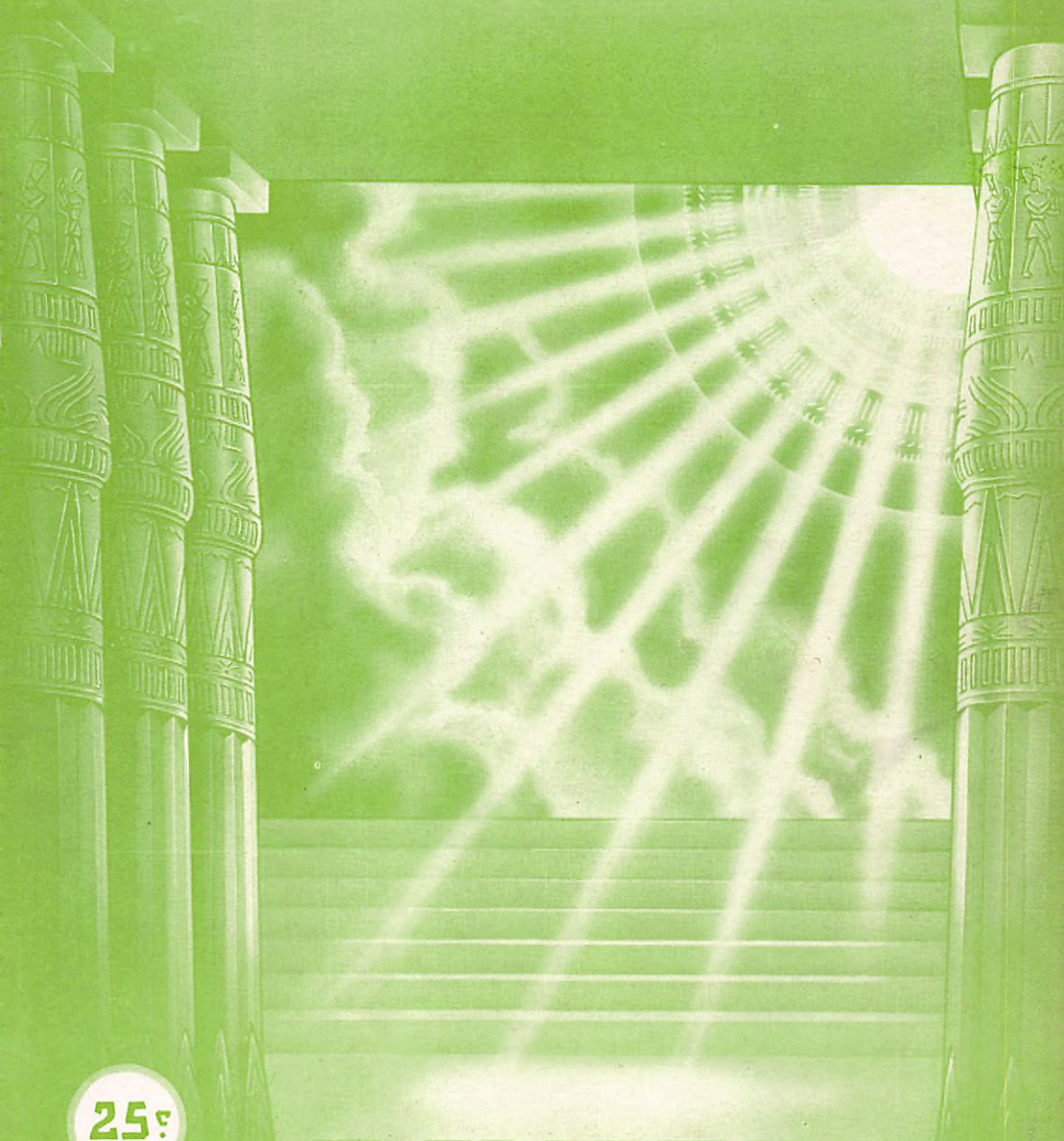


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# **ÆGYPTUS**

**MARCH**

**1942**

**LIFE HEALTH WISDOM SUCCESS**

## THIS WARRING WORLD

*Men who must to battle go  
Fight for Country, Flag, and know  
That all is grim in war 'gainst foe.*

*'Tis said those who brandish sword will perish.  
Aside we place the Peace we cherish  
Bravely our hearts and minds must nourish.*

*Men of years and men so young  
From the family hearths are wrung  
Men whose brave deeds go unsung.*

*Battles east and Battles west  
South and north, thru ev'ry test.  
O, the souls laid low to rest.*

*O the heart throbs within each door  
Prayers for Peace, and prayers for war.  
Grows the menace, more and more.*

*God's protection from the bombs.  
Bless those new in earthy tombs.  
Protect new born from mothers' wombs.*

*Protect those sailing now the sea.  
O God, wilt Thou their refuge be.  
O when will man his errors see.*

*Our prayers this rampant war to cease,  
Our prayers in vain as wars increase,  
Somewhere there is the distant peace.*

(Continued on Back Cover Page)

# AEGYPTUS

MARCH — 1942



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# AEGYPTUS

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

MARCH — 1942

VOL. I

No. 3

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HAMID BEY,

Individually and for and in behalf of  
the Coptic Fellowship of America.

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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 V

My joy knew no bounds. I danced about in childish glee. My mind was so wholly absorbed in contemplation of the new wonders before me that I gave no serious thought to the fact that I would be taken away from my home and parents. I was now just six years old, and the great transition of my life was upon me.

#### My Trip to the Temple

Soon after this information my grandfather hitched up the family donkey to a small wagon. My mother and I were bundled in. My father took me in his arms and kissed me. I was startled at his evident sorrow and could not understand why he should shed tears when I was starting on such a fine trip, and destined to see such unusual scenes and meet such strange people.

This was my first real journey. I had never been farther than six miles from my home. The lazy donkey ambled slowly along. My mother and I sat equally lazily in the wagon while my grandfather walked beside the vehicle the entire journey. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles and took one week.

I was transfixed by the strange, changing scenes, as our path would lead us down and almost to the edge of the sacred, and to me, most mysterious River Nile. Then a few miles further the path would wind away toward the mountains which seemed to me to climb up into the very sky. By the end of the second day I decided that we were going to the end of the world.

The peace which I experienced along the unending miles of the journey filled me with a serenity unspeakable and indescribable, even as I recall it in memory. My grandfather, walking leisurely along beside the wagon, and my mother chatting cheerily with him, gave me assurance all would be well with us because of this place where they were taking me.

We were traveling south from Cairo. As we progressed from day to day I was interested in seeing the people who lived along the way. Living in a country which never really grows cold, where the hot sun burns into the sand and reflects on their bodies so many days of each year, they have adopted a custom among the men workers to go practically nude. They wear only a loin cloth. For generations they have lived this exposed life until their skins have become burned into a living bronze. They are slight in build, tall in stature and, although uncultured in such education as you consider necessary to elegance, these people are most gracious, graceful, and dignified in their manner.

I have seen them, when standing still, give the appearance of an ideal statue, and when they began to move it was like bronze statues suddenly come to life. There is nothing in the world just like this region and its people who are the offspring of an ancient people whose cultural arts were superb. Art has woven itself into the very fibre of their physical and mental makeup.

Everyone knows the River Nile overflows each summer and almost dries up each winter. Our journey was taken at the time when the river was receding. At this time of the year these country people are drawing water from the Nile and putting it into huge bowls which are made of mud, the inside of which is smoothed down until it resembles the inside of crockery in America. It is sun-dried and lasting. The Egyptians call these bowls Shadufs.

There are people whose life work is to draw and carry water. They fill the bowls at the beginning of each winter season so that the people may have water until the river rises again. For centuries this particular business has developed until it has been set to music and every motion of the workers is timed to a lazy, restful rhythm.

These laborers work in groups and chant together. A number of bowls are located close together, and their combined chants would break in upon our ears in the dim distance. It would become clearer and more distinct until the full volume would fill the air as we passed them. Then the voices would come from farther and farther away until all was silence. I would listen until I could detect the chants of another group, which became louder as we approached and again fainter until all was silence. The days were rendered magical to my childish mind with this enchanting music.

The people were most hospitable. We did not need to take money for our expenses. Each evening we would halt our donkey at the door of a farmer, when the members of the household would rush out as though long lost friends had returned. They would welcome us, bid us accept whatever comfort or luxury they might be able to afford. They would give us their best bed, serve their choicest breakfast to us the next morning, and bid us God-speed on our journey as we departed.

Only one thing happened on that wonderful journey to mar my happiness. About the fourth day a rainstorm came up. It was the Fall of the year, the nearby mountains sent down a cold wind which condensed as it met the hot air of the lowlands, and the rain poured down upon us in torrents.

Such an event may not seem important to you who have been accustomed to rain all your lives. But you will see why it meant so much to me when I tell you that I had never seen it rain so much before. Years can pass in Cairo and never a drop of rain. It does rain on extremely rare occasions but in my short span of six years not a drop of water had fallen from the skies. It was wholly a new and startling experience.

You can see that this was especially so when you realize we had nothing to shelter us. We were all soon soaking wet. I began to feel the pinch of my cold, wet garments and started to cry. For the first time my mind reverted to my home. I became suspicious of the whole deal and begged my mother to return.

We traveled some time after the storm and came to a hospitable home where we were welcomed. Our garments were removed and dried. We had no change of clothes. All I had was on my back. This was equally true of my elders. But human ingenuity was equal to the situation and so finally we were dressed again, comfortable, and happy. We had a fine night's sleep. I soon forgot my discomfort and suspicions as we made a fresh start on our way the next morning.

The rest of the journey continued as the first. The mountains on the right hand seemed to rise, height upon height, until I imagined they could peep into Heaven. One thing which seemed to me of utmost significance, of which I spoke not a word, was that *I had been there before!* It was so familiar that it gave me the same sensation that I know I shall experience again when I return to my Temple. I have been away a long time, and I feel as I near my destination I shall be most happy in meeting those who understand me and who have been my beloved helpers, confidants, and teachers.

As the sun was setting on the seventh day, I noticed a mountain which somehow seemed different from all the others. I cannot tell you just how or why, but it made me feel as I did when I met the Man of Destiny, when it seemed that the ages and the universe were mine. I was thrilled beyond description but could say nothing about it to my elders.

We were not far from the river when the road began to wind around this mountain. As we proceeded we entered a most secluded spot between hills which raised their crags almost as straight toward the sky as Gibraltar itself. The immensity and importance of the surroundings rapidly accumulated in

my mind. But very soon I was to reach the peak of realization for one more turn and lo, the Great Temple, the destination of our journey, the externalization of the dream of my life, was in sight.

The donkey was halted to a stop by my grandfather. Mother and I sat quietly in the wagon, while my grandfather went to the door. Knocking, he was quickly admitted and was gone something like one-half hour. Every moment seemed fraught with a fierce intensity of importance. The door opened, and out came my grandfather and a man! As he came to me, he smiled, held out his hands, took me in his arms, and in a most affectionate manner greeted me. I was astonished that a complete stranger should address me thus, and I had no explanation for his attitude.

We were taken into the Temple. My people and the Temple people talked hours together. I slept peacefully that night. The place was so calm, quieting, comforting, and assuring.

But the next morning my grandfather and mother announced their intention of returning home. I began to cry a second time. I wanted my mother to stay with me and let grandfather go. But she told me that there were no women there, so it would be impossible for her to stay. Then I pleaded for my grandfather to stay, but he said he had to take my mother back but that he would soon come again.

The man who had greeted me on my arrival was kindness itself, and soon I was comforted sufficiently to let them go. My mother appeared to be happy concerning my prospects and bade me adieu apparently very cheerfully. But my grandfather seemed so sad as he said goodbye that again I weakened and wanted to return with them. Possibly my grandfather had an intuitive conviction that he was speaking to me for the last time on this earth. And so it proved to be. As they drove off and rounded the corner and out of my sight, my grandfather went out of my life forever. Within a few years he passed out of his physical body and ascended into a higher realm of life.

### **My First School Impressions**

Of course, I have nothing to say about the first two weeks except that I was homesick in just the way all children of all ages have been. I could get along fairly well until it came time to retire at early evening. Each boy had a stall in which to sleep alone. I did not cry, but my throat filled and tightened, and I longed for my mother.


*(To be Continued)*





# THE PROMISED LAND

By ALICE M. FRETZ

S we wade through these eventful days of painful transformation, our very faith and courage as students seem sorely tried at times—with the newspapers so aptly described by Manly Palmer Hall as “A neatly tied bundle of chaos” and the radio with its fear-filled cries of invasion! Most refreshing is the following prediction made long ago by Victor Hugo:

“In the Twentieth Century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, hatred will be dead, frontier boundries will be dead, dogmas will be dead; man will LIVE. He will possess something higher than all these—a great country, the whole earth, and a great Hope, the whole Heaven!” Truly a Promised Land and in our very lifetime, perhaps.

What more glorious destiny this: to live love, purity, joy, and health; to transmute disease, sorrow, lust, and hate.

Could the talented and courageous Helen Keller have also referred to this same “Promised Land” of '41 when she said: “Step by step my investigation of blindness led me into the industrial world. And what a world it is! I must face unflinchingly a world of facts, a world of misery and degradation, of blindness, crookedness, and sin, a world struggling against the elements, against the unknown, against itself.

“How reconcile this world of fact with the bright world of my imagining? My darkness has been filled with the light of intelligence and, behold, the outer day-lit world was stumbling

and groping in social blindness. At first I was most unhappy; but deeper study restored my confidence. By learning the sufferings and burdens of men, I became aware as never before of the Life-power that has survived the forces of darkness—the power which, though never completely victorious, is continuously conquering.

“The very fact that we are still here carrying on the contest against the hosts of annihilation proves that on the whole the battle has gone for humanity. The world’s great heart has proved equal to the prodigious undertaking which God set it.

“Rebuffed, but always persevering, self-reproached but ever regaining faith, undaunted, tenacious, the heart of man labors towards immeasurably distant goals. Discouraged, not by difficulties or the anguish of ages within, the heart listens to a secret voice that whispers:

“Be not dismayed; in the future lies  
*The Promised Land!*”



# THE LORD'S PRAYER

BY JULIA L. RAUCH

## OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN

Heaven means expansion. It comes from the Greek word ouranus. Expansion means growing in the works of wisdom. Expansion means expression, and expression means life. Life is expressed in God's children. He is our Father.

## HALLOWED BE THY NAME

The name Father means All, because He is the Creator of All. Hallowed means sacred and All that is All is sacred. But it has no definite value until it is expressed and it can only be expressed through expansion, which is action. When expressed it becomes an indelible part of life which is the living expression of a name.

## THY KINGDOM COME

Our Father's kingdom is here, right now. It could be the greatest out-picturing of expansion if we would expand. As long as we are satisfied and don't wish to grow and in growing include humanity as a whole, the Kingdom cannot express. Inertia kills. It is like a stagnant pool that pollutes the vicinity in which it is. Likewise, mankind pollutes and does not allow God's Kingdom to reign.

## THY WILL BE DONE

God's will will be done in His Kingdom. But in man's self-satisfac-

tion the all is not included and some part of life must suffer. Whereas, if he would but voice the Divinity within and act he could be a power to annihilate suffering. Positive power is more powerful than negative power. It is a light that outshines itself. Negative power is devoid of light. Therefore, it is dissolved in light because light absorbs the darkness. These are our tools to bring about *Thy Will Be Done*.

## ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

Here, again, we are assured that as we expand we can bring this Kingdom on Earth, because expansion has no circumference. It saturates and encompasses all in this sphere and in all spheres. It is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

## GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

We must eat physically as well as spiritually. This is balance. The prayer does not say "me," but "us." This means all God's children—humanity.

## AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US

This is the Eternal Law—As you sow so shall you reap.

It illustrates a lesson—no matter how small a part we are in the great scheme of life, nevertheless we are responsible for the Whole. One part out of balance throws all parts out of balance. Therefore, we are responsible for our community, our State, our Country, and everything that goes to make a government.

Give us this day our daily bread definitely points out that we live on a physical plane of expression. This places a responsibility on man for his earthly environment, and the Law of Sowing and Reaping is the mandate for this earth.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO  
TEMPTATION BUT DE-  
LIVER US FROM EVIL

Emphasis is again stressed on this Eternal Law. It is expressed in a command to give us the strength to only sow good that will bring forth good. There isn't anything in this law that permits chiseling. You cannot take from one and give to another. The law calls for balance. The law calls for action. The law calls for equalization. The law calls for positiveness. It acts! It is! It does! It automatically works!

God works through and with us in expression — through our acts and deeds. In this way we reap what we sow. When we sow good, we automatically dissolve misgivings that already have been sown. By continuing we keep on dissolving misgivings. The good force, a Light which is more powerful than the evil force, dark, is

dissolved in Light. We are delivered from evil.

FOR THINE IS THE POWER  
AND THE GLORY FOR-  
EVER

We are the channel through which God works. Here is our reward—  
*Power and Glory forever.*

There is no barrier. The flood gates are opened. All we have to do is make *application and act.*

And so be it with God. So is the law.

---

## THE BEGINNING

By MARTHA LEE MAC GREGOR

I have set my foot on the lowest rung  
Of the ladder that leads to the stars;  
And some far day I will find my way  
To a deep kindredship with Mars.

I have set my course by a comet's  
trail;

Though the way I shall climb will be  
slow

The nearest moons will be part of me,  
The farthest stars I shall know.

I have learned to know that the way  
is long;


But far out in the infinite space  
Be I planet, star, or asteroid,  
I shall find my pre-destined place.

I have turned my soul to that upward  
trail,

And the nebulous paths I will trod;  
I have set my foot on the lowest rung  
Of the ladder that leads to God.

# ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS

By JOHN WILLIS RING

NDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Founder of The Harmonial Philosophy, was born in an age of Revolution—August 11, 1826. The nineteenth century gave rise to many phases of spiritual revelation. Students of Numerology will recognize 19 as the number of revelation, as evidenced by the onward march of centuries. Many schools of religious thought contend that about every 2000 years a World Teacher comes to Earth.

Early in the dawn of "The Century of Revelation" in Persia, there arose the "Bab" who, like John the Baptist of a former age, announced the coming of Another greater than he. In due time Baha O'llah announced himself and gave to the world by means of "Tablets" an inspired and inspiring philosophy which shares with its writer the devotion of increasing devotees throughout the world.

The Persian Seer was confined for most of his life as a religious prisoner in Acca. His martyrdom, as usual, attracted devoted followers.

In the United States of America the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was organized at Fayette, New York, April 6, 1830. Their acceptance of the Book of Mormon, together with the Bible, led to the settlement in Utah and from thence sprang a powerfully organized movement throughout the world.

In 1875 in New York City Helena P. Blavatsky led in the organization of the "Wisdom Religion"—Theosophy. For a time Theosophy seemed likely to merge with Spiritualism, which had its "Modern" Advent at Rochester, New York, in March 31,

1848 through the "rappings" in the home of "The Fox Sisters," Leah, Margaret, and Kate. But finally Theosophy emerged from several threatening dissensions in two Theosophical movements—one in Adyar, India, and the other at Point Loma, California—with lesser distinctive groups.

New Thought and the Unity movement, seemingly a renewing Spirit of other cults, gradually evolved well-worked-out presentations of Truth distinctive to themselves.

In the midst of these and other new(?) movements, Andrew Jackson Davis was ushered through the portals of birth to become "The Poughkeepsie Seer" and leave his profound impression upon the Century's spiritual unfoldments.

His father was a cobbler with a nomadic instinct. This kept the family vainly pursuing better times which Samuel Davis believed was always a little way off. His mother, a gentle, patient woman, seems to have been Andrew Jackson Davis' one companionable associate. Mrs. Davis vaguely referred to her intuitional promptings as "The Guiding Hand of Providence" and gave her son, who was to

accomplish so much in the spiritual unfoldment of the world of thought, his earliest ideas of spiritual things.

Named for the illustrious Presidential candidate, Andrew Jackson, young Davis frankly admitted that he was awkward and stupid. His teacher and members of the family, except his devoted mother, gave him up as incapable of learning. When but eight years of age he fell from a moving wagon and so injured his back and chest that it was impossible for him to bend over the shoemaker's last. This "accident" (?) saved him from following the humble trade of his father. The poverty of the family compelled him to seek odd jobs at neighboring farms.

A number of psychic experiences occurred in his early life. While hoeing in the field, he heard strains of music and a soft voice "like my mother's," he said, urged him to go to Poughkeepsie. He related the occurrence to his parents and they again moved. It was in Poughkeepsie that the most remarkable events of his later life occurred.

Poughkeepsie was not conducive to building up the family fortune. A venture in merchandising ended in dismal failure. This event broke the spirit of Samuel Davis and he retreated from the post of "bread winner."

Sylvanus, the only other son of the family, died sometime before; his sister married, and the delicate lad of ten or eleven years attempted to provide necessities for the family.

Among the unique endeavors the lad made, was offering yeast from house to house. He found that he could secure a bucket of yeast from a brewery for a penny. By disposing of it by the cupful, his profits were sufficient to buy a loaf of bread, or a little more. After one such day he returned home to find his mother in the doorway looking younger and happier than he remembered having ever seen her. As he approached she disappeared and a neighbor told him that his Mother had deserted her frail house-of-flesh.

The vivid memory of her radiant appearance and Something deep within him—a result of his mother's sympathetic instructions—prevented him from feeling sad. He was confident that his mother was even nearer to him than when she occupied the physical body.

Soon after the passing of his mother, young Davis became an apprentice in a shoe store. While thus employed an itinerant Mesmerist aroused much interest and in the winter of 1843 he was mesmerized.

This process, now known as Hypnotism, is understood to release latent powers. Years of experimentation has proven that the subject of Mesmerism, or Hypnotism, will do nothing contrary to the subject's highest standards of equity—that he acts from the plane of his loftiest consciousness.

In the case of Andrew Jackson Davis it was the opening chapter of a career which, through what he called "The Superior State," gave to man-

kind twenty-seven volumes setting forth "The Harmonial Philosophy."

It is significant that this untutored, awkward lad, whose writings have seldom if ever been equalled in profundity of thought and expression, should have commenced his writings at a time when the whole world was being stirred by a spirit of revelation. Of all the new presentations of Truth which the century developed, his teachings alone survived—a presentation so inclusive and thoroughly eclectic that its salient ideas have formed the nucleus and in some instances the very foundation of various presentations of Truth.

The Harmonial Philosophy, as presented by Andrew Jackson Davis in the late forties and early fifties, advocated many of the reforms and used much of the exact phraseology that twenty-five years later distinguished different organizations of a progressive nature.

The theory of evolution as elaborated by Darwin and Wallace finds much harmonizing philosophy in the writings of Davis. He coined the terms "Divine Mind" and "Great Positive Mind" and the word "Univercoelum" to indicate the assemblage of the Universes.

Among his many accurate prophecies was that of the planet Neptune previous to the announcement of its discovery by astronomers. He advocated the Rights of Women quite as ardently, though less insistently than later famous champions of the cause. He considered and wrote of intercommunication between the so-called

realms of the living and the dead as being a scientific fact which in due time the entire world will recognize.

Davis writes: "To realize that the other world is truly a home in the heavens we must grasp the naturalness of the after-life. There are no essential changes in ultimates. Perfected earthly languages, carried to their ultimates, become the language of the other sphere; but education still sways mind and thought.

"The second language is the language of music. Truth and beauties of science are communicated by means of symphonies, melodies, songs, hymns, anthems, and chants. This wondrous music fills the whole heavens and awakens echoes among distant planets. When the stars are summoned to enter the orchestra and make the magnificent chorus full, then earth itself seems to vibrate responsively to that grand harmonious beat which converts the universe into a harp of infinite perfection.

"The third language used in the higher world is what we call here the language of the heart, of emanation, of communion. The universal speech of spirits is an elemental outburst of the internal, a language of thought and feeling taking the form of that language with which the guest is most familiar."

In the highest sense of the term, Davis was a pioneer. The Harmonial Philosophy is analagous to the fundamentals of many "advanced" (?) presentations of Truth yet, in a strict sense, is none of these any more than

*(Continued on Page 20)*

## A WOMAN OBSERVES

by

audrey stratton



From the dawn of civilization woman has sought to make herself more beautiful. It is a common urge and one that decidedly has its merits.

We are all normally attracted to beauty. That some beauties with grace of figure and face have "toads and lizards" fall from their mouths when they speak, like the fairy-tale beauty, makes them nevertheless desirable as an object for our eyes to feast upon when their lips are closed. However, it is sad that beauty and grace of face and figure do not always go with beauty of mind or beauty of voice.

Beauty can be cultivated, just as we can always take a hand in nature. Beauty cultivation is much like simple gardening. We begin at the roots of the plant. We prod around the roots letting in air and light (knowledge). We see the plant is given plenty of moisture (beauty baths). We see that it has the proper amount of sunshine (sunbaths). It must be fed with foods which bring out the best in the foliage (body) and the most color and beauty in blossom (skin, hair, nails, etc.).

If the plant is attacked by disease of root (organs), vine (bone struc-

ture, etc.) or flower (skin, etc.), we have proper methods of clearing up these disorders and bringing about the natural beauty again.

All of these and many more similarities can be found as we compare beauty cultivation to plant cultivation. It shows us this factor—that nature has given us material to work with and then she sits back with interest to see how much we can improve ourselves by understanding her laws and using our own ingenuity.

Woman has had abundant experience in personal beautification—since the time when her sister of the caves first saw her reflection cast in a pool of water and began polishing rocks to acquire a more permanent beauty reflector until we come to the modern lucite-framed mirror of the modern boudoir.

Beauty secrets have come and gone with the ages. Cleopatra was known to be no raving beauty, but she did know a thing or two about improving on nature. Now the story books dwell long and eloquently on her great beauty.

Methods are things in which we are all interested. We could dwell long and (moderately) eloquently on

the personal charm and magnetism of Cleo—on how she was “splendid to hear and see” and “capable of conquering the hearts which has resisted most obstinately the influence of love and those which had been frozen by age.” But when we finish with all of that, we say to ourselves, “I wonder how she did it!”

One of the primary beauty secrets, and this was one of Cleopatra’s, mind you, was that her charm was laid to her personal daintiness.

There is nothing that gives more sense of self-confidence (and this is the first requisite of charm) or a sense of well-being than the knowledge that from the skin out we are sparkingly CLEAN. This applies from the skin “in” too.

To have a clean, well scrubbed body that has been stimulated and put in the “pink” by a final brisk cold shower. Hair that is glistening from cleanliness and natural oils that have been roused by a “hundred strokes” of a beautifully clean, stiff-bristled brush (that has been washed in lukewarm water, to which an ounce of alum has been added to prevent the bristles from becoming soft).

Teeth that glisten from cleanliness and regular care. Skin which radiates outer cleanliness and lack of inward toxins.

Last, but never least, those “windows of the soul,” the eyes which show better than any other radiance possibly could, just how clean we are inwardly, outwardly, mentally, physically, and spiritually.

“Cleanliness is next to godliness” is no idle axiom. Although we hear

a lot about Cleopatra’s baths of “ass’s milk” and other known beautifiers, I’m sure such a wise “lady of her times” as she undoubtedly was, imported for her personal use some of that good Persian salt and treated herself to just what I am going to tell you about.

Once a week give your body a good rubbing with ordinary table salt. Rub the salt gently on your wet body and see how this stimulates the activity of the blood capillaries, leaving the skin glowing.

---

## COPTIC NEWS

Orio, the Lady of the Stars, and Coptic Teacher, has spent several months with the Center of Philadelphia teaching the principles of the Coptic Fellowship and the mystery of the stars.

Her message to the students was not only highly enjoyable but helpful as evidenced in the following poem written by Aubrey Celeste, one of Orio’s many friends and member of the Coptic Fellowship.

### THE TRIP WE’VE TAKEN

We’ve seen the Dippers turn in their place,

Polaris guiding us out into space.

We’ve been up to the Sun,

To the Planets, every one.

We’ve seen all the Constellations

And found out their situations.

We’ve traveled far and wide, you know;

But, thru the eyes of OR-IO!

(Continued on Page 23)



# THE ARIAN AGE

By ORIO

*"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."—Ecclesiastes 1:4.*



ACH age has its leaders, the chosen ones who walk with God, and as we enter the Arian Age we learn of Moses who was destined to lead the children of Isreal on the path of righteousness, out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, into a land of light. We come now to that great period known as the EXODUS.

In the first chapter of the Book of Exodus we learn that a new King who did not know Joseph became the Ruler over Egypt and he said unto his people, *"Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we."*—Exodus 1:9.

He, therefore, set taskmasters over the Israelites to afflict them with burdens. But the more he afflicted them, the more they multiplied. When they were under this bondage, God heard their groanings and he remembered his covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

In Chapter 3 we learn that the angel of the Lord appeared unto Moses in a flame of fire out of a bush and God called to Moses from the burning bush and said, *"I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows. And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians and to bring them out of that land. Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt."*

*"Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel and shall say unto them, the God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? What shall I say unto them?"*

*"And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM; and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."*

*"And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel. The LORD God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you; this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations."*

Egypt, during the Taurian Age, worshipped the Sacred Bull Apis. As the children of Israel leave this land, we find them still clinging to their gods, although a new order of the Law had been set into motion.

After Moses had led them out of Egypt, in Exodus 32 we read that the people grew restless while Moses was on Mt. Sinai. They asked Aaron to

make them gods, which were to go before them.

*"Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings and bring them unto me." They brought them to Aaron and "he received them and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf; and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, Tomorrow is a feast to the LORD."*

But the Lord decreed otherwise. While Aaron and the people were building this idol and altar, Moses was in communication with God on Mt. Sinai and God said unto Moses, *"Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves."*—Exodus 32:7.

When Moses came near the camp, he saw the golden calf and the dancing. He became very angry and took the calf which they had made and burned it in the fire.

Moses returned to the mount and now we begin to hear God's command, "I AM THE LORD THY GOD" and with this, the greatest of all commandments, we know definitely that mankind has entered a new Age, a new era, and a new dispensation.

God not only speaks to Israel but to all generations that are to follow. He now gives a set of rules to govern man's behaviour. These rules are bet-

ter known as the TEN COMMANDMENTS and they are just as potent today as when Moses inscribed God's words upon the Tablets for the Children of Israel.

In Exodus 20 one reads, *"And God spoke these words, saying, I AM the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that of the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me. And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments."*

In the TEN COMMANDMENTS which can be read in 'full in Exodus 20, we are further admonished not to take the Lord's name in vain; to remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy; to honour thy father and thy mother; not to kill; not to commit adultery; not to steal; not to bear false witness; and not to covet.

Man must realize that these commandments are based upon spiritual and natural laws and that God is the sole judge of what is right and wrong.

*Note—God is not referred to as a person in this treatise; God is rather the essence of life.*

In this material world of earthly living, cheating is so prevalent, but can one ever keep sin under cover from the watchful eye of God who is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient? He is a God with unlimited power. He is everywhere and He knows all things.

For the modernist today who is skeptical about God, cannot man today with the modern invention of television hear a voice and see a person at the other end of the world? If man with his limited power can see and know all this, cannot God, who gave man this power, know all things? God is the Law and manifestation of Life.

Worldly man may try to twist worldly law and order for his convenience and he may apparently accomplish his desire but it is the High Tribunal which hands out the verdict when His laws are transgressed.

These laws are just as potent today because God still guides the stars in their courses and the destinies of men just as he has since the beginning of time.

How many people, as they lie on a sick bed begin to realize that they have broken God's Law! When a spiritual command is broken, God gives man time off to think and reflect so that he will know there is a God, a God who demands that man walk in the path of righteousness and truth.

Deuteronomy 32:36 tells us "*The Lord shall judge his people.*" And in verses 39 to 41 we read, "*I, even I,*

*am he, and there is no god with me; I kill and I make alive; I wound, and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand. For I lift up my head to heaven, and say I live forever. If I wet my glittering sword and mine hand take hold of judgment, I will render vengeance to mine enemies and reward them that hate me."*

As we entered the Arian Age, we learned of the sacrifice of the Ram when Abraham offered up Isaac and as we proceed through this age we will understand more and more about the Ram who became the Lamb and about the Law and Judgment of the Lord. (Aries and Libra).

Aries is a Fire Sign and St. John in Chapter 4:24 tells us "*God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*" And in Romans 7:14 we read, "*For we know that the law is spiritual.*"

Both a triangle and fire symbolize spirit and spirit and the Trinity are synonymous with RELIGION. As we travel through this fire sign, we begin to realize there are three phases to our Christian Religion. These three phases will span over three Ages in the Circle of the Ages. One will tell of the FATHER, one of the SON, and the third will tell of the HOLY SPIRIT. These ages will all be interwoven and all will tell the story of man and his redemption.

(To be Continued)



## Andrew Jackson Davis

(Continued from Page 14)

the rainbow is red, or the body is one hand, or God is man.

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### *Seven Lessons in the Life and Writings of Andrew Jackson Davis.*

1. Doubt is the beginning of wisdom.

2. Interest is fundamental to all human attainment.

The Magic Staff is: *Under All Circumstances Keep An Even Mind.*

3. The physical and spiritual organizations are, in this rudimental or caterpillar state of existence, inseparable, and must be so considered in successful healing!

Health is that state where the Immortal Spirit circulates harmoniously through every organ, tissue, and ramification of the organism.

4. The Laws of Nature, which are God's thoughts, never cease to guide, guard, protect, and exercise justice.

The Laws of Nature are inherent and are emanations. Every law is above suspension and violation. In due time all discords are over-ruled by GOOD.

5. True evidences come through the two inward sources of wisdom—intuition and reflection.

Reach your highest and your eyes will rest yearningly upon a higher point! Eating true knowledge but increases the appetite for more sumptuous feasting at Reason's table. Drinking long and deeply at the Eternal Spring, instead of destroying

thirst, only maketh the Waters of Life all the more indispensable.

6. Every man is potentially limitless in capabilities. God is the cause, nature, the effect, Man the ultimate—a thought of God clothed in material vesture.

Physical science lies at the foundation of all true theology or religion. Physical science leads to intellectual science; the latter, to the science of mortals. Thence we derive a sublime philosophy of the Essential qualities and powers of man's immortal soul. It leads us to universal love and benevolence—to a scientific charity and philosophical compassion for every member of the human family, which former generations could neither feel nor practice.

7. The Harmonial Philosophy Epitomized.

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Over all things is a mathematically accurate mind, which thinks for and governs us. To our feelings it is Nature, to our intellect it is God. Whether you call it Nature or Deity, your adjustment to Its requirements and Ways is perfect.

A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us that a Higher Law than our will regulates events; that in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong and, by contenting ourselves with obedience, we become Divine.

There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.

—Andrew Jackson Davis.

# TILLERS OF THE SOIL

By CLARA EVELIA BURR and CLARENCE EDWARD BURR

## Part IV



As he left Luther Payne's presence, Bart West tried to order his impressions. Dealing for years in real estate, partly as a business and partly as a cloak for his association with Meehan's gang of crooked politicians, criminals, and plain hoodlums gave him a wide knowledge of human nature. Payne impressed him with a sense of unlimited strength, and today's encounter confirmed the impression received the first time—that they would not conquer him.

He parked his car by the Croyden City Department Store and went in. The elevator boy zoomed up to the fifth floor where he got out, walked over to a plain door and twirled the handle a few times in an agreed signal that would operate a light in Meehan's room.

The door opened and he went in. Meehan, dressed in the invariable salt-and-pepper tweed, stood in another doorway, his hand in his pocket and West knew it held a revolver. At sight of him, Meehan jerked his hand out and waved towards an overstuffed rocker.

West sat down, uneasy at the sardonic look on Meehan's seamed face. A face like a steel trap, he thought. The deep lines denting each side of the slitted mouth, the half-closed tawny eyes, and the clublike jaw made him think of a tiger on the prowl. Meehan sat on the studio couch.

"Well, what did Payne say?"

"He isn't yielding," he replied, studying his long and well-kept fingers.

"I'm afraid you're losing your keen touch, Bart."

"Perhaps that's true." He held his voice cool with an effort. "You might handle this yourself, Ace."

"You know I see no one myself," Meehan retorted. "You forget why men call me 'Ace', Bart. Once I plan, I never back out. I'm going to drive Payne out of Croyden City or destroy him and his family, one by one."

West saw that a rare emotional upset gripped the man and felt a question as to his own safety. Meehan went on: "We'll see if Payne can hold out when we pound his weak points."

That closed the subject and West left directly, relieved to get away. He tried to dismiss his speculations as he entered his own palatial house. Going into the main drawing room, he fortified himself with a look around. Great oak beams supported the high ceiling and paneled the walls. Between the panels were scenes painted by well-known artists. Expensive blue brocade drapery covered windows and arched doorways and the overstuffed furniture, complementing a delft-blue oriental rug on the floor.

Then he heard his wife coming down the stairs. A moment later the

gold fringed drape framed her, dressed to go out and coldly beautiful in a modish ensemble of olive green. Her big brown eyes glinted at him.

"You are home rather early, Bart. Did you want to see me?"

Her clipped accents acted as a psychic scissors to his startled mind, shearing them apart.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked, looking at him curiously.

"No. Don't let me detain you Mabel."

"Very well, there is a letter from King on the mantel. I want you to talk to Royal, Bart. He wants to go up to the Oregon Lumber Mill and Leon ought not to be left alone," she said.

Then she went. He lit the gas log in the bluestone fireplace and drew an armchair close, picked up the letter and read it. He then felt forced to consider the situation with Royal, and while he thought about it Royal came in. The eighteen-year-old boy strongly resembled his mother and soon proved that he knew what he wanted. Nothing remained but to consent.

Yet Royal's desire to go hurt. He was losing his family. Suddenly a face stood out against the glowing log, the Payne boy's face as he looked up into his father's eyes just before he came up, looked up in utter love and faith as one might visualize God. He ran his hands over his eyes with a stifled groan. He must make Payne yield, somehow.

So he went back the next day and raised Meehan's offer. But Payne re-

fused and he lost his head in making a threat.

Payne's response gave him a shock: "I sense that the evil forces you deal with will bring bring you some terrible disaster, Mr. West. Cut loose before it's too late."

He left, seized in an odd trembling. That evening brought a painful quarrel with Mabel over Royal's going, in which she demanded sole charge of Leon, cut off wifely relations and suggested that he should find someone to take her place.

Three weeks later the blow fell when his eldest son, King, died in an automobile accident at the Oregon lumber mill he managed. It dazed him and left him prey to a madness during which he drove to Luther Payne's home and as Sonia answered the door he pushed past her to find the rest at the breakfast table. He pointed the revolver at Jamie, snarling at Payne: "You killed my son with your black magic! Watch *your* boy die, now!"

The explosion deafened them as acrid spirals of powder smoke rose. Jamie's chair lay overturned, with Jamie under the table. Then Payne's commanding voice turned his triumph to dust: "Put that revolver down and step back!" He obeyed as in a dream, scarcely surprised to see Jamie rise, unhurt.

"You built this tragedy for your son through your planning of evil for others, as I warned you." Payne told him quietly.

"But I loved King! How could my thoughts harm him?"

"The force of life travels along the channel of emotion," came the answer. "Malignant thoughts create deadly poison; your love for your son supplied the outlet."

"God above, was this true?" he asked himself as he faltered: "My other sons . . . ?"

"If you build no more evil all may be well," Payne said.

Somehow, he got away and returned home. In his room he threw himself prone on the bed as sorrow rent him. King! Even the last glimpse denied because too mangled. As he writhed in this horror, Mabel touched his arm. She had come to speak of the last arrangements. Pity for his agony moved her to reconsider her stand as to Leon and attempt to comfort him impersonally.

The simplicity of her appeal moved him to a new depth. All bitterness vanished and he laid his hand on hers in brief acknowledgement, relieved to see her burning eyes lose some of their desperate woe.

In looking after the details of the private interment, he found a sense of usefulness that eased him a little, especially when he understood that Leon leaned on him for comfort.

*(To be Continued)*

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## COPTIC NEWS

*(Continued from Page 16)*

In Ancient records, it's been shown The Law of Life has long been known;

In all forms, great or small,  
God's breath flows thru it all.

Conscious breath, in concentrations,  
Glowing bright, in contemplations,  
Great Souls found thru this Light, to  
tune

In the Divine Essence, and commune.  
And all this knowledge of the An-  
cient Past,

Has now been brought to us at last;  
In lucid language, did it flow  
Thru the lips of OR-I-O!

### LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

The Coptic Fellowship of Los Angeles has moved its meeting place from Studio Hall in the Embassy Auditorium Building to the Masonic Hall at 265 S. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

At that time Mrs. Audrey Stratton became leader of the Center and Miss Harriet B. Myers, the former leader, was appointed as Coptic Teacher.

Meetings are now held each Sunday Evening at 8:00 o'clock, instead of Friday evening, as formerly.

On the last Sunday of each month a Health Dinner will be served. This dinner is open to the public and reservations must be made well in advance by calling Mrs. Mary Harkness, secretary of the group, at OL-9921.

Scientific experiments in Mental Telepathy are being held within the Inner Group. It is the hope of the leader that eventually the Los Angeles group will gain the proper amount of efficiency to enable them to make "mental appointments" with other Coptic Centers throughout the United States.

Stand by Coptic Centers! What greater chance for unity among us?

# WHAT IS YOUR TYPE OF COLD?

By THOMAS M. STEWART, M.D., F.A.C.S.

Reprint from The Ohio State Medical Journal, Vol. 37, No. 3, March, 1941

## Part II

**M**ANY allergic disorders, of which the allergic type of cold is one, are due to inadequate detoxication of histamine formed in the alimentary tract, (food allergy). Or the release of an over-amount of histamine into the circulation gives rise to general symptoms. If histamine is released locally into the skin it gives rise to acne, urticaria, and itching eruptions.

If the release is in the bronchi then bronchial asthma is the result. If the upper respiratory tract is the site of histamine release, hay fever, spring catarrh, or rose cold supervene. Hirmant, Evans, and Halpin advise a blood eosinophile count, and Cowie and Jiminez state that if a blood eosinophile smear of 20 to 25 per cent indicates allergy, other factors may cause a high eosinophile count.

The modern treatment is to desensitize the patient to histamine which cannot be done completely by pollens, vaccines, or serums. The process is that of desensitizing the system and not one of immunization, the dosage in the latter process is entirely too strong in potency as well as in quality.

Other allergic conditions are hay fever, asthma, bronchial colds and various skin conditions, all of which are altered internal chemical conditions with cellular suboxidation. Treatment is basically a desensitization of the system to its abnormal hypersensitive condition. The usual pollens, vaccines, and serums can be replaced by the desensitizing methods of Dezenick and Hardgrove's small doses of typhoid vaccine.

The method of Dezenick is the use of histamine in very dilute strength gradually increasing up to between ten and twenty treatments, according to the severity of the case and its response. The first dose is 0.00001 mg., the second 0.00002 mg. and so on. By the time the tenth dose is reached your patient's reactions will have taught you the rate of dose increase before your patient can take the regulation strength of histamine at present furnished, which is 0.001 mg. to thé c.c. This is quite different from the giving of a small quantity of the 0.001 mg. at a time and gradually increasing the quantity.

Quantity is not the same as potency in a therapeutic sense. Neither is Dezenick's method the same as supplying histaminase, a natural substance also present in the body, to neutralize the histamine formed in the body from the digestion of protein foods.

The problem is to desensitize the body to its own histamine formation and thus reach the cause of many allergic conditions. To maintain this desirable state the diet will need regulating.



1. Use rye flour and corn meal. Not wheat foods.

2. In place of sugar use honey or small amounts of saccharine in place even of brown sugar.

3. Fish, sea-food, liver, tongue, heart, or kidney to avoid the muscle meats as in chops, steaks, and roasts.

4. Adults should not use milk as a beverage; use it as a food; cut out soft drinks and sundaes.

5. No fruit juices, eat fruit, but not the same kind of fruit daily.

6. Dilute HCl 1:1000 intravenously as an oxidizing agent twice weekly.

7. One tablespoonful of purified corn oil at each meal for its fuel value in the foregoing diet.

8. Iodine, aqueous not alcoholic, three drop doses in one-third glass water at meals, because according to Jarvis the trial and error method has established it as one of the few catalysts or activators in overcoming oxygen metabolism block.

\* \* \*

### STARCH DIET AND COLDS

Some people are overly fond of starchy foods. When such a one passes his starch tolerance power, he is troubled with jelly-like lumpy secretions from the nose, throat, and bronchial tubes. This is the hawking and coughing and spitting type of cold.

The main causes are too much or

too frequent use of wheat flour or cereals including buckwheat. Other high starches are: rice, macaroni, spaghetti, corn, least bad of all is potatoes.

Variety in diet is the keynote of eating for health.

Hydrochloric acid is useful internally as well as intravenously. Insulin is also useful.

\* \* \*

### THE FLU COLD

Note this, depression, fever, rapid pulse, headache, dizziness, pains in sinuses, and aches in the body are among the symptoms that make a patient feel sick, because he is sick.

The first remedy is to send that patient home or keep him at home in bed. Insulin, three units daily until recovery as a carbohydrate oxidizer. Aqueous iodine, three drops, well diluted between meals and on retiring.

Here is a good place to state that cellular activity of the body in health as well as in any and all ailments is important, because the oxidizing enzymes of the cells must be maintained and renewed.

The oxidizing minerals are iodine, iron, copper, and manganese, arsenic, sodium chloride and potassium are in this group as well as thyroid extract, dilute HCl, and insulin.

These are well-known remedies and a re-study of their action will repay the one who does it.

## DRUGS AND COLDS

Often, caused by the hit and miss use of aspirin, nothing more or less than a patented name for the old acetate of salicylic acid. Aspirin has many other names such as xaxa, acid acetosalicylas, acetosalic acid, acetophen, salacetin, etc. Bromides, which in various trade name preparations are also the mischievous little imps that help to make business for doctors in spite of their efforts to impart the truth to patients, many of whom assume to know more than their trusted friends.

Inhalants like spirits of ammonia and benzedrine if too often used act as irritants and may aggravate instead of soothe.

Soft drinks containing phosphoric acid and caffeine please by their snappy taste but if used daily help the doctor more than they help those who over-indulge.

As the lawyers say, this is a brief on behalf of colds. One's own experience on this basis will be the best elaboration of this thesis.  
717 Union Central Bldg.

*Submitted November 1, 1941.*

The End

## COPTIC NEWS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Caloric activity of the various phases of mind is knitting our Chicago Center into a singular unit of growth as together we delve into our studies.

There are questions which are answered by way of individual expression and discussion, bringing about a complete understanding of the subject in question.

Questions which we do not have time to completely solve are carried over to the next meeting.

One can observe the light of understanding breaking forth from the various individuals as the subject swings from one angle to another.

There is a spirit of soul-satisfying searching which brings to mind that immortal story of the knights of old following the Gleam in quest of the Holy Grail; that the challenge to find the Holy Grail still holds today. Surely, this opportunity to find Divine Wisdom, of which we are availing ourselves is, in effect, following the Gleam of the Holy Grail.

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You give your soul a Cosmic lift each time you give the needy a lift.

The fragrance sent in sun or showers is the Cosmic singing of the flowers.

All the darkness in the world, concentrated, cannot prevail over the faint rays of a candle.

—*Author Unknown.*

## ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH



### Part XIV

**A**MONG the older, more profound canonical writings of the early Christian gnostics (the original Copts) are the *Pistis Sophia* (codex Brucianus) attributed to the hierarch Valentinus, and the original text of the *Book of Revelation of Saint John the Divine*.

Here, it may be added that the original, earlier version of the New Testament most certainly antedates the Old Testament. This is because the early Christian gnostics, or Copts, drew their inspiration from the Old-Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, so-called, long before the "chosen people" introduced their own mock-historic version of Holy Writ for purely political reasons of their own—the time when a Jerusalem Sanhedrin commission, headed by Hezekiah, "cooperated" with Ptolemy II (Philadelphus) in a concerted effort at propaganda—whereby Graeco-Alexandrian gestures of Hellenic intrigue were checkmated by a more wily Judaic strategy. (The upshot of which found the neo-Platonic concepts of the Logos worsted by the Judaic version of the New Testament, thus to make an end of Hellenic, cultural aspirations!)

The original texts of both the *Pistis Sophia* and the *Book of Revelation* completely ignore the Nativity and with it the earth life of the savior-god, Jesus Christ. Both works are among the oldest canonical Gospels of the early Copts and stress the

After (Larger) Life of the messianic man-god after the manner exemplified by vastly older *Book of the Dead*, so-called, as of the earlier instance of Horus the Aegyptio-Gnostic Iesa. And both the *Pistis Sophia* and the *Book of Revelation* are highly allegoric-mystic and astronomical-astrological as well.

The *Pistis Sophia* begins its narrative at the point where the risen Lord delivers His discourses to His favorite disciples among the apostles and to His mother, Mary, and to Martha—the two holy women have their Ancient-Egyptian counterpart in the original Mertae or Merti, Isis and Nepthis—the events taking place in nether regions beyond the grave.

In proof of the Old-Egyptian origins, the *Pistis Sophia* gives Jesus Christ the mystic-type name of Aber-Amentho. This is in reference to Amenta (Fig. 16), the "hidden (occult) sphere" of godhood making, of other worldly dimensions inhabited by elemental good daemons and blessed spirit-souls. Here it must be stressed that Amenta or Amentet (Fig. 17) "underworld" is not to be

confused with the Duat (Fig. 18) "infernal regions" or Hell proper.

Pertinently, it may be added that Dante's *Inferno* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* mirror similars extant in Ancient Egypt's *Resurrection Ritual* or *Book of the Dead*, so-called, and also the later *Shat-Am-Duat* or "*Book of Hell*."

The *Book of Revelation* also mirrors the *Book of the Dead* — the stressing of the apotheosis of the risen Lord, Jesus Christ, as the glorified Son of God enthroned upon the celestial heights at the time of Judgment Day. Thus the *Book of Revelation* differs from the *Pistis Sophia* by concerning itself with the second phase of the After (Larger) Life of the risen mangod.

But in the older *Book of the Dead*, so-called, both phases of Afterlife—of the mangod's descent into the lower regions and the ascent to upper Paradisium at the celestial heights—are stressed with considerable detail, certainly lucid, more profound than the latter-day versions supplied by Judaeo-Christian Holy Writ.

Noted authorities on the Scriptures have often insisted that Jesus Christ typifies a dual personality of two distinctly different characters combined in one composite type-representation of both—the man Jesus as a divinely inspired prophet and teacher; and the Christ as a divine personage representing the mystic godhead of the Absolute-at-Large.

As the man Jesus, the Savior represents the earth-born messiah limited by human standards and, therefore, a mangod in the making, rather than a

divine being at birth. Heresy or not, this logical postulate conforms to natural laws which tolerate no supernaturalism such as certain religions advocate without rhyme or reason.

The man Jesus is but a type-representation of mortal mankind on the road to godhood. He is endowed with potential immortality as purely conditional and depending upon personal merit rather than salvation by proxy—vicarious atonement. This is best illustrated by the man Jesus who is quoted as saying: "Ye who come after me, shall do even greater things than I have done."

On the other hand, the more mystic personage of Christ typifies the risen mangod and godson triumphant over Evil and Death. This is a type representation of the immortal soul becoming super-human rather than super-natural, as a divine entity. As Christ, the risen Lord has ceased to be the man Jesus—after resurrection and transfiguration—transubstantiation by way of elemental alchemy during and after death. Like unto the more enlightened minority among Christian mystics, the ancient Egyptians also interpreted this dual mystery of the earthborn Son of Man becoming the heavenborn Son of God after His resurrection (not before) in the dualistic character of Horus the Heru (Fig. 19) as Iesa or Iu-Sa (Fig. 20) the "evercoming son," and Neb-Qrst (Fig. 21) the "Lord of the Bier" of resurrections.

Neither the ancient Egyptians nor the early Christian gnostics, the Copts, assigned historical dates to the Nativity. This was because the Ad-

vent is of astronomical-astrological, rather than historical, import to begin with. And we have already stated that the sole "evidence" produced by ecclesiastics by way of "historic" proof in support of Biblical data on the Nativity consists of the Chronicles as falsely attributed to the Jewish historical Flavius Josephus, who carefully avoided mention of so highly controversial a subject.

Needless to add, among the authentic records of jurisprudence of the Roman proconsuls or procurators of Judea, who entered all judgments of serious crimes of magnitude in their statute books, no such incident of the kind highlighted in the New Testament has yet been found.



Fig. 16



Fig. 17



Fig. 18



Fig. 19

And that particular "magician," whose Hebrew first name, Jehoshua, corresponds to the Latin name Jesus, has often been identified by prominent early-Christian writers with the Galilean Jesus of Nazareth!

Moreover, there was no Beth-el "birth star" in prominence at the time assigned to the Nativity by latterday ecclesiastics. Here it must be mentioned the messianic Advent has been associated with one of the twelve zodiacal signs, as of twelve "birth stations" once every 2,155 years, since time immemorial, because of change from Sign to Sign. This is in accordance with the sacred traditions of all magi and Mystery Teachers the wide world over.



Fig. 20

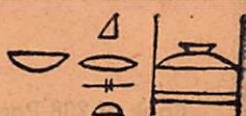


Fig. 31

As a matter of fact the only historic record of note which might resemble, vaguely, the trial and the crucifixion of Biblical fame is the one mentioned in the Secret Rabbinical Records (Tract Mishna, Babylonian Gemarah), as commented upon by the late Gerald Massey in his *Ancient Egypt, the Light of the World*.

The character in question was one Jehoshua-Ben-Pandira, born B. C. 120, who was tried and sentenced on charges of practicing sorcery. He died a condemned criminal at the age of 65 in the Mesopotamian city of Ludd or Lidida, after having been stoned to death and then hung from a tree.

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(To be Continued)



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## THIS WARRING WORLD

(Continued from Page 2)

*O man the Golden Rule to find  
Your brothers' keeper be therefore kind.  
Erase the hate from heart and mind.*

*O Peace on Earth, goodwill to all  
A lasting Peace for those that fall.  
O Peace and Love each heart enthral.*

*Help the able, help the weak,  
Those who honor Truth to seek  
The might of man who would be meek.*

*O help, O see the battle thru  
A task for me, a task for you.  
We'll win if our principles are true.*

*The enemy in his attack  
Who stabbed the Peace Dove in the back.  
His aggression gain perhaps thru our lack*

*Has given cause for Truth to rise  
War o'er land, on sea, in skies  
Damned and bloody enterprise.*

*O God, our aid thru ages past  
As thru this fight, as it may last  
Our courage, Faith, to hold us fast.*

*Whilst we within the battle's thrust  
Be Thou our aid, in Thee we trust  
For Truth will win, and win we must.*

—James E. Montanari.