

AZOTH



SPECIAL ARTICLES THIS MONTH

War Problems in the Light
of the Philosophy of
Zoroaster

—F. C. Birdi

India Loyal to Great
Britian

—Eleanor Maddock

Heredity

—Gertrude de Bielska

Love and Faith

—Eugene Del Mar

Blood; Its Occult Significa-
tion. The Dancing Mania
of the Middle Ages

—Hereward Carrington

Astrological Judgment

—H. C. Hodges

The Heavens Reveal

—Allie B. Hazard

He who knows not and
thinks he knows is a
fool; shun him.

He who knows and knows
not that he knows is
asleep; wake him.

He who knows and knows
that he knows is a sage;
seek him.



: : Philosophy - Theosophy - Mysticism - Psychological Research : :
: : : : Higher Thought - Astrology - Occultism : : : :

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To Our Readers

The Editor will be glad to consider for publication all contributions likely to be of interest to our readers.

Readers of AZOTH who encounter interesting articles in any American or foreign publication will confer a favor upon the editor by advising him, giving place and date where such articles appeared.

Readers are invited to discuss or criticize the subject matter of any articles or statements appearing in AZOTH, or any topics of interest, provided no personalities or discourtesies are indulged in. These discussions will appear under the caption—"The Caldron."

The Editor of the Psychical Research Department would like to receive accounts of unusual psychical experiences; the names of any remarkable psychics or mediums who are willing to submit to scientific tests; information of any reputed haunted houses; any so-called spirit photographs; or anything else of interest in his department.

"AZOTH"

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to

Philosophy, Theosophy, Mysticism, Psychical Research,
Higher Thought, Astrology and Occultism

MICHAEL WHITTY, Editor

Assisted by Hereward Carrington (Psychical Research)

Eugene Del Mar (Higher Thought)

E. Daniell Lockwood (Occultism)

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Editorials

Mental Armor Against Death and Wounds

In the September *Nautilus* is given an account of a number of cases of making soldiers bullet proof. The magician who is said to do this is a Doctor Frederick Rawson, a Christian Scientist. He declares his method is the "Practical utilization of the processes of God by right thinking." His procedure is said to be as follows: "Fixing his gaze, as though looking into space, he apparently became absorbed in deep contemplation and said aloud: 'There is no danger; man is surrounded by Divine love; there is no matter; all is Spirit and the manifestation of Spirit.'"

The article states that Dr. Rawson has two hundred cases a week and over one hundred assistants. The most amazing instances are given of immunity to wounds and death by those who have been treated and marvelous recoveries from mortal wounds of those who waited so long before taking the treatment.

Troops who had to cross five hundred yards of no man's land were "treated" by a Captain for an hour before they started and *not a man was knocked out.*

This Captain is said to have had a bullet fired at him from only five yards, which hit him over the chest. It tore his shirt and went out at the shoulder, but never penetrated his chest.

A whole regiment is said to have been eight weeks under shell fire without a man being touched, while all the other regiments were losing men daily.

Numerous instances are given of wonderful escapes of individuals who had been treated while all their fellows were wiped out.

Perhaps the most amazing statement is that said to be given by a Lieut.-Colonel:—"He was wounded in the left shoulder. The bullet entered by the collar bone, but when the doctors examined him, though there was no trace of the bullet having passed through and out, no bullet was to be found." Lieut.-Colonel B. is of the opinion that it was dematerialized by treatment.

Dr. Rawson is reported as saying by way of explanation of his miracles,—“Nearly all other kinds of practitioners think of the spiritual reality of the man. I don't! I think of the perfection of God and of Heaven, without thinking of the patient in any way.”

He thinks that in about twelve months the whole world will know the effect of thought, and that then it will be possible to “raise the dead.”

For some time we have been hearing statements such as “No Christian Scientists have been killed in the war,” which we have dismissed from our minds as the usual extravagance, but after having read this in which much possible corroborative and specific testimony is alleged to have been given, we are wondering whether we are stark staring crazy.

We have studied the power of thought and the hidden laws of being for many years, we know the possibilities of operating the laws of nature so as to produce phenomena which are seemingly directly and diametrically opposed to the known physical laws, but we find it distinctly impossible to credit for one instant such amazing results from a simple affirmation, that “there is no danger, there is no matter, all is spirit, etc.”

Understanding something of the law of man's destiny, we can well believe that many soldiers will go through the war and have miraculous escapes, without being either killed or wounded, and if some of them happen to be Christian Scientists we will expect them to give that teaching due credit. But to accept the statement that whole regiments or companies of soldiers can advance upon the enemy in the face of artillery, rifle and machine gun fire without a man being hit and all because one man repeated this impersonal statement for an hour, is taxing our credulity to the breaking point.

It is even difficult to treat the thing seriously. If one will carry the idea to its logical conclusions, death would be overcome, war would cease because no one could be killed or even injured. We could fire 42 centimeter guns at each other at point blank

range without any other effect than the expenditure of ammunition. We could blaze at each other with rifle and machine gun but the bullets would have to dematerialize. We could shower each other with flaming liquids or poisonous gas but they could not hurt us. All fighting would be impossible because we could not even hit each other. An aviator whose machine broke or who fell out would, we suppose, come gently floating down to earth uninjured, U-boats would have to go out of business.

In ordinary life all accidents would cease, we could walk into or out of a house on fire quite comfortably, or swim across the Atlantic Ocean without danger of drowning, probably no one would die, but if he did we would have to call in the nearest practitioner to "raise" him.

We feel like apologizing to our readers for giving the subject so much attention, but it is actually being taken seriously by many, which perhaps is the most miraculous thing of all.

Billy Sunday and Christianity

For some years now, the Rev. William Sunday, or Billy as he is familiarly called, has been campaigning in various large cities. The sensationalism of his preaching, the vulgarity of his methods, the efficient business organization of his campaigns have made him notorious throughout the country, and millions of people have seen and heard him.

Our newspapers have made much of him, his sermons have been quoted extensively, particularly his slang. Everyone is familiar with "the sawdust trail," "trail hitters," and the reports of the thousands who have "come to Jesus" by shaking Billy's hand.

Many who have disliked his methods and disagreed with his theology, have nevertheless been impressed by the number of the converts and the apparent good he has done in inducing men and women to lead better lives.

New York City—that alleged metropolis of mammon, the city of sin and evil par excellence—has seen Billy's latest effort. The papers were full of him. The huge tabernacle built for the purpose was packed twice daily. We were duly regaled with reports of the tens of thousands who had accepted his invitation to "hit the trail and accept Jesus Christ." The campaign was reported to be a great success with a total of 98,000 trail hitters.

Many of the ministers and churches of the city had combined together to invite Sunday and back up the work, hoping and expecting the consequent filling of their churches after it was over. Large sums of money were expended, and every possible effort made to accomplish a great religious revival.

What a shock it must be, therefore, to these gentlemen supporting the campaign to discover that success was only apparent and the actual result practically nil.

In the *New York Times Magazine* of August 12th is given the result of a careful canvass of the residents of a district of New York, having the extra advantage of being close to the tabernacle. *Two hundred and fifty-three* cards signed were followed up. Of these 174 were found to be church members regularly attending service; 19 were not known, probably having given fictitious addresses; and 12 certainly did so, as the addresses were found to be vacant lots, storehouses, etc.; 8 were connected with Sunday Schools and attending regularly; 11 were church members who for various reasons had fallen off in church attendance; 12 were non-church members but attended services more or less frequently. This accounts for 236. The remaining 17, or not quite 7 per cent, were not converts at all, and were more or less lukewarm about the matter.

The investigator, a clergyman himself, writes : "In my entire work I did not come across a single case of a person leading, or who had been leading, a vicious life. If Billy Sunday succeeded in reaching and awakening to a 'new life' any of the 'booze fighters,' gamblers, and other bad characters that he so often exhorted, they signed no cards that passed through my hands."

If these figures are typical, the revivalism of Billy Sunday is, as we have long suspected, a ridiculous but extremely expensive farce. He is a mirth-provoking curious show, which people want to see and therefore go to see when they have the chance. We have never believed that such sensational, vulgar and ludicrous presentations of the Christian teachings could ever do more than influence the emotions of a few. Sunday may be thoroughly sincere and earnest, we believe he is, but his crude teachings are of the past and have no appeal to modern minds. It is more than probable that he is proving himself the greatest adversary of Christianity, because he is presenting the real teaching of the churches and not glossing over or omitting mention of those which are confessedly obsolete and absurd, as many of the preachers do. The Christianity of the churches is indeed in a parlous state when those churches combine all their forces together in a supreme effort to reawaken interest and fail so signally.

It is fully time that ministers of the Gospel, as they call themselves, should awaken to the obvious fact that emotional appeals and a play upon fear are no longer effective, and that the message they bear must be rewritten in terms of appeal to reason.

"War Problems in the Light of the Philosophy of Zoroaster, the Sage and Prophet of Ancient Persia"

By F. C. BIRDI

Almost the whole earth is now passing through the shadow of the Great War in one way or another. Our religion, our society, our civilization, our ideals, hopes and fears are all, all affected by it. Nay, we are almost losing faith in ourselves, and our gods. In fact, we do not really quite understand what all this misery and suffering on good God's good earth is for. It seems as it were the whole earth were being overhauled. There is something wrong somewhere. Might is right once more, as of yore; and in spite of our boasted Religion, Civilization, Education, we are no better than the savage. Nineteen hundred years of preaching and teaching have not even touched the savage and the brute in us. Consequently, it is natural for men to make an effort for the solution of these great world problems. Thinkers, like Ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, H. G. Wells, Dr. Durant Drake, Mr. Bernard Shaw, William James, and a host of others are, therefore, giving expression, in their own way, to this mighty wave of dissatisfaction and unrest and doubt that is surging through the bosom of humanity at this juncture. Say they, with H. G. Wells:—"If people like Teddy are to be killed, then all our ideas that life is meant for honesty, and sweetness and happiness are wrong, and this world is just a place of devils; just a cruel, dirty hell. Getting born would be getting damned. The world is just a place of cruel things. It is all set with knives. It is full of diseases and accidents. As for God—either there is no God—or He is an idiot. He is a slobbering idiot. He is like some idiot who pulls off the wings of flies. Why, if I thought there was an omnipotent God who looked down on battles and death, and all the waste and horror of this war—able to prevent these things—doing them to amuse himself—I would spit in his empty face."

This problem of good and evil has taxed the minds and wits of the greatest philosophers and sages from the very beginning of time. Paradoxical as it may seem, some of the theories propounded about 4000 years ago afford a tolerably satisfactory solution to many a problem of our present-day suffering world. Zarathushtra or Zoroaster, the Sage and Prophet of Ancient Iran or Persia, is said to have flourished about 4000 years ago, but

his religion in its fundamental ideas and essential spirit approximates wonderfully to those of the most advanced modern thought, and gives the outline of a creed which goes further than any other to meet the practical wants of the present day, and to reconcile the conflict between faith and science. Consequently, it would not be out of place, particularly at this critical time, to give a few thoughts from the philosophy of Zend Avesta and other sacred books of this ancient Prophet of the Parsis.

"One day thousands of years ago Sapatama Zarathushtra stood before the sacred fire, surrounded by a circle of his sacred followers, meditating on this question of questions. Having contemplated the beams of fire for a long time, with a most pious mind, he lifted his divine countenance to his followers and said:—In the beginning there was a pair of twins, two spirits, each of a peculiar activity; these are the good and the base—in thought, word and deed. Choose one of these two spirits. Be good, not base. (Yas. 30.1.3.)

The Zoroastrian God is the causer of all causes, creator as well as the destroyer, increaser as well as the decreaser. How is it then that he brings about these two contrary results? "This pair of Twins solves the difficult problem of the world," says Samuel Laing, "better than any other philosophical system that the human mind has ever conceived. This and this alone seems to me to afford a working hypothesis which is based on facts, can be brought into harmony with the existing environment, and embraces in a wider synthesis all that is good in other philosophies and systems." Manu's Dwan-dvan, Plato's doctrine of the Same and Others, Newton's Law of Action and Reaction, Ruskin's and Knight's Law of Contrast, Emerson's Law of Compensation, Samuel Laing's Law of Polarity, Madame Blavatsky's Principle of Light and Shade, are all comprehended, and much more in the simple Twins of Zoroaster. Zoroaster supposed that there were two primeval causes at the base of every conceivable object both in the world of matter and of thought, and though they were apparently different, they were really inseparably united from the beginning of time, and consequently called Twins. "An inevitable dualism," says Emerson, "bisects Nature so that each thing is a self and suggests another thing to make it whole, as, spirit—matter, man—woman, odd—even, subjective—objective, in—out, upper—under, motion—rest, yea—nay." The doctrines of this ancient religion are extremely simple. The leading idea is that of Monotheism, but the one God has far fewer anthropomorphic attributes and is relegated much farther back into the vague and infinite than the God of any other monotheistic religion.

Ahura-Mazda, of which the more familiar appellation Ormuzd is an abbreviation, means the "all-knowing God;" He is said sometimes to dwell in the infinite, luminous space, and sometimes to be identical with it. He is, in fact, not unlike the inscrutable First Cause, whom we may regard with awe and reverence, with love and hope, but whom we cannot pretend to define, or to understand. But the radical difference between Zoroastrianism and other religions is that it does not conceive of this One God as an Omnipotent Creator, who might make the Universe as He chose, and therefore was directly responsible for all the evil in it, but as a being acting by certain fixed laws, one of which was, for reasons totally inscrutable to us, that existence implied polarity, and therefore that there could be no good without corresponding evil.

"And these two spirits," says Zoroaster, "united, created the first (object); one, the Reality; the other, the Non-reality. Under the category of Reality falls all that is good, true and beautiful; while all that is evil, false and ugly belongs to the sphere of Non-reality. The two principles, as we have been told, prevail everywhere, and consequently, *they are present in man as well as the Creator of men, Ahura Mazda*. This latter fact must be carefully borne in mind, for the opinion is generally entertained that Zoroaster preached Dualism or two originally independent spirits, one good, and the other base, distinct from each other, and one counteracting the creation of another. This opinion is the natural outcome of confusing his dualistic philosophy with his theology, which was always monotheistic. Having realized the unity and the indivisibility of the Supreme Being, Zoroaster called Ahura Mazda, "the Creator of the earthly and spiritual life, the Lord of the whole Universe, in whose hands are all the creatures." There are important passages in the Gathas to show that in Ahura-Mazda were united both Spento-Mainyush and Angro-Mainyush (as the two spirits were called when united in the Supreme Being). Such is the original Zoroastrian notion of the two creative spirits; and, in fact, we never find a separate evil spirit of equal power with Ahura Mazda, and constantly opposed to Him, in Gathas as in the later writings, such as Vendidad. Having now seen how Ahura-Mazda comprehends within Himself the two primeval principles of Zoroaster, we shall now trace them very briefly, with the help of Samuel Laing and Dr. Wadia, in His Manifested Self, the physical world around us.

As far as our present knowledge extends the physical world is composed of the following three elements—ether, energy and matter. Now matter is composed of molecules, and molecules are made up of atoms, which again consist of electrons. The

modern scientist suggests that matter is only another form of energy, and that energy will be ultimately found to be the one reality of nature. The importance of the last statement will be recognized when we consider that it means that minute as the electrons, and atoms, and molecules are, we must conceive of them not as stationary and indissolubly connected, but rather as little solar systems of revolving electrons, atoms and molecules held together as separate systems so long as they are under the control of their proper energies and motions, but likely to be broken up to form new combinations as soon as they are brought within the sphere of action of some superior force. What is this superior force which thus forms, un-forms, re-forms the various combinations of atomic and molecular systems by which the world is built up from its constituent elements? It is Polarity. And Polarity is only a scientific term for the two primeval principles of Zoroaster. In a magnet with its two poles we see it in its simplest forms. In chemical affinities and repulsions of matter, and in electricity we see the same law manifested. When we come to the organic world, that is, from the simpler to the more complex forms, we find Polarity appears as a general law under which, as the simple and absolute becomes complex by evolution, it does so under the condition of developing contrasts or opposite polarities, by which one half of the organic world maintains and is maintained by the other half. The animal inhales the oxygen set free by the plant, and exhales carbonic dioxide for the life of the plant. Thus a complete polarity is established, the plant and the animals act as necessary complements of each other, where the existence of either would be impossible without the other. As we ascend the scale of creation we come to the polarity of sex. Being unlike, the sexes attract each other with a kind of chemical affinity. Each has what the other has not, each completes the other. In Biology we find the same law of Polarity, so that life is evolved and balanced by the two conflicting forces of Heredity and Variation. In Astronomy we have the Centripetal and Centrifugal forces. In Mathematics we have for every plus a corresponding minus, and for every multiplication a corresponding division. In Logic we have two opposite methods, a-priori and a-posteriori. In Mechanics we have the static and the dynamic forces. In Nature we have day and night; yet both are necessary to give an interchange of work and rest so necessary for all organic life. In Politics the rulers and the ruled. In Society, master and servant, Capital and Labor, Individualism and Socialism, Free Trade and Protection. In Ethics, right and wrong virtue and vice, good and evil. In Metaphysics, body and soul,

free will and destiny, real and ideal, objective and subjective, phenomenon and numenon, matter and spirit, reason and intuition. The same dualism prevails in art and literature, poetry and drama, painting and music, architecture and sculpture, showing all kinds of differences and contrasts, light and shade, beauty and deformity, harmony and discord, *all necessary for acquiring a clear perception and knowledge.*

Even in our daily round of life we come across these Twins of Zoroaster in their manifold aspects of the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, love and hatred, pleasure and pain, victory and defeat, labor and thought, work and play. Both are indispensable, and we could not get rid of the one without at the same time getting rid of the other. Nature is like a mighty balance holding in its scales an absolutely equal quantity of the two opposite states of things. It emphasizes that in all seeming evil there is partial good. "The toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." Evil is absolutely necessary that the good may be known and felt, just as darkness is needed that the light may be seen, or silence that the sound may be heard. The nature of evil may be partially explained by the nature of shadows in a picture, as shadows have no reality nor any use apart from the lighted objects of which they are the shadows, so evil may have no reality nor any use apart from the good of which it is only a shadow. "Dæmon est Deus inversus" was the favorite axiom of the Kabalists of old, the devil or evil is the shadow of God or good. This fact of the non-reality of the shadow apart from the light, or to put it in simpler terms, the dependence of shadow for its very existence on the lighted object, must be borne in mind, for it seems to explain by way of analogy what Zoroaster meant by Akem Mano, which though literally meaning evil mind, was used by him as a philosophical term to designate his principle of non-existence, non-reality, which is the cause of all evil. Nay, paradoxical as it may sound, all our highest realities of life spring from the prevalence of evil. "But what a task was it," says Goethe, "not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace, but also to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despoise, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognize these things as *divine*; nay, even on sin and crime not as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances of what is holy." Hence the so-called evil is not really evil as most of us understand it; that it can never be destroyed any more than we can permanently dispel darkness; that the frightful golden age of Saturn and Yima, when evil was un-

known, and the world was one unending scene of brightness and heavenly bliss, can never return and ought never to return, for if it did, that instant would see the death of all that is highest and noblest in man. And we are perfectly assured of the other fact that "It is merely the tool in the hands of the Highest, performing its appointed task in the ultimate furtherances of the Divine Purpose."

"We harness the untamed fury of the horse, or check the wild career of the rushing waterfall, and use the energy thus harnessed for various purposes; so also can we do with evil. We can harness its wild self-destructive power, and change it into harmonious energy for the furtherance of what is good and desirable. In such harnessing have the great minds of old solved the problem of evil. "The Rod of Righteousness," the Nav-gireh or nine-jointed staff, which Zoroaster holds in his hand in the famous rock-sculpture of Tacht-i-Bostan, is partly a weapon of defence against the demons, but mainly it is a symbol of the power he possessed of curbing, subjugating or smiting evil, but never of destroying it.

"There is then this conflict between the two opposing powers. A great cleft runs through the entire world, dividing it into two realms, the two controlling powers counter-balancing each other. Yet this dualism is neither absolute nor eternal. Rather is it "an episode in the existence of Ormuzd," for He is the supreme and only God; omnipresent, omniscient, *but not yet omnipotent*, because coeval with Him, though not coeternal, is Ahriman. In other words, Zoroaster's dualism is temporary. According to Zoroaster then the world is a battlefield on which every human being is a soldier, fighting on the side of Ahura Mazda and his archangels and angels, or on the side of Angro-Mainyus and his archdemons and demons. The weapons used by the good soldiers are not swords but ploughshares; not guns, but good thoughts, good words and good deeds."

"Now, therefore, we can safely maintain the proposition with which we started that the Twins of Zoroaster prevail not only throughout the inorganic matter, but also throughout the organic world of life. They are present in the highest manifestation of human life and character, as well as in the noblest products of its evolution—in religion, art and philosophy. In short, for some reasons unknown to us, they are the essential conditions of all existence within the sphere of human thought and human knowledge, and that what is behind and beyond is the great, mysterious Un———Who dares to name Him? Oh, the depth of the riches both of wisdom and knowledge of God? How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

"What a grand philosophy," says Dr. Wadia, "how perfectly it meets every want of our daily life? How restful and how happy we feel when we once master the working of this fundamental principle of the Universe, and realize the truth that all Nature is but art, unknown to us; all chance, direction which we cannot see; all discord, harmony, not understood; all partial evil, universal good, as Pope puts it. No longer do we foolishly dream dreams of a world without a shadow. No longer do we murmur at the evil or the sorrow that enters our life in the appointed course of events. No longer do we doubt that "Whatever is, is right," nor have any misgiving about the justice and the unchanging love of God, in spite of the folly and wickedness of men, and the harsh realities of Nature, which "red in tooth and claw with raving shrieks against the creed." This sublime philosophy teaches us that all wisdom lies in temperance, and breeds in us a spirit of tolerance and charity. For it tells that even in the best of us there is the lower nature that subserves the great principle of Evil, and therefore it behooves us to treat with large-hearted charity and broad-minded toleration those of our fellowmen, who either from inherited defects or unfortunate condition of education and outward circumstances, unrealizing the higher, fall more under the sway of their lower nature than we do, and in consequence lead an unlovely life of lustful creatures and irrational beings. Consider, gentle reader, had you and I been in their place, could we have done better?

"The great advantage of this form of religious hypothesis," says Samuel Laing, "which for want of a better name I call Zoroastrianism, is that, in the first place, it gets rid of the antagonism between religion and science, for there is no possible discovery of science which is irreconcilable with the fact that there is a necessary and inevitable polarity of good and evil, and in the background a great unknown, which may be regarded with those feelings and aspirations which are inseparable from human nature. And, secondly, there is the still greater advantage that we can devote ourselves with a whole heart and devoted mind to the worship of the good principle, without paltering with our moral nature by professing to love and adore a Being who is the author of all the evil and misery in the world as well as of the good. If it were really true that there were such a Being as theologians describe, who created the immense majority of the human race vessels of wrath doomed to eternal punishment, either from pure caprice or to avenge the slight offered to him by the disobedience of a remote ancestor, what would be the attitude of every healthy human soul towards such a Being? Rather that of Prometheus

or Satan than of Gabriel or Michael; of heroic defiance than of abject submission. We may gloss this over in words, but the fact remains, and it is difficult to overestimate the amount of evil which has resulted in the world from this confusion of moral sentiments, *which has made good men do devil's work in the belief that it had Divine sanction.*"

In view of the tragic drama that is being played, at this very moment, on the battlefields of Europe, I shall stop here, and leave my readers to reflect.

1917 in Correspondence with the Egyptian Year

By the COUNT DE MACGREGOR DE GLENSTRAE

(Continued from September Number)

SEASON=SHÔM; Time of Crops, or Gathering in,
No. & Name of Month; 11. EPHIPHI.
Memphitic Coptic=EPEP.
Sahidic Coptic=EPÊPH, or EPEP.
Modern Copto-Arab=Ebib.

PROTECTING DIVINITY:—*Ramesseum*=The Goddess APÊT, Human-headed and crowned with the "*teshr*" or Crown of Lower Egypt. She is a well-known local Deity of Thebes.

Temple of Edfou=A Hawk-headed Goddess, "APÊT the praised or blessed."

EGYPTIAN
DATE.
EPIPHI.

A. D. 1917.
DATE.
MAY.
30th.

1st.

Probably the Festival in honour of APIS, the Sacred Bull, which lasted several Days. "APIS, also called EPAPHUS, is a young bull, whose mother can have no other offspring, and who is reported by the Egyptians to conceive from Lightning sent from Heaven, and thus to produce the God APIS. He is known by certain marks; his hair is black; on his forehead is a white triangular spot, on back an eagle or hawk, and the mark of a beetle under his tongue and the hair of his tail is double." Plutarch says that Apis is considered as being the animated image of OSIRIS, and he is conceived when a generative light falls strongly from the Moon and touches a Cow that is in heat; for which cause many of the decorations of APIS resemble the appearances of the Moon; for he blackens over his shining parts with dusky robes. For it is on the New Moon of the Month PHAMENOTH that they hold the Festival called "The Entrance of Osiris into the Moon," being the Commencement of Spring. Thus do they place the power of OSIRIS within the Moon, and say that ISIS, being cause of his birth is also His Consort."

MAY.

2nd.

31st.

3rd.
4th.

Festival of the First Sacrifice offered by HORUS, Son of ISIS.

JUNE.
1st.
2nd.

5th.
6th.
7th.
8th.
9th.
10th.
11th.
12th.
13th.
14th.
15th.
16th.
17th.
18th.
19th.
20th.
21st.
22nd.
23rd.
24th.
25th.
26th.
27th.
28th.
29th.

Full Moon in Sagittarius.

About this date the Etesian Winds begin.

From the 17th to the 20th of June, the tears of Isis for Osiris initiate the Inundation. Also they call the Star Sirius, "The Water-Carrier of Isis."

New Moon in extreme end of Gemini.

Summer Solstice.

Entry of the Sun into Cancer.

Plutarch observes: "Truly in the Sacred Hymns of OSIRIS, they invoke Him Who is borne in the Arms of the Sun."

30th.

The Feast of the "Birthday of the Two Eyes of HORUS," when the Sun and Moon are in one straight Line. "For not only do they consider the Moon but also the Sun as the Eyes of HORUS."

SEASON=SHOM, Time of Crops or Gathering in.
No. & Name of Month; 12. MESORI.
Memphitic Coptic=MESORÉ.
Sahidic Coptic=MESORÉ.
Modern Copto-Arab=Mesoree.

PROTECTING DIVINITY:—The Hawk-headed Sun-God, crowned with the Solar Disc.

Temple of Edfou:—The Hawk-headed Sun-God HARMACHIS.

MESORI.

1st.

Feast of the SUN, especially celebrated at Heliopolis, or ON. In this Month are the Celebrations relating to the Rise of the Nile. Kircher, quoting earlier authorities, says: "But not only the Nile, but all humidity simply, they call the Efflux of OSIRIS, and in the Poms and Processions there ever goeth before the Sacred Things the Water-Vase in honour of the God."

2nd.
3rd.
4th.
5th.
6th.
7th.
8th.

Full Moon in Capricorn.

The Festival of HARPOCRATES celebrated with vegetables and fruits. Also the Festival of the God of the Tongue when different kinds of Pulse were served up, and the assistants chanted: "The Tongue is Fortune; the Tongue (i.e. Articulate Speech) is a Deity." And

3rd.
4th.
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22nd.
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25th.
26th.
27th.

28th.

JUNE.
29th.

30th.
JULY.
1st.
2nd.
3rd.
4th.
5th.
6th.

of all the plants growing in Egypt they say that the Persea tree is the most Sacred to the Gods, because its fruit resembles a heart, and its leaf a tongue.

9th.
10th.
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22nd.
23rd.

Festival of the "Marriage of the Nile."

New Moon in end of Cancer.

Entry of the Sun into Leo. The festival of the conjunction of OSIRIS and ISIS. They honour the sign of the Lion, and decorate the gateways, etc., of temples with gaping lions' heads, because the Nile swells when first the Sun is joined to the lion. (Also even now we decorate knockers of doors, gargoyles, water-spouts, etc., with lions' heads.) And as the Egyptians call the Nile "The Issue or OSIRIS, so do they regard the earth as "The Body of ISIS;" not indeed the whole earth, but just as much as the Nile inundates, fecundating and mingling with it; for from this union is HORUS begotten. HORUS is that Power which preserveth and nourisheth all things, and is the regulator of the seasons and of the circumambient air; (also his name HORUS is connected with "Hora," an Hour), and (Plutarch continues), the Egyptians say that he was nursed by LETO in the marshes round Buto, because the watery and thoroughly soaked Earth chiefly nurses the exhalations that quench and relax the dryness and drought of the Air. "NEPHTHYS" they call the remotest parts and boundaries of the land, and those contiguous to the Sea; for which reason they style NEPHTHYS "The End," and say that she is the consort of TY-PHON. And when the Nile rising still more approaches on the opposite side the extremities of the country they call this the conjunction of OSIRIS with NEPHTHYS, which is betrayed by the springing up of plants; among which is the Melilot. And thus ANUBIS is born from NEPHTHYS as HORUS from ISIS.

26th.
27th.
28th.
29th.

24th.
25th.
26th.
27th.

"Armouth" may mean Foster-Mother of Horus =Bouto, so very probably the Goddess of the Month Pharmouthi is Bouto, in which case the festival would be=March 1st, 1917, though perhaps the Festival of BOUTO mentioned by Herodotus, was celebrated about this date.

Festival of the Lesser Year of 360 Days.

30th.

28th.

THE "PABOT NKOU DJI" or "SMALL MONTH," being the "BIRTHDAYS OF THE 5 GODS," THE EPACT, or the five EPAGOMENAL DAYS added to the Year of 360 Days by THOTH.

1st.

The day of the BIRTH OF OSIRIS. (The Sun being near the fixed star REGULUS, called the King Star of the Sign of the Lion.) And it is said that at the Birth of OSIRIS a Great Voice pealed forth crying, "THE LORD OF ALL THINGS COMETH FORTH INTO THE LIGHT." And again that Voice cried aloud and said, "THE GREAT KING, OSIRIS THE BENEFICIENT, IS NOW BORN," and they say that Pamyélé, as she was drawing Water in the Temple of AMOUN at Thebes, heard this Voice. And the Festival of the Pamyelia was celebrated in her honour as the Foster-Mother of Orisis, in the month of PHAMENOTH, which see.

29th.

2nd.

The DAY of the BIRTH of AROERIS, or the ELDER HORUS. He is said to have been begotten from the conjunction of OSIRIS and ISIS before these latter had been themselves born from RHEA. And Plutarch observes, that this BIRTH of the ELDER HORUS that came about between ISIS and OSIRIS, whilst these Gods were as yet unborn, darkly expresses that this world first became visible, and that matter, being proved to be incomplete in itself, was perfected by the Word (the LOGOS) and thus produced the First Birth. On the which account they tell that this God AROUERIS was as it were *lame* and lying in *darkness*, and they name him the "ELDER HORUS;" for the World did not exist, but as an IMAGE, or as it were a SPECTRE of the World that WAS TO BE. (THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION ON AN ANCIENT MONUMENT REFERRING TO OSIRIS, IS GIVEN BY DIODORUS SICULUS AND OTHERS: "SATURN (or KRONOS), the Youngest of all the GODS, was my father. I am OSIRIS, the KING; I have travelled through the whole universe even unto the extremities of the deserts of INDIA; from thence towards the NORTH unto the sources of the Ister; and after that through the remaining parts of the world unto the OCEAN: — "I am the elder son of SATURN, descended from an illustrious Stem, and from generous blood THE WHICH PRODUCED NO SEED (meaning 'of a Miraculous Conception and Birth'). There is no place where I have not been. I have visited all the nations in order to teach them all things of which I have been the inventor.")

30th.

3rd.

The DAY of the BIRTH of TYPHON-SETH, Who became the EVIL FORCE. Plutarch says: "On the Third of these Days was born TYPHON, neither in the due time, nor in the right season.

31st.

(To be Continued)

India Loyal to Great Britain

By ELEANOR MADDOCK

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In view of the agitation in India for Home Rule by Mrs. Annie Besant the President, and other prominent members of the Theosophical Society in India, and more especially as Mr. Warrington, the President of the American National Society, is urging all American members to petition President Wilson and back up the agitation, notwithstanding the fact that Great Britain is our ally and has enough trouble on her hands, we have sought and obtained the following article on the truth about the conditions in India written by one who knows both India and the Indian.

Now since the American Government has eliminated that hot-bed of intrigue in San Francisco, consisting of a group of young Calcutta Bengalis, together with their seditious newspaper, known as the *Gadar*, people in this country will be hearing less about "Home Rule for India.

And, curiously enough, simultaneously with the action taken by the arrest of the editor, Ram Chandra, things were happening at Adyar, India, where an internment order was served by the Governor of Madras on Mrs. Annie Besant, president of the Theosophical Society, and two of her colleagues. The order requires her to leave Adyar and to take up her residence in any one of six specified areas. Further restrictions prohibit her from speaking in public, or publishing—the latter probably has reference to a newspaper which she owned and controlled as a vehicle for spreading her home rule agitation throughout the seditious centres of Bengal.

A correspondent writing from Bombay to the *London Times* says that:—"The internment of Mrs. Besant is generally regarded as a just measure against one whose Home Rule propaganda has been distinguished more by violent language, vilifying everything British or Western, than by a desire to advance the cause of India. And Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for India, during a discussion in Parliament voiced a decisive note when he said that "Mrs. Besant has been engaged in a dangerous political agitation, which might become highly dangerous and even disastrous to British India. Her operations have come to the notice of more than one Government, and I cannot for a moment entertain any doubt as to the wisdom of the course which the Government of Madras has taken."

Now this ought to be convincing enough for anyone with even a limited knowledge of the situation. But to those who are still under the spell of this wonderful woman—gifted with a marvellous eloquence of tongue and pen—the statement can be

made, with no lack of proof to support it, that India does not, nor did she ever, want Home Rule. By this I mean the real Indians of India, those of the pure Aryan Hindu blood as represented by the ruling Chiefs and Princes of the various native states in the North, and in the vast territory of Central India.

In these days of intercommunication India is no longer regarded as a "terra incognita" where millions cry for light under a blazing orb, of mysterious harems and wicked crocodiles, partial to a human infant diet, but rather a land where the very soil, in which lie cities buried one above the other, is steeped in the ancient wisdom of a civilization that was old when America was virgin forest, and the British Isles overrun with naked barbarians. A land where western ideas of democracy will never take root—at least not in their present form—the people do not understand such a style of government, they cling tenaciously to the traditions of royalty handed down to them by their ancestors, and their instinctive desire is to be ruled by an aristocratic power that is not responsible to an inferior. Great Britain has realized this, and is encouraging a policy of self-government in the native states where the ruling chief is practically king of his own domain. A policy that is exercising a notably stimulating influence towards awakening in the sons of India a desire for the restoration of her ancient ideals.

But the people of the Province of Bengal seem to be the "fly in the ointment," for, not belonging to the pure Aryan-Hindu civilization they have no sympathy with its traditions. History records that when the Aryan, or white race, migrated from the North of India down to the moist jungles of Bengal, they found them inhabited by a dark race of negroid type, with whom in process of time some of them intermarried, thus a new race was segregated known to-day as the Bengali. Numbers of their original prototypes are still to be found in the sweltering coal mine region of the Santhal Purgunnas. Among the Bengalis are a few poets, musicians, authors, students and professional men whose talents no doubt are inherited from their Aryan-Hindu ancestors, yet, the wild strain of negroid blood, the heritage from their jungle forebears manifests itself in a love of political intrigue that makes them rebel against any form of government, be it imperial or democratic. These, then, are the people who are clamoring for Home Rule with whom Mrs. Besant has allied herself.

Young Bengali students who have access to the women's clubs and occult societies in America, tell harrowing tales of India's abject slavery, of how "millions" die from disease and

famine through the neglect of a tyrannical government—statements which they think are difficult to disprove at a distance of fourteen thousand miles. And then, too, as I heard one of them remark with a sneering laugh, "O! the Americans are fools, we can tell them anything we like, they will believe anything." Yet, not a few of these "dark faces" have found that to presume too far on credulity in America is not safe.

Two years ago when in India we were taken by a friend—in charge of the Calcutta Improvement Works, a department of the government—into the heart of what was the plague and cholera infested district of Burra Bazar, Calcutta, where, during epidemics thousands of natives used to die like rats, and, strange as it may seem, for years all attempts to improve the conditions have been made impossible by the fanatical resistance of the people themselves. But at last the "tyrannical government" has adopted heroic measures, buildings in whole streets where the sun never shone have been torn down and are being replaced by wide thoroughfares and proper sanitation, all in the face of violent opposition. Workmen were attacked when they had actually to drag the people out of reeking holes and passages. This is by no means an over-drawn picture of the Bengali "at home."

You would have had no doubt of India's loyalty to Great Britain had you stood on the deck of the S. S. "City of London" as I did in the autumn of 1914, watching, until far into the night, the amazing spectacle of fifty-one transports from India while they passed slowly out of the Suez Canal on their way to Marseilles—packed to the rails with native troops. Sikhs and Gurkhas from the Northern border, Pathans from Afghanistan, and the aristocratic Rajputs from Rajputana—the latter of India's great warrior caste—all going forth into the unknown to fight for England—and for India.

The detailed account of the nine Maharajas of independent states who offered, not only themselves for active service in France and Belgium in those first momentous days of high pressure following the declaration of war, but also their revenues and state jewels, has now passed into history. The Maharaja of Bikaner sent his famous desert camel corps—that has saved the Suez Canal. The Maharaja of Mysore alone gave fifty lakhs of rupees—or one and a half million dollars; and the great Nizam of Hyderabad cabled the London War Office that it need never lack for funds "while a gold mohur remained in the coffers of Hyderabad."

Again you have only to journey northward into the Punjab, and the edge of the Great Indian Desert, now redeemed from

disease and famine by the stupendous system of irrigation canals, to see what Great Britain has done for India. Her ruling Princes fully appreciate the benefit, if others do not, as from the viewpoint of self-interest alone, they know what it would mean if the protection of the British Raj was removed. They know too their own turbulent blood and caste prejudices, and the necessity for some diplomatic power to settle the disputes that are constantly arising between themselves.

And more than all else are they awake to the danger menacing their caste system—which is their life. The strict Hindu castes never eat animal food, and to the followers of the Moslem religion the eating of pig is an unspeakable abomination, and as the German diet consists largely of this unclean animal it follows that neither Hindu nor Mohamedan is keen to exchange the beef-fed Englishman for the swine-eating German, for, while they may have had differences with the former in the past—they know him. And in view of recent events there is no disguising the fact that could Mrs. Besant and her Bengali followers have had their way in the Home Rule project, the German hordes—judging from their other atrocities—would probably be killing sacred bulls and swine in the ancient temples, with the certain result that a revolt of rage and horror at the sacrilege would have shaken India from the Himalayas to Cape Cormorin.

It is only human to feel a little sorry for the grey-haired, bowed and age-worn old woman who will ere long pass out through the portals of this incarnation—a traitor to her country in its hour of trial. The erstwhile brilliantly clever Annie Besant, born with all the gifts, but withal a fatal strain of fanaticism, and while possessing the power to lead others, she has throughout her life been curiously negative to the suggestion of certain individuals who have played upon her ambition and vanity, for their own ends—as did a certain Hindu theosophist, seeking preferment, in the early days of her residence in India, when she became a Hindu by performing acts of merit, such as cutting her hair, crawling on her hands and knees around the “pilgrim way” at Benares, taking the vow of poverty—but stopping short of taking the vow of silence.

It is not digressing from the subject under consideration to mention, en passant, the subtle influence of destruction that has killed most of the ideals of the present Theosophical Society, and landed its president on the rocks enmeshed in a network of psychic idiocy woven by the GREAT DISSEMBLER, whose advent was foretold by H. P. B.

For years he sat on the beautiful palm-shaded roof-garden

of the Headquarters Building at Adyar, sheltered from all the worldly cares that harass the lives of men; with all comforts provided, and with swift-footed servants to wait upon him. Yet with all his accredited occult powers, he gave us no hint of this war that must have been foreshadowed in the astral light. Instead we were "fed-up" on astral fantasies, such as "Rents in the Veil of Time" penned whilst gazing down at the crumbling walls of H. P. B.'s old octagon bungalow, once hallowed by the feet of a *Master*.

Those who believed in the "arhatship" of the author he raised in fancy to the starry heavens, allotting to each a star of greater or lesser magnitude—according to his whim, shifting and arranging them about the Solar System somewhat as the old Delhi kings used to play with men and women on marble chess-boards—assuredly an agreeable pastime on a star-lit night in Southern India.

But having done his worst, his work is finished, and he too has passed into oblivion, while those who have stood the test are waiting for the next Dispensation.

ALAN LEO

It is with great regret, that, as we go to press, we learn of the death of Mr. Alan Leo, which occurred somewhat suddenly on the 30th of August.

Mr. Leo has been recently prosecuted in London for telling fortunes "with intent to deceive," which is considered a heinous offence in England as it is in this country. Mr. Leo was convicted and fined because a modern *Justice Shallow* refused to believe that Astrology could be anything else but fraud and bunkum.

It was clearly shown by Mr. Leo's counsel that the whole case turned on this point of "intent to deceive" and equally clearly proved, that Mr. Leo, having given thirty years of his life to the study and practice of Astrology with but little financial return, was thoroughly sincere in his faith in its truth and had therefore no intent to deceive.

However, the alderman thought he knew better, knowing nothing, and so found Mr. Leo guilty, and then made a bigger fool of himself than is customary with such gentry, by consenting to accept evidence as to the character of a man who he had first decided could not be anything but a fraud and a cheat.

Mr. Leo was one of the most sincere and earnest students of the day. He strove to place his loved science on the dignified level to which he knew it really belonged. No one has done more for Astrology than he, in arousing the interest of intelligent, educated people in this ancient occult art. His passing away from us is a loss to both the art and its devotees.

MICHAEL WHITTY.

The Philosophy of Symbolism

By GERTRUDE DE BIELSKA

HEREDITY

Heredity is of the Soul—not of the body!

Heredity is from the Thought, the Motive, and the Act—not from the flesh, or form, or parent.

Heredity is born with the Soul at conception and is the natural result of the human law the Soul has made for itself, somewhere in the process of its evolution.

Heredity registers the law in the body during gestation, then that body partakes of a form corresponding to the law that has been made by that soul. Indeed, conditions for that body were made by the Soul *before* it passed from earth-life, in its previous manifestation, so the body is in reality “resurrected” by the Soul at the time of conception. When the cycle comes round for a human Soul to incarnate it is drawn into that environment, which will enable it to express the character that has been made by it through its habits of Thought, Motive and Act of previous lives. If it comes into a family of certain marked features and characteristics of that family, it is because the Thought, Motive and Act demand that expression. Therefore a Soul possessing artistic tastes is drawn to a family of artists, musical talent to a family of musicians, skillful in medicine to a family of physicians, and so on. Its Heredity is its *own* Thought, its *own* Motive and its *own* Act. This Thought, Motive and Act form its character—character being the direct result of former lives. In this character are registered the *degrees of Consciousness* which govern the law under which it must incarnate.

As one comes to recognize this law and fully realize its importance in the process of evolution one is impressed with its absolute justice. No other Soul is responsible for its being what it is, nor where it is; it alone is responsible. The choice it has made as a result of its character in moments of crisis or otherwise, has determined its condition, and when, and where, and how it must work out that law of its own making. So the choice we make today, determines the conditions for tomorrow and presents a grave responsibility for the future.

But, you may say, where then does parental responsibility come in? For it is by no means lessened.

Parental responsibility begins *before* conception takes place, *before* the Soul incarnates. According to the *habitual* Thought or mental state of the parents, so is the condition formed for the *reception* of the incoming Soul. And again, a fit of anger or

jealousy, or any inordinate desire, within twenty-four hours of a conception, is said to open the way for a similar incarnation, possessing a body responding to these perversions—so likewise selfishness, pride, vanity, avarice, and other vices may become incarnated. While habitual unity, love, purity, benevolence and harmony attract its own into beautiful healthful bodies under the same law. Like attracts like in the psychic realms as well as in the realms of physics.

Parental responsibility should never cease until the child is three times seven years—twenty-one; parental *authority* should cease with twelve years of age; parental guidance should ever be the attitude towards the child after twelve years—counsel and guidance, but not authority. The turning points in a child's life are at the ages of 7, 10, 12 and 14. The first and last are indicated by the positions of Saturn in relation to the sign and degree occupied at birth; the second to the sign and degree ascending at birth and the third to the planet Jupiter as it returns to the sign and degree that it was in at birth.

A Soul does not belong to a parent because it gave it birth. A parent has no right whatever to dominate that Soul, to hold it subject or to make it subservient. Give the child's Soul its freedom, assist its individuality, educate it to think and act for itself, be watchful and always ready to prompt, to warn, to guide, to instruct, but never to dominate. Teach the child to *control itself*, to decide between right and wrong, to choose the right for its *own sake*, because *it is right* and not for the sake of reward. Of course this emancipates the child from physical punishment. When reproof or punishment is required let it be some means other than a slap, or shake or spank. Many of the souls incarnating now are very highly organized and require special training—and *training* they should have from their very cradles; good firm, substantial training, but not punishment.

Many a child is superior to its parents in this age, superior in mental as well as Soul acquirements, and as a rule parents require quite as much self control and training as the child, and often a Soul incarnates for the parent's discipline. It is doubtful if anything was ever gained by corporal punishment. It stands to reason that it must defeat its own end, if only in the anger, resentment and fear it may inculcate in the character of any one concerned. What love, firmness, justice and guidance will not do for the child had better be left for the child to overcome through its own experience. Parents should not interfere too strenuously with the working out of the individual law in their

child, because the lines of Fate are often only more entangled thereby.

Parents may do very much towards a helpful adjustment of character in their child, but it should be through counsel and guidance, as we have seen and not by force or abuse.

Through the Philosophy of Symbolism, the Science of Astrology and the Correspondences they include, there is a wonderful system which reveals the law under which a child is born. The Moon plays a most important part in this, in that she is always found at the conception to be rising or setting in the sign of the Zodiac that is rising or setting at birth, according as she may be increasing or decreasing in her light and above or below the horizon, thereby showing that the conception and physical birth are closely associated with that law of attraction and reciprocity that enables one to determine the special points of character that may dominate the life.

Zodiacal and planetary positions at the pre-natal epoch and physical birth enable a student to determine, not only the character, but to discover the links that bind the Soul to the past, present and future. The responsibility that the child bears to its parents is very great. The first twelve years it should be obedience, after twelve years to twenty-one, or to maturity, it should be love—willingness to be guided and instructed with respectful consideration for their years of experience, and later in life it becomes protective.

(To be continued)

Some strain of music from departed souls
Is wafted to me where my casement stands
All open to the night—I reach my hands
To stay this echo caught from Lethe's shoals.
There be strange cadences; the bell that tolls
The funeral of departed hopes; from lands
Where never shone the sun, from holier strands
Come sounds that cease not while Time's ocean rolls.
Of each of these is music somehow wrought
Some hope, some cadence, fading not while dawn
Doth gild the mountain tops of life with thought:
So here in fancy is my soul indrawn
To catch this chiming from the shores of death,
My heart rejoicing while it wondereth.

—Joseph Lewis French.

Thumb Nail Sketches of Creeds and Isms

By H. S. WHITCOMB

(Continued from last number)

The Rosecrucians

During the Middle Ages, when Materialism ruled and darkness hung over humanity in a black pall, Christian Rosenkrantz, thought to be a Polish or Austrian Monk, formed and initiated what has been called since, variously, "The Rosecrucians"—"The Rosecrucian Fraternity"—"The Rosecrucian Brotherhood." It was a secret order, based upon the teachings of Jesus, whose avowed object was to find and practice the inner ethical rules and moral code found in the teachings of Christ. Of course, the movement was scarcely under way, before its devotees discovered that the teachings of Christ were identical with Natural Law. Thus it is, while the Rosecrucians are ostensibly followers of Jesus, yet they are in reality but students of the laws of nature.

It is claimed, "Rosecrucianism" was but a branch of an older organization, the "Ancient School of The Masters," which directly inspired Christian Rosenkrantz in his work, as a protest to the materiality of the dark ages. However that may be, the Philosophy is unique in its presentation and well deserving of commendation and investigation.

Of course, there are many schools of the present day, claiming to be Rosecrucian, but which are but the veriest shams when their teachings are compared to the original in its purity of ideal and concept, yet, withal, there is sufficient left to inspire the casual student to an earnest inquiry into the laws of nature.

First and foremost, in all Rosecrucian writings, there is a noting of the clear distinction between the life of self effort of man; the life of a personal determination on the part of each individual to apply the *law of use* in developing his faculties, capacities and powers, in his own evolutionary unfoldment and development. This principle of progression, of evolution, is clearly recognized and understood. Contrarywise, the principle of mediumship is just as clearly known and understood as being a state of passivity and negation, of disintegration, of dissolution, and as they assert of spiritual death.

Perhaps if any criticism could be vouchsafed concerning this school of thought, it would be that its votaries rely too much upon the teachings of others and too little upon personal demonstration of facts. Too much upon speculative reasoning and too little upon the acquiring of definite scientific knowledge.

It is asserted by some of its teachers, that man can, by his own efforts and directing his attention along proper channels, "evolutionize" or develop his spiritual senses to such a point he can function independently on the spiritual planes. Assuming such assertion to be correct, it will be apparent man will open his spiritual eyes upon worlds and planes of the manifestation of intelligence in which indeed he is a stranger. Such being the case, his knowledge of his environment will depend upon his own rational conception, and the free use of his independent powers. No one would send a man with defective eyes to China where the very reporting of the facts would depend upon good eyes and a keen observation. And this is the fundamental difference between the "traveller in foreign lands" on the spiritual planes, who, on the one side, reasons purely by analogy based upon speculation, and on the other hand the "traveller" who *demonstrates* by scientific manner and methods at every step of the way.

In the early writings of the Rosecrucians, there is a distinct recognition of this principle of demonstration, as against speculation, which has grown less clear as time has gone on. Today there are many works, alleged to be written by the followers of the Rosecrucian order, of recent times, where it cannot be ascertained whether the facts set up have indeed been proved by scientific demonstration, or are the result of what *the author believes or has been told*.

The difficulty seems to be, that in the degree we leave the bed rock of scientific demonstration, in that degree do we plunge into a labyrinth of mysticism which not only confuses our comprehension of the real facts, but dwarfs and prevents the very understanding of our being, forcing us to live in an environment of the hazy dreams of imagination. It is only a question of time for such a mystic to reach a point, where he is useless to himself or to the world in general. And to be useless here means useless upon all the spiritual planes beyond the physical life, here and now.

The lesson to be learned is one of caution in accepting new doctrines and strange gods, and the development of conscience and reason through the *leading of a life* based on what we *know* is right. No man but what can *know* this, if he will but *do* it, and not stultify his manhood each day by compromising with the evil influences which beset us all.

(To be continued)

The Serpent's Fang

A TALE OF MAGIC, BLACK AND WHITE

By NADA

(Continued from September number)

DIES IRAE

The air was heavy with incense. Weaving about the central table or altar in a gliding dance was the Baroness, draped in a garment of scarlet tissue heavy with crusted embroidery and flashing gems; upon her head a scarlet cap, rising to a low, blunt point. Her voice rose and fell in a crooning chant through which I caught the oft repeated word, *Kali, Kali!* Slowly its purport dawned upon me. Kali, foul and fearsome goddess, served by the strangler's noose and unspeakable orgies of which I had heard whispers during my stay in India. Instinctively I glanced towards the recess across the room. The crimson hanging was drawn aside, and there, in all its monstrous enormity, stood the scarlet figure of Kali herself! Mouth agape with horrid laughter, sinister, staring eyes, goggling in bestial, senseless cruelty. Her necklace of grinning skulls hung to her huge, inflated abdomen, serpents twined about her arms, and one foot was grotesquely raised to trample the body of her murdered husband upon which she stood; and it was to this hideous and loathsome image the Baroness made obeisance, as, in her unholy rites, she faced it!

So absorbed was she in her vile worship that she remained utterly unaware of my presence, though I expected her to turn at any moment towards the condemnation of my eyes.

Now the chant took on a different tone and rhythm. Coming to an abrupt stand at one side of the altar, with arms extended and in vibrant, compelling tones, she seemed to command something or someone.

Spellbound, tense, I fixed my eyes upon the quarter towards which she faced and waited, expecting I knew not what, my flesh creeping, my throat dry.

Then, from whence or how I could not guess, Cliff Brooks stood facing her across the room! Deadly pale, the look of a sleep walker in his eyes, he seemed to await her next command. It came, in tones honey sweet yet mocking.

"You are becoming proficient, *mon brave*, in the use of the *Doppelgänger*. Wake now, for we shall talk together presently, yes?"

Intelligence wakened in his face, he folded his arms across his breast, his eyes burned upon the woman, but he made no reply, his lips set in a firm line, his chin square and strong.

The *Doppelgänger!* I began to understand. She could not only project her own subtle body—the Syn Lecca—as described by Carson, but she could command that of another to come at her call. What devil's work was she planning—what fate had she decreed for Cliff?

My hand sought my weapon, but a force stronger than I gripped and held me—I could not understand nor could I combat it—compelling me to watch further, inactive, the drama playing in that place of doom; and even as I watched, the Baroness returned to her incantation; calling, compelling some other presence? Yes, for presently came Payton-Brown, flushed and panting as if he had obeyed in haste.

The Baroness laughed softly in greeting.

"Ah, this so eager Monsieur Payton-Brown comes not asleep, no! See, *mon brave*," turning to Cliff, "he is most glad in this so beautiful 'dream'; he would seek me any time, anywhere. Is it not so, Monsieur?"

"I would seek you in HELL, Zara Zubiloff!" Payton-Brown's deep voice broke upon the quiet of the place and seemed to echo back and forth among the lacy arches.

"In hell? La, la! We should find small comfort there, is it not? And you?" turning to Clifford.

A strange smile grew on his lips and in his eyes. "I shall meet you neither here nor elsewhere again," he answered simply.

Seating herself at ease in the great black chair with its crimson cushion, she leaned her head upon her hand and contemplated them silently. Her long eyes seemed to grow longer, more vividly green and their luster was self luminous, sinister.

"Perhaps you are both right." Her purring voice menaced while it lulled and charmed. "I shall not call you again. I have finished; you no longer interest me—puppets!"

There was a soundless rush and Payton-Brown towered over her.

"Not so fast, not so sure!" he panted. "God! I love you, Zara—I love you and I—hate you! But love or hate, you must pay—pay!" Lurching, he made to seize her in his arms, but she slipped through them and away.

"Fool! You would be unpleasant? So! You would force upon me this thing you call love. Pah! It is refuse. But why toy with folly? Time presses and this night will truly see—an end."

"What do you mean?" Payton-Brown's voice was hoarse with passion.

"This!" Turning to the altar she passed her hand over the giant crystal. "There waits an end for you and—for *me*. Within these liquid depths I sought to follow him, my Beloved. I sought to read his heart and mind, I sought the spell whereby we should be linked soul unto soul throughout the coming ages; and as I sought here, where never yet was I deceived, not he, but—DEATH stretched forth a beckoning hand and on his breast in characters of flame, I read, '*Now Is The End!*' The end? I questioned *how*, but that I could not discover. It was hid in—impenetrable—dark. Even as I gazed, clouds heavy and black swept up and up, filling the sphere, blotting out all save that dread form of Death, beckoning still."

She seemed to have forgotten the two standing there. "Death. I fear it not who have lived and died so many times. I fear not death who have found—my Lord and King. 'Now is the end'—So be it; but I will not go alone; he, Bayard, shall go with me—I *will it so!* He shall be mine, mine. There in shoreless space, he shall be mine; there where no time is, he shall be mine eternally! In that vast dark we shall sweep on and on between the worlds, alighting never, never. Bound by my will he shall know no other love, no other hope but me; he shall find in me his God as he is mine. *This* shall be my final, my supreme act of power!"

So swift was the climax that followed, I scarce grasped the purport of her blasphemous challenge.

With a choking cry of jealousy and rage, Payton-Brown sprang, clutching at her with taloned fingers. Anger and contempt swept her face.

"Have done! Thus do I dismiss such as you," she hissed, and, at her feet, I saw a serpent coiled.

"At him, Shaitan!" Her voice was little more than a sibilant whisper.

A whirring of the vicious tail, and the monster sprang from its coils straight as a cast javelin, breast high, across the room.

At the sound of that whirred warning, the tension in me snapped; I raised my gun and fired at the leaping death—missed—but the report saved Payton-Brown. At the sudden noise he instinctively shrank aside; the serpent passed over his shoulder, fell to the floor—and was gone! (*See footnote at end.*)

"Warlock!" I heard myself crying, as, levelling my weapon upon her, I sprang from concealment. "Now is the end."

"The end indeed; but it does not lie in your hands, Boy dear."

Whirling about, my hair rose upon my head, a cold sweat broke out upon me, and I fell to trembling between joy and pain as I found Jessamine standing beside me. The Baroness' sharp cry as I appeared, threatening her, passed unheeded—lost in the tumult of my own soul.

"Jessamine! How had she come, how did she know, what could she do? Reason rocked upon its throne; reality and unreality, waking and nightmare swam together in an inextricable tangle of conflicting blending currents. I must have reeled for I felt her soft touch upon my arm. Searching her face, I beheld a look so strong, so divine in its tenderness, its mercy, its love, that, filled with adoration, forgetful of all else—the Baroness, my own scarred defeat—I sank upon my knees, threw my hungry arms about her, and buried my face against her side.

"Dear!" her hand caressed my hair. "Boy dear, your questions shall be answered presently, but now be strong for just a little longer and we will win together, *as I promised.*"

Still doubting the reality of her presence, I looked my question in her eyes. A smile of heavenly sweetness met my doubt. "It is quite simple when one knows how; I came as they came," indicating Cliff and Payton-Brown, "*but of my own will.*"

"Then you are not really *you*?" I gasped.

"Indeed, I am altogether—I; only my garment body sleeps yonder, in the little room set apart, upon which you have so often looked askance." She laid her hand upon my forehead and a cool, electric fire poured through me, refreshing, invigorating, restoring like new wine.

"So very interesting and instructive!" The Baroness' icy tones recalled me, "but by what right do you invade my sanctuary?"

I sprang to my feet, and Jessamine, with exquisite dignity, replied.

"I come in this Sign—it opens all doors." Quickly she raised her hand in a gesture which I did not follow, but the Baroness, her face swept by sudden fear, jealousy and hatred, visibly shrank and paled. Her hands gripped the arms of her chair until the knuckles showed white as chalk. For a moment these two, the devotee of Compassion and the votaress of Hate, as I began dimly to grasp, faced each other, their eyes at grips. Jessamine slight, calm, poised; the Baroness sinuous, venomous, shaken, though boasting almost superhuman powers. Breathlessly I watched the silent battle, conscious that I must not interfere. Which would triumph? Could Jessamine, exquisite creature of air and light and Heavenly fire, overmaster that thing of mire,

of darkness, of Hell's own spawn? Slowly the heavy white lids drooped over the baleful eyes, the scarlet clad form seemed to shrink under its flaming draperies. Only for a moment, however. Recovering herself sharply, she sprang erect.

"What of your Sign? Did it serve to hold *him* when I chose to lure him from you to my arms? Do you think with it to match your strength against mine, to win to your pallid righteousness those who have sought me, who have tasted the nectar of my lips, felt the magic of my power? To me Clifford—Monsieur, you too, Bayard, come!"

A horrid giddiness assailed me; the very foundations of my being seemed to crack and strain. My sight darkened, there was a sound as of rushing waters in my ears. Suffocating, struggling, resisting, I was sinking—sinking into fathomless green depths.

"I will not—I will not! Jessamine, Dearest—I will not!"

A blinding flash upon my inner sight, a crash upon my inner ear, a surging back and up from the strangling depths: my sight cleared, the giddiness passed, and I stood firm though shaken, looking calmly into the Baroness' blazing eyes.

"Bayard!" It was like the wail of a lost soul.

"For me," Cliff's voice was stern and quiet. "I am here but as an observer—*now*."

I turned to see him standing beside me, but Payton-Brown was creeping towards the woman, muttering like a man in nightmare, "I will follow you to Hell, Zara—to Hell!"

For a long moment she stood there swaying, her face a white mask, her eyes two wells of phosphorescent fire. Then, with an inarticulate cry she raised her arms above her head in a gesture of unleashed fury.

"You think to thwart, defy me? So! Fools, you shall feel the scourges of my vengeance—you shall know the devastation of my hate!"

Spurning Payton-Brown with her foot, she whirled towards the shrine and in a voice thick with rage, called upon its revolting denizen.

"Ahi—ah! Kali, Kali, Kali! Ahi-ah! I make offering here upon thy altar, I make offering, a sacrifice, a sacrifice, Mother of Doom! The odor of it shall be sweet in thy nostrils and the flavor of it shall be as honey upon thy tongue. Strike, August Mother, the souls of these who in arrogance have defied thy power through me, thy votaress. Loose thy twining serpents that they shall swarm upon them dealing death, death to their souls—their *souls*. Dread Goddess! Shaitan—Shaitan!"

There was a dry rustling sound and the serpent appeared,

gliding towards her. Seizing it and twining it softly about her arm, she broke into a wild chant, weird, fanatic. A nauseous charnal odor mixed with the incense which poured in clouds from the golden censers, billowing and swirling with the wild swaying of the Sorceress; and whether illusion or fact I could not tell, but the Monstrous Demon in its niche seemed to mouth and sway in mad abandon, vomiting forth hideous, misshapen forms which swarmed about, crawling, leaping, grinning, nearer and nearer to our little group, darting and clutching.

Now the woman's voice grew shrill. Throwing out her arm with its twining snake, she cried, "The end—the end! Strike—ye hosts of death, strike—their—souls, that they shall wither and die and the place that was theirs shall know them no more!"

The noisome throng swept closer; I threw myself in front of Jessamine and saw Payton-Brown half prone, terror stricken but muttering still, "I will follow you to Hell, Zara Zubiloff."

At this moment a sweet, clear tone, liquid as if drawn from crystal, floated through that place of horror. The tone, the wondrous WORD of it pulsed and poured out upon the crawling, lecherous crew like limpid water; it returned vibrant with blessing and strength as Jessamine, repeating it again and yet again, passed forward to the altar, her arms crossed upon her breast, her face luminous and wonderful. As she advanced, the demon hosts fled before her, huddling and crowding about the shrine, hurrying and scurrying hither and thither like withered, windblown leaves. Again her voice rose in the wondrous tone and with it there sounded a deeper note, organlike, compelling. Turning, I saw standing beside her a Being of majestic carriage. It was his voice which blended with hers, and the foul hordes retreated, surging, swarming, back to the slobbering mouth which had spewed them forth.

With a piercing shriek, the Sorceress fell unconscious upon the steps of the niched shrine.

Clifford touched my arm. "Look! Is it man or god?" he whispered.

How shall I describe that Presence? My thoughts become still, my pen falters. The exalted graciousness, the stern gentleness of his face, the commanding dignity of his great figure, cannot be described.

Kneeling at his feet, Jessamine turned to him a look of ineffable reverence and trust.

Bending, he laid his hand upon her head and smiled.

"Love, trembling for its Comrade, flew to reinforce and save, while Knowledge fashioned the method of defence. Is it not so?"

"It is so, Master," she murmured.

"And it was well, Little One, for here has been a titan conflict of wills where your added strength made the immediate victory of struggling rebellion against the hosts of evil—*sure*. Without you, it had been long delayed indeed."

He looked to where Cliff and I were standing and his eyes held invitation. With one accord we drew nearer, and Cliff, always more ready than I, addressed him eagerly.

"I do not know who you may be, Sir, but you inspire confidence. I believe you know and will answer the burning question in my mind. *Could* that strange woman have compassed the destruction of our souls?"

"In arrogance of pride she boasted a power not hers nor any man's where souls still live vigorously, however ignorantly; for, so long as within the soul there may be found a noble purpose, a living will, *one holy thought*, it cannot die nor can it be destroyed by any; yet is it true, that where disease has eaten deep into its fiber—disease bred of pampered lust, godlessness and greed—the soul dies at last of its own decay and, there can come a moment when already moribund, such as she *may* hasten its inevitable dissolution by the exercise of bastard powers of conscious evil. Though you were strong to battle against her impious claims, still had you long since planted the plague spots of disease within, else had the beckoning of Kali's Votaress held for you no lure; for even as purity and truth respond to purity and truth, so the unclean and false respond unto their kind."

"Were we so rotten then," Cliff asked in wonder, "that her rottenness tempted us without our knowing?"

"See for yourselves," the Master answered.

He raised his right hand and there poured from it a shaft of golden light which touched us and passed in. For me, it illumined the deepest recesses of my being; I was laid bare to myself! In that moment of self searching, I read my hopes, my ambitions, my ideals—such as they were—my follies and my infant virtues and I saw—*the festering body of the Beast*.

The Master's voice struck upon my revolted and sickened heart with the finality of Judgment.

"So have you heaped offal within the courts of the Temple of the Most High!"

"My God!" I heard Cliff gasp.

Then, as my shamed eyes sought the Master's face, there was in it such understanding, such compassion, that my heart melted with gratitude.

"Put aside shame," he said, looking at both Clifford and me

with a grave smile, "it ill becomes those who would be strong and true; it is a leech which sucks the blood of courage and saps the essence of self reliance. For him who learns that the broken reeds of ignorance become, when grasped with a firm hand, the staunch staff of experience-grown knowledge on the Path of Love and Wisdom, shame has no place."

He raised his hand in blessing and turned to where the Baroness still lay in deathlike swoon with Payton-Brown muttering and moaning above her, and spoke in stern command.

"Stand forth, Nephis, that these may know you as you are ere they go upon their chosen ways and you pass to meet that which awaits you!"

Then from that still form there slowly rose a vapor, wavering, tenuous at first, but gradually condensing, cohering, taking shape until there crouched before us, clutching with clawlike hands her shrunken breast, her evil eyes glittering defiance, her wide mouth mumbling blasphemies, *a hideous, scrawny hag*.

"What have you to do with me, Master of Light," she whispered hoarsely, rising unsteadily to her feet. "I fled you ages gone. What have you to do with me?"

As she stood thus, Payton-Brown recoiled, and, with a smothered, choking cry, vanished like the flame of a snuffed candle. I saw Cliff turn away, and Jessamine, shuddering, hid her face upon my breast.

"Self-doomed Apostate"—the Master's voice held only compassion—"the Law will not be mocked."

"The Law? Still do I defy it—still will I come again to work my will——"

"Peace! Your race is run; you will not come again. *Now is the end.*"

"The end?" she cried. "You speak—the words of—DEATH—you—you!" Inarticulate with growing fury, she paused breathless. "Ah!" she screamed; "*she* robbed me of my final triumph—*she*; and I must go alone, alone into the awful dark! But I am not conquered yet—our feud is old, old, old—she shall not live to bask in joy—she shall not live, I say!" Her voice rose to shriller scream—"Shaitan! Shaitan! Strike, Shaitan!"

A long-drawn hiss and the snake lay coiled to spring. Before I could prevent her, Jessamine had turned to face it and I saw about her a luminous haze. Came the whirred warning and the creature shot up and out in that javelin line, only to fall short of its mark as though it had met in that soft light an impassable barrier.

"Strike, Shaitan—Strike!" But even as she screamed and screamed again, the thwarted reptile, turning, *sprang direct at her*, fastening its fangs in her lean, shriveled breast, and hung there swinging, swinging.

For a moment she stood, a thing of frozen horror, then, with a wailing cry of "Doom, doom, doom!" the withered form wavered, grew dim, and seeped back into the body lying white and still, upon whose breast the two small, livid marks already began to show.

As the last shred of vapor disappeared, there was a sound of cracking, rending, tearing, and the great figure of Kali, split from crown to heel, rocked, toppled and crashed down, burying with its wreckage all that was left of that beautiful and evil woman whom we had known as the Baroness Zara Zubiloff.

So passed the last victim to the poison of "The Serpent's Fang."

There is little more to tell. The next day brought the aftermath of those dread happenings.

Payton-Brown was found in the morning, hopelessly, pitifully mad.

Clifford, so I heard later, left the country, giving no other reason than that he desired a change of scene. Not long ago I heard from him. He is coming home and has that of which he would speak with me, he wrote.

Of my last fateful hours with Jessamine, I cannot write at length even at this late day. Suffice it to say that, when she sent for me, I went, weighed down with the consciousness of that foul spot within me and the havoc it had wrought. To soil with my presence the shrine of her pure being—that I could not do.

"Dearest, Dearest," I faltered, "I am unclean! The Beast must be driven out for all time, before I dare draw near to you again."

"Not driven out, Boy dear," she answered softly, "but changed—transformed into dynamic energy. Think dear, what will be your strength when the fury of this Beast you so abhor is transmuted into the fire of will and purpose. Ah, I would so gladly help!"

She held out her dear hands to me and I turned away in utter anguish and despair.

"What could you have to do, white flower of spirit, with that thing of mire? No, I must fight it alone, though all that is best in me is yours, yours to do with as you will—always."

She looked at me with strange, deep eyes, and murmured: "In solitude and darkness does the seed fashion its tender shoot

which shall meet the spring sun's kiss. In solitude and darkness must the heart, too often, work out the mystery of its birth into the light. Dear, go your way; I will not hinder, for each must choose his path as his need directs and none should stay him. You will wander far, far"—her voice rose and prophecy was in her still tones, in her inspired eyes—"but you will come to me again, strong, clean and sure, and we shall walk together in the sweet comradeship of souls."

So I left her. Shall we indeed meet again?

As I write these lines a thrill as of expectancy is born. Jessamine, my Star of Hope, does the promised hour draw near?

My tale is told.

THE END

NOTE:—In both black and white magic a class of incorporeal beings known as elementals are used as messengers and servants. Of such are the genii and djins of oriental tales, the "Familiar Demons" of the mediaeval alchemists. Having no mentality, they are utterly ignorant of right and wrong; Man is to them, God; and the magician, through the operation of his vital will and power to fix images, clothes them in such forms as are in consonance with the service to which he may assign them. These forms are not physical but of a finer, more subtle substance which interpenetrates the physical, known as *astral*. Upon their own plane these beings are potent factors in the carrying out of works of mercy or affliction, according to the character of the Will directing them. Such was "Shaitan," whose envenomed bite upon the Astral or *Syn Lecca* was fatal also to the physical through "repercussion" (a process now fully recognized by hypnotists). That wounds upon the Astral do at times bring about the death of the physical, is a known and proven fact among occultists. On the other hand, soothing passes, a gentle readjustment of nerve centers and many other merciful services rendered to the Subtile Body by elementals at the command of white Magicians, act with equal force to soothe, strengthen and build up a physical vehicle, by this same process of repercussion.

THE GREAT KEY TO ALL MYSTERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN

By H. C. SCHWARZ

All good things come from within, all evil from without!

Crucify and overcome the Without by the Within—

Transmute the base metals into the purest gold!

Receive the Philosopher's Stone—

Then you are born again, Christ within you!

You are then the Temple of the Living God!

All powers are yours because you have found the Kingdom of Heaven within you. Then, and not till then, you will do the same work as Jesus the Christ, and greater works shall you do.

That is the Great Key! Solve it as I did.

Psychical Research Blood: Its Occult Significance

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON

The fields and meadows of Europe are being deluged with the blood of heroes; it is flowing from the wounds of many a stalwart man; blood is being poured out like water; and "the blood is the life!" It is a dreadful thought; yet nevertheless a fact. Inasmuch as this quantity of blood is being spilled; inasmuch as the lives of thousands of brave men are flowing out with it, we may well enquire, perhaps: What is the nature of this precious fluid which is being so lavishly spent and which is so intimately connected with life? It must have some inner connection, some hidden and wonderful connection with the life-principle; for otherwise the old saying could not have arisen—"the blood is the life"; it could not bear the intimate relationship it does to the life of the body.

What, then, is this mystical or occult fluid? Why is the blood so favored?

Certainly blood is not a mere chemical compound. It is something much more than that. It is impossible for chemists to make or synthesize blood, having the essential properties of life. From the purely chemical point of view, it can be analyzed; but when the attempt is made to manufacture it, it is found to lack the one chief and indispensable factor—life; vitality, the vital spark! It is a living thing; and, as such, cannot be made, save from life. It has this occult or hidden principle, then, which at once distinguishes it from all other fluids in the world; and justifies the remark made by Mephistopheles to Faust—that "Blood is a very special fluid."

If we remember rightly, Faust signed his contract with the devil in his own blood; not in ink, nor the blood of another. All pacts of this nature are written in blood. There is more than mere coincidence in this; it has a deep significance. For the blood gives what nothing else can; it is the life-principle itself! It places the possessor of the compact *en rapport* with the signee at once. It gives him power over the latter. In the Voodoo rights of the African and West Indian natives, they demand the blood of a child before they can work their diabolical rites and cast their spells effectually. Materialistic westerners scoff at this as "mere superstition." It is more than that! There is a deep, hidden meaning in their rites—in their insistence upon fresh human

blood! The further we progress in our studies, the more evident does this become.

Professor Minor once remarked that "the devil is a foe to the blood" and tried to support this statement by showing that, as life depends upon the blood, and the devil wishes a man to die and not to live, it would naturally be antipathetic to it. But if that were true, why does he always insist upon agreements being signed in blood—as all stories and legends of the kind indicate? Is it not more probable that he is not inimical to it, but desires to obtain power over it? Is not *that* rather the interpretation?

The blood is in truth the fluid life of the body. It is more than a chemical compound; it is a vital principle. In order to understand the significant part it really plays, we must first understand the constitution of man; then we can appreciate the value and character of this "special fluid" within us.

Man is not the physical body we look upon; he is something inside it. Some call it the "soul"; some the "ego," some, other names. But the fact remains that the *real man* is invisible to us; we never see the real man, in this life; only his outer body, his physical counterpart; his material vehicle.

Now, connecting this ego with the physical body, there are a number of intermediate links or connections—an etheric body, an astral body, a mental body, etc. The etheric body connects the astral and physical bodies; the astral body connects the mental and the etheric bodies, and so on. In each body a number of changes take place; each body has its own particular form of nourishment—just as the physical body has. There is a sort of "spiritual metabolism"—just as there is physical metabolism. This must be fully understood.

The wonder of physical digestion has never been fully explained. We know that food is eaten, and that it is turned into living tissue. What a little while before were bread, cheese, eggs and vegetables become little Amy Brown tomorrow! How is this change effected? We do not know! Occult science alone claims to possess the key to this profound mystery.

Occult science says that the etheric body changes the foods we eat into vital fluids, and the astral body transforms this vital substance into sentient substance—the raw material of our thoughts—as food is the raw material of our bodies. Blood is, therefore, an outward symbol or expression of the individualized etheric body of man—just as the brain and spinal cord are the expression of the individualized astral body. In the same way that the etheric body turns material food into living form, so the astral body from this vital essence furnishes a series of inner

experiences which take the form of crude mental pictures of the outer world.

When this inner change extends to the etheric body, *blood* is formed. Thus the blood stands mid-way, as it were, between the inner worlds of sentience and experience and the outer world of form. It forms the connecting link between the two. The life and the memory may be said to be stored within it. It is the physical expression of the man's life. Thus, whoever wishes to obtain power and mastery over a man must first obtain power over his blood—must influence it. Here we have the practical fulfilment of the myths and legends of old times, which always said: "that which has power over thy blood has power over thee." Thus when Mephistopheles obtains possession of Faust's blood, he is in a position to rule his ego. That is why pacts and diabolical agreements are always written in blood. That is why witchcraft practices were associated with pacts written in blood; that is why we read in Faust that "blood is a very special fluid." It is, indeed! It has an occult significance of the very greatest importance.

Thus we see the tragedy of the present war—for life is being thrown away with the ebbing of the blood which dyes the fields of Europe red, and stains its waters. But here it is spilled in a very different cause—for the purest and highest motives. And from the graves of those fallen will spring blood-red flowers, the like of which the world has never seen; for they will contain the very life itself of these fallen heroes!

The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages

By HEReward CARRINGTON

The "dancing craze" which has swept over this country, and held it as though in a mesh, is as nothing to the somewhat similar contagion which raged throughout Europe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries! Now, the dancing is very moderate in comparison! It is governed, more or less, by the rules of decorum, and is only to be found in private homes, hotels, cafés and dancing establishments. In the case of the dancing mania which swept over Europe in the middle ages, however, not only were the rules of decency and common sense abandoned, but the dancing took place in the streets, in the fields, in public squares, and in fact in every available place of public gathering. Whole countries were found dancing madly, to the point of utter exhaustion. Some

of the dancers became quite wild, tore off their clothes, ran about the streets naked, went into states of ecstasy, lashed themselves with whips, and only came back to sober sense when too utterly worn out and exhausted to dance and behave in this extraordinary manner any longer!

Curiously enough, this madness afflicted primarily and chiefly precisely those parts of the world where the fiercest fighting is now progressing—western Germany, Flanders, and eastern France. By a peculiar coincidence, also, it may be pointed out that this madness first started in Aix-la-Chapelle—for some time headquarters of the Kaiser, if reports speak true! Does history repeat itself—as so many wise heads have contended?

It was in the year 1374 that this mania first became accentuated. The effects of the Black Death, which had devastated Europe, had scarcely subsided and the graves of millions of its victims had scarcely closed, when this singular delusion swept over the country. Convulsions of the most extraordinary character were seen to seize the person so affected—causing him to leap and prance about, often foaming at the mouth, and screaming and shrieking like one possessed. This “dance” came to be called the dance of St. John or St. Vitus (not to be confused with our present disease, known as St. Vitus’ Dance) on account of the Bacchantic leaps which the dancer made. Those who saw one so possessed would soon be afflicted likewise, and soon whole communities could be found holding hands and dancing round and round with irresistible fury, shouting and twitching; or single individuals could be found in corners, shrieking and foaming at the mouth—as they had seen others do a day or so before. In church and out this singular performance was kept up. Attempts to relieve their ravings almost invariably failed; and the “dance” was only brought to a conclusion by the depression and physical exhaustion which terminated the orgy. Extreme debility for some days usually followed these attacks.

Many of those thus afflicted beheld visions in their abnormal condition. “Spirits” appeared to them, and called them by name. Or the heavens would open and the Virgin Mary, Christ, or God himself appear to the frenzied dancer. Thousands saw such sights. One paroxysm followed another—sometimes for hours—until all were too exhausted to dance longer.

This remarkable delusion was not limited to one town or to one locality—as many might think—but soon spread all over Europe. From Aix-la-Chapelle, it spread to Liège, Utrecht, Tongres and many other cities in Flanders and the Netherlands. In Liège the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavored, by

every means in their power, to allay the evil which threatened so much danger to themselves—for the possessed, assembling in multitudes, frequently poured forth imprecations against them, and menaced their destruction. It also spread east and south—attacking Cologne, Metz, and many another town and city made familiar to us by the present war, including Strasburg, which was visited by the “dancing plague” in 1418. Zabern was visited, and soon all the towns along the Rhine were afflicted by this peculiar, sympathetic malady. Throughout the fourteenth, fifteenth, and even into the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this dancing mania crept on—finding its soil, doubtless, in the credulous and superstitious character of the folk then inhabiting these various centers.

Inasmuch as this dancing mania came to be known as St. Vitus’ dance, a brief mention of the personal history of St. Vitus may be of interest. He was a Sicilian youth, who, together with Modestus and Crescentia, suffered martyrdom at the time of the persecution of the Christians, under Diocletian, in the year 303. The legends respecting him are obscure, and would certainly have been passed over without notice had not the transfer of his body to St. Denis, and thence, in the year 836, to Corvey, raised him to a higher rank. From this time forth, it may be supposed that many miracles were manifested at his sepulchre, and people from all parts of the country flocked to his shrine. A Legend was invented that just before St. Vitus had been slain, he prayed to God that he might protect from the coming Mania all those who should solemnize the day of his commemoration, and fast upon its eve, and that thereupon a voice was heard from Heaven, saying, “Vitus, thy prayer is accepted!” Thus St. Vitus became the patron saint of those afflicted with the dancing plague, just as St. Martin of Tours was at one time the succorer of persons afflicted with small-pox.

It seems strange—almost incredible—to us living in the present century that such an absurd mental contagion could have spread over so wide an area, and continued unabated for so long a time. Yet such was the case; and the dancing mania—certainly mental in its inception or origin—spread to France, Italy and was even found in Abyssinia! For three hundred years it held Europe in its grip, and though it did not *directly* kill off the inhabitants, it left them de-energized, weak, ill and mentally and physically unsound. In Italy, too, many died as the result of the “plague”—for such it came to be. Hundreds of persons in all walks of life left their occupations—flocked to the towns, saw the dancers, and became affected in turn. In Metz alone it is said that eleven

hundred dancers were in the streets at one time. Peasants left their plows, house-wives their domestic duties, to join the wild revels, and the cities became the centers of ruinous disorders. Secret desires were gratified; boys and girls quitted their parents and servants their masters, to amuse themselves at the dances of those possessed, and greedily imbibed the poison of mental infection. The dancers formed circles hand in hand, apparently lost control over their senses, and continued dancing, regardless of by-standers, for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. In most cases, it proved almost impossible to cure them, or relieve them in any way until the fury of the attack had spent itself.

In Italy, the dancing mania took a slightly different form, though in essentials it was the same as in Germany and Holland. Throughout Italy, it was thought that the dancing mania was induced by the bite of the *tarantula*, a ground-spider common in Apulia, of which the natives stood in great terror. No one at the time seemed to have the least doubt as to its origin—though it was obviously not the true cause, since no tarantulas existed in those countries where the dancing mania originated. Those bitten by this insect jerked and started in spasmodic convulsions, and the similarity between these paroxysms and those manifested in the dancing mania doubtless lead to the confusion. "Tarantism" thus spread, with all the added characteristics of the impassioned Italian nature.

It was soon found that *music* had a pronounced effect upon those affected with the mania—some music more so than others being received with pleasure, and seeming to relieve the paroxysms of the patients. Thus the *tarantella* came into being—music, *i.e.*, which aimed to soothe and quiet those afflicted with the dancing mania. In various individual cases, different music was required. Thus, there was one kind of Tarantella which was called "Panno rosso," a very lively, impassioned style of music, to which wild songs were adapted; another, called "Panno verde," which was suited to the milder excitement of the senses, suggesting green colors, and set to Idyllian songs of verdant fields and shady groves. A third was named "Cinque Tempi"; a fourth "moresca," which was played to a Moorish dance; a fifth "catena," and a sixth, with a very appropriate designation, "Spallata," as if it were only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder, etc.

This remarkable hysterical outbreak is not alone in history. Dancing does not hold the position it does unchallenged! In the seventeenth century other manias of the kind began—though none of them on so vast a scale as the dancing mania. Thus, a nun in one of the large Convents in France began to *mew* like a cat;

shortly afterward, other nuns also began to mew. At last all the nuns mew together every day at a certain time for several hours together. The whole surrounding Christian neighborhood heard, with equal chagrin and astonishment, this daily cat-concert, which did not cease until the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers had been placed by the police before the entrance of the convent, that they were provided with rods, and would continue whipping them if it occurred again, until they promised not to mew any more!

Another convent-epidemic was one which occurred in the fifteenth century, in a German nunnery. A nun fell to biting her companions. In the course of a short time, all the nuns of this convent were biting each other! The news of this infatuation among the nuns soon spread, and it passed from convent to convent through the greater part of Germany, principally Saxony and Brandenburg. It afterward visited the nunneries of Holland, and at last the nuns had the biting mania even as far as Rome.

These sympathetic manias did not end with the period under review. We need only remind the reader of the "Shakers," the "Convulsionaries" of France, the fanatical "Dervishes," the "Jumpers," many of the early "spiritualists," the "revivalists," to see enacted again before us some of these peculiar mental abnormalities to which crowds are liable. Even in our own day, we see such exhibitions, on a lesser and more subdued scale. Every religious and emotional performance is, in a sense, a demonstration of this spirit—the psychology of the crowd. Here we may still observe the workings of the mind of the populace—may see the sympathetic contagion which thus affects whole areas of humanity—when once the spark has been ignited which sets the conflagration afire. To be sure, our modern civilization and culture have enabled us to retain a greater control over our natures than formerly; and particularly is this the case with women. Still, at many a "revivalist" meeting, the first elements of the dancing mania may be seen "revived." We might also go so far as to say that *fashion*, in all its forms, is a sign of this delusion—the fad for copying others, of drifting with the multitude. Each new fad and fashion is a sign of it. Thus, we see the modern "dancing mania" revived in our own day—in less accentuated form—more than 500 years after its predecessor! Fortunately, however, the modern dance is tempered with the civilization of our times, so that, instead of being a "mania," it has become a graceful expression of youthful health and strength; the modern "dancing craze" has been removed from the field of the morbid into that of the normal. Yet it had a predecessor, as we have seen! Surely, "there is nothing new under the sun!"

Higher Thought

LOVE AND FAITH

By EUGENE DEL MAR

The Universe is a wondrous harmony, so exact in its workings, so unerring in its precision, so delicately attuned, that one's consciousness admits of a very inadequate conception of its perfection.

The Universe is governed by an inherent Principle which permeates all space and all things. Always and ever the same cause produces the same result; a truth that we designate as The Law. Natural Law, or Law, as so defined, is not only the essential of harmony; Law is harmony. Without Law there must be discord and confusion, with inevitable self-destruction. Without Law, there could be no Universe.

There is no exception to any Law. No Law can be less than universal. The Law may, and indeed it must, relate itself differently to contrasting conditions; but when one admits an exception to Law, to Natural Law, he acknowledges either his inability to correctly formulate the Law, or his incapacity to understand one of its applications.

The wondrous harmony of the Universe is essential to its very being, and all of its parts are necessary. Each component of the mosaic of the Universe fulfils its mission, answers its purpose, and contributes to the general good. Each is necessary in its place; is best where it is, what it is, and as it is. The one all-pervading energy operates in accordance with the one Universal Principle, and moulds each and every part of the Universe for the one Good.

While energy permeates all things, some agency is essential to the appropriation or use of it for intelligent and defined purposes. The human consciousness is the machine whereby one works energy into definite forms of expression, while the degree of consciousness one is capable of determines the extent to which he may make use of the raw material. Consciousness exists in increasing degrees of potentiality through the successive forms of life, from the earliest and simplest to the latest and most complex, until in man is found its highest recognized development.

The all-pervading energy is amenable to human control, and one may make use of it as his consciousness permits. This energy is vibratory in its essence, and its manifestations are determined

by that universal principle which is termed the Law of Attraction. There is an inherent tendency in each and every thing, in more or less degree, to attract to itself each and every other thing. There is no Law of Repulsion; no principle which is repellent in its essence. If one thing seems to draw away from another it is because of a third and greater power of attraction operating from another direction.

One can make use of the universal energy to the degree that he brings himself to the consciousness of its vibrations and comprehends their significance. The attribute of consciousness which permits one to do this may be called faith.

Love may be defined as faith in another, or the consciousness of inherent worth and power in another Self. Love idealizes the Self in another. Faith is the consciousness of inherent worth and power in one's Self. On the soul plane, faith may be considered as love of Self. Faith idealizes the Self; and faith in the healing power of an idol denotes a consciousness of that inherent worth and power in the Self that will attract to it the supposed attributes of the idol. While in its larger sense love is all-inclusive, the aspect of it that relates to the Self may be designated faith.

To the consciousness living the thought that all is one, that what it possesses all others similarly must have, and that what others possess it must likewise have, faith and love are so closely allied as to be practically convertible. To the consciousness living the thought that all is One and the love that recognizes all power in others, must come the faith that all power is similarly in itself. Then faith and love become two correlated expressions of the one energy.

Faith is something more than belief. When one merely believes, he is still open to argument. When he knows he ceases to merely believe. One does not believe that two and two makes four, or that tomorrow follows today; he knows it. Faith is knowledge or belief coupled with assurance of truth or fulfilment, and perfect faith is certain knowledge. That which one knows he has, he has. When one has faith in his power, he has power.

Each must live his own life and reap the rewards or penalties of his own actions. Each must heal or perfect himself if he is to be healed or perfected, for no one else can do it for him. Others may assist by showing him how to heal himself or by inducing in him a consciousness of his inherent strength; but his own co-operation, consciously or unconsciously, is absolutely essential to his healing. No one can take another's burdens and carry them in his stead. One can try it, and he can make another's

burdens also his own, but this merely enlarges the area of the consciousness of burden.

Each must pay the price of what he thinks and does; from this there is no possible escape. Whether one calls it penalty or terms it reward, whether one conforms to principle readily or opposes it strenuously, whether this tendency be conscious or unconscious; under all circumstances the thought one thinks and the thought one acts must carry with it inevitable results.

If one desires and looks for good he will find it, and finding it he attracts it and is attracted by it. When one affiliates himself with the good he grows more and more to express goodness, and to an increased ability to appropriate it. The recognition of and the expectation of finding good in others induces love, and love carries with it an increasing power of consciousness and realization. It is the path to the cultivation of higher and higher ideals. The ideal that one attributes to another will, at first unconsciously and afterward consciously, bring home to him the conviction that he embodies the same ideal within himself. When he is convinced that he does embody the ideal he has faith, and to the degree of faith that he then consciously rises does he actually embody and express his ideal.

As it is love that induces faith, to the extent that one is capable of love has he the ability to manifest faith. When one sends forth the vibration of love he is met with a response from all chords similarly attuned, and he receives the increased power that number and union can impart—the sense of sympathy, of comradeship, of collective strength.

One does not nor can he add to or subtract from himself or others. Each is a magnet, an entity complete in itself although related to all others, possessing all power and manifesting it to the extent of the development of his consciousness. The vibratory chord that one awakens interiorly in another by means of love promotes a consciousness of power, while the information is conveyed so pleasantly and so harmoniously as to impress a belief in its truth and desirability.

When one believes that all is good, acts all is good and lives all is good, he will come to an ever-widening sense of goodness in and love for others. He will attain a constantly growing degree of consciousness of greater and higher ideals in others. When one believes that all is One, that what others are he is, and that what he is others are, he promotes an ever-increasing sense of goodness in and love for the Self. He comes to a growing consciousness of greater and higher ideals in the Self. Through love he reaches faith, and through faith he embodies his ideals.

Because faith may be attained through love, does not preclude its being reached in other ways. But it seems to be the best way, the way which is most universally beneficial, the way which is in the greatest accord with the highest principle. It may be that faith can be acquired from force of example, or even from sheer credulity. And yet it may be suspected that a close analysis will show that even here love is the essential element, and is absent only to casual appearance.

It may be that the consciousness of power in the self can be awakened in ways other than through the channels of love; but it is through love that one and all may attain to faith. It is by means of love that one raises others in raising himself. It is love alone that in its beauteous ideals may comprehend the meaning of a Universe, a complete One-ness, an absolute Harmony. Love is free to all, it can be understood by all, it is ever at the command of all. It is a power allied to the highest ideals of intelligence and it applies to all times, persons, things and conditions.

This power of love is not mere theory. It is a fact; and it is a fact so patent that only those will dispute it who have shut their eyes to it. And when one wilfully closes his eyes to the light, he does not see.

The transmutation of love to faith can be traced in my own consciousness. My early life was environed so fortunately that a lofty ideal of womanhood was implanted in my mind. I idealized those few individuals who appealed to me especially, and I came to love my ideals as expressed in those persons, or those persons as the expressions of my ideals.

But in no degree did I appropriate these ideals consciously or apply them to my self. My ideals served but to accentuate the vast difference between my insignificant self and the glorious self-hood of these expressions of my ideals. I failed to appreciate why it was that others did not find ideals where I saw them, or why others pictured ideals where I failed to perceive them. It is true that I served to awaken in others the consciousness of their inherent beauty, but so far as I was concerned it all seemed to me to be as far away as the skies.

In time the purpose of my ideals dawned upon me, and to my awakened consciousness came a realization of the truth that my ideals were a part of myself to the same extent that they appealed to me as existing in any one else. As love grew to faith my power of love expanded and my ideals took on greater beauty. The consciousness of strength and beauty in my Self was not only closely related to, but followed as a sequence upon, my grow-

ing consciousness of the strength and beauty of others. I came to understand that if I would express strength I must first see it in other persons or things; that before I could manifest love I must be able to find expressions of love elsewhere than in myself.

And when I reached this understanding I was able to see far greater beauty, and strength, and love, in others; and I came to feel and to know that this realization was the one and only measure of my own growth. And when I traced the principle to its logical conclusion, it became clear to me that whenever I should be able to see love and love only, in all things other than myself, I would reach the plane where I might become the complete embodiment of love. I would then come to express that perfect harmony, than which there can be nothing greater.

The same idea may be expressed a little differently in this way:—Have ideals, look for them, expect to find them, express all the love you are capable of. As your ideals and your love expand so will your faith be cultivated and increased, and as your faith intensifies so will you increase in strength, in courage, in beauty and in every expression of harmony. You have the power of the Infinite within yourself. The Infinite is the All of which the finite is merely a part. The finite can never be the Infinite, for a portion cannot be the whole, but the finite may manifest all that is capable of expression.

When one has sympathy, charity and love for others, when he envelops himself in an atmosphere of love, the strength, the beauty and the love of others becomes his strength, his beauty, his love. Not that he takes any of it away from another. On the contrary, he adds to the conscious stock of all these attributes; he creates greater currents of harmony; and he helps to awaken in the consciousness of others the beautiful attributes that he has idealized in them.

One has only to live his own life, to live it at the best and enjoy it to the utmost. But to do this he must live it for the good of all. If he would have faith, he must first have love. If he would truly live he must only love; and when he lives truly the Universe discloses itself as a mine of love and faith and a treasure-house of peace and joy.

NOTICE. I shall be pleased to forward to anyone who will send through me an annual subscription to AZOTH, a copy of one of my books, namely: "Spiritual and Material Attraction," "The Divinity of Desire," or "Living Ideals."

EUGENE DEL MAR.

Theosophical Talks

By AMRU

Theosophy and Churches

It has often been said by writers and speakers that a study of Theosophy will make one a better Christian, Brahmin, Buddhist, Mahommedan, or Jew, as the case may be, than one was before. That having a knowledge of the Theosophic doctrines will show one the truth, the underlying meanings and the beauties of the particular religion to which one belongs—or in which one has been brought up—more clearly than one could find them without it.

This is unquestionably true, but the writer believes that it is equally true that this enlightenment will make it impossible for one to continue to subscribe to the dogmas of the organization or Church which represents that religion.

A Theosophist may attend a service in any church—Moslem, Christian, Hebrew or any other—and understand the service better than its particular adherents, but he understands it in a different way, interprets the prayers or scriptures according to his broader viewpoint, and not by the letter or literal meaning.

It does not seem possible for any one believing in the principal teachings of Theosophy—such as God in oneself and in all things, Jesus Christ as an evolved man, Karma and Reincarnation, and all that these teachings lead to—that such an one can conform to the demands of and declare belief in, the specific creeds of the Churches.

A Theosophist may be able to repeat a creed, sing the hymns and follow the prayers with perfect sincerity, reading into these his own meaning, but one cannot honestly hold these mental reservations when, to become a member of the Church, it is necessary to declare one's acceptance of these beliefs. To the Church and its members there is but one meaning to them, and to declare one's faith without fully explaining one's very different interpretations is at once deceptive and dishonest.

In the Christian Churches, at least, the Theosophist will also find much which he cannot reconcile with his belief. The anthropomorphic conception of God, which permeates the whole; the divinity of Jesus Christ as a third person of the Trinity; the idea of the vicarious atonement; the forgiveness (meaning absolution) of sins, salvation, in the sense that without it one is lost.

It becomes still more difficult in the Roman Catholic Church

where one has to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, his divine power; the absolution of sins by the priests, and the hell-everlasting idea—not counting the worship of the Virgin, the immaculate conception, and other things.

To be strictly honest with him or herself, a Theosophist, once convinced that the fundamental teachings of Theosophy are true, must break all affiliations with any Church. While in sympathy with all, recognizing their place, he cannot consistently belong to any. He has outgrown them, has broken the shackles of dogma and has reached a freer atmosphere.

Democracy

“Making the world safe for democracy” is a phrase constantly before us. Democracy is the star to which all men have hitched their wagon, to which all governments are inclining.

Probably the best definition of the word, as generally understood, is Abraham Lincoln’s phrase “Government of the people, for the people, by the people;” but the term is somewhat loosely used and in the minds of many includes ideas of equality, non-existence of class or caste. It is the alternative to autocracy and, as that scheme has been tried and found sadly wanting, the hopes of men are turning to the other.

As this is a talk on Theosophy and not Sociology, let us consider how the teachings of Theosophy bear upon the subject.

From the Theosophic point of view God—the Solar Logos—has brought this solar system into being let us say—in our vanity—mainly for our benefit, for our growth and development.

Although we may well presume that He is wholly concerned with our welfare and that we (humanity) are His chief consideration, He is an Autocrat of Autocrats, despotic in the extreme, none may disobey or appeal from His laws. In this great system are many lesser beings each, we may say without irreverence, administering a department of its government. These beings are of many different stages of development—such as the archangels, angels, etc., of the Church. So far as we know they are appointed by the Logos; we have nothing to do but obey them. They are responsible to Him only or their superior.

We must presume that this is the wisest or most perfect plan. Why should we not model our system of government of our smaller globe, or the individual nation, upon it?

If we want to be victorious in war, to succeed in whipping the enemy, we organize an army exactly upon this divine plan. We give despotic authority to the commander-in-chief and under him we have many gradations of officers until we reach the en-

listed man. There is no resemblance to a democracy in an army, it could not possibly work. The men composing it are all equal in their humanity, but there equality ceases. The officer, by education, experience and other things, is superior to the private. What would happen to an army in which all ranks had to vote upon a strategic or tactical move? or even a body do so which is chosen by the majority? We have an unhappy illustration in Russia of what democracy will do to an army.

Studying Theosophy we know that all human beings are at different stages of development, all equal in regard to their godhood, but all most unequal in regard to their manhood. It is but a small minority who are above the rank and file.

To an occult student the idea of government by the majority is absurd. It would be government by the least intelligent, the most ill-equipped. It is like suggesting that the government and management of the home be placed in the hands of the children, including the baby in the cradle.

No matter how we may dislike the idea, any keen observer who is familiar with the old ideas of caste as given in the Manusamriti, or the Laws of Man, will recognize that the four great divisions still exist, although birth is not now much, if any, indication. The born ruler may be the son of working people, and the born workingman or laborer may draw his first breath in a millionaire's mansion; and so with the business man and the teacher, but each one of us is peculiarly fitted physically, mentally, and, in some cases, morally, to fill a place in one of these four divisions.

To obtain a successful, peaceful, contented system of government these differences in capacity and ability will have to be recognized—in fact we do recognize them in actual practice, though many mistakes are made.

From the Theosophic viewpoint therefore democracy, as the word is understood, has within it the germs of failure quite as great if not greater than autocracy. The solution of the problem lies—as the solution of many such problems does—in finding a middle way.

We are told in some of the very ancient writings that, ages ago, when in development men were but as children, they were governed by Adepts of Wisdom who took incarnation in the ruling families. The civilization of these times, we are given to understand, was not only a high one but nearly perfect in so far as the happiness of the people was concerned. Kings then ruled truly by divine right, by the right of the divine wisdom or expression of the divinity to which they had achieved. The last remnant

of such a civilization was probably that of the Incas of South America, of which we have some records.

This was an autocratic system. But mankind had to learn to govern themselves and so the wise guidance was gradually withdrawn.

We have been more or less successful—with the emphasis on the *less*—trying to do this ever since. Our autocratic system, which has failed so lamentably, is but a relic of these ancient times, and now we are about to try its opposite which will prove worse unless the secret of successful government is better understood by man. This secret, the solution of the problem, lies in the ancient ideals of duty or *dharma* as it is called in the Sanscrit.

It means that to all units of a nation the welfare of the whole is the chief consideration. The ideal is that of more or less sacrifice of each to all. Every man has his proper place and must perform the duty of that place to the best of his ability. Responsibility for the public welfare increases with the importance of the part played, and the sacrifice demanded of personal ambition or welfare becomes greater.

Inspired by this ideal every one will be trained for the position or calling for which he is best fitted, and will give his best to the public welfare.

The poor which "we have always with us"—not the poor in purse but the poor in mental, moral and spiritual development—the children of the national family will always be the most cared for and carefully considered.

This is the true, real and only possible democracy. Government *of* and *for*, but not *by* the people.

TRUTH

Truth is not seen through Logic's mortal eyes;
She shines for those whose pinions mount the skies.
That which the Mind receives, by proof, is small;
That which the Soul perceives is proof of all.

ADELE CHESTER DEMING—"Lyrics of Life."

Astrology

JUDGMENT TAKES FIRST RANK IN THE PHYSICAL
WORLD. ASTROLOGERS MUST, AND ARE
EXPECTED TO BE, INFALLIBLE.

By H. C. HODGES

Of all the necessary features in the physical world, judgment takes first rank, so far as the astrologer is concerned most especially. Without judgment all the mathematical calculations the mind is capable of are useless, and while it is required in every other department of life, more or less, yet it is the one essential that the astrologer needs. No one who has given the science a careful consideration can fail to recognize that a great amount of discernment and discrimination is necessary to fit one to take up the study of this science and to get a fair idea of the requirements.

It will be well to examine the necessary qualifications. First he or she must know the value of each Zodiacal Sign, its quality and virtue as a whole, to say nothing of its thirty separate parts, decanates, faces, degrees, etc. Secondly, he must be familiar with many and various characteristics of the twelve houses or divisions of the circle, and also have a knowledge of how to blend these apart from the signs of the Zodiac, and in addition to knowing the significance of the first sign upon the fifth house, he must also know what is meant by its ruler being placed somewhere else. Third, he must know the nature of the planets, what houses they rule and what they indicate by position, such as rising culmination and when on the meridian. Also he must know what is indicated when the planets are in houses and signs foreign to their own nature; when they are weak or strong, exalted, debilitated, angular, cadent, combust, fixed, succedent, common or cardinal, to say nothing of many other similar terms. Fourth, he must know the nature of all the aspects when they have been computed, and be able to interpret the meaning of a square to one planet and at the same time, trine to another; he must know the virtue of planets in fiery, airy, earthy and watery signs, quite apart from the rulership of houses, etc., and when he has mastered all these rudiments of the science he must have the qualities of judgment as to the environment, heredity and general plan of the nativity. In no other profession is such profound knowledge required as that which an astrologer should possess, and it will be well for

the world to awaken to this fact before those who are striving to enlighten the present race retire in disgust at their apathy and ignorance.

In no other department of life is the practitioner expected to be infallible. A physician is allowed to make mistakes, even to the extent of losing lives. Lawyers and judges may commit errors of judgment so far as depriving citizens of their liberty, but astrologers must and are expected to be infallible. Too much attention is given to triviality; even should one go so far as to predict an event it is termed a remarkable coincidence. This only goes to demonstrate to the world where they stand and those who are striving to benefit the race. But the censure of public opinion is the price they must pay who would elevate and help mankind. To be sure this is a deplorable condition, so far as the majority are concerned, for we rank as fools on the one hand and knaves on the other, and before predictions can be made clearly nearly a life time in this physical expression must be spent in mastering all its ins and outs, for the reason that each individual must reach the goal through a personal effort, and will finally attain those conditions that will permit of beneficial results to earth's children.—Compiled and copyrighted.

THE HEAVENS REVEAL

By ALLIE B. HAZARD

When first the Vernal Equinox makes quick with life
This tiny fleeting dot we call The Earth,
And to the real New Year gives vernal birth;
Make me a couch where I may turn my face,
(Just as the Sun illumined curtain of the Day,
Shall melting into twilight fade away)
Toward the spinning Suns of endless space.
Let neither roof nor tent—no twig nor vine,
Hide from mine eyes the starry vault divine.

The heavens declare the glory of a living God,
The firmament His handiwork reveals,
To every deathless soul in mute appeals.
As we behold His temple never made by hands,
(God's Garden, filled with lamps on high
To light the mystic flowers of the sky).
How can we disobey His just commands?
Turn, turn your eyes above in silent prayer,
The story of Eternity is written there

Alone beneath the spangled blue—yet not alone—
 The friendly stars that there so silent brood,
 Allow to no one friendless solitude.
 The whirling planets with their firm control,
 (From Jupiter to little Mercury or Mars
 In the endless playground of the stars)
 Of Earth and Sea are but a written scroll.
 They seek to tell each mortal or immortal need,
 Lift, lift your earth-bound eyes to them and read.

The shimmering, silvery gossamer of the Milky Way,
 E'er guides my eyes to One I love the best,
 First lingering on Orion sparkling in the West,
 Surrounded by his gleaming, guarding hexagon,
 (Betelgeuse, Castor, Pollux and Aldebaran,
 Fair Reigel and Capella—all I scan—)
 From imperial Sirius down to Procyon
 In Cancer now the Beehive faintly gleams,
 Twixt Gemini and Leo Hydra's beams.

But soon unto the East I turn my longing eyes,
 Where immemorial Virgo, immaculate, serene,
 With radiance pure sends down her cloistered sheen,
 I see her diamond, Spica, flashing in her hand,
 (Ten thousand times more brilliant than our Sun,
 Coming nearer, nearer, ever since the world begun)
 Unmeasured emblem of my inner Soul's command.
 Unsullied white, *A Virgin*, thou art ever sung,
 By every people in each dead and living tongue.

I nightly bless kind Fate that sent with breath of life,
 The blazing Sun through Virgo's soulful sign,
 To give to me at birth her cloister gifts divine.
 A sense of Justice—the treasured "Alchemy of Love"
 (The Grace to Seek—the hidden truth to find—
 To carry light—the Soul of Things—to others blind)
 Discriminating dross below from gold above.
 You promised "Many mansions" Father, in thy House above,
 I thank Thee for mine own—The House of Love.

"Bastards and supposititious children have frequently the Ascendant in aspect with the Moon, and not with the significator of the Father (Sun); and for the most part attended with the indications of some great misfortunes, and either there is no agreement between the Lord of the fourth, the Lord of the second, or else Venus is joined with Mars or Mercury."—*The Seven Segments of Cardan*.

Practical Lessons in Astrology

By HOWARD UNDERHILL

LESSON NO. 10

VIRGO (The Virgin)

Virgo is an earthly, mutable, feminine sign and extends from the 150th to the 180th degree of the ecliptic and covers approximately the 11th and 12th hours of Sidereal Time. In general, Virgo natives express good mental temperaments, with active, critical, discriminative minds, good reasoning faculties, are fond of learning; usually exact, logical, analytical, thoughtful, excellent in matters of detail; ingenious and very adaptable to the conditions under which they may be placed; but liking to have all things tasteful and beautiful. They are oftentimes undecided on the right course to pursue, with a tendency to change their minds on second thought. Their natures are kind, sympathetic and friendly, but often reserved, reticent and even secretive about matters pertaining to self. When young they are apt to be diffident and to lack self-confidence. As a rule they like quiet and harmony; sometimes are fond of solitude; but they are more successful in moving about and mixing with people. They have great respect for wealth and position, but are prone to criticise the faults of others and thereby make enemies. They are more successful in middle life and frequently become so in a traveling business. In a sense Virgo is the sign of the servant and therefore the native is generally more fortunate to work for others than to go into business for himself. They should be well educated, for they succeed in teaching, business and professional pursuits. Many Virgo people have great endurance; grow old slowly and retain their youthful looks. They are particular about the kind and quality of their food and how it is cooked. Disorder and inharmony will impair their appetites and sometimes cause illness. Virgo is said to be less subject to disease than any other sign; but there are few that escape bowel and stomach troubles, intestinal digestion, affections of the liver and spleen, and many have appendicitis. There is much nervousness that goes with the sign.

Virgo gives a well-formed physique of medium height, spare to plump; a round face, full forehead, clear complexion, fine skin, mouth firm and well shaped; often a brisk active gait, and a soft rather shrill voice.

The gems in affinity with the sign are Jasper and Onyx.
The ruling planet is Mercury.

LIBRA (The Balances)

Libra is an airy, cardinal, masculine sign and covers the ecliptic from the 180th to the 210th degree, and approximately the 13th and 14th hours of Sidereal Time. People born with Libra rising are humane, peaceful, sanguine, ambitious, diplomatic, and inclined to be social and enterprising, love justice, and as judges are impartial in their decisions. They have good mental abilities, studious, systematic, cultured; some are adapted to music, the drama, and architecture; many have a bent for business. They are good mixers and their best success lies in association with others as partners, friends, or in marriage. They are intuitive, imaginative and emotional; sometimes fickle and changeable according to their mood, and are likely to meet with many changes in the affairs of their lives. Some are quick-tempered, easily irritated, but never vicious; they are bouyant, full of hope and enthusiasm. They need to cultivate calmness and self-control. They are more imitative than inventive; easily perceive right from wrong, good from evil; and are much averse to cruelty and bloodshed. They make good actors and actresses and sales people, and dislike hard physical labor or dirty work of any kind. They are susceptible to hypnotism and should never place themselves under the psychological control of any one. They attract influential friends and patrons, but the native will, without meaning to, injure one. Generally affectionate and demonstrative in love affairs, not a few have second or third marriages, and, like Aries, often marry wealth. There are few children. They are luckier on land than on sea and are more prosperous on high ground.

The Libra native is liable to nervous prostration, stomach and kidney disorders. The men have trouble from the back and loins, and the women diseases due to their sex. Both sexes should carefully avoid overdoing and going to extremes in anything.

Libra gives a medium to tall body, rather slender and well-formed; smooth regular features, oval face, excellent complexion; eyes, full, expressive; the hair usually straight, soft, and varying in color from blonde to brunette, according to race.

The gems in affinity with Libra are the Diamond and Opal.
The ruling planet is Venus.

SCORPIO (The Scorpion)

Scorpio is a watery, fixed, feminine sign and extends from the 210th to the 240th degree of the ecliptic, and covers approximately the 15th and 16th hours of Sidereal Time. Scorpio people include many extremes of character; some of the best and some of the worst people in the world. They are strong-willed, forceful, self-reliant, ingenious, resourceful and not easily influenced; very angry when provoked, but after a short lapse of time returning to their normal placidity. They are good executives, practical and matter of fact, and in matters in which they have vital interest, are active, energetic and courageous; exhibiting persistence and endurance; but otherwise are liable to be indolent and to procrastinate. They have large self-esteem; are generally fond of approbation, and receive it with an air of dignified superiority. They have great magnetic power, and make use of their personal influence to accomplish desired results. They have strong likes and dislikes; do not easily change their habits or opinions; anger, jealousy and excess of sex-passion are their worst faults. Scorpio is the hardest sign to overcome. Strongly inventive, they have an inexhaustible resource of ideas, their minds seeming ever busy with new conceptions. The average Scorpio person meets with many misfortunes and disappointments in life. They have strong feelings and there is a certain brusqueness of expression that sometimes makes them appear hard-hearted and unfeeling, when underlying all there may be kindness and affection. With some there is a tendency to research in science, chemistry, medicine, surgery and the unravelling of mysteries, and a deep interest in the psychic and occult. The latter part of their lives is generally the best; sooner or later they always have money left them. Very often they have two or more marriages or love affairs. The loss of husband or wife or some great heart sorrow occurs before the age of 35. They are liable to accidents from fire, steam or sharp instruments and, like Taurus, illness often results from excess of work or pleasure. The diseases are those of the generative organs and the heart; lumbago, hemorrhoids and eye troubles often afflict.

Scorpio rising produces a person of average height, (a few are tall), squarely built, plump; many become stout at middle age. The features are prominent, face muscles tense, nose of aquiline type; sometimes eyes are flat, of greenish shade, with wrinkled lids; dusky or muddy complexion, hair generally thick, dark, often curly or crimp.

The lucky gems are the Topaz and Malachite.

The ruling planet is Mars.

SAGITTARY (The Archer)

This is a fiery, mutable, masculine sign and covers the 240th to the 270th degrees of the ecliptic and approximately the 17th and 18th hours of Sidereal Time. The temperament is active, both mental and physical, frank, candid, generous, charitable, affectionate, impulsive, quick to comprehend; very social, but often too quick to speak or act, thus making trouble for themselves. They like travel, out-door sports, hunting and fishing; fond of freedom, they chafe under restraint. Some are studious and become proficient in law, medicine, theology, literature, science and philosophy. They are good friends and fair foes, neat, clean, orderly, and have good taste in clothing and decoration. They are lucky in money matters, but are not so well adapted in business for themselves as for others; they rarely make mistakes if they follow their own intuitions. They are very humane, cannot bear to see suffering and will relieve it if at all possible; but it often happens their good offices are not appreciated. The Sagittary native is not easy to know, for he may express two distinctly different characters; one free, bold and daring, and the other tender, sensitive and sympathetic. They like to have their sympathetic efforts appreciated, but if their feelings are hurt they are silent or very brusque and abrupt in speech. While they forgive an injury they never forget it. Many are religious and spiritually-minded and a few are gifted with the spirit of prophecy.

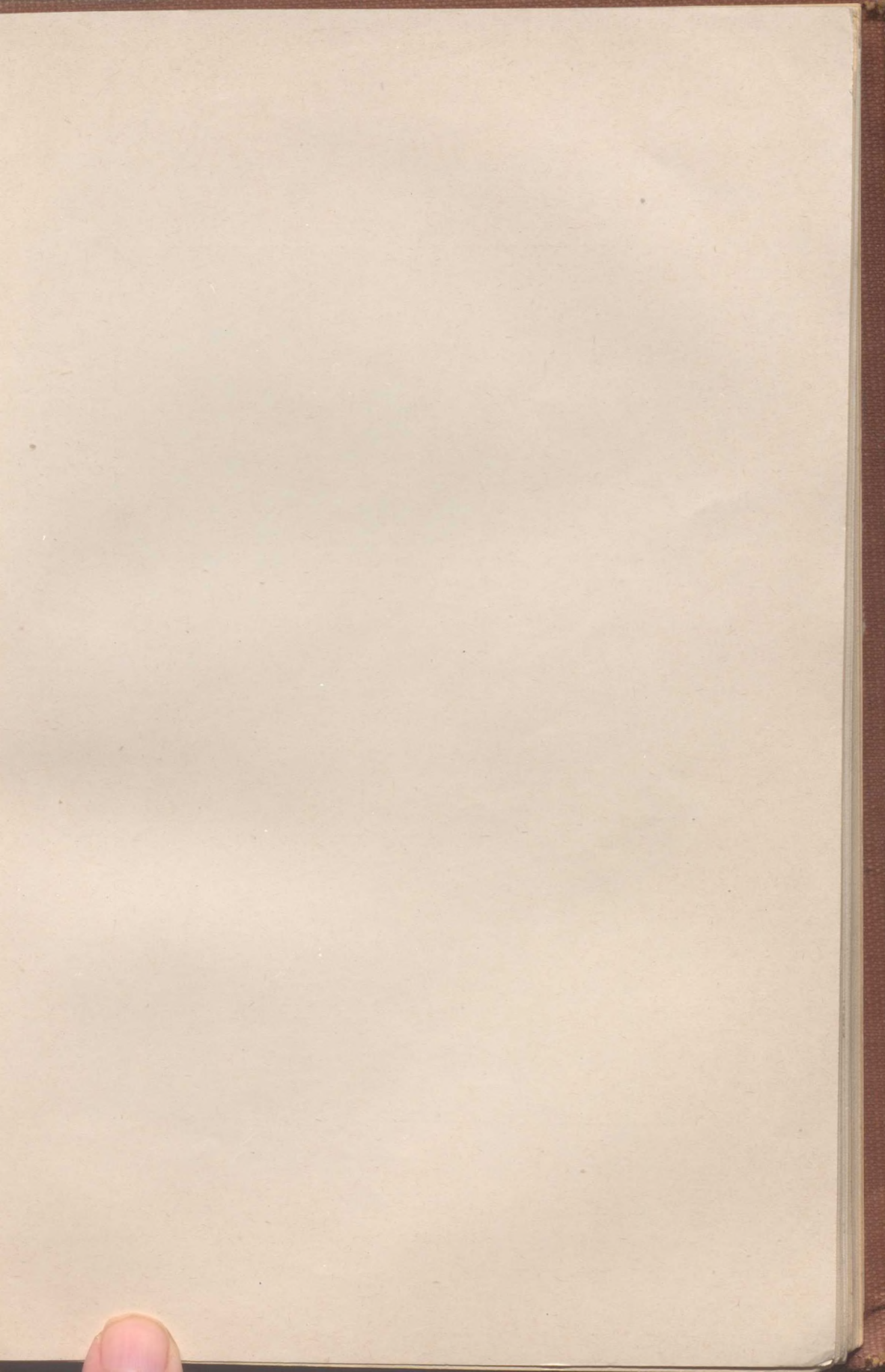
There are often two marriages and but few children, and the second marriage may not be harmonious. Frequently a reversal of fortune occurs about the 30th year, which is liable to affect the health. Generally, aside from accidents, Sagittary gives long life. There is liability to fevers, lung, stomach and liver troubles, also tendency to sciatica, poor circulation, varicose veins and nervous affections. Deep breathing and exercise in the open air are very beneficial to Sagittary people.

In stature they are above medium height, some very tall, strong, wiry, well-formed, though some stoop forward. Long oval face, good complexion, sharp expressive eyes; hair light brown to dark brown, early inclined to baldness in front.

The gems in affinity with Sagittary are the Carbuncle and the Turquoise.

The ruling planet is Jupiter.

(To be continued)





Rents in the Veil

AN UNUSUAL SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH

By G. EDWIN FREEBORN, M. D.

In August, 1910, in London, England, through Madame Paulett, a splendid medium, while entranced by a Persian Spirit—the second one of the photo—I was told that I should in the near future receive a letter calling me back to the United States, to attend to some very important business (at that time I was planning to go to Germany). I received in a few days a letter that made it imperative for me to return to this country.

The Persian Spirit also said that I would be photographed in one city and he as well as others would be in the picture, and that I would go to another city and through an entranced blindfolded medium I would be given his name (the Persian Spirit's name).

I landed at New York, October 1, 1910, and in a few days went to Washington, D. C. Here I was led to the house of one Mr. Keeler, who was employed by our Government. I arrived at his residence about 4 P. M. and was told by his wife that Mr. Keeler would return about 4:30 P. M. While waiting I took a stroll in a park near by, and while so close to nature, I felt great psychic uplift. On returning to Mr. Keeler's house he answered my ring. I asked him if he would take my photograph to see if we could get any spirit pictures. He assented. We went to the front room on the second floor. He placed a screen of black cloth over a modern frame about five by eight feet square, which I examined very carefully but there was nothing but the plain black cloth. While he was focussing the camera I could see forms appearing on the cloth. Two exposures were made.

I then went to Philadelphia and called upon Mr. S. G. Fenner, who, while blindfolded, was entranced by a spirit purporting to be the one who had spoken to me through Madame Paulett in London. He said that the first picture above the one of himself was Apollonius of Tyana and his own name was Amerion. He also said that the picture was authentic, and that the third picture, the man with bushy white hair and ministerial bearing would, before my journey was ended, be looked at by three women who would speak his name in unison.

Later at Lily Dale, N. Y., I was showing it to three ladies and to my surprise they said at once Moses Hull! Some weeks after

this I was showing the same picture to his wife and she said "That is the most perfect likeness of Mr. Hull that I have ever seen. He never had an exposure made like it while he was living." She is still living and married, her name is Mrs. Mattie Hull Marvin, at Morris Pratt Institute, White Water, Wisconsin.

A faithful reproduction of the photograph is given here.

WHOSE DEVILS WERE THESE ?

By C. H. A. BJERREGAARD

The following is from the same manuscript that was mentioned in the April and June numbers of AZOTH.

Although not a Catholic, he engaged himself to go through a week's "retreat" with a Catholic priest, and while there passed through a most singular and disagreeable experience without either finishing the "retreat" or being benefited by it.

The exercises began in the afternoon and were too foreign to him to be of any real use. They consisted in instructions and meditations on the devil, hell, purgatory and the like. Never having been engaged that way before he could not benefit by them. The prescribed prayers for the evening before an image of the Virgin were repugnant.

But the strangest was yet to come.

The vicar of the Parish Church was the conductor of the "retreat" and since the chief priest was away and no other bed was available, his bed was assigned the retreat.

After sleeping a little—it was perhaps midnight—he was disturbed and awakened by a most hideous crowd of devilish imps, males and females. They came in through a window right back of the head of the bed. They sprang and jumped about in a most obscene and disgusting way; they tore his limbs and pulled off his bed-covers. After a lengthy carnival at his expense, they vanished in the direction of the stove and probably disappeared by way of the chimney. Shortly after another kind of imps or impure spirits, also males and females, but larger in size, appeared, he did not know from where. They tore off his bedclothing and threw it on the floor at the foot of the bed. They made him get up and offered him wine and a bevy of delightful females. But he discovered that they were hollow in the back. The atmosphere vibrated with sin and oriental lasciviousness.

How long these scenes lasted, he never knew, but when he

awakened as he calls it, he found himself lying on the floor and stark naked.

After these excitements and agonies, he fell to sleep and overslept himself the next morning, missing the exercises. When he told the Vicar about his experiences he was solemnly assured that the devil had arranged the temptations and mad scenes to prevent the "retreat" and send the soul into the mud of perdition. The devil succeeded in interrupting "the retreat." Nothing further came of it. The "retreater" has not seen him since.

Whose devils were these ?

It must be remembered that this young man had no knowledge of any occult art at the time. Hence he neither thought of nor was able to drive away the devils.

Reviews

Astrosophic Principles, by John Hazelrigg. Antique paper, cloth 8vo., \$2.00. Hermetic Publishing Company, New York.

Mr. Hazelrigg has written some very learned and interesting books on the deeper and metaphysical side of Astrology, but we doubt if he has ever yet given those interested in this much maligned arcane interpretation of the verities a book of greater value than this last one published.

His thesis is to show that the wisdom of the stars is a science founded on definite basic principles, and that in Astrology, we find the real understanding of God and man. Mr. Hazelrigg succeeds admirably and has given the Astrologer a text book to which he will often have occasion to refer; and any one else who may read it will have most convincing evidence that Astrology is far from being the superstition he may have thought it was.

The author discusses and gives valuable information on many problems, such as why certain angles or aspects should be important and others unimportant. All students would do well to make themselves familiar with Mr. Hazelrigg's elucidation of the doctrine or rationale of aspects.

Part of the book is given to Astrology and Medicine, and the author shows the close relation between the planets, herbs and parts of the body, etc., and the very great value a knowledge of this ancient science would be to the medical practitioner. We cannot refrain from quoting one passage here: "—Saturn if suitably conditioned in the celestial organism at the birth of an individual, may induce either to consumption or cancer, which a proper introduction of the Mars or energizing activities may neutralize and cure. The modern medico, in his pleasure hunts for gerrymandering germs and baffling bacilli, does not perceive this, for in searching with unseeing eyes he never thinks to inquire as to *their* divine cause, nor realize that parasitical growth is but *coincident as an effect with the disease itself.*" Words of wisdom if only our vivisectors had ears to hear.

Many valuable hints are given in this section which should be of practical value to Astrologers in the cure of disease. We do not suppose that

many doctors will read this book, but if they would we think they would see a great light.

The book closes with "An Enquiry Concerning Our Nation's Nativity," in which the author traverses the conclusions of previous writers and gives his reasons and corroborative evidence for the hour of 0.20 p.m., July 4, 1776. This part of the book is by no means the least interesting.

Mr. Hazelrigg has done both Astrology and Astrologers a distinct service, and we cordially recommend his work and trust that, for the benefit of the science, "Astrosophic Principles" will have a large sale.

M. W.

Psychical Investigations, by J. Arthur Hill. George H. Doran Co., 1917.

Mr. Hill is known as one of the sanest and most practical psychical investigators we have; and in this, his latest book, he presents a mass of most interesting material, dealing with "personally observed proofs of survival." Some of the mediums with whom he experimented were those employed by Sir Oliver Lodge, for his book "Raymond;" but there were also others. The "communications" were obtained while the medium was in a trance-state, and succeeded in convincing Mr. Hill that the "spirits" of those who claimed to communicate were really there, in some sense, talking to him. Of course, in such matters, personal opinion plays a large part in our estimation of the evidence and Mr. Hill would be the first to accord to the reviewer the right to disagree with him. To the reviewer, then, the evidence contained in this book points not so strongly to the direct communications from departed "spirits" as to the possession, in the medium, of certain clairvoyant or supernormal powers, which enabled him to "sense" or otherwise come into touch with facts in the life-history of the sitter, or of those connected with him; and that this information, vaguely arrived at, was woven together by the medium's subconsciousness, much in the same way as various dream-stimuli are woven together by the dreamer's subconsciousness into a beautiful and wonderfully elaborated dream. I admit, however, that some of Mr. Hill's evidence is very striking; and his opinion is entitled to considerable weight,—coming, as it does, from so acute and sceptical an observer as he; at the same time, I think the Scotch Verdict is still defensible, and that "not proven" may yet be our watchword, for some time in the future, regarding the evidence.

Other chapters in the book deal with such topics as "Telepathy and Survival," "Influences or Rapport Objects," "Psychical Phenomena in Early Times," "Pre-Existence and the Nature of the After Life," "Psychical Research and Religion," etc. Mr. Hill is always interesting; and to the reader who wishes a really accurate summary of some recent work in this field, and at the same time wishes to be instructed and entertained, the book can be heartily recommended.

H. C.

Laws of Physical Science, by Edwin F. Nothrup, Ph.D. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1917.

This important reference book should be in the library of every man who wishes to know the actual facts and laws underlying physical science, so far as they have been ascertained up to the present time. It is divided into six Chapters, devoted respectively to Mechanics, Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, Sound, Heat and Physical Chemistry, Electricity and Magnetism, and Light. The various important laws which have been discovered

to exist, in these various fields, are briefly stated, and in each case one or more authoritative references given; the mathematical formula is also generally given. Thus, if one wants to know what Newton's laws of motion were, Ohm's law, the laws of vapor pressure, or the reflection of light, he will find them in this book; and hundreds of others, both well- and little-known. Well worth possessing by any scientific student.

H. C.

What Every Man and Woman Should Know About the Bible, by Sidney C. Tapp, Kansas City, Mo. 303 pp. \$2.00.

Mr. Tapp is the author of several other books about the Bible and sexual matters, and he seems to have a fixed idea that everything connected with the propagation of the species is vile and evil.

The words of the Bible are turned and twisted to suit this thesis, statements are made as fact which are merely the opinion of the author who has much to learn of the matter of which he treats.

Mr. Tapp is no doubt animated by the best of motives but totally misunderstands his subject.

It is a book written by a crank with the usual crank's obliquity of vision and exaggeration.

A. U.

Signs in the Heavens of a Great World Teacher, by Gertrude de Bielska Paper Booklet, 35 cents. Goodyear Book Concern, New York City, N. Y.

This Booklet was read with delight. Not only is it bound very daintily in white paper and printed artistically, but its contents are as a fresh breath in these days of bewildering discussions of coming "Christs."

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This little book will help everyone to a better understanding of the meaning of "true Brotherhood and Universal Peace."

V. S. T.

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