seek for and trust it. But you must respond to and express that inner guidance as simply as do the trees and flowers, the beasts and the birds, without stopping to argue mentally as to the whys and wherefores.

Simply *seek that guidance* in a period of meditation or "quiet time" daily, and then allow it to express through you in action.

Your Prayer

As we have said before: "Pray

daily, 'O Christ! from every wild flower by the roadside, from every plant in the garden, from every shrub and tree, help me to learn the great Easter lessons of correlation and unfoldment, that I may experience the inner resurrection and put forth and blossom and bring forth fruit according to the inner pattern of my Divine Self.'

"Then you, too, will partake of the renewed life and joy of the spring-time, and fill the air of your environment with the perfume of your Rose of Life."

A WOMAN OBSERVES

(Continued from Page 15)

the greatest interest to boat people. We live close to the elements and try to harmonize with them. The wind is our friend and the most trustworthy indicator of coming changes in weather.

Sound helps us to forecast rain. Through moist air distant sounds are easily heard. That is why we say:

"Sound traveling far and wide
A stormy day will betide."

After the thud of line on the landing the voices die away and the swish of the sandpaper begins again coupled with the spatter of water as the skip-

per washes the salt-spray from the sides of his boat.

Fragrant odors start coming from the galleys of the boats around us, which reminds me that it is time to stop the work of the day and retire to our own galley to prepare the evening meal. A seaman's appetite is something to deal with and I might say the same of a seawoman's.

We sit out in the cockpit after dinner and watch the moon crinkle the bay into shining diamonds and the peace is great—a harmonious peace great enough to spread all over the world if man would stop fighting long enough to listen to it.

ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH



Part IV

THE UATI (Fig. 21) papyrus or lotus—which inspired the MENCH (Fig. 22) model for future churchbells—was an early type-sign for the divine youngling as born of the same papyrus swamps whence he later emerges as the human foundling MESES (Fig. 23) alias Moische, Moyses, Moses.

The AAN (or REMO) (Fig. 24) represents Ichthys the “intelligent fish” or (fish-man) of the messianic mangod in the vernal Pisces colure, the more significant aspects of which will be discussed later on.

Then there is the HERU (BAK) (Fig. 25) as the principal type-sign of Horus, Ancient Egypt’s messianic mangod—the original *Grand Man* of the zodiacal horoscope.

Also, the BAA (AB) typesign for both lamb and heifer or calf (Fig. 26) in reference to both the symbolic *agnus dei* and “Good Shepherd” on the “mount” of vernal Aries and the “bull of eternity” and Golden Calf of vernal Taurus with both the humanized “lamb” and the more natural bull among the sacred symbols of the Four Gospels of the New Testament.

The other two gospels are typified by the Eagle and the Lion as derived from the earlier Horus-hawk and the HA (or RU) (Fig. 27) lion type-sign of mangod Horus-Iesa as the “leonine Adam” of IU-TA (Alias Judah) (Fig. 28) the “coming earth” of

Kingdom Come! The latter type representation is in reference to both solar glory upon the celestial “mount” of the summer solstice in Cancer and Leo—with the original beetle CHEPER (Fig. 29) (now Crab) as the Cancer sign of the *Good Scarabeus*—and the Millenial Judgment Day of “leonine Adam” at Deluge time as symbolized by the Great Sphinx of Gizeh!

IV

The ancient Egyptian mangod HERU (Horus) (Fig. 30), configured in the constellation Pisces, typified the lifegiving abundance of food carried by the waters of the sacred Nile at the time of Inundation. This period began in February in equatorial Africa and reached its maximum height in August in northern Egypt, the Nile winding its course all the way from Lake Albert (Belgian Congo) to the delta bordering on the Mediterranean Sea.

Now when the equatorial-African rains speed the swollen White Nile on its northward journey to keep its an-

nual rendezvous with the Blue Nile at Khartum (Anglo-Egyptian Sudan) several celestial phenomena augur this "Blessed Event" of the mighty river's annual "rebirth." At that time the "tail" of the "great Bear" constellation *ursa major* points southward to the equatorial-African sources proper of the White Nile.

At the same time the ancient "wateress" (now waterman) Aquarius "refills" her empty "cup" (cf the constellation Krater) from the *upward* leaping "celestial river" Eridanus (from Uri-tanu, a hieroglyphic variant of URNES (Fig. 31) the "Great Tongue" of river Nile), which issues from the "fish-mouth" star Fomalhaut of constellation *Pisces australis*.

Here it may be pointed out that modern astrologers evidently put the cart before the horse, so to speak, by depicting the "down-flow" of the "river" Eridanus as of the "Waterman" Aquarius "emptying" the "cup" Krater. This merely illustrates the error of persons unfamiliar with facts to the contrary, for the celestial "river" flows *upward, northward*, the same as its original namesake, the Nile!

Besides, the ancient Egyptians stood too much in need of the inundation to throw away the precious fluid upon which their very lives depended.

Now Horus, the original Ichthys "intelligent fish"—AAN or REM (Fig. 32), as type-sign for the food-bringing "fisherman (later, "fisherwoman") of constellation Pisces, was

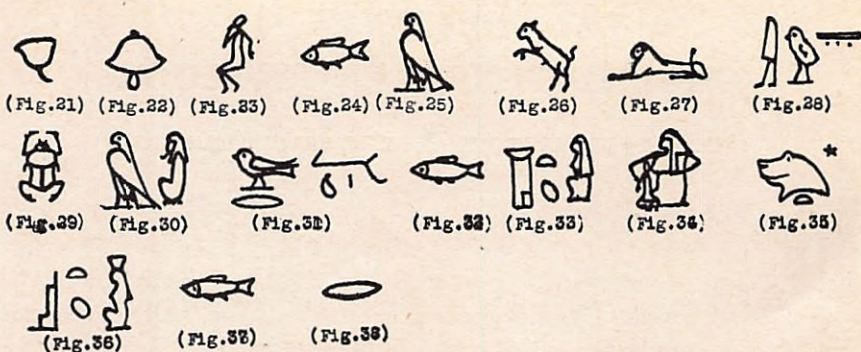
in this totemic form the youngling weaned by the "divine wet nurse" NEBTHET (Nepthys) (Fig. 33) as the MENAT (Fig. 34) "nurse," configured in the "wateress" constellation Aquarius, who had her earlier prototype in the primeval "earth (water) cow" ABT (Fig. 35) of the "Great Bear" constellation *ursa major*.

As indicated before in this series of articles, the original Great Divine Mother and "earth-cow" of *ursa major* was supplanted by the younger "heaven-cow" of "virgin-mother" Hathor-Isis as configured by the "chairlady" constellation Cassiopea.

Now the goddess Hathor-Isis, the AUSET "seated Lady" (Fig. 36), was among the first type representations of the divine mother in the human image, as the original human-shaped "virgin" of constellation Virgo—at the equinoctial colure opposite Pisces as symbolized by the virgin mother's divine child Horus, as the Ichthys "intelligent fish" (later fisherman).

But in so far as the ancient Egyptians augured the annual "rebirth" of river Nile when Pisces stood in the winter solstice, with the constellation Virgo at the opposite colure in the summer solstice, we have thus astronomical-astrological proof that *the mysteries began in equatorial Africa long before sacred Nile figures prominently in uranographic symbolatry!*

It so happens that the Festival of the Virgin originally was celebrated when constellation Virgo stood in the



autumnal equinox "pointing" to the "birth" of child Horus as the Ichthys "intelligent fish" in the vernal equinox in Pisces—as has been the case again but recently—some twenty-six thousand years later, during the time of which these two constellations returned to their original equinoctial positions.

So learned a classic authority as the Greek-Alexandrian astronomer Eratosthenes, who witnessed the Festival of the Virgin in 260 B.C., informs us that the ancient Egyptians had celebrated the same festival previously when Virgo stood in the vernal colure some thirteen thousand years before. But the ancient festival of the Virgin originally began when Pisces stood at the vernal equinox as was the case during the time when Eratosthenes witnessed this festival.

Another hint at the vast antiquity of the divine virgin-mother Hathor-Isis and her child Horus—the mystic Iesa of the early-Christian gnostics, the Copts, is vouchsafed by Herodotus who informs us that Iusa (Horus-Iesa) the child of the virgin Iusaas (Isis) was worshiped as one of the

eight great gods of Egypt twenty thousand years ago.

There is no need to stress the mystic significance of both the fish and the fisherman sacred to the early Christian gnostics, who called themselves the *piscisculi*.

The hieroglyphic AAN or REM (Fig. 37) hints at John and Rome and the pontifex maximum still wears the signet ring of the fish insignia of Holy Office.

The RE (RU) (Fig. 38) word-sign for fish mouth, aperture, and uterine, inspired the halo of Christendom's saints!

(To be Continued)



THE PRINCIPLES OF APPLIED PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGY

(Edited by VELMA BROWN and E. W. SPACKMAN, M. D.)

IT IS possible to attract the superconscious in two ways. One is by concentrating our life to one individual line of activity. This procedure is followed by great architects, inventors, and geniuses. We do not believe, however, in following this course as it does not carry the balance which results in the well-rounded personality and tends toward inflation of the ego by virtue of superior ability to accomplish along one line only. We desire that every student, over a period of years, gradually acquire the ability to live a life which is exciting, joyful, worthwhile, and productive.

We promise you this sort of life but many of the periods of formation are painful. Therefore, we warn you that many times along the course of evolution discouragement, disappointment, failure, doubt, and other negative factors will be present.

Many times you will work conscientiously and see no results. At other times the results will come fairly quickly. Sometimes it is necessary to work for months before any results are observed. Change around the line of work several times and then come back to the old method of working. Eventually results will come. Sometimes the results which are protracted are of greatest value.

Remember that we are working, primarily, with seven nerve centers. Some are weak, others are strong. The entire system is unbalanced or we would not be in our present environment. We cannot force the weak plexi too strongly or we will pay for it in some mental, physical, or nervous re-

tardation.

Do not, therefore, set a positive pattern for yourself and demand that you follow it. Many students make this mistake and then wonder why they have to pay a rather heavy price. Try to balance your feelings against your ambitions and plan accordingly.

The balance of the superconscious, conscious, and subconscious, the postures, movements, and breath, the practical life, working life, reflective life, are all guided by the same laws and in the same manner.

We think of mental action in the form of images, superconscious images and subconscious images. We have attempted to show how these are inter-related. There are nebulous images which we regard as imagining. There are also vivid images like touching a hot stove. These we regard as influencing the deeper layer of consciousness, previously described in some of the lessons.

We must gradually acquire the ability and understanding that in the mind of the teacher the superconscious, conscious, and subconscious image is one. When this oneness of imaging is present, our individual personalities are caught up into a universal sense of consciousness. This may sound rather involved but if you will think it out you will see clearly that it must be so.

work. All the preconceived notions of psychology are completely disrupted or put in a different manner. We, therefore, regard the ability to unlearn as valuable as the ability to learn. However, in giving this course of instruction, we are trying to help the student toward that capacity to learn from within.

There is so much to unlearn in this
Whatever the student gains along this line is a real and permanent gain.

MOVEMENT SERIES III

MANTRAM

The breath directs the movement and when retained sustains the tension.

1. On the back—bend knees to abdomen together:

Lie on the back and slowly exhaling draw both knees to the abdomen and then slowly inhaling lower both knees to original position. Try to let the breath guide the movements. If it is of help to the student, the hands may be used to help raise and lower the limbs.

2. Rocking Chair:

(a) Sit in the student pose (on the floor with the legs crossed). Grasp the feet with both hands and, exhaling, slowly bend forward. (b) Then bring the body upward and backward, keeping the grasp on the toes and swinging the legs clear over the head until the toes touch the floor back of where the student was sitting. (c) Then swing the legs forward again until the original student pose is assumed. In "b" the breath is inhaled the first half of the movement and exhaled the second half. In "c" the breath is inhaled. The student should string this movement into a series of three or more without any hesitation between the movements. The tempo should be as the student feels is best for his or her capacity.

3. Spread Eagle—Dip to alternate knees:

First sit on the floor with the legs outstretched in front of the body. Then spread the legs apart as far as it is comfortable for the student, and touch first one toe and then the other. Use both hands alternately. The breath should be exhaled on the forward bend and inhaled while assuming an upright posture.

4. Head Circles:

This movement consists of first bending the head in a complete circle to the left three times and then to the right three times, or in any multiple of three the student desires, being sure to alternate first left, then right. The breath should be exhaled the first half of the movement and inhaled the second half.

HIDDEN MEMORY

Where have I met you before?

What have you been to me?

What is this knocking at the door

Of my deep hidden memory?

Don't let me again leave the path

To wander from out the light.

I've had enough of life's wrath,

I'm tired of trying to fight.

The threads of our lives entwined

Somewhere along life's way.

Your face and form are enshrined

Please God, they have come to stay.

Take me again in thy embrace.

Keep me close to thy side.

Help me, dear Master, to face

Whate'er to me may betide.

May I from now on prove worthy,

To walk in the shadow of thee.

Cast from me all things earthly—

A child of light may I henceforth

be.

—*Mary Harkness.*

THE PARADOX OF EVIL

MARGARET C. ROBINSON



ALL is Mind and its Garment, and there is nothing else." Upon this one brief Hermetic Law, the Universe, as we conceive it, rests. All is ONE, The-Indefinable-Spirit. Even the Garment mentioned in the Law must then be a quality of that Mind, since there is nothing else. It is this Garment of the Mind with which we are concerned, for it is our Physical Universe. Is this vestment really separate and apart, a distinct Something unlike the Mind or Spirit which it clothes?

Analyzed, even this too, too solid flesh melts into the abstract Principles of Polarity and Vibration. These solid forms about us are mere space-drawn outlines filled in with intangible positively and negatively charged particles exerting an equally nebulous influence upon each other. This is the solid substantial universe even of the practical scientist. Truly, all is demonstrated to be Spirit even on this gross plane.

Where then has this notion of a Force opposing Good arisen? Whence this conception called Evil? Who or what are these Dark Forces? What, if they exist, is their Purpose? How do they work?

What follows is only that which my limited consciousness can perceive of this paradox. It is of sufficient importance to me that I cannot ignore it but must needs fit it into my scheme of things or my whole conception of the universe comes tumbling about my ears and life becomes a pointless joke, a monstrous frivolity.

What, then are these Evil Forces?

Any Force which tends to disintegrate may be called an Evil Force. But is it?

The Law of Life is Growth and Change. To change, the form which exists, must undergo continuous disintegration to make way for the new and better form.

It may be said that any Force which tends to oppose is an Evil Force. But is it? Positive poles repel positive poles. Who shall define which pole is good and which is evil?

Any force which prevents us from traveling the Path back to the divine source is evil. If so, what manner of force flung us to our present position away from that source? If, indeed, we are really away.

Was it an evil force which involved The Path we are now evolving? Could the divine become subject, even for a moment, to something evil? If it could happen at all, it could happen again at any instant, and we would find all our efforts toward a greater life set at naught. Such a conception finds no proof in all nature.

If, then, Evil is not disintegration, opposition, or a flinging out process, what is it?

Let us consider, for a moment, why this Universe is at all? The Divine knows all anyway, why the bother of all this tiresome manifestation? The secret lies in the fact that a thing cannot be known until it has been experienced. Nothing is known until it is thought of. The miracle of creation is that as soon as the thought of a thing is completed in the mind, it is automatically completed in manifestation. Thinking involves forms, and the formless, assuming a form through thought processes, is manifestation.

In order that all possibilities of a vibrational system based upon two opposite poles might be experienced, certain laws were laid down and certain individual sparks or egos were assigned the task of working out all these possibilities.

This would be comparatively easy were it not for the quality of Free Will. Except for this freedom, each little soul would run smoothly in its own track right back to the Divine Source. With free will we choose our own tracks.

While this involves considerable confusion for a time, ultimately the easiest routes would be discovered, and no one would trouble to discover what lay outside these few ways.

The purpose is to explore the whole realm of possibility, the hard and ar-

duous ways, as well as the easy ones. To accomplish this, and retain Free Will, obstacles are placed in our path to force us to grow over or around or through them. We have the choice of the Way it shall be.

We are the obstacles and stepping-stones for one another. By our growth around the obstacles and our service to each other, we shall all ultimately pour the essence of all experiences into the Infinite Mind.

By our growth IT can manifest greater knowledge and wisdom in expression. The Evil, which seems so difficult to bear or understand is but a spur, or need, which drives us to yet greater effort to grow.

Could such a spur, or need, be evil?

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD

Said the Robin to the Sparrow:

"I should really like to know

Why these anxious human beings

Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin:

"Friend, I think that it must be

That they have no Heavenly Father

Such as cares for you and me."

—*Author Unknown.*

THE HISTORY OF THE POTATO

HAROLD DAVIS EMERSON, Ph.D., D.D.



HE white popato has a romantic story. It traveled around the world and returned to America where it originated. In that journey it changed its nationality and became known as the "Irish Potato." Before this happened, however, a great many years rolled by and the potato was piling up history.

The word potato comes from the West Indian word "Batata," which was the name given to the sweet potato.

The white potato and its relative, the tomato, are both members of the nightshade family. The sweet potato belongs to the morning-glory family.

Before the Spanish Conquest, the white potato was in use in all the temperate parts of the Western Hemisphere from Chili to New Granada, but not in Mexico.

In Peru, it had been domesticated for so many thousands of years that its wild ancestor has never been discovered. The natives called it "papa," and it so became known to Spanish-speaking peoples today.

Neither Columbus nor Cortez ever saw the white potato. It was discovered in Colombia by Pedro de Leon in 1538. In a part of the Cauca Valley of Colombia, too high for maize to grow, he found the natives using it as their chief food. He described it as a "kind of ground nut which, when boiled, becomes as soft as a cooked

chestnut but which has no thicker skin than a truffle."

The white potato was first taken to Europe in Spanish ships in 1580. Eight years later it was cultivated by Charles L'Ecluse, who was in charge of the Botanical Garden at Vienna.

In 1586 the potato had reached North Carolina and Virginia, and was carried to Ireland by some colonists. However, the Irish did not recognize its value as a food product until 1663. When the peasants made this discovery, they began to use it to the exclusion of oatmeal and other foods.

The potato became the national food of Ireland and when the crop failed there was much misery. It was eaten baked or boiled and dipped in a saucer of salted milk.

The potato was unknown to the North Atlantic colonies until 1719 when it was carried to Londonberry, New Hampshire, by Irish immigrants. From that importation, it was christened "Irish Potato" and has been so termed ever since.

That same year, 1719, the English carried it to the West Indies. It spread from Jamaica throughout the Islands and came to rest only a few hundred miles from Colombia where it was originally discovered.

The sweet potato was first discovered by European explorers. They carried it to Europe, Asia and Africa.

Except for its introduction into the Northern Colonies by the English, the honor of carrying the potato around the world belongs to both the Spanish and the Portuguese.

In Virginia and North Carolina, the natives cultivated a root similar to the potato which they called "open-awk," "Tuckahow," and "wampee."

The French called these tubers "chapelets" or "rosary roots" because they were arranged on strings like beads.

To the English they were "ground nuts," "marsh potatoes," and "Indian potatoes."

In Peru elaborate ceremonies marked the harvesting of the potato crop and the blessings of the fields. These ceremonies were carried to Ireland and Christianized. The priests on the Emerald Isle Blessed the potato crop each year.



COPTIC NEWS

(Continued from Page 11)

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Greetings, members of the Coptic Fellowship of America! The Cleveland Group of the Fellowship, Open Meeting Class, has decided to take ten minutes daily as a period of concentration and meditation for the spread of Light in the affairs of America. We are doing this in the hope that America may fulfill her destiny as a peacemaker and hold aloft the Light of Truth.

In order to accommodate everyone, we have set two periods, one at 11:00 A. M. and the other at 11:00 P. M.

Will you not join with us at one or both of these periods each day and send out a thought message of Light and Love to the ones who are shaping the destiny of our country?

If every Coptic in this land joins us, we believe untold good can be accomplished.

DO YOUR BIT!

You are not "doing your bit" if you merely go about your "business as usual" and forget to pray. Let your prayers go up unceasingly that Wisdom, Love, and Righteousness may prevail.—Dr. F. Homer Curtiss.

PATH OF THE FLAME

(Continued from Page 14)

Involuntarily I looked at Cleo, to see her face lose its mask of calm repose for the fraction of a second. Then she wrapped herself in her mantle of aloofness again, as if what she heard meant nothing and the man standing beside her and daring all for her sake remained a mere figurehead. I could have found it in my heart to despise her for that, but I did not have time to think any more about it.

The three men moved aside and, at a signal from Leon Aries, a ring formed about the central group of five that included Cleo and Julian. I stood on the outer fringe of this circle, but could see everything, for the light suddenly grew much stronger. Now, as I looked, my breath caught in my throat and my heart seemed to stand still.

Leon Aries and his two companions stood at the head of a large stone receptacle. I knew it was the King's coffin, and at either end of this a series of steps led in and out. Cleo and Julian faced it at the foot, but it blazed with bright, licking flames! I felt the heat of them against my face.

Julian gazed down into it and I saw little lines etch themselves about his mouth for the reality of his challenge crushed against him now; it was no longer theory but fact. He stayed silent as he looked at Cleo.

She nodded, her voice low: "You must dare the Path of the Flame. If it destroys you that is the end. But, if you conquer it, then I must go through the ordeal also."

"No, Cleo! No, no, not you!" Julian cried, his voice breaking with his fear for her; but she silenced him with upraised hand and an imperious look.

"Am I less than you, that you should forbid me?"

At that he knelt to her for forgiveness, and her face grew very soft as she sank down with him. Somehow I knew why she did that. She wished to match him in humility as in pride. When she spoke her voice sounded as tender as any mother crooning over a child: "We will go together."

But the others did not want that and a murmur of dissent and denial went up, quieted only when Leon Aries broke in.

"Let them choose," Leon Aries advised calmly. "But first let us be sure you understand the dangers of the Flame. It is not always death to fail, sometimes it may merely sear certain parts or destroy one or more of the senses, sight or hearing, and so forth, if your hearts and minds are not pure enough to pass unscathed. So think it over well, lest you come out crippled."

He paused, then added, "Or mentally unbalanced."

"Then that means that you love me?" he demanded.

Again I thought I felt invisible fingers trail over my neck and scalp. I had seen men crippled in the World War and just recently in Spain. I personally thought this worse than death and I felt sure that those two, so glorious of body and mind, would feel the same about it.

Cleo and Julian rose to face Leon Aries again, and Julian's face set sternly as he directed his question to Cleo.

"Do you truly desire this, my Beloved?"

"Nothing can compel me save my own heart," she told him as she stretched her hands out to him. He caught them up against his breast.

"It means that I do indeed love you," she said so softly the words were scarcely audible. I guessed rather than heard in the physical sense. The next instant they stood clasped in each other's arms, oblivious of us all; and in spite of my feeling that our eyes were profaning so sacred a moment I could not tear mine away. Indeed, at that time I found little time for reflection. I waited for the next moment with a wild prayer in my heart as I searched my brain for some plan whereby I might still prevent the awful test. Then Julian released Cleo's clinging form and his tone rang strong and purposeful.

(To be Continued)

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The series of lessons on Physiological Psychology (listed on this page) comprises the most valuable information for the individual who wishes to gain mastery over the functions of his own physical body—providing a connecting link between mind and body. They are practical and yet profound. They are the result of careful observation of certain actions which have proven to develop potential power for body motion and all-around control.

The Coptic Fellowship of America, with pride and with full endorsement and approval of the teaching content of these lessons, takes pleasure in making them available for our students and readers of Aegyptus. In fact, we urge our students to provide themselves with them, if they have a desire to acquire a better understanding and more control over the functions of their physical body.

We are indebted to our High Priestess Velma Brown and thank her for having made possible this series of lessons.

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Assistant Leader—Mr. David Cooper

Board of Directors

Secretary—Mrs. Carolyn Reed
Assistant Secretary—Miss Ann Fay
Treasurer—Miss Ruth Beckman
Entertainment—Miss Ellen E. Carlson

Time and Place of Meeting

Every Monday and Thursday—8 P.M.
12 Huntington Ave., Boston Mass.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Leader—Miss Henrietta Schmandt (Yetta)
Assistant Leader—Mr. Wm. Johnson
Secretary—Miss Helen E. Thomas
Coptic Healer—Mrs. Wm. Johnson

Time and Place of Meeting

Every Sunday, 8:00 P.M., Open Meeting; 2nd and 4th Tuesday, 8:00 P.M., Inner Class (Correspondence Course students); 5th Tuesday, Special Program.
Hotel Statler—Iroquois Room, Mezzanine Floor, Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Leader—Mrs. Annetta B. Hemme
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Assistant Exercise Director—Mr. R. B. Krehl*
Organizer—Mr. R. B. Krehl
Assistant Organizer—Mrs. Florence Johnson*
Musical Director—Mrs. Madeline Seymour
Food Advisor—Mrs. Esther Brucker
Assistant Food Advisor—Mrs. Georgia W. DuRand.

Reception, Membership, etc.—Mrs. Florence Johnson, Miss Dorothy Ahern,* Miss Laura Lea Felver, Mrs. Dorothy Martin,* Mrs. Martha Ropinski,* and Mrs. Lillian Heinze.*

*Extra Assistant Leaders.

Time and Place of Meeting

Every Monday evening at 8 P.M., Hamilton Hotel, 18 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Leader—Mr. A. R. Martin
Assistant Leader—Mrs. Margaret Risinger
Secretary—Mrs. Martha Lee MacGregor
Treasurer—Mrs. A. R. Martin
Musical Directors—Mrs. Margaret Risinger
Miss Lois Martin
Physical Director—Miss Lillian Van de Motter
Librarians—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Erickson

Board of Directors

Mr. A. J. Erickson, Mrs. Sarah Eysenbach, Miss

Joanna Kunze, Mrs. Martha Lee MacGregor, Mrs. Jessie Burton.

Time and Place of Meeting

1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month—8 P.M.
Beginners' Class—2nd and 4th Tuesday.
Carnegie Hall, Room 902, 1220 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio

DENVER, COLORADO

Leader—Miss Beatrice A. Brownlee
Assistant Leader—Mrs. Helen Abbott
Secretary—Mr. Dwight Alseike
Treasurer—Miss Lois Washburn
Exercise Leader—Mr. Dwight Alseike

Time and Place of Meeting

838 Santa Fe Drive, Denver, Colorado
Tuesday evenings, 8 P.M.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Leader—Mrs. Stacy Klingsmith
Assistant Leader—Mrs. Verda Jensen
Assistant Leader—Mr. Arthur S. Durkie
Treasurer—Miss Theresa C. Horninger
Assistant Treasurer—Mr. Arthur S. Durkie
Secretary—Mrs. Mabel Bennett
Assistant Secretary—Miss Lucile Avery
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Chairman Membership Committee—Dr. Dickert; Assistant, Mr. Mayr
Entertainment Committee—Mrs. E. Socklege; Assistant, Miss T. Horninger
Teachers of Posture Class—Mr. Mayr, Mrs. E. Socklege, Mr. Walter Garsteckie, Mr. Morrison.

Time and Place of Meeting

Blue Room, Hotel Tuller
Tuesdays, 8 P. M.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Leader—Mr. R. D. Pomeroy
Assistant Leaders—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Glenn, Mr. Paul Fickes.
Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Sue Smith.

Time and Place of Meeting

Every Friday evening, 8 p.m.
Chapel of Y.M.C.A.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Leader—Mrs. A. A. Booth

Board of Directors

Secretary—Miss Gladys Stone
Exercise Director—Mr. Warren S. Thomas
Treasurer—Mr. S. M. Rice

Time and Place of Meeting

1st and 3rd Friday of each month—Open Meeting, 8 P. M.
2nd and 4th Friday of each month—Inner Class (Correspondence Course Students)
Theosophical Hall, 418 Locust Avenue, Long Beach, California

DIRECTORY

(Continued)

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Leader—Miss Harriet B. Myers
Assistant Leader—Mrs. Audrey Stratton
Secretary—Mrs. Edna May Brown
Treasurer—Mr. Walter Brown
Chairman Speakers' Staff—Miss Helen Russell

Time and Place of Meeting

Open Meetings—Every Thursday evening,
North Hall, 839 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles
Inner Group—Every Friday evening, Studio
Hall, 839 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles
Both meetings open at 8 o'clock.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Leader—Mr. John W. Ring
Assistant Leader—Miss Elizabeth Popham
Board of Directors
Secretary—Miss Margaret C. Robinson.
Treasurer—Mr. Christian J. DeVroom.

Time and Place of Meeting

Second and fourth Tuesday of every month.
Leader—Mr. Hampton Klumbach
8 P.M., 743 W. 21st St., Oakland, Calif.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Leader—Mr. H. R. Klumbach

Board of Directors

Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. M. E. Malinas
Coptic Philosophy Director—Mrs. Hazel Klumbach.

Social Director—Mrs. Flora E. Hawkes

Special Director—Mr. George D. Kress

Time and Place of Meetings

Every Monday—Class in Physio-Psychology
(Exercises) Explanatory talks on the body
and its functions are also given.

Tuesdays following 1st and 3rd Fridays—Beginners' Class in Correspondence Course lessons.

1st and 3rd Fridays—Advanced Class in Correspondence Course lessons.

2nd Friday—Personality Development Class.

4th Friday—General Meeting

5th Friday—Social Evening.

Time and Place of Meeting

All meetings 8 P.M. 1126 Walnut St., 3rd floor.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Acting Leader—Mrs. Florence Schnell

Healer—Mrs. Anna Soucek

All Coptics who wish to attend the meetings of the local Center, please call Randolph 1022 and information will be given as to where the meetings are being held.

SHARON, PENNSYLVANIA

Leader—Mr. A. R. Martin

Assistant Leader—Mrs. A. R. Martin.

Board of Directors

Mr. A. R. Hoffman, Chairman; Mrs. Clara Thomas, Mrs. Mildred Martin.

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Wilhelmina Ritter; Musical Director, Miss Lois Martin.

Time and Place of Meetings

Meetings are held at 8:00 o'clock every Monday evening, 1046 Myrtle Street, Sharon, Pa.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Chairman—Mr. Norton Rosentreter

Assistant Leaders—Mr. A. W. Meizner, Mr. Donald Marks.

Board of Directors

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Organization—Mr. Hugo Kalmbacher
Membership and Reception—Mr. William Mills
Exercise Committee—Mr. Heinz Kalmbacher
Librarian—Mrs. Frieda Kalmbacher

Time and Place of Meeting

Every Friday at 8 P.M. Coptic Hall, corner Bush and Erie Streets, Toledo, Ohio.



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THINK

*Remember, Thinking is an art,
If we wish to play our part;
We must learn to use our mind,
To be true, sincere and kind.*

*For thinking is our only light,
'Twill win for us in every fight;
For if we learn to visualize,
Things will soon materialize.*

*When morning comes and we awake,
We must think, for our own sake
That all the things that we desire
Are ours to have, and to admire.*

*We must cultivate attention,
When we have a good intention;
If success we hope to get,
Concentration is our bet.*

*Thoughts are wonder-seeds to plant,
We should never say "I can't";
Our true faith, results it brings—
And our thoughts become real things.*

*Enthusiasm and determination
May these be our illumination;
To know, to will, to do, to dare—
Compare, prepare, declare, be square,*

*We must learn to use our mind,
Or in life we'll lag behind,
We must think, once, twice, then act!
Prove all things and every fact.*

*When night-time comes, the sun is sinking;
Our hearts at peace, for we are thinking;
The day has brought us rest and joy,
And nothing can our peace destroy.*

*Remember, Thinking is an art!
And we must always play our part,
For Wisdom's chain with every link
Has made us think, and think and think!*

—Albert Denis Tessier