ANCIENT WISDOM

A monthly journal devoted to teaching theosophical and occult truths

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—Hamlet

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ANTI-REINCARNATION ARGUMENTS ANSWERED

20. As material science conceives consciousness to be a complex of a merely temporary arrangement of cells which at death will disintegrate and the consciousness disappear, what becomes of your reincarnation theory? What is left to reincarnate?

That surely would be a poser if we bowed the knee to every pronouncement of material science; and material science, when it sticks to discovered facts is very, very good —perfect, in fact. But it so happens that when material science declares consciousness to be a complex brought into being by a certain temporary arrangement of cells, material science is guessing—and worse, bluffing. Material science doesn't know anything about the mystery of consciousness or of life. The wisest of the scientists freely admit it. The above speculation, for that is all it is, is based on no known facts. It represents somebody's desperate attempt to avoid admitting that man may have a soul. It is a wilder and more unfounded speculation than Theosophists have ever been accused of.

Scientists, bless them, are sometimes funny people. We owe them an enormous debt of gratitude for what they have done for the race. They often work with as much devotion and self-sacrifice as any devoted occultist. Due to their efforts and genius we live a lot longer now than our ancestors—BUT WHAT FOR, IF THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT?

When that silly complex they postulate goes out like a light, what difference if we are 46 or 64—or 80 or 100—if we go out with the complex? And what sort of a complex is it that can make a man who spends his life investigating and applying the wonders of nature, decide that it is all purposeless, useless, no meaning, no permanence?

Not all scientists, by any means, hold such ideas. Edison, the greatest of them, believed in reincarnation. So did Crookes who laid the foundation for some of Edison's later discoveries. Einstein, dean of them all, is an avowed believer in a directive intelligence and in a purpose. Oliver Lodge risked discredit and dishonor by attempting to prove his belief in survival. None of these adopted the "complex" theory.

On his own ground, dealing with the subjects he has become so skilled in, the material scientist is unexcelled, worthy of the highest respect. When he trenches on the (to him) unknown, the very nature of his daily occupation makes him inept. He, who is so precise, so experimental, so careful in checking and rechecking his findings a hundred times if needs be, is a stranger in a strange

[Continued on Page 56]

GIVE THE CHILD A CHANCE

By L. W. ROGERS

[Concluded from Last Month]

If a parent expects a child to be truthful he must himself speak the truth. If he wants the child to have confidence in what a parent says he must fit his actions to his words. How often it is otherwise! On a train a conversation was overheard that ran about as follows:

Mother: "If you don't stop whining and crying I'll give you to that man who takes the tickets when he comes by again."

Three year old boy: "Would he take me away?"

Mother: "Yes he would."

After a few minutes the boy, travel worn and nervous, begins crying again. The conductor passes by and nothing happens.

Mother: "If you don't stop that crying I'm going to put you off and leave you. Now stop it!" But the child continues to cry softly until he falls asleep. He knows she is lying. Such a mother does not deserve that honored name. All that can be said for her is that she was herself very tired and nervous and is not a good manager. Had she taken the little fellow in her arms and distracted his attention from his troubles with a fairy story he would the sooner have fallen asleep and with less loss of confidence in her.

Children are often not in the least understood by their parents. They are far more sensitive than adults, and often suffer much in silence. They are affected by vibrations that the adult does not notice, and they live in an emotional world to which the parent may be a total stranger. One child sent to sleep in a room alone may be as unconcerned about it is an adult would be, while another of the same age and intelligence would suffer acutely under the same circumstances. Each child's characteristics and idiosyncrasies should be studied and never should we expect two children to be alike merely because they are about the same age.

When a child is old enough to have living playthings, a kitten or a puppy will not merely amuse it but will serve the more important purpose of developing affection for living things. The child should be taught respect for all life and will soon grow into the desire to protect birds and animals. Among its playthings should never be toy guns or other things that have to do with killing and destruction.

The biologists tell us that a human being begins life by recapitulating past evolutionary development — that the infancy of the individual corresponds to the savagery of the race in evolution. It is certainly true that in a very young child there seems to be an ele-

[Continued on Page 53]

HOW THE PROGRESSIONS WORK

Can They be Changed by Prayer and Meditation?

By CHARLES E. LUNTZ

[Continued from Last Month]

But Hitler was dealing with one factor that no aspect can stand up against when it is exercised to defeat it—*faith*. The British had that, so did the Russians, so did the Americans who backed up both. And he was fighting Saturn, Cronos, ruler of time. Time was his deadly enemy. The more the war lengthened, the further Uranus retreated into the background and Saturn, his Public Enemy No. 1, advanced into the picture. Time never fought for Hitler—always for his enemies—the "experts" and columnists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The war finally had gone on so long that nothing could hold off Saturn any longer. Gradually the initiative was wrested from the misnamed fuehrer. He could no longer select the time to act. His enemies did that. His knowledge of astrology ceased to serve him. The things on which he relied became the weapons of his foes. They were no longer Uranian because everybody knew about them. They b e c a m e the conventional weapons of the war—orthodox, Saturnine. And when that happened Hitler's doom was sealed for, as every astrologer knows, he has an afflicted Saturn in the tenth house—the fatal weakness of Napoleon whom he so desired to emulate and surpass.

Uranus had failed him. It was not as strong for good in his natal chart as Saturn was for bad. Desperately he tried to evolve new Uranian tricks — the wolf-pack submarine technique was one. It failed. The robot plane is another. It too will fail. It is too late. Saturn has taken over—and signed the wicked fuehrer's death warrant.

The Hitlerian method can be worked up to a point, but by itself it will not stave off the bad aspects permanently. It certainly can be recommended that one does not court trouble by doing exactly what the aspects forbid. But faith, prayer, meditation, living in the higher self, these are more potent than any aspects. Hitler did not think so, and he has lost the war. His opponents did, and they have won it. And so it will always work out in the individual life.

"More things are wrought by prayer than thy soul wots of," wrote Shakespeare, a great astrologer and a great occultist.

It's worth remembering—and practicing.

[The End]

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THE LANGUAGE OF SUFFERING

A profound reason must lie beneath the universal prevalence of suffering in both human and sub-human kingdoms. Nothing in nature is without purpose and so widely distributed a phenomenon as pain, physical, emotional and mental, must subserve a supremely necessary purpose or it would not occur.

The glib material explanation that pain is nature's way of advertising that trouble exists and getting the troubled one to do something about it is, of course, patently true. Like many or most material explanations it touches only the surface of the problem, is in fact childishly inadequate to deal with its immense ramifications. An aching tooth calls for its extraction or other treatment, obviously; but what does an aching heart call for? An empty stomach has its own effective method of demanding the wherewithal to fill it; the pangs of hunger are instantly recognizable and the formula for getting rid of them simple. But what of the pangs of an empty life?

The well adjusted, with good heredity behind them, good environment about them and ample security ahead of them, at least for this life, may scrape through with a minimum of non-physical pain, that pain whose anguish exceeds any torture of mangled nerves and torn sinews.

But what of the maladjusted? What of those who never have a good day all the days of their incarnation—who were damned into physical existence by the drunken lusts of irresponsible parents, diseased, criminal, moronic; whose environment is a nightmare, whose past and future are alike futility and hopelessness? Yes, of course, we are learning how to deal with these "dregs." We have a better concept of both prevention and cure of such "cases." But that is not the point. They exist. They always have existed. They embody suffering in superlative degree. Why?

Why the suffering of the battlefield, the concentration camp, the asylums, the hospitals? Why the dreary lives without friends, in the rooming houses of great cities? Why suffering?

Something very priceless in the evolution of the soul toward godhood must be distilled from it. Some transcendent qualities of spirit must well forth from its agonies. Some immense development of will and faith must spring from its stern discipline. It is not to be sought—it is to be avoided. If it comes unbidden, all possible faculties of mind and body are to be devoted to removing its cause. But if some residue remains which for long defies every effort of intelligence and skill to eliminate, be assured it has its purpose. It is not divine vengeance for sins committed—it is not the pitiful tit-for-tat which small minds attribute to karma. Perhaps it is to stir the soul to some supreme effort, some miracle of exertion, some powerful manifestation of faith which could be brought forth in no other way.

That, we believe is the purpose of suffering which stubbornly refuses to yield to any ordinary measures for its removal. It is there to call out the deepest creative powers of the spirit resident in man—yes and in the animal also. Great lack has evolved new forms so equipped that the lack has been transcended. Great needs in man, expressing themselves in great suffering, has produced the abundance, the mechanical marvels, the inventive genius of today. It isn't so hard to decode suffering. Meditate upon the painful things that come to you. They are purposeful. They have a message. They are trying to tell you something. They are your friends.

You can discover their meaning and never will it be beyond you to find the remedy. Think. Look within. Something inside you knows what it's all about and will tell you if you keep asking, sure that the answer will come. For suffering has a language.

HOW TO HANDLE BORES

A reader signing himself or herself "Anti-Bore" inquires how, if you wish to be kind and brotherly, you can get rid of the annoying person who takes up valuable time discoursing on trifles of no interest to anyone but himself, while you are vainly trying to complete important work.

That is indeed a problem for many people. No matter how much we may love our kind and hold goodwill toward all, there are those who sorely tax our patience by their unthinking trespass upon our working hours. The crude method of looking meaningly at one's watch is not acceptable to kindhearted people who dislike to hurt the feelings of others. The same objection applies to the "Excuse me but I have a lot of work to do" method.

In the hope that it may be helpful, the writer has decided to give away his own military secret and to suggest what has proved to be a sure-fire method of dealing with the bore problem.

It may be described as the Counterbore or "Man Bites Dog" System. It possesses the virtue of wounding nobody's feelings and of shifting the onus of terminating the interview on the other person.

The method is very simple. When your longwinded friend comes up for air and gives you a chance to beat him to the next semi-colon, you hurriedly begin with your "That reminds me" technique. Have in reserve some particularly dull narrative, very long and entirely without point, about your own life or something you did recently. Proceed to unfold it and watch the results —with a straight face. A frightened look will usually appear on your opponent's countenance. "What," it seems to say, "have I let myself in for?" Do not be disconcerted but keep right on talking. You won't have to talk long. A bore has been defined as one who insists on telling you his troubles when you want to tell him yours. It is a good definition.

Nothing herein is to be construed as meaning that purposeful, interesting or helpful conversation is to be choked off. No Theosophist need be told that if he can give real help, even at great inconvenience to himself, the obligation is his to do so. But it was that greatest of Theosophists, Dr. Annie Besant, who observed, "What I have no time for is not my work."

It is to rid oneself of the nuisances, of whom unfortunately there are many, who, having nothing particular to do themselves, pester busy people with aimless chatter, robbing them of the time they must so closely conserve if they are to perform their many pressing tasks.

Does this method work? Well the writer has, with no twinge of conscience, used it for years and only once did it fail him. Then, amazingly, the other person became tremendously interested in the tedious tale we unfolded, asked all kinds of questions, and consumed more time doing it than if we had let him go on his original conversational gait. But that was only one instance out of a great many where the method was completely effective. If you hate to be rude by looking at your watch or pleading an important engagement, start to tell your long story and in about two minutes or less your unwelcome visitor will be looking at *his* watch and pleading *his* important engagement.

Which was the general idea, was it not?

HOCUS-POCUS CAN'T BE ACCEPTABLE TO GOD

Strange are the ways devised by medicine men, ancient and modern, to get their petitions heard by God Almighty. The complicated rituals of religion are past telling; the inventions of the self-styled ministers of the Lord without end. Of all the brazen crimes committed against credulous humanity, one of the worst has been the fostering of a belief that the Divine would not listen to all of his children, only to a selected few who approached him with the proper credentials. And humanity swallowed the bait and heavily greased the palms of those who claimed to have the exclusive ear of the Deity.

Another imposition on mankind was the notion that particular ceremonials, an especial way of belief, the recital of formulae at set times, was the accepted mode of propitiating the Highest. Other ceremonials, other beliefs, other formulae, would merely irritate him. And mankind loved it, and eagerly did as it was told.

Even some advanced religious thinkers of today, who have come a far way from the primitive concepts of what special style of mumbo-jumbo business is most favored on high, substitute a new hocus-pocus of their

own. The tedious "affirmations," which certain schools of thought insist upon, soon grow to be as mechanical and meaningless as the antique praises and blessings they were intended to supplant. Difficult instructions are given as to "attitudes of mind" to be held by the suppliant, who feels as mentally uncomfortable in trying to carry them out as his grandfather felt physically uncomfortable trying to "look pleasant" with his head clamped in the photographer's chair.

Why people should insist on the way to the Lord being made as thorny as possible for them is hard to understand. We have no divine revelation on the subject other than may come to every one of earth's struggling human beings, but of one thing we are sure: that these schemes and involvements were all begotten in the small-bore minds of visionless men—not one of them is of God.

A man with a great mind and that supernal vision which is sometimes vouchsafed to genius thought otherwise and he wrote,

"Speak to Him thou for he hears,
And Spirit with Spirit can meet.
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands and feet."*

It's as simple as that. Why make it complicated?

*Tennyson.

FORMULAE

Man ever tries to reduce his beliefs to formulae. And he fails miserably. He has coined words to express these formulae and embodied them in creeds. Then he pretends that life fits itself into his formulae, that God Himself works by them. Some amazing schemes without justice, mercy or even common sense have been invented and foisted on God—and the masses have believed them, gladly or sadly as the case might be.

The word sin is a formula, but no one can give it an exact definition. It is defined by the dictionary as transgression against divine law or principles of morality, but what is divine law and how can we be sure it really is divine and not somebody's idea of what divine law should be? As to principles of morality, they vary among differing peoples and from age to age.

Theosophists do not believe there is such a thing as sin. There are errors, and by suffering nature intimates to us what we have done that is an error. The whole idea that God or nature punishes is demonstrably wrong. Punishment is man's construction of nature's benevolent efforts to set us right. Karma is neither punishment nor reward. It is the natural reaction, intended for our guidance and education, of acts committed.

We read an article by a well-known religious writer recently berating those who persuade themselves that God is "easy." Dear to the heart of that writer is evidently the notion that God is tough; that he waits in ambush like a motorcycle policeman to catch us violating some law; and then . . . belabors us with divine wrath until we cry Uncle. Sometimes he won't let up even when we do.

The Theosophist wants no such God in his Pantheon. He must believe that God sees, hears and compassionates him, wants only his spiritual progress, his welfare, his happiness, is ready to help him on call and before call. We helpless, strayed humanity must believe in such a God, must lean on the everlasting arms, must feel His friendship and love sustaining us, not His tiresome and capricious wrath, so beloved of the literal Old Testament, constantly making life miserable for us. Let the stern religions have their Hitler-like God if they want him. Let them reduce him and his works and wrath and curious methods of requiring propitiation, to formulae. We have no formula for God. He is the All—within us and without us. He is ourselves and all we do, even the mistakes we make. He knows us because we are He. His consciousness is our consciousness, His life our life, His destiny our destiny.

This is, of course, completely beyond the comprehension of the orthodox, as their circumscribed notion of Deity is beyond us. We doubt if they are happy with their God. Perhaps he is not so happy with them. But of one thing we are sure. We are very happy with ours.

FAIRNESS

Having been somewhat critical of the English publication *Eirenicon* recently, it gives us pleasure to commend the very fair appraisal of Annie Besant appearing in the June-July issue. We had been a little afraid that *Eirenicon* was going completely "Back to Blavatsky," which for extremists is about the ultimate in backness. Mr. Redfern's article is, however, reassuring. Says he, "We have no bible — not even THE SECRET DOCTRINE. We will accept truth from any quarter, and where a thought seems worthy of quotation we do not ask what label it bears, but only is it a provocative stimulus to the mind and worthy of consideration."

Fair enough. And if the writings of Besant, Leadbeater and Arundale are judged by that standard instead of through a manufactured thought form of prejudice and hate, who could ask more? They themselves have never asked more.

Mr. Redfern, *Eirenicon* editor, is no hero worshipper of any T.S. leader, not even Blavatsky, but at least he can mention them without the tense dislike that pervades every reference to them which emanates from so many of their critics. If the critics knew it they damn only themselves by this attitude, without harming one whit those toward whom they display it.

No thinking person allows himself to be influenced by violence of language. That is the mistake made by our minor politicians. It may work with the mob. It merely disgusts the intelligent. That is why Besant, Leadbeater and Arundale have, without even trying, risen so triumphantly above their small-bore critics. The latter do not understand the technique of attack; but the former have been extremely expert in the technique of defense. They have not retaliated in kind, so easy to do. Their defense, where they have thought it necessary to offer one, has been an unvarnished statement of fact and then—unruffled silence.

That this has both bewildered and maddened their critics is plain to be seen by the hysterics they indulge in every time the names of their *betes-noires* are mentioned. It's all very piffling, unseemly and futile. The critics should take a lesson in constructive criticism from Mr. Redfern's impartial article on Dr. Besant. We don't think he does her justice, but neither does he do her injustice. Obviously he tries to be fair. And ANCIENT WISDOM has no quarrel now or ever with anyone, Adyarite or Back to Blavatskyite, who tries to be fair.

HANGOVER

"Life," observed a friend, who has contacted theosophical teachings and is trying to get accustomed to them, "appears to be just a hangover from one incarnation to the next."

Unconventional, but in a certain sense correct of some lives, perhaps of many.

For those whose horizon is bounded on the north by the amassing of wealth, the south by personal indulgence and sense gratification, the east by materialism and unbelief and the west by the grave, that is a fair appraisal of the next incarnation—and of many incarnations thereafter unless there is a change of boundaries. There will also be an astral hangover, not so prolonged but more violent.

Life may be a hangover but it need not be. This is certainly the morning after the night before but it is also the night before the next morning. If we are suffering from last night we may order tonight so that tomorrow will really be a good morning.

But whether life is a hangover or something more noble, it is never a pushover.

The trouble the Nazis are having in subduing the populace in the occupied countries and their constant bullying threats remind the editor of a favorite expression of his German instructor in High School. This personage, a formidable Prussian ex-army officer with a bristling black beard and ferocious expression, had great difficulty in keeping order among the unawed English School boys, so different in demeanor from those of his native land. When particularly exasperated he would shake his fist at the class and bellow, "I haf told you vunce, I haf told you tvice. I shall not tell you a segond time." The effect was not what he had hoped.

Another expression of the aforesaid Herr, which seems reminiscent of Hitler and never failed to send the class into convulsions was, "Every time I open my mouth some silly fool commences to chatter."

FROM CHAOS TO COSMOS

A Study in Creative Processes

PART VI

THE DEVAS

By Geoffrey Hodson

Up to this point the general effects of creative intention and of the uttered Word in the process of form production have been considered. Since not only the Logos as Intelligence, but also individual intelligences —the devas—are concerned, it is now necessary to introduce the latter into this study of creative processes.

The Word has been uttered and the creative concept of the Logos has taken objective form. That form, which is the causal archetype is, in its turn, both a form producer and a model for the deva builders, for whom it serves somewhat as does the original in an enlarging machine. The word-force is relayed, via the archetype, into the *rupa* (form) worlds, gradually bringing into existence concrete temporal forms.

The response of matter at first is dull. The first forms are crude, but improve as the Cycles progress.

Herein lies the importance of the work of the deva builders, who, representing, and therefore accentuating the influence of the Feminine Aspect, become unified with the "descending" creative power. Their presence within the "field" intensifies the component frequencies of which the Word consists thereby augmenting their form-producing power; for these are the frequencies of their own nature, notes in their individual and hierarchial chord. Within the order of the deva builders are hierarchies which are also manifestations of those chords in the Word of which the Archetypes and concrete forms, whole and part, are an expression. This affinity of vibration brings the particular hierarchy into its appropriate field of work as form-builders in the four kingdoms of Nature.

The opal, for example, may be regarded as the physical manifestation or end product of the opal "notes" in the Word and opal frequencies in the archetype. Creative energy on the opal were lengths entering the *rupa* worlds, by processes previously described, causes matter to assume the particular crystalline form and arrangement by which the opal is built.

Opal nature spirits at the etheric and astral levels, and devas above, in an ascending hierarchy, respond to the opal "call" or emitted energy on the opal frequency, because it is that of their own inherent nature.

The nature spirits enter the astro-etheric "field," the devas the mental and causal, and their presence, as stated above, augments the form-producing capacity of the Word-force. Also the play of their consciousness and auric energies on opal wave lengths increases the tendency of matter to respond to the Word and more readily to assume the opal atomic construction, molecular arrangement, crystal shape and consistency.

[Continued on Page 56]

OCCULTISM IN THE BIBLE

Ishmael in the Doghouse

By Charles E. Luntz

Before decoding the curious events surrounding the birth of Isaac we must complete the story of Ishmael, without which the occult narrative is incomplete. Chapter XXI, which relates the casting out of Hagar and her son, is a blend of humor and deep pathos. Pathos the biblical writer intended but the humor was unconscious.

Little Isaac was about 6 and big brother Ishmael 19 when an unpleasant incident occurred. The Bible tells it this way:

"And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had borne unto Abraham, mocking. Wherefore she said unto Abraham, Cast out this bondwoman and her son: for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac." Shame on a 19 year old adolescent to tease a little boy of 6! What he said or did we are not informed, but Sarah had no intention of allowing the help's children to take such liberties. True, Ishmael was half-brother to Isaac and as Abraham's son entitled to a share of the estate at the latter's demise. Perhaps that was what was bothering Sarah. A slave's son to inherit with her Isaac? That had to be worked on.

Ishmael accommodatingly furnished a reason. He mocked Isaac. Sarah, who quite evidently was a person to be feared, knew the answer. "Cast out this bondwoman and her son." Incredulous housewives who may read this should recall that the help situation in ancient Mesopotamia was not as acute as it is with us.

"And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son."

Note Abraham does not expostulate with Sarah. One would think that if he took Ishmael to the woodshed and administered sound chastisement, with a stern admonition never to mock again, that the exigencies of the case might be satisfied and Sarah appeased. But no. The thing was very grievous but as usual he was prepared to knuckle under to his unamiable spouse.

Once again the Lord took a hand and, as before, Hagar and son received the worst of the deal.

"And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bondwoman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice."

One wonders if the Lord really delivered that message to Abraham or if his own timid lower self, afraid of incurring the wrath of his wife, masqueraded as the Deity and told Abraham what he wanted to hear.

With incredible optimism Abraham rose early the next morning and "took bread and a bottle of water and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba."

The "child," by the way, was 19 and must have been quite a load for his mother's shoulder in addition to the bread and one bottle of water. Abraham would certainly have made a remarkable Quartermaster. His idea of provisions for two people in a wilderness was some bread and a bottle of water. These iron rations did not last long. The scribe narrates that "the water was spent in the bottle and she cast the child under one of the shrubs."

We are filled with amazement at the strength of that hefty mother. Starving and perishing of thirst, she yet managed to "cast" a young man in his twentieth year whom she had been carrying all day on her shoulder, under one of the shrubs.

Perhaps he was a very stunted young man. He must have been to fit in under a desert shrub, which is a midget affair growing close to the ground. Yet this is Ishmael, the "wild-ass" man, who was to be such a terror to the neighbors. A miracle, doubtless.

The language in which the remainder of the story is couched reaches heights of simple yet magnificently expressive eloquence which these scriptural authors at times achieve. No feature writer ever wrote so much in so few words, or described grief so tragically.

"And she went and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him and lifted up her voice and wept.

"And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is:

"Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation.

"And God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink.

"And God was with the lad and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer."

Beautifully expressed in spite of the obvious inconsistencies, though the spectacle of Hagar holding that husky young Arab "in her hand" must have been something that would have turned the powerful Katrinka green with envy. Also one swallow does not make a summer, but one well of water seems to have been all that was necessary to sustain the life of the two outcasts in the howling wilderness.

But before becoming too critical let us recall that Paul remarked of this story that it was an allegory, and see if we can now piece together the difficult symbols and determine their true meaning.

[To Be Continued]

"Why do religious people become so furious at the idea of reincarnation?" Religious people are likely to become furious at anything that steps on their believing toes. Their fury is not very impressive, and we venture to say that never in history did it turn a believer in rebirth into a disbeliever. Religious people of that type know little about the psychology of convincing others. You don't do it by bellowing at them. You only make them either contemptuous or indifferent.

GIVE THE CHILD A CHANCE

[Continued from Page 49]

ment of cruelty. It will calmly pull off the legs of an insect and do other cruel things with delight, which later as an adult it will regard with the greatest aversion. In these early years it should be taught not to inflict pain upon any living thing. If the right course is taken in directing its thoughts and emotions it will soon develop affection for its kitten or puppy and will gradually become the friend and protector of birds and animals.

A thing that a parent should always keep in mind is that the young child is a totally different being from the adult and lives in a different world. It is a very serious mistake to hold him responsible in the same way we do a grown-up. It is far more difficult for him to remember than it is for an adult. Perhaps he is told that he must come in for supper at 6 o'clock. He does not appear until nearly 7. It has happened before and his mother is irritated. To some extent it upsets household affairs. It makes extra work and takes time from other things of importance. Greatly annoyed she sends the little fellow to bed without his supper. The only excuse he was able to give was that he "forgot." This is what happened: he was having a grand time late that afternoon playing with a group of children in the park in the golden sunshine. There were no clocks in sight and no way of knowing when it would be 6 o'clock. But he was not thinking about clocks anyway. He was not thinking about anything except the games they were playing. He was speaking quite truly when he said that he forgot. The subject of supper did not even enter his mind, to say nothing of the hour when it should be. If the sunlight had not begun to fade toward dusk he would have thought of absolutely nothing but the games for another hour. If an adult were to do the same thing we would say that he should have "charged his mind" with the fact that he was to return at six. His mind is experienced in doing that sort of thing. The child's mind is not. He will develop that ability slowly as he matures, but it is absurd to expect him now to retain a memory of business details (and coming to dinner at six is business detail) as to expect him to lift a weight intended for a man's strength. He forgot only because his mind is not yet experienced in that sort of activity.

One of the tragedies of our modern life is that we do not give children time to *be* children. We force nature out of its natural trend. The first ten years of a child's life should be largely spent in carefree play with but few responsibilities. Unless an adult can fully remember his childhood and also has had the misfortune of spending most of it in unpleasant work, and of assuming responsibilities too early, he cannot possibly know how dreary such child life can be. Time is a very different thing to the child mind and to the adult mind. To a child a day is a very long time. A month to him is like a year or more to a man. As he grows older time and events move more rapidly. But the tempo changes slowly. Even when ten or twelve years old the time when he will be 21, and his own master, appears to be an age away, a sort of vague distant event that scarcely seems a reality. In middle life, time passes so rapidly he can not find enough of it to keep up with events. When he becomes an octogenarian the days and weeks rush by with such rapidity that a year seems to him little more than a week when he was a child of five summers.

Many a child becomes a little slave in his very early years. He is made to weed the garden when he should be running races with other children. He is given the responsibilty of taking care of a baby and wheeling it about when he is little more than a baby himself. He is confined at light housework, sweeping floors, washing dishes, while he hears the shouts of other boys at a game of ball outside. To his mind the tasks seem appallingly long. A piece of work that is a mere trifle to the adult looks gigantic to the child mind. Of course it is well for a child to learn to be useful and helpful, but it is a serious mistake to overload it with responsibilities too soon, or to deprive it of the time and freedom necessary for much romping play in the open air. Building a strong body is enormously important.

Just as time is a very different thing to the child and to the adult so is what we call morals. Think back over the years to the times when you were a child and, if you are honest with yourself about it, you will know that you did things then that nothing could induce you to do now. Theft, to a child, is a totally different thing than theft is to an adult. In maturity a person would be appalled if in some moment of inexplicable aberration he should repeat some of the peccant conduct of early youth. Childhood and early youth should be judged very leniently. A very great misfortune is that so many people in a position of authority have forgotten their own childhood.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone" is a bit of scripture that every parent and teacher ought to keep always in mind. If they did so there would be less punishment of children of lying. Considering the fact that during the first seven years a child learns almost exclusively by imitation, and also the fact that most adults lie easily about one small thing or another, it is really marvelous that any children are truthful. A very little thought will show how true it is that lying is a common offense in daily life. (And the children hear it all!) They tell people they dislike, they are "delighted" to see them and promise visits they have no intention of making. A lie is an intentional misstatement of the known facts, no matter how unimportant. People lie about their achievements and lie to prevent their faults and mistakes from becoming known.

Aside from the constant stream of "white" lies, the lying in our courts about trivial and serious matters is the order of the day all over the land. Read the news reports of any civil or criminal case and you find that there is an array of witnesses on both sides flatly contradicting each other, not merely in matters of opinion but on matters of fact. An accuser will solemnly swear that the defendant committed such or such a misdemeanor. The accused takes the stand and solemnly swears that there is not a single word of truth in the statement made by the witness. A suit before a justice of the peace may involve but a few dollars but from the lying it develops one would think it must relate to a matter of life or death. Tens of millions of dollars are paid annually for worthless stock which the sellers well know to be worthless. successful marketing of such stock depends upon the clever lying of the salesmen.

Until humanity has evolved beyond all faults and frailties there will be lying in the world and it will be difficult to teach children to be truthful. The best of all teaching for them is by example and by perfect frankness with them. They are imitators by instinct.

Love is the greatest power in the world and this influence over the child mind is beyond all calculation. In a home where there is an atmosphere of love, freedom and mutual confidence, children will thrive and grow both mentally and morally in the right direction. In such an environment there will be little difficulty with disobedience. On the other hand discipline maintained through fear of punishment is injurious and is never more than partially successful. It is efficient only while the child is in the presence of the parent who inflicts physical pain. Under that method the child obeys because it fears the parent. By the opposite method it obeys because it naturally desires to please the parent who loves it, and whom it loves. "Perfect love casteth out fear" and where fear exists the child cannot make sound moral growth. Fear creates deception and induces untruthfulness. Few adults would hesitate to lie if that would save them from a beating. As a matter of fact if the average man, arrested for driving past a red light or for exceeding the speed limit, could escape a fine by misrepresenting the fact he would congratulate himself upon his cleverness. Why should we expect children to do better than their fathers?

We sometimes hear old people complain that their children do not assist them in their old age as they should. Recently an elderly couple were explaining to a visitor how their misfortune came about. The old people were being supported entirely by the county. In other words they were paupers and they felt it necessary to explain that it was through no fault of theirs. "Our two sons deserted us," they said. "We have not heard from them since they left three years ago, and have no idea where they are." Without knowing anything about the case it is a safe guess that those boys did not have a home in which there was an atmosphere of constant love and cheerfulness. The probability is that the parents, however pious and upright they may have been in their personal conduct, believed that "sparing the rod spoils the child" and that they ruled the family by fear; that the boys naturally made the earliest possible escape from a home that they had merely endured because they must and that now as grown men they felt no interest in their parents. It may be said that perhaps they were men of the degraded sort who cannot appreciate good treatment and that their home may have been of the highest type. But nature is not so inconsistent as that. The theosophical student of nature

[Continued on Page 56]

THE ASTROLOGICAL BASIS OF SHAKESPEARE

Taurus: The Merchant of Venice (Cont.)

By Charles E. Luntz

At this point we may appropriately consider the question of whether Shylock really expected to collect on his bond or if he thought that Antonio would be solvent enough to pay at the end of three months. After all Shylock was a business man—a Taurus business man at that, than whom none can appraise the possibilities of profit and loss more shrewdly. Taurus rules money and money was Shylock's middle name. He might swear by the "holy Sabbath," but the unholy cash book was the thing that bulked most largely in his life. Human flesh at 3000 ducats per lb. (about $6,000.00 in our money and in purchasing power ten times that much) came pretty high.

Shylock could not positively know that Antonio would default but he was banking on the probability. He doubtless reasoned that Antonio and Bassanio would have approached every other moneylender in Venice before coming to him, Antonio's worst enemy. Also his reputation for hard dealing, high interest, and mercilessness to defaulting debtors would combine to make him in Antonio's eyes a desperate last resort. It was therefore obvious that all the rest of the Venice banking fraternity had turned him down. Their judgment was good enough for Shylock, added to his own which was that Antonio would not have the money in time. And if he didn't have the money Shylock would have the flesh, which was what he wanted. One pound of Antonio taken from just the right place would mean one dead Antonio. No more abuse, no more insults, no more using Shylock's beard and gaberdine as cuspidors, and, very important, no more competition from an imbecile who "lends out money gratis." Three thousand ducats is a lot of money but—a good investment, reasons Shylock, a good investment.

And now Bassanio had to put in his oar with a reflection on Shylock's good faith. That must be scotched, and Shylock thought he knew just the way to do it:

> "Pray you tell me this;
> If he should break his day, what should I gain
> By the exaction of the forfeiture?
> A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man
> Is not as estimable, profitable neither,
> As flesh of muttons, beefs or goats. I say
> To buy his favor I extend this friendship."

It sounded reasonable, and yet decidedly unreasonable. Why drag in the flesh at all? Why not forego the interest and penalty both? Why not make the consideration love and affection for Antonio, which Shylock now so unctuously professed? Surely there was too much flesh and not enough spirit about this transaction, but the moneylender was a fast talker, as moneylenders have to be, and Shylock's words carried conviction to Antonio if not to Bassanio. Clinching the argument he vehemently declared,

> "If he will take it, so; if not adieu;
> And for my love, I pray you wrong me not."

Antonio, who alarmedly saw three thousand ducats walking out of his life, made haste to retrieve them. "Yes, Shylock," he exclaimed hurriedly, "I will sign to such a bond."

The old banker betrayed no elation. Victory was his but he kept a poker face.

> "Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
> Give him direction for this merry bond,
> And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
> See to my house, left in the fearful" (hazardous) "guard
> Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
> I will be with you."

And Antonio gives him the amazing leave-taking

> "Hie three, gentle Jew."

Gentle Jew! What a whale of a difference three thousand ducats make!

"This Hebrew will turn Christian," remarked Antonio to his friend, as Shylock departed, "he grows kind."

"I like not fair terms," replied Bassanio doubtfully, "and a villain mind."

Bassanio, from his character and disposition, was apparently a Libra. His judgment, Libra's great asset, was better than Antonio's. The latter did not agree. In lilting rhyme, which was probably the work of someone other than Shakespeare, he wound up the scene by reciting,

> "Come on; in this there can be no dismay
> My ships come home a month before the day."

For a Capricorn, Antonio was very optimistic.

[To Be Continued]

NEIGH! NEIGH!

By Charles E. Luntz

Ignorant people frequently assume that the theosophical idea of rebirth means that human beings may be reborn as horses or other animals, as birds, reptiles or even into the vegetable kingdom.

Don't want to be born as a tomcat,
A snake or a wild kangaroo;
To make my next bow
As the young of a cow
And wear out my life saying "moo!"

'Twould grieve me to hatch as a duckling
Or even a quail or a grouse;
It freezes my marrow! —
I might be a sparrow
And live in the eaves of a house!

Suppose I came back as a bullfrog,
A lizard, or beetle with wings,
A hare or a tortoise,
A bear or a porpoise —
I shudder to think of such things!

I love the gigantic sequoias,
But gosh; How I would hate to be one!
To grow and keep growing
Unthinking, unknowing,
While thousands of years travel on.

But a friend, theosophical minded,
Said "I'll tell you what you will come back as.
If all this you believe,
It's no wonder you grieve
For you're bound to return as a jackass."

Yes, we're getting bored, too, with the Smythe controversy. We intended to drop it a couple of months ago. Then the eloquent letter from Mr. Hodson, coupled with the not so eloquent or elegant reply it drew, caused us to revive the matter in order to give publicity to this new angle. We think it has been sufficiently aired for the time being and the attacks pretty thoroughly shown up for what they are. Certainly we have no fear of any open minded Ancient Wisdom reader being deceived by them. Now let them vanish into the limbo of forgotten things. The attackers have done their worst . . . and failed.

HEALING VIA SLEEP

By Ella Welge

While the physical body is relaxed during sleep it is taking on new energies and when you direct these energies, before falling asleep, to act in any portion of the body that you desire, wonderful results can be accomplished during the night.

As you prepare yourself for sleep, direct these inner spiritual energies to purify, harmonize, vitalize and heal, mind, body and affairs.

Then direct the Self, the Spirit within, to awaken greater faith, love, wisdom, and courage into your waking consciousness.

While resting continue to assert that the healing power is now restoring you. "All the restorative powers of Being are now united in healing me."

Send thoughts of love and goodwill out into the world. And now you are ready for sleep.

You will awaken in the morning refreshed, with renewed hope and confidence, new courage and a positive attitude of peace and joyous expectancy.

Upon awakening think of your oneness with all that is good and beautiful. And do not forget to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving to God for all the good that has been accomplished during your hours of sleep.

"Upon this, I awakened, and beheld; and my sleep was sweet unto me." Jer. 31:26.

The Esoteric Healing Group are always ready to give spiritual aid to all who in faith believing send in their names for help. Briefly state your need and address your letter to Mrs. Ella Welge c/o Theosophical Society, 5108 Waterman Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THE ZODIAC IN THE BHAGAVAD-GITA

Citations from the translation by Annie Besant.

6. Virgo

"If thou art not equal to constant practice, be intent on My service; performing actions for My sake, thou shalt attain perfection." XII:10.

THE FREEZING ENGLISH

Bertrand Russell writes an appraisal of the English character as contrasted with the American, in a recent article in *The Saturday Evening Post,* "Can Americans and Britons be Friends?" He comments extensively on the English aloofness and the reasons therefor and reaches the conclusion that an Englishman in the presence of strangers is not merely shy but in a state of terror. To the (former) Englishman writing this editorial that assumption seems a little extreme.

As compared to the hail-fellow-well-met American the Britisher is certainly a cold proposition. The classic explanation, in fact the one given to the U. S. Army to our soldiers, is that the British Isles, being very small and overcrowded, the people are compelled to adopt an air of reserve to maintain their privacy. With great respect we take leave to doubt that this is the reason. The greatest reserve is adopted by those English who live in uncrowded ancestral halls—the least by the slum dwellers and unskilled laboring classes living from five to sixteen in a room.

We suggest that the Americans are naturally a friendly people and the English not exactly unfriendly—there is no stauncher friend than the Britisher when he really likes you—but a bit on the reticent side. They view effusiveness with horror. They are quite content to be left alone with their thoughts and see no occasion for constantly wanting to talk about something—or nothing. This is, at least, the case with the so-called better class Englishman. The yokelry chatter just as incessantly as their American confreres.

It is true the Englishman at times carries this aloofness to exteremes—as his American cousin sometimes carries his geniality. It is certainly ridiculous for two grown men to travel face to face in a railway compartment from London to Edinborough and neither utter a sound to the other because they haven't been introduced. If asked why, each would not unlikely answer, when he had overcome his surprise at such a silly question, "Why should I talk to the bounder when I don't know him?"

On the other hand the cheerful American in the Pullman smoker, addressing his often unwanted observations on politics, the war, the business situation, his own business, his children and his golf score to perfect strangers who want to read the newspaper is a bit of a trial, too.

Neither people quite understands the other unless long sojourn in each other's countries has let in the light. Preconceived ideas based on casual contacts, the movies or the radio are likely to stick, to the detriment of mutual comprehension. This writer as an English boy of 10 well remembers the first time he saw an American tourist and the unforgettable impression registered. It was in a railway carriage (not railroad coach in England) and the American was a huge man with a huge wife and huge family. They were en route to the seaside as was the writer, a small boy with a smaller brother and a father and mother on the small side.

This American gentleman and family were quite overpowering. They talked as the English of those days believed all Americans talked. (Perhaps with radio, movies and the U. S. Army of Invasion they know better now). That was because they came from New England which as every Britisher knows is the true home of American speech. They filled the compartment with American speech, mostly r's, and American food. Not having been introduced to them we did our best to ignore them, but they were difficult people to ignore. You can't ignore a tornado. The climax came when the head of the family took from a valise an enormous bottle of pickles, opened it and presented it to the writer's father with the explosive invitation, "Have a pickle, sir." His offer was declined, but years later when the writer took his first ride on an American train he was surprised, and perhaps a little disappointed, that nobody offered him a pickle.

This, of course, is no more typical of the well-bred American than the "dead-pan" Britisher with monocle, walrus mustache and "Oxford bleat" is typical of the English millions to whom such appanages would be as ludicrous as to us.

The English as a race are not cordially liked in this country but the English as individuals are treated with that courtesy and kindliness which makes the U.S.A. so delightful a place to live in. The writer, like all newly arrived English, was bewildered when accused of being reserved, aloof, hard to know. He had no idea how else to act than the way he had been brought up, but after 35 years believes he has at least partially learned. At any rate, newly arrived Englishmen seem now to him to be curiously reserved, aloof, hard to know. *Tempora mutantur, et nos in illis mutamur.*

The "high hat" Englishman may be a convivial Yankee next time. The friendly inhabitant of the United States may metamorphose into a freezing Britisher. But beneath these actors' habits are the same egos with the same human emotions, aspirations, ideals, seeking for the light, striving to follow it as they see it.

Personalities are nothing to judge by. Racial mannerisms, affectations, poses, still less. The Eternal dwells in each of us. And It is neither English nor American.

The most effective method we know of for dealing with unpleasant (note we don't say bad) karma is to withdraw mentally from the whole business—stand back as it were—and view the situation as though it were happening to someone else. Hold that attitude strictly, refusing to identify yourself with the suffering bodies or the things that are causing them to suffer. After awhile you find, probably to your own surprise, that the fear, apprehension, worry, nervousness or whatever malefic condition was present has eased, perhaps disappeared entirely. Then go a step further. Imagine yourself as an agent of karma in charge of letting it loose at this given moment upon the personality. With what object? What are you trying to teach that crucified fragment of ego? Meditate on this until you feel you have reached a conclusion, then take one final step. Visualize yourself as having learned that lesson completely, perfectly, so that it would be a waste of time for nature to torture your personality further. If you go through these processes efficiently, we miss our guess if the torture doesn't cease.

A leading question: Do you think the people who attack Besant, Leadbeater and Arundale are sincere?

Yes we do. We think they believe themselves to be engaged in a holy crusade to stamp out something they regard as pernicious. They are all muddled up, of course, and they seem to have forgotten their elementary theosophical teaching in their eagerness to annihilate the objects of their detestation. It has now become a fixed habit, a sort of obsession, something which is bigger than they are themselves and they can't give it up. We pity them but we could not let them continue their unhappy course without challenge any longer because of its effect on those who take it at its face value. They will accomplish nothing permanent—such attacks never do, and well they know it. That, perhaps, is what makes them so furious. The thing has its humorous side, they are in such deadly earnest in their petty little hatreds and slanders. We laugh more than we are indignant when we read them. But they still have to be answered.

They are sincere all right, but most wrongheaded people are sincere.

THANKS

Thanks to the Lodge officers and members who graciously responded to our recent appeal for copies of mailing lists in whole or part to be used in selecting names for ANCIENT WISDOM subscriptions, paid for from the "Editor's Discretion Fund."

We have many more names than can be used for this purpose for some time to come but that need not prevent additional lists and names from being sent in. We hope to get around to all in due time, thanks to the generosity of our readers.

Assuming that each of the hundred-and-fifty T.S. Lodges have mailing lists averaging 200, which should be conservative, there must be 30,000 people at least mildly interested in our philosophy. What better way to deepen and strengthen that interest than by sending them this journal monthly, with its life giving message in language all can understand?

So keep the mailing lists and the names coming in. We will do the rest. Thanks again.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SCOTCH

★ ★ ★

In renewing his subscription at the $10.00 rate suggested by two Scottish readers recently, Mr. W. H. Quant, N. Hollywood, Calif., writes, "Alas, I am not Scotch."

We hasten to disclaim any intention of limiting these $10.00 renewals to those of Scottish nationality or descent. Mr. Hugh McLeod, ably seconded by Mr. J. E. Taylor, certainly started something when he set out to redeem the fair name of bonnie Scotland from the unwarranted stigma of ultra-tightness. He must have succeeded far beyond his expectations when a generous reader actually laments the fact that he is not Scotch.

ANCIENT WISDOM, which specializes in occult interpretations, seems to have stumbled on a new one, THE OCCULT INTERPRETATION OF "SCOTCH": Generous, liberal, munificent, bountiful, magnanimous.

Other nationalities please copy.

GIVE THE CHILD A CHANCE

[Continued from Page 53]

well understands that parents of a high type are not mismatched with children of a low type; that like attracts like, and that in the working of occult laws all people sooner or later reap precisely what they have sown. Both morally and materially the present shapes the future. There is an old song in which a mother urges her husband to deal more liberally with their son:

Then give the boy a chance; yes give the boy a chance.
His home shall be our shelter when our locks are thin and gray
And blessings shall attend us when at last we pass away.

[The End]

ANTI-REINCARNATION ARGUMENTS ANSWERED

[Continued from Page 49]

land in exploring the dim borderland where instruments of precision cease to operate and man's microscope is hidden away in his own brain. He tries to weigh and measure the soul. (This experiment has actually been attempted). When he finds he cannot, he proclaims exultantly "no soul." One might as well try to weigh and measure the scientists's intelligence while he is doing this, and finding no impact on the scale declare "no intelligence."

When that complex goes out in man, animal, bird, creeping thing or fish it goes somewhere—goes, lives, comes back. Superficial thinkers point to the analogy of a candle. Where does the light go to when it is blown out? The light, they say, is a similar complex to the life. It shines out for a brief season and then burns out or is put out. After that—darkness.

Quite so. After that—darkness . . . until someone strikes a match and lights the candle again, whereupon it shines as brightly as ever. Was anything lost when the candle was blown out? In the simplest experiment in physics it is proved, by letting the candle burn out in a sealed vessel weighed before and after, that the weight is identical. Nothing has disappeared. The light as such weighed nothing. Life is not ponderable nor measurable, and consciousness and life are one. It disappears from view as does the light but it exists in another form. And it will be rekindled.

[To Be Concluded]

FROM CHAOS TO COSMOS

[Continued from Page 52]

The Nature spirits perform their astro-etheric part of this work instinctively, the devas consciously. At superphysical levels the latter unify themselves with the "descending" creative energy, intensifying its essential "note" and sub-frequencies, which as stated are those upon which they themselves are "created." This energy thus passes through their auras on its way down, being thereby further individualized or focused and so rendered doubly potent to produce form. The devas thus work from *within the force aspect of Nature*, giving significance to the statement in Hindu philosophy that all natural scenery is the materialized aura of the Gods.

The creative process may now be described in a condensed form as follows:

The Major Mind, having conceived of the forms of Nature, arranges "in the beginning" creative energy into groups of frequencies of chords in the Word. These chords when sounded produce archetypes at the arupa (formless) levels and forms at all levels below. The Major Mind is assisted in the form producing process by its individual embodiments, the hierarchies of building devas, who, soundng in their own "persons," assist in the projection of the archetypal energy and form down into the rupa (form) worlds.

[To Be Continued]

WE CAN

"A friend who does not believe in astrology wants me to challenge you to quote (with date and page number) any clean cut statement, not evasive or equivocal, that you made BEFORE the war started in September, 1939, to the effect that if it broke out the Axis would be defeated.

"Also any definite statement to this effect that you made soon after the conflict began and when it was still considered a "phony" war.

"Can you?"

ANSWER: (1) November 1938, page 66. Editorial, "Who's Excited?" Quotation: "Mussolini may talk of the 'supreme risk' of opposing the Fascist and Nazi powers, but if and when the Democracies do finally get around to that chore, the Fascist and Nazi powers will not be with us very long."

(2) October, 1939, page 58. Editorial, "Did Hitler Miscalculate?" Quotations: (All based on astrology and so stated). "The 'double crossing' by Stalin for which the democracies hope is not indicated." (Actually of course it was Hitler who "double crossed" Stalin, though it brought him to disaster).

"Turning to the other side of the picture we find as desperately black a set of aspects" (for Hitler) "as one could wish one's worst enemy, if one were in the habit of wishing one's enemies bad aspects. All center around that bugbear of the great an afflicted Saturn."

"Saturn has five bad aspects and positions against one light good one. It is the herald of certain ultimate ruin . . ."

[A list of bad aspects follows:]

"To challenge destiny as Hitler has done, with this fearful array of adverse factors seems the act of a madman.

[We gave our view of why Hitler, a believer in astrology, knowingly chose this time.]

"That he considers himself an occultist and a great one there seems little doubt. As such he may imagine that he can use his evil aspects as great occultists are able to use them—as though they were extremely powerful good ones, while still receiving the benefit of the trines and sextiles . . ."

"ANCIENT WISDOM does not believe that Hitler is a great enough occultist . . . It does believe that Hitler in starting the war when he did has decreed the end of one of the blackest chapters of oppression and injustice in the history of the world."

We hope these quotations will seem sufficiently clean-cut and definite to your friend. This was over two years before America got into the war and most people thought that with his immense preparations and armament resources Hitler was certain to win. We did not and have never wavered in our belief that he was a doomed man.