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ÆGYPTOS

NOVEMBER

1941

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THANKSGIVING

Thanks for dawn and sunrise rare!
Thanks for twilight, evening prayer!
Thanks for all things understood!
Thanks for every kind of good!
Thanks for evidence of wealth!
Thanks for life and thanks for health!
Thanks for love and thanks for
 peace!
Thanks for joys that never cease!

—Anon.

AEGYPTUS

NOVEMBER — 1941



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AEGYPTUS

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

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MY EXPERIENCES

PRECEDING

5,000 BURIALS

BY

HAMID BEY

THE COPTIC FELLOWSHIP OF AMERICA

3256 Velma Drive, Hollywood, Calif.

U. S. A.

THE CONTENTS OF THE BOOK,

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS,

WERE DICTATED BY HAMID BEY

Transcribed and Edited

by

HARRIET LUELLA McCOLLUM

HAMID BEY is responsible for the spirit carried throughout this entire work, while HARRIET LUELLA McCOLLUM is responsible for the garment it wears and its manner of presentation. THESE TWO, typical representatives of their races and generation, have worked hand in hand, that the Western World may know that the Eastern World has a unique contribution to make to humanity as a whole, before the next great step in unfoldment is possible.

The Publisher.

Note: Aegyptus will carry a portion of this wonderful book each month until the whole book has been published.

REL



Hamid Bey as a Teacher

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

HAMID BEY

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

What I Learned in the Egyptian Temple



Since my arrival in this country in the year 1927, and when demonstrating my ability to control my body, I have been asked a multitude of questions. These questions naturally divide themselves into groups or types, of which apparently, the first and most interesting are personal, and include the following:

Personal Questions

Are you, as an Egyptian, essentially different from us of the Western World?

What do you think of Americans?

What do you eat? Do you drink liquors? Do you eat meat? What do you think about scientific feeding? Or do you think that the spirit makes the body, and determines its nature, regardless of physical habits?

How many hours a day do you sleep? Do you ever get tired?

Are you ever impatient or disappointed, or can you control your mind as deftly as you do your body?

If you can control the "within" so perfectly, how far does this ability extend into your environment? Is our American modern psychologist correct who tells us that "Environment is a reflection of the within?"

Everyone is interested to know what is going on in my mind when I am sealed in an air tight casket, or buried under six feet of earth for many hours. The first impression concerning my burial is, that it must be trickery. People generally do not believe it humanly possible to do without air for even one hour. But every earnest inquirer who is willing to prove to himself that I really do without air for hours, is compelled to acknowledge the validity of the fact. These people begin at once to inquire: Am I conscious during the burial? Or do I leave my body, and can I listen in on lectures which are being given over the casket? Or is the experience similar to ordinary sleep and awakening? And everyone wants to know *How it is Done!*

When I pierce my flesh with long pins, people ask, "Does it hurt, and have you trained yourself to endure suffering, or can you withdraw all sensation, and if so, again, *How do you do it?*"

Physicians who know of my demonstrations, wonder whether being buried alive and without air or breathing, will ruin the blood corpuscles and ruin my health. My pulse is reduced to four beats per minute. When physicians investigate and prove this fact for themselves, they wonder how it is done, and how the body functions can carry on with so little circulation.

I demonstrate my ability to stiffen my body, be suspended by two small bars, one of which is placed under my shoulders, and the other under my ankles. My body is suspended in air without other support except the induced body stiffness. I then have a three-hundred pound rock placed on my chest, and let a brawny armed man take a heavy sledge hammer, and heave blow after blow upon it, until the rock breaks to pieces. My body is unharmed. Again a multitude of questions which, all summed up, are, "How can the flesh and vital organs of any living being endure it?"

Questions Concerning the Temple

The next class of questions is still personal. They relate to the Temple where I was trained. What happened in the Temple? In what way was life there different from anything which Americans know about? What kind of men were the teachers or masters?

What method was used to train me? Were all the boys trained to do the same kind of thing as I? Were there any girls in the Temple? If girls go into the Temple, do women ever become as efficient in mental ability as men? And if girls are trained in such a Temple, to what occupations can they devote themselves throughout life?

My Philosophy

The next type of questions concerns my belief or philosophy. And so, I have been asked what I think about every conceivable mystery concerning life, and the universe. People want to know what is the meaning of life, its purpose and results. Where do we come from, and where do we go when we leave the physical body? It seems to me the American people are confused about Truth. What is Truth, and what is falsehood? What is right and what is wrong, and why? What is death? What is the nature of life after death? Do we all go to the same place, or is there a division of humanity into good and bad? Do people associate in the next life because of similar temperaments, likes and dislikes, much as they do here?

Some seem to assume that I am trained by, and belong to a group of fanatics, whose practices have no practical bearing on life and its opportunities and problems, therefore, should command no interest from Western civilization. This mistake I wish to correct in these pages.

Most people in America seem to think it is of the greatest importance whether I believe in Christ as a Personality, and how I compare Him with other great leaders, such as Buddha, Zoroaster, or Lao Tse. Some feel the importance of Reincarnation and Karma, and want to know what I think about these questions.

My Temple Master is one hundred and seventy-five years old, and is as young as the average American youth in his physical prime. When people know this, they ask how long I expect to live; how to keep the body young regardless of years, and whether the people of the Western world can do this with sufficient training, or must one begin such training very early in life.

I Respect All These Questions

And in the following pages I shall endeavor to answer them to the satisfaction of all inquirers. I wish it were possible to meet more people personally, but since this cannot be, I hope you who read these pages will assume that I am paying you a personal visit, and consider it a privilege to chat with you for an hour, giving you my experiences, and through them, a possible new viewpoint on human life and human possibilities.

(To be continued)

LIVING UNDER TENSION

By DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Part II

HOW obsessing a war is! Nothing else seems to matter except its progress, its appalling incidents, and who wins it. It fills a man's whole horizon, until anything so ideal as the Sermon on the Mount seems an ethereal irrelevance. It is as though in a storm at sea the winds and billows were so turbulent that one could think of nothing else, so that the quiet, intangible world of magnetic powers that plays invisibly upon the compass needle appears feeble and negligible.

But, my friends, it is precisely in a great storm at sea that we most need to keep that compass needle true, that we may know whither we are going, and where we are coming out. Great tempests make that higher world of invisible power not less necessary, but more.

During the last World War, when we just had entered the fray, I spoke to a friend of mine in Washington of my concern about a League of Nations, a federation of the world as the only possible substitute for war, organized goodwill as the only ultimate alternative to organized ill will.

I recall his answer: "Well," he said, "here in Washington we are not thinking now about anything except how to win this war." So! that was the trouble! For we did win that war and then what?

Many people today say that this war is different, that we must go far back in history to find its counterpart, as, for example, when the Persians attacked Greece. I think that is a good

comparison. In the dreadful days when the Persians assailed Greece, not simply two armies met, but two ways of living, two philosophies of life. It would have been appalling if Oriental despotism had swamped that most hopeful culture of the ancient world. But it did not. The Persians did not conquer Greece. Greece won the war, and then what? Then, that higher life of Greece, which played with invisible fingers on the compass needles of its finer souls, was neglected and forgotten, and Greeks fought Greeks in fratricidal strife. It was not Persia that ruined Greece; it was Greece that ruined Greece.

Alas, the wars that have been fought and won with illimitable courage and sacrifice, only to issue in disillusionment and futility! And unless, now, we keep vivid in our faith the spiritual verities, seeing clearly that Christ still is right, that the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount is unshaken, that only goodwill—organized goodwill—can ever cure ill will, another catastrophe awaits us, whoever wins this war.

It makes little difference who wins the war unless Christ wins the peace. Is it not the special function of the Christian church in days like these to keep clear in our devotion this higher world that war obscures? It is not the function of the church of Christ to help win a war. The church that becomes an adjunct of a War Department denies its ministry.

The function of the church of Christ is to keep alive and alight this realm of spiritual judgment and guidance, so that even amid the storm of war we may not lose those faiths and values on which man's hope at last depends.

Put it this way. When you think of Christ today in this warring world, where do you picture him? I cannot picture him in uniform on either side. That does not mean that I am neutral. Most certainly I am not.

Sometimes I think I live more in Britain and in China than at home, so keen are my sympathies, so deep my apprehensions, so desperate my hopes. But when I think of Christ I see him on a judgment seat, sitting in sorrowful and stern condemnation on this whole warring world—aggressors, defenders, neutrals—who all together by joint guilt and refusal of His ways have involved themselves in a way of life that denies everything he stood for.

The major business of a Christian minister is to keep clear the vision of Christ upon that judgment seat, above our strife, standing for a kind of life

that we all have denied but to which we must come back if man is to have any hope.

One of my more militant friends in the American ministry, a man who, I fear, would willingly plunge this nation into war now if he could—a thing that I think would be the most colossal tragedy in the history of the Republic—said the other day that he was glad about his militaristic attitude because he could throw himself into it one hundred per cent with no sense of tension.

What a dreadful thing to be said of a Christian now—no tension, only one pole in life, this immediate emergency. As for me, I must accept the tension—a world at war on one side, and Christ on the judgment seat upon the other, and I must keep Him there, the condemner of our joint guilt, the chastener of our unrepentant pride, the guide to our only hope.

Finally, we need this higher world of abiding spiritual power and truth that Christ revealed, for our own personal sustenance and strength. Remember what the Epistle to the Hebrews says about Moses: "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." Well, granite is needed in our characters today. No softness can see this through. We must endure. But how can a man endure if all he sees is this visible, tangible, immediate, shaken, brutal world?

Scholars say that this Epistle to the Hebrews was addressed to the Christians in Rome itself between 80 and

90 A. D. Already the persecutions had begun. When the writer spoke of Moses enduring, "as seeing him who is invisible," he was thinking not so much of Moses as of himself and of the struggling church in Rome. Everywhere in the Epistle one hears the echo of catastrophe and trial.

Out of no lotus land, no ivory tower, did this strong letter come. And this was the strength of those first Christians, that they did not live in one world only, but in two, and found in consequence not tension alone, but power, the vision of a world unshaken and unshakable, and so a hope that the author of the letter calls "an anchor of the soul, . . . both sure and steadfast." They could endure.

Certainly, I am grateful that I do not live now in this immediate world alone, for then the deadly whisper would inevitably rise, "What's the use?" Rather, as I see it, this is one of the great ages of man's history. Terrible it is but still it is one of the great eras of all time. Generations from now our children's children will look back on what we do today. The world that once was broken into separate units, far apart, has now been woven together so that what happens anywhere happens everywhere. There is no isolation.

We still are trying to carry over into this new world the method of war that man used in the old world. It is not possible; that way is literally a dead-end street. Not less but more the Christian ethic towers up, not only as true but as indispensable. We are

"members one of another." If we are to be saved at all, we must be saved together. And behind that necessity stands a power greater than man—the very nature of this universe and its eternal God. Tension there is in that two-world view, but strength also to endure.

Some of us have been in Smyrna in Asia Minor and have visited the amphitheater whose ruins still are there. There Polycarp was martyred, a greatly loved Christian leader who himself knew some of the disciples who had known Jesus. They killed him in the amphitheater, and shortly afterwards the church in Smyrna wrote an account of it in which they dated the martyrdom of Polycarp thus: "Statius Quadratus being proconsul, but Jesus Christ being King for ever." So they lived in two worlds.

Fill in the names today as you may choose, but still the truth is there: Statius Quadratus proconsul, Jesus Christ King for ever!

The End

GOD SPEAKS TO MAN

Eternal Being, complete within
I Am your Life, I have always been.
I Am your Way, My Way to show
You how to live, to love, and grow.
I Am your Truth, My Truth so free
It heals and blesses humanity.
I am your ALL, be still and know.
Eternal Being, I love you so.

—Melba Patton.

A WOMAN OBSERVES

by

audrey stratton



Raison d'être—the French say. Reason for being is our translation. Words can mean whatever we wish them to mean. They can be smoke screens that cover the real person or they can reveal all that we feel to be true. How, therefore, do we translate “reason for being” to our innermost being where mere words are not understood, but only the feeling behind them is understood.

The process of thinking requires that we first ask ourselves the question, “What is my reason for being?” Our answer comes to us through a process of elimination as we delve deep and yet deeper into our inner consciousness. It stands starkly revealed to us as the only answer possible “Personal Development.”

Taken as “smoke screen” words, personal development sounds like a selfish reason for being. Yet when we go behind the screen and we understand why our own development must be our first consideration, we find the words to mean just the opposite of selfish.

All true students of truth seek to reach the same level of consciousness where they may reach out into the

world by the strength of their harmony of realization and be of service to their fellow being.

This, then, is our *raison d'être*. To be capable of service to our fellow man. It is this way that the good things of life are returned to us. To be ready and capable of service, but not to force this service upon anyone just because we feel they need it. Rather to help our fellow being by so completely unfolding ourselves that our consciousness or our rate of vibration carries all of those who come in contact with us to a higher level of understanding. This is the true way of being of service.

* * *

It seems to be taking man a long time to figure out his reason for being. He chooses the smoke screen and is lost in its futility. He destroys and tries to annihilate in his blindness to the fact that although he may destroy all the old cathedrals, works of art and birthplaces of famous people, he cannot do away with man himself, because he is going against the laws of nature and attempting to annihilate that portion of universal force which we know as man's immortal soul.

Like the story of the Chinese sculptor who created the lovely statue of Quan Yin and placed it at the side of the Emperor of China. It was greatly admired and men came great distances to see it. Then one day a horde of warring invaders came into the Emperor's domain. They thronged into the Emperor's palace destroying everything—including the figure of Quan Yin.

Years later, it might have been a century, it might have been longer, far in a remote part of China there lived an artist. This artist was molding a vision he had seen into clay. Once again it was the figure of the lovely Quan Yin and she was placed beside the Emperor's throne.

Soon after the leader of yet another invading army crashed into the Emperor's palace and aiming his missile at the Emperor's head, faltered, and instead shattered the statue of Quan Yin. However, at that time, deep in the hills of China, lived an artist who had never been away from his little village. Walking in his tiny garden that day he saw a beautiful figure floating before the trees that grew there. He returned to his cottage and began to mold the likeness of this woman and once more Quan Yin appeared.

Immortal immunity we might call it—immunity to destruction. Inherently all men realize the soul to be immortal whether the realization is conscious or subconscious. Although this realization may not have the solidity, in our conscious life, to cast a

reflection upon the waters of the subconscious mind, deep down in the heart lies that part which knows itself to be immortal. That is why there can never be satisfaction in murder and slaughter, because the futility of such deeds keeps laughing in the face of the murderer until he is crazed by his own attempt to destroy.

* * *

There is always that insatiable desire to go on and on—like the desire that lived in the spirit of little Quan Yin. Smoke screen or no smoke screen we cannot deny this. To go on means to advance. Unfoldment rather than destruction is our "reason for being."

GOD HAS MADE IT SO

Blessings there are many,

Enough for you and for me,

There is the sun, the air

And the humming of the bee,

The perfume of the flowers,

The blue heaven up above,

Health, wealth, and happiness

Also righteousness and love.

Some folks receive many,

While others get only a few

So they sit around and wonder

If that is their just due.

Yes, blessings there are many

For God has made it so,

But you must also scatter blessings

As on your way you go.

—*Mae Hanzlik.*


THE TAURIAN AGE

ORIO

ALEPH: *"Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart."*

TAU: *"Let my cry come near before Thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to Thy word."*

—Psalm 119.

 O express the wisdom and knowledge revealed in God's law, man was given *"one language, and one speech."*—Genesis 1:1. As words are a medium of expression, we find that during the Taurian Age the first letter of the Hebrew language, which is the word Aleph, signified Bull or Ox and the last letter, which is the word Tau, corresponded to the cross.

During the Taurian Age, which lasted approximately from 4510 to 1676 B. C., Taurus and Scorpio marked the equinoctial points of the cross of the seasons while Leo and Aquarius marked the solstice points.

As the general theme of the Taurian Age is creative life, one watches with interest the genealogy of the Adamic race as it multiplies through the years. Generation after generation were born and in following the Adam and Eve family tree one becomes familiar with such remarkable personalities as Seth, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph.

All these were men who walked with God and in Romans 8:14 one learns that *"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."*

Genesis 5:24 tells us that *"Enoch walked with God"* and *"by faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; for he pleased God."*—Hebrews 11:5.

In the Book of Enoch, which is not included in our present Bible, we learn that Enoch was well versed in the knowledge of the starry heavens. In this book we read the following: *"For the signs and the times and the years and the days the angel Uriel showed to me whom the Lord of Glory hath set forever over all the luminaries of the heavens, in the heavens and in the world, and they should rule on the face of the heavens and be seen on the earth and be for the day and the night i.e., the sun, moon, and stars and all the ministering creatures which make their revolutions in all the chariots of the heavens. In like manner twelve doors, Uriel showed me, open in the circumference of the sun's chariot in the heavens through which the rays of the sun break forth, and from them is warmth diffused over the earth when they are opened at their appointed season."* There are many enlightening chapters and verses in this book relating to the heavenly bodies.

God gave mankind three methods of preserving records and they have endured through all ages. He made *"the stars in the heavens which were to declare His glory;"* He gave a language to perpetuate historic events; and He left a scientific record of the mathematical laws that govern the universe in the plan and construction of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh.

We read in Isaiah 19-19:20 *"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt."*

St. Paul tells us in Ephesians 3 that in other ages the knowledge and mystery of Christ *"was not made known unto the sons of men as it is now revealed."* We begin to realize that for centuries this altar and witness unto the Lord has remained a mystery.

It is only within comparatively recent years that man has been able to read some of the hidden wisdom it contains. Its divine message of man's redemption through Jesus the Christ fits the need of this present skeptical day and age. Its marvelous mathematical perfection gives the scientific proof which seems so necessary for this machine age in which we are now living as we stand on the threshold of the Aquarian Age.

In comparatively recent years the scored lines, located in the passageway which leads to the pit which is located in the lower part of the center of the Pyramid, were discovered by

Professor C. Piazzzi Smyth and these scored lines were the key which unlocked the Pyramid's chronological system.

The Pyramid is so oriented that Thuban (alpha Draconis) shone down the passageway that leads to the pit. At the same time, directly above the scored lines, was the star Alcyone. This is the bright star in the Pleiades star cluster located in the shoulder of Taurus, the Bull.

When one has a key to a time clock, one can turn the hands backward and forward and can learn past and future events, and so it is with the scored lines. They are the indicator of the Pyramid's time system of the history of man and the world. (A more complete article on the Pyramid will appear at another time).

God left this altar with its record of man's spiritual evolution hidden for many ages. So today one cannot but believe there is a mind, a soul, and a heart behind the universe and that there is a God whose throne is Heaven. (Revelations 4).

We now come to another milestone in the Taurian Age and to a man who walked with God. In Genesis 17-1 to 10, we read, *"And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly. As for me, behold, my*

(Continued on page 30)

INTERRUPTIONS

By MARGARET C. ROBINSON

HAVE you ever stopped to consider what a drab, colorless existence this world would be if there were no interruptions? Imagine getting started on a good job of worrying and never having an interruption—why before long you would have used up the entire capacity of the universe to worry! Interruptions are definitely a good thing. If it were not for them, nothing would ever be different.

Scientists tell us that beyond our atmosphere there is only darkness between us and the sun. Whatever it is that leaves the sun and spans ninety-five million miles in eight minutes does not show up as anything that we can perceive until the air breaks it up, interrupts it, so to speak, and makes light.

Then this light travels on to us and when it strikes the solid objects of the earth is interrupted again, making warmth and heat. Only interruptions make light and power available to us.

A change of pace and re-direction of the attention is essential. We are not uni-directional creatures. We live on many planes and derive experience from all manifestations. Let us remember that nothing comes to our attention which is not essential to our growth.

It is not good to grow only in one direction. Lopsidedness may be picturesque for a tree or a windswept mountain, but it is disaster for a soul.

Even the Bible with its extreme law of conversational conversation—"Let

thy speech be yea yea and nay nay," allows of an alternative.

Take all of experience. Rest assured that "everything" which "happens to me" is a merciful deliverance from a death of boredom. So when the acids present themselves lap up a little of them, too, to liven up the monotony of your alkalines. Remember, even the acids come within the province of God's bounty.

When the telephone rings in the midst of profound meditation on the beauties of the Cosmos, remember that the telephone and the person on the other end of the wire are both rare jewels in the Cosmos setting and a bit of contemplation about their part in the Scheme-of-Things might be very profitable.

Let yourself be interrupted. Pay somebody to interrupt you, if necessary, until that fine day when you can flow gracefully from one thought-direction to another, with no discomfort or disrupted sense of change. When this time comes interruptions will have served their day and, silently, like the Arabs, will quietly steal away.

POISONOUS SPRAYS ON FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

By DR. CLIFFORD ALBARTE SAUNDERS

The writer of this article, having had first-hand experience recently with a serious case of accidental poisoning due to spray on fruit (peaches), presents this information with the desire to save others from the excruciating pain, distress, and weakness this form of poisoning may cause.

Many cases of so-called gastric or stomach flu, colic, or just old-fashioned "tummy-ache" may be traced to the eating of fruits or vegetables which have been sprayed with poisons such as lead, arsenic, and so forth. These poisons cause trouble in the stomach, liver, gall-bladder, and bowels, as well as in the circulatory (blood) and nervous systems.

People who are on so-called elimination or alkalinizing diets or the "Grape Cure" are particularly sensitive to these poisons and alarming symptoms develop. Should these occur it is advisable to call in a Naturopathic Physician immediately to take charge of the case.

An old proverb states, "An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure," so it behooves all health-seekers to take the necessary precautions to avoid these dangerous poisons.

These poisonous sprays are used by farmers, horticulturists, and agriculturists to combat the many pests that infest fruits and vegetables due to climatic and soil conditions, especially improper fertilization.

How to Remove Poisonous Sprays from Fruits and Vegetables

As these poisons are mixed with oil to prevent them from being washed off by rain and water, it is not safe to just wash the fruits or vegetables with water. They must be placed in a spray-removing solution.

The best, easiest, and most effective spray remover is a 1% solution of Hydrochloric Acid.

Procure from a drug store one ounce of chemically pure hydrochloric acid. Place three quarts of water in an *earthenware crock or vessel*. Then slowly pour the acid into the water and mix thoroughly. This makes a 1% solution.

First wash the vegetables to be used, in the usual manner. Then place them in the spray-remover for five minutes.

Remove and rinse in water again, preferably running water. Should a small quantity of the hydrochloric acid solution be left on the vegetables it will not do any harm, as this weak solution is very similar to the normal acidity of the stomach.

For the average family this solution need only be renewed about once a week. Discard the old solution and wash out the utensil before putting in fresh solution.

FOR FRUITS—It is best to scrub them thoroughly before peeling.

GEMS OF TRUTH

By LULU PAGE

A great tree with widespread branches and whose leaves are rustling in the breeze stands alone on the cliff above the ocean. The breeze coming in refreshed from the cooling waters twists its leaves and sings a song of gladness.

High in the branches of the tree is a dove cooing for its mate, sending a message of love and longing and trusting that its mate, hearing, will heed and answer the call. Patiently it sits and coos, never doubting.

The mate hears the call and answers. After hours of flight it catches sight of the home on the top of the tree and faster and faster it flies through the cooling breeze. The home port is reached and again God's work is revealed.

If we listen for the call then heed, when it is given, the port of love and finite wisdom is revealed. But we oft-times hear and while we wait opportunity passes by. We travel in a circle of doubt. Then misunderstanding and fear creep in. Confusion dims our vision. Troubles brew quickly. Then we go down in a paroxysm of blackened thoughts that fill our souls with a haze of mistrust.

Oh, why do we allow the spirit of fear to conquer our souls when we should be living in the tree top?

Time comes unknowingly and creeps on at a pace that is steady and sure. Just as sure is the love of the

Father who is ready to give us all the good things which we desire.

* * *

Faith alone is nothing. It is works that create the harmonious sound.

* * *

The caravan of the desert is made up of thirsty camels, yet they know that when the journey ends their thirst will be quenched. So sure are they, the mind force governs their body, and no secretion is allowed to pour forth on the bare skin of the desert beast. He takes his journey slowly and deliberately for he knows his destiny and struggles not against it.

This should be a wonderful lesson to man. Why thrust your desires, your longings outward from the soul when you know they but tend to distract the essence of the vital fluid within. Go on your way doing His will and when the race is won, there will be a fountain surrounded by victorious palms with their edges turned from you, and you will go forth a shield bearer in the cause of Truth.

* * *

We are builders, constantly tearing down so that we may reconstruct and rebuild according to the dictates of the mind. The mind never sleeps, never rests. We lay the foundation of our life in childhood, build the side walls in youth, roof our house in middle age, and floor it in old age. Let God rule supreme each hour of the day and you will be happy.

LISTEN, STOMACH!

Say! Listen Stomach,

What's the matter with you?
I stuff you full, and what do you do?
I feed you candy, and pie, and cake,
And you reward me with a stomach ache.

Anything you craved, now didn't I try
Your smallest whim to satisfy?
You filled up and stretched and grew
And always coaxed me—"Just try a few!"
You could tell me, Stomach, if you only would,
I cared for you as a lover should.
To you, these words I can say are true.
I've worked and slaved to pamper you.

Like a false lover you're full of greed
You always coaxed me to feed and feed.
And I, soft-hearted, just listened to you.
Now tell me, my Stomach, what did you do?
Ah! ha! I found out—alas, too late,
Starvation now must be my fate
And now the rest of my body is sore
Nor can I listen to you any more.

I've found in this temple, dwelling above,
I have a mind. Now he's a true love
And he could have guided me just what to eat
To keep all my body so trim and so neat,
But I trampled him under all just for you.
So tell me, my Stomach, see what you do!
I feed you and feed you until you're in pain
Then we make all the rest of the body complain.

We've loved the same things, just you and me,
We've been unkind to the rest of the body, you see.
So I'll warn others before it's too late,
Not to listen to their stomach for their stomach's sake.

—Elma McCollom

THE STUDENT

By ANGELA GOLDEY



JANET MARSH had the average educational background which most people have today. She had a pleasant personality, which had won her many friends. Possessed with an innate curiosity, she had always wanted to know the "why" of everything. The conventional answers did not satisfy her. Her continuous questions exasperated her parents who told her: "There are many things in this life we cannot understand. It is best to let them alone."

These answers made Janet restless. She felt she was being shut out of something and so she pondered and wondered and tried to figure things out for herself.

She was very sincere, but a bit head-strong. One of her greatest faults was her impatience. She wanted what she wanted right then and there and if she did not get it, she was very dissatisfied.

When Janet was a little girl, her mother had her picture taken. Janet wanted to see it immediately. When her mother explained it would take about a week to have the film developed, she stamped her feet and cried. She wanted to see it then and could not understand why she had to wait. As she grew older, her impatience grew with her and when an idea came that appealed to her she would try to move heaven and earth to get what she wanted right away.

Janet loved flowers, trees, animals and birds. They all seemed like real people to her. The flowers and trees had a language all their own and she would stop and talk to them as she

passed by. Animals received their share of attention, too, and she was always sure they knew what she meant when she stopped to pet them. People considered her queer and shook their heads when she talked about Nature and the things of Nature.

Janet liked to read and was always delving into philosophy to the dismay of her parents who tried to discourage her. One summer evening she went for a walk and on her way home stopped at the Public Library. As she wandered around in the library, she came to a shelf rather crowded with philosophical books. Her hand touched a certain book and she took it down from the shelf. She was not looking for anything in particular and why she reached for that book she has never been able to say.

Glancing through the pages, she had the feeling of contact with an old friend. There were many illustrations of shrines and temples of Egypt and India. Janet had always felt a strange fascination for anything Egyptian—a sort of unfilled longing she could not understand. One thing she did know

and that was the music, pictures, stories or anything about Egypt stirred something in her soul. She sometimes felt she should have been born there but when she voiced this opinion people smiled at her and told her how queer she was. Nevertheless she took the book home with her.

It was the story of a man who traveled far and wide seeking a spiritual teacher—one who would give him the answers to what he wanted to know.

"Well," thought Janet, "here is a man who had the same longing of soul I have and he went all the way to Egypt and India to get the answers."

The tale unfolded his great search and his contacts with many teachers. At the end of his journey, the man found the first teacher he had encountered had given him the same answer as the teacher he found when he ended his quest. If he had heeded the words of the first teacher, he would have saved himself many weary miles of traveling. However, curiosity is often like a mirage, tempting people to seek in the distance what may be at their own feet.

Janet read nearly all night and when she finished the book, she believed something had happened to her. The little book, which had become so dusty on the library shelf, unraveled something as it lay before her. She understood its message but did not know how to go about picking up the threads so as to apply them to her own life. As she reflected, she concluded that the mere fact that the

author had personal contact with these teachers and the benefit of their instructions and wisdom, opened the way and made it easy for him. She was in America, far, far away from these temples of Secret Wisdom. How could she ever expect to do these things all alone?

"If only I could meet a teacher," she cried, "then I could find out!"

This seemed impossible. But she wanted more than anything else to meet a teacher. One day about a month later a friend handed her a card of invitation to a lecture by a teacher of philosophy from Egypt. She was so eager to see and hear him she could hardly wait. She arrived at the place the lecture was to be given far ahead of the specified time and sat in the first row.

When the teacher appeared on the platform, dressed in his Egyptian robes, Janet was spellbound. He looked like a man who had stepped out of an old book. Eagerly she drank in every word he said. She enrolled in the classes he was teaching. When she went home, she could not sleep. Now she had *seen* a teacher, but she wanted more than anything else in the world to meet the teacher. She mentioned it to a friend the next day and he laughed and said: "Do you think a man as busy as he would have time to bother with you?"

But Janet felt she had to meet the teacher personally and during her lunch hour telephoned to him. When he answered the telephone, she was so surprised, she was almost speechless.

Quickly recovering her speech, she asked for an appointment. He was very kind and told her to come and see him at once, if it was possible.

When she arrived, her heart pounded fast, as his secretary showed her in. As he sat before her, she pelted him with questions. He let her talk and when she had finished he spoke to her softly, encouraging her to study and learn all she could of spiritual matters. Above all, he stressed meditation. He told her how necessary it was to go within her own consciousness and contact the Great Universal Fountain of Wisdom. To her surprise he, too, gave her the answer that the teachers of Wisdom in the book she had read had given to the man on his great search. He also advised her to follow the spiritual dictates of her heart and to apply the principles of the fundamentals he was teaching in his class.

"If you do this," he said, "one day you will have the great spiritual happiness you have been seeking. Now, it is up to you. I can give you the formula, but you must apply it yourself. I cannot do it for you."

The interview lasted nearly an hour but to Janet it seemed like five minutes. She left with a feeling of supreme happiness.

"Ah, at last I have found what I have been looking for," she said. All that afternoon she found it difficult to apply herself to her work because she wanted to go home and meditate.

Each night she attended the class, making notes on the precepts outlined

by the teacher. At its termination she was fairly bursting with wisdom and felt a little sorry for some of her friends who did not know the things she did.

For a time after the teacher went away she felt satisfied. For a while she no longer plied anyone with questions and went about in a sort of trance—an "off the earth" feeling and attitude. But as time passed and the contact with the teacher wore off, she began to gradually slip into her former ways.

Fundamentally, Janet had the answers but it took strength and determination to put them into practical application. As before, impatient, she expected a miracle to happen right then and there. She soon became discouraged when matters did not adjust themselves for her immediately. She did not take into consideration the fact that she had been raised in an entirely different environment than her teacher, and that her orthodox ideas would not entirely slip away over night. She did not want to be the Student but the finished product all at once.

However, her great desire for Truth urged her on and on for in spite of her impatience she was most sincere. Janet, like a lot of people, had the "book knowledge" of the Truth but had not really taken it into her soul and made it a part of her.

So Truth knocked at the door of her heart. She knew Truth was there but she was a bit unwilling, much as she longed for it, to turn the key and let

Truth enter. For a long time—she didn't know why—she just let Truth stand. Many people do this. They hear the gentle knock but let habits, traditions, old beliefs, fixed ideas, cry out and keep them locked in superstition, fear, and limitation. Thus, they pause in their journey.

Janet continued her meditation but not wholeheartedly. One evening she thought she heard her teacher say: "Now it is up to you. You must apply it yourself. I cannot do it for you."

Janet turned the key and let Truth step in. "Now my problems are really solved," she cried. "All these months I have been fooling myself by not applying the principles my teacher taught me."

Janet thought it would be like rubbing a "magic lamp" and presto, a new world! Now that she had let Truth into her heart, nothing could ever disturb her!

At first, Truth, perhaps, is a strange guest. When Truth stepped over the threshold of Janet's heart, all the castles she had built, ideas and ideals she had entertained crumbled like the dust. Little did she realize that when Truth entered, there was not room for both the old ideas and the new ones, so Truth swept them aside.

The old ideas all stood outside the door of Janet's heart and she beheld them a bit sorrowfully. Everywhere she turned she saw an "old friend," an "old habit," an "old belief." She forgot to look at Truth but let herself miss her "old friends" as they tried to

come back into her heart. But Truth stood between and kept them out. She spent many hours watching her old friends. Very little did she look within and when she did she felt bare and empty. Again impatience had carried her to this point. She had wanted all the understanding and knowledge of Truth right then and there. She did not take into consideration that it just did not come in a flash. She wanted the new but refused to let go of the old, wanting all of them at the same time.

This went on for quite awhile. Then one day she thought she heard her teacher say, "Now it is up to you. You must apply it yourself. I cannot do it for you."

Janet seated herself and became quiet. She thought over all she had been taught and she smiled to herself at how foolish she had been. She had wondered why the man in the book went all over Egypt and India in search for his answers when the first teacher had given him the answer and here she was doing no better.

All this while she had the key to understanding but had been trying to work it out her way, instead of going within her own consciousness as her Master had taught her. She realized Truth had come to stay, that Truth was undaunted by her hostility but had patiently abided in her heart.

One by one her "old friends" without crept away and Janet was amazed

(Continued on page 28)

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive it, without impoverishing those who give it.

It happens in a flash and the memory sometimes lasts forever.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business and is the countersign of a friend.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and the best antidote for trouble.

It cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no earthly use to anyone until it is given away.

If, in the hurried rush of business, you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile, leave one of yours, for no one needs a smile quite as much as he who has none left to give.

—*Verdie Soderberg.*

NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Hamid Bey is now conducting a series of lectures and classes in Oakland, California. Students in that vicinity will be happy to know that he will be in their city until the latter part of October. Classes are now being held at the Ebell Society, 1440 Harrison Street.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Orio, the Lady of the Stars, and a Coptic Teacher, is now in Philadelphia, Pa. Her classes in Detroit were very well attended and we hear the same reports from Philadelphia.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Mr. A. R. Martin, One Ring Master of the Coptic Fellowship, is presenting the work of the Fellowship in Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Martin is also the author of a book which will be ready for distribution very soon.

THE PATH OF LIFE

As I go traveling upon the path of life
I recognize and realize I am finding my place in the sun.
Each loving thought, each word and deed, shines with its own clear light,
To light up all the tunnels I may pass through on the Path of Life.
And as I keep getting nearer, passing each test and trial
I see myself in that inner light smiling peacefully,
Knowing that I have found the true way to All Mankind.

—*Mrs. F. Kingsley*

ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH



Part X

EARLY man—Mother Africa's problem child—worshiped the moon and stars countless centuries before solar typology changed the entire pattern of religious mysteries as old as *the bush* itself. But thanks to the ancient Egyptians, who remembered future posterity when preserving intact the primitive *bush lore* of their remote ancestors alongside their own highly civilized concepts of The Mysteries, Science and Religion need look for no further long-lost clues to The Beginnings.

Consider the highly significant fact that man certainly was no match for certain saurians any one of whom could have made mincemeat of any number of auroxes and saber-toothed tigers, yet outlived the beastly lot of outsize creations!

Nor had the size of brains anything to do with it since the grey matter of a "pin-brained" *brontosaurus*, certainly "meeker" than the carnivorous "king" of antediluvian monsters, *Tyrannosaurus*, must have been gigantic when compared to the minute brain of a highly intelligent ant.

Any one of the following conclusions suggest themselves. (a) Early man lived contemporary with saurians eliminated by him. (b) Early man survived the saurians because he resided elsewhere, beyond their reach. (c) Early man antedated the saurians and did not migrate to the native habitat of saurians until long after they had become extinct.

We will look for the missing answer on the Dark Continent, where no such saurian fossils have been found yet. Not that it is likely we will find saurians of that kind in Africa, for the ancient Egyptians and their inner-African ancestors as well, apparently never heard of such animals. In fact the hugest natural beastie ever portrayed by them—and they portrayed anything and everything worth noting—was the "Great Devourer" APAP (Fig. 4 in October, 1941 issue of *Aegyptus*) as configured in constellation Hydra (Serpens).

Now this flatheaded watersnake of the Inner-African Great Lakes was the very earliest type-representation of Evil in relation to the first Great Deluge of universal "sinlood" fame. Needless to say, any resemblance to the aforementioned saurians is out of the question.

Consider, also, that no such natural monsters excepting, perhaps, the afore-

mentioned inner-African watersnake which may or may not have made copy for fabled "dragons" elsewhere, unless it was the crocodile instead, are mentioned in legendary folklore and mythology anywhere at any time. Nor are any kind of saurians depicted among the illustrations left behind by cave-dwellers.

What, then, is the sole logical conclusion left us? Early mankind must have originated in some region inhabited by the aforementioned saurians at no time. This is highly significant in view of the scientific postulate that early mankind was contemporary with the saurians.

This brings us back to Africa and the Little Folk, elemental and human as well, glorified in the incredible ancient Book of the Dead. For it so happens that universal folklore paged "little people" long before pitting them against giants and ogres of later days.

And, as is commonly known, the little fellow invariably typifies the brainier champion as the original type of "hero" long before outsize heroes and demigods follow suit. And since typical mankind belittled his own, natural size at no time it follows that the original Egyptians were right when paging the "Little People" as mankind's remote ancestors!

To return in a round-about fashion to the dark aspects of the original religious mysteries, the very earliest divinities worshiped by mankind belong to Nature's darker, destructive side. This was because the malefic aspects of savage elements preponderated at

the time, which was untold aeons before mankind concentrated upon the Powers of Light and Good as typified by Nature's kinder, constructive side.

If early mankind dwelt on the seamy side of the scheme of things to begin with, stark necessity, rather than choice, prompted his so doing. The savage elements, not to mention mortal foes, animal and human, reduced man's existence to a living nightmare. Wherefore it was no wonder that primitive man tried to appease the dark Nature Powers and things evil, real and fancied.

Hence the endless sacrificial offerings by way of propitiation, including human sacrifices more often than not, as the original type-example of messianic martyrdom, vicarious atonement, salvation by proxy. All this in hopes of moving the "angry gods" to pity by way of appeasing their insatiate "appetites."

Add to all this that early man was a creature of swamps and lakes and forests wrapped in perpetual gloom perfectly suited to that protective camouflage upon which both man and beast depended for their very lives. Thus, then, the elemental force of the ancient Powers of Darkness haunted early man's terrorized mind. This developed abnormal cunning and so he mustered the courage to forsake the primeval swamps and forests in favor of sun-drenched veldts and deserts.

Born perhaps a gnomelike hermaphrodite who grew into pygmies, thence to the full-grown adult as is, early

mankind had yet to sample the fullness of life's blessings in the smiling sunlight ere his thoughts took wings, shedding the dark broodings and with them the bush lore of black magic which had been his at the start.

And, on the heels of blessed sunshine in the wide open space, there followed a soul-lifting fervor of gratitude to the Good Powers, now that Light triumphed over Darkness, now that sinister forces of Nature's darker side no longer ruled supreme. Thus dark cults and black magic make way for light cults and white magic in a kindlier soil blessed by kinder gods!



DO YOU KNOW

That we are continually receiving telepathic impressions either from individuals or the people around us.

That we actually live within the realm of thought waves sent out into space by the active minds of others. Ideas we consider our own are sometimes reproductions of thoughts of others liberated into space.

—*Stacey Klingersmith.*

THE STUDENT

(Continued from page 24)

when she looked out again to find how really few of them she actually believed in. After her meditation she felt calmed and looked out once more. The longer she looked, the more she realized how blank and empty it was outside. She no longer really wanted to look without, so the only way she could look was within.

The next evening she meditated again. This time she came to the center of her heart. It was bare of all its former "decorations." Instead of the flickerings she beheld a radiant Light which wrapped her soul in Peace. She became soothed as she watched. She thought she heard a voice say:

"My child, I am Truth. I have entered your soul—forever. When I came to you, you were amazed and bewildered by my Presence. You had sought me, but when I came you fought me. You thought you were ready, but you were reluctant to break the old ties that bound you to your former ways. I swept them out but you could not tear yourself away from them all at once. One by one they gradually slipped away and you knew not which way to turn. You had to turn within. My child, I am simple, peaceful, loving. You are always in my Light. I will always guide you. I speak softly at all times. You must be quiet. Seek me in your meditation, for while there, you hear me speak. I am that Inner Voice. I prompt you al-

ways. Stay within yourself. Seek not here nor there. Run not on many paths, but stay within thine own heart. You must solve your own problems and the answer is always within. I am within. I am Truth. Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

Janet is a different person now.

She has found happiness and peace. She has curbed her impatience and no longer expects the world to change over night. Whenever she has a problem, she always seems to hear her teacher say:

"Now it is up to you. You must apply it yourself. I cannot do it for you."



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THE TAURIAN AGE

(Continued from page 16)

covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations. Neither shall thy name any more be Abram, but thy name shall be called Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee. And I will make thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee and kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in the generations for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee. This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you and thy seed

after thee; every man child among you shall be circumcized."

Because of the precession of the equinoxes, the sun at this point was nearing the Sign Aries and we shall begin to note a new theme. The period of change from one sign to another is called a transitional period. At such times events usually follow in rapid succession. The old and the new themes intermingle. The lessons of Taurus and Scorpio will fade into the background and we shall come to know the meaning of Aries and Libra, the Ram and the Scales.

(To be continued)

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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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2nd and 4th Friday of each month—Inner Class (Correspondence Course Students)
Theosophical Hall, 418 Locust Avenue, Long Beach, California

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—1st and 3rd Friday of each month.
Closed Meeting—2nd and 4th Friday of each month.
Special, joint meeting—5th Friday, when it occurs.
All meetings open at 8 P.M.
839 S. Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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. 219 S. Broad St.

PORTLAND, OREGON

Leader—Mrs. Caroline C. Bennett
Asst. Leader—Dr. E. G. Wiese

Board of Directors

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Exercise Supervisors—Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Weyland
Enrollment Chairman—Miss Nathalie Svoboda

Time and Place of Meeting

1st and 3rd Mondays, 8 P. M. PUBLIC LECTURES, Masonic Temple
2nd and 4th Mondays, 8 P. M. INNER CLASS, 221 Platt Bldg.
FELLOWSHIP CENTER OFFICE—221 Platt Building, 519 S.W. Park Avenue.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Chairman—Mr. Norton Rosentreter
Assistant Leaders—Mr. A. W. Meizner, Mr. Donald Marks.

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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.—Odd Fellows Hall, Monroe and 17th Streets.

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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Time and Place of Meetings

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

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CARRY ON, O SOUL

*Carry on, O soul,
Thou knowest that thou can,
Illuminating mind's control
The Cosmos you can scan.
There is no height
To what you might achieve
O Power, O Radiant Light,
My soul in Thee believe.*

*Carry on, O Soul,
Thou knowest all my needs
Of life's greatest noble blessings
Fulfillment of its deeds.
Thou art but God's reflection,
Radiant light, eternal love—
The intercosmic connection
Of God, the Father, above.*

*Carry on, O soul,
And earth's strife and toil
Through clouds of war and grime so foul
Where hates of nations seethe and broil,
The way has been prepared for thee
To play a righteous part with men.
Carry on, O soul, for now I see
A Light of Peace shine forth again.*

—James Montanari