

BETIERO'S ORIENTAL MYSTERIES

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THE HIGHER KNOWLEDGE

All the great investigators, adepts and gurus admit that there exists a vast chain of spiritual creatures reaching upward from the elementals to God. We are further told that their intelligence decreases in proportion to their distance from the great creative Principle.

All of the philosophers of old recognize this vast spiritual hierarchy, and from these sources we have received exact information as to their relations and of the different classes of beings which compose it.

The magi of the Persians called these beings Genii, and gave to each class names expressive of their relative perfection. It was by these names that they were able to evoke them.

It was from the Magi the Jews received those traditions called the Kabbalah during their captivity in Babylon.

The traditions were afterward intermingled with

the astrology of the Chaldeans, as the latter considered the animated beings of the astral plane a part of the universal chain of divine emanation.

In Egypt this knowledge became a part of the mysteries of nature, and was only revealed in the sanctuaries where the priests indicated the various forces by symbols and hieroglyphs.

Pythagoras conceived the spiritual hierarchy as a geometrical progression, and endowed the beings which composed it, with musical harmonies. It was thus he founded the laws of the universe from the harmonies of music.

He called harmony, the movement of celestial spheres. And names were used to express the faculties of different beings, their relations and their influence.

Hierocles has made mention of a sacred book attributed to this ancient philosopher in which the Divinity is called the Name of Names.

Plato, who existed some centuries later, endeavored to learn more of the nature of these astral beings. The gnostiques gave to these intermediary beings the name Aeons, which signifies in Egyptian a principle of the will.

Following the system of these emanations one conceives the Absolute Unity of God as the Soul of the Universe, the principle of Existence, The Light of Lights.

Thus we have a diffusion of light from the ineffable center that permeates all parts of the universe to its farthest limits, if limits there be.

For the benefit of our students, we give here a compilation of some of the spiritual intelligences classified under the elements to which they are related :

<i>Fire.</i>	<i>Air.</i>	<i>Water.</i>	<i>Earth.</i>
Michael	Raphael	Gabriel	Uriel
Seraphim	Cherubim	Tharsis	Ariel
Lion	Eagle	Man	The Ox
Sagittarius	Libra	Scorpion	Virgo
Light	Diaphanous	Pisces	Capricorn
Heat	Air.	Agility	Earth
Summer	Springtime	Water	Dry
East	West	Cold	Autumn
The Mind	Plants	Winter	Stones
		Metals	Reptiles

Space will not permit us to make the above classification complete. Yet enough is given to direct the student into the correct path of this interesting research.

The question is often asked by sincere investigators, Which is the most reliable method of predicting future events? To which we reply Astrology is the most reliable of the occult sciences in foreshadowing coming events. And if one adds to it the researches of Pythagoras concerning Liberty and Necessity, we have the Science par excellence for divination.

But little experience along these lines is required to show the student the theoretical reasons for its superiority.

As everything is analogous to Nature, the laws which guide the worlds in their orbits around the

sun also guide man in his actions and endeavors.

Many wonder how Astrology can be related to humanity or how mankind can be under the influence of a planet.

We shall try to explain, as it is necessary to first comprehend and accept this fact.

To begin with, all great magnetic bodies influence or change the character of the vibrations near them. Thus we will suppose that at noon on a certain Sunday the earth is found in conjunction or opposition with Venus.

All animals as well as humans born at that time will be filled with vibrations of Venus which give to the fortunate possessor a nature of love and harmony.

If, on the other hand, the planet Mars is in the same relative position instead of Venus, all persons, as well as animals, will partake of the warlike vibrations of this stern influence.

Thus all persons born at the same moment are controlled by the same vibrations.

Of course much of one's nature comes from heredity, but the temperament and vibrations always result from planetary influences.

If two or more planets find the earth within their sphere of influence the new-born of that time will partake of the nature of each planet.

When the planet of Venus comes into a strong relative position with the earth, all who possess the vibrations of Venus will be especially affected. And as these vibrations tend to love and harmony the

impulse of such natives will be strong toward courtship or marriage.

Thus, all things being equal, a young gentleman who is paying his attentions to a young lady will at such time be more than likely to propose marriage, or even enter into that state, when we find in his horoscope the strongest influences of Venus.

By carefully considering these explanations much of the mystery will be shorn from the grand and ancient science of Astrology.

The student will understand that predictions by this art depend not so much on a special power inherent in the astrologer as upon his careful training and ability to calculate the exact movements and positions of the planets.

But the human will is a great factor in molding the destiny of a human being. It can positively dominate the myriads of creatures on the astral plane. This fact has given rise to the adage:

"What the stars threaten need not necessarily happen."

So, dear friends, if you find yourselves confronted with an unfortunate prediction do not despair, but instead concentrate all of your energies to defeat it.

(To be continued.)

HE SAID

Thou'rt bound with chains self-forged and tensioned
tight,

And I would turn thy face toward the LIGHT.

N. H.

SUCCESS DEPARTMENT OF THE ORIENTAL MYSTICS

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of our family; that is, of course, to all of our readers and friends.

The old year has passed away, with its sorrows and joys, to return no more.

Many of us feel that we have not accomplished our ambitions, and some of us could look back and doubtless see in the bygone year lost opportunities.

But let us cast all regrets to the wind. Let us remember only the good things which came to us in 1903.

Let all join with the Oriental Mysteries and bless the kind Providence which permits us to be here, in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Let our prayer for the coming year be one to draw to us the conditions of Success.

All of our readers are requested to repeat the following prayer each morning and evening.

When you speak the first great name, turn to the east with arms outstretched, then to the south, the north and the west.

Repeat it with all the earnestness of your soul. Banish all other thoughts from your mind, and you will be surprised at results.

And at mid-day, high noon, Chicago time, we wish all to spend five minutes in silent thought for the success, health and happiness of all readers of The Ori-

ental Mysteries in all parts of the world. At that moment your thoughts will intermingle with those of our Adepts, who will be with you at this time each day.

The prayer is as follows:

O Great Jehovah of the east,
Adonay of the south,
Eieh (ee-eye-ee) of the north,
Agla of the west, I call upon
You to remove from me all
Evil influences and bring to me
Success, health and happiness.
Amen.

We shall do all possible to aid and assist every reader of our paper.

And we want all of our readers to place the glad tidings before their friends. Each one of you has some friend who will gladly subscribe for our journal if you will only explain its benefits. Tell them it is a constant source of occult knowledge; that it is the only official journal of the Oriental Mystics; that its editor is the only man in America who has personally visited Thibet and has letters from the high priest of occult scientists, the Dalai Llama; that one can always depend on what is read in its pages; and, finally, that the Oriental Mysteries is published under the auspices of the greatest occult society in the world, and has the assurance of aid from Invisible friends, who will assist its readers also.

One can have no better talisman for success, health and happiness than a copy of the Mysteries.

If we continue to grow as fast in the coming year as we have in the year just past we shall be able to enlarge our paper and give even more to our beloved readers.

Now, let us again say, cast away from you all troublesome thoughts of doubt, distrust and forebodings of ill.

The vibrations of the human mind in mental actions are the most rapid of anything in the material plane, the violet ray not excepted.

When one has raised himself to this high state he is then in the auraic or Divine plane.

Fear and doubt will at once destroy this grand vibration. So cast them out.

Let us all think and live *success*.

The following letter was just received from one of our family who has experienced the aid of occult forces. They can also reach you and will help you.

“Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 16, 1903.

“Dr. T. J. Betiero.

“Dear Friend: Your very kind letter was received and deeply appreciated. It certainly did us both good. I can feel a great difference in my condition and can see a difference in Mr. S——. May the good work continue, and my heartfelt prayer is that God may shower many blessings on you and your grand and noble work.

“Mr. S—— has been unable to go to Chicago as yet, on account of collections being so very poor.

“I should like very much to accompany him, and perhaps shall a little later.

"Enclosed please find a small remembrance for the great benefits we have received.

"Yours sincerely, Mrs. S——."

Remember, our prizes still remain good. Send us three subscribers and your name will be entered as a life member of our Success Club.

You will receive by return mail an elegant certificate and The Initiation, also degree No. I, and each month thereafter you will receive a degree until the full number, three, have been sent you.

If you send us five we shall in addition send Betiero's Practical Occultism, which sells for the regular price of \$5.00.

And the one who sends in the greatest number of subscribers before April 1st, 1904, will receive, free, The Higher Knowledge, the grandest and most complete instruction ever before sold to the public. And we will pay \$1,000 in gold for any course of occult instruction that equals it in any country.

We take pleasure in stating that—

Mary E. Cotter sent six subscribers.

Mr. W. S. French sent five subscribers.

Mr. Harcourt sent five subscribers.

Mrs. H. H. Werner sent three subscribers.

Mrs. J. P. French sent five subscribers.

This is the chance of a lifetime. Try for the Higher Knowledge.

DEPARTMENT OF ORIENTAL MYSTICS

To the Oriental Mystics in all parts of the world :

The old year of 1903 has passed into the shadowy past. Accept our fraternal greetings for happiness in the coming year. Remember, dear brothers, that these are important times.

We are now approaching the time when the gentile dispensation comes to an end. The day nor the hour no man knoweth ; nor is that necessary.

We know that we are now in the century at least when great things may be expected, according to the great prophecies of the Bible.

The same delicate yet powerful vibrations which cause some men to either slay others or themselves causes the student of conditions to seek light and spiritual development.

The news from countries in the far east shows that the spirit of war in all its darkness and horrors is hovering over the world's great powers. Russia is not unlike the great glaciers or flowing rivers of ice that are found in various parts of the world. They move forward slowly and regularly, but with an irresistible power. So with this great government of the white Czar, with a secret policy outlined from the time of Peter the Great, comes slowly but surely forward like fate, grasping all in her path, making promises with fine words, but *never* receding. And if the time shall come when the hordes of China will march to her own martial strains and bow to the Absolute will of St. Petersburg, then, indeed, will

darkness and gloom settle over the world. For in truth the world may then tremble for the hosts of Armagideon.

This journal, which represents our Brotherhood of Peace, the O. M., takes no part in politics. Hence this message to our beloved companions must not be so considered.

It points to a higher moral than mere earthly possessions. If our numbers were greater we could, by silent concentration, prevent this threatened conflict, as no stronger force exists in the earth plane than vibration, from which all things have come and to which all must return.

The last great conflict, wherein all nations will be engaged, cannot be averted, because it is so decreed in Holy Writ, but each of us can by right thoughts, words and deeds prepare himself for the millennium directly afterward, when 144,000 will be saved and given possession of the earth, which will take on new robes and bring forth many fold.

Let each one of our number set an example to all about him, so that his light may shine and prove a guiding star to all.

Each one should become enthusiastic in the great work, and bear in mind that, though there be ninety and nine within the fold, it is our duty to bring in the one from without. Never lose an opportunity of talking upon the subject of truth and harmony. If your hearers laugh at you, be not ashamed, for you are seeking to help them, though they know it not.

You are offering them a jewel of priceless value, though they cannot see it. It makes no difference whether your station be high or low in life, or whether you are ignorant or educated. If you have been permitted to know the great truth of being, you are prepared to teach.

Let each one go forth to find and bring in the lost one, and God's blessing will follow you.

Fraternally,

Dr. T. J. Betiero,
Secretary O. M.

NEDOURE

An Historical Romance Presenting a True Explanation of White and Black Magic.

BY DR. T. J. BETIERO.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

The author gives an account of finding the MMS. in an old Paris bookshop.

A young student at the Ouri monastery in the Punjab district of India is taking a bath with his instructor, an old monk, Gobab by name. They encounter the Maharajah of Kashmir, who is on a hunting trip. For reasons of his own Gobab seeks to flee with his charge, when they are seized by attendants and brought before the Maharajah, who questions them somewhat.

A few seconds later we were surrounded by a half dozen men, whose long loose gowns had apparently not in the least retarded their speed.

Each wore upon his head a dazzling white turban of

a material that reflected the rays of the sun so strongly that one could with difficulty look at them.

As they bent their curious but not ill-natured eyes upon us, Gobab, who had recovered his presence of mind, arose and explained that we were from the Ouri monastery, that could be seen up the mountain side. Moreover, that we were but simple monks, been out to take a bath in the Jhelum.

At this time, two others of the Maharajah's servants came up to us, bearing portions of clothing which in our flight we had dropped. While Gobab was busy explaining to our pursuers, we began to don our attire.

It occurred to me that so soon as our sacred calling was confirmed by our robes, we must be allowed to proceed on our way. But the Maharajah, who had been watching us from his palanquin a few hundred yards away, had evidently decided otherwise. Another messenger was seen to leave him and speed towards us with great haste. Reaching us, he said as soon as he could command breath for speech :

"His majesty, the Maharajah of Kashmir, desires to give alms to the two monks and receive their blessing."

A covert glance at my preceptor disclosed a cast of countenance that told plain to me he would much have preferred to forego the alms rather than meet the proud ruler of Kashmir.

To the unacquainted, his thoughts and moods might not have been detected. But I had studied him closely

in all his varying conditions of mind, and a glance sufficed for me. I knew at once his preference in the matter. But as the Maharajah's wish, once expressed, becomes a command, there was no alternative save to obey.

Without a moment of hesitation, our guard—for such they now were—surrounded us and with dignity and measured tread slowly conducted us back to the river side, where the ruler, still seated in his palanquin as if in state, awaited us.

As we approached his majesty, our party made low bows, or salaams, at regular intervals until within a short distance of him, when we received a sign to halt. Here, following the example of our captors and guides, we fell upon our faces, prostrating ourselves to the uttermost. Thus we remained in silence until we heard the deep sonorous voice of the ruler bidding us rise.

When we arose, being unaccustomed at that time to the rules and etiquette of the royal presence, I dared to look upon "The Lion of The Punjab." While our party was prostrate before him he stepped lightly out from his royal equipage with an ease and grace that indicated perfect health. From his princely face my eyes wandered with boyish curiosity to the hand-made cushions, tapestries and curtains of crimson silk—belongings that must have required the efforts of a lifetime to accomplish.

As the monarch stood forth, scanning us with interested and withal a kindly expression, he looked every

inch the ruler that he was, though somewhat small in stature. He was truly a handsome man. A smile of amusement lit up his dark features, causing him to display two even rows of beautiful white teeth. A marked contrast they were in their dazzling whiteness to the somber hue of his skin. But the harmony with his exquisitely carved countenance was perfect. Though the Maharajah meant doubtless to make us feel at ease, there was in his attitude towards us a look of conscious power, even of contempt, for those whom he considered his inferiors. Little he dreamed—and little did I at this moment—of what the future bore in store for both he and I.

My feeling of uneasiness was increased by his glittering black eyes. They seemed possessed of the power to penetrate one and to lay bare the innermost secrets of his very soul. His attire was simple, yet rich. He wore a short purple gown girded at the waist with a beautiful belt of snake skin, inlaid with costly gems. Attached thereto was a small sword, the jeweled handle of which he absent-mindedly sought with his left hand from time to time, while his right arm, unadorned, save with a bracelet of gold, was free to make the gestures that swayed his attendants as a gentle, though irresistible wind sweeping through tall grass and over meadows and fields.

About the throat of his majesty and just above the collar of his waistcoat was suspended a heavy chain of gold. From the chain, for a pendant, hung a large diamond. It danced and sparkled on its background

of purple, catching and concentrating the rays of the sun until it became a brilliant flame of brilliant colors.

My eyes were riveted upon his face and upon the swinging, glowing jewel. I noted him a man past the prime of life, and the diamond an unusual one. Although I felt his penetrating eyes upon me, that jewel held me spellbound. It appeared to grow larger and larger, and, if possible, to add to its brilliancy. Eventually it assumed the appearance of a great eye and grew, apparently, still larger. All at once I discovered my own mage or perfect reflection mirrored therein. I beheld myself as perfectly as though standing before a glass. Strange to relate, I was shown by the reflection, not in my priestly garb, but dressed identically as was the Maharajah of Kashmir.

During this state of fascination my surroundings grew dim and changeable, as in a dream. For a time I was conscious of moving figures and heard the hum of voices from afar. Then did all become dark, and the rush of mighty waters filled my ears. And presently I knew no more.

How long I remained in this state of insensibility, or of what occurred during this unexpected trance, may never be known. When consciousness returned I was lying on my cot in the small, plainly furnished room that was mine at the monastery. Old Gobab sat at my side holding my hand and exhibiting the same pained and troubled expression that I now recalled. As I looked up at him he quickly turned away and feigned interest in the low ceiling and walls of my room. This room held no other furniture than a small

table with an unlit candle upon it, and the one chair that my preceptor was sitting in. His eyes roved about restlessly, furtively scanning first my face and then the walls. And his knees shook in a nervous manner. Nervousness marked his every movement. But no explanation was offered me. In fact, beyond a few solicitous inquiries concerning my condition, he was apparently loath to refer to the episode of the past afternoon.

From the location of the morning sun, I reckoned it must be the breakfast hour. Aside from a slight dizziness, I was none the worse for my experience, and I sat up in bed promptly as one of the monks entered with a light breakfast for me.

Some time had elapsed since meeting the Maharajah. My eventless life had resumed its dreary course. But for some reason, I could no longer find any satisfaction in the mechanical duties and routine of study pursued at the monastery. For hours Gobab would read to me from the Pouranas. And this was usually followed by a discussion of the commentaries or Oupopouranas—all of which now seemed to me devoid of interest.

How often I found myself wondering what could have come over me. Had I suddenly become stupid, or was my reason becoming impaired. Such queries continually flitted through my mind. From a youth who had been considered bright, I was now changed into a gloomy, day-dreaming man. If my old preceptor and companion noticed the change, he had evi-

dently no desire to make it known to me. He had spoken no word of it. Yet I knew that he *must* have discerned the change. He had now come to leave me abruptly after reading the daily lesson and commentaries, whereas in the past our greatest mutual pleasure had been the exchange of views relating to the profound truths before us.

• With rapture I had listened to his narratives concerning the great Cakya-Mouni and his twenty incarnations. But it was all changed now. When the daily lessons were finished he would lay aside the manuscripts and bid me a hasty farewell. And there was a strange look of indecision in his dark, thoughtful eyes. Doubt, fear and pity seemed to possess him, and several times a suspicious moisture was seen in his eyes as he passed me, or as I would look in upon him when passing his door. And more than once, as I passed him by, sitting in his plain little cell, I found him sitting beside his slowly revolving prayer-wheel, wrapped in apparent meditation, and would fancy that he was about to call me to him for an explanation of—I knew not what.

Gobab and I no longer enjoyed our accustomed strolls together through the lovely vale of Kashmir, and but seldom did we bathe in the loved waters of the Jhelum. Confidences between us had given place to a strained reserve that I was unable to understand. For me, time passed drearily within those gray old walls. And quiet days were followed by still more silent nights that again gave place to uneventful days.

As before stated, a peculiar apathy or semi-trance had fallen upon me, so that to me it was of small import whether old Sol blazed forth at noonday, or whether the moon was shedding her soft light in reflection upon the earth. My present life was becoming fast monotonous, and grew daily more so. All the days of my past at the monastery had been devoid of much else than monotony. In fact, but little had I ever known of my past, until I had naturally concluded it must have always been without important events. No memory of a home, other than the monastery, did I have, and no friend was recalled as having ever played a part in my life, save Gobab. He had been to me father and mother, and—all. I had, however, no reason to believe there was anything in my life to conceal, even though my origin and earliest days were never discussed. Gobab often expressed a hope that I should become a monk. Whether of the red or yellow class seemed unimportant. Gobab himself was of the order of the yellow. As to which I should be depended upon by temperament, the distinction being that monks of the red order are allowed to take wives. One thing, however, was certain. My caste was that of the Brahmin of the highest order. This was attested by the emblem permitted me to wear about my neck.

There *are* countries, it is told, where those born of low caste are sometimes enabled by force of energy and intelligence to rise to positions of eminence and power. But not so in the country of my birth. An

illustration will make more plain to the reader the meaning of caste. And through a tradition existing we will explain that:

“Once upon a time” there was a pious Kaisth King named Bisha-Mithra who fain would become a Brahmin. As it is only the power of Shri-Krishni that can make him a priest, he determined to please him by spending his time in “Topashia” prayer. Leaving behind him friends, riches and kingdom, and breaking all ties of relationship, he penetrated a dismal forest and there among wild beasts he spent centuries in prayer.

As self-torture is considered very essential to the propitiation of some of the gods, this king used to kindle fires about him in the summer, and in winter immerse himself in ice-water up to the neck while offering prayer to Krishni. In the early part of his seclusion he subsisted on one meal each day, and this meal was of wild fruits only. Year after year passed, each a silent reminder and proof of the mistaken piety of this unwise king. Pity at last decided Krishni to descend from his Goluck (heaven), to bless the patient devotee.

“Borong boorno” (ask a boon, child), said the god. “Thy devotion faith and prayers have reached me. Now as I have come to bless thee, speak out what thou dost most desire.”

The king meekly replied, “Object of universal adoration; master of the nocturnal satellites; if my tears, fastings and prayers have found a place in thy exalted consideration, may I not hope that my heart’s

desire will also find favor with thee? O Lord, it is thy power to make a lame man climb to the summit of mountains; a pygmy to reach the moon; a babe to cross the unbounded seven oceans by swimming. What, then, is unknown to thee? Art thou not the inspector of all hearts? If thy servant has been commanded to thee, to reveal his wants, he would then say that neither the sin for absolute lordship over the world, nor the desirable combination of long life and health has made him to devote these tedious years in prayer and abstinence. What he earnestly wishes for is—the life, the caste, the privilege of a Brahmin.”

“Be still, child,” the Krishna replied, “Ask for a home in my Goluck and it will be granted thee. But to make thee a Brahmin in this thy present life is impracticable. Yet would I meet thy demands partially. Henceforth shalt thou be a Rheesee—not a Monee. (A title of a Brahmin saint.) You may write sacred books for the edification of thy castes and have the discipline, but not the caste, of a Brahmin.”

This tradition shows the strength of castes in India. It is impossible to receive homage of a Brahmin unless entitled thereto by birth.

By certain luxuries granted me and through a careless remark made by Góbab, I was certain within myself that a sum of money was received at regular intervals for my maintenance, though the source was to me unknown.

One year had passed since meeting with the Maharajah of Kashmir on the banks of the Jhelum. This

day was the anniversary of the uncertain, and to me unsatisfactory, events of that other strangely filled day. For some reason unknown it had been the turning point of my life. Since that time I had moved about in a listless, dreamy state, while the great diamond worn by the Maharajah on that memorable occasion of his sudden appearance among us, appeared to dance and sparkle constantly before my eyes. Doubtless because of this hallucination it had become impossible for me to interest myself in anything else. The old life could never again bear to me the interest of former days, and a struggling attempt to look into the future and the veiled past held me fast.

Strange sounds, too, at this time filled my ears, whether I was burning incense before the idols or singing chants to Om. My inner self would hear diabolical shouts of laughter so piercing that my nervous system was surely breaking. When assisting at the ceremonial rites, behind the priest I saw a horrible grinning face at times. It had teeth that were gigantic and leering eyes that looked as two balls of ebony highly polished, and set in the distorted visage of an animated mummy.

At times that great sparkling diamond would come to view, dangling upon the breast of this repulsive apparition in monster form. At other times the phantom would appear with one eye, the other socket filled by the glittering gem.

Often I wondered if these strange sights and sounds were detected by eyes and ears other than mine. But

to ask, I dared not. And thus went my life along until a dreary wonder-filled year had gone over my head. Days had drearily merged into weeks and those weeks into months, until twelve of them had counted against me in the passing of time, and this day completed the strangest and most dreary of all the years that had been granted unto me. Sometimes I knew not whether to be glad and thankful, or to be sad and resentful that life in the physical had been vouchsafed unto me.

The sun had gone down, and darkness had spread her mantle over the earth. It was nearing the hour of midnight, and silence reigned throughout the monastery. The monks had long since retired to their solitary cells. Yet here I sat alone, apprehensive and fearful, with now and then a fearful shudder convulsing my frame and sending icy vibrations from my standing hair to the base of my spine.

AND WHY?

(To be continued.)

HINDU ASTROLOGY

All persons born from December 21st to January 20th, inclusive, are under the sign of Capricorn. This is the last sign of the earth's triplicity, and is considered the earth's darkest and most mysterious sign. To the native of this sign we will say: Study, read all you can, and do a great deal of thinking.

Some of the world's most famous orators, lecturers and teachers of education came out of this sign.

All kinds of knowledge will be found valuable to you.

Be careful to take up one thing only at the time. Do not attempt too much. Act as you think best. Do not permit others to run your affairs. By attending strictly to your own business and not interfering with the affairs of others you will be very successful. You will at times become despondent; yet there is little reason for so doing, as all good things may be realized by natives of this sign. By being kind, gentle, noble and generous, you can become very magnetic and charming and people will be attracted to you and love you, especially the opposite sex. You also possess hypnotic powers which can with patience be brought to a high degree of development.

If you will crush out envy and jealousy your hypnotic and magnetic powers will lead you to success and wealth.

You should be careful of your money. Do not try to assist others too much. Keep well informed on all great events in the world's history, always holding your mind broad and tolerant toward the opinions of others, even though you do not agree with them.

Devote the energies of your whole heart and soul to every undertaking, even though it appear unimportant to you. Remember if we do well the little things which come in our way, we shall be prepared for greater effort.

Capricorn people should secure if possible a good business education, and should also strive to acquire

and save money. This does not mean, however, that you should be stingy or penurious.

The females of this sign are sensible, lovable and practical.

They make excellent wives, managers of homes or housekeepers for large institutions.

Music is also beneficial to the native. Some great singers, actors and actresses have come from this sign.

Enjoy yourself as much as possible in a rational, sensible way. Be temperate and moderate in all you do and your success and happiness is assured.

Never doubt your ability to make money in any line of business to your taste. But you should never engage in any work or business distasteful to you.

Be careful of your health, cultivate your higher nature. Never assume a proud and arrogant bearing.

It is usually difficult for one of this sign to devote much time to development of his spiritual nature; yet once you begin you will soon become enthusiastic.

Avoid talking too much, learn to listen. Keep in your mind high and noble thoughts.

By so doing you will become a good citizen.

When you have learned to control your mind and to cast out anger and worry, there is no limit to what you may accomplish.

You should concentrate your will power and silently meditate upon your hopes and ambitions, as the native of this sign has wonderful powers which should not be neglected, as you are constantly surrounded by invisible forces and solar fluids that are willing to serve you.

Your sign is governed by Saturn. The ruling gems of this sign are the white onyx and moonstone. The astral colors are garnet, brown, silver, gray and black.

The diseases you are likely to suffer from are indigestion and melancholia. You are also liable to overwork on account of your strong determination to succeed in whatever you undertake.

Your most congenial companions will be those born in Taurus, Virgo and Libra, as well as those born in your own sign.

Those born directly under this sign usually have dark complexions and very expressive eyes.

NEW BOOKS

Chips from the Rock of Truth, by Will J. Erwood, of LaCrosse, Wis., is, as the author states on the title page, "Designed to aid in the Battle with Self." Its object is surely a good one, as it seeks to remove pessimism and to make us brighter and happier in the daily affairs of life. It is well written and we extend our best wishes for success to the publishers.

Typo-culturists, by Mary Eupha Crawford, is a handsome cloth-bound volume, with modern type, and the highest art of the printer. It puts one in a pleasant frame of mind before its pages are perused. It teems with bright and helpful suggestions and is an inspiration to the reader. It is published by the Broadway Publishing Co., and should be in the hands of everyone.

MORALITY REQUIRED

There are no known laws that will control a community devoid of moral sense. And if one feels that it is not a moral wrong to do a certain thing, the strictest laws will be regarded with contempt.

In an age where an abnormal value has been placed upon money, we find a growing anxiety to obtain it.

Men who would like to be honest, and some who think they are, do not hesitate to deceive where profit or business success is concerned.

The clerk who receives a small salary will often stand before the customer and speak falsely, with the intention to deceive.

The manufacturer is often on the lookout for some passable imitation of the genuine product, in order to deceive.

The stock broker considers it merely business to send out misleading statements in order to deceive investors.

I have before me a scalpel made of Toledo steel and presented to me in my college days. Its equal cannot now be purchased in the ordinary channels of business, because they can now use cheaper materials of which the public are ignorant.

An imitation asbestos curtain is said to have been responsible for the loss of nearly six hundred lives in the recent theatre disaster of our city.

Deception and contempt for law threatens the very existence of our government.

It is doubtful if a reform can be brought about with

those old in such tricks, whose number are legion.

We must begin by the high moral training of the young. Teach them to honor God, value their soul more than riches and finally to practice the golden rule:

“Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.”

NOTICE

Don't fail to send in your subscription for our great serial story *Nedoure, Priestess of the Magi*. It contains more instruction than has ever before been given to the world in story form. The edition will be limited; so we wish to know just how many of our readers desire it in book form. Price only \$2.00.

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KARMA

'Tis a truth as true as the God that reigns—
A truth with the age of TIME—
That sow as ye will, with infinite pains,
Will return in discord or rhyme,
The deeds that are done; the heart's full sway
Of hatred or love; from the King's highway
Speeds every thought HOME, and brooks no delay;
Laden with LOSSES or gains.

N. H.

DEDICATION TO THE NEW COLONY

On a hill stands a beautiful tree ;
 Its fruits are all golden and fair,
 Its shades and its treasures are free
 For all who may thither repair.
 Its evergreen leaves never die,
 Its flowers with fragrance abound :
 Its splendor enraptures the eye,
 Its branches with music resound.

Thousands by night and by day
 Hath feasted and gath'ered in store ;
 Hath borne its rich bounties away,
 Yet its fullness remains evermore.
 And what the trees' name ? Who can tell ?
 And the hill—where, O where can it be ?
 By thy side I would haste me to dwell,
 O beautiful, wonderful tree.

There lifts its tall head to the skies,
 'Neath its branches I stand me and gaze—
 Before me the path of peace lies,
 And I sigh for the soon promised days.
 'Twas planted by Infinite LOVE—
 From the Hill Everlasting it came—
 "Truth's Eternal," they call it above ;
 On earth, "Occult Truth" is its name.
 E. A. Chase, Buxton, Me.

One slender thread with force yet firm as steel,
 Enthralls and holds in grasp the Spirit—MIND.
 One moment DAWN is mine. The next I reel
 And seem to know the soul is groping ; BLIND !
 Pure, simple TRUST alone can break the bond.
 And trust alone make soul to soul RESPOND.

N. H.

FROM THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

Those persons who live and work according to the method stated by Me with reason and authority as the duty of all in a spirit of full faith in the teachings of Guru and Vedanta regarding matters both sensual and super-sensual, and without trying to find fault with My teachings—the Supreme Guide, Vasudeva, who lives in the hearts of all beings, both animate and inanimate—soar above the influence of the pair of opposites, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, etc.

On the other hand, those who find fault with My aforesaid principle, and do not follow it, know them (confounded in all knowledge and devoid of understanding) to have accomplished their ruin.

HE SAID TO ME

He said to me in ways most clear to read,

“My child! Thy spirit liveth for a cause.

“I gave to you a mission! Thou shalt LEAD!

”Tis thine to live and *teach* my holy laws.”

And then I stood before Him, silent—weeping;

My heart bowed down with penitence and grief—

For all these many years I had been keeping

My soul in thralldom, through much unbelief.

He said to me (and now that I am waking

From out the past and realize it true)—

“My child, all gifts from heaven you’ve been taking,

As if from your Creator but your *due*.”

I looked within! I found my life fast wasting.

I mourned, regretted, wept o'er vanished years ;
And shrank, as all His children shrink from tasting
The bitterness of gall and blinding tears.

He said to me—and glad His words I waited—
“My child, each heartbreak yours was for the best.
And every joy in thy life long belated,
Was but to lead thee on, *towards the crest*
Where lies the work all planned for thy hands' doing ;
Where lies the gift thy spirit longs to gain.
'Tis thine by patient labor—*not* by wooing !
'Tis thine to win thro' struggle and thro' pain.”

I bowed my soul at last unto submission,
I crushed vain hopes and sought to dry my tears.
I bowed my heart in holy, deep contrition,
And sought to sweep aside the frets and fears.
When calm had come, and I grown strong for duty
A loved voice whispered : “Peace, my child, to thee !”
I roused. Discerned anew a world of beauty ;
“'Tis thine to conquer, child !” He said to me.
Nellie Hawks.

STRANGE OCCULT COINCIDENCE

The name of this ill-fated theatre, as will be noted, was “The Iroquois,” the name of an Indian tribe that brought death to a large number of women and children at the Fort Dearborn massacre, which occurred about half a century before. As this disaster occurred during a matinee, by far the largest number of victims

were women and children, and the stone-carved face of the grim Iroquois chief, stern, silent and cruel, over the entrance, was certainly in harmony with the dread holocaust so recently enacted. Perhaps the old occultists were right when they declared that "much depends on a name."

NOTICE==STAR OF THE MAGI!

Subscribers to the Star of the Magi are hereby notified that we have made arrangements with Dr. Betiero to supply them with his "**Oriental Mysteries**" to fill out their subscriptions. It is quite probable that Dr. Betiero will decide to consolidate his magazine with the **Star**, and continue them as one publication. If this arrangement is consummated it will mean an improvement that I trust our subscribers will appreciate. We consider Dr. Betiero the most learned and best equipped teacher, author and lecturer on *Genuine Occultism* in America, and we bespeak for him the same generous and loyal support from our old subscribers that they have given

Yours sincerely, N. E. WOOD.

Private Letter to a Friend

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