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# THE LAW OF ATTRACTION

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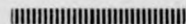
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# The Land of Mystery

OR

## A Forgotten World

By "ADJUDICATOR"

*Synopsis to "The Land of Mystery," or  
"A Forgotten World"*

Harold Keene, who appeared to be a handsome youth perhaps twenty-five years of age, arrived at a mine in the tropics and asked the superintendent, Dean Harvey, for work. An unusual poise and dignity in the younger man's manner won Harvey's confidence, and he was given a position. While off duty, Keene spent hours writing in the small hut the native boys had built under his instruction. His capabilities became so apparent that he was made assistant to Harvey, who later left Keene in full charge of the mine while he went away for a month.

During Harvey's absence, Mr. Cameron, owner of the mine, and other officials made an unexpected visit and noted the unusual efficiency everywhere evident. About to lose his general manager, Mr. Cameron decided to make Keene the new general manager. Keene refused, however, to accept a position over Dean Harvey; hence, Harvey was made general manager and Keene was left in charge of the mine.

Having returned to the city, Mr. Cameron found awaiting him several gentlemen who came from abroad to buy gold and silver bullion. From one of these men, Mr. Cameron learned that a man named Keene and answering the present Keene's description exactly, had been known by him thirty years before and by his grandfather, fifty years before that time. The stranger wished to visit the mine in order to satisfy his curiosity to see if Cameron's superintendent and the Keene he had met thirty years before, were the same.

Keene informed them that he was the same man and that it is possible to retain youth indefinitely. He gave them the manuscript he had been writing to deliver to the Countess of Herndon when they returned to England and a message to another, who, he said, would instruct them further.

Having delivered the manuscript to the Countess, who nearly collapsed when she saw the seal thereon, Mr. Richardson went in

search of the other address Keene had given him. There he and his friends found an old man in a luxurious apartment behind a dilapidated bookshop. He instructed them to meet at the home of the Countess on the following Tuesday evening, and dismissed them.

### CHAPTER TWO, *Continued* *The Mystery Deepens*

With this the little man arose. The visitors, with curious looks upon their faces, took leave of their host and were again on their way to their club.

"More enigmas. Never have I experienced the like." This from Mr. Kelley, who rarely spoke except when spoken to.

"If it were not for what has gone before, I should say that this old gentleman was somewhat impertinent, but there was that which leads one to believe it to be best not to recognize the impertinence. Furthermore, it seems that he is another that has the strange power to know of things that he could not have seen. For instance, he knew of my coming earlier, and that I had forgotten to bring you with me. Also remembered about Keene's letter. Well, perhaps we shall know more Tuesday."

"Or that there are more mysteries to be solved," said Mr. Wingate.

The day being Saturday, the three men looked about for something with which to occupy their minds in order to enable them to curb their impatience. They had already made their reports to their government and handed in the contracts they had procured.

### CHAPTER III *The Countess and Her Aunt.*



AT LENGTH the hour arrived for their visit to the home of the Countess. A dignified butler announced them to his mistress who shook hands with them and bade them be seated. After a few commonplace words the Countess addressed them.

"Gentlemen, we shall not waste words, but get to the point of your visit at once. As



you know, Mr. Keene knew of your going to Mexico before you yourselves knew anything about it. You found that he was expecting you when you arrived. Then you brought me his manuscript. That there was a purpose in selecting you three gentlemen for this mission you already suspect, and are anxious to know more of those things which appear so mysterious to you. It is my privilege to assist you in the beginning of your search for the hidden knowledge."

"You speak of the beginning of our search, dear Countess," said Richardson, who on nearly all occasions acted as spokesmen for all three, "as though we were about to embark upon a long period of exploration, and there is that in your tone that suggests adventure."

The Countess smiled a tired, wan smile. "It is as you surmise. It is to be a period of exploration, and I warrant you that your thirst for adventure shall be almost entirely satisfied."

"That sounds interesting. You too, seem to have a knowledge of things that cannot be known by the ordinary individual. We have encountered three of you now with this uncanny power. But with reference to the manuscript. Your agitation was very noticeable the moment you saw Keene's seal upon the package. Was it the contents of the package that caused this, or did you know the contents of it?"

"No. It was not the contents of the manuscript that gave me the sudden start. I did not know its contents, though I can guess something of what it contains. My agitation was because of an entirely different reason. Perhaps you remember, Mr. Richardson, that the last time you saw Mr. Keene until you saw him at the mine in Mexico, was one evening when you both honored by home. I have not seen nor heard of Mr. Keene since. But when I saw his seal I recognized it at once and knew that I was to learn something of him at last."

"I see. But if it is possible to know much that others do not know, why could you not know of his whereabouts if you so desired?"

"You jump at conclusions. Why should I wish to know of his whereabouts? Furthermore, what seems to you to be a knowledge bordering on the supernatural is not altogether true. The statements made as to knowledge of your activities and desires are only conclusions based on other facts known to

be true, but of which you at present are ignorant."

"I beg your pardon, dear Countess. I was impertinent. But I am inclined to believe that modesty induces you to make the last statement. You seem to know Mr. Keene's intentions to a certain degree at least, and you seem to be en rapport with the old gentleman named Pierson, though you have not seen Keene for many years and have apparently not talked to Mr. Pierson since our arrival."

"That is a small matter. It is only because you do not know of other things that this seems extraordinary to you. But pardon me. We have another visitor."

The Countess and the three men arose as the butler announced Mr. Pierson.

The old gentleman bowed over the hand of the Countess and said to the others, "Good evening, gentlemen. I gather, Countess, that you have already been somewhat cross-examined"

"A few questions have been asked, Mr. Pierson. Please be seated."

When the little man had seated himself, he immediately took charge of the situation. "Gentlemen," he said, "you were told, when given the letter of introduction to me, that you would find one who would show you how to obtain the knowledge that you seek. Not having any previous instruction in this particular realm of knowledge, you naturally supposed that by finding me, your problem would be solved. Such, my friends, is not the case. Mr. Keene had not the time to go into matters with you as they must be gone into, hence he sent you to me. It now becomes my duty to warn you that what you seek is found only by those who have made the necessary effort and have shown their merit. I must also warn you that it is best that you do not make the attempt if there is a probability that you will fail in the exercise of your power of will and are not prepared to endure what to some would be the severest hardships imaginable; just as the explorer of an unknown land must be prepared to confront all that he may encounter. For truly you are about to embark upon a voyage of exploration into realms hitherto unknown to you, at least as far as your objective consciousness is concerned. And instead of quickly finding your quest, a long and arduous search and much toil may be required of you ere you find it in your possession. You now feel a keen disappointment because



of what you have heard, for you expected something entirely different. But having heard, are you still willing to proceed? Perhaps you should think it over for a time?"

Instantly Mr. Richardson sat himself rigidly erect and in decisive tones replied, "We are disappointed. But we are not children. And we are going to get to the bottom of this mysterious business. You may bring on your hardships and your adventures. The more the merrier. After all, this one thing, that of prolonging life, is well worth all the effort it may cost us. But we would ask you this. From what we have been told, and what we have observed, it seems that there are other things to be attained besides this secret of recovering and retaining one's youth. Is that correct?"

"You have an understanding heart. This secret, as you term it, is the most unimportant of the many things that you are to find. There are other matters of which to know makes this quest of youth and the prolongation of life a very childish thing indeed."

"Then we are ready. What say you gentlemen? We have been comrades for many years. If I mistake not, though I am always the spokesman, we are all of the same mind. Shall we three be together in this thing, whatever it may bring us?"

"Now Richardson, you did not need to ask that," said Wingate. "We have since childhood played together and quarreled together. Where one of us goes the other two will follow. You who are the best gifted with a ready tongue, are the mouthpiece for us who prefer to stand behind you in whatever you do or say. Is that not so, Kelley?"

"Aye. You both have said it."

"Very well, then," said Richardson. "It is agreed that come what may, we three shall go through it together. Mr. Pierson, we place ourselves in your hands."

"It is well. For the time being I shall leave you in the hands of the Countess. She will instruct you with the preliminaries. I must ask you to obey her implicitly in all things."

With this the little man withdrew.

The Countess of Herndon, though nearly eighty years of age, was a beautiful woman. Tall and stately, she still retained much of the dazzling beauty that had been hers in her youth. Her life had been more or less of a mystery to her friends, for she took no one into her confidence. She had never married. At the age of eighteen, she had been

introduced to a young man whose courtly and soldierly bearing had captured her heart. This young man had only recently made his appearance in the society in which she moved. No one knew very much about him, but he had no difficulty in being introduced into any circle he wished to invade. The seeming mystery only added interest in his activities. He could never be drawn into a discussion of himself, and cleverly parried all attempts to extract from him anything more than was already known regarding his affairs, and this knowledge was confined to the immediate activities of the society in which he moved. But he showed no more attention to the young Countess than he did to the other women whom he knew. Old or young, he treated them all alike. It had been rumored that he was fabulously wealthy, and there were not lacking elderly matrons with marriageable daughters who sought to lay careful plans for his capture. The Countess pined under the strain, for she was one of those creatures who can love only once. None guessed her secret until an aged aunt came to visit her. With her experience and intuition, Aunt Clarabell was not long in learning the cause of her niece's indisposition. Instead of questioning her young relative, good old Aunt Clarabell set about to correct matters as best she could. One sunny afternoon while spring breezes blew the odor of roses from the garden through the great house, niece and aunt sat in one of the great bay windows.

"My dear, I have something to say to you that I think you should know. You have asked many times why it was that I never married. I have told no one my secret, but I feel that it is time that you should profit as far as that may be possible by my own experience.

"When quite a young girl I fell madly in love with a man who did not return this great affection. We women of Herndon love only once, my dear. But I am firmly convinced that it is far better to marry without love than to remain single. In some cases an affection might come, which if not love itself, may serve as a substitute, at least sufficiently well to make such a matrimony possible. But the single life is not pleasant, my dear. Perhaps children might come to assist in the more or less unsafe alliance."

The niece looked up to her aunt and said, "May I ask, my dear aunt, how it is that you have guessed what others did not even dream?"



"It was not difficult, dear, for the reason that I have passed through the same terrible experience, and I would save you as much unhappiness as possible. Never would I have told my own secret were it not for this trouble of yours."

"You are a dear, Aunt darling. But I could never bear to let another man look at me with love in his eyes. Even the thought of such a thing is repugnant to me. But how strange it is that you have had the same experience."

"Yes. This would lead one to believe that it runs in the family to some extent, for I remember someone saying that a great aunt of yours, my own aunt, had passed through this terrible trial also. But I believe that taken in time, much misery might be avoided."

"It is useless, my dear Aunt. I shall never allow any man to approach me near enough for that, but shall bear the burden as it comes."

"Will you tell me about this man? Who is he, and where is he from?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Aunt dear. Do not trouble yourself further about it."

There was a note of finality in the younger woman's tone that forbade further discussion and the conversation was turned to other matters.

Within a few days after this conversation both aunt and niece were invited to a gathering of artists from different parts of the world. It was to be one of the most interesting affairs of the season. Among them was to be a great violinist who had persistently refused to allow his name to be mentioned. It was even said that he would wear a mask at the gathering and that he was appearing for the last time.

On the evening of the recital there were many of the great and near great in the spacious hall. Artist after artist had shown his or her skill. Harpists, violinists, singers, poets and others had given their best for the entertainment of their distinguished audience. The evening had worn on until the guests had begun to feel that they would be rather glad when they could leave. Then it was announced that an unknown violinist would play. He was introduced as the "masked unknown," for he wore a mask that completely hid his features. When he began to play the very atmosphere itself changed. Never had any one heard anything to compare with this stranger's music. The sweet tones of the

violin pierced the very soul of him who heard.

Aunt Clarabell and her young niece were sitting side by side. Unconsciously she caught her niece's wrist in a grip of steel. "God in heaven," she cried, "there is only one man in the world who can play like that! It is he! It is he!"

"My dear Aunt, calm yourself! You are speaking aloud. Some one will hear you. Of whom do you speak?"

"My child, forgive my agitation. That man is none other than the man I loved so long ago."

"Can that be possible? Why this man looks to be very young."

"Young or old, I can never mistake his playing. That man is Harold Keene and none other."

"Harold Keene, did you say, Aunt? Am I going mad? What is this riddle?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Harold Keene is the name of the man I love."

"Can it be possible?"

"It is the name."

"I mean to solve this riddle."

"What are you going to do?"

"By fair means or foul, I shall remove that mask."

So saying the good lady stepped forward when the violinist had finished and said, "Good people, I hope you will pardon the unusual thing I am about to do, but this wonderful artist shall not leave until he promises to play at the Castle of Herndon within a fortnight. I have reasons that I cannot explain for this seeming impertinence, but I must have my way."

The masked violinist turned to her and said in a voice that the young Countess immediately recognized. "It will be a pleasure, of course. May I see you a moment before you leave, for the details?"

"Certainly. You are very kind."

"Not at all, dear madame, the pleasure is mine, I assure you."

While the guests were departing, the old lady managed to have a butler escort the artist to a place where they could not be disturbed. When the two ladies approached the violinist, he bowed over their hands and said, "Lady Clarabell, I shall take pleasure in satisfying your desire."

With a deft movement, he pulled off the mask.

"You see, I did not care for the notoriety that might have been aroused had all known



that Harold Keene and the violinist were one and the same. Therefore, I am honored that this is your special privilege."

"But I do not understand," said the young Countess. "My Aunt has told me that she recognized your music as that of a Harold Keene she knew many years ago. Surely it must have been your father—"

"—Or Grandfather?"

"It is true, then?"

"I did not say so. Now, my dear Lady Clarabell, tell me how you have fared since your debut at your father's castle on your eighteenth birthday. I have remembered with pleasure those days."

"You mean to say," said the Countess, "that you really are the Harold Keene she knew?" Keene smiled.

"It is he, I tell you. How he preserves his youthful appearance I do not know, but I do know that it is none other."

"I have never heard of anything so strange."

"What is the secret, Harold Keene?"

"There is no secret for him who would know," answered Keene philosophically.

"Well, here come our hosts. We shall see you at the castle on Tuesday of the following week."

"Very well, Lady Clarabell. Thank you for the pleasure."

When Lady Clarabell and her niece were on their way to the castle, the Countess said, "What I have learned tonight gives me the strangest feeling I have ever had. I did not know that such things could be possible. I still have a feeling that I shall awaken to find it all a very curious dream."

"I do not understand it myself. And to think that our experiences have been so similar as to include the same man. What can it all mean?"

"Let us wait till he comes again. Something may appear to give us more light on the matter."

"True. Do you know, my dear, that he has not changed in even the smallest way since the time I knew him so many years ago? The same voice, the same youthful appearance. He cared not for women as most men do; he treated them all alike. I gather that this is also the way you have found him."

"Yes. He has always been kind and courteous, but alike to all. He has never been interested in the slightest way in any one woman. From what I have learned tonight, I am wondering if he is really human."

"Ah, here we are. Now let us try to forget all about tonight so that we may sleep. We may find out something when he comes to see us. Goodnight, my child, and may God protect and bless you."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### *Tuning In on the Past*



LADY CLARABELL had arranged matters so that Keene should arrive at the castle some time before the other guests, for she had firmly decided to probe to the bottom of this very unusual situation. She was very fond of her niece and had no intention of letting her life be spoiled as had her own life, if there was any possible way to prevent it. And, too, she felt that she had the right to look into the reason for her own unhappiness. Thus it was that she prepared to give Keene the cross-examination of his life. When Keene arrived, he was escorted to a small reception room where the three could be alone.

Lady Clarabell at once said, "My friend, you are invited to come at a time somewhat in advance of the hour set for the other guests, that we may have you to ourselves for a little while."

"I am greatly honored, Lady Clarabell."

"You perhaps surmise the reason for this?"

"Yes. I have an idea that you wish certain matters made clear to you. I assure you that there is little more to tell than you already know."

"But there must be something more tangible than the very little you have admitted. Can you not tell us the whole story and satisfy us completely?"

"My dear Lady Clarabell, no one was ever so satisfied. Never was there a question settled that other questions did not present themselves, brought on, as it were, through the first question."

"Now, my friend," said Lady Clarabell firmly, "You are merely trying to evade the issue. I demand to know."

"Very well, you shall know. But, as you were before told, that which you are to learn will only give rise to other things that you shall be just as eager to know."

As Keene ceased speaking, Lady Clarabell felt as though she were falling, and darkness surrounded her. She was dimly conscious of wondering if she were fainting when she again found herself in the light, but in much different surroundings, and apparently in a place far distant to that of her niece's castle.



Gradually her memory of the castle ceased, and as far as she was concerned it no longer existed. Instead she saw a beautiful young girl and a handsome young man walking hand in hand through a green meadow to the woods beyond. The time was Spring, as the many blossoms and the green foliage of the trees indicated. Little birds were singing joyously, and the whole world seemed to be in a state of bliss. The young man and the girl were flushed with the emotions that nearly overpowered them, for they were in love—desperately and madly in love, and the time and the place were especially conducive to arouse in the lovers a sensation of such bliss and happiness that it was almost painful. On the trunk of a fallen tree the girl sat while the young man settled himself at her feet.

Looking up adoringly to his sweetheart, he said, "Margaret, I feel as though in a dream. I never thought that one could be so happy. Darling, I cannot but wonder if it is true that others can love as I do you. It seems impossible."

"It is wonderful, James. It is so wonderful that sometimes I am afraid."

"Afraid? Afraid of what, sweetheart?"

"I do not know. Just afraid. Afraid, perhaps, that it will not last."

"Why, how you talk, my sweet! Your uncle is in favor of our happiness. And undoubtedly we were made for each other. Darling, I could never live without you now. And I could never, never look upon any other woman with eyes of love. Do you love me as much, Margaret?"

"Of course I do, you silly boy. You know that I could never love any one else."

"Then do not talk of such strange things as being afraid. Nothing could possibly happen but the best for us who love each other so!"

"You are right, James. You are very comforting. Let us go now. It is getting late."

Together, hand in hand, the two lovers passed through the shady lane to the great house that nestled almost hidden in the beautiful woods. They were on the estate of a nobleman, the uncle of the young girl who now joyously ran up the steps to greet her uncle. Great was the love between uncle and niece, and though he was overjoyed at the union between his niece and the son of his old friend, he could not but feel a great depression settle upon him. He realized now that he was becoming old, and that his niece, in whom all his affection had been centered

since her coming into his hitherto lonely life, was about to leave him.

"Well, well, have you youngsters been making plans all these hours? Or have you been playing hide and seek in the woods?"

"Neither, dear uncle. We have not bothered with plans. And we are not children any longer."

"Tut, tut. It was only a few weeks ago that I held you on my knee. Do not think because you are in love that you have changed over night."

"Somehow I believe that that is exactly what has occurred. The whole world has changed in a twinkling, as it were. Oh, Uncle, were you ever in love?"

"Yes, my child. I too was once in love," said the kind old man soberly. "I know how you feel. You feel a sorrow for those who are not thus blessed. You find it scarcely possible to feel other than your great superiority for all poor mortals who have not risen to such stupendous heights, to taste of the bliss that is yours. Yes, I can sympathize with you."

"Now, Uncle, you are making fun of us. Come inside James, I want to show you something."

The two young people went within.

"I want you to see my beautiful harp. It just arrived from Italy this morning. It was sent by an old friend of my Uncle's. I shall sing to you."

The girl sang an old love song whose title was, "My love is thine," which she accompanied on the harp, while her lover sat near her feet, entranced as words of love flowed sweetly from her lips. When the song was finished he knelt beside her and in passionate tones exclaimed, "My darling, never have I heard such music. Had I heard it before, I should have thought it must surely come from Heaven. Now that I think of it, it does come from Heaven, Our heaven, and you an angel. Oh, my darling, my darling, I love you so that my heart is near to bursting. If I should lose you, I should surely die. Promise, my own, that you will never let anything come between us, no matter what happens."

"How strangely you talk, James. Of course I promise. Only a short while ago you said that nothing could possibly mar our happiness. And now you talk of something coming between us."

"Think no more of it, my sweet. I rather think I spoke without reasoning. It is be-



cause I love you so that I was temporarily carried away."

"And I love you just as much, dear heart."

She ran her fingers lovingly through his hair for a moment. Then standing, he caught her to his breast and held her there in a long embrace.

Many happy hours the two lovers spent together. Each day seemed but an hour. When apart an hour was an eternity. Their engagement, which had only been recently announced, was to culminate in their marriage within the year.

One evening, at one of the many social gatherings which Margaret and James attended, and from which they would much rather have been excused, a stranger was introduced to them. He was dark and handsome, with eyes that seemed fairly hypnotic. He was immediately attracted to the fair Margaret, and took no pains to hide his preference; when, by chance, he happened to glance at her hand and saw her engagement ring, he staggered as though about to fall, but managed to recover himself.

"Is it possible, fair lady, that you are already engaged, when I have only just found you?"

"Yes, Sir Gilbert. But why do you speak thus, and act so strangely?"

"Dear heart, I am afraid that you could never understand. You have been my ideal for many years. I have been hoping to meet you before I arrived at the age of full maturity. I have found you, only to learn that you are engaged to another."

"But how can this be when we have met only this evening?"

"That I know not. I only know that I am madly in love with you, and that by all that is holy you should be mine. This may shock you, coming so suddenly, but it is the truth. Oh, God, why has such a thing been permitted?"

"Oh, you must not talk like this. I must not listen to you. Please excuse me."

"Very well, fair Margaret. But I wish to tell you this. If at any time you should ever need me in any way, please consider me your slave. And come what may, no matter whom you marry, I shall love you through all eternity. Farewell."

These passionate words had affected Margaret like an electric shock. There was something fascinating about the handsome stranger. His bearing showed that he had meant what he said. She was disturbed. Then she

asked herself why she should be disturbed. She loved another to whom she was engaged. Why should any one be able to disturb her? But that night she could not sleep. In fitful dreams in almost awakened moments she saw the stranger's wistful eyes upon her one side, and James' jealous glances on the other. These caused her to awaken with a start, more than once during the long night.

The next morning she appeared very quiet and pensive. When her uncle asked her if she were indisposed, she only told him that she was tired from the gathering the night before.

When James came to see her, he did not find the usual warmth and ready response in her attitude. He tried to think of what might be the cause, but could not. He did not question her, but endeavored to lighten her spirits with his banter. He decided that she was merely burdened with some kind of depression. With great effort she at length became her old self; but he, being more astute than most young men of his age, detected at once that her gaiety was forced. He made an excuse that he had some matters which demanded his attention, and left, promising to call again later in the day. She responded as though she had scarcely heard him.

When James had gone, she went into the garden to think. What was this that had so suddenly come upon her? She reclined on the garden seat, leaning back comfortably, and endeavored to reason over this new experience. Suddenly footsteps aroused her and she looked up to see the handsome stranger of the night before standing beside her.

"Fair Margaret, I beg a thousand pardons for this intrusion. But it was indispensable that I see you once again. I am leaving this fair land forever; I go to the wars that I may find that which will more speedily put an end to the misery that has come upon me. I do not tell you this to wound you, but to crave an audience with you tomorrow at this time. I happened to be passing when I saw you enter. I made the resolve to ask this one boon of you. Tomorrow I leave. I would take with me the memory of looking deep into the eyes of the one I adore, and of having her look at me with the same love in her eyes. Just to make believe one little while is surely not too great a thing to give a poor beggar who is practically condemning himself to death, perhaps to a fate even worse



than death; for who can say what may come to him before the release which death brings? Will you do this for me, you who are the fairest among the fair?

"Oh, Sir Gilbert, I must not. I do not think it honorable. I must not even think of such a thing. I do not understand what has happened, but I am certain that it would not be right."

"Right? My dear Margaret, if I told you what it is that would be right, you would not believe me. And I shall tell you this moment what is not right. It is not right for you to marry one whom you do not thoroughly love. Whether you admit it or not, you love me and I love you. It matters not that we have never met before. When you think deep within your heart, you shall find this to be true. Therefore, the favor I am asking cannot be too much. I am soon to go out of your life forever. Now, will you do this for me, or will you not?"

"Oh, I do not know what to do! It is all so strange. I do not like to see you go, as you say, to be killed. I feel that I am to blame in some way for this thing. Sometimes I feel as though it were all a mad dream, and that I shall awaken to find it so."

"I shall not ask you again, Margaret. I leave now. I shall be at this spot tomorrow at the same hour. Farewell."

Margaret sat for a time as if stunned. Sir Gilbert had been bold in his declarations of love. Yet he had maintained an attitude that was irreproachable. In her heart she knew that he was right. He had swept her off her feet, and she could never be the same again. She felt a pity for him, but she tried to deny to herself that she loved him. It was absurd.

When James came, she was less herself than before. She had not the courage to tell him what had happened. Sensing that he was not as welcome as heretofore, he left, saying that he would return the next day. He said not one word of reproach for her coldness but, like the sportman that he was, let matters take their course, hoping that all things would in time become adjusted.

The next day at the appointed hour Sir Gilbert found Margaret in the garden seat.

"Dearest Margaret, it was kind of you to grant what would be the greatest favor that could come to me under the conditions that now prevail. Just for the short time that I shall be with you, please try to forget that you are engaged to another. You see, I want to carry with me the memory of holding you

as my own for a short moment; I want to forget that you are pledged to another. Then it will be easier to cast all out of my life except this one moment of bliss—of make-believe, until such a time as I am struck down on the field of battle, which I trust shall be soon, for I can no more live without you than mortal man can live without air. Will you do this for me, Margaret?"

"Yes," said Margaret, faintly. "I shall try, though I am not sure that I should."

"You precious darling," said Sir Gilbert, gathering her in his arms, "I bless you for this moment. I would gladly lay down my life in payment. Now look at me, sweetest flower, and tell me that you love me."

"I love you," said Margaret, in a low voice.

"Say, 'Gilbert, I love you, and shall love you till death.'"

"Gilbert, I love you, and shall love you till death," repeated Margaret, tremulously.

When she had said these words, Sir Gilbert pressed his lips to hers in a long lingering kiss, after which he poured into her ears a torrent of words—words of a love so strong and so passionate that it could have come only from the very depths of the Soul itself. So earnestly was he speaking, all the while holding her close, that neither of them heard the footsteps that sounded gently upon the garden walk.

James had come into the garden looking for Margaret and, hearing voices, had approached near enough to hear much of what was said. He had not meant to eavesdrop. But when he saw and heard, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Here was his sweetheart in the arms of another man, who was violently declaring his love for her and holding her close in his arms. Without a word, he softly walked away. Now he could account for her changed behavior. Strange how suddenly the brightness had faded from his world. How dark and dismal all now seemed! How could he endure life after this? Would he awaken to find this nightmare the result of his broodings over the conduct of his loved one? No. It was only too true. How could she have so suddenly changed? How could she do what was considered so very dishonorable?

Slowly he walked away. When he had arrived at his home, he wrote a note and sent it to Margaret by a servant. He told the servant to make haste, and he would find her in the garden. His wishes were that the note should be delivered before the departure of

his rival. In the meantime, Sir Gilbert was saying, "Now, my beloved, I must leave you. I shall never forget this hour. If I suffer during the dark hours of the night, the memory of this shall assist me to forget that which should be forgotten."

"Oh, do not go. I cannot bear to see you go thus. And yet, you must. Oh, my heart is breaking. I cannot bear it."

At this moment, James' messenger arrived.

"A note from Sir James to the Lady Margaret."

Margaret took the note, while Sir Gilbert retired a step. She read,

"Dear Margaret:

I feel that our engagement was a mistake. The love we felt for each other must have been the infatuation of two children. I am sure that during the last few days you have discovered this. Please forget me. I am leaving tomorrow on a long journey. I think it best to keep from your uncle the contents of this letter, as explanations will be rather difficult, since both your uncle and my father were set on the marriage. I have a plan that will make everything clear, if you will just wait and let matters work themselves out. Goodbye, dear Margaret, and may you be happy."

After Margaret had read the letter, she handed it to Sir Gilbert.

When he had read it, he exclaimed, "The soothsayer was right after all!"

"What do you mean?"

"With some friends I visited a fortune teller, in a moment of frolic. She told me that I was to meet my ideal within a certain number of weeks and that, though it would cost me some sorrow, I should wed her. I paid little heed, but when I met you I knew that a part of the prophecy had come true. I was very sure that the latter part of it would not come true, until I read this note. You are now free, and I am free to ask your hand in marriage as soon as the conventions will permit. But what could have caused this change in the heart of your lover?"

"I do not know. He has always been so fine and honorable, I cannot believe that it is as he says. He has suspected that something had happened to me since we met; I could not hide it."

"You mean that you knew all the time that you loved me?"

"I did not want to admit it, because we are an honorable family, and we keep our promises. But it is true, Gilbert. I know now

that I loved you from the moment I saw you."

"Oh, what bliss to hear you say so! What joy is mine! Heaven bless the kind fate that led me to you in time!"

Slowly they approached the gate. Here a servant opened it to let them pass. "Pardón, Lady Margaret," but Sir James asked where he could find you; perhaps he was unable to do so, for he came out of the garden almost immediately afterwards. I thought you would like to know."

"Thank you, Janet. You may go now."

"You see. He was in the garden. He heard and saw."

"What a blow it must have been. I am truly sorry. But, after all, it is best so. He is a rare gentleman."

"Poor James. I wonder why it is that I should be forced to hurt him."

Within the year Margaret and Sir Gilbert were married. James had vanished, as it were, from the face of the earth. He had told his father that he was going on a short trip, to talk over some matters with a friend. He was never heard from again. In a lonely mountain valley some peasants had found clothes with his family crest on them. Letters in the pockets further identified the wearer. Though the small lake had been dredged, and the woods thoroughly scoured, not a trace of him was ever found.

After ten years or more had passed, a well-groomed, grave-faced man was being entertained in a distant land. No one knew very much about him, but his quiet manner and courteous reserve marked him at once as one of noble birth. It was said that he possessed rare talent with the harp, though few had ever heard him play. He nearly always refused when asked to play, but there were those who said that when he was prevailed upon, the very soul of the hearer was touched as if by some unknown power. When he smiled, which was rarely, those who saw sensed a sadness at once deep and unutterable.

A well known hostess was giving one of her very frequent dinner parties, at which she expected a number of celebrities. The good lady was bent on making this particular evening an epochal one, and she was sparing no pains in her undertaking. In order to further her plans, she had prevailed upon several of her friends to importune the distinguished looking stranger to play a song that it was said nearly always left him fainting, but which was unsurpassed in beauty



and pathos. The mystery of it was intriguing and added greatly to the desire and expectancy of the plotters to wring from the player that which would satisfy them for a moment, even at the expense of great suffering to him. Heatherly was the name the stranger bore, though many suspected that it was an assumed one.

When the different ways of entertainment devised by the clever hostess had been exhausted, she smilingly approached the victim of her planning and said, "Mr. Heatherly, as the culmination to my party, I am going to make of you a special request. It is said that there is a song which when played by you seems to come from Heaven itself. We know your reluctance in this regard, but just this once will you not let us prevail upon you to play the song? The name of it is, 'My Love is Thine.'"

At these words, the guest turned pale and his hand trembled visibly.

"My dear madam, much as I dislike to disappoint you, I must ask you to excuse me."

The other plotters now approached him and with cleverly planned phrases, importuned him in such a manner that to refuse further would have been very embarrassing to all. He approached the harp with a reluctance he could not hide. Tremblingly his fingers went over the strings until such a melody issued forth that all were carried away, as it were, on the wings of it. It seemed to search out the very heart of one and touch it with some unexplainable something that left the body trembling—an ecstasy of joy that was past, commingled with a sorrow so deep that it seemed eternal. The player's face was now of a paleness that was almost white. As the song was ending his head bent forward upon his chest, and his body leaned against the instrument for support. The great round of applause fell upon unheeding ears. Seeing that he moved not, friendly hands reached toward him as if to assist him. To their horror, they found only that which his spirit had left behind. The sorrowing heart had broken.

Sir Gilbert and Margaret had been married but a year when they both discovered that they had made a terrible mistake. Even long before the year had come to an end, the infatuation had worn away and the two once ardent lovers detested each other's presence so much that they lived in opposite sides of the castle, during the rare intervals when Sir Gilbert was not off on the hunt, or some other

matter that would take him away from his rather inharmonious surroundings.

All this Lady Clarabell could see and sense just as if she were playing a part in the play that was being enacted. Then she saw herself approach and melt, as it were, into the body of Margaret. She and Margaret were one and the same! When she had come to this realization, she closed her eyes as if to think. When she opened them again, she was again in the company of her niece and Keene.

Directing her gaze to Keene she said, "I see. I have been paying a debt during all these years. For the perfidy of the past, I have been compelled to suffer that which I have caused another to suffer. Am I right?"

"Within your own mind, you know whether or not you are right. You know within yourself that no one may escape a just and legitimate compensation, whether it be for pleasure or for pain."

"Very well. I accept it as such. Can you tell me this? It seems to me that the debt has been fully paid. Am I right in this, or is there still more?"

"You shall know this for yourself. If you are at peace with the world and all there is; if you have no more sorrows or inharmonies and the world seems a good place to live in, then your debts have been cancelled. But if there still remains anything that has the power to afflict you, then there is yet something to adjust."

"You mean that all suffering is caused by one's own conduct in the past."

"Precisely. There is a Great Law in operation. Through that Law every individual brings upon himself, either directly or indirectly, all that comes to him. Not as a punishment, as the criminal is punished by law, but as a discipline that future actions may be more carefully performed."

"Doesn't it seem a bit harsh for one to suffer without knowing that for which he suffers?"

"It seems that way to the uninstructed. But such, sooner or later, must come to a knowledge of things that will make the way easier. All pain is for the specific purpose of urging the thinker to use his mental powers to the best advantage to himself and all others whom he may contact."

"You seem to be well versed in these matters. Now I would ask you another question. Is it possible that my niece is also paying for something?"

*(To be continued)*



# The Many Mansions

*An Editorial*

By E. E. THOMAS

*"In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." (St. John 14: 2-3v.)*



THROUGH all the passing ages humanity has never been left helpless and alone. Always there has been the Voice, speaking to mankind through the medium of prophecy, of inspiration, of teaching, or of the urge within the heart of the individual, driving him ceaselessly on to something fine and high and beautiful. To him who would but heed there has ever been the "Voice crying in the Wilderness." Because he would not listen, because he felt that he was strong in his own power and conceit, he has become entangled in the dank weeds that flourish in the black morass of doubt and fear and ignorance—and the Wilderness has engulfed him.

Into the farthest corner of the darkened ways, the Light has ever shone, but the eyes, veiled with the fog of fear and selfishness and avarice, could not perceive the light. Along the Path the sharp stones have been rolled away and in their place have been erected guide-posts pointing to the sunlit hills, but the feet, seeking the thorny by-ways of life, have not walked the better way. Through all the storm and tumult of the night, sweet music has been ringing, but the ears, attuned only to the clash and clangor of the harsh notes of Unreality, have not heard the gentle whisper, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest." On every side priceless treasures have been outheld—the Golden Casket, the Priceless Gem, the Pearl of Greatest Price—but the hands, reaching out eagerly to grasp the tarnished, broken bowl of earthly gain, have not felt the touch of finer and more ethereal things.

Mankind, in his lust for wealth, for fame and power, and for the enjoyment of the senses, has thrown aside his Divine inheritance. The shining, seamless Robe of Infinite Perfection has been discarded for the tattered garment of mortal fraility. The kingly robe of Godhood has been replaced by the thorn-pierced wreath of bondage to the Lower Self. He whose heritage is the golden room in his Father's House has been content to dwell within a hovel. From its broken windows he

looks out on life, finding no peace or rest in his eager pursuit. Sometimes he wonders "Why?" and "What is it all about?" He has not found Life—but only his warped conception of it.

Thousands of years have been required for man to extricate himself from the limiting chains that he has bound about him, and to penetrate beneath the surface of material things. A few have blazed the trail, leaving a pathway of light for those who were to follow—and a few have followed. But as a race he is still struggling and suffering, and as he struggles and suffers, he is only binding the iron links more tightly around himself, because he looks to eternal things for release. He has yet to discover that law and order reign everywhere in Creation, and that he must find this Divine Harmony within himself if he would ride upon the rhythmic wave of Life instead of battling against it, like a small boat in a choppy sea. There are infinite things to be learned about his relation to God and the Universe. He stands on the sands that border the Infinite Ocean of Truth. He may bathe in its cooling waters and come forth refreshed and revived, strengthened for Life's battle by a new courage and understanding, or he may remain upon the sandy shore, attaining nothing, accomplishing nothing, except the making of a few new footprints in the sand which are forever washed away by the incoming tide. He may choose his "Mansion" and build it where he will.

All material creation is forever pressing toward a higher state of expression. Behind the seen world lies the unseen world, from which springs the motive power, the energy, and the might that bring into outer expression everything that is. Every particle of matter, though at present it may seem to be dense and gross and solid, is constantly changing into something finer and higher. Through long eons of time the marvels of nature are wrought. To him who can see with the eye of understanding and with the knowledge gained through the assimilation of esoteric truths, all creation presents a veritable paradox. All about him lies an enchanted



world, in which there is no death or inertia. Even the minute grain of sand is inspired with the urge to climb, to attain, and finally it becomes the rock. To those whose consciousness is still asleep, a rock remains a rock, an inanimate thing to which no further thought is given. Yet it, too, feels the Divine urge to aspire. Beneath its rough surface there is ceaseless activity. Change after change is taking place within its stony tissue, and, ever struggling upward, ever aspiring, one day it displays within its heart a vein of the purest gold. The hidden beauty which exists within all life, the constant struggle and desire in all things to attain a more complete state of perfection, is beautifully expressed in the familiar lines—

"Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten.

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
Till, groping blindly above it for light,

It climbs to a Soul in grass and flowers."

Jesus said, "In my Father's House are many mansions." What is the Father's House and what are the Many Mansions? This statement has often been interpreted as referring to the vastness of the universe, of the worlds upon worlds that swing upon their way through the stellar spaces. It has been said to mean the different planes of existence or the various abodes for those in Spirit-Life. To the esoteric student, however, it has a meaning deeper and more subtle. He knows, in speaking of the various spheres of spirit-life, that it means simply and solely a reference to the state of spiritual development attained by the individual. To ascend to a higher sphere means to have attained a loftier conception of life, to have a more expanded viewpoint, a deeper understanding of humanity and one's relation to it.

The "Father's House" is the Temple within—the home of the Soul, the inner sacred shrine where, and *only* where, the seeker for Truth can truly contact the Infinite. God is everywhere, in all things, and yet only through the Inner Self can each individual make the personal contact. The "Many Mansions" are states of consciousness. There is no limit to the fine gradations that may be held in consciousness, from the lowest and grossest to that which reaches on up into the very heart of the Infinite. It rests with each individual as to what "Mansion" he shall choose for his abiding place.

Man is distinguished from every other

creature because he is able to consciously perceive God. Of his own free will, he can undertake the search for the invisible Reality, with no limitation except those that he makes for himself. To the quest of the Infinite by the finite, the pursuit of the Eternal by the temporal, there can be no definite conclusion. Man alone has developed, or is developing, the sixth sense through which he is becoming aware of the influence of the unseen world which interpenetrates everything that is in outer manifestation.

If ever the world had need of the awakened consciousness, of the spiritual vision, of universal love and the brotherhood of man, of service for love's sake without thought of reward, it is now. The very atmosphere is freighted with the sense of great changes soon to come. Through the gathering mists of uncertainty, which are felt by the many because they have lived only in the objective world, is ever shining the Greater Light. No shadow is so dark that it cannot be illumined and vanquished by the One who maketh all things new.

More than ever before, the pulse-beat of the Infinite is being felt throughout the world, and mankind is feeling the necessity of seeking shelter in something greater than its own selfish and cruel thoughts. Jesus of Nazareth saw the Cross, but it did not block His vision, for He saw it with God's own viewpoint. In the Cross of Calvary He beheld a beacon that, through all the coming ages, would show mankind the way to liberation, joy and peace. He had the illumined consciousness. For all, he left hope and courage in the words, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." By this He meant that the lofty consciousness such as He possessed could be attained by every individual who would seek it. He was preparing the Way—it was the Divine heritage of the seeker to follow and to reach the same high and exalted state—the consciousness that sees clearly the perfection of the Eternal Order, and knows that all things are forever inseparable, forever ONE.

There are many Mansions and the doors stand open wide. There is no lock nor key. All may enter and depart at will, and ever on before awaits a more noble and more beautiful abode. He who is wisest will seek the most lofty Mansion of the Soul where he may abide in the Secret Place of the Most High.

## MY BELOVED IN THE SWEET LONG AGO

By EUGENE E. THOMAS

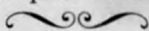
The author of these lines, while in a condition in which he was neither awake nor asleep, was so profoundly moved by the vivid experiences herein described, that he arose from his bed and without effort the verses flowed from his pen.

One night, in a series of dreams,  
I beheld her. It seems  
That in Egypt—where I have traveled before—  
On Old Nile's deep bosom, while the tide near the shore  
Stirred the Love-Lily who bowed her white head  
To see her reflection in the waters that led  
Onward, to merge in the Ocean's great heart,  
Becoming one with the whole and no longer a part.  
In majesty moved the great waters; silently onward they sweep,  
As for ages untold they seek rest in the deep,  
Past the site of Old Thebes, and Cairo's cascade;  
Past the ruins of Karnak, whose columns still shade  
The secrets and mystery of a long ago past,  
That haunts and beckons to all who at last  
Fall under the charms of Egypt's dry air,  
And blue sky, whose clouds are so rare.  
I dreamed that a boat on a day newly born  
Glided gently, like the dawn of a morn,  
And in the boat sat a maiden with eyes of deep blue,  
As lovely as the Lotus-Flower, kissed by the morn's early dew.  
Forgotten for the moment were all other charms  
While gazing on her whose mere glance warms  
And disturbs the heart's calm repose,  
And within me a fierce longing arose  
To be nearer this goddess whose blue eyes divine  
Might be coaxed or cajoled to look into mine.  
I approached without effort; I wished and was there;  
The rose-hue of her cheek, her soft and fair hair  
Were close to my own. And then a change  
In the scene, and a succession of strange  
Happenings made me forget  
The surroundings that for ages have set  
The world's mind agog  
As it pierces the mists of history's fog.  
Forgotten were the monuments of Rameses' pride.  
Forgotten the Lotus-Flower at the edge of the tide.  
All is forgotten, even Khufu's great pyramid,  
And the Sphinx, who for eons has hid  
The world's hidden ages of woe,  
And secrets that no man dare know.  
Forgotten was the desert's crimsoning dawn,  
And Old Memphis' great lofty lawn;  
Forgotten was Philae's warm palmy isle  
In the beauty of this fair maid of the Nile.  
The day dies. Thought moves with the pace of the sphere;  
Music, full diapason, falls on the ear.  
The pulse of the Spirit is stirred,



The Divinity chant that is heard  
Reaches downward and upward like the vine  
That is anchored in depths Divine.  
The desert hush deepens. The Nile moves on;  
The enchantment grows with the glorious moon-dawn  
That outlines but palely Egypt's blue sky,  
And cast thin shadows where the Pharaohs lie.  
Sunset and moon-glow are mated,  
Enthralled, enraptured, and yet unsatiated;  
Enchantment ineffable, deep  
Dream of Osiris and Isis, I fain would keep  
Forever and never awaken  
Until time in his flight had taken  
Me to those realms of space  
Where Spirit moves in thought-like pace.  
Nearer I went, with a movement of steady decision;  
Nearer, yet nearer, until within range of her vision.  
Once there I hesitated and tarried awhile,  
Awaiting I know not what. Then a dazzling smile  
Like the rainbow in the sky,  
Lighted by sunbeams from on high,  
Was what I received for my reward  
For my approach. Nor musician nor bard  
Can describe the ecstatic feeling  
As Soul bared to Soul we waited, revealing  
Our joy at the meeting,  
While Time unheeded went fleeting.  
Still nearer I go, with my eyes on her face,  
Drinking in every line, all her exquisite grace  
Until, as in a daze, I put forth my hand;  
Stronger than ever the contact fanned  
The glow and the rapture primarily felt  
As by her side I reverently knelt.  
The clasp of her hand, most wondrously fair,  
Across my face a strand of her hair,  
Soft spoken words of welcome I hear;  
I no longer belong to an earthly sphere;  
Oblivious to Time in his fleeting;  
Sweet, golden moments repeating  
As one snowy cloud with another,  
Regardless of past or of future; regardless of other  
Than the beautiful present that reckons not time;  
Forgetting its passage in rapture sublime.  
We glide like the mist on the wave's snowy crest  
Into ecstatic oblivion on the Nile's placid breast.  
I awake; the light of a star in the room  
Through the window pierces the gloom.  
For a moment I am still in a daze,  
For the dream has left me ablaze  
With a mingling of rapture and longing emotion  
As sublime as the vast expanse of the ocean.  
As is often the case when one has a dream,  
The scene recurred again and again, like a beam  
Of light in my thoughts that could no longer keep  
Still in one place. I could no longer sleep.  
I am more silent than usual throughout the day;

Sordid earth matters have vanished away.  
 And again I live over with exquisite thrill  
 Those brief, glorious moments that served to fill  
 The whole day with a strange sort of obsession,  
 That left in its wake the vivid impression  
 That this was but a lifting of the mysterious veil  
 That divides the present from the past's hidden dale.  
 And that in the dim, misty past of ages long gone,  
 When the glory of Egypt was still in its dawn,  
 That this dream was a happening true and real,  
 And that the curtain was lifted but to reveal  
 A past occurrence in another station—  
 The living over of a past incarnation.



## The Quagmire of Criticism

MASTERSHIP MADE PLAIN

PART NINE

**T**HE mind speaks with the heart; the brain with the mouth. These were the words of an Indian chief, when asked why he remained silent in the presence of General Grant. Criticism is the result of prejudice, as the most prominent weakness in human nature is the tendency to accept as belief those suggestions which are in accord with predisposed ideas, and to reject everything else. This is prejudice. Critical thoughts, which are discordant thoughts, are always the evidence of prejudice. Criticism is destructive to the organism and to the mental and spiritual growth of the individual harboring thoughts of criticism or expressing them; for "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The powers of man's thought are founded upon truth and love, and the only way in which he can attain permanent gain and happiness is by conforming to the laws of love. When man looks upon the external world with critical eyes, with disapproval, with unkindliness, he is but looking upon the reflection of himself, for that which is not a part of the self cannot possibly be perceived in the outward forms of things. Only an inverted vision sees so much evil in others. The critical individual is like the man who had a louse on his own eyelash, and thought it was a ground hog up in a tree.

Destruction is not confined to the physical world, but is an active principle in the thought world, also. The one using thought force in a destructive way is always the principal sufferer, for any destructive force is naturally most fatal *at its source*. All destructive forces exhaust themselves the farther

they are sent out from the center in which they are generated. Criticism is among the most destructive methods of using thought force. The true esotericist never uses his mental forces in a destructive manner, for he deals always with basic truths rather than with external manifestations. Devotion and consecration to the Interior Law of Force only can satisfy the instincts of love and make permanent contentment possible.

We should neither demand nor expect perfection in the outward lives of others, for we should understand that through mistakes everyone gains the experience that is needed to bring forth greater strength and discriminative abilities. When we pin our faith to the lower man, the imperfect, we shall suffer disappointment; when we perceive that which is perfect underlying all and when we worship *that*, instead of its imperfect reflection, we shall receive satisfactions and benefits from everyone instead of disappointments.

When we ourselves are outwardly perfect, we may expect to see perfection in those about us, because there is nothing in the world of expression that is real or which has value other than our thinking and believing gives it. Therefore, we should freely accord to others the privileges which we rightfully demand for ourselves. All physical expressions are on the path towards perfection, and every expression is potentially perfect and divine. We should strive to perceive everything in the light of its inherent divinity, with the sure understanding that when *we* have become perfect we shall perceive nothing imperfect in the world of manifestation.



As we grow in the realization of this truth, we shall begin unconsciously to think, speak, and act with supreme wisdom and impersonal love and, then, only kind and uplifting thoughts will flow from us.

Uninstructed and selfish love may turn into the acrid gall of jealousy through the fear that it may lose, or the pride of losing, a coveted possession. It may then manifest itself in a malignant form of revenge. Those who live in perpetual fear that something they cherish or love can be taken away from them should meditate in the silence for the purpose of freeing themselves from such ignorance. "The tree of silence bears the fruit of peace." That which is rightfully and truly ours by the bonds of love and selfless service cannot be taken away. That which we truly love is ours, but love should be satisfied in the giving, demanding not that its favors be returned. Real love inspires love. It is forgetful of self in the interest of the loved one. True love need not be accompanied by intense attachment. On the contrary, only selfish love requires strong attachment, and this very attachment brings forth every low and contemptible property of the mind, keeping not only the loved one in bondage to error and inharmony, but the self as well.

The vibrations of universal love must be reached before one can rise above fear, hate, jealousy, criticism, and all other inharmonious conditions of mind. When man reaches the indwelling Power of Love, he taps the well-springs from which flow new opportunities, fresh life, and added happiness. Love is an organizing power that saturates the body with pulsations of strength. Man should renounce criticism, hate, and jealousy, as the infamous children of fear. Fear in turn is the illegitimate child of ignorance. Love is the seat of all esoteric power, while discordant, critical, hating thought vibrations forge chains that tie the hands and limit the mind. Not until all discordancy in the mental life is melted in the immortal fire of Love can true mystical power be gained. The deeper undercurrents in all lives are pure and holy, and by recognizing these principles of love and perfection in every individual, one's surroundings will appear absolutely free from discord.

Jesus' words on criticism were these: "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest *not* the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, 'Let me pull out the mote

out of thine eye;' and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? First cast out the beam out of thine own eye: and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." Were we all to live by this rule, every man's charity would be as wide as the universe and criticism would be unheard of.

In the Hindu Scriptures is this immortal maxim: "Doing good to others is the only virtue; injuring another is the only vice." It is a great mistake to associate spiritual unfoldment with the dominant use of will force, for the first quickening of the potentialities which lie within comes from the awakening of feeling, sympathy, and kindness for others. When in the lower stages of evolution, man is swayed by the instinct of self-preservation to look after his own needs and to appease his sensual cravings, to the exclusion of the welfare of others. The consciousness of the undeveloped individual is centered upon the outer self, and all his attachments are principally for the purpose of self-satisfaction. He loves because of the gratification to self that love affords him; he hates because of the fear that another will gain that which he should have. The love of the natural man demands; he expects to profit by his love and through his every interest and his every charity, he expects to receive a dynamic reward.

As the consciousness of the individual expands, however, its field of action embraces not only the self, but the mind begins gradually to work for the improvement and welfare of others; the state, the nation, and then humanity. Man learns that his actions and works are the manifestation of his thoughts; and as the Inner Man unfolds, the individual ceases to waste time and energy in petty selfish ends. His work is consecrated to God and his attachments are removed from material gains. All his affairs and works are performed for the purification of self, without ulterior motive. He knows that no one can take from him the compensation he has won as the result of benevolent work without ulterior motive.

#### *The First Key to the Mystic Life*

"I and the Father," can become one in no other way than by becoming one in *motive* and *intention*. Every use of will force which is not in harmony with universal love must react upon the one misusing it with disastrous consequences in proportion to its power. This is inevitable. The first key to the mystic life, upon which all true spiritual unfoldment de-



pend, is the *refrainment from injuring*. Injury to others through criticism must be eliminated from the mind and heart, if one really desires to travel the Hidden Way.

The esotericist's power consists in his ability to uncover the universal love principle within himself by uniting his consciousness to the Law of Love within, which is the exhaustless Source of all enduring vibratory power. Our expressions of veneration and piety awaken certain forces, it is true, but real devotion must go deeper than this. Merely to uphold a theory has no value. To profess virtue or religion, but to fail in right thinking and right living, is to put into motion forces the result of which we shall bitterly regret. We reflect that which we hold in our hearts and minds. The nature of our acts determines the quality of our thoughts, for we radiate and express unconsciously our inner thoughts, feelings, and motives. Let us not plant within ourselves the poisonous seed of criticism, for it will spring forth and bear fruit that will harm us more than those to whom our critical thoughts, words, or acts are directed. "Evil is as evil thinketh."

Refrainment from injuring is the first requisite to self-realization, for all persons and things are related parts of a universal whole, governed alike by the Law of Love; therefore, to love and protect every other part is in reality self-protection, and will result in permanent well-being. Right conduct, however, must be the result of voluntary self-effort. To "meddle" in the affairs of another by criticism, because we may believe the other person is not doing right according to our views; or to meddle in the affairs of another through sympathy, because we think he needs a "boost," detracts from our power to conduct our own affairs properly. Every individual is morally responsible for the use he makes of his forces; as criticism and sympathy are methods of expressing interior force, the principle of "meddling" involves a moral responsibility. None can avoid the self-acting penalties of infringed natural law. Self-development, if properly pursued, is the main enjoyment in life; for the source of happiness is within and not in the field of externality.

There is nothing that will so retard our advancement along the path of greater understanding and self-realization and withhold from us the conditions that would bring true contentment, as criticism. Criticism is a malicious habit and a mild form of that which the law terms "slander." When we

criticise another, we not only question the other's honesty, virtue, and reputation, but we actually attribute those defects to his character which are not yet eradicated in our own natures. He of discerning vision can perceive the nature of our characters in our attitude toward other human beings.

The weaknesses, faults, and shortcomings which we recognize in the personalities of those about us, are the very weaknesses and shortcomings which we have not eliminated from our own personalities. To see evil is to manifest an evil eye. The fact that we are able to recognize the particular failings of others and the need of their elimination, is the divine way of pointing out our own shortcomings, that we may correct them in ourselves, but not that we may criticize them in others. Only he who is swayed by the evils of fear, malice, jealousy, and hatred will willfully criticize or judge his brother. If we have acquired critical attitudes without conscious motive or intent to harm, we are no less responsible for the false knowledge that has been created in other persons' minds by our words; hence, the law of compensation will be complied with in due time.

Man "thinks" himself into his external world. By so doing, he gives the impressions created by his own senses the power to disturb and control him. As long as the mind can be influenced by incoming impressions, his surroundings will appear obnoxious to him. But when he stops "thinking" imperfections into his external world, the inharmonies of existing conditions will disappear and harmony in all his associations will result. Is this not worth striving and longing for?

#### *Eliminate the Desire to Criticize*

We come now to the possibility of eliminating the desire to criticize. How may this best be done? First, there must be a thorough understanding of just what criticism is and how it is generated; namely, that we see in others only those defects which exist within ourselves. Second, after having come to a complete realization that the trouble lies in ourselves and not in the "other fellow" we must substitute something in the place of the "critical thought, or word, or deed." When we feel tempted to berate another, even in thought, we should recall to mind the fact that the very fault we see to condemn in him is an evil that still exists within us. Let us not fool ourselves in this regard or believe



that we are not at fault; for if we watch our every thought, word and act carefully, we shall soon find that we are committing the very error we had up to that time failed to recognize in ourselves, but which we have condemned in someone else.

Unless we can eliminate criticism from mind and heart, we should not study esotericism. Again we repeat that the very first essential in the study of the deeper phases of life is *non-injury*, and criticism is a slanderous form of inflicting injury upon others. Non-injury constitutes the First Commandment of the real esotericist, and all further knowledge in the mystical field is little more than useless, unless this practice of non-injury is observed without qualification. To eliminate criticism, we must substitute something else in its place, which is really the transmutation of one quality into another. What quality is it that can uproot this poisonous seed? There is only one force that will do it, and that force is love—not personal love, but impersonal or selfless love. On the side of hatred, jealousy, personal greed, and envy is CRITICISM. On the side of universal service, justice, sympathy, contentment and success is IMPERSONAL LOVE. On the one side are almost endless penalties; on the other, endless rewards. Which shall we choose? There should be no half-way measures, for we cannot reach the kingdom of mastery on a vessel that knows not to which port it is bound. There must be a definite port ahead, well-mapped out, and toward this harbor our vessel should be directed, with as little variation in the course as possible.

Our real work lies within ourselves and consists of removing the impurities of mind. "To the pure all things are pure." All mistakes, evils and shortcomings are the consequences of *ignorance*. This truth was made plain in the simple words, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." As we grow spiritually strong in self-realization, we cease to further our own interests by injuring others in thought, word, or act; we cease to feel jealousy, envy or dislike. We remove our attachments from material gains, and by doing this we give up nothing, for the consciousness expands until it includes everything within itself. The outer man is but one part of the innumerable "parts" in the eternal whole, and his instincts of benevolence can never be fully expressed as long as he inflicts suffering upon any of the related parts.

#### *The First Step in Eliminating Criticism*

Introspection is absolutely the first step towards the eradication of criticism. Introspection need not and should not be productive of sensitiveness or selfishness. The subjective mind cannot be awakened to the necessity of any reform without thought concentration through proper esoteric methods of introspection. By turning the attention inward we are utilizing the only real method of awakening certain interior forces that will assist us in bringing about the reform desired. We should at regular intervals draw upon these interior forces by silencing the outer senses and holding in thought a positive affirmation such as this, "*I now draw on my interior Wisdom to find and follow the best methods of self-realization and self mastery.*" In this way we cultivate the assistance of the subjective mind in our general judgments. When we are active in cultivating our own talents and powers, we are least apt to resort to critical surveys of others. The greatest talent we can develop is to be able to choose and follow our highest aim. As self-realization is the highest aim to which anyone can aspire, we shall attain the real blessings of life in proportion to our success in bringing out the inner perfection of the Higher Self, for in that way we fail to recognize any appearance of evil or inharmony in our environment.

#### *The Art of Speaking Wisely*

"Speech is silver; silence is golden." The mind that is sufficiently alert and well-poised to maintain self-control and to speak wisely under difficult circumstances, must have become so by previous training in silence. Wise speech is that which emanates from deep thoughts of universal sympathy, love and wisdom. Wise speech and mystical power are born and evolved from the deep silence of the omnipotent, unchangeable Law of Truth. When we become truly attached to the Law, the forces become more silent because they flow directly from the region of high potency beyond the vibratory mind and discordancy of the external world. If we desire wisdom, power and success in any art, business, or profession, we must open the channels which lead to the interior, silent, omnipotent Law of Truth. This can be done only when our attention has been removed from the human frailties about us and steadfastly bent upon removing the surface imperfections of our own minds. We should each try to become an expert in the control of nature's finer forces within our own Being, and we limit

our possibilities of accomplishment to the degree that we fail in this. As we try now to come into oneness with the interior forces, let us likewise strive to obliterate our past boundary lines of limitation, that we may measure ourselves by the standard of permanent Being which becomes ours through such realization.

All happiness and power to harmonize the external conditions is derived through *vibration*. Vibration and consciousness are inseparable, and wherever there is a vibration or manifested life, there is a thought organism and the power to think. As the consciousness grows, the possibilities of power and happiness are limited, for happiness is derived through harmonious vibration. Man has the power to do anything that he has the will to do; and when he passes from the phase of uninstructed growth, he can become permanently free from sorrow by a method of voluntary thought, by which he learns to conserve and to mass the forces instead of depleting them. By this method also he frees himself from harmful external parasites, psychic forces and force currents.

By his conscious obedience to the interior law, all the potencies which are inherent in that law are manifested through man. This is called regeneration and by it man is enabled to overcome the necessity of physical death and rebirth. The first point is to fully comprehend the importance and necessity of learning and obeying the deeper principles involved. The primary necessity is to abstain from useless wastes of force, by scientific devotion to the thought laws. When man has become master of his inner forces, he will be able to neutralize harmful exterior force currents; until he can do this, he is little better than a slave. Let us determine to begin by obeying the golden law of silence in order to eradicate the detestable habit of criticism from heart and mind.

#### *Mental Tests*

Test One—Ask yourself the following questions:

1. Would you become angry or display anger, hatred, malice, if you did not fear that something or somebody would injure, cheat or deprive you of mental or physical satisfaction?

2. Do you know that criticism proves to others that you are ignorant or distrustful of the universal law of compensation, which provides that every one shall receive the just fruits of his every thought, word, and act?

3. Do you know that esoteric understanding inspires love and casts out fear and jealousy by erasing the ignorance which caused it?

4. Do you know that anger, hatred, jealousy, malice and revenge are perversions of your faculties and inconsistent with a sound philosophy of life?

5. Is your outward life in any way a sham or mere pretense?

6. Do you pride yourself on your defects and thus cater to depraved and uneducated tastes?

Test Two—Rules for Contentment and Success.

1. Refrain from Criticism.

a. Learn to appreciate another's point of view.

b. Make others appreciate your understanding of them, and thus become their advisor and helper.

c. Be tactful always.

2. Learn how to rest.

3. Learn to mass and conserve your forces instead of depleting them—Control the nature of your thoughts and moods.

a. Never indulge either in mental or physical excesses.

b. Be cheerful all the time. When you display moodiness or anger you cut yourself off from the sympathy of others.

4. Have an aim in life.

a. Use every effort to accomplish this aim.

b. Decide upon the thing which means the most to you, and forget about everything that is detrimental to it.

## Your Sign And Its Significance

CAPRICORN

Compiled by DR. H. T. COOKE



APRICORN IS THE Celestial Sign through which the Sun is passing from December 23rd, 1930, to January 20th, 1931.

Cap'ri-corn, n. (Lat. capricornus, from ca-

per, a goat, and cornu, horn.) (Astron.) The tenth sign of the Zodiac, into which the Sun enters at the winter solstice, this year on December 23rd. The Sea Goat, the ancient representation is a figure with the fore parts



like a goat and the hind part like a fish. This date of the year represents the position of the Sun at its farthest point south which gives us our shortest day and longest night on December 23rd, and marks the beginning of our real winter period.

The goat with the fish's tail signifies extremes of the height of the mountains and the depth of the sea.

The keyword of Capricorn is "I use." In the 10th House position representing ambition, profession, positions and honors and standing in the community. The first decanate of Capricorn ruled by Saturn is "organization." The second decanate of Capricorn under Taurus ruled by Venus is "martyrdom." The third decanate of Capricorn under Virgo ruled by Mercury is "Idealism."

Capricorn is a cardinal or movable, earthly, mental, feminine, semi-fruitful sign, governed by Saturn and ruling over the knee-joints and the skin and spleen.

The qualifications of Capricorn are: basic, position, honors, ambition. Positive qualifications are justice, caution, economy, authority, organization. Negative qualifications are pride, suspicion, unforgiveness, resentfulness, pessimism, justice without mercy.

The qualifications of Saturn: basic, contraction, persistence, caution. Positive—concentration, stability, faithfulness, analysis, system, building-qualities, diplomacy, tact, thrift, deliberation, conservation, endurance. Negative—crystallization, selfishness, obstruction, slowness, fearfulness, limitation, materialism, melancholy, avarice, secretiveness, cynicism.

To the above favorable and adverse qualities of Capricorn and its planetary ruler Saturn, this month are added the qualities of the Sun, which are, basic—individuality, vitality, will; chief ambitions, what one really is, the masculine, men, and representing those in authority. Positive—generosity, dignity. Negative—ostentation, arrogance, despotism, lack of ambition, the animal quality.

During this Capricorn period we will, each one of us by turns be reacting to the above planetary influences, and we will be demonstrating the above adjectives in our daily lives as they contact us and form favorable and adverse aspects with each of our several natal horoscopes.

The following planetary positions are noted for this period: Venus is direct in Scorpio until Dec. 29th when it starts to retrograde. Until Jan. 5th it rises before the Sun each

day, but after this date it rises after the Sun. It becomes direct again on Jan. 18th. Saturn is direct in its own sign Capricorn. Jupiter is retrograde in Cancer. Mars is retrograde in Leo. Uranus is direct in Aries. Neptune is retrograde in Virgo. The Dragon's Head is in Aries. Dragon's Tail is in Libra.

The Sun in Capricorn gives a deep mind, a thoughtful, quiet, serious nature and good reasoning faculties. The native born under this sign acts with dignity and self-esteem. They are generally practical and economical. They are ambitious, particular and persevering. They are never entirely discouraged, although often disappointed. They are thorough and hard workers. They are careful, cautious and frugal and make good detectives. They usually meet with some heavy obstacles in the path of their desires and progress, yet by dint of persistent and concentrated effort they frequently butt their way through and triumph over circumstances.

Mercury in Capricorn makes the person acute, sharp, penetrating, tactful, fickle, restless and discontented. They are serious, thoughtful, contemplative, and of a practical nature. They are careful, economical and painstaking, especially in cultivating the intellect. They want to know and they are willing to expend the effort to inform themselves, thereby increasing their education. They keep busy constantly. They have the interest and ability for literature, science, philosophy and the occult. They can best be influenced by kindness.

Venus in the first half of our period is in Scorpio. Venus also is slightly adverse to Uranus. This brings trouble and jealousy through courtship and marriage, and difficulty with the opposite sex and unconventionality. The mind is alert, curious, imaginative and easily influenced by unrestrained feelings; causing trouble due to broken promises, scandal, separations, estrangements and difficulties with friends. An unfortunate aspect, one to be restrained. On Jan. 4th, the last half of our period, Venus advances into Sagittarius. This refines the person, inclining the nature to benevolence and charity. A fondness for traveling, voyages, sports and animals is shown. They become more literary and religious and improve the higher attributes of the mind.

Venus is quite active in its good and adverse aspects during this holiday period, so that all the adjectives that can be applied to her love nature will be shown or im-

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fluenced by these aspects. On Jan. 8th, Venus is slightly adverse to the Sun. This tends to extravagance, overfondness for pleasure, luxury, and an amorousness and mutability in the affections. Delay in love affairs. Loss through speculation. On Jan. 11th, Venus is adverse to Neptune. This makes the memory poor, the mind vacillating and impractical, and affected by spells or periods of mental aberrations, dreaminess and irresolution. Dangers through drugs, poisons etc. This is a time to guard the health by abstaining from flesh foods and stimulants. Keep yourself under restraint for a week up to this period, particularly if you are nervous.

On Jan. 17th, Venus is trine to Mars. While this is a very good aspect, still Mars gives Venus too much dynamic energy, so that pleasure, ambition, and adventure, especially with the opposite sex, is shown. Sometimes strong good aspects need restraint as well as strong adverse aspects do. This aspect is good for making money and spending it as fast as it is made; also a great desire for show and to have expensive things.

On Jan. 18th, Venus passes into a trine aspect with Uranus. This aspect is good to

bring out the higher finer qualities of both planets, with a desire and ability for music and art. Personal love graduates into a universal love for humanity, which inspires them to help others along the plane of life. Success through friends and strangers. Affection for a foreigner or one from a distance is shown by this aspect, also the probability of more than one union. It is fortunate that Venus has passed out of Scorpio before this malefic aspect of both Mars and Uranus to Venus occurred, else unconventionality would be in evidence. This also is an aspect needing much restraint.

On Jan. 20th, Venus is slightly adverse to Jupiter. This will give a desire to make a "show" with little money to do it on and resulting in much heartache and discomfiture.

Fortunately Venus is a rapidly moving planet, and the aspects are of short duration, but are nevertheless intense, especially when it forms conjunctions with the still more rapidly transiting Moon.

On Jan. 13th, Venus is in slightly good aspect to Mercury. Under this aspect, the mind is intuitive, cheerful, merry witty, mirthful, good tempered and hopeful. It gives a friendly disposition and popularity with the opposite sex. It gives a refinement of touch, daintiness, culture and finish. Cultivate these good qualities and extend the aspect as long as possible. It indicates partnerships, two marriages, or marriage to some one of kin.

Mercury is rising daily, before the Sun until Jan. 5th. Before this date Mercury is acting as the "planet of expression" for the other planets as "a messenger." On this date it is in exact conjunction, therefore it is "combust" with the Sun. This means that Mercury is burned up in the rays of the Sun, so that it is overshadowed by the power of the Sun and Mercury's own activities are swallowed up by the Sun's intense rays. Under this combust people will be explosive in speech, say unfortunate things and "go to pieces." They will be unable to write or speak to advantage. They will be clumsy and they will drop and break things, such as dishes and glassware. As the Sun is increasing in longitude at this time 61 minutes a day and Mercury is retrograding at the rate of 68 to 70 minutes a day they are rapidly separating, so that in three days or on Jan. 8th, they will be out of conjunction and no longer combust; but Mercury being retrograde we shall acquire our learning by experience. This will



continue until March 16th, when Mercury will again rise before the Sun, and learning will again be by forethought and a clear, alert mind, and dexterity also will return.

Uranus signifies originality of thought, independence of mind, inventive genius, intuition, intellectual and metaphysical ability. It predisposes to the eccentric, the odd, the old, the new, and the unusual, inventions and electricity. It makes one odd, progressive and peculiar. Located in Aries gives added force and positiveness. Many changes of residence and occupation are unfavorable to settled marriage conditions, bringing about peculiar unfortunate conditions and separations. Independent, revolutionary and sudden changes of ideas may cause estrangement from parents and kindred. Frequently these ideas are far in advance of custom and are often impractical. The Uranian is always trying to do things in a different and to him a better way. Frequently he is misunderstood; if he becomes too revolutionary, he is frequently asked to leave the country.

Mercury is applying to a square to Uranus, culminating on Jan. 8th. This aspect will prevent the Uranian from expressing himself satisfactorily, thus hindering the acceptance of his views, and causing him discouragement and restlessness.

On Dec. 19th, Mercury forms a slightly adverse aspect to Mars. Mars retrogrades on Dec. 20th, on Dec. 29th Mercury retrogrades, on Jan. 6th they are again in adverse aspect. While the intellectual powers are good and the mind acute, clever and sharp, the disposition is impulsive, sarcastic, argumentative and resentful. The aspect is separative rather than unifying. There is great mental activity resulting in brain disturbances through overwork. There is irritability and exhaustion and they may have to take to a sick-bed. Digestion may be disturbed and holiday feasting may cause a rise in blood-pressure, and danger from apoplexy.

On Dec. 27th the Sun is trine to Neptune. This is a good aspect. It gives an inspirational nature, and an inclination for law, philosophy, religion or science. With Mercury well aspected, they make good orators, and have considerable skill on stringed instruments, because they are played with the hands. The tendency of this aspect is to refine the feelings and the emotions, giving a keen appreciation for the beauties of nature and art and music in its highest forms. There is benefit through the occult and spiritual

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sciences. This is a beautiful aspect to at-  
tune ourselves with to carry us over the  
Christmastide with the greatest harmony and  
with thoughts supreme.

On Jan. 5th Mercury is in opposition to  
Jupiter in Cancer. This will add more ad-  
verse conditions to the health and induce  
stomach disturbances. Obstacles and diffi-  
culties arise in Mercurial and Jupiterian  
matters, such as unfinished education and in-  
ability to complete anything. There is poor  
judgment, dissension and disagreements  
through contracts. The mind is not sufficient-  
ly steady or confident.

Also on Jan. 5th the Sun is in conjunction  
to Saturn. This aspect brightens up Saturn  
and increases business success, the professions  
and in governmental affairs. It aids the Cap-  
ricorn person to rise by his own efforts and  
meritorious qualities. The personality is  
strong, the disposition is organizing and au-  
thoritative and indicates success through com-  
panies, lands, mines, and investments. It  
shows the native sincere, responsible and  
diplomatic. Frequently political honors are  
attained.

On Jan. 6th, Jupiter is in opposition in  
Cancer to the Sun in Capricorn. This threat-  
ens business success with financial losses  
through investments, speculation, loans, etc.  
Disease contracted through contagion is pos-  
sible. Also on Jan. 6th Mars is slightly ad-  
verse to Saturn. The mind and senses are in  
conflict; selfishness, quick temper, rashness  
and hard feelings are aroused. Danger from  
fever, wounds, falls and accidents. This is  
a scrappy aspect.

On Jan. 10th Saturn and Jupiter are in op-  
position. Not a good aspect. Losses through  
litigation, money and credit. Overcome by  
depression of circumstances. May become  
subject of charity.

During our entire Capricorn period Uran-  
us and Neptune are in slightly good aspect to  
each other. This gives an intuitive under-  
standing, unaccountable attractions and aver-  
sions, peculiar attraction to psychic centers,  
curious feelings, impressions and inspira-  
tions. A liking for journeys, exploration,  
curiosities and experiments. Interest in mys-  
tical or secret societies, occult affairs, meta-  
physics and new thought. The aspect indi-  
cates unusual subjects, experiences and occu-  
pations. There will be success in the devel-  
opment of any occult faculty and benefit  
through association with occult people.

Capricorn is known as the Christmas sign  
of the Zodiac on account of the birth of



Christ two or three days after the Sun enters Capricorn.

The children of Capricorn are somewhat retiring and bashful especially with strangers, but with playmates they may become domineering. They are very curious and are great investigators. As a boy he will be found with his pockets full of string or other things that he may want to make something with. You can hardly separate him from the things that he is saving up for a somewhat unknown purpose. As a girl she will save bits of cloth and thread to make clothes for her doll or other purposes, and if she has to give up her trinkets she is heartbroken. This year the Capricorn child will have intuition and understanding beyond their years and may early develop into musicians on string instruments due to favorable planetary influences. The Capricorn children are usually wiry and active, and butting into things with great curiosity, and wanting to know all about everything, or making investigations on their own account. They are persevering and want to complete what they start. This is a very valuable child-trait upon which valuable education can be built. They are not as outwardly affectionate as some children, but their affections are deep, true and constant. They are lovers of home and home ties. They are constant and steadfast in later life and can patiently and persistently overcome all obstacles that frequently hinder their progress with more equanimity of spirit than any other sign. Like the goat they frequently reach the pinnacle of fame by their sheer merit and are prominent in the professions, in politics and the service of the government.

It will be noted that in our delineation of the planetary aspects of the Capricorn period, that the aspects apply and separate rapidly and reform again in some instances. Others like the slow moving Neptune and Uranus aspect in each other for the entire period. Everything in the planetary system is on the move, each swinging along in its own orbit and revolving at various rates on their axis. In addition to which each has its own vibratory rate, its polarity and gravitation-pull or deflection. An exact aspect or the birth of a child are only the momentary position of the planets in their relationship to each other. With best wishes for a better understanding of yourself and the qualifications according to the science of Astrology and may you have a merry Christmas and a successful New Year in 1931.

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## IDEALS VERSUS IDOLS

J. M. E.



ARE we a generation of idolaters, as inherited from the Pagans? If so, we must finally give our ideals a better setting. Why not now? The world demands money and more money, and the best in our lives is thus prostituted on the altar of mammon. Here is a question of practical import—each should soberly ask himself: "Which is the better, ninety per cent health and ten per cent money, or ninety per cent money and ten per cent health?" The ultimate object of money is our present concept of happiness. If you become ill, the most money can do is to alleviate a few of the rough spots; but even so, it soon becomes an every day condition and you think of the money as a matter of course; but we cannot think of ill health as a matter of course. It makes itself too painfully obvious, every minute, at night especially, if we are sleepless.

It has been truly said, "One cannot really enjoy one's money without health. "If the individual studied and worked as hard for health as he does for money, we would wake up some morning to find ourselves in a new world, a world made over. Men and women cannot truly love each other with poisoned, reeking bodies, as love on every plane implies harmony; therefore, the question of world peace is first purely a personal question of getting the physical instrument in tune with the laws of environment and thus with the universe; then suspicion would automatically die out and harmony, love and faith would take its place in the hearts and lives of individuals and nations. Future generations would then awaken to the truth that the welfare of mankind depends upon the welfare of the individual, that the perfection of the mass is achieved only through the best possible condition of its units. Civilization has only advanced to the point where it holds the ideals supreme in theory; and a theory, which, while it may take courage to the halting soul of man, will never accomplish his perfect emancipation except through manifestation. It may be soothing, but not held as practical. This is the lesson to be learned in the life of every individual.

The essential goodness which lies at the center of every one's conscience, must at last be recognized, cultivated, prized and encouraged, the only alternative being that history



will repeat itself down the coming centuries in terms of inhumanity, blood and sorrow, as against what mankind has always hoped and believed to be the final destiny of humanity through the recognition that all men are brothers, and that they who fail to recognize this miss the reality in the teachings of Jesus.

Brotherhood is emphasized in our Christian religion more than anything, as man's first duty to God and himself, for "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me," is the high note in the Saviour's teachings. The redoubts to be stormed are greed, malice, envy and all uncharitableness and all that is included in what we know as egotism. It matters not how slow the evolution, so some advance is made each passing day as between each succeeding sun. If it be difficult, it should encourage us to recognize the ultimate outcome in the priceless reward, and in the dawning of a new day in the old world, in which each man may sit under his own vine and fig-tree—a friend to all his neighbors.

Let us now highly resolve each to do his part to hasten such a day, which, if carried to its ultimate, would surely and finally usher in upon present benighted mankind the dawn of the millennium.

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## MAGAZINE REVIEWS

"Illumination," an "International Journal devoted to the Enlightenment of Man," and published by the School of Life Foundation, New York City, has just appeared in its first issue. It is a very attractive and interesting magazine. In its purposes, objects and policy it incorporates emphasis upon the art of living, cooperation and service—not competition, world peace and harmony; and endeavors to open the gates of true wisdom in all religions and philosophies. It is non-provincial, non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-racial. For its motto it takes, "Man, Know Thyself! One God, One Life." It contains articles that give one something to think about, and bids fair to hold an important place among magazines that deal with the higher side of life.

Another monthly magazine of unusual interest, "The Kalpaka," comes to us from India. It is called "The Psychic Review of the East," and deals with many subjects relating to the psychic and spiritual side of life. From its reading one can gain a better knowledge and understanding of the real India, of the mysterious and hidden spiritual side that is so little known to the average individual. It further deals with such subjects as Psychic Culture. The Personal Consciousness, studies from the Bhagavad Gita, and many others of interest and help to the student of esoterics. The Kalpaka is published by the Latent Light Culture, Tinnevely, India, and edited by T. R. Sanjivi.

### AFFIRMATION FOR THE MONTH

MY SOUL IS UNCONQUERABLE. I AM FOUNDED ON THE ROCK OF UNIVERSAL LAW. I LIVE THAT MY HIGHER SELF MAY EXPRESS THROUGH ME. THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR. NOTHING CAN HARM ME OR DEPRIVE ME OF LIFE, STRENGTH AND HAPPINESS. GOD IS MY LIFE. GOD IS WITHIN ME. I AM THE LAW OF EVERLASTING LIFE.

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