

STAR OF THE MAGI

A Monthly Journal of Occult Science, Art and Philosophy.

Published by News E. Wood, A. M., M. D., 617 La Salle Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Vol. I, No. 10.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 1, 1900.

\$1 PER YEAR.
10 CENTS PER COPY.

NEDOURE; The Priestess of the Magi.

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AN EXPLANATORY PRELUDE.

I am what may be called a "globe-trotter;" was forty-one years of age last month; am also looked upon as a rather eccentric bachelor; neither have I ever been considered good looking. In fact, I have shared the fate of many others who, being neither rich nor handsome, pass through earthly life in comparative solitude. At the age of twenty-two years I had the good fortune of being generously remembered by a deceased uncle, whom in life I had never met. I found one day in my mail a large business envelope, which contained a notice from his attorney that I was the sole heir to his estate. Inquiry brought me the information that my uncle, John McKay, had worked hard the greater part of his life, had exercised marked frugality, and had been able to amass, during a lifetime of seventy years or thereabouts, a modest competency of forty thousand dollars which was invested in United States bonds, and a ranch of three hundred and sixty acres in the western part of Kansas, near the Colorado state line. If I remember aright, it was near the site of the present town of Rocky Ford, which lies in the heart of the great water-melon producing region; which is now well known to every Denverite on account of its luscious melons and annual picnics.

As I had no desire at that time to become either a rancher or vaquero, it was soon disposed of for a fair price.

I now found myself able to cultivate my desire for travel and study. My attention had for several years previous been directed toward the occult; and, as the reader may have realized, when once this science is undertaken, the investigation is rarely if ever relinquished until we are ourselves liberated from the physical tenement.

Nineteen years have now elapsed since I began my still hunt for knowledge, or, as may be expressed by that illustrious man who, in passing, exclaimed, "Light, more light."

During this time I have given silver to the Fakirs of India and the Fortune-tellers of Cūina. I have a speaking knowledge of seven languages; and my face is well known to most of the old book stalls and curiosity shops of both the new and old worlds.

About seven years ago, while looking over a collection of old books and manuscripts in the Quai des Grand Augustin, in Paris, I found stowed away in one of the dusty pigeon holes, a roll of papyrus, which showed unmistakable signs of great age. It was written in the Pali-Sanscrit, a meagre knowledge of which enabled me to decipher, at the beginning, the word, "NEDOURE."

Curiosity tempted me to purchase it and love of knowledge caused me to seek an old Hindu and bargain for its translation.

Thinking it may be of interest to the modern brotherhood and lovers of mysticism, both ancient and modern, I give it here as translated. With the exception of a long letter of warning to the uninitiated, who might read it, and several of the mystic rites of the Magi, which might not be right to publish as they still flourish, it is here given as found.

CHAPTER I.

While awaiting the hand of the Great Transformer, which, I am given to know, will soon overtake me, I am working in feverish haste to record the events of a strange life.

Why I am impelled to write of things held sacred and secret in this age I know not. Perchance this papyrus will endure to "the age of light," the coming of which has been foretold by the prophet.

My life upon the whole has been a strange one. My childhood held mysteries as great as those I daily sought to comprehend.

My earliest remembrance found me within the walls of the Ouri Monastery, situated upon the side of the great mountain range that overlooks the valley of Kashmir.

Here I had remained, studying the religion of our fathers, and reading the sacred manuscripts. A few days after my sixteenth birthday, in the company of Gobab, my preceptor, we were bathing in the refreshing waters of the Jhelum. As we were about to leave the water, to return to the monastery, we heard the loud blowing of conch shells, mingled with the voices of elegantly dressed messengers, who loudly proclaimed:

"The Maharaja! The Maharaja! Child of Brahma, comes!"

My preceptor, who belonged to the Order of Yellow Monks, had always treated me with marked courtesy and kindness, yet, as a wholesome precept, no doubt, he maintained, at all times, a noticeable dignity and reserve.

However, I noted, strange to say, that when he heard the announcement of the King's approach, his features relaxed their proud expression and assumed one of actual fright. Grasping me by the arm, with a grip that was almost painful, he said:

"Come quick; it is late."

He then seemed to have lost his power of speech, but continued to make excited gestures, as if our very existence depended upon haste. During this time we were standing in water up to our arm-pits, comparatively alone, although but a little way from us, both up and down the stream, could be seen hundreds of bathers of both sexes. Wherever the announcement of the Maharaja's coming fell upon their ears, the bathers at once made preparations to leave the water. Some of them sought the river bank, others entered the bathhouses, of which hundreds could be seen along the river bank. This was according to a custom long observed, as I afterward learned. When royalty

desired to bathe, the people were expected to retire.

The Maharaja, who at this time enjoyed his annual hunting trip, came rapidly forward in his gorgeous palanquin, surrounded by his tall, dignified body-guard. Three servants walked on either side of the palanquin holding rich shades aloft to shield the royal occupant from the fiery rays of the afternoon sun. All of this I observed in a hasty glance, as Gobab, who had now recovered his tongue, fairly yelled:

"Run; Hari, run!"

I rushed out toward the bank with all the agility of boyhood, leaving behind my companion who, being past the prime of life, had attained a corpulency which impeded his efforts at flight.

Upon reaching the shore I turned, laughingly, to mock him, but the look of terror upon his face at once dispelled all thoughts of mirth. Wondering what could have given him such an unusual shock, I turned around in a confused and absent-minded manner to seek our robes, which seemed to have vanished, as they were nowhere to be found.

An instant later Gobab, coming out of the water from behind, seized my hand, and with the same look of alarm, said:

"Come; we must not meet the King!"

He then made an attempt to drag me forward, which was, however, unnecessary, as without awaiting further explanation, I leaped forward, and together we both bounded, in a state of nudity, toward the trees which covered the hillside.

Seeing our ludicrous flight up the hillside the Maharaja, in a spirit of amusement, no doubt, gave orders that we be brought before him. As we rushed on and on, heedless of all surroundings, it soon became apparent that we were being pursued; between our heavy and tired breaths rapid footsteps were heard approaching. About this time my corpulent companion, who was well nigh exhausted, stumbled and fell, pulling me over with him as he rolled upon the ground. I regained my feet in an instant, and, not being aware of the real cause for flight, sought to raise my preceptor. While assisting him to his feet I heard the stern command:

"Halt; in the name of the Maharaja we command."

A few seconds later we were surrounded by half a dozen tall, handsome men, dressed in long, heavy gowns, with wide, flowing sleeves, and wearing upon their heads dazzling white turbans.

Gobab, who had regained his presence of mind, explained to them, while wiping the mud from his face and eyes, that we were from the Ouri Monastery which could be seen far up the mountain side.

Two of the Maharaja's servants appeared at this time, bearing our clothing, which we in our excitement had been seeking in the wrong place, as they were found a short distance up stream, where we had disrobed. It required but a moment to don them, when, as I thought, our sacred calling would become apparent, and we would be allowed to proceed on our way. But the Maharaja, who was watching us from his palanquin, a few hundred cubits away, sent a messenger to say:

"His Majesty wishes to give alms to the two monks and desires their blessing."

A hasty glance at Gobab's face, which, no doubt, appeared perfectly placid to others, showed to me, quite plainly, that he would have preferred to forego the alms than meet this haughty ruler from Kashmir. Yet, as a monarch's wish, once expressed, immediately becomes a command, we had no recourse other than to obey.

With slow and measured step our guards, for such they now were, conducted us back toward the river bank, where the Maharaja awaited our coming. As we neared his resting place, all of our party made low bows or salaams at regular intervals until within a short distance, when, following the example of our guides or captors, we all fell upon our faces. We remained thus in silence until we heard the deep, sonorous voice of the King, which seemed out of all proportion to his size, bidding us arise. When we arose, I, being at that time unaware of the customs and etiquette in the presence of royalty, dared to look upon "the Lion of the Punjab."

He had left the royal palanquin, with its hand-worked cushions, tapestry and curtains, some of the designs of which must have required the efforts of a lifetime.

As he stood forth he appeared every inch a monarch, although insignificant in stature. He was truly a handsome man, but smaller than the members of his suite. His expression was not unkind, yet when he smiled, displaying two even rows of beautiful white teeth, which contrasted with his dark brown skin and regular features, there was that in it which savored of contempt and made one feel ill at ease, which was not dispersed by his glittering dark eyes which seemed to possess the power of penetrating one and laying bare their innermost secrets. His attire was simple yet rich, consisting of a short blue gown, girded at the waist by a beautiful belt of snakeskin, inlaid with costly gems. Attached to it, at his side, could be seen a small sword, whose jewelled handle his left hand sought absently from time to time, leaving his right arm, which was unadorned save a bracelet of gold, free to make those gestures which swayed his attendants as the gentle though irresistible winds which sweep over tall fields of waving grass. Around his neck was suspended a unique chain of gold from which hung a large diamond, that danced and sparkled on its sky blue background like a huge ball of fire, as with every movement it seemed to concentrate and disperse the vivid rays of the afternoon sun. I did little more than glance at his face, which showed that he was a man past the prime of life, when my gaze became strongly attracted to the diamond attached to his golden neck chain. The sparkling jewel held me spellbound. Although I felt certain that his penetrating eyes were upon me, I was powerless to look either above or below. As I stood gazing abstractedly at this flashing gem, it appeared to grow larger and larger and, if possible, more brilliant. It finally assumed the appearance of a huge eye that rapidly grew in proportions until I could see my own reflection therein. I beheld myself as if looking into a mirror.

Strange to note, however, I appeared, by reflection, to be dressed in the identical costume of the Maharaja.

During this state of fascination, my surroundings appeared dim and changeable as if in a dream. I was conscious of moving figures and heard the hum of voices as if from afar. How long I remained thus, or what occurred during my strange trance, I may never know, as when I returned to consciousness I was lying on my cot in the little plainly furnished room of the monastery. Old Gobab was at my side. Save the pained and troubled look which still clouded his features no explanation was given me. In fact, further than a few solicitous queries concerning my condition, he apparently did not desire to discuss the episode.

My life had again resumed its dreary course, yet I was no longer contented with the mechanical duties and routine of study pursued at the monastery. For hours Gobab, the Yellow Monk, would read to me from the Pouranas; which was always followed by an equal amount of time devoted to the Oupopouranas or commentaries, all of which now seemed to me a waste of time.

What change had come over me? Had I suddenly become stupid? Or was my reason impaired? Such queries flitted almost constantly through my mind. From a youth who had been considered more than ordinarily bright, I was changed into a gloomy, day-dreaming man.

If my old preceptor and companion noticed the change, he evidently did not desire to speak of it. He now left me abruptly after reading the daily lessons with the commentaries. Whereas, previously, our greatest mutual pleasure followed the prescribed lesson, as nothing gave me greater pleasure than his personal narratives concerning the great Cakya-Mouni and his twenty incarnations; to which I listened with rapt attention.

All was now changed. When the manuscripts were laid aside he would at once bid me farewell with a strange look of indecision, doubt, fear and pity in his kindly eyes, and more than once, as I passed the open door of his plainly furnished cell, where beside his slowly revolving prayer-wheel he sat wrapped in the usual meditations, I fancied he was about to call me to him for some explanation, the nature of which I could not even guess.

We no longer took our accustomed strolls together through the lovely vale of Kashmir; nor did we any more bathe in the refreshing waters of the Jhelum.

Time passed drearily within those gray walls! The quiet days passed into the still more silent nights, and the nights, in their turn again, gave place to uneventful days. In my dreary, trance-like state it made but little difference whether the sun reigned in the heavens or whether the moon poured upon us her reflected light. The present was fast becoming a blank to me, as the past had ever been. I knew nothing of my past and, as a matter of course, imagined it could not have been very eventful. From my earliest childhood I remembered no home other than the monastery, and had known no other friend than Gobab, who had been as a father. What he knew concerning my origin could

only be surmised, as he said nothing concerning my past, but he often told me I would one day become a monk. Whether of the Red or Yellow class would depend upon my inclination and temperament. The former are allowed to take wives, while the latter must take the vows of celibacy.

But one thing to me was certain. I knew my family must have been a good one, for I was permitted to wear upon my brow the painted emblem which proclaimed me a Brahmin of the highest caste. By the luxuries that were granted me, and from a careless remark of Gobab, I felt sure that a sum of money came at regular intervals from some unknown source. Further than that I knew not, nor cared.

One year had passed since meeting the Maharaja on the banks of the Jhelum. It was the exact anniversary of the uncertain and, to me, unsatisfactory event. For some strange and unknown reason it had been the turning point in my life. In my listless, dreamy condition, the diamond worn by the Monarch danced almost constantly before my eyes and, on account of this hallucination, it was impossible for me to become interested in anything else.

There were also strange sounds ringing in my ears, and whether offering the usual chants to Brahma, or singing the sacred chants to Ohm, diabolical shouts of laughter would shock my nervous organism. When assisting at the ceremonial rites, behind the High Priest I would often see a most horrible grinning face, whose distorted visage always bore a striking resemblance to the Maharaja of Kashmir. At times the great sparkling diamond, that had so strangely fascinated me, dangled upon the breast of the apparition. At other times this Phantom appeared with one eye only, the socket of the other being filled with the glittering gem.

I often wondered if these strange sights and sounds were detected by eyes and ears other than my own, but I dared not ask.

So time had slowly moved on—days, weeks and months—and the setting of the sun on this particular day would exactly complete the year, which had wrought so great a change in my life.

Silence reigned over the old monastery. It was near the hour of midnight. The monks had long since retired to their cells.

The historic gray walls of the old building were now surrounded by a mantle of darkness, now and then penetrated by the pale rays of the moon, that peered out ever and anon through mountains of sombre clouds.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

An Earthquake Alarm.

The Japanese are said to have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power, and they have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horseshoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell metal. The armature is attached to a weight, so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed the weight drops, and, striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one then seeks the open air, leaving the house for safety.

REINCARNATION.

The Acceptance of this Truth by Many Leading Thinkers of all Classes.

XII.

WESTERN WRITERS ON REINCARNATION.

There is a larger indorsement of reincarnation among western thinkers than the world knows. In many of them it springs up spontaneously, while others embrace it as a luminous ray from the East which is confirmed by all the candid tests of philosophy. When Christianity first swept over Europe the inner thought of its leaders was deeply tinged with this truth. The church tried ineffectually to eradicate it, but in various sects it kept sprouting forth beyond the time of Erigena and Bonaventura, its mediæval advocates.

Every great intuitional soul, as Paracelsus, Boehme and Swedenborg, has adhered to it. The Italian luminaries, Giordano Bruno and Campanella, embraced it. The best of German philosophy is enriched by it. In Schopenhauer, Lessing, Hegel, Leibnitz, Herder and Fichte the younger, it is earnestly advocated. The anthropological systems of Kant and Schelling furnish points of contact with it. The younger Helmont, in "*De Revolutione Animarum*," adduces in two hundred problems all the arguments which may be urged in favor of the return of souls into human bodies, according to Jewish ideas.

Of English thinkers the Cambridge Platonists defended it with much learning and acuteness, most conspicuously Henry More; and in Cudworth and Hume it ranks as the most rational theory of immortality.

Glanvil's "*Lux Orientalis*" devotes a curious treatise to it. It captivated the minds of Fourier and Leroux. Andre Pezzani's book on "*The Plurality of the Soul's Lives*" works out the system on the Roman Catholic idea of expiation.

Modern astronomy has furnished material for the elaborate speculations of a reincarnation extending through many worlds, as published in Fontenelle's volume, "*The Plurality of Worlds*," Huygens' "*Cosmotheoros*," Brewster's "*More Worlds than One; the Philosopher's Faith and the Christian's Hope*," Jean Reynaud's "*Earth and Heaven*," Flammarion's "*Stories of Infinity*" and "*The Plurality of Inhabited Worlds*," and Figuier's "*The To-morrow of Death*." With various degrees of fancy and probability these writers trace the soul's progress among the heavenly bodies. The astronomer Bode wrote that we start from the coldest planet of our solar system and advance from planet to planet, nearer the Sun, where the most perfect beings, he thinks, will live. Emmanuel Kant, in his "*General History of Nature*," says that souls start imperfect from the Sun, and travel by planet stages, farther and farther away to a paradise in the coldest and remotest star of our system. Between these opposites many savants have formulated other theories.

In theology reincarnation has retained a firm influ-

ence from the days of Origen and Porphyry, through the scholastics, to the present day. In Soame Jenyns' works, which long thrived as the best published argument for Christianity, it is noticeable. Chevalier Ramsay and William Law have also written in its defense. Julius Muller warmly upholds it in his profound work on "*The Christian Doctrine of Sin*," as well as Dr. Dorner. Another means of its dissemination through a good portion of the ministry is Dr. Edward Beecher's espousal of it, in the form of pre-existence, in "*The Conflict of Ages*" and "*The Concord of Ages*." English and Irish bishops have not hesitated to promulgate it. Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks have dared to preach it. James Freeman Clarke speaks strongly in its favor. Professor William Knight, the Scotch metaphysician of St. Andrews, and Professor Francis Bowen, of Harvard University, clearly show the logical probabilities in which reincarnation compares favorably with any other philosophy.

The following extracts from some of the most interesting of these and other authors who refer to the matter, may represent the unsuspected prevalence of this thought in our midst.

In the remarkable little treatise on "*The Divine Education of the Human Race*," by Lessing, the German philosopher, a book so sublimely simple in its profound insight that it has had an enormous influence, the author outlines the gradual instruction of mankind and shows how the enlightenment is still progressing through many important lessons. His thought mounts to a climax in suggesting the stupendous programme by which God is developing the individual just as he has been educating the race:

"The very same way by which the race reaches its perfection must every individual man—one sooner, another later—have traveled over. Have traveled over in one and the same life? Can he have been in one and the self-same life a sensual Jew and a spiritual Christian? Can he in the self-same life have overtaken both?

"Surely not that—but why should not every individual have existed more than once upon this world?

"Is this hypothesis so laughable merely because it is the oldest? Because the human understanding, before the sophistries of the schools had dissipated and debilitated it, lighted upon it at once?

"Why may not even I have already performed those steps of my perfecting which bring to men only temporal punishments and rewards? And once more, why not another time all those steps to perform which, the views of eternal rewards so powerfully assist us?

"Why should I not come back as often as I am capable of acquiring fresh knowledge, fresh expertness? Do I bring away so much from once that there is nothing to repay the trouble of coming back?

"Is this a reason against it? Or, because I forget that I have been here already? Happy is it for me that I do forget. The recollection of my former condition would permit me to make only a bad use of the present. And that which even I must forget *now*, is that necessarily forgotten forever?

"Or is it a reason against the hypothesis that so

much time would have been lost to me? Lost? And how much, then, should I miss? Is not a whole eternity mine?"

"The Destiny of Man," by J. G. Fichte, whose great thoughts still heave the heart of Germany and grandly mould the world, contains these paragraphs:

"These two systems, the purely spiritual and the sensuous—which last may consist of an immeasurable series of particular lives—exist in me from the moment when my active reason is developed, and pursue their parallel course. The former alone gives to the latter meaning and purpose and value. I am immortal, imperishable, eternal, so soon as I form the resolution to obey the law of reason. After an existence of myriad lives the super-sensuous world cannot be more present than at this moment. Other conditions of my sensuous existence are to come, but these are no more the true life than the present condition is.

"Man is not a product of the world of sense; and the end of his existence can never be attained in that world. His destination lies beyond time and space and all that pertains to sense.

"Mine eye discerns this eternal life and motion in all the veins of sensible and spiritual Nature, through what seems to others a dead mass. And it sees this life forever ascend and grow and transfigure itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. The Sun rises and sets, the stars vanish and return again, and all the spheres hold their cycle dance. But they never return precisely such as they disappeared; and in the shining fountains of life there is also life and progress.

"All death in Nature is birth; and precisely in dying, the sublimation of life appears most conspicuous. There is no death-bringing principle in Nature, for Nature is only life, throughout. Not death kills, but the more living life, which is hidden behind the old, begins and unfolds itself. Death and birth are only the struggles of life with itself to manifest itself in ever more transfigured form, more like itself.

"Even because Nature puts me to death she must quicken me anew. It can only be my higher life, unfolding itself in her, before which my present life disappears; and that which mortals call death is the visible appearing of another vivification."

Among the wealth of German geniuses there is none more lofty and broad than Herder. One of the most suggestive of his works is a series of "Dialogues on Metempsychosis," in which two friends discuss the theme together. As the outcome of their colloquy is a stanch vindication of that hypothesis, it is not unfair to group together a few of the paragraphs:

"Do you not know great and rare men who cannot have become what they are at once, in a single human existence? who must have often existed before in order to have attained that purity of feeling, that instinctive impulse for all that is true, beautiful and good; in short, that elevation and natural supremacy over all around them?

"Do not these great characters appear, for the most part, all at once? Like a cloud of celestial spirits, descended from on high; like men risen from the dead born again, who brought back the old time?

"Have you never had remembrances of a former state, which you could find no place for in this life? In that beautiful period when the soul is yet a half-closed bud, have you not seen persons, been in places, of which you were ready to swear that you had seen those persons, or had been in those places before? And yet it could not have been in this life? The most blessed moments, the grandest thoughts, are from that source. In our more ordinary seasons, we look back with astonishment on ourselves, we do not comprehend ourselves. And such are *we*; we who, from a hundred causes, have sunk so deep and are so wedded to matter, that but few reminiscences of so pure a character remain to us. The nobler class of men who, separated from wine and meat, lived in perfect simplicity according to the order of Nature, carried it further, no doubt, than others, as we learn from the example of Pythagoras, of Iarchas, of Apollonius, and others, who remembered distinctly what and how many times they had been in the world before. If we are blind, or can see but two steps beyond our noses, ought we therefore to deny that others may see a hundred or a thousand degrees farther, even to the bottom of time, into the deep, cool well of the fore-world, and there discern everything plain and bright and clear?"

To this last strain the listener responds: "I will freely confess to you that those sweet dreams of memory are known to me also, among the experiences of my childhood and youth. I have been in places and circumstances of which I could have sworn that I had been in them before. I have seen persons with whom I seemed to have lived before; with whom I was, as it were, on the footing of an old acquaintance." He then attempts to explain them as returned dreams, which his interlocutor answers with more wonderful impressions necessarily requiring a former life.

"Have you never observed that children will sometimes, on a sudden, give utterance to ideas which make us wonder how they got possession of them; which presuppose a long series of other ideas and secret self-communings; which break forth like a full stream out of the earth, an infallible sign that the stream was not produced in a moment from a few raindrops, but had long been flowing concealed beneath the ground, and, it may be, had broken through many a rock, and contracted many defilements?

"You know the law of economy which rules throughout Nature. Is it not probable that the Deity is guided by it in the propagation and progress of human souls? He who has not become ripe in one form of humanity is put into the experience again, and, some time or other, must be perfected.

"Purification of the heart, the ennobling of the soul, with all its propensities and cravings, this, it seems to me, is the true palingenesis of this life, after which, I doubt not, a happy, more exalted, but yet unknown metempsychosis awaits us."

Dr. Henry More, the learned and lovable Platonist of the seventeenth century, wrote a charming treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul," in which he speaks for pre-existence as follows:

"In Egypt, that ancient nurse of all hidden sciences,

that this opinion was in vogue amongst the wisest men there, the fragments of Trismegist do sufficiently witness—of which opinion, not only the Gymnosophists, and other wise men of Egypt, were, but also the Brachmans of India, and the Magi of Babylon and Persia. To these you may add the abstruse philosophy of the Jews, which they call their Cabala, of which the soul's pre-existence makes a considerable part, as all the learned of the Jews do confess."

One of the rare volumes of the early eighteenth century is Chevalier Ramsay's remarkable book entitled "The Philosophical Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion," in which he elaborates the idea that "the sacred mysteries of our holy faith are not new fictions unheard of by the philosophers of all nations," but that "on the contrary Christianity is as old as the creation." In this "History of the human mind in all ages, nations, and religions, concerning the most divine truths," he shows that reincarnation is the common possession of Christianity and of all the other great systems of sacred thought:

"The holy oracles always represent Paradise as our native country, and our present life as an exile. How can we be said to have been banished from a place in which we never were? This argument alone would suffice to convince us of pre-existence, if the prejudice of infancy inspired by the schoolmen had not accustomed us to look upon these expressions as metaphorical, and to believe, contrary to Scripture and to reason, that we were exiled from a happy state, only for the fault of our first parents. Atrocious maxim that sullies all the conduct of Providence, and that shocks the understandings of the most intelligent children of all nations. The answers ordinarily made to them throw into their tender minds the seeds of a lasting incredulity.

"In Scripture, the wise man says, speaking of the eternal Logos, and his pre-existent humanity: 'The Lord possessed me from the beginning of his ways, before his works of old; I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was!' All this can be said only of the eternal Logos. But what follows may be applied to the pre-existent humanity of the Messiah: 'When he prepared the heavens I was there, when he encircled the face of the deep, when he established the clouds above, when he appointed the foundations of the earth—then I was by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth, and my delights were with the sons of men.' It is visible that Solomon speaks here of a time soon after the creation of the world, of a time when the earth was inhabited only by a pure, innocent race. Can this be said after the fall, when the earth was cursed? It is only a profound ignorance of the ancient, primitive tradition of pre-existence that can make men mistake the true sense of this sublime text.

"Our Savior seems to approve the doctrine of pre-existence in his answer to his disciples when they interrogated him about the man born blind: 'Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' (John ix, 2.) It is clear that this question

would have been ridiculous and impertinent if the disciples had not believed that the man born blind had sinned before his corporeal birth, and, consequently, that he had pre-existed in another state. Our Savior's answer is remarkable: 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him!' Jesus Christ could not mean that neither this man nor his parents had ever sinned, for this can be said of no mortal; but the meaning is, that it was neither for the sins committed by this man in a state of pre-existence, nor for those of his parents, that he was born blind, but in order to manifest one day the power of God. Our Lord, therefore, far from blaming and redressing this error in his disciples, answers in a way that seems to confirm them in the doctrine of pre-existence. If he had looked upon this opinion as a capital error, would it have been compatible with his wisdom to pass it over so slightly, and taciturnly authorize it? On the contrary, does not his silence indicate that he looked upon this doctrine, which was a received maxim of the Jewish church, as the true explication of original sin?"

The novelist Bulwer thus expresses his opinion of this truth: "Eternity may be but an endless series of those migrations which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home, ever to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age the spirit may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysium of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its two elements, activity and desire."

Hume's skeptical essay on "The Immortality of the Soul" argues thus:

"Reasoning from the common course of Nature, and without supposing any new interposition of the supreme cause, which ought always to be excluded from philosophy, what is incorruptible must also be ungenerable. The soul, therefore, if immortal, existed before our birth, and if the former existence noways concerns us, neither will the latter. . . .

"The metempsychosis is, therefore, the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to."

James Freeman Clarke, in his notable "Ten Great Religions," writes: "That man has come up to his present state of development by passing through lower forms is the popular doctrine of science to-day. What is called evolution teaches that we have reached our present state by a very long and gradual ascent from the lowest animal organizations. It is true that the Darwinian theory takes no notice of the evolution of the soul, but only of the body. But it appears to me that a combination of the two views would remove many difficulties which still attach to the theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. If we are to believe in evolution, let us have the assistance of the soul itself in this development of new species. Thus science and philosophy will co-operate, nor will poetry hesitate to lend her aid."

[We intended to conclude this series of articles in the present issue, but lack of space obliges us to finish them in the September STAR, which will contain Mr. Walker's conclusion on the subject.]

OUR ASTROLOGICAL PAGE.

[Conducted by ERNEST S. GREEN, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., to whom all communications regarding this department should be addressed.]

A SOLAR READING FOR YOU.

For Persons Born from July 22 to August 22, any Year.

In the following reading much will depend on how the planets are aspected at birth, as to its complete correctness, but generally it will be found correct.

Persons born during the period above mentioned have Leo, the Lion, as their solar sign, but, as a rule, are quite opposite to the lion in nature. This sign is ruled by the Sun and governs the heart. Its natives are warm hearted, generous and faithful, and love all that is noble, magnanimous and free. They have very strong internal wills, which only love and sympathy will overcome. Socially, they love to mingle with the highest and to be in the grandest surroundings. Pride is the hardest thing in their nature to overcome and they are often disposed to be overbearing and imperious. They are usually hasty in temper, and do not soon forget an insult, either real or imagined, but this will depend on the aspects of the planets at birth. They are very sensitive and generally sympathetic.

Leo persons seldom have any difficulty in obtaining employment, unless the Sun is afflicted by Saturn or the Moon. Usually they have many friends. Mentally, they are fixed and somewhat dogmatic, but aspiring, and incline to poetry and the drama more than to science and metaphysics. They usually "think with the heart" more than the brain, to use a common phrase. But if Mercury, Saturn and Uranus be in the first, third or ninth house, and in good aspect, it will reverse these mental conditions and give an inclination for science, occultism and originality.

The health is usually good, providing they are temperate in their habits, but they are liable to suffer from poor circulation, impure blood and rheumatic complaints.

They generally succeed best in the latter part of life, and seldom marry young, but are generally given to flirting. They generally marry a partner with greater mental capacities than their own. Their best partners in marriage are those born from March 21 to April 19, and those born from November 22 to December 21, in the signs of Aries and Sagittarius.

Their mystical gems are the ruby and diamond; their astral colors, orange and gold. (Some authorities say red and green.) Their fortunate day is usually Sunday, but this depends upon day and year of birth. Their most fortunate period is usually from July to January, and their unfortunate period is usually April and May.

ERNEST S. GREEN.

A FEW PREDICTIONS.

Pope Leo is liable to accident or illness between December 25 and January 2; I should judge, December 29, 1900. This may be the end of his mortal career.

On November 2, 3 or 4, 1900, Mr. Bryan is liable to an accident, illness, or something of the kind. Theodore Roosevelt is liable to something similar on November 10 to 12, 1900.

In August business conditions will greatly improve, the only very evil aspects being on the 16th, when Saturn will be in opposition to Neptune, and on the 25th, when the Sun will be quartile with Jupiter. Individuals may have many evil transits and aspects in August, but generally there will be a vast improvement in all commercial centers.

I have figured out, from scraps of Chinese history, that China is ruled by Sagittarius. Hence the conjunction of nearly all the planets in that sign last winter has an ominous significance. It naturally causes a clash in the celestial empire, which will not end until Uranus passes out of Sagittarius. I look for no peace for China until 1904 or 1905, and as the United States is ruled by the opposing sign, Gemini, this country will be one of the most important factors in the conflict; and England's ruling sign, Aries, shows that she will be closely allied with the United States throughout the conflict. A vast amount of devastation is indicated in China in October and November, 1900. And in October and November, 1901, will be the greatest devastation from war known in China for many centuries.

ERNEST S. GREEN.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION FOR 1900.

Having cast horoscopes for the exact hour and minute of the nomination of both Bryan and McKinley, at the place of the respective conventions, on the Geocentric system, as taught and practiced by Dr. Broughton in his successful prediction of McKinley's election, four years ago, and several preceding presidents, including Cleveland; also as practiced by Simmonite, Raphael, Zadkiel, Alan Leo, and other noted astrologers, I predict the defeat of the Republican ticket this fall and the election of Wm. Jennings Bryan.

I have also cast charts of the nativities of both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, and the transits in their nativities on November 6th corroborate the planetary aspects on the day of their nomination—defeat for McKinley and success for Bryan.

The planets did not smile very favorably upon either convention, as will be seen by the leading aspects.

At the hour when McKinley was nominated by the Republican convention, Libra was on the ascendant, and the Moon and Mercury represented the common people, while Venus was ruler of the figure. Both Venus and Mercury were afflicted by a quartile aspect from the Moon, which means that the people will not accept the work of that convention, at that hour, on November 6th. Further, all through the convention, the Sun was applying to the opposition of Saturn, a very evil affliction, and Mars was applying to the opposition of Jupiter, the great benefic, another evil aspect.

During the Democratic convention at Kansas City, at the hour when Bryan was nominated, Aquarius was the ascendant and Uranus lord of the figure, while the Moon alone represented the common people. Jupiter, the great benefic, is on the midheaven, or near it, and Uranus within the orb of conjunction with Jupiter. The Moon is applying to a semi-sextile with Jupiter and the lord of the ascendant, Uranus, which is a good aspect, but not very strong. However, it is not an evil aspect, as the other convention had. The Moon is also applying to a sextile with Saturn, which indicates the success of the party leaders through determined effort and perseverance. It is a good aspect. The Sun is separating from an opposition to Saturn, and Mars is separating from the opposition of Jupiter, which shows that public opinion is against the Democratic party at present, but that there will be a change of sentiment before the election and the leaders of this convention will triumph. The worst aspect is Mars applying to the opposition of Uranus. This shows a hard and fiercely contested battle ahead of the Democratic leaders, but the general testimonies are that they will triumph in November.

Jupiter is Bryan's ruling planet, and Uranus is McKinley's ruling planet, hence Mars' separation from the opposition to Jupiter and his application to the opposition of Uranus shows that this "God of War," has ceased to oppose Mr. Bryan and is now getting ready to give battle to Mr. McKinley's planet, Uranus.

At the time of Mr. McKinley's nomination, the affliction of Mercury by the Moon shows that the Republican leaders will resort to falsehoods and misrepresentations and deceit of all kinds during the campaign, but they will not triumph for all that; while the good aspect of Saturn with the Moon at the Democratic convention shows that honesty and fair dealing will mark the work of the Democratic campaign.

Personally, at the present time, I have not had time to study up the political situation, hence have not decided which party to support. Thus it will be seen that I am unprejudiced in the matter, but give the true voice of the stars. ERNEST S. GREEN.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Two days after the July STAR went to press containing Mr. Whitehead's prediction of McKinley's re-election next November, the Chicago Tribune published a horoscope by R. A. Campbell, a geocentric astrologer, in which he also predicted the election of Mr. McKinley. The Tribune also printed a horoscope of Mr. Bryan, on July 15, by Mr. Campbell, who predicts Mr. Bryan's defeat. The Adept for August contains two geocentric figures of the Republican and Democratic nominations by Mr. Fredrick White, who considers the testimonies so conflicting that he declines to give a decided opinion. A Mr. Bixey, who is known to the editor as one of the most expert geocentric astrologers in Chicago, has also made figures of the two nominations, and he says "no one can decide either way from them without showing prejudice, as they can be read either way." It will be seen that Mr. Green's position is unique as he is the only astrologer, so far as we have learned, who predicts Bryan's election.—ED. STAR.

STAR OF THE MAGI

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF OCCULT SCIENCE,
ART AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., AUGUST 1, 1900.

NEWS E. WOOD, A. M., M. D., EDITOR AND
PUBLISHER.

DR. THOMAS J. BETIERO, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Entered in the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, as
Second-class Mail Matter.

Published at No. 617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago,
Illinois, on the first day of each month.

Subscriptions, \$1 per year, payable in advance.
Clubs of Ten (including our premium) \$7.50, and
an Extra Copy and Premium to Organizer.

Foreign Subscriptions, including postage, within
the Postal Union, Five Shillings, Six Francs,
Five Marks, Three Guilden, or Seven Lire.

Foreign Subscription Agents:

J. J. Morse, 26, Osnaburg Street, Euston Road,
N. W., London, England.

W. H. Terry, Austral Buildings, Collins Street,
East Melbourne, Australia.

Lucien Bodin, Librairie, 43, Quai des Grands-
Augustins, Paris, France.

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Postage Stamps, in sheets, accepted if more
convenient. Register your letter if you send
cash. Make all remittances payable to the
Publisher: N. E. Wood,

617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Adding "Lincoln Park Station" to the above ad-
dress will facilitate the delivery of mail.

Address all correspondence, subscriptions and ex-
changes to the Editor and Publisher as above.

TO OUR READERS.

We have decided to enlarge the STAR, by the
addition of eight more pages. This increase of
fifty per cent will begin with the October num-
ber. There will be no increase in the price, which
will remain as at present, but the first year being
then completed, the premium will be withdrawn.
Those who have not yet subscribed, who wish to
obtain THE MYSTIC THESAURUS as a premium
must send us their dollar before October 1 or
they will not receive it. NEWS E. WOOD,

Editor STAR OF THE MAGI.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN a deplorable affair Occultism teaches
that each party whom it affects should
candidly and justly examine *themselves* to
ascertain, as far as possible, wherein they
may have committed error, and thus con-
tributed to the final disaster.

★

FOLLOWING this rule in regard to the
terrible events in China, we affirm that as
missionaries and their converts have been
especially made the victims of insurrec-
tionary forces, that the various Christian
sects should seriously question the wisdom
of further employing missionaries there.

★

IT appears that the missionaries them-
selves are not in accord as to what con-
stitutes the *real* Christian religion. The
Methodist missionary and the Catholic
missionary teach widely opposing creeds.
The natural inference is that they are
both in error, and that it is Sectarianism,
instead of *real* Christianity, that is being
taught to the so-called "heathen."

★

THE sects, whose numbers run up into
the hundreds, are forever disputing over
the doctrines that are regarded as essen-
tial to salvation. It is not certain, there-
fore, that any of them have a more good
or true religion than the Chinese. Until
they can agree among themselves it seems
an audacious effrontery on their part to
send missionaries to them.

SECTARIANISM has notoriously come in
conflict with Chinese laws, customs, habits
and morals. In this it has sown the wind
and in return has reaped a whirlwind of
blood and fire. And to what lasting good?
To contend that only those who are "con-
verted" by the missionaries will be saved,
or that the devout believers in Buddhism,
Taoism, Confucianism, and other Eastern
religions do not stand an equal chance
with Christians for heaven is to blaspheme
the conception of an All-Wise Deity and
to deny the existence, in fact, of a loving,
just and Universal Father of Mankind.

WHO ARE THE BOXERS?

The world has, so far, been unable to de-
termine who and what the revolutionary
Chinese, known as "Boxers," really are.
Various accounts are given regarding this
society but none that satisfactorily ex-
plains the many peculiar developments in
connection with their marvelous and wide-
spread uprising. We find the ruling dy-
nasty of China apparently encouraging
them in some cases and endeavoring to
disperse them in others. At one point the
Boxers appear in full possession of govern-
mental authority; at other places they
clash with China's authority. How may
this political paradox be explained?

We are indebted to *L'Initiation*, the lead-
ing occult journal of France, for what we
believe is a solution of the enigma. A con-
tributor therein, under the mystic name of
Auras Mundus, writes at some length con-
cerning the great secret society of China,
and known under various titles, such as
"Burners of Incense," "Society of the
White Lotus," "Association of Hung,"
and "Three United Societies of Heaven,
Earth and Man."

The rise and origin of this society is
veiled in obscurity, but in 1644 it took on a
political character in consequence of the
victorious invasion of China by the Tar-
tars. In 1734 a certain Buddhist monas-
tery was attacked by the Tartars and one
hundred and twenty of its monks were
slain. Only five monks escaped and these
reorganized the society.

The political objects of the society, as
thus reconstituted, were as follows: The
extermination of the Tartars, the destruc-
tion of the Tartar dynasty of Tsing, the
restoration of the old Chinese dynasty of
Ming, and the attainment of universal po-
litical power in China.

The Tartars obliged the Chinese to grow
queues, under penalty of death, as a mark
of subjection, and to make them a nation
of women. They forced vices upon the
Chinese under the sanction of religion,
and otherwise degraded them.

The lodges of the great Chinese secret
society, which espoused these objects and
sought to correct these evils, were known
as "bushes," and from which, through
some peculiarity of pronunciation, the
word "boxers" could easily arise. This is
but a surmise, however.

These "bushes" were invariably located
in wild regions, very difficult of access and
well guarded by several successive stations

on the way to them. They were appointed
in the most elaborate and profuse manner
with various decorations, banners, arms,
altars, flags, and other lodge parapher-
nalia, most of which were inscribed with
mottoes, declarations, etc.

The members of the society, numbering
at the present time over eight millions,
were drawn from every grade of Chinese
society. They went through a very elab-
orate initiation, being sworn by the most
terrible vows to unhesitatingly uphold and
carry out the objects and mandates of the
order. At the conclusion of the ceremo-
nies the new brother was given something
that served as a diploma, badge, or safe-
guard, as its possession insured him from
ill if he fell into the hands of pirates who
might be members of the society. A ban-
quet and theatricals concluded the cere-
monies of initiation.

The present uprising in China may be
the consummation of hundreds of years of
preparation. The hatred shown to mis-
sionaries and their converts would seem to
show that the extermination of the "for-
eign devils" and their friends has been
made a part of the political creed of the
order, which, by a sure, steady and silent
growth, has developed a genuine Chinese
empire beneath the outer corrupt and
weak dynasty. The two may be compared
to iron and clay, between whom there can
be no adhesion. This unseen empire, in
showing its iron teeth, like magic, all over
China, alone will account for the uprising
under and coincident with the great plan-
etary conjunctions of the past few weeks.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

A NOTABLE FORECAST.

On the 22d of May the June issue of the
STAR went to press containing a forecast
for the following thirty-one days—from
May 22 to June 22—by Mr. Whitehead.

A summary of the news during the fore-
going period shows that it was "a month
of unusual events and conditions." There
were extreme temperatures, severe storms
and earthquakes in South America; labor
troubles, especially severe in Chicago and
St. Louis; turbulent conditions in stocks,
and a remarkable rise in the price of
wheat; several steel manufacturing indus-
tries closed; odd events were especially
numerous, a one-day war over the "Dis-
trict of Lake Michigan," otherwise known
as the "Streeter tract," being one of the
most notable, and occurring in Chicago;
the British had several victories in South
Africa and occupied the Transvaal capital;
there were great fires, mine horrors and
collisions; infectious diseases spread very
widely, the smallpox especially, which got
as far as Cape Nome, Alaska; the famine
was pronounced to be at its height in In-
dia, where some 50,000,000 suffered with
but a tenth of that number receiving re-
lief. A multitude of events in line with
the forecast occurred, a particularized
summary of which would fill the STAR to
the exclusion of everything else. But the
startling developments in China, however,
overshadowed all other conditions and

events, and verified the spirit of the forecast in so strong and conclusive a manner that it takes rank with the most notable predictions of history.

The forecast, as we have heretofore noted, was published in the *Sunday Tribune* of this city on July 16, 1899, some three months before the STAR first went to press. The *Tribune* of last Sunday, July 22, gave it favorable mention, the article mentioning it as "a remarkable case of true prophecy" and "based on the juxtaposition [conjunction] of the planets maintained during the period between May 21 and June 21 of this year," saying further that in it "many persons see a forecast of the labor troubles in Chicago and the war-like conditions now prevailing in China."

The STAR claims the forecast, as a whole, is abundantly verified. It is a demonstration that heliocentric astrology, without any geocentric trimmings, is the equal if not the superior of any other system or art of forecasting the future.

The STAR will pay some attention to the heliocentric system in the near future.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE PSALMS.

Though Ignatius Donnelly, through the wonderful discovery of the Bacon cipher, may have proved to his own satisfaction that Shakespeare did not write the plays credited to him for three centuries, he has not robbed the Bard of Avon of literary honor, for another cipher proves just as conclusively that Shakespeare wrote the Psalms. Of course, this is a joke, but there is as much evidence to support it as there is to support Donnelly's theory.

In Shakespeare's name lies the key to this wonderful cryptogram.

As Mr. Donnelly says, the spelling of "Shakespeare" was the poet's *nom de plume*, while "Shakespere" was his name, an evident change from "Shakespear." In each of the two spellings last given are ten letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two figures and we have the number forty-six—the key to the mystery.

Turning to the *Forty-sixth* Psalm in the Revised Version, it is found that the psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with "selah." Remember the key number—forty-six.

Counting *forty-six* words from the beginning of the psalm one reaches the word "shake," in the first portion; and counting *forty-six* words from the end of the psalm, one reaches the word "spear." There is "Shakespear" as plainly as letters can make it.

Now, turn to the middle portion of the psalm and apply the rule of averages. To get this average one goes to the middle verse, which is the sixth, as it has five verses on each side of it. Observe the significant six, the last figure of our key number. Now, six in Roman letters is "VI," and so one looks for a word in the verse that has the letters *v* and *i* in it. There is only one—"voice," the letters coming in the proper order to make the number six. —*American Tyler.*

THE INMOST CENTER.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that would lead me to God;
But further away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.

I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me the fiercer I sought;
For teacher and text-book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.

I sat while the silence was speaking
And chanced to look into my soul;
I found there all things I was seeking—
My Spirit encompassed the whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE SOVEREIGN WILL.

An Esoteric Study of the Divinity of the "Inmost Center."

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.

There is an Inmost Center in us all
Where truth abides in fullness . . . and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way.
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than seeking entrance for a light
Supposed to be without. ROBERT BROWNING.

Turn the introspective eye and in silent thoughtfulness contemplate the wonders of the supreme and invisible self, whose subtle and mysterious power controls the elements of Nature and holds undisputed sway over animate creat on. Life, with its center of rest in the heart's sanctuary, flows forth with enkindling power through every nerve, beams through the eye and gives magnetic tone to the voice. Personal and self-conscious life, how marvelous and inestimable its power! It sees the universe, yet remains forever invisible to itself; centered within the body, it penetrates the deep realms of infinity and moves with a velocity that annihilates space and leaves a track of light in its course. Itself formless, it fills the firmament of mind with images of its own creating. Itself unheard, it catches the faintest sound from the external world. Born of the spirit of love, of the illimitable and eternal; clothed with the elements of water and earth, of air and fire; shaped by the impress of vibrant spheres and nurtured on the breast of Nature's bounteous store, it emerges from the deep darkness, enveloping the infinite and unknown, and enters the firmament of light. Clothed and re clothed by the countless atoms which move unceasingly with the restless stream of change, this invisible, mysterious I sits serenely on the everlasting throne, undisturbed by the mutations of time. Centers of consciousness in the boundless realm of Being, we live and move and have existence. The primal element which sustains us is an unfathomable ocean of spirit, of mind and life, and embraces everything that is. All are pilgrims of the Infinite wandering over the fathomless sea of eternity. The material form is the bark of life, built from the elements of Nature by the hands of Creative Power. The indwelling life, the indivisible part of us—the ego, the I, or the spirit—acting through the brain and ganglionic center, controls and inspires the body, and shapes and renews it like the potter who moulds the

clay. The body is plastic and negative to the mind; and the mind manifests its powers over the body in an ever-increasing degree as we advance toward perfection.

Evolution as applied to the human race is the divine life within us awakening to self-consciousness, and coming to a more perfect expression through the body. From the inmost depths of our being there comes forth to the objective mind the audible echo of a voice which proclaims the eternal inner union of God, Man and Nature—the inseparable trinity of Being. In the human will resides that potential power which inflows from the universal fountain of life; and its presence in man enables him, by co-operating with the divine purpose, to control the material conditions which surround him. He who feels this oneness with the divine source is thrilled with a sensation of infinite purity which makes him know that he receives this life from God. In the degree that man becomes receptive to the influx of divine love and creative life, he experiences that joy which is inseparable from that love and life. There is a magnetic power of affinity and sympathy which is ever working to bring the finite mind into conscious union with the Infinite Mind; and in response to the regenerative power of this law, the advancing pilgrim passes from grade to grade along the ascending spiral of destiny, the measure of his inspiration and the depths of his consciousness increasing as he approaches nearer the summit of the supreme ideal, until at last he feels his nearness to the Great Heart of Being, and knows the bliss of that union which brings the conserved forces of the Creator into conscious touch with the human heart.

There are potentialities asleep within the soul which remain unrecognized by the majority of mankind, only awaiting the magic word of a positive command to be awakened from lethargy to the realization of supremacy and power. Men toil unceasingly in the conflict with opposing forces, dominated by a paralyzing belief in their own weakness, and having a misconception of the obstacles which always confront them. But the chains of centuries are being riven at length; the night of ignorance gives way to the full dawn of Truth's bright day; the dreamer awakes from the bond that comes of darkness, the WILL is set free—his thoughts soar in the limitless empyrean, he casts off the shackles of false environment and emerges into light and freedom. The forces which were once cruel and relentless are now obedient servants; the conditions which once retarded the soul's progress are now used as stepping stones to higher realms of usefulness. The WILL is now the sovereign upon the throne, altar of the spirit, the doorway to highest attainments. The will concentrates into a tiny cell the immensities of the universe. Fundamentally it is identical with life. It is a function of the universal spirit of God, acting in us either consciously or unconsciously, as determined by choice and desire!

When every faculty of the mind, every

nerve center of the body, every muscle and every cell become completely polarized to the spark of life which glows within the invisible center of the higher self, then every word will be a sovereign decree and every act a perfect manifestation of the word. So long as you remain ignorant of the fact that life is omnipresent and that you are an inseparable part of that life, you will fail to appropriate that which is rightfully yours, and will live and move in a circle that is limited by your own thoughts and acts. That universal force which gives to the blazing suns their quenchless flames of fiery energy, that spiritual subsistence through which the innumerable planets move in their perpetual journey through appointed orbits with magical equilibrium and unvarying precision, which gives to the flowers their perfume and to the birds their song, is the one eternal life of the universe; it flows into the soul of man, and the breath of its spirit feeds and renews him like the air that flows into the lungs to energize and purify the blood.

Hold ever in mind an image of the ideal you are seeking to make manifest. That image will become a central living magnet which will begin to draw to you the experiences that must be encountered and the conditions that must be overcome before the ideal can be attained. Concentrate all the forces of your being on the undoubted duty of the moment; then the numberless wants will be forgotten, and the trouble and uncertainties of life will pass away. The pathway of to-day is illumined by the experience you have gained from the yesterdays; and the light that dispels the mystery surrounding the present gives greater knowledge, which will shine with increased brightness to-morrow. The things that are true, the things that are good, and all that is helpful, will gravitate to you only in proportion to the degree that you desire and invite them.

Have faith in the harmony, the love and the goodness of the immutable laws which govern life, destiny and change. Though there are times when we ignore the monitions of the higher self and grope in the darkness where we hear but a faint echo of the voice of Truth and catch only a gleam of the light; times when we see only the cold hand of inexorable fate compelling obedience to its inflexible laws; yet, if we look more deeply and listen intently, there will come to our vision a glimpse of the beckoning ideal and a foregleam of nobler achievements. In the most trivial occurrences of daily existence there will come to those who have faith a whispering of the voice which calls out in the wilderness and leads through life's turmoils to the soul's final awakening and deliverance.

Though the unwelcome duties of the hour may cause unrest, and the barren outlook of the future may discourage, have faith in the soul's innate power to finally triumph over all things which would wrest from its grasp the heavenly heritage. A glorious and exalted destiny awaits your fulfillment. Go forth, you who have

doubted the wisdom and justice of the Invisible Monarch, go forth in the majesty of your strength and the dignity of your knowledge; and by the virtue of that sacred word, I WILL, which was uttered in the long ago when worlds were created, that name inscribed over the door of the threshold in letters of fire, go forth and win for yourself a place commensurate to the gifts which are yours to command. —Condensed from *Universal Truth*.

VISITS TO THE SPHINX.

The Great Mother as Seen by Moonlight and in the Sun's Glare.

BY JOSEPHINE C. LOCKE.

Our first visit to the Sphinx of Gizeh was by moonlight. The sky was cloudy, and we had to wait and watch for the silver beams, which lighted with a solemn radiance the majestic face. I was glad it was so, the uncertainty and the expectation heightened the impressiveness, and we willingly suffered ourselves to feel and breathe the stillness of the desert atmosphere. We saw and heard, not with the eyes and ears of sense, but with the psychic powers of the soul.

This "Great Mother" was ours and all men's; the coming and the going of the endless procession of nations and races disturbs her not; in prophetic silence she waits and waits the maturity, the full ripeness, of her child—man. Time is, time is not, to her.

A cloud of memories obscured our vision, but gradually they vanished, and as we yielded ourselves to the wonderful atmosphere, which here as nowhere else laughs at time and space, we realized that the mystic light which isolated her from the environment of pyramids, sand banks, Bedouin villages, trees and temples, was a great assistance in eliminating details of form and line, leaving us free to enjoy the ensemble. Unconsciously our eager eyes sought for expression, and expression only; we made ourselves empty, and prayed that her influences might fill us, for surely this universal mother had a message for us, had we but eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel.

On the luxurious porch of the Mena House half an hour before I had read and reread Emerson's masterpiece, his poem on the Sphinx. His powerful imagery filled my soul, and I wondered if, like us, he had visited her by moonlight, if like us he had experienced the same lingering desire to catch a smile; the same yearning hunger to hear her speak; the same fascination of attraction, abandonment and worship.

Thus more than an hour passed. The dragoman and the few Bedouins, who rose like specters from the sands at our approach, showed an appreciative, not to say sympathetic, silence, and by gesture and motion were content to guide us from one point to another, watching as intently as we did the changeful light, as it illuminated the great mass of hair, or the wonderful mouth and chin.

The Moon was now in midheaven and overclouded. No more might we depend on her appearing. No longer did shadow and flickering beam play hide-and-seek in the cavernous depths of that awful yet venerable face. Quietly we stole away.

Our second visit was in the forenoon. No sooner had we arrived at Gizeh than we were greeted by a blinding wind, which, long before the great pyramid was reached, became a sand-storm. More than once we thought of turning back, but no! The assurance that on such a day there would be but few people to disturb our solitude, and the hope of another visit with the Mighty One awaiting us in the hollow beyond lured us on. So, tying on hats and buttoning coats, with set lips and closed eyes, we heroically pressed on. Progress was slow. Now it was one, now another, who sought refuge in a sand bank or fell supine, or stood stock still or twisted around, or frantically laid hold of her neighbor. To Bedouin offers of help we shook our heads. To take a donkey or camel would have but aggravated the conditions. "No pyramids, no pyramids," our choked voices kept crying, "only the Sphinx, the Sphinx!"

Our first hope was to find a shelter between the lion-like paws, but in vain. Driven from there we climbed up against the rough hewn breast; we went to the right, we went to the left. The sand-storm was pitiless. It drove us away from one chosen spot after another until we were compelled to seek refuge among the Bedouins, who were lying half asleep in their accustomed nook by the granite temple, discovered by Mariette Bey in 1843. Courtously they made room for us, and I soon lost myself in reverie, intent only on becoming *en rapport* with Her, the Indefinable One.

I remembered Ruskin's test—that a man is known by his work—and thought "surely he who wrought this work, who conceived so vast a thought as is here expressed, must have been mentally head and shoulders above his brethren." The unknown one who planned this colossal being, wrought not with his brains alone nor with his hands alone, but with insight of the mind, with his hands, his head and his heart.

This Homeric quality, this trinity of effort and artistic power, makes itself felt from ear to eye, from eye to mouth and chin and throat. One feels it in the poise of the head, sees it in the far away, half upward look of the sightless eyes, traces it in the massive shock of hair and in the crude, primitive body. From crown of head to outstretched paw, in every line and angle, it exists, witnessing to an art greater than schools and critics and that transcends technique—an art that looks down pityingly on modern methods and ideals. Homeric, not classic, it seeks to express power and wisdom by immensity and symbol; it would limit and inclose the infinite in the finite. Crude as the huge mass is in its lines and proportions, yet it knows but one theme—the infinite and the infinite only!

The large, mystical ear that has listened for centuries is capable of receiving the secrets of the heavens and the earth—it is placed high up on the head. The indescribable face, said by Abdel Latif in his time "to be pleasing, of a graceful and beautiful type; one might almost say that it smiles winningly," is now defaced and sorrow stricken. The once winsome mouth is quietly yet firmly closed, voiceless yet questioning. The nude sands and winds have robbed it of the fullness and ripeness of youth, but a charm still lingers—the charm of an omniscient patience, of a long suffering forgiveness—a charm greater than that of any rosy-cheeked maiden. Truly, there were men of prophetic vision in those days.

I was aroused from my dreams by my companion announcing that the storm was over and it was time to take a picture. Instantly the half-sleepy Bedouins awoke and off we went to group around some camels and have our pictures taken.—Cairo correspondence *Chicago Tribune*.

BIBLICAL HISTORY VERIFIED.

A century ago, as Professor Ira M. Price says in "The Monuments and the Old Testament," the Bible stood alone as the record of past ages. Except for dim tradition, all the knowledge the world possessed of many of the nations of antiquity was contained in the unsupported assertions of the scriptures; and it was never thought that in the hieroglyphs which decorated the temples and obelisks so unintelligently lay the proofs of much contained in them.

Then came the Rosetta stone in 1799, and its interpretation by Champollion in 1818. By the discovery of a single inscription in Greek, written Egyptian and sacred hieroglyphs, all meaning the same thing, the secrets of the dead were unlocked, the world gazed upon the Pharaoh of the captivity, and Joseph's presence in Egypt was made plain by the fact that men of his own race were then in power.

In 1842 a Frenchman named Botta called attention to the great mounds in Mesopotamia by the astounding results obtained from their exploration. He discovered a palace the vastness of which puts modern buildings to shame, the relic of an empire whose grandeur surpassed that of Rome in many particulars. With this came a series of records, not pictorial like the Egyptian, but consisting of variously arranged marks like wedges or arrow-heads, called cuneiform. These awaited decipherment as had the Egyptian hieroglyphs before them.

In 1835 a young Englishman, Henry C. Wilkinson, who had taken service in the Persian army and had an intimate acquaintance with the Persian tongue, discovered on the side of one of the Zagros mountains a great inscription, which he succeeded in copying, after years of painful effort. This, the famous Behistun inscription, turned out to be in three languages—old Persian, Median or Susian and Babylonian. Slowly the first column of old Persian yielded to the same methods that had made the Rosetta stone clear, and the

result was published in 1847. Slowly, also, the others gave up their secrets, until a history of civilized men was unfolded which reached back to 6,000 years before Christ. Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Sumeria, Akkadia—a veritable panorama of extinct nations came to light, confirming the Bible at every step.

Nor does the story stop here, though the greatest of the discoveries are included in the foregoing. The tale is a wonderful one, and it is by no means all told.

THE PLANET VENUS.

Her Short Rotation Period—Silurian Age of Development.

The Harvard College Observatory has received an announcement that Herr Belopolsky of the Pulkowa Observatory has confirmed spectrographically the short rotation period of the planet Venus. The news is of especial interest for two reasons. In the first place, the observation, if it proves to be correct, is a fresh triumph for the spectroscope; and, in the second place, it decides a question which has been the subject of some controversy among astronomers during the last ten years.

The older text books of astronomy teach that Venus probably rotates on its axis in about the same time as does the earth. This was the conclusion reached by Cassini from observations made in 1667, and was confirmed generally by subsequent astronomers who attempted to decide the question, though one of them, Bianchini, made the period twenty-four days eight hours. All found the planet an exceedingly difficult object, there being little to be seen upon its disc from which to determine whether it rotated or not, much less to fix upon a definite period of rotation.

This was the state of the question when M. Schiaparelli, the keen-eyed discoverer of the "canals" of Mars, announced, in 1890, that from observations made by himself some years before he had reached the conclusion that the planet's period of rotation was nearly, if not exactly, the same as that of its revolution round the Sun—about 225 days. In other words, Schiaparelli concluded that Venus always turns the same face to the Sun, as if connected with it by a rigid bar, just as the moon, for a like reason, always exhibits the same face to us.

Several distinguished observers have confirmed Schiaparelli's conclusion, while other equally competent observers have declared the case not proven and still hold by the short period. The same discussion, it may be added, exists over the rotation period of Mercury, which Schiaparelli had previously announced to be probably the same as that of its revolution.

Among those who have corroborated Schiaparelli's views respecting both Venus and Mercury is Mr. Percival Lowell, who made a series of observations of these planets at his observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., in 1896, and decided unhesitatingly in favor of the long period in each case.

Mr. Lowell claims to have seen the planets with such distinctness as to leave no room for doubt in the matter; and he has published charts of both, which show them criss-crossed by a series of dark lines totally unlike anything seen upon them by any other observer, either before or since. In spite of Mr. Lowell's confidence in his observations, the more conservative of astronomers, taking due account of all the difficulties involved in the observations and the chances of deception, have been inclined to regard these questions of rotation as still open. Professor Barnard, one of the most keen-sighted of our American observers, who has made a series of measurements of the disk of Venus through the Lick telescope, has declared that, while markings can certainly be seen upon it, they cannot be made out with sufficient distinctness "for rotational purposes."

What Herr Belopolsky is now said to have done successfully has been to employ the spectograph—the spectroscope with a photographic plate—upon Venus in the same way as it has been employed a few years ago by Professor J. E. Keeler upon the ring of Saturn. Keeler found that the inner margin of the ring rotates faster than the outer, and thus confirmed Maxwell's theory of the meteoric composition of the ring. The principle involved in these observations is that motion in a luminous object toward us or from us causes a displacement of the dark lines which cross its spectrum, toward the red end if the motion is from us, toward the violet end if the motion is toward us—the same principle as has led to the discovery of the numerous "spectroscopic binaries," stars revolving round each other.

The Harvard observers at Arequipa, Peru, have been making a special study of the planet Venus, and have embodied the results of it in a contribution to the "Annals of Harvard Observatory," which is also accompanied with pertinent comments by Professors Serviss and Pickering, the latter being at the head of the Harvard staff. The substance of their observations is to the effect that the atmosphere of Venus is several times more dense than that of the earth at sea level, and that this density favors the suspension of water and vapor above the planet. Professor Pickering compares the vaporous condition of the planet with that of the earth millions of years ago:

"In other words, Venus is broiling and laying down her coal measures, or may be still in her silurian age, waiting for the animals and plants of the carboniferous era. If the nebular hypothesis is fairly correct, Venus is one of the latest children of the Sun nebula, and, as a consequence of lateness, is not so far developed as the earth."

An astronomical expert in the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat* office is of the opinion that the brilliancy of Venus is due to this cloud or water surface, as it alone could reflect such light, and, as observation reveals no surface markings of consequence, it is to be assumed that the real surface is

not visible and that the cloud covering alone is seen.

The importance of these observations may be realized when it is remembered that until the Peruvian observatory was erected but little more was known of Venus than was known by the early astronomers.

FEATS OF INDIAN FAKIRS.

While tales of Indian fakirs may, from an uninformed standpoint, excite distrust, the fact remains attested by many well authenticated cases that certain men can voluntarily put themselves into a state in which no vital phenomena are demonstrable by more or less careful examinations, and can awake later to normal life. In this connection the hibernation of animals must be mentioned; also the observation of Leeuwenhoek that in the dust of houses and towns animalcules exist which are capable of drying up completely without losing the power of awaking to active life upon being moistened with rainwater, as well as cases of prolonged trance, both conscious and unconscious, with suspended animation, and the well known accounts of stone-incased frogs, etc.

A remarkable case of suspended animation of an Indian fakir is recorded by Dr. James Braid, whose observations on mesmerism are noted. At the palace of Runjeet Singh—a square building having a square room in its center—a fakir who had voluntarily put himself into an apparently lifeless condition was afterward put into a sack, sewed up and walled in, the single door of the room having been sealed with the private seal of the Runjeet. In order to exclude all possibility of fraud, Runjeet, who was not himself a believer in the wonderful powers of the fakir, had established a cordon of his own bodyguard around the building, while in front of the latter four sentinels were stationed who were relieved every two hours, and were continually watched. Under these conditions the fakir remained in his grave for six weeks, when the building was opened in the presence of the Runjeet Singh, and the seal and all the walls were found uninjured. In the dark room, which was examined with a light, the sack containing the fakir lay in a locked box which was provided with a seal, also uninjured. The sack, which presented a mildewed appearance, was opened, and the crouching form of the fakir taken out. The body was perfectly stiff. A physician who was present found that nowhere on the body was a trace of a pulse beat evident. In the meantime, the servant of the fakir poured warm water over the head and laid a hot cake on the top of his head, removed the wax with which the ears and nostrils had been stopped, forcibly opened the teeth with a knife, drew forward the tongue, which was bent backward and repeatedly sprung back again into its position, and rubbed the closed eyes with butter. Soon the fakir began to open his eyes, the body began to twitch convulsively, the nostrils were dilated, the skin, heretofore stiff and wrinkled, assumed gradually its normal fullness

and, a few minutes later, the fakir opened his lips and in a feeble voice asked Runjeet Singh, "Do you now believe me?"

BEYOND.

Despair.

Beyond the heights of "The Great Divide,"
Beyond the surge of the swelling tide,
Beyond the river—so deep and wide—
What is it that awaits us there?
Darkness and death in deserts of gloom,
Drifting, for aye, on the Sea of Doom,
Whose surges roll with an endless boom—
It is this that awaits us there.

Doubt.

Beyond the borders of human life,
Beyond the valleys of sinful strife,
Beyond a world with misery rife—
What is it that awaits us there?
Sleep, oblivion, eternal rest;
Darkness forever, like a mantle, pressed
Around each aching, throbbing breast—
It is this that awaits us there.

Faith.

Beyond the range of the keenest sight,
Beyond the confines of Day and Night,
Beyond the Sun's universal light—
What is it that awaits us there?
Glory, grace and immortal life,
Freed from sorrow, sin and strife,
Palms of victory—with glory rife—
It is this that awaits us there.

Reason.

Beyond the reach of sublimest thought,
Beyond the worlds by our fancy wrought,
Beyond what wisdom, revealed, hath taught—
What is it that awaits us there?
The ultimate weal of all human kind,
Progression, for aye, toward the Infinite Mind,
The opening of eyes that once were blind—
It is this that awaits us there.

ALVIN W. STOWELL.

INTUITION.

The rudimentary sixth sense, which we call intuition, is stronger in animals and children than in man, because man depends more upon reason for his guidance. Animals and children know intuitively whom to trust, and we, ourselves, have intuitive likes and dislikes for people, frequently justified by experience, however unreasonable they may appear.

A man has intuitive knowledge of form, color, music, truth, mathematics, etc. He can not tell you how he has this knowledge, but it is unerring, and when largely developed, constitutes genius. Blind Tom the pianist, and Colburn the lightning calculator, are familiar instances.

By intuition, savages discern certain indescribable changes in the face of Nature, subtle atmospheric influences which portend changes, and upon which animals base their preparations for the different seasons, and seek protection from approaching storms.

The sixth sense is likewise the basis of the gift of prophecy. By it we are enabled to read human nature, and to forecast the drift of events.

Intuition is the source of all knowledge of right and wrong. Education has simply trained and disciplined conscience; its origin and growth are intuitive. Before churches, creeds, books or priests were invented, men were capable of discerning right and wrong, and had an intuitive belief in immortality. In spite of all the fol-

lies and iniquities perpetrated by churches and theologies, these fundamental natural elements of all genuine religion have persisted. They are, to-day, the best assurance that we have of a future life. But experience has taught us that by cultivating our intuitions—by bringing our lives into harmony with Christian principles—by searching out and obeying the natural laws which govern the various departments of life in accord with the overreaching, universal moral law, our belief in immortality grows and strengthens.

In the world of materialism we learn that supply and demand are inseparable. It is logical, then, to conclude that this natural belief in immortality, growing stronger through the culture of the intuitive nature, this constant striving after right living, is the condition, the preparation for immortality. The culture of the spiritual nature endows it with generous feelings, sublime aspirations, noble ideals, divine attributes, which may serve the ego in a future existence as the members of the body obey human wills. Before we can live again it is essential that we develop a Nature capable of living and sustaining itself under other conditions.

For instance. In this life we can not live without air. In another existence we may find life unsupportable without the capacity to love. People do not love naturally and unselfishly. They have to learn to love through generous, lofty, self-sacrificing devotion to ideals, principles, human weal, etc.

We bring with us to this world the powers and organs by means of which we nourish and cultivate our natures here. Our earthly estates depend upon our mental and physical qualifications. Those who are blind, deaf, maimed, miss sources of pleasure and development which others enjoy. So those who do not cultivate the sixth sense, the gem of the higher nature, lose the purest and sweetest of all pleasures. Growth, development, progress are essentials of immortality as well as of physical health and material prosperity. If these conditions are neglected dry rot will attack the soul.

We are placed, also, in such relationships to other men, by environment and social connections, that we must help educate each other or suffer for each other's transgressions. The scheme of redemption does not contemplate any narrow-minded selfishness, whatever a corrupt and power-seeking priesthood may have taught men. Experience demonstrates over and over that men suffer for their own wrongdoing directly and indirectly for that of their fellowmen. God has arrayed every natural human instinct in favor of an honest, upright, benevolent life. Men would long ago have learned this lesson by simple observation and inference, but for the perverted teachings of orthodoxy, which made opinions and professions paramount in importance to life and works.

Develop intuition, live right, help to educate your brother man, come closer into communion with the Great Source of All

Things, and shallow skepticism, obtuse atheism, corrupt infidelity and diseased pessimism, will be seen as mere mists, storm-clouds, beyond which the warm, fertile, joyous sun of eternal life and light shines on forevermore.—*Medical Brief.*

A TRAGEDY.

The following tale was related to the writer as true, and he believes it to be true, says the editor of *The Alkaloidal Clinic*. A woman came to Chicago for treatment at the hands of the notorious Dowie. This man claims to take no fees for his services, but charges his victims board. Time wore on, and in spite of faith, prayer and the rest, the patient found herself no better. Dowie said to her: "Have you made your offerings at the altar?" She replied that she had "offered" everything she had in the world but her return ticket. Dowie retorted: "I thought you were holding back something from the Lord. You have not enough faith." So she sold her ticket and offered the proceeds at the "altar." Still she did not recover her health, whereupon she received from Dowie the comforting assurance that the devil had a grip upon her too strong to be broken, and that she was doomed for this life and the hereafter!

And yet people wonder why so many "floaters" are fished out of the lake! What other resource is there left for them? Allured by the specious appeal to a faith that has been taught them from infancy, they embark their all in the plan, strip themselves of their last penny at the suggestion of this self-styled viceregent of God, and finally, crushed by the awful condemnation, or shamed to return to friends and confess their folly, the friendly waters close over them.

Are there any limits to human gullibility?

Has Dowie any conscience at all, any dread of the hereafter and the final accounting to be made by him to the Deity he so shamefully misrepresents? Or is his rhinoceros hide impervious alike to contempt from without and stings within?

HOW YOUR WATCH IS A COMPASS.

All watches, says a late writer in *Notes and Queries*, are compasses. Point the hour hand to the Sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating four, "IIII," to the Sun and two, "II," on the watch will be south.

The rule is based upon the principle that if the Sun is on the meridian the hour hand, being upon twelve, "XII," would indicate south. Now, the hour hand moves only one-twelfth of the circle, or thirty degrees, every hour, while the Sun moves one-half as fast, or only fifteen degrees an hour. The rule is not strictly accurate because solar time is not mean time, and also because we use standard time, which is not usually the local mean time, but by making allowance for mean time the rule will be sufficiently accurate.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

Medical Advice on Matters of General Interest.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

Judge Neelen, of Milwaukee, holds that christian science as a religious belief is one thing, but as a system of healing another, and that those who follow this practice of healing are subject to the laws regulating the practice of medicine. This is common sense, and it is to be hoped that other courts will sustain this decision.

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A green little boy in a green little way
A green little apple devoured one day.
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little apple boy's green little grave.

★

LEMON JUICE.

A cloth dampened in lemon juice will rub off the freckles.

A fairly strong lemonade at bedtime is of great value to the system.

The outward application of lemon juice will allay the irritation caused by the bites of gnats or flies.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will almost certainly relieve a bilious headache.

The juice of a ripe, plump lemon in a bath renders it delightfully cooling to the skin and promotes sound sleep.

A dash of lemon juice in plain water is an excellent tooth-wash. It not only removes tartar but sweetens the breath.

The juice of a lemon in hot water on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective, and for stout women is better than any anti-fat medicine.

Lemon juice and glycerine, half and half, and a bit of absorbent cotton, is the best thing in the world to moisten the lips and tongue of a fever patient with.

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by the use of a sharp instrument.

★

FOR THE FEET.

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel.
Never wear a shoe or boot tight anywhere.

Never come from high heels to low heels at one jump.

Never wear a shoe that presses up into the hollow of the foot.

Never wear a shoe that will not allow the great toe to lie in a straight line.

Never wear a shoe or boot so large in the heel that the foot is not kept in place.

Never wear a shoe or boot that has depressions in any part of the sole to drop any joint below the level plane.

Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Never wear one pair of shoes all the time unless obliged to do so. Two pairs of boots, worn a day at a time alternately, last longer and are much more healthful.

Never wear a shoe with a sole narrower than the outline of the foot traced with a pencil close under the rounding edge.

Never think that the feet will grow large from wearing proper shoes. Pinching and distorting make them grow not only large, but unsightly. A proper, natural use of all the muscles makes them compact and attractive.

Never wear a short stocking or one which, after being washed, is not at least one-half inch longer than the foot. Bear in mind that stockings shrink. Be sure that they will allow your toes to spread out at the extreme ends, as this keeps the joints in place and makes a strong and attractive foot, besides insuring comfort.

★

GRAPE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.

Tissot, the foremost occult artist of the world, tells a story of a regiment of soldiers decimated by dysentery which vanished in a marvelous manner on encamping where they could get plenty of grapes.

HOW TO DETECT IMPURE WATER.

To detect impure water draw a tumbler full at night, put a piece of white lump sugar in it and place it on the kitchen mantelpiece or in any place where the temperature will not be under 60 degrees F. In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities, the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test well known by chemists.

TO KEEP THE HANDS SOFT AND WHITE.

The following preparation will keep the hands soft and white, is not inelegant to use, and will be found to be one of the very best formulas for the purpose: Oil of rose, fifteen drops; glycerine, one dram; spirits of myrrh, three drams; oil cajaput, twenty drops. Apply at night, before retiring, after washing the hands thoroughly in hot water. In cold weather this can also be applied to the hands before going out.

FACIAL MASSAGE.

Massage of the face has the same effect as that of any other part of the body. The manipulation of the muscles quickens the circulation of the blood and betters the local nutrition, not only of the muscle, but of the skin and other structures that are associated with it. In this way the complexion may be cleared, the facial expression may be improved, and skin disease may be greatly benefited. It is also often very useful in the relieving of neuralgia of certain nerves of the face.—*P. H. Journal.*

HOW TO BREATHE.

Many people are either too indifferent or too lazy to breathe. They simply pant, and panting is not breathing. To breathe naturally, and scientifically you must stand erect, the shoulders well back, and then inhale long breaths through the nostrils. A certain time each day should be devoted to deep breathing. Every air cell of the lungs should be filled and refilled times without number each day. Inhaling slowly you take in the oxygen, the ozone and the invisible atmosphere auras which impart strength and vitality to the system.

HYGIENE OF THE EYES.

A famous oculist once gave this advice to a lady who consulted him about her eyes: "Use much cold water in washing the eyes. It is a tonic to them. One's sight begins to fail as the eyeball begins to flatten, so when you bathe the eyes gently squeeze them from side to side—the forefinger at the side of the nose, the thumb at opposite side of the eye—and thus the convexity will be preserved. When the eyes are weary, give them rest, and if they smart, bathe them with a weak salt water, allowing it to go inside the lids."

SCIATICA.

Dr. W. S. Cline writes: "I suffered from sciatica and rheumatism the torments of hell for six weeks, and was cured in less than three minutes by rubbing in from hip to heel half an ounce of carbon bisulphide. Give it to suffering humanity. A gentleman from Canada called to see me, saw my intense sufferings, and told me a wealthy man spent a large fortune in trying to get cured of rheumatism, and that ten cents' worth of the above cured him. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw I tried it and was well before I got dressed."

THE HOUR WHEN MAN IS STRONGEST.

At what hour of the day is a man at his strongest, and so fitted to do hard work with the least weariness? The question is a strange one; and probably the answer occurring at once to most persons will be, "When he gets up in the morning." This is by no means the case; on the contrary, according to the experiments of Dr. Buch with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscle force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the mid-day meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rising again towards evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. The two chief foes of muscular force, according to Dr. Buch, are overwork and idleness. Sweating at work deteriorates the muscles. We know that many of the great workers of the world, though not all, have been early risers. But early rising, according to Buch's doctrine, ought always to be supplemented by early breakfasting.—*Health*.

DOG BITES.

A correspondent says: "I have been bitten by dogs repeatedly, once severely. A pet dog of a neighbor's was very sick, and I was attempting to relieve it. It bit me, in the left thumb, just below the nail, and that member became black as far down as the wrist. It remained so until the nail came off. The owner talked of hydrophobia, and said that the dog had not tasted water for two weeks. Had I been afraid I should no doubt have taken nervous fits and died. The verdict would have been hydrophobia. But I simply applied a solution of salt and vinegar—a little more vinegar than salt—washed the wound with it, tied a clean rag around the thumb, keeping it saturated well with the solution, and moved the rag so that a fresh part of it covered the wound at intervals. This remedy

was once applied to my wrist by a colored woman for a snake bite. My arm was then black, hard and painful. The remedy acted like a charm. In two hours the discoloration had disappeared, and with it the pain, and only the needle mark where the fang had entered was visible."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Announcements.

THE October issue of the STAR will contain as its leading article, "The Star of the Magi," by Willis F. Whitehead.

THE November issue of the STAR will contain an occult science article of extraordinary merit on the "Quadrature of the Circle," by Mr. Zeno T. Griffen.

WE will, as soon as we enlarge, start a new department in the STAR devoted to heliocentric astrology, which will be conducted somewhat on original lines and be of considerable value to students.

The "Great Red Dragon."

WE are in receipt of the following novel theory regarding the "Great Red Dragon."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR: *Dear Sir*—Is China the "Great Red Dragon" of Holy Writ, and is it there that the prophesied battle of Armageddon is to be fought? It is a significant fact that the flag of China shows a Dragon as her national emblem. The "arms" escutcheon of China shows a beast—half animal and half man. Peking, the city of China's seat of power, and the scene of the late horrible atrocities that have so shocked the entire world, is a great city "divided into three parts." The following Biblical texts, in view of these facts, are alive with meaning:

Rev. xii, 3: And there appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold, a Great Red Dragon, having seven heads and ten horns.

Psalms lxxiv, 8: They said in their hearts "Let us destroy them together." They have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land.

Rev. xvi, 19: And the great city was divided into three parts, and the cities [legations] of the nations fell; and great Babylon [Peking] came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.

Isaiah li, 9: Awake! Awake! Put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the Dragon?

Rev. xvi, 13, 14: And I saw three unclean spirits, like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

Rev. xvi, 16: And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.

Rev. xx, 2, 3: And he laid hold on the Dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more.

SCRIPTURE STUDENT.

SIMILITUDES and correspondences, however valuable they may be as indicators of the existence of some desired hypothesis are not proofs of its truth when found. Chicago is a city divided into three parts, as well as Peking, and it might be claimed by some, with equal justice, that it is the "great city" referred to. We would call the attention of our correspondent to the lately expressed views of Lieut. Totten on this subject. As they are of general interest to students of scriptural prophecy we will print them in our September issue.

The Poem, "Beyond."

What Despair, Doubt, Faith and Reason each say about the "Beyond" (page 12) is a gem. We found it in "The Poets' Corner" of *Progress*, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Paracelsus.

"The Life and Doctrines of Paracelsus," edited by Franz Hartmann, M. D., a volume of 367 pages, the best published work extant on Paracelsus, can be obtained at this office for 50 cents, postpaid.

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[From the Minneapolis "Nya Tilden" (New Era—Swedish) for May, 1900.]

Mr. Ernest S. Green, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., editor of the "Psychical Science Review," on receiving hour, day, year, and place of my birth, sent me six typewritten sheets of astrological description of my life; all surprisingly accurate. He especially mentioned certain times when the planets would have a favorable influence over me, and also times when they would have an unfavorable influence over my life, also dates of certain events, all correctly given. Mr. Green does not know me personally, and an abler astrologer I do not know. CARRIE SWENSON (Editor).

QUILCENE, Wash., May 11th, 1900.

This is to certify that on the 3rd inst., of my own motion, I wrote to Ernest S. Green, of San Francisco, giving him the dates of birth of Annie Donovan, born May 26, 1886, and Mary Donovan, born November 27th, 1877, and stated that one of them is blind, asking him if the science of Astrology could tell him which one is afflicted.

On this date I received Mr. Green's reply, stating that Annie is the one afflicted, and that the cause of the affliction was close to Feb. 1, 1897.

Annie is the afflicted one, and her mother tells me (without knowing this correspondence) that it was in the spring of 1897 that Annie's eyes began to be afflicted, and, as near as she remembers, it was about six months before blindness was total.

I regard this as a most satisfactory test of the value of Astrology as practiced by Ernest S. Green; for I solemnly affirm there is no fraud or collusion in this matter, which is voluntary on my part in quest of truth. (Signed) J. MARION GALE.

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