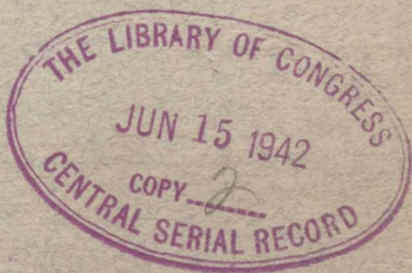


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The
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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* Unless you are interested in character building, do not read this article. If you are interested, a complete file of Dr. Mystery's articles will be invaluable to you. They will be continued. The language and form of expression used are as originally given and may at first be difficult to understand. However, they cannot be changed without altering their meaning.

*Fundamental Principles
of
Human Life and of Living*

By Dr. Mystery

Without attempting to discuss the evolutionary processes through which the human ego has passed in its journey from states of least consciousness on up to the seeming miracle of self-consciousness, which lifts it above and distinguishes it from the lower forms of animal life, let us proceed to consider man upon the plane of his present state of being. As a sentient, self-conscious entity possessing latent within him all the God-like attributes of the All-God. Of a being possessing a body, mind and soul; a perfect vehicle through which can and may be expressed the Divine Will. A being made in the image and likeness of Divinity, a child of the living God, a center of conscious life, of thought and of will. Possessing all the potentialities of unfolding of these attributes unto the highest. A being projected forth to express the Divine Will in its myriad forms; walking in the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Bringing with him the

splendid inheritance of all past experiences with the ever present urge of unfolding consciousness welling up from the center of his being; possessing a mind out of which proceeds powers of discernment, reason and judgment.

The mastery of this mighty instrument of thought is the key to life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This being true, thought measures the progress of the ego on his eternal journey toward Godhood.

Is it not all important that our thoughts should ever be constructive instead of destructive, kindly instead of unkindly, pure instead of impure, and loving instead of loveless?

That man should understand himself and his relationship to the eternal universe that surrounds him is the purpose of life.

Life being conditioned in action the soul presses onward and upward, ever seeking at-one-ment with the source of its being, whilst personal man upon the plane of desire seeks expression upon the material or objective plane, and mind-man, the thinker, seeks to apprehend, to understand, to comprehend the problems of life as he finds them facing him upon every hand.

To bring into perfect accord, into perfect harmony, all of the functions of his being is the life-task of man, the thinker.

As "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so eternal endeavor is the price of progress. As the ego enters the path of self-consciousness, enters the estate of man, he begins to perceive that certain attitudes of thought invariably produce certain results possessing and reflecting all of the attributes and qualities of the thoughts that bring them into form. The exploitation of these realms has taught man to discriminate between the false and the true, between the harmonious and the inharmonious, between the constructive and destructive attitude of mind and thought. It has taught him that fear produces fear, not only in his own mind

but in the minds of others! that doubt increases doubt; that fear and doubt are negative forces that destroy peace of mind and paralyze action. He finds, upon the other hand, that the exercise of the positive attributes of faith, hope, love and courage, invariably dispel doubt and fear and restore harmony and peace and point the way to ultimate triumph toward the realization of his ideals.

Thus we find that constructive thinking is the royal pathway leading ever onward and upward. We find that the practice of optimism enlarges the scope of our vision, increases the measure of our activities and places us in harmony with all of the creative forces of the universe.

Let us consider ourselves as having entered upon an eternal journey, out of the eternity of the past. We have our faces set toward the eternity of the future. Each individual entity of us, whatever may be our relative position upon the spiral course of evolution, each soul, is the center of the universe unto himself. Let us consider that where we stand, others have stood, and still others will stand, when we shall have mounted higher. And as we gaze upon the heights and see our elders far up on the latter with faces still set toward the eternal goal, let no thought of envy possess us. And again, as we gaze downward upon our younger brothers and sisters, who have not yet reached the same rung of the ladder upon which we stand, let us extend our hands to them with love and compassion, to the end that as we are lifted up we will draw all others unto us.

Let us strive to compete with ourselves, not with other personalities, not with other individuals. To excel others is not worth while and does not bring progress and peace to us nor to them. But to excel ourselves brings lasting triumph and abiding satisfaction and is indeed true competition.

As we mount the heights of accomplishment let us more and more realize the purpose of life. As the vista of our ultimate destiny more fully dawns upon us let us come into conscious possession of the imperishable heritage of God's love, wisdom and power. It is working in and through us to express and make manifest the Divine Will. As we draw nearer to at-one-ment with the Source of our being let us realize upon each successive plane of action the fruition of our ideals and gain therefrom inspiration for ideals far beyond. As we gather to ourselves the priceless gifts of the Father so richly bestowed upon all those who love him, let us move forward in the perfect light and wisdom of His way. By our example and influence will we inspire others to follow until the whole human race will be lifted up in its consciousness to undreamed of realms of joy and of glory.



LIFE! I know not what thou art, but know that thou and I must part; and when, or how, or where we meet I own to me is a secret yet.

LIFE! We've been long together—through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'tis hard to part when friends are dear—perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—then steal away, give little warning, choose thine own time; say not "Good Night," — but in some brighter clime bid me "Good Morning!" —Barbauld.

The Cry of Humanity

Mary Jane Burton

Each man thinks his own cry is the cry of humanity. This is far from true. To the hungry man, the cry is for bread; to the sick it is health; to the beggar, wealth. To each of them it is the thing he lacks and desires. But the real cry of humanity today is "Help Thou mine unbelief," because if any of these people BELIEVED in the thing they cry for, they would have it.

When we come to the milestone in our progress where we realize that the fault is not with the Divine Giver; it is not with the world; but lies in our own unbelief in our hearts' desire; we are making a beginning. Nowhere can we find such an expression of utter humility as in these words, "Lord, help thou mine unbelief." No other words express man's extremity as do these. Nowhere do we find evidence of man's complete surrender of his will to the will of God as in this cry. When man finally comes to the end of his own resources and acknowledges, at long last, that the reason for his lack is within himself, he has hit bottom and there is but one direction for him to go. That is up—to the mount. Up in consciousness. He now stands—broken, shapeless, without pride; putty in the hands of the Potter. His own inadequacy to cope with things as they are has come home to him in all of its brutal finality. He sees himself, for the first time, as a tiny, pitifully helpless speck in the scheme of things; humbled to the point of extinction—and the sight makes him sorely afraid.

He is cornered by poverty, ill health, loneliness. By physical insecurity and the actual momentary danger of sudden death. All minor things he might have lived

through, but now he stands tottering on the very edge of more horror than even his feeble imagination is able to encompass. In his unhappiness, in his terror, he becomes "as a little child," begging his Father to help him to believe in a beauty that has all but vanished from his horizon; in a plenty that is only a memory; a security that can disappear in the twinkling of an eye and a safety that has deserted his world. All of the dear delights seem to have gone out of his life.

On the battlefields, surrounded by unspeakable sights, he suddenly finds a great necessity for the belief in Life—without beginning, without end. He needs to believe that his hurts will and can be healed. He cries to his God to help him BELIEVE that he will one day walk the lovely earth again; under serene heavens; without pain, with those dear to him.

At home countless fathers and mothers of countless sons need to have their belief strengthened in a Something that can and will return their sons to them—alive, and even more; whole. Countless little children need to be taught to believe that their departing fathers will return.

And in the besieged cities, peoples in the very midst of their fear need to have their Belief strengthened that "this too shall pass."

It is late—far too late, for man to swing his mind away from his belief in himself, in his petty material props. He is like the father who came to the Master Jesus to ask that He heal his sick son of a "dumb" spirit that caused the young man to constantly attempt suicide. The answer of Jesus to that father is the same answer to man's cry of today. "If thou canst believe, all things ARE possible to him that believeth." The father, knowing his own limitations and being faced with the necessity of forcing his mind to expand to the point of belief in something all but impossible, cried in his fear for his child "Lord, I believe," then realizing that

he didn't really believe, that such belief was beyond him, he added, "Help Thou mine unbelief!" Strengthen it! He recognized the weak link in his own armor, his own limitation and knew that not Jesus the man, but his own belief in Jesus' Divine Power or any Divine Power would heal the boy—or stand in the way of his healing. Jesus had, with uncanny insight, placed the sole responsibility for the healing of this beloved son upon its father and the father, in an agony of fear, asked help in the only place where help would serve.

The cry of humanity today, whether it is aware of it or not, is **HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF!** None of us have a strong enough belief in our own divine power or, for that matter, in the divine power of God Himself — to protect us in these perilous times. It is our weakest spot, the door through which doubt and disaster enters and no one can strengthen it but ourselves. And the only manner in which we can strengthen our unbelief in the good life, is to shut that door of doubt until, in consciousness, we are unable to comprehend anything but good.

What good will I accomplish if I add my voice to the wailing now going on in this sad little world? Will my added woe reverse the tide and help humanity up? No. Definitely not. But it will help to drown out the other voices whose belief has been helped. Can I, by crying, help another? No. I only add to his misery. Am I cold because I do not get down with him and wring my hands? No. My compassion is not because he is weeping. It is because he has not yet learned that only when he stops weeping and turns away from his sorrow can he be helped. Only when his **BELIEF** has been helped can he forget it.

Why are we taught that belief is absolutely necessary when we pray if we expect an answer to our prayers? Because **LACK OF BELIEF** is our own betrayal. Believe. Believe! **BELIEVE!** Everywhere the Master Jesus stresses the necessity of strengthening our belief

Surely in these days as never before do we need belief. Belief that, in spite of appearances, there is a good God. Belief that, even though we cannot understand the method, Good IS being accomplished. Belief that there is a "secret place" where, come what may, we shall be safe "under the shadow of the Most High." Belief that in the midst of terror, there is a quiet spot where we will be safe. Belief that our shining-eyed babies will grow up in a better world.

Why are we being forced—yes, literally FORCED, if we expect to retain our sanity, to believe in things we cannot see with our physical eyes? There is a definite reason—an important reason—and perhaps we would not have been brought to such a pass, had we taken time to strengthen our belief under pleasanter circumstances.

The time has come and is now upon us, when we have lived out our span in a three dimensional world. Now we have to learn to enter a new—a fourth dimension—to live in a new world—an expanded universe. How else, except by strengthening our belief, can we learn the mystery of spiritual law in its action on the material world, unless we learn to believe in something we are unable to see—to touch? The actual believing is a small matter. It is the EFFECT of our belief upon ourselves that is the important thing.

How God must love us to lead us step by step and finally force this growth upon us, for it is growth. It is the spanning of the great and mysterious deep upon which darkness lies, in order that we may come into the light of other planes, other dimensions, while still in this body.

Jesus the Master, our Elder Brother, is trying to teach us His method. He is teaching us to do the things He did and the greater things He promised us, and some few of us consciously—all of us unconsciously—are crying to him in our eagerness to learn: LORD, HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF!

LITANY OF HANDS



By Mercedes de Acosta

HANDS—millions of hands
Drawn across the brow of Life,
Brushing away the sweat of Life,
Or dropping listlessly by the side of Life.

Hands of dreamers—passive—white,
Hands of scientists—knotted—steady,
Hands of surgeons—strong—sure,
Of poets—sensitive—frail,
Hands of suicides—nervous—faltering,
Of laborers—muscular—unfaltering,
Proclaiming sometimes a lost child of genius.
Hands of thieves—avaricious—sneaky;
Hands that destroy flowers—cage wild things.
Hands of children
Groping—reaching into the future.
Hands of old people—quiet—tired out,
Weary of touching life
Of upholding tumbling castles and dreams.
Hands of traitors—extended—deceiving,
Fingering everything with treachery and lies.
Then magnetic hands—hands of healers,
Of people who understand;
Hands of compassion, of forgiveness,
Hands that carry the burdens of the world
Like the hands of Christ!

We will, for a few months, print short sketches of the characters of different Masters. There is much interest in them in these days, and humble hope in the hearts of men that they might one day attain mastery.

Masters of Wisdom

Inez Brant

In the December issue of the *Philosopher's Stone*, we had a brief foreword, a short paragraph which we quote in this article in order that those not having that issue may feel that they are in touch in a small degree with the master-character:

"For the Masters, personality is non-existent. They are great, loving, powerful centers of divine wisdom and power in the inner worlds, and in the outer. They are ordinary men, noble in their characters, beautiful physically, understanding and compassionate toward their younger brothers. They live for others. Each master acts according to his own dharma, or work in the world, correlating his work with other masters for perfect harmony. Each loves the other dearly, and continually aids in their service—realizing that the evolution of man is the important thing."

THE MASTER HILARION

We read and hear much about a vow of poverty under which the Masters of Wisdom work. This is, however, a greatly misunderstood vow, as a Master of Wisdom would not be a Master if he did not possess knowledge of the law of supply. This vow is one of non-attachment to things; an understanding that there is no such thing as personal property, that all wealth belongs to the whole race for its use and development and that any appearance of personal wealth shall be

only stewardship on the part of the Master to the Lord of Life, the supreme Master in the heart. When this outlook is achieved, a Master may possess unlimited wealth, in the outer, but in his inmost heart, he knows that not one penny is his personal possession. He places no claim on whatever wealth he seems to have, but, like a faithful servant, he administers God's property according to his own work. It is necessary that we understand this, because there has been so much misunderstanding about the wealth of the Masters and their high social positions.

Only as we become impersonal do the responsibilities of wealth and position come to rest upon our shoulders, because we have learned then how to take care of God's wealth and use it properly.

The Master Hilarion was and is a wealthy man, but only because he has long since learned true wisdom regarding wealth. He has learned that there must be "no thought of tomorrow what ye shall eat, what ye shall wear," if he is to give all thought to the evolution of the race, therefore wealth is a means to an end with him—belonging to those who have need of it and will use it wisely.

It is thought that Hilarion was once the spiritual guide of the Neo-Platonic movement in the early days of Christianity. Later he was known as Iamblichus. He is a follower of the School of Pythagoras, advocating the Divine Wisdom which for centuries has been taught in the Temple of the Sun by the wise priesthood of An at Heliopolis in Egypt, and was the spiritual guide to Plotinus and Porphyry. There are two books in which the touch of his beautiful mind can be traced, one is "The Idyll of the White Lotus," and another, "The Blossom and the Fruit." He inspired the "Light on the Path," which has been balm to the soul of many a weary seeker after Truth.

The last time he was seen in the physical, which was

some thirty years ago, he was an Englishman—tall, handsome, blond, highly educated and deeply interested in education.

It was Hilarion who defined wisdom as the right use of knowledge—and his particular work has been the spread of Theoi Sophia, that is the right use of knowledge concerning the Gods. There is a belief that no Master embodies in himself a greater knowledge of the Gods—form-building Gods who make the bodies to be used by the Logos in manifestation and form-destroying Gods who break them up when they have fulfilled their purpose.

He has disciples in all religions, to whom he teaches the inner meaning of the symbols used in their outer ceremonies. He is a teacher of inner and spiritual truths which are behind all sacraments and forms in every religion. He is the greatest interpreter of religious symbolism in the world. Though it is necessary for him to work through form, he places no value on form as form. All forms to him are sacrificial images and he uses symbols as a primary teacher might use chalk on a blackboard.

Another important phase of his work is revealing the evils of spiritualistic seances and the lower visions of the astral plane. No one who is under the Master Hilarion can long be enthralled by phenomena—as such. Asked once about the entities which come through mediums and pose as Masters, Gods, and souls of deceased relatives, he answered in this vein:

True divinities are alone the givers of good and associate only with good men and those purified by sacred wisdom. From these they take away all knowledge of evil, all personal and emotional attachment, on all planes. Each man attracts to himself entities like unto himself. Being evil, they will attract through alliance, depraved spirits and become excited by them to evil. Those who are en rapport with entities who

are fraudulent and the cause of excesses are undoubtedly hostile to those who perform divine work.

In the divine work there is no need of any arbiter or medium, because it illumines inwardly. It is not expressed by external trappings and has an eternal existence because it is liberated from all form.

Mr. Lazenby tells us that H.P.B. says the Master Hilarion has said no dark room is required by the pure Gods, nor incense for their manifestation, and that entities which require darkness for their phenomena are evil. Hilarion teaches that the Gods are to be approached only by the raising of our consciousness to their level.

The Emperor Julian said of Iamblichus (Hilarion), "he was posterior to Plato in time only, but not in genius."

Blavatsky honored Hilarion and spoke with reverence of the work he did.

He is the power behind the Theosophical Society, and his work is mainly concerned with it. In many things the teaching of Theosophy is misunderstood, but in the main, it is as clear an explanation of things as they exist today as man has had the opportunity of receiving. It will live always, and as man's consciousness expands to where he can understand it, the Master Hilarion will see to it that more and more of the mystery of Theosophy and all religion is unveiled for his hungry soul.



"Oh, Thou Most Holy One"



O Mighty "I AM" Presence
O Thou Most Holy One,
Help me to be Thy Perfect Self
In Thee my work be done.

O help me always on my way
To keep Thy Wisdom pure,
To climb the mighty hills today
The crags and cliffs endure.

See to it, Blessed Self of me
That I no longer stray;
That I climb forward, one with Thee,
Bound with Thy love to stay.

I cannot live without Thee, God,
I cannot work alone;
I cannot come into Thy Light
Until we two are one.

Therefore, submerge me with Thy Mighty Light
This intellect reclaim,
And never let me from Thy sight
Because we are the same.

—Ruth B. Drown.

1942 - THE CRISIS

By Pauline Browning Conk

(Note: Written March 11, 1942)

The most important seven-year cycle in the history of humanity is from 1938 to 1945. 1942 is the peak or crisis year of this cycle. On March 21, 1909, the planet Mars began its reign of 35 years (until 1944). The sub cycles under this Mars cycle are as follows:

	Mars	1909,	16,	23,	30,	37,	44
	Uranus	1910,	17,	24,	31,	38,	45
Sub-	Venus	1911,	18,	25,	32,	39,	46
Influences	Mercury	1912,	19,	26,	33,	40,	47
	Neptune	1913,	20,	27,	34,	41,	48
	Saturn	1914,	21,	28,	35,	42,	49
	Jupiter	1915,	22,	29,	36,	43,	50

1942 is a Saturn year, bringing much suffering, bondage, privation, restrictions, epidemics and tribulation. In 1942 three major planets change signs. Neptune moves from Virgo into Libra and Uranus and Saturn from Taurus into Gemini, two air signs. This will bring more mental awakening. The Spring is very critical, especially for the United States. Mars is conjunct Uranus March 1st, an eclipse of the Moon March 3rd, and an eclipse of the Sun March 16th. A major conjunction of Uranus and Saturn, which occurs about every 45 years takes place May 3rd, in 29 degrees of Taurus in conjunction with the Pleides. At the same time Jupiter transits our national Mars. This line-up will bring far-reaching results. There are two trines from Neptune to Uranus, April 8th and December 11th, 1942. These trines always affect the larger pattern and

bring new angles into the picture.

The Saturn-Uranus conjunction of May 3rd will especially affect those countries where it falls in one of the angular positions. In the Washington, D. C. Mutation chart it falls in the 7th angle together with Mercury and the Sun. This will arouse the public as an organized unit, the mass consciousness of the people and the public reaction to the nation as a whole. This will foster an internal disruption between the old and the new within our own system of government, and be the means of ushering in drastic changes therein.

In the United States chart this conjunction takes place in the 12th house. This rules the Army and Navy Departments as a whole and organized labor, secret treaties, unions and strikes of a destructive nature. This will prove to be a battleground inaugurating changes and exposés of enemies within and without.

This conjunction falls close to the Midheaven of London. This deals with their national honor, reputation and controlling power. 1942 is a sixteen year and according to the Tarot is the Lightning struck tower. This conjunction falling in the 10th house of London will act as a stricken tower for England for this will break up the controlling power and government of England. This is a bad year for Mr. Churchill, and you will see him out of office.

We can expect dethronement of leaders either politically or through death. Many changes in every department of life will take place. The shifting of power from Washington, D. C., to another location will take place later. The old capitalistic system, in fact all economic systems are doomed to make way for the new—a cooperative commonwealth of the world. America, the great Charity station of the world, will take a big part in this change, for we have a unique destiny to perform. England is disintegrating through her own political corruptness and will therefore lose all her possessions.

She belongs to the past, that is why our destiny does not lie with England, for we belong to the new. After 1945, the United States will be divided up into three or four parts.

Japan

Japan is doomed. Her island is gradually sinking and she will face a cataclysmic earthquake. Her war lords want to be Masters of the Orient and the world. The Japanese are very different from the Chinese race. They are the stragglers from Lemuria. While the downfall of Hitler and Germany is near, the struggle with the Japanese has just begun and will last until after 1944, the end of the Mars cycle with another revolutionary turn, for the war will not be over before 1947. This is a long war with every country in the world involved. Japan and Germany will be enemies instead of allies.

Will the West coast be bombed? I think the severest will be in 1943, but we will have some salutes from Japan after the Eclipse of March 16th, and together with the conjunction of Saturn and Uranus, May 3rd does not aurur good for Japan's intensions toward us here. We will have to look out for some kind of poisoning, either gas or some other kind. This conjunction falls on the ascendant of Japan in conjunction with Neptune and Pluto. There will be heavy earthquakes, and as Saturn and Uranus move into Gemini, pulmonary epidemics.

In 1942 watch the scales slowly tip against Germany and a revolutionary picture gradually emerges, for the Mars strife will not relent until 1944, the end of the Mars cycle. Then a revolutionary pattern sets in and another seven-year cycle until 1952, for the period of readjustment will be long and hard.

Pluto, Neptune, Uranus and Vulcan form the larger pattern, and if you watch closely you will see destiny weaving a strange and revolutionary pattern, for this isn't just a war between personalities and nations.

This is the result of a cause which goes far back into the pilgrimage of humanity. A great teacher says, "When the nature of the present struggle is better understood and its subjective causes are considered instead of the superficial objective reasons, then real progress will be made in the process of releasing humanity from the thralldom and the narrowness of the present civilization and the influences of the forces and energies which are responsible for the situation."

If you could stand apart, emotionally, from this terrible conflict, it would be interesting to watch the four horsemen (Pluto, Neptune, Uranus and Vulcan) ride to victory.

Pluto is the destroyer of old forms, for it is under the will and power ray. Old forms become crystalized and stand in the way of progress. Standards of money exchange and financial procedure and taxation and monopoly can enslave and crush a people. It has done this many times in the past and had to be broken up. Humanity as a whole hates change, and whenever truth is brought to light, the earth trembles. Nevertheless there are certain abstract laws governing the progress and evolution that man cannot break, but they can break him. Pluto is the great transmuter and regenerator of all the kingdoms. It has great rule over the mineral kingdom and you will see that kingdom become radio active. It has to do with intercommunication and the blending of planes. Thought transference will be recognized and the borderline between death and life will lose its sting, for death as we know it will be no more. Psychology will play a big part in this through the scientific recognition of the true nature of the soul. Pluto, with its great spiritual forces, will someday be known as the great healer and savior of civilization.

Uranus brings the truth to light and is very revolutionary in its methods. Sudden and radical changes,

but in the end they will be for the best. Uranus cycle of revolution is 84 years, and American history reveals a distinct economic and social change every 84 years which corresponds with the return of Uranus to its own place in the horoscope of the United States. At the end of the Mars Cycle in 1944, Uranus steps in (1945). This will be a revolutionary year for America with drastic changes taking place. Uranus comes to eight degrees of Gemini August 1, 1943, and on the 3rd, Neptune enters Libra. September 14, 1943, Uranus is stationary in eight degrees of Gemini. This marks an important date for the U.S.—a revolutionary date, a danger from within our own borders.

Neptune is much slower in her actions, but she penetrates to the very depths. Slowly and relentlessly she lights the way to deeper spiritual illumination and clearer vision. Her methods are subtle and hidden, but her spiritual insight lights the way. When Mars ends her major cycle, Neptune steps into the world picture, bringing more enlightened leaders and constructive methods for the reconstruction of a battle-scarred civilization.

On March 16, 1942, there is a total eclipse of the Sun which will be within orb of the conjunction of Neptune. Neptune has much to do with cataclysmic disturbances.

Vulcan is the most elusive of these four horsemen. From a material standpoint he is still unrecognized. Jan. 24, 1909, Harvard called attention to a planet beyond Neptune, but in 1896, a lowly astrologer by the name of Lyman E. Stowe called attention to this planet (which was officially discovered in 1930 and called Pluto). He gave its distance as over three billion miles from the sun and gave it almost the same symbol they are using today for Pluto. He said its influence was highly spiritual. This same Mr. Stowe says Vulcan was discovered in 1859. A Rev. Irl R. Hicks, of St.

Louis, figured storm periods very accurately from the movements of Vulcan. It revolves around the sun in about 24 days, and is around 15,000,000 miles from the sun. It is an inter mercurial planet—between the Sun and Mercury. Mr. Stowe's symbol for it is the anvil and the hammer. Mr. Stowe was born in 1843, and he states in his book called "Astrological Periodicity," published in 1909, in discussing his findings on Pluto and Vulcan, "We need not expect the great moguls will ever let the honor of such a discovery go to a poor astrologer, only yesterday's paper." Well, Mr. Stowe, here is a salute to you from another poor astrologer of the year 1942, and you will most probably be as accurate in your findings about Vulcan (who is still unrecognized, but a few years hence will be recognized) as you were about Pluto in the year 1896.

One of the modern astrologers says of Vulcan, "Vulcan controls the anvil-like processes of time and strikes the blow which shapes the metal into that which is desired. He it is who is forging the way for the coming Avatar. Pluto stands for death, the earth for experience, and Vulcan, glorification through purification and detachment of matter."

In the future, Mexico and Canada will belong to the United States and the two major powers of the world will be America and Russia. Russia will be greatly changed for the better and more constructiveness become apparent, for Great Britain represents the past, America the present and Russia the future.

Let us take a look at the world—say in 1948. It looks pretty dark, then two white lights are seen in different parts of the globe. They are the **Americas and Russia**. Look a little closer, a dim light appears in Asia—it gets brighter. It is China, the only light left in Asia. Then India starts lighting up; then Australia. Why? Because they are seed-grounds for the future. The pattern for the new world will be built around a great

cooperative commonwealth that is not founded upon a commercial foundation with its high taxations, interest and monopolies, for our own government will tax itself right out of existence.

From this frey purging will come a better world to live in. It will prove to be a great leveler and help to do away with the heritage of separateness so prevalent in the past with its bigoted aristocracy, caste systems and the deifying of races. Brotherly love can never manifest under such conditions for in humbleness there is greatness.



Wild Honey

J. Clyde McMurray

Upon the bluest of blue Mondays, Life, that dark, homely laundress of the World's wet-wash, picked me up, a limp rag sodden with disappointments; and she said, "You can't always go running away, hunting posies for a bright bouquet; every day can't be May Day and we have work to do." And none too gently she squeezed me through the giant presses of longing and despair and wrung me dry of my tears.

But under her rough exterior, Life had a tender heart and secretly caught every salty drop in a tear-vase which she slyly hid within her ample bosom until one happy day long afterward. Then she chuckled, "Look, child, here are your tears." But I, who had wept oceans of tears, could see only a few amber drops which resembled honey, and which were fragrant and healing as balsam.



Ideals



The quest after ideals is the central reason of life. This pursuit abandoned, life need not run on any longer—the pitcher is broken at the fountain.

The idealists are creating a human world after the pattern shown them in the Mount.

Each art stands as a monument to a host of idealists who, in their own day perhaps, toiled hopelessly and amid the sneers of those who were only the children of dust. Music, now so infinite in extent and sweetness, is such a monument. The first rude harp-strings are broken and lost; dead the hands that smote them; but the art is here with no enchantment lost. We do not know the names of those singers—like us they were pilgrims. They had to pass into the Beyond, but they left an art which the world loves. It was so of liberty, temperance, justice and all the higher forms of human life. . . .

Some speak of ideals as being only girls' dreams. On the opposite, high ideals are lifelike portraits seen in advance. Only the greatest minds living in an age of tyranny could see in prophecy the portrait of a free people. Instead of being a romantic dream an ideal is often a long mathematical calculation by an intellect as logical as that of Euclid. Idealism is not the ravings of a maniac, but is the calm geometry of Life.

Ideals try our faith, as though to show us that nothing is too good to be true. In noble ideals there is something aggressive, not aggressive like an army with gun and spear, but aggressive like the sun which coaxes a June out of a winter.

All real truths are persistent; and all high ideals will be realized. There is nothing in history, dark as much of it is, to check the belief that man will, at last, be overcome by his highest ideals. —Swing.

Intuition

Gill Huntley

"Perception has a destiny," quotes Claude Bragdon from Emerson, and goes on to say, "It is in itself in process of evolution." Think of that! Perception is in process of evolution. True we've all known about that in different ways—but in those words! Pondering upon them our mental horizon recedes—our seeing ability increases. In clearness, in distance, in dimension. He goes on to say, "The transition from sensation to perception, from perception to conception are moments in the evolution of consciousness which lie in the past; but the transition from reason to intuition is even now upon us." My own interpretation of this would be that from feeling to seeing—then from seeing to understanding are steps we've all taken—and now we come to a new one—from reasoning—or understanding to intuition—that something that jumps all the steps and knows. That completely ignores the mental limits, the usual routes of arriving at a given point, and is suddenly THERE. The beauty of intuition is that it is a universal quality and the reason we so often find it in people who couldn't if their life depended upon it, reason a thing out, is because making a fetish of academic knowledge, in fact reason itself, will, if permitted, stand in the way of clear intuitive knowledge.

All through the ages, we've done our best to blot out anything that cannot be broken down into steps, either mentally, or on paper, or both, shrugging off any know-

ledge that cannot be traced back to some mental or physical basis and only now are we beginning to take envious notice of those odd people who know things, but don't know how they know them.

The very word intuition has always been a word to smile over—in a superior, indulgent way. One of those words that cannot be clearly defined in a manner acceptable to all people, therefore somewhat of an outcast among words. We've had it all the time, but no setting for it.

Like the people who have had it and used it, intuition has been ahead of its time. And now suddenly it becomes one of those things that we bump into whichever way we turn and has gotten so in our way that we've had to go exploring to find a setting for it—and that setting is no less than a new dimension. The three dimensions were enough for "reason" to function in and through, but it takes four to enable us to understand that pariah among words "Intuition." It is little wonder that women are coming to believe that this is a woman's world. They've always been very serious about intuition, and in the face of ridicule, have still cherished it and been guided by it as nearly as they could in a "reasonable" world, and now we suddenly live in an expanded world, with a place for intuition. Mr. Bragdon calls the intuitional state a "fourth form of consciousness."

Of course, there have always been a small group of thinkers who realized that three dimensions bound man within the limits of materiality, but that one day man would break out of these bounds because of that very feeling knowledge that he possessed. But they have been few—and laughed off by the intelligensia of the particular age in which they lived.

Intuition, in being accepted into the fold of respectability will, in all probability, have to have its finger prints taken and submit to being dissected by those

who feel competent to do it, and in the process of being made an honest, understandable word may lose its identity. But now that we've broken through our barriers, it seems improbable that man can ever be herded back again into the safe corral of reason. Perhaps the word Intuition has only been a gateway anyway. Perhaps it will pass into memory, but it will have served to lead us beyond the boundaries set for us by those who claim to KNOW.

Ouspensky writes that man's power to reason admits him to a three-dimensional world while the power to "intuit" will admit him to its fourth dimension.



Men are not punished for their sins, but by them. Expression is necessary to life. The spirit grows through the exercise of its faculties, just as a muscle grows strong through use. Life is expression, and repression is stagnation — death. Yet there is right expression and wrong expression. If a man allows his life to run riot, and only the animal side of his nature is allowed to express itself, he is repressing his highest and best, and therefore those qualities not used atrophy and die; sensuality, gluttony, and a life of license repress the life of the spirit, and the soul never blossoms; and this is what it is to lose one's soul. —Hubbard.

❖ BLOOD ❖

Sam Irwin

George Winslow Plummer writes that:

“In the blood of Jesus was essentially incorporated the Personality of the Divine Initiate and in the corpus of the Master was thus co-mingled the Divine and Human Elements. Through the mystic power of the blood the human took on the Divine and the Divine condescended to become human.

“The mystery of Golgotha includes the great Sacrifice whereby the Earth Regent discontinued His guidance of the planet from without and INDREW into the same, the entrance being effected by the outpouring of the blood at the crucifixion and its absorption into the Earth, forming by this process the avenue through which the Great Entrance into His Kingdom could be made. Prior to this entrance and while the guidance was from WITHOUT, the process of crystallization had attained its greatest extent in the earth, an extent which was noticeably prominent in the Humanity on its surface.”

In the above paragraph we have a clear explanation of how our planet was vitalized with the divine energy of the Master Jesus. It reminds us anew that everything which springs from our earth is, therefore, endowed with HIS divinity, since it was with His own blood that He impregnated this planet at the hour of crucifixion.

But, even more than that, this paragraph explains the catalytic quality of the blood and its mystic carrying powers, while it challenges us with a glimpse of

the far-reaching possibilities awaiting the worker who would patiently and steadily apply himself to an understanding of the subtler properties of the blood.

Time will come when the man of vision will be able to see in a drop of blood the image of the person from whose veins it came. Yes, and more—the whole of that one's life. There should come a day, when a drop of blood in the hollow of a mystic's hand will reveal to him the storied past of all of a man's lives. And, if there be need, the corridors down which that donor shall walk in the future; and how also he may be helped along his path.

Dr. Plummer goes on to say:

“Had this crystallization not been choked, humanity would have become so clogged by the impurities of materialism that it would have been doomed to remain an organism of the purely mortal status in endless incarnation without approaching nearer to that at-onement which is the union with God.”

Had not the blood of Jesus, carrying the principle of the Christ, soaked into the planet, carrying to the heart of it the divinity that would, in time, make possible its evolution from a completely material planet into a spiritual one, our little earth would today go spinning on through eternity, carrying its burden of forms, growing grosser and grosser, year by year, century by century. It had come to a time when the people were ready—indeed demanding—some sort of spiritual awakening. There were sects who had been expecting and preparing for an Avatar for centuries, never giving up, never losing faith—and where enough people believe, expect and demand a thing, the fulfillment is inevitable. However, spiritually minded people could not long have lived on an involving planet, therefore, the planet itself had to be given an injection of divinity—of the blood of the Master—in order that it might begin its journey back up the ladder of evolution, keeping

pace with its precious cargo.

Jesus had given of Himself to His followers. He had sent into their minds as much of His own truth as they were capable of receiving; and to the planet whereon they lived, He gave of His body, in order that it might become a fit place for them. He revitalized the earth which, in turn, revitalized its inhabitants, its plants, animals, rivers, and streams. Small wonder that the earth trembled and shook when the blood of Jesus began to make its lightning inroads. The cosmic awakening that took place must have been shattering for we are told that even the rocks split open. Had the people only understood as did He! He knew what He was doing and thought that He had been able to impart the meaning of His acts to at least some of His followers, only to find at the moment for which He had tried to prepare them, their doubt rising in clouds about His weary head and aching shoulders. This was indeed enough to wring from his lips the cry "My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken me!"

He had taken every precaution to make his teachings lasting. He had said, "I go to prepare a place for you," which He did in every possible way. Even as His blood entered the earth, He was preparing a place fit for His followers until they should leave it—"indrawing" as Dr. Plummer says and in so doing, He was Himself entering the planet, for where the blood is, there is the man. Every vegetable of which man should eat, would henceforth be impregnated with the blood of Jesus. Every tree man should cut for the building of his shelter, would have in it the blood of Jesus, so that even in his unconscious moments, man would be sheltered with the Body of the Master. In the rose that bloomed and died by the wayside, Jesus Christ had injected his own sweetness, for the edification of His younger brother, man.

A oneness was established through Jesus' blood, be-

tween man and his planetary home from that day forth—a oneness that still exists, but it has taken man two thousand years to even begin to understand this precious relationship. None the less, in those two thousand years, the teachings of the Man Jesus have lived and grown stronger. His blood in the earth and His divinity in man have endured and only now are we beginning to be conscious of our fundamental unity. We are beginning to realize that each of us is but a tiny part of a great whole, that what effects the planet effects man; what befalls his brother also befalls himself. The day is fast approaching when man will stop before he commits an act of injury to another, remembering that in that act, he also injures himself.

“The River of Life” is a title often given the blood, and this is truth. Dr. Plummer writes that in the blood we have “the key that locks in complete union, the visible and invisible worlds in man.” This would indicate that the blood is not only the river of life, but the bridge between the visible and invisible, the inner and outer worlds. We are also told that the blood is the vehicle of the ego, which would necessitate its being the channel between the visible and invisible, for the ego travels at will, going in and out and “finding pasture.”

I quote from Dr. Plummer again:

“In the blood of the human Master, Jesus, the personalities of the Human Initiate and the Divine Initiate met and mingled. Jesus while “occupied” by the Christos, did not lose or surrender his consciousness or individual personality. It was . . . a condition of conscious trance. This is our great demonstration against ordinary mediumship. He proved He could become an instrument of the highest spiritual forces while still preserving his own personality and consciousness. This he was able to do by virtue of his blood as the vehicle. His blood, while holding His individual personality, was,

by his perfected incarnations, brought to a vibratory status that enabled the Christos to invest it temporarily with Divine attributes and powers, yet Jesus informed his disciples and followers that greater things than they had seen him do, should they do. . . .”

He goes on to say that instruments through which the perfect teachings may come are being sought as they were nineteen centuries ago. The vibratory rate of the blood of a mystic is higher than that of one who has no spiritual knowledge. It has even been hinted that the blood of a mystic is useless in transfusion, for this very reason.

What—one wonders—is the blood bath of today doing to our planet? When the saturation point is reached—what? A revulsion of nature seems inevitable, for little of the blood spilled today is of a high enough vibration to raise the planet or cleanse it of its accumulated crystallization, as the fear and revulsion in the hearts and minds of those whose blood is being spilled must charge the very earth with an intense desire to rid itself of the poison that is being carried deep into it. If ever there was a need for perfect teachings, it is today. Never in all history has humanity seemed so madly intent on suicide, and when once the tide turns, even the planet will feel it.

(To Be Continued)



OUR BIRTH is but a sleep and a forgetting: the Soul that rises with us, our life's star, hath elsewhere had its setting, and cometh from afar: not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory, do we come from God, Who is our home: Heaven lies about us in our infancy! —Wordsworth.

I am a part of all that I have met. —Tennyson.

EDITORIAL

Mary Lackey

To utterly ignore the state of the world today is not the purpose of this magazine. If we seem to do so, it is only because so many periodicals are devoting their pages to war, to its causes and cures, and are so much better informed politically than a philosophical magazine has any right to be, that we leave it to others to inform their and our readers on this particular subject.

However, there is a phase of it that has been so often called to our attention—editorially—that we feel something should be said in our pages regarding the subject.

Everywhere we hear the question "What can I do? I have no money to donate. I am too old to fight—or even do defense work. But—surely there must be some place for me!"

These are well intentioned people. They are the housewives, the grocers, the mothers of school children, the office workers, those who are beyond the so-called "age limit," many of whom would be more of a hindrance than a help in the great plants where efficiency is the order of the day. They feel a little hurt and out of things, somewhat useless in a world geared to war. Their cry is sincere. They really do want to do something—something important. Something out of the ordinary. To just go on keeping house for their families seems almost sacriligious when everyone they know is either an air warden, a potential **Red Cross** nurse, a defense worker, or something with a nice name, badge, or uniform.

We wonder why they don't sit down and think this thing through. To do the same old things is a much

harder job than doing something new with a barely possible chance of glory. To go on cooking and keeping house in a world gone mad is a far more difficult thing than going mad with the world, facing about and going into something more fitting to the times. If all the housewives, if all the little people, if all the "age-limit" people deserted their usual routine, what would become of the rest of us? It is the very people who are compelled to stay in the rut and keep things going in the same old way at home who furnish the inspiration for the rest of us. It is the children going to school, the mothers taking care of them, the corner grocer behind his counter, the street car conductors, who furnish the ideal for which men fight. There has to be that steady current, that unchanging thread of daily routine, sane living, going on all the time. What is morale? It is the unflinching, steady living that goes on regardless of bombs, or whatever other savagery may be devised to try to destroy it. What is it that is attacked? That very thing that we all want to desert now to éy to something more exciting in the way of work. And if we were all able to jump out of our little ruts and into something more to our liking, what would become of the thing we are fighting for?

It isn't just land that is being haggled over. It isn't possessions. Even the fighting countries admit that it is a way of life. And that way of life is preserved and kept intact by whom? By all of the people who can find nothing to do but just go on with their cooking, their sewing, their bringing up children in the way they should go, by the grocer and the baker, the tiller of the soil.

Therefore, when you ask yourself "What can I do?" remember that lovely saying that is so little understood:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

METAMORPHOSIS



I THINK the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications. The three states of the caterpillar, the larva, the butterfly have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly, than that a being whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom. The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, whom we do not perceive, whom we cannot imagine. We know very little, but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man.

—Davy.

NOSTRADAMUS

ASTROLOGER and SEER

By **Ralph E. Kraum**

Mchael de Nostredame was born in Provence, in the town of St. Remy, en Provence, France, in the year 1503, upon a Thursday, the 14th of December, about noon. Thus is given the birth data of this great man by his friend and biographer, Jean Aimes de Chavigny Beaunois. The above date in the New Style Calendar would correspond to December 24, 1503. The time of day is only approximately given as "about noon" and according to my rectification is 11:03 a.m. (apparent time), which gives 7 degrees of Pisces ascending. St. Remy is located in the provence of Bouches-Du-Rhone in the Mediterranean Sea, Latitude 43:48 N. and Longitude 4:51 E. The planets in his horoscope are by my reasoning taken from Regiomontanus Ephemeris, published at Nuremburg for the year 1503, and can be relied upon as correct.

In stature he was somewhat undersized, of a robust body, sprightly and vigorous. He had a fine broad forehead, a straight nose, kindly grey eyes, but in anger capable of flashing fire. His general expression was sober though pleasant, so that a grand humanness shone through the seriousness. Even in age his cheeks were rosy. He wore a long thick beard, and had excellent health till nearly the close of life. He retained his faculties, being alert and keen up to the very last moment. He had a lively wit, seizing with quick comprehension everything that he wished to acquire. His judgment was very penetrating, his memory happy and retentive. He was taciturn by nature,

thought much and spoke little; but at the right time and occasion he could discourse extremely well. He was quick and sudden even to irascibility; but very patient where work was to be done. He slept four or five hours only out of the twentyfour. He practiced freedom of speech himself and commended it in others. He was cheerful, though in jesting a little given to bitterness. He was attached to the Roman Church and held fixedly the Catholic faith; out of its pale there was for him no salvation. He was given to prayer, fasting and charity. He was very generous to the poor and held it as a sort of maxim that in this sense it was legitimate to make friends with "the mammon of unrighteousness."

Nostradamus was one of the most learned men of his day and knew many modern languages, along with Hebrew, Greek and Latin. He had followed medicine from the age of twenty-two, took his Doctor's degree at twenty-six, filled a professorial chair at Montpellier, and late in life devoted himself to judicial astrology. At the age of fifty-one he published his great book of PROPHECIES. The preface to the first edition is dated, "From Salon, the 1st of Marsh, 1555." In the dedication he states: "Prophetical inspiration is received from God," and then went on to state that the Almighty had revealed to him by impressions made on his understanding, some secrets of the future according to the Judicial astrology.

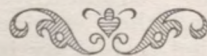
He continues: "I have made Books of Prophecies, each one containing a hundred astronomical stanzas, which I have joynd obscurely and which are perpetual vaticinations from this year to the year 3797. Some perhaps will frown at seeing so large an extension of time. If thou livest to the natural age of man, thou shalt see in thy climat the future things that have been fore-told."

His gift of prognostication and foretelling the future

soon brought him more than local celebrity, and the fame of Nostradamus spread throughout France. In the Hollywood Citizen-News of December 20, 1939, John Hix published in STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, several predictions made by Nostradamus which were accurately fulfilled. On the night following, events in the life of Nostradamus, which were broadcast from "Strange as it Seems," they made mention of an Asiatic air invasion of Paris for October, 1999, which Nostradamus has predicted in his "Oracles." There has also been made a motion picture of his life, which is of recent date.

So Nostradamus still lives, and his mention of an air invasion in 1999 brings us to an important period, for in the year 2000, the world will witness the greatest war of all times—the WAR TO END ALL WARS—and America will have her part in the fray.

Nostradamus died July 2, 1566 (O.S.), on a Tuesday, a little before the third hour of the morning, at Salon, France. He succumbed in his sixty-third climacterical year to gout, which turned to dropsy, and predicted his own death several months before.



It is men who are deceivers, not the devil. The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is easy after that. —Bailey.

—o—

Sleep hath its own world; a boundary between the things misnamed death and existence. —Byron.

—o—

Society is founded on hero-worship. —Carlyle.

RAYS OF LIGHT



Rex Barnett

Rays of Light are like rays of life. They may come to you from afar off. They may come to you from very near, or they may be created by yourself.

A far-off jungle where no man has been causes many speculations as to its nature, but when man enters the jungle, he consciously contacts it. He sends forth his thoughts about it, which may be printed in a book or given to you in a personal interview—then you have received a ray of light from the jungle.

Life is like a jungle to most people. They do not comprehend it. They fear its depths. They receive only rays of light from it, and through these rays of light, they build many mysterious speculations. The depths of life may be explored only by those who are brave; who are willing to take the unbeaten path. You will never know what life is if you continually think the thoughts of men, because men think the thoughts of other men whether they be true or false. In your heart there rests the beauty of all life, the freedom of all worlds. Also, in your heart there lies the fear of danger, of destruction, criticism, hardship and a thousand and one fears that you have conjured up until they have become as great chains that bind you. You must cast off these chains. Be not troubled. Let not your heart be afraid. In many worlds are many things and you may contact them all. You may even build a world, so why fear one? The life within you is inde-

structible. Awaken it, become conscious in it and you will become indestructible. If you do not become conscious in it, when you drop this wornout house of flesh you will become unconscious — and this seems to be the great fear that possesses man when he thinks of leaving this body.

If you do not become conscious in life, you will become a part of that unconscious life that forms the growing ground of the universe. The purpose of your life, whether or not you know it, is to become conscious in that life which you are. If you make yourself eternally self-conscious, you will become as a lighthouse to men and many will be guided by the rays of light that you send forth. But until you are self-conscious, you will be as a candle that is unlighted—useless. Your life is indestructible, but the mountains which you think are so solid, will pass away. The earth and sea will pass away. The sky will pass away as surely as men die. And so will be fulfilled the saying, "Heaven and earth shall pass away" and so, also, the saying, "There shall be a new heaven and a new earth." There will be many new heavens and many new earths in the ages that are to come, and shortly this heaven and this earth that you now are in shall pass from your consciousness. Men come into this earth through birth and pass from it at death and the new heaven and the new earth that they occupy, depend upon their ability to conceive a new heaven and a new earth. The glory of heaven stands before you if you will open your eyes and see it. Many men have told you of heaven that have never experienced it and do not know what it is like. Many men have given you beautiful words in an attempt to describe something of which they know nothing. Open your eyes and see a new heaven and a new earth. Trust life, for life can be trusted. If you want to call life God, trust God.

No teacher, however great, has ever denied Him.

Materialists have told you that life is a process and they have told you the truth, but they have not told you that life creates the process. Many devoted men have filled your hearts with fear of the vengeance of a loving God, but I tell you that love and vengeance cannot abide within the same heart. They cannot survive within the heart of the universe. How can you, being human, love a person dearly and at the same time want to vent your wrath upon him? Be not deceived. Life is kind. Life is a gentle teacher, but a firm one. If you rail against the walls that protect you, you will accumulate many bumps, but if you go through the gate that is open for you, you will find it easy. You will find it like walking a marked trail. You will not travel this trail without effort, but you will save yourself much time, suffering and trouble, if you will but learn the truth about life. My heart reaches out to those who are enclosed within the prison of themselves. But I cannot help them, because the keys to their prisons are held tightly within their own hands. Who is so helpless as a man that will not use his key and walk out of his prison? Who is so dark as the man that pulls down his window blinds, tightens his shutters and refuses the entry of a ray of light? Who is more foolish than a man that condemns himself? You have heard much about the judgment seat. You hear much of the book of life wherein all men's acts are written. You are your own book of life and you are writing your own acts in and upon yourself every second. You are the judge that passes judgment upon yourself. You — and you alone — can condemn yourself to a cramped life. You — and you alone — can condemn yourself to unconsciousness. You can degenerate into unconscious life and you will live as one without a mind, who has not awakened his soul. You — and you alone — may crown yourself a king, if you will. You may open up your consciousness to a point where you may know that what I say is true.

Your awakening consciousness rewards or condemns you and you are the judge and sole controller of how keen a consciousness you have. You are the creator of the heaven that is to come. You have not thought of the saying that "man is made in the image and likeness of God." If man is so made and God is only life, then man is a creator and through his life may create that which he desires. He may seek the crumbs from the tables of those who live in plenty or he may build himself an abundant life, both physical and eternal.

Let me tell you the story of a vision so that you may comprehend what I mean by the expanded consciousness.

In this vision I found myself in a small room. In this room were many people. It was very crowded, stuffy and narrow. There were no windows. It was lighted by a light in the center of the ceiling. The people in this room worshipped the light and gave it all manner of praise and begged it not to go out lest they be left in total darkness. I asked the people living in this room if there was no way out, and was told that I could not get out and that if I tried I would be destroyed. I was told that that room contained all the light, all the truth there was.

I do not believe this because it seemed that truth was greater than this room, which in itself was very limited. I went to the back wall, and by a supreme effort I hurled myself against the opposite wall, breaking through. Horror was on every face as I faced what they felt to be destruction. However, to my surprise, I found myself in a larger room with fewer people in it. Although these people were broader in their views and had more room in which to live, they still worshipped their central light. For a time I was contented with this larger room and better environment; then I became tired of worshipping the central light with its small rays. I could not believe that this one light was all the

light that existed, because I knew that there was at least one other light, having seen it. Remembering this, I decided to repeat my escape from the last room. Again I was cautioned, but as I flung myself against the wall and broke through I could see that my last neighbors believed that the wall had swallowed me into itself.

Recovering from the shock, I found myself in a greater room with fewer people in it than the last. They were still worshipping a central light. However, they had much more room and broader views, but I realized I'd simply traded one central truth for another, so I determined I'd try another direction when I left this place. Having been "destroyed" twice, I did not fear destruction so much now, and when I was ready to make the plunge, instead of bursting through the wall directly opposite from me, I went diagonally to the wall that joined the one against which I stood. With a great rush, I burst through this wall, only to find myself in a beautiful glass room, very large, suspended in an ocean of blue atmosphere. From this room I could see in three directions, only the wall through which I'd come being closed. So few were those in this glass room that I seemed to be almost alone. No central light lighted this room, it came from everywhere. The people were different, too—less inhibited, freer.

But by now, no one place could hold me long. I'd all but forgotten fear of anything, and began questioning my new friends. I was told that I had all of the liberty that any man could have, but I longed to know what the outside contained. I was told that to leave this room was to seek oblivion and upon examination of the unending space that I viewed from the windows, it looked as if they were right. I'd been lucky in my escape from the other rooms because I'd landed in adjoining rooms, but now I realized that this building stood in space. Nothing held it up. Nothing above it

or around it, so far as I could see. However, my questing eyes one day beheld in the far, far distance, some hills, then the vision faded. But that glimpse was enough, and in time I jumped through a window. I could hear the piercing screams of other occupants of the room as I fell down, down through the blue space. As I saw the room disappearing above me, I thought I had taken my last jump and I was very lonely. I felt absolutely alone in the boundless blue.

Soon, however, I lost all sense of falling. I stood erect. I could not see anything to strike against and the fear of collision left me. I was standing in the middle of eternity.

Now I began to think about green fields and beautiful trees—and found myself walking there. I wondered how it would seem to meet people and suddenly I saw many people, but most of them seemed to be sleeping. However, those who were awake seemed to be a part of me. Finally I came to know that I could create companions as I desired.

This vision cannot become real to you unless you learn its lesson. You may now be standing in a small room with many people. You may think that your ray of light comes from some central idea that you hold in common with your brothers and just so long as you believe you have the truth in this single ray of light, just so long will you be imprisoned by it. Or you may be standing in one of the larger rooms with more freedom and more light—but you are still in prison. You may even be where there is no central light and a very broad view of life, but you are still not living in eternity. Eternity contains no rays of light. The light is everywhere, all present. You must take the eternal light and awaken it in your own being, then you will be able to see that which you have awakened within yourself. When you first contact this light, you may think it all darkness, then it will become deep blue with

sparkling light everywhere, and finally you will discover it is pure white. And in this light you may create anything you desire, either here or hereafter.

If you would be a creator, use the creative emotions such as love, joy, beauty, friendship, service. Think constructive thoughts and live a planned life. Do not live in fear of the things you do not want to be. Live in the knowledge and truth of the things you want to be and these are the things that you will become. You will become that upon which you think. The things which you fear, you will create. Control your mind, awaken your heart and visualize the things that you want to do and be. Be not concerned with kicking the stones out of your way. By so doing you may hurt your foot. Conserve your power and your energy. Things will come to you, but they will never be yours unless you select them, attach yourself to them. In other words, they will never be yours unless you give them thought. Suppose, for example, someone talks about you. You can waste much time and energy in refuting an untruth — you may even become as unpleasant as the untruth itself by lending your force to it, but if you refuse to select this untruth as a companion by thinking on it, it will die because you have not watered it with your light. It will then react upon the creator of it and not upon you. Thoughts are not only things, but they are the rays of light that you show forth. They will become things only as you envelop your desires in them. Select your thoughts as you would friends—keeping in mind that they will grow very close to you and you will become very intimate with them. If you continually stand in the rays that come from others, you will be like the man who is confused by the pointing of many signs and the shining of many lights. But if you awaken your own light, you need not be guided by the rays of others. You will radiate rays of your own. You see the rays of the sun, but the sun being

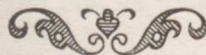
the center of its rays, sees only light. If you become small, you send forth small rays and are small in the scheme of life. But if YOU open yourself and become as a sun, you will show forth millions of rays and become great in life.

Here is a simple truth. Your own limitation, your own failure, your own narrow life is of your own selection and you may blame only yourself for it. You and only you hold your own key to a larger life. Only you may open the door and release yourself from your prison. Think well on it.

Life is a great father, a great king, a great God, and if you will come into the fullness that is your life, you may have all that life holds.

You have been given the power of free-will—a power that is divine—and by it you are able to do good and also to do harm. Be careful that you direct your line of freedom along the paths of virtue.

Because of your freedom, the soul is rash; therefore, guard it. Because of freedom, it is irregular; therefore, restrain it. As a sword in the hand of a madman, so likewise is the soul of him that lacks discretion.



No man is free who cannot command himself.
—Pythagoras.

—o—
Sin writes histories; goodness is silent. —Goethe.

Message of Inspiration

By Elizabeth Ann Pittam

Around you are Goliaths of this age, fashioned by the Prince of darkness, his horses and his chariots ride upon the winds. Let not your souls be trampled by their heated breath. Look up and beyond them into the Light. At this time in the history of your world, it will be well to remember the sources of all strength lie in the Arms of the Most High God who is now ready to preserve forever His own. All souls individually take part in the battle that is raging on all planes, each must take his stand, each must decide under whose banner he will serve.

In our human consciousness we are so easily drawn aside from the Presence of God by the voices of the world. Many who call themselves Children of the Light lend their ears willingly to the enemies of Light, they seek to find comfort in their false promises. Let us beware of making the grave mistake of fastening our faith upon the Goliaths of this day and their instruments of torture, Let us not be found guilty in the eyes of the all Good, by lending our hand in any unrighteous cause.

Oh, let us wake from our wrong-doing and present ourselves at the gate of repentance, that His hand may open up for us the door of deliverance from the many

evils now flooding the earth. Let us open our eyes to see and our consciousness to perceive this Racial Dweller of the threshold, that has now come in sheep's clothing to our door. Let us call, as did our forefathers, to the Lord God Almighty for new strength and power to resist his temptations and overcome our weaknesses.

Let us drink from our Father's Hand the Elixer that will quicken our spirits and fire our beings with the courage to stand up under His fire and fight our way through all the Satanic fogs of illusion as we seek to find our way to the promised land of Liberty, Peace and true Life, where those who, having been found worthy having fought the good fight, shall enter His courts with praise.



One can be instructed in society; but one is inspired
only in solitude. —Goethe.

—o—

The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization. —Emerson.

—o—

Let us wisely weigh our sorrow with our comfort.
—Shakespeare.

—o—

Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason relieves the wise.

*God guides me to the goal I desire
to attain*



God guides—Oh, blessed thought—
No more with fear need I be fraught—
No more need I bewail my lot
Or think, alas, that I have naught.

God guides—and He has set the goal—
Arise—awake—O weary soul—
Stretch forth thy hand—accept—receive—
No need to fear—but to believe.

And when thou hast in faith stepped forth
On solid ground—the Truth hast found—
Then thou cans't fill another's need —
Take what thou wilt—and others feed.

For God hath traced a Plan Divine
Each soul to seek—each soul to find—
Then all the world will be set free—
As thou, through Him, hast found the key.

So let thy Light forever shine
And make for all a Sacred Shrine—
A Light aloft—a Sacred Flame—
With Love and Faith—attain—attain.

—Justicia Edna Mason.

FROM PAUL BRUNTON'S "SECRET PATH"

A Sophist approached one of the Wise Men of ancient Greece and thought to puzzle him with the most perplexing questions. But the sage of Miletus was equal to the test, for he replied to them all, without the least hesitation yet with the utmost exactitude.

1. What is the oldest of all things?
"GOD, because He has always existed."
2. What is the most beautiful of all things?
"THE UNIVERSE, because it is the work of God."
3. What is the greatest of all things?
"SPACE, because it contains all that has been created."
4. What is the most constant of all things?
"HOPE, because it still remains with man, after he has lost everything else."
5. What is the best of all things?
"VIRTUE, because without it there is nothing good."
6. What is the quickest of all things?
"THOUGHT, because in less than a minute it can fly to the end of the universe."
7. What is the strongest of all things?
"NECESSITY, which makes man face all the dangers of life."
8. What is the easiest of all things?
"TO GIVE ADVICE."

But when it came to the ninth question our sage pronounced a paradox. He gave an answer which I am certain his worldly-wise querent never understood and which to most people will give only the most superficial meaning. The question was:

What is the most difficult of all things?
"TO KNOW THYSELF."

This was the bidding to ignorant man from the ancient sages; this shall be the bidding yet.

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