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EGYPTUS

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IT SHOWS IN YOUR FACE

(A thought for the New Year)

*You don't have to tell how you live each day
You don't have to say if you work or you play.
For a tried, true, barometer serves in its place,
However you live, it shows in your face.*

*The false, the deceit you bear in your heart
Will not stay inside where it got its first start
For sinew and blood are but thin veils of lace;
What you wear in your heart you wear in your face.*

*If you feel you have won in the great game of life,
If you feel you have conquered the sorrow and strife,
If you've played the game fair and stand on first base,
You don't have to say so. It shows in your face.*

*If you dissipate nights till the day is quite high
There's only one tattler, and that one won't lie.
Since your facial barometer still serves in its place
You don't have to tell folks. It shows in your face.*

*If your life is unselfish; if for others you live
Not for what you can get, but for what you can give
If you live close to God in His infinite grace
You don't have to say so. It shows in your face.*

—Author Unknown.

AEGYPTUS

JANUARY — 1942



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AEGYPTUS

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

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HAMID BEY,

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MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

HAMID BEY

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

What I Learned in the Egyptian Temple



Part III

My Childhood Religious Impressions

I find Americans who consider that the Christian religion is particularly for the Western world, and that Orientals are supposed to be pagans, or non-Christian, in need of missionaries from the West. This is a great mistake, at least in Egypt. All great teachers of the Temples in Egypt know as much of the Christ as any Christian minister in this country. More than that, they know the inner secrets of His power.

The history of the Christian religion in Egypt was given me by my Master about as follows: Shortly after the time of the crucifixion, some followers of Christ in Egypt began to build temples and worship the Christian Deity. This greatly angered those who worshipped other gods and who were determined that they keep the control of the country in their own hands. As a consequence, Christian temples were many times destroyed.

Egyptian history reveals the fact also that about that time the country was again and again overrun by vandals from other regions who burned cities and destroyed property, including most of the temples. Because of these conditions, the Masters who were teaching Christianity decided to build their Temples where they could not be found. Accordingly, they went away back into the mountains to build. Today those same Temples are so secure from intrusion that it is practically impossible for anyone who does not know their location to find them.

To these Temples the Masters of the Christian religion retired, and they remain practically in hiding to this day. It is in these unknown Christian centers that all the real teachings of the Christ are preserved and given to those students who comply with the requirements and secure entrance therein.

The places of worship which were left in the cities ceased to teach the real wisdom and became outside schools, where some things could be learned, but it is only in these unknown schools where the wisdom which develops personal power is to be had.

It was to one of these outside temples which my mother took me each Sabbath morning for worship. My memory of the service is of course meager, as I was under six years of age. I did not understand anything which was given in the sermon. I recall that the place was one-half underground, as it is very hot in Cairo in the summertime and sunken buildings afford some relief from the intense heat.

The place was very old; how old, I do not know, but this particular place dates back to the time of Christ and is one of the very few buildings which has escaped the repeated destruction of the city. There is a stone in it which Christ is supposed to have touched when he was a child, and this stone has been touched and kissed by countless thousands because of this tradition.

We went down winding ways to reach the assembly room. This room was divided into three parts. The center section was occupied by men, and on each side was a section, one for the children and the other for the women. Just why this strict rule that the people should be divided was practiced is a question which I have been asked by people here in America. The purpose was to keep the mind on religious matters. If the men and women were side by side, it was thought the minds of the worshippers might be directed toward carnal subjects. As I now see it, they must have had little confidence in their mental integrity. The practice here in America is much in advance of the one employed in this Egyptian Temple.

The only thing I remember about the actual teaching was that everybody had one Father, who was God. We were expected to treat each other as brothers, because all belonged to one great family. There was never any fear element injected into my religious training. I have been astonished since I came to America, and since I have read your Church history, to find that Western Christians divide themselves into sects and split into factions because of a difference of opinion about the teachings of Christ.

Western Christian Emphasis

I was astonished to find that Christianity in this country includes the teaching of a personal devil and a place of eternal punishment for the wicked ones. I was more astonished to find the accepted requirements for salvation. I find that many American Christians today think that verbal acceptance of Him insures salvation.

I find Christians making professions of belief who think nothing of cheating their fellowmen. It seems so strange to me since everything which I was taught concerning Christ always had the leading element of love, service, and unselfishness. I do not to this day understand American Christianity. But I have discovered that much of this dissension and weakness is from the interpolations and mistranslations of the deeds and teachings of Christ, which were probably injected during the Dark Ages for the purpose of keeping the people in the bondage of fear. You people need a new translation and interpretation nearer the real truth.

Our services were always closed with the chant. The musical instruments were three drums. The drummers were located in the rear of the assembly. They were never visible. They would begin the rhythmic beating of their drums, very quietly at first; the worshipers in the rear would join in, and gradually the voices came forward until everyone was singing the chant, including the children.

Attempting to recall what I learned, or what they taught in these Christian services, I can report but little. They were pleasant times. I enjoyed the association with other children. We were sure of being kindly treated, because this was a major emphasis. But the one thing which stands out as unique, and something which I never experienced anywhere else until I had been in the Temple for several years, was the fact that when I would emerge into the sunlight, and all the way home, everything seemed so much clearer and lovelier than at any other time. The sky seemed bluer, and all nature took on an enhanced loveliness. This would last about half an hour, and its effect upon my mind is indescribable. I would feel much elated, light-hearted, and light-footed as I walked home. Everything in nature seemed to rejoice with me. I have since learned the reason for the chant—that this method of worship induced a subconscious awakening which enriched and sharpened my senses, to my great delight.

My Childhood Curiosities

Among those experiences, which now seem to have helped shape my mind, thought, and consequent destiny, was a wedding which occurred in our family about six months after meeting the man. Egyptians make much of a wedding. The preparations are elaborate, continuing over months of time. They are extravagant, when you consider the financial means behind them. Every effort at any possible cost is put forth to make a wedding the great event of a life.

At five and a half years of age, I heard of the great plans, of the grand parade which was to take place as the couple approached the Temple where the ceremony was to take place. Everyone would be dressed in their best finery,

and I could vision the procession as a most gorgeous affair. It never occurred to me that I was not to be included in the festivities, and I wanted to do my part to make it a great occasion. So having spent much thought, I developed a plan to dress my dog in grand, showy finery and enter him in the parade.

Accordingly, I secured, as best I could, the necessary materials and worked with earnestness and diligence until the work of art was completed. I was delighted with my product but, somehow, I seemed to be unable to make my plans known to the members of the household. I think I had a sneaking suspicion that my contribution would not be enthusiastically accepted.

I had one never failing friend, my maternal grandfather—the man who had been healed years before through the ministrations of a Temple Priest. To him I went with my problem. He soon confirmed my natural suspicions that I would not be permitted to enter the parade and that neither my dog nor I could attend the wedding.

I was shocked and grieved, and no explanation which my grandfather could offer seemed adequate to explain why I had to be absent when so many fine things were to happen. I protested violently at this seemingly unnecessary privation. So, finally, my grandfather told me a good reason. He said that about six miles away, where some people lived whom I knew well, a great man was coming who could do wonderful things, such as making things appear mysteriously, and then disappear again.

He told me that he and I were to go to this great performance, and he elaborated long and enthusiastically about how much more desirable this would be than any wedding which ever occurred. I was soon appeased and resigned to my loss, since I was to be so fortunate in another kind of entertainment. And so, after due preparations, in all of which my excitement knew no bounds, just the day before the wedding, grandfather and I set out on this journey which promised so much.

On the way my mind would revert to the wedding and its grandeur, and I would change my mind and ask to return. My grandfather had only to enlarge some more about the lovely things which would transpire before my very eyes, and I would again decide that a wedding, by comparison, was a very tame event indeed.

We arrived at the appointed place, and I impatiently waited for this great Master to appear—but nothing happened. Night came, and, as darkness descended, the members of the family spoke of retiring. I kicked up a row, declaring that I had come here, missed a wedding to see something wonderful happen, which should certainly be more than the ordinary procedure of retiring and sleeping as we did at home.

(To be Continued)

HOW TO STAND UP AND TAKE IT

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

TWICE in the book called by his name Ezekiel, the prophet, says this: "The Spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet." Certainly, Ezekiel needed that experience, as we all do. He had been a youth in Jerusalem when the Babylonians came down on the city, utterly destroyed it and carried the most important citizens to exile in Babylonia.

There he was, an exile, amid the oppressive splendor of his conquerors, his own people uprooted, dejected, whipped, and wretched. And something happened to Ezekiel that put his name into history. He became one of the major creators of the new Judaism, helping to make possible at last the return from exile, the rebuilding of Jerusalem, the beginning of a new era in man's spiritual life. "The Spirit entered into me," he said, "and set me upon my feet."

There are two aspects to the relationship between ourselves and the world; one, what we do to the world; the other, what the world does to us. In prosperous times our major emphasis is on the first; we go out happily to do things to the world. But the time comes to all of us, as to Ezekiel, when the situation is reversed; the world takes the initiative and does things to us. Trouble, antagonism, disaster confront us, and the major question in our lives is whether or not we can stand up and take it.

As we face another new year, it is obvious that pretty much everything we care most about during this next twelve-month is going to depend on that—stamina, fortitude, morale. Of course this is true about the nations at war. Hitler is right in this regard—

the outcome of this war depends on which side cracks first. In America this issue may not confront us in so dramatic a fashion but how much of our problem as individuals, as families, as citizens, as Christians, centers in the question of stamina. Can we stand up and take it?

Indeed, quite apart from this present crisis this experience is a permanent element in human life. No man escapes situations where all his chances of positive, creative living depend not alone on what he can do, but on what he can stand.

Do you know the story of Handel's *Messiah*? Says his biographer: "His health and his fortunes had reached the lowest ebb. His right side had become paralyzed, and his money was all gone. His creditors seized him and threatened him with imprisonment. For a brief time he was tempted to give up the fight, but then he rebounded again to compose the greatest of his inspirations, the epic *Messiah*. So, whether or not that *Hallelujah Chorus* was going to be written hung in the balance there, teetered on the thin edge of doubt until, in what looked like a hopeless situation, the spirit entered into him and set him upon his feet. What he could do depended on what he could stand.

That kind of story has been endlessly repeated, so that Ezekiel is a parable for all of us. All around him his exiled people were lying down and going to pieces. Who could blame them? Shall men be asked to hope when there is no hope, to believe in the unbelievable, to think that out of such disaster, any good can come, that folk thus ruined can once more be a power in the earth?

So, lost faith, lost hope, lost morale were everywhere, until there arose in the midst of those exiled Jews another kind of character: The Spirit entered into him and set him upon his feet.

Today we take it for granted that we would like a share in such stamina. Our instinctive admirations go out to it. These are difficult days and we know we need it. What goes on in the life of a man who has it?

For one thing, a man like Ezekiel certainly started by tackling himself. He could never have tackled that difficult situation as he did if he had not first of all tackled himself. That man had sessions with himself.

Long centuries separate him from us, but with regard to the matter we are thinking of now, time makes little difference. We know Ezekiel well. He had every alibi a man can have for cracking up and giving in. What kind of crazy, hopeless situation was that for a young man to face? He had hours of self-pity, when he felt endlessly sorry for himself. He had moods of resentment, when he rebelliously cursed the world and the day he was born into it.

He had hours of bewilderment, when he could not see a step ahead, and in his bafflement cried, "What is the use?" He had moods of discouragement, black melancholy, into which he fell as into an abyss. Who does not know what went on inside Ezekiel? But something else, too—ever and again a voice that cried, "Nevertheless, you can play the man; stand up and take it!"

Such a man we all admire. Human nature can be dreadful; especially in what it does, it is often dreadful. But our admiration is measureless for some people—plain, ordinary, everyday, undistinguished people—when we see what they can stand and still come up smiling.

A minister recently asked an eminent surgeon how, in his experience, folk faced suffering and death. A surgeon ought to know. He thought for a moment and then answered, "Most of them act like heroes."

See! There are two philosophies of life. One is determinism, saying that heredity and environment decide everything we are or do, so that we are

"But helpless Pieces of the Game he
plays

Upon this Chequer-board of Nights
and Days."

The other philosophy is free will, saying that we can do anything we choose. Either one by itself is false. Determinism is not the whole truth; heredity and environment do not decide everything. And free will in the absolute sense is not true either—we cannot do everything we choose.

Those two partial insights must be added together to get the truth. For when heredity and environment have done their utmost to a man, there still remains in every one of us this strange capacity to take what heredity and environment have done to answer it, to make our individual response to it, to meet it with a distinctive rejoinder of our own, to stand up to it and do something with it.

As another put it, we do not slap an alligator on the back and say, "Be an alligator, old chap!" We know he cannot help being an alligator. But we do slap a friend on the back and say, "Be a man, old chap!" For we are not sure whether he is going to be a man, and we know that he has it in him to be one if he will.

We may be sure, then, that Ezekiel started by having sessions with himself. Even victorious Babylon and his exiled people could not furnish an alibi for himself.

My soul! Look to yourself in these days! Many a man blames the world at large for his collapse when the real trouble is within himself. For the ultimate hope of the world is in individuals who reproduce an old experience: "The Spirit entered into me, and set me upon my feet."

A second thing I am confident happened in Ezekiel. He saw that a difficult situation can positively call out a man's powers, educe from him capacities and faculties that pleasant and prosperous situations never demand, and so never produce. He saw that he could become a real man, not despite the exile but because of the exile.

PHILOSOPHICAL APHORISMS

If you wish to attain an exalted state of mind, you must do so by means of music and song. You should learn to sing, hum, intone, or whistle melodies or tunes, for it is the highest expression of joy any human being can manifest. *Every man must have the concord of sweet sounds in his soul.*

Do not live in the past, or in the memory of past experiences. The past is merely an illusion. Live today and give faithfully of the very best that is within you.

There is no such thing as an easy way. Everything we get we must earn by our own intelligence, concentrated efforts, and our perfect integrity.

We must bear in mind that we did not come into this world to be envious, jealous, greedy, intolerant, unkind, and unsympathetic to one another, but to make the world a pleasant and happier place to live in in *love, harmony, brotherhood, fellowship, and peace.*

A faithful teacher can be your truest friend. Cultivate him and you shall prosper abundantly.

The true, real, and sincere teacher is he who possesses three virtues: *Patience, Tolerance, and Kindness.*

Love is the eternal symphony of life. *Love is God, and God is Love.*

—Albert Denis Tessier.

WHAT IS GOD? THE ETERNITY OF GOD

By JOHN H. MANAS, Ph.D.

BEFORE attempting to explain the Eternity of God, which means a state, a condition, or still better an actuality of a Being without beginning and without end—which is very difficult for the finite human mind to conceive and to understand—I will try to answer the question, "What is God?"

As the human mind is finite and the human reasoning unreliable, imperfect, and limited, instead of giving a definition which may not be understood, and perhaps may be misunderstood by some, I will bring before my readers some comparisons using facts known to everyone.

We know a person; for instance, Mr. A, or Mr. J. P. Morgan, or Mr. John D. Rockefeller. If I ask you who Mr. Rockefeller is, what thoughts will you form in your mind and what is going to be your answer? In all probability you will tell me Mr. Rockefeller is an old gentleman about 67 years of age; that he is the owner of the Standard Oil Company; that he has many other material possessions, and that he is worth around one billion dollars. This is correct.

Now if I ask you who Mr. A is, whom you know to be a pauper, in all probability you will answer me again. Mr. A is a man who has nothing to his name than himself and the clothes and the shoes he wears. Therefore, the seemingly great difference is observed between these two men.

In answering these two questions, I

will speak in terms and in words of reality and truth, of facts eternal.

Mr. A, the pauper, and Mr. Rockefeller, the billionaire, compared on the Cosmic plane of existence are the same. The difference between them is only in the degree of the development of their inner consciousness, which manifests and controls accordingly the mental, the emotional, the etheric, and the physical bodies of these two men, their surroundings, and their relations on all these planes of existence.

In reality, none of our earthly material possessions are ours. Even our physical bodies are not ours. We are only given their use for a little while, as long as we can control them. What really belongs to us is only our Ego and our soul, the garment of the Ego, nothing else. We have borrowed from Nature our mental, emotional, etheric, and physical bodies in order to use them as our tools, for a limited time only, to develop the faculties, the qualities, and the powers of our soul and then give these bodies back again to Nature at our passing from this material world.

Nature gets compensated for having given us the use of these materials

of hers by the improvement and the development made to these substances by us when under our good use. In case of misuse, the Ego of man is responsible and he pays for this misuse by suffering in his soul.

Jesus, the great Nazarene, explains this truth and this law of the Universe in the parable of the ten talents in Matthew 25, 14:30—"Take therefore the talent from him and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The metaphysical meaning of the above Biblical parable of the Master Jesus is the following: During the chain of man's incarnations, any quality or talent in any and in all planes of his existence which is not used or which is misused or abused by him will be limited in his next incarnation. Or, he may be hindered by deformity to exercise and to use that very quality or talent misused or abused. This lesson will continue until he learns by experience, the only teacher of man, how to make the best use of what he has, trying at the same time to improve his talents—which are but the result of his conscious efforts in previous lives—and to strive always forward, never turning back in the path of his Cosmic evolution.

The balance has always to be kept in Nature. This is accomplished only by the equilibrium of the opposite forces working through her. Nothing

in nature is given away free, and nothing is taken away without a reason.

In reality all Nature with her powers and resources is open to us. However, according to the metaphysical law laid down by the ancient Greeks, "Tois ponois polousin emin panta taghatha oi theoi,"—the gods sell to us all good things in exchange for effort—we have to earn everything that we get in life. This is the Supreme Law of the Universe which nobody can violate because nobody can change it. It can only be obeyed.

In the laboratories and in the machine shops we use instruments and tools to learn a profession or a trade. When we have learned it we do not need these tools any more. We have already in our minds and in our intellect the knowledge, the qualities, and the capabilities which our efforts while working with these instruments and with those tools have earned for us.

The mental, the emotional, the etheric, and the physical bodies are but the tools of the soul of man in his Cosmic journey, which tools he borrows from Nature. Therefore, in this respect all men are equal.

Let us now approach the subject of God and try to answer the question, "What is God?" According to the law laid down by Hermes Trismegistus, "As it is above so it is below, and as it is below so it is above." The same analogy that we used before for man will hold true also as far as God is

concerned. For simplicity's sake let us consider the God of our Solar System.

Man, the microcosm, consists of what we see in him; of his physical body and of what we do not see—his etheric, emotional, and mental bodies, and of his soul.

In the same way, God, the Macrocosm, consists of His material or physical body, which we all see and which is the visible sun; the planets with their satellites, with all human beings, animals and trees thereon, and of what we do not see; the three higher Cosmic material planes—the etheric, the emotional, and the mental; the substances of all these celestial bodies, including those of human beings, animals, and trees, and of the Divine Ego—The Absolute, The Nameless One, The Eternal, The One and Only Actuality, The Most Holy of the Most Holies.

This is GOD—my God, your God, our God, this Solar system's God "in whom we live and we move and we have our being."—Acts 17:28.

Let us now consider the proposition why God is Eternal and the cause of Cosmic Creation. In order to understand this abstract idea, we must first understand the philosophical axiom: "Consciousness in Spirit is quite unconscious and it only becomes fully conscious in Matter."

Again, in order to understand this philosophical axiom, we must consider separately both sides or states of the

Universal Spirit, or God—the state of His pre-creation period and the state of His creation period, or the stages of the unmanifested and manifested Universe.

In the first case, is God really unconscious of Himself, though existing in Himself? In the second case, how can this spiritual Intelligent Power through manifestation in matter be fully conscious of Itself?

We know that Spirit and Matter are potentially equal and that they both come from the same source, the Father-Mother God. This keeps the equilibrium of force and of matter in creation and makes the manifestation and the existence of the Universe possible. The first, Spirit, is spiritualized matter and the second, matter, is crystallized spirit.

In order to know about something, we must be conscious of that particular thing on and through as many planes of its existence as possible. This is the only way and the only process along the evolution of this universe to acquire personal experience of all things that surround us. We all know when we see an apple. We all are conscious that it is an apple through our five senses. We all know about the shape, the weight, the flavor, and all qualities of an apple because in our life we have touched, smelled, desired, and eaten many apples.

A strong man becomes conscious of his strength only through its application outwardly on the mental, on the

thought in his mind. For instance, to lift a weight he must have this thought backed by the corresponding desire. Then he must use his will power to cause his physical body on the material plane to lift the weight.

Through this practice the strength of the athlete becomes bigger and bigger every day, depending upon his demotional, on the etheric, and, finally, on the material plane, by forming the degree of consciousness regarding the degree of strength which he needs to apply to the material resistance. This is the only natural and infallible law of developing any quality in us and, vice versa, to make active qualities in us dormant and latent by inactivity or by our being unconscious of them.

The Divine Spirit, God, in His unmanifested state, though He exists by Himself and in Himself, is unconscious of Himself, because all his qualities, forces and powers exist latently. God in this state of beingness does not know Himself. He is not conscious of Himself, of all His powers, His forces, and His qualities.

In order that He become conscious of Himself, He must, as in the example of the athlete, project Himself outwardly and see Himself in Matter by the manifestation of all His powers and qualities through it. In this way God realizes Himself by becoming conscious of Himself according to the state and to the degree of evolution of His negative side, Matter, and according to the degree of development of His Cosmic activity in His creation.

Therefore, the higher the degree of evolution of matter and the greater the Cosmic activity, the more conscious God becomes of Himself.

Thus the Divine Spirit, or God, perpetuates Himself through His countless rounds and cycles of Cosmic creative activity along the creation of Solar Systems, Planetary Systems, planets, and all forms of life.

This is accompanied by the evolution of the Monads manifested as the human Egos vested in the individualized human souls. Since there is no beginning of God, it follows that there must also be no end, because only that which has a beginning has an end and vice versa. Therefore, God is Eternal.

This subject forms one of the greatest mysteries concerning the existence and the eternity of God, as well as the eternity of the human soul. The more man becomes conscious of this truth of the Mystery of Creation and of the Eternity of Its Creator, the more he knows of himself and of God.

To learn life's lessons one by one,
And grasp the law aright,
Just toil and trust 'til day is done,
And faith has grown to sight."


—John Willis Ring



THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

By DR. F. HOMER CURTISS

Part II

UST as the vibrations of the omnipotent cosmic power of the One Life were slowed down until they found expression in the dense forms of the material world and became their animating source of life, so have the vibrations of the omnipotent Cosmic Christ-force been slowed down until a Ray of its Light has become embodied or entombed in the density of our human personality, yet as its animating life.

But it is only through our own will and effort that we can bring about the resurrection of our Christ within from the tomb of our material consciousness. Only as we unwrap the swaddling clothes of misunderstanding and misconception and set Him free can His inner radiance transmute our personality and shine out through us.

For it is the density and lack of response of our consciousness that slows down the vibrations of the Christ within until they become almost inactive. To us is given the task, through the purification and sublimation of the matter of our bodies, the ideas of our minds and the desires of our hearts, to accomplish the resurrection of the Christ within and tread the Way of Life Immortal.

There is more in the breath than the mere sustenance of physical life, but only the true can find it. There is more in the blood than the animal life-force, but only the true can consciously correlate with it.

There is more in our consciousness than mere intellectual activity, but only the true can recognize it. There is more in every power and faculty and function of body and mind than

the activity of the organs which express those forces. There is more in all these aspects of the Real Self or Christ within than their mere outward expression. But only as we are true can we begin to grasp these mysteries. And only as we strive to "live the Life" can we come into perfect freedom and the fulness of joy.

Let us then begin at once to "live the Life" if we would find and realize the Christ-power within that is more than life, more than breath, more than thought, more than consciousness.

At present many are living like moles beneath the surface of life, groping hopelessly in the darkness of spiritual ignorance. Such persons react almost automatically to the forces which pour into them from without and call it life, without so much as glimpsing the radiance of the Spiritual Sun. Many more are living on the surface of outer conditions, washed this way and that by every tide of circumstance.

And they call that life, little realizing the presence of the Real Life, within. For them the Christ within is wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in the manger of their animal appetites, desires, and physical pleasures.

If they are to "come unto the Father" and partake of the joys and heavenly satisfactions of the Children of the Household, they must awaken to the presence of the Christ within or they will never find the Way, know the Truth, and enjoy the Life.

For the day is at hand when even a little comprehension of the great possibilities of the Divine Life within will have tremendous results in our lives without, in our environment and upon all we contact.

And if even two or three, realizing the presence of the Christ within and having opened the Way, and standing upon the rock of Truth, and "living the Life," join their forces, the whole community will feel the vibrations of the Divine Life manifested by the Father through the Christ within them.

If we are sincerely striving to manifest outwardly the Life from within, only a little effort, only a little realization of the power, the love, the Divinity within, will open our eyes so that we may see the Father, and may comprehend and respond to His all-creative will for us.

We will also have a realization of the cherishing and nourishing power of the Divine Mother who is waiting to bring forth the Life of Her Son to comfort, cheer, and bless us. For He is all that our minds can picture and our hearts desire of the manifested Father-Mother.

Who of you will follow the inner urge to seek out the Way, stand with Him upon the rock of Truth and "live the Life?"

Who of you will cast out of your hearts, out of your lives, the stumbling blocks which bar the Way, distort the Truth, and pervert the Life? You know what they are. Will you let them go and turn from them and be free?

It matters not what the past contains. All that is like the water that has passed over the mill-wheel. It has ground for good or evil the grain you have placed in the hopper.

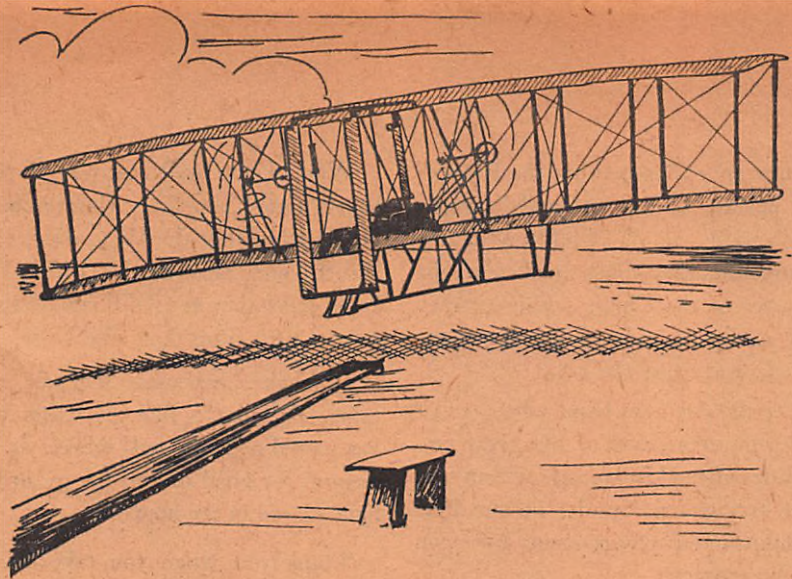
Think you when you take up the Karma of that which is past that it will be any better if you cling to that which is imperfect or false or untrue?

Think you that Karma's bitter bread will be any sweeter because you refuse to seek out and reap the true, sweet grain?

Ah, no. Today you are consciously seeking the Way, standing upon the Truth and living the Life. Therefore, the meal that you shall grind shall be from the spiritual grain planted in the field of your heart and mind and life and tended by the Angels of Light. And the bread that ye shall eat for your Soul's health shall be saturated with the power and force of Love and the Wine of the Spirit.

Therefore, walk ye in the Way. Manifest the Truth. Live the life by manifesting it outwardly in unselfish deed, in words of kindness and sympathy and encouragement. Then shall you live the life of peace and joy, of health, happiness, and prosperity, for the Christ within is manifesting through you.





FROM MYTH TO THE FLYING MACHINE

PAUL THE MASTER

TURNING back the pages of history and into the Greek Mythological age, we find a figure Daedalus who personifies the beginning of sculpture and architecture. The legend says that he belonged to the royal race of the Erechtheidae, but as a result of his killing his nephew through jealousy and envy due to the latter's growing knowledge and skill which was to perhaps some day overshadow him, he had to flee to Crete.

Here he went in the service of King Minos. There he accomplished remarkable works. He must have done something to provoke the wrath of the ruler, because sometime later he was imprisoned. Genius can hardly be jailed. He eventually made wings for himself and for his son with which to fly across the Aegean Sea.

The idea of flying is born—Mythologically. They both flew towards safety across the sea. Unhappily, the son, Icarus, flew too near the Sun and its heat melted the wax with which the wings were fastened to his body. He fell near the island of Chios, where he drowned.

Even though a mere fable, does this episode mean that man must not defy

the skies? However, the idea of flying is transmitted to future generations in marble statues by Daedalus, freely ascribed to him in Greece, Italy, Lybia, and Mediterranean islands. It is only a legend, but like all myths it has some human reality; it bore the first signs of man's aspirations to fly.

If the first human wings were born in the mysterious but remarkable age of Mythology, their symbols would remain and even today stand as a monument of a great dream; a dream that could not fail to materialize.

Many centuries after the pre-historic abstract and empirical ideas of flight, we reach the scientific mind of the most versatile human being that ever lived, Leonardo da Vinci —

(1452-1519). There was no art or science of his day which he did not master or in which he did not surpass.

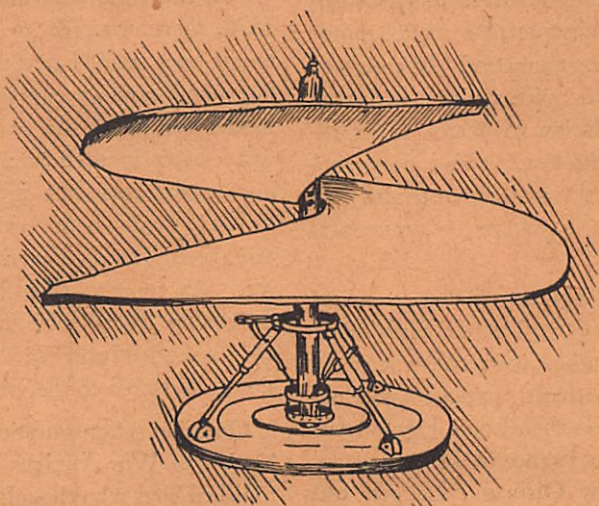
His studies on the flight of birds, where their rapid movements are examined and applied to mechanical devices, include thousands of sketches that have reached us. If these studies did not materialize in successful and actual flying, they established some of the fundamental theories of modern aviation.

Proportionate weight is an essential condition to flight rather than an obstacle; birds being heavier than air profit by using their weight against the resistance of air by using adequate muscles situated in their breasts in connection with their wings.

It is not proven that he ever attempted experiments with mechanical wings or ornithopters shown in many of his drawings, nor is it positive that he ever constructed his "flying machine" probably realizing that the air

displaced by his manpowered "oars" would be utterly insufficient to produce the required power for its motion and desired flight. He then turned his attention to find a means that would give him the needed power, and thought of the spring, the only known means of energy of his days. But seeing its inadequacy, he wrote, "Said artificial bird must with the aid of wind ascend to a great height." The idea of the future glider is here and although he was not crowned with success, his scientific intuition was nevertheless remarkable, and gave the aeronautical science a positive contribution with the invention of the helicopter, a mechanism capable of vertical ascent and the basic foundation for the modern airplane propeller.

Leonardo's sketch is followed by a description in the form of a note, "If this instrument with a helix is well made, this is to say, of flaxen linen of which the pores be closed with starch and is turned with great speed, the said



LEONARDO da VINCI'S HELICOPTER

helix is able of making a screw in the air and to climb high. Take the example of a wide and thin ruler directed violently into the air, you will see that your arm will be guided by the edge of said board. One is able to make a little model of cardboard whose axis should be of thin sheet iron, twisted with force; on freeing this, it causes the helix to turn."

Without doubt, the principles for the propeller and helicopter are laid. But, practical flying needed more than mere theories and vague insinuations for the need of a propelling power. It had to have material reality, a power unit light enough and compact enough to offer as little resistance as possible. It wasn't until the invention of the internal combustion engine that the possibility of powered flight would be within the reach of the field of research.

As far as it is known, the first idea of transforming heat energy into mechanical energy occurred to DeCristoforis who constructed a model motor called "Ignopneumatic." It consisted of a cylinder with a piston activated by the explosion of petrol vapor injected into its head. This motor, supposed to put a water pump into motion, ended in its first experimental stages.

The first real motors that contained practically all the basic features of today's gas engines were constructed by Barsanti-Matteotti, patented in England in 1854; then Louis Figuiet patented one in France in 1859, and another one by Otto and Langen was patented in Germany in 1867.

The means necessary to the development of the flying machine were assured.

Toward the end of the 19th Century, Spiritism and flying were considered on about the same footing, that of absurdity or abstract "sports."

In Dayton, Ohio, we find the family of Rev. Wm. Wright, Church News Editor, living in an atmosphere of great activity, modesty, and spiritual life. Thanks to the mother's careful management, there always remained something to put aside for the future out of a salary of \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year.

Besides Wilbur (born 1867) and Orville (1871), there was born a little sister, Katherine (1874), who was nicknamed "Swes" and Sterchen, from the German "Schwesterchen" or little sister, who in later years, after their mother's death, was to be their little guardian.

One day, late in the autumn of 1878, there occurred an event, which might have seemed trivial at the time, but which now appears as a milestone in the destiny of the two boys. Toys were scarce in their house, except for home-made ones, but on that evening the father came home with an air mystericus, his hands covering some object. As soon as they were opened, something leaped whirlingly into the air, suspended itself for a moment and slowly fluttered to the ground.

Question after question was bombarded to Wm. Wright from the astonished boys who thought it a bat. He

(Continued on Page 27)

A WOMAN OBSERVES

by

audrey stratton



We can always be certain that no one is without his or her problems. We would not be walking upon the face of the earth if this were not true. Some of us are able to overcome our difficulties to such a great degree that it would seem we were free. But the law that prevents anything static from living places new problems before us and we are carried on in this way by a natural impetus. Our unfoldment is quickened, naturally, if we have developed the ability to overcome our problems quickly and efficiently.

This continuous change represents the steps by which we are climbing in our unfoldment. Some find the stairway a little harder to ascend than others because they have not discovered the secret—that they must involve into a problem to fully understand it.

Their problem, therefore, becomes a static thing to them and they think of themselves as correspondingly static. Of course, such cannot be true.

Consciously, or perhaps only subconsciously, an individual strives continuously to overcome the barrier to his ascension. Sooner or later his problem becomes him. In other words, he

is completely involved within his difficulty. Through such natural means he becomes able to truly understand his problem. When this happens the law of evolution begins and he starts to work his way out again. The problem is left behind him like a snake leaves its old skin behind when it has prepared a new one.

However, there is a state of consciousness at this point which we call the "dead-end." That space of time during which the involvement into changes to the evolvement out. At this period if we do not understand the laws governing our being completely, we are apt to consider ourselves at a standstill—surrounded by our problems and without the means of combating them. This is never true.

Instead, this condition is a state of preparation for the completion of a successful understanding of the problem. We might compare this period to the preparation stage of adeptship just before the soul starts the ascension towards mastership.

We clarify our problems to ourselves by the means of comparison with old problems that we have understood

completely. You may ask why we use comparisons to clarify our problems. When we do this we are using a natural law of correspondences that follows throughout nature. All things we can see, feel, and even sense are in coordination and inherently the same.

For instance, the law of involution and evolution is active wherever we may look with our physical or with our spiritual eyes. All manifestation has within it the substance of God and, therefore, all manifestation is related. There is "no new thing under the sun" because all is a part of one source and is identical with all other expression.

Therefore, when we use the law of comparison in order to clarify our present-day problems we do so because we would not be reminded of something else when looking at a totally different object if we did not inherently recognize this law.

How would we be able to look at the setting sun and say, "The sun looks like a ball of fire," if in our experience we did not know what fire looked like? How could we speak of our friend's "sunny smile" if we did not know the feeling of warmth and well-being the sun's rays had created within us? How would we know the meaning of friendship if the universe had not been created through the laws of love?

Consider your problems in their true light! They are what gasoline is to a motor. They are what the earth is to a growing plant. What the wind is to a sail-boat. What the moon is to the tides.

You want life and you want to live—your problems are life and your problem today is living! The God within you says, "Glory in living!" So live that you may say, "Glory in God!"

A PRAYER

"O Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me show love; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.


"O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born into Eternal Life. Amen."

—St. Francis of Assisi.

TILLERS OF THE SOIL

By CLARA EMELIA BURR and CLARENCE EDWARD BURR

Part II

FTER the greetings between the two men, Jamie saw Jennie Carling's blonde head appear between the tall poinsettias that bordered the path. She spoke shyly to his Dad, then smiled at James; he thought it made a flash of light across her lovely face. A sudden surge of tenderness mixed with a protective quality swept over him.

"Sonia and my sister Anna got interested in solving algebraic problems," Jennie said. "So I thought I'd come and help you pot those lilies."

"I'm glad you came," he told her. It seemed fine that he would be fifteen in a few days and that a girl like Jennie Carling found pleasure in his society. Yet it pleased him that Dad and The Reverend Carling accompanied them to the big greenhouse. They usually got up some thrilling argument about something. He enjoyed listening to them and often Dad even included him in the talk as if regarding his opinions as important.

Now he noticed that Carling's dark, narrow, and rather ascetic face wore a look of concern and the pleasantly resonant voice sounded anxious.

"Luther, did you tell me you invested some money in that new Homeowner's Loan Company?"

"I put in about twenty thousand dollars, Earl. Why?"

"I was told that it went into the receiver's hands yesterday."

James glanced at Dad's face to see the mouth open in a round "O," but the tones sounded calm: "Well, that's that."

"I suspect Meehan is behind this, too, Luther. They planned to break it as soon as your money came in," Carling commented.

Jamie missed Dad's response for his heart cramped at Meehan's name. Ever since he knew Meehan wanted this place a foreboding shadow dimmed all joy.

He drew his attention back to his work and saw that Jennie had a half dozen pots ready, half filled with the rich brown mold from the wheelbarrow. Carling's voice reached him once more, warning of Meehan and urging Dad to sell and go away.

"Oh! You musn't Dad. It would break Mums' and Sonia's hearts!" he broke out.

Then he felt ashamed. Dad's kind blue eyes twinkled at him in the amused way to remind him of the phrase: "A run-away team can't plow a furrow," often used to correct his headlong attack on things, and he said contritely, "I'm sorry, Dad. I shouldn't interrupt."

"It is quite all right, Son," Dad said, then turned back to Carling with the remark that Jamie really spoke for him—he felt it would be wrong to give in.

Carling discussed the situation at some length, ending with, "There should be some way of checkmating their schemes, but neither of us are business men. I must be content as an average preacher, you as the world's greatest horticulturist."

Jamie saw Dad smile at this tribute, watching the deft hands swathe burlap around the balled roots of some evergreens for shipping, and the sense of hero worship he always felt for his Dad rose to fill his heart to overflowing.

Then Carling told Jennie they must leave to keep an appointment. As they disappeared, Jamie went eagerly to Dad's side.

"Dad, what are the limits to Nature's resources?"

"Only Man's senseless greed and refusal to cooperate. It is estimated that a fertile and productive state like California could, with intelligent plan-

ning, produce enough to feed the entire Nation. No one knows yet what truly scientific methods might do."

"You are really the world's greatest horticulturist, Dad."

"I doubt it, Jamie," Dad answered with that amused smile. "I'm just one of the tillers of the soul who serve for love and the thrill of seeing life unfold to bless us all. I might make more progress if I understood business and legal ways, yet I lose only material things that can be replaced in time."

Jamie's further questions were cut short by a yodeling call, "O-lee-o-lay-lee-o," coming from the house. He cupped his hands to his mouth for a resounding answer and a moment later Sonia came flying down the graveled path with the lithe grace and speed he admired and envied. Reaching them, she jumped, landing exactly between them.

"Mums is having omelet for lunch, better hurry," she teased, her hazel eyes like twin sunlit pools of joy in her oval face. "I dare you both to race with me!"

Jamie's heart leaped with pride as Dad accepted the challenge with mock indignation. As they came in sight of the big, rambling, eight-room house, he noted its long and sweeping lines.

The moss-green roof drooped wide over a veranda encircling the entire upper story, contrasting pleasantly with the deep ivory of the walls.

After lunch Dad told him to go and amuse himself for awhile, so he decided to go down to the public library. As he rode his bicycle down the wide avenue, his thoughts turned back to Carling's words and the uneasy undercurrent Meehan's name woke in his mind swept him with full force. Oh, if he could only add ten years to his age. Right now his hope lay in learning through the coming years.

Browsing among the long shelves in the quiet room, he became aware of the quizzical gaze bent on him by a well-dressed, nice looking man similarly occupied. He smiled and the man smiled back and asked in a mellow voice, "Were you looking for a special volume?"

That opened the way and before he knew it, Jamie found himself discussing his problem. It ended with the stranger giving him his card—*J. T. Keene and B. F. Grimshaw. Attorneys*—as he concluded the conversation with, "I hope you will not need me, Jamie Payne, but I wouldn't mind taking a crack at Meehan if things go that way." Then Keene glanced at his watch, said a hasty goodbye, and hurried off.

Jamie went home, wondering if he should tell Dad about this. If Dad thought he worried, would he keep from him any knowledge of things that might happen? Maybe he'd better wait to see if it became necessary. The decision gave him a feeling of self-assurance.

The following week Eddie Overman brought Jamie an invitation to go

with his Uncle Leroy Overman and Roger Clark on a week-end trip to the seashore for a clambake. He liked Eddie, a quiet and not very strong boy, just turned seventeen. Roger, past eighteen and more healthy, did not appeal so much. Mums hesitated a bit over her consent but Dad reminded her that boys needed such things.

Thinking it over as he packed sandwiches into the hamper, he concluded that Mums didn't like Roger too well.

But, whatever his faults, Roger could be good fun on an outing and so could Leroy Overman. Jamie suspected that the trip covered a return for the little odd jobs he sometimes did around Leroy's musty little second-hand store. Just that week he had helped to remove some things from a vacant bungalow—some oriental rugs, a few nice paintings, glass, silverware, clothing, and a few books. Rather nice stuff and better than Leroy usually handled.

The trip kept its promise of fun. Eddie threw off his still sullenness as soon as they rolled along the road in Leroy's big sedan and Roger cracked a few jokes. At the seashore their stubby clamforks soon turned up enough clams. Then Uncle Leroy scooped a hole in the sand, filled it with sticks and stones and placed the clams in it, covering it just enough to burn but not flame.

After that they had a quick swim in the ocean. Then they fell upon the clams with all the vigor of their young appetites, Uncle Leroy's face like a ruddy moon in the firelight.

Filled to the brim, they flung themselves supine on the dry sand and, looking into that starry, marine-blue bowl, Jamie lost himself so that he half resented Leroy's matter-of-fact comment.

"Those stars look as if you could reach them if you went up in a balloon."

"Yes, they do." Eddie agreed. "Do you suppose there's life on any of them?"

"It's hard to tell," Leroy replied.

"Dad says there must be life everywhere, all through the whole universe," Jamie said dreamily.

Roger gave a contemptuous snort, "Scientists declare that atmospheric conditions on all the other planets will not admit of life at all."

"But the fact that we breathe a certain sort of air doesn't mean that bodies can't be constructed differently," Jamie protested. "Dad thinks life on each planet builds to fit its conditions just as we fit the earth."

"That's as good a theory as any," Leroy said, "I only hope no other world is as much of a hell as this one is."

"Why, this is a wonderful world!" Jamie exclaimed.

"Huh, wait till you grow up. Your father is still rich and can protect you, but you'll find that changes are coming. Damnation is being brewed and its bound to break loose. This is 1932,

in the grip of a depression and the people are being forced into the crime racket by the criminal elements."

"Yes, I know. You mean people like Meehan." Instantly, Jamie regretted speaking that name as an intense, ominous silence gripped them all.

"What do you know of Meehan, Jamie?" Leroy asked, sharply.

"They say he's the political boss of Croyden City. He wants to buy our property," Jamie explained.

"Then your Dad better sell."

"No, I don't think he will," said Jamie.

"Well, it's pretty risky to cross Meehan, but it's none of my business," Leroy commented, closing the subject.

Then Roger suggested they go to bed. Jamie slipped in next to Eddie, to fall asleep with the roar of the ocean warning of Meehan's evil power.

The next day they hiked over the nearby hills, came back to swim, and then drove home over a different route. Jamie thought he acted as usual and it startled him when Mums asked him if anything went wrong. For a moment he was tempted to tell her all about it. Then a curious thing happened. He stood shut up inside a shell formed by his love for her. He must protect her even from himself.

"Nothing is wrong with me, Mums," he told her tenderly.

(To be Continued)

FROM MYTH TO FLYING MACHINE

(Continued from Page 20)

explained to them how it worked and that its name was helicopter, acting in the air somewhat like the propellers of a boat act in the water.

The little scientific toy had a strenuous test in the next few days and finally found its end at the eager fingers of the boys. There was quite a commotion amongst the crosseyed neighbors who qualified the two boys as ruffians for having destroyed a beautiful toy which had cost their father the huge sum of fifty cents. But the boys paid little heed to the gossips of neighbors. They had wonderful dreams, they thought of their dreams—to be able to fly like that little toy!

In Richmond, Virginia, where the family moved for some time, the youngsters were always up to some new scheme and project. They hated the woodpile when it was a question of chopping it to fit the kitchen stove, but they loved it when they discovered that it had many possibilities in the line of construction.

One day they had the ambitious idea of making a turning lathe, their first tool, and one which had a definite result on their careers. Meanwhile, they had to earn their spending money. They used their ingenuity in making stilts, kites, and selling them in contests, their sister always ready to do her share in their enterprises.

Back in Dayton in 1884, they made a printing press from parts acquired in a nearby junk yard. It worked, and

pretty soon they had developed a little paper which had a circulation of over 500.

Time and time again Wilbur cast his eyes on the machine, and saw that it could be bettered. It was typical of all their brotherly collaboration; the younger would start a scheme and the older would perfect it.

Later, they made a folding machine for their father's newspaper so that no work should be done by hand, and it really was a marvelous contraption in every sense excepting for the terrific noise it evolved.

They had not even graduated from High School when they dropped their studies, but they were acquiring practice for the development of their genius. It is no wonder to us now why those two boys were able to assemble hacksaw blades and other junk in a bicycle shop to create the world's pioneer device for the correct means of heavier-than-air flight.

On July 4, 1889, their mother died without the joy that would have been hers, to see her sons with their sister standing in the White House beside the President of the United States, or strolling down the field with the King of Spain, the King of Italy, and His Britannic Majesty King Edward VII.

At about this time the minds of the two young men went back to the helicopter, and a lot of their time was spent in studying about the experiments of others, and on the flight of birds; in fact anything concerned with aerodynamics.

(To be Continued)

ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH



Part XII

TO return to the original, older *lunar* mythos of Ancient Egypt, among the lunar type-representations of Ancient Egypt's messianic sun-god-mangod, Heru (Horus-Isa) (Fig. 33), after whom the Horoscope was named, is the moon-god Chensu (Khonsu) (Fig. 34). In his character of Chensu, god Horus typifies both the nocturnal "sun" (new Moon) and the "little sun" (planet *sol* in the winter-solstice).

As such, Horus was nicknamed the "cripple deity," when ailing, because an imperfect lunar reflection of sunlight at night; whom the pious but ignorant masses offered crutches for "support."

Thus god Chensu represented the "young sun" born of the "old woman" (Hathor-Isis as the "mother moon") and the "old man" ("father" Osiris, the invisible sun at night). Here it may be added that the "sloughing" or "menstrual" moon inspired the veiling of women, and that the lunar crescent inspired both the Ures (Fig. 35) headrest and the typical cradle of infants.

In her lunar character, the goddess Hathor-Isis formed the female part of the luni-solar Trinity as Mut (Fig. 35), the "Divine Mother," who had consummated a "mystic marriage" with her solar "spouse" (Osiris as sun) in the "underworld" into the Western abysses of which the "dying god" (Osiris as setting-sun) had sunken; with "child" Horus (as Chonsu) as the "cripple deity"

and "son" as new moon when lunar, and as "new" sun when solar—as the "illegitimate offspring," as of anonymous male parentage, begotten of "illicit union" in the Dark.

In view of the soli-lunar, dual aspects of "mother" Isis and "son" Horus and "father" Osiris, it need hardly be stressed that their solar and lunar type-representations correspond to the particular phases of solar and lunar mythology, respectively, according to the nocturnal or diurnal phases of celestial phenomena thus symbolized in *The Mysteries*.

All this was with the understanding that there are two distinct sets of *Mysteries*—one based upon natural-physical phenomena, the other based upon psychic phenomena of entirely different scope and import—of the *Greater Mysteries* as transcending physical-mortal limits.

In his older (lunar) and younger (solar) aspects, "child" Horus was depicted as the mamzer (bastard) of anonymous male parentage—as Di-



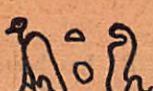
(Fig. 33)



(Fig. 34)



(Fig. 35)



(Fig. 36)



(Fig. 37)



(Fig. 38)



(Fig. 39)



(Fig. 40)



(Fig. 41)

vine (Elder) Horus the non-begotten because heaven-born, and as earthborn (Younger) demigod Horus begotten by way of Immaculate Conception. The latest most popular, but inferior concept of the Trinity as Holy Family — Isis-Horus-Osiris — made Osiris "double" for the unrevealed, unknown "Divine Father," the Lord God Supreme.

Thus the "divine son" Horus typified the "fatherless" child. Among his "fosterfathers" was earthgod Seb (Fig. 37) (Iu-Seb; Iu-Cheb; Cheb) the original Mother (Father) Goose — as the "cripple deity" begotten of a clandestine union (of sun and moon) at night, and as the "miracle child" conceived (by virgin-mother Hathor-Isis) by way of Immaculate Conception.

Here, it may be added that the mystic significance of Immaculate Conception (of the virgin-mother), by way of impregnation by the Holy Spirit (Holy Ghost) of Creation, denoted the virility of solar activity in its in-

fluence upon the germination of plant-light at night-time and dawn—in relation to both the moon and the morning dew.

In his form of sungod supreme and Holy Spirit of Creation, Ra (Fig. 38) inspired the dual concept of the Logos as manifested via the "divine child" as of the dual sense—of divine fatherhood revealed by the symbolic "sun;" and the divine fatherhood concealed in the occult form of Amen (Fig. 39), the Supreme Being and "Hidden Foundation" (Men) (Fig. 40) of the Absolute-at-large.

Amen, in reverse, reads Nema (Fig. 41) as of an elemental progenitor of Adamic mankind in the "divine image!"



SCIENTIFIC FACTS

Artificial Vitamin B1 Failure Revealed by London Times

There has been so much publicity and propaganda in the papers regarding "Enriched Bread"—bread fortified by the addition of Thiamin Chloride—that it is advisable to give heed

to the warning contained in the following excerpt, especially in view of the fact that it was in England that this practice originated.

"Decision of the Ministry to supply a reinforced loaf by adding to the white flour a synthetic (artificial)

preparation of Vitamin B1 has been widely criticised. Its futility has been demonstrated by an experiment conducted by one of the most brilliant and experienced of our biological researchers."

To put these words of the *London Times* in everyday American language—"Artificially fortified white bread is the bunk."

The test that exposed all the hocus pocus is described in *The Lancet*, leading British Medical Journal, quoted by the *Times*:

"Flour prepared on the Ministry's prescription of the reinforced loaf was tested against wholemeal flour in the feeding of two groups of young rats, with the result that the 'rate of weight increase of the rats receiving wholemeal was almost exactly twice that of the rats receiving the white flour with added Vitamin B1 and when after two weeks, the diets of the two groups were exchanged, the performances

were similarly exchanged.' It is to be noted that rate of growth is universally regarded by biologists as the best index of nutrition."

An old Proverb states "No man is better than the bread he eats."

Human vitamin needs require the daily intake of the essential Vitamins and Minerals procured from natural sources, such as fruits, vegetables, grains, dairy products, and so forth.

In order to prevent deficiencies of Vitamin B in the diet, with the long list of symptoms associated therewith, it is necessary to obtain the entire Vitamin B Complex, not merely B1. This, with all the other vitamins and minerals required by the body, may be obtained by a balanced diet.

Good bread, made from entire wheat or genuine Soybean Bread, containing vitamins and minerals from natural sources, is obtainable.

—Dr. Clifford Albarte Saunders.

**HERE IS A VITALLY IMPORTANT MESSAGE
FOR YOUR HEALTH AND WELL - BEING
Dr. Clifford Albarte Saunders, N.D., S.D., Etc.**

Director of Associated Naturopathic Clinics

Has had over 25 years experience in the Healing Arts, including 11 years Hospital and Sanatorium experience.

His Complete Health Service

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COPTIC NEWS

The Chicago Center of the Coptic Fellowship of America held a special meeting Monday, December 1, 1941, for the purpose of outlining a new plan of procedure in class study.

Through the excellent suggestions of Mr. A. R. Martin, who for the past month has given Chicago students unexcelled inspiration, a program was adopted to promote the education by means of advancement through attunement with that Divine center deep within the consciousness of each person's own being. Heretofore the emphasis was on the physical and now the spiritual side is being brought out simply and effectively. Dr. Martin has a way of presenting a subject so clearly that you can make it of daily use in your own life.

Dr. Martin, a one-ring Master of the Coptic Fellowship, gave a most interesting series of lectures with slides which created such enthusiasm as to hold group meetings in private homes for the remaining two weeks.

Through the individual experiences of the students, the soul awareness of each life was individually brought out and emphasized; all students having or witnessing these experiences awoke to a new height of desire on the earth plane. It can be described as the awakening of the soul to fulfil a new work in this life.

Much credit is due Mr. Martin for arousing this Divine Spirit within our group and giving so untiringly and unstintingly of his personality and ex-

perience. We of the Coptic Center are truly grateful to you, Mr. Martin.

These lectures and experience reviews have left a deep impression upon the souls of many Chicago Center students.

They prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the words Edward Bulwer Lytton used in his poem, "There Is No Death," were not just idle fancy, that we are eternal, indestructible.

These reviews have opened up for us entirely new avenues of thought and desire in the way of development and expansion of the consciousness.

Our spirits have been quickened to heights un hoped for and the result is a greater activity toward the goal of achievement.

We of the Chicago Center are grateful and thankful beyond expression of words for the guidance of Mr. Martin in bringing to us in concrete revelation the discovery of countless truths concerning the history of our own individual walks along the pathway of Eternity.

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(For other officers, see Directory Page).

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 Assistant Secretary—Miss Ann Fay
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 Entertainment—Miss Ellen E. Carlson

Time and Place of Meeting
 Every Monday and Thursday—8 P.M.
 12 Huntington Ave., Boston Mass.

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Teacher and Healer—Mrs. William A. Johnson
 Assistant Teacher—Miss Helen E. Thomas
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Time and Place of Meetings
 Every TUESDAY 8 P.M.—Open Meeting, followed by Inner Meeting (Correspondence Course Students) at 9:30 P.M.
 Every fifth Tuesday—Special program.
 Hotel Statler, Parlor "G", Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Executive Board Elected Dec. 1, 1941
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Time and Place of Meeting
 Meetings held every Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock at Midland Hotel, 172 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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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

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 Teachers of Posture Class—Mr. Mayr, Mrs. E. Socklege, Mr. Walter Garstecki, Mr. Morrison.

Time and Place of Meeting
 Blue Room, Hotel Tuller
 Tuesdays, 8 P. M.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

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 Assistant Leaders—Mr. and Mrs. George M. Glenn, Mr. Paul Fickes.
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Time and Place of Meeting
 Every Friday evening, 8 p.m.
 Chapel of Y.M.C.A.

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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

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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.

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Time and Place of Meeting

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Social Director—Mrs. Flora E. Hawkes

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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.

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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.

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Time and Place of Meeting

Every Friday at 8 P. M.—Odd Fellows Hall, Monroe and 17th Streets.

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Assistant Leader—Mrs. A. R. Martin.

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THE GOLDEN RULE OF OTHER PEOPLE

Do as you would be done by.—*Persian*.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian*.

What you would not wish done to yourself, do not unto others.—*Chinese*.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—*Buddhist*.

He sought for others the god he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian*.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Christian*.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedan*.

The true rule in life is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindu*.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman*.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him. This is the whole law. The rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish*.