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

VOLUME XVI | JULY, 1950—SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI | NUMBER 5

HOW AND WHY WE DREAM

BY H. K. SCHOLEFIELD

Dreams trouble our minds in a degree much out of proportion to their importance and are in nearly all cases the idle wanderings of the mental elemental, the life-principle of the apparatus of thought, which amuses itself in making pictures without any significance or rational sequence whatever. Such dreams are commonly stimulated by uneasiness of body or brain due to fatigue, overeating etc. or to discomfort as from heat or cold, or physical ailments giving rise to pain. To seek any meaning in such experiences is utterly futile. They have been very astutely compared to the erratic course taken by a sailing ship without a steersman at the helm, which yaws and changes course with every puff of wind; likewise when the intelligent being who owns the machinery is separated from it in sleep the products of the ungoverned brain are erratic and purposeless. The awakened dreamer, curious about possible meanings and forewarnings, may measure his dream by an utter absence of any sense of humor displayed in it; this being an attribute of very high human and superhuman development.

There are nevertheless rarer cases when the ego does what can be done to guide or forewarn the personality for his best advantage. This is unusual, chiefly because the average man is still far from being fully evolved both in his own being and in his vehicles and, as has been previously pointed out in these pages, is but "Half way through" evolving; he therefore not only lacks the delicate channels through which a message might descend to his level of consciousness but also lacks interest in anything the ego might offer to his attention, which is taken up with such matters as money, sports, entertainment and the fleshpots.

If however a communication of value is received, it will be recognized because of its vividness, clarity and logical sequence. It may be symbolic, as the brain tends to transform such a message into symbols or pictures for the same reason that language is set down in written letters: convenient symbols to record ideas and from which the identical ideas may be re-evoked. The symbology in such a dream should not be beyond the power of the dreamer

(Continued on Page 42)

THERE SHOULD BE A MILLION THEOSOPHISTS

A New Series By CHARLES E. LUNTZ

I

If there are, as is stated, a million people in this country alone who believe in reincarnation, that is good—but belief in re-embodiment of the soul does not necessarily make one a Theosophist. There are correlative truths that go with it and, unless they are understood, acceptance of the fact of reincarnation by itself is only a halting first step to a real philosophy. But at least it *is* a first step, even though the satisfaction it may give is no more than physical delight that there is to be more partaking of earth life.

And it does not always provide even that rather crude satisfaction. Many reject reincarnation (or think they do—no one can reject a natural law) because they don't want (or think they don't) more life on this "sorrowful planet." Actually, when they depart hence, they will never be constrained to come back. So long as they are happy where they are (in devachan, the heaven world), there they will stay. There is no coercion of Egos to reincarnate. But, as a man with a full stomach feels for the moment that he never wants to see or smell or taste food again, yet will hungrily sit down to the next meal, so the satiated personality, after a life full of hard experience, may vehemently declare that he has had enough of earth. His Ego knows better, but why bother to impress that on the personality? There will be another personality next time, anyway. ("Pray Heaven it will be a better one!" the Ego may breathe), and it will be down here devouring new experience for its master, quite oblivious of its predecessor's heartfelt desire that there be no more of it.

But not all personalities repudiate the notion of rebirth. Some accept it eagerly—those, we are told, who have known at least something about it in a prior life. Many, having accepted it, stop right there with only the foggiest conception, or no conception at all, of the breath-taking implications of this greatest of Truths. And sometimes the thought form created of what reincarnation means is grotesque in its distortion and unreality. This distortion may range through a variety of monstrosities. The writer knows a profes-

(Continued on Page 42)

THOUGHTS ON THE MAHATMA LETTERS

BY RUTH W. GROSS

It is interesting to note how the very essence of life is involved with art in all its phases, especially so the art of using color. We see an example of this in the Mahatma Letters, wherein one of the Masters uses the color blue in his writings, and the other the color red. In the first pages of the volume under the specimen of "M.'s" handwriting and signature, the editor of the Mahatma Letters states that all such appear in either red ink or red pencil; whereas, under the specimen of "K. H.'s" it is stated the majority of Letters are written either in blue ink or blue pencil. Evidently the Masters are endeavoring to give us a clue as to their true monadic relationship.

We know that in art the primary colors are considered to be red, blue and yellow, thereby symbolizing the trinity in life. Red is magnetic, attractive, indrawing and warm, associated with the 6th principle, the feminine gender. Blue is electric, radiant, associated with the 7th and masculine gender. The inter-relationship between these two primary forces within the Monad bring about the third color or yellow, higher mind. As the two primal forces of the Universe act and react upon each other, the mind of man develops, completing the trinity in the world of outer affairs.

We may then come to the conclusion that the Master M. carried the magnetic Monadic ray, and K. H. the electric. The interplay of these forces within their higher nature must have been tremendous, inasmuch as they were used to give forth the Wisdom Doctrine to the world. One individual alone could never have accomplished this. The colors are also in accord with the qualities of the planets Mars and Mercury. We are reminded also in Theosophical literature that Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were brought together in order that the outer form of the Theosophical Society might be completed as a substantial organization. Here again, the two powers of the Monad were essential in the formation of a third or mental concept.

The Masters could have stated these truths plainly but found it necessary, at that time, to veil their truths. On page 121 of the Letters we read, " 'Isis' was not unveiled but rents sufficiently

(Continued on Page 43)

OCCULTISM IN THE BIBLE

"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On"

By Charles E. Luntz

Apparently anyone who came in contact with young Joseph and who had anything to manage immediately wanted Joseph to manage it. We have seen that the Captain of the Guard to whom Joseph was sold turned over his household to the latter's care. Joseph had hardly been checked in at the prison until the warden, according to the Bible, made him head trusty and assistant warden. Later in this incredible (literally speaking) narrative we shall find that after knowing Joseph about half-an-hour the King of Egypt himself appointed him Prime Minister and Secretary of Agriculture. This young man, still in his twenties, must have had the personality of a dozen movie stars combined with the executive ability of the entire board of United States Steel. Never was there in all history such a Horatio Alger success story.

The penal establishment in which the unjustly accused lad was confined was a political prison. The account expressly states it was reserved for the king's prisoners — those who had in some way offended the Pharaoh, and presumably other high officials as Joseph was committed there. And this amazing youth was therefore put in full charge of the most prominent culprits in the nation—and he an alien and a slave at that. The story writer makes it very clear also that full charge meant full charge. As Genesis tells it (XXXIX:22-23):

"And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it.

The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Had Joseph taken advantage of his favored position to "crash out" with his cell-mates *a la* James Cagney, the amphibious reptiles of the Nile would undoubtedly have breakfasted on the trusting prison warden. No such idea, however, appears to have entered the canny head of the young Hebrew. There he was and there he was prepared to stay until it pleased the Lord, in whom he put his full faith, to bring about his release. His confidence was not misplaced.

Act II of the prison drama finds two new inmates, former chief butler and chief baker of the Pharaoh, each dreaming one night a perplexing dream. Joseph, performing his morning rounds "looked upon them and they were sad." As there was no more about an Egyptian prison of 1700 B. C. than its American counterpart of 1950 A. D. to make an inmate look happy, the two ex-functionaries must have looked very sad for Joseph to notice it. They did. In ancient days nothing made a man sadder than to dream something he did not understand. Today we take them—if we are perturbed enough—to a psychoanalyst. In Egypt the dreamer hied him to an interpreter. But the butler and baker were in durance vile—and no interpreter; or so they thought.

This was right down Joseph's alley. Was he not the original dreamboy? He had practically dreamed his way into Egypt and into jail. Dreams were his hobby. And here were two delightful people with a couple of extra fancy dreams, breaking their hearts for someone to tell them what they meant. He smacked his lips. "Tell me them, I pray you."

The chief butler was first to speak his piece:

"In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; And in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes:

And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

If that was the Pharaoh's regular manner of imbibing, he must have been one of the most abstemious of monarchs. Grape juice prepared on the spot was all this method would yield. Perhaps the butler was in jail because he had not been particular enough about separating the seeds.

Not a moment did Joseph hesitate. With no dream book handy, he knew exactly what the symbology meant:

"The three branches are three days.

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler."

And then Joseph added an earnest and rather moving plea, as surely he had the right to do:

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house:

For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

Poor Joseph. He was far from either the first or the last to be punished for "doing nothing."

The chief baker had listened to the foregoing colloquy with rising hope. His turn was next and his dream had enough points of resemblance to the chief butler's to make us quite sure that they were invented by the same author:

"... behold, I had three white baskets on my head:

And in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

For full effect Joseph's interpretation should be preceded by a heavy minor chord from the orchestra, after the fashion of the movies when some dreadful doom is about to befall:

"The three baskets are three days:

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

So the butler awaited with rejoicing the expected good news while the unhappy baker, the pallor of death already upon him, sank back onto his stone bed to await his predestined fate.

Of course it happened as Joseph had foretold. Else there had been no story. The butler was pardoned and restored to his old position—the baker was executed and his body became food for the vultures.

Dryly the Bible observes,

"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgat him."

Showing that human nature thirty-seven centuries ago was about the same as today.

(To Be Continued)

A religious writer devotes many pages of a new book to the thesis that if the world will practice Christianity —presumably his brand—the Russians will cease their aggressive tactics and behave like nice, peaceful little boys, if there are such. It is this kind of impractical thinking that our series "Half-Way Through" presumed to criticize. For his formula to work the Russian Government, too, would have to become Christian and practice the type of Christianity Christ preached but that few if any nations have as yet followed. It would be grand if they would do it—if all nations, including our own, would do it. But they won't. The writer of the book and all his readers know they won't. And we take leave to doubt, as we stated in the Series, that obviously impractical advice is of any value, no matter how sincere.

MINSTRELSY

A Selection From The Poems Of Patience Worth

Smiles

If morning comes, I shall greet it;
I shall greet it with smiles.
Whathap if it be a doleful morning?
Whathap if the crone leans beneath an awful pack?
Smiles will help.
Whathap if she scarce but creep?
Methink I'll smile.
'Tis a lucky pence—this smiling!

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

VOLUME XVI JULY, 1950—SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI NUMBER 5

HOW AND WHY WE DREAM

BY H. K. SCHOLEFIELD

Dreams trouble our minds in a degree much out of proportion to their importance and are in nearly all cases the idle wanderings of the mental elemental, the life-principle of the apparatus of thought, which amuses itself in making pictures without any significance or rational sequence whatever. Such dreams are commonly stimulated by uneasiness of body or brain due to fatigue, overeating etc. or to discomfort as from heat or cold, or physical ailments giving rise to pain. To seek any meaning in such experiences is utterly futile. They have been very astutely compared to the erratic course taken by a sailing ship without a steersman at the helm, which yaws and changes course with every puff of wind; likewise when the intelligent being who owns the machinery is separated from it in sleep the products of the ungoverned brain are erratic and purposeless. The awakened dreamer, curious about possible meanings and forewarnings, may measure his dream by an utter absence of any sense of humor displayed in it; this being an attribute of very high human and superhuman development.

There are nevertheless rarer cases when the ego does what can be done to guide or forewarn the personality for his best advantage. This is unusual, chiefly because the average man is still far from being fully evolved both in his own being and in his vehicles and, as has been previously pointed out in these pages, is but "Half way through" evolving; he therefore not only lacks the delicate channels through which a message might descend to his level of consciousness but also lacks interest in anything the ego might offer to his attention, which is taken up with such matters as money, sports, entertainment and the fleshpots.

If however a communication of value is received, it will be recognized because of its vividness, clarity and logical sequence. It may be symbolic, as the brain tends to transform such a message into symbols or pictures for the same reason that language is set down in written letters: convenient symbols to record ideas and from which the identical ideas may be re-evoked. The symbology in such a dream should not be beyond the power of the dreamer

(Continued on Page 42)

THERE SHOULD BE A MILLION THEOSOPHISTS

A New Series By CHARLES E. LUNTZ

I

If there are, as is stated, a million people in this country alone who believe in reincarnation, that is good—but belief in re-embodiment of the soul does not necessarily make one a Theosophist. There are correlative truths that go with it and, unless they are understood, acceptance of the fact of reincarnation by itself is only a halting first step to a real philosophy. But at least it *is* a first step, even though the satisfaction it may give is no more than physical delight that there is to be more partaking of earth life.

And it does not always provide even that rather crude satisfaction. Many reject reincarnation (or think they do —no one can reject a natural law) because they don't want (or think they don't) more life on this "sorrowful planet." Actually, when they depart hence, they will never be constrained to come back. So long as they are happy where they are (in devachan, the heaven world), there they will stay. There is no coercion of Egos to reincarnate. But, as a man with a full stomach feels for the moment that he never wants to see or smell or taste food again, yet will hungrily sit down to the next meal, so the satiated personality, after a life full of hard experience, may vehemently declare that he has had enough of earth. His Ego knows better, but why bother to impress that on the personality? There will be another personality next time, anyway. ("Pray Heaven it will be a better one!" the Ego may breathe), and it will be down here devouring new experience for its master, quite oblivious of its predecessor's heartfelt desire that there be no more of it.

But not all personalities repudiate the notion of rebirth. Some accept it eagerly—those, we are told, who have known at least something about it in a prior life. Many, having accepted it, stop right there with only the foggiest conception, or no conception at all, of the breath-taking implications of this greatest of Truths. And sometimes the thought form created of what reincarnation means is grotesque in its distortion and unreality. This distortion may range through a variety of monstrosities. The writer knows a profes-

(Continued on Page 42)

THOUGHTS ON THE MAHATMA LETTERS

BY RUTH W. GROSS

It is interesting to note how the very essence of life is involved with art in all its phases, especially so the art of using color. We see an example of this in the Mahatma Letters, wherein one of the Masters uses the color blue in his writings, and the other the color red. In the first pages of the volume under the specimen of "M.'s" handwriting and signature, the editor of the Mahatma Letters states that all such appear in either red ink or red pencil; whereas, under the specimen of "K. H.'s" it is stated the majority of Letters are written either in blue ink or blue pencil. Evidently the Masters are endeavoring to give us a clue as to their true monadic relationship.

We know that in art the primary colors are considered to be red, blue and yellow, thereby symbolizing the trinity in life. Red is magnetic, attractive, indrawing and warm, associated with the 6th principle, the feminine gender. Blue is electric, radiant, associated with the 7th and masculine gender. The inter-relationship between these two primary forces within the Monad bring about the third color or yellow, higher mind. As the two primal forces of the Universe act and react upon each other, the mind of man develops, completing the trinity in the world of outer affairs.

We may then come to the conclusion that the Master M. carried the magnetic Monadic ray, and K. H. the electric. The interplay of these forces within their higher nature must have been tremendous, inasmuch as they were used to give forth the Wisdom Doctrine to the world. One individual alone could never have accomplished this. The colors are also in accord with the qualities of the planets Mars and Mercury. We are reminded also in Theosophical literature that Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were brought together in order that the outer form of the Theosophical Society might be completed as a substantial organization. Here again, the two powers of the Monad were essential in the formation of a third or mental concept.

The Masters could have stated these truths plainly but found it necessary, at that time, to veil their truths. On page 121 of the Letters we read, " 'Isis' was not unveiled but rents sufficiently

(Continued on Page 43)

OCCULTISM IN THE BIBLE

"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On"

By Charles E. Luntz

Apparently anyone who came in contact with young Joseph and who had anything to manage immediately wanted Joseph to manage it. We have seen that the Captain of the Guard to whom Joseph was sold turned over his household to the latter's care. Joseph had hardly been checked in at the prison until the warden, according to the Bible, made him head trusty and assistant warden. Later in this incredible (literally speaking) narrative we shall find that after knowing Joseph about half-an-hour the King of Egypt himself appointed him Prime Minister and Secretary of Agriculture. This young man, still in his twenties, must have had the personality of a dozen movie stars combined with the executive ability of the entire board of United States Steel. Never was there in all history such a Horatio Alger success story.

The penal establishment in which the unjustly accused lad was confined was a political prison. The account expressly states it was reserved for the king's prisoners — those who had in some way offended the Pharaoh, and presumably other high officials as Joseph was committed there. And this amazing youth was therefore put in full charge of the most prominent culprits in the nation—and he an alien and a slave at that. The story writer makes it very clear also that full charge meant full charge. As Genesis tells it (XXXIX:22-23):

"And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it.

The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Had Joseph taken advantage of his favored position to "crash out" with his cell-mates *a la* James Cagney, the amphibious reptiles of the Nile would undoubtedly have breakfasted on the trusting prison warden. No such idea, however, appears to have entered the canny head of the young Hebrew. There he was and there he was prepared to stay until it pleased the Lord, in whom he put his full faith, to bring about his release. His confidence was not misplaced.

Act II of the prison drama finds two new inmates, former chief butler and chief baker of the Pharaoh, each dreaming one night a perplexing dream. Joseph, performing his morning rounds "looked upon them and they were sad." As there was no more about an Egyptian prison of 1700 B. C. than its American counterpart of 1950 A. D. to make an inmate look happy, the two ex-functionaries must have looked very sad for Joseph to notice it. They did. In ancient days nothing made a man sadder than to dream something he did not understand. Today we take them—if we are perturbed enough—to a psychoanalyst. In Egypt the dreamer hied him to an interpreter. But the butler and baker were in durance vile—and no interpreter; or so they thought.

This was right down Joseph's alley. Was he not the original dreamboy? He had practically dreamed his way into Egypt and into jail. Dreams were his hobby. And here were two delightful people with a couple of extra fancy dreams, breaking their hearts for someone to tell them what they meant. He smacked his lips. "Tell me them, I pray you."

The chief butler was first to speak his piece:

"In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; And in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes:

And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

If that was the Pharaoh's regular manner of imbibing, he must have been one of the most abstemious of monarchs. Grape juice prepared on the spot was all this method would yield. Perhaps the butler was in jail because he had not been particular enough about separating the seeds.

Not a moment did Joseph hesitate. With no dream book handy, he knew exactly what the symbology meant:

"The three branches are three days.

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler."

And then Joseph added an earnest and rather moving plea, as surely he had the right to do:

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house:

For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

Poor Joseph. He was far from either the first or the last to be punished for "doing nothing."

The chief baker had listened to the foregoing colloquy with rising hope. His turn was next and his dream had enough points of resemblance to the chief butler's to make us quite sure that they were invented by the same author:

"... behold, I had three white baskets on my head:

And in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

For full effect Joseph's interpretation should be preceded by a heavy minor chord from the orchestra, after the fashion of the movies when some dreadful doom is about to befall:

"The three baskets are three days:

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

So the butler awaited with rejoicing the expected good news while the unhappy baker, the pallor of death already upon him, sank back onto his stone bed to await his predestined fate.

Of course it happened as Joseph had foretold. Else there had been no story. The butler was pardoned and restored to his old position—the baker was executed and his body became food for the vultures.

Dryly the Bible observes,

"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgat him."

Showing that human nature thirty-seven centuries ago was about the same as today.

(To Be Continued)

A religious writer devotes many pages of a new book to the thesis that if the world will practice Christianity —presumably his brand—the Russians will cease their aggressive tactics and behave like nice, peaceful little boys, if there are such. It is this kind of impractical thinking that our series "Half-Way Through" presumed to criticize. For his formula to work the Russian Government, too, would have to become Christian and practice the type of Christianity Christ preached but that few if any nations have as yet followed. It would be grand if they would do it—if all nations, including our own, would do it. But they won't. The writer of the book and all his readers know they won't. And we take leave to doubt, as we stated in the Series, that obviously impractical advice is of any value, no matter how sincere.

MINSTRELSY

A Selection From The Poems Of Patience Worth

Smiles

If morning comes, I shall greet it;
I shall greet it with smiles.
Whathap if it be a doleful morning?
Whathap if the crone leans beneath an awful pack?
Smiles will help.
Whathap if she scarce but creep?
Methink I'll smile.
'Tis a lucky pence—this smiling!

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

VOLUME XVI — JULY, 1950—SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI — NUMBER 5

HOW AND WHY WE DREAM

BY H. K. SCHOLEFIELD

Dreams trouble our minds in a degree much out of proportion to their importance and are in nearly all cases the idle wanderings of the mental elemental, the life-principle of the apparatus of thought, which amuses itself in making pictures without any significance or rational sequence whatever. Such dreams are commonly stimulated by uneasiness of body or brain due to fatigue, overeating etc. or to discomfort as from heat or cold, or physical ailments giving rise to pain. To seek any meaning in such experiences is utterly futile. They have been very astutely compared to the erratic course taken by a sailing ship without a steersman at the helm, which yaws and changes course with every puff of wind; likewise when the intelligent being who owns the machinery is separated from it in sleep the products of the ungoverned brain are erratic and purposeless. The awakened dreamer, curious about possible meanings and forewarnings, may measure his dream by an utter absence of any sense of humor displayed in it; this being an attribute of very high human and superhuman development.

There are nevertheless rarer cases when the ego does what can be done to guide or forewarn the personality for his best advantage. This is unusual, chiefly because the average man is still far from being fully evolved both in his own being and in his vehicles and, as has been previously pointed out in these pages, is but "Half way through" evolving; he therefore not only lacks the delicate channels through which a message might descend to his level of consciousness but also lacks interest in anything the ego might offer to his attention, which is taken up with such matters as money, sports, entertainment and the fleshpots.

If however a communication of value is received, it will be recognized because of its vividness, clarity and logical sequence. It may be symbolic, as the brain tends to transform such a message into symbols or pictures for the same reason that language is set down in written letters: convenient symbols to record ideas and from which the identical ideas may be re-evoked. The symbology in such a dream should not be beyond the power of the dreamer

(Continued on Page 42)

THERE SHOULD BE A MILLION THEOSOPHISTS

A New Series By CHARLES E. LUNTZ

I

If there are, as is stated, a million people in this country alone who believe in reincarnation, that is good—but belief in re-embodiment of the soul does not necessarily make one a Theosophist. There are correlative truths that go with it and, unless they are understood, acceptance of the fact of reincarnation by itself is only a halting first step to a real philosophy. But at least it *is* a first step, even though the satisfaction it may give is no more than physical delight that there is to be more partaking of earth life.

And it does not always provide even that rather crude satisfaction. Many reject reincarnation (or think they do—no one can reject a natural law) because they don't want (or think they don't) more life on this "sorrowful planet." Actually, when they depart hence, they will never be constrained to come back. So long as they are happy where they are (in devachan, the heaven world), there they will stay. There is no coercion of Egos to reincarnate. But, as a man with a full stomach feels for the moment that he never wants to see or smell or taste food again, yet will hungrily sit down to the next meal, so the satiated personality, after a life full of hard experience, may vehemently declare that he has had enough of earth. His Ego knows better, but why bother to impress that on the personality? There will be another personality next time, anyway. ("Pray Heaven it will be a better one!" the Ego may breathe), and it will be down here devouring new experience for its master, quite oblivious of its predecessor's heartfelt desire that there be no more of it.

But not all personalities repudiate the notion of rebirth. Some accept it eagerly—those, we are told, who have known at least something about it in a prior life. Many, having accepted it, stop right there with only the foggiest conception, or no conception at all, of the breath-taking implications of this greatest of Truths. And sometimes the thought form created of what reincarnation means is grotesque in its distortion and unreality. This distortion may range through a variety of monstrosities. The writer knows a profes-

(Continued on Page 42)

THOUGHTS ON THE MAHATMA LETTERS

BY RUTH W. GROSS

It is interesting to note how the very essence of life is involved with art in all its phases, especially so the art of using color. We see an example of this in the Mahatma Letters, wherein one of the Masters uses the color blue in his writings, and the other the color red. In the first pages of the volume under the specimen of "M.'s" handwriting and signature, the editor of the Mahatma Letters states that all such appear in either red ink or red pencil; whereas, under the specimen of "K. H.'s" it is stated the majority of Letters are written either in blue ink or blue pencil. Evidently the Masters are endeavoring to give us a clue as to their true monadic relationship.

We know that in art the primary colors are considered to be red, blue and yellow, thereby symbolizing the trinity in life. Red is magnetic, attractive, indrawing and warm, associated with the 6th principle, the feminine gender. Blue is electric, radiant, associated with the 7th and masculine gender. The inter-relationship between these two primary forces within the Monad bring about the third color or yellow, higher mind. As the two primal forces of the Universe act and react upon each other, the mind of man develops, completing the trinity in the world of outer affairs.

We may then come to the conclusion that the Master M. carried the magnetic Monadic ray, and K. H. the electric. The interplay of these forces within their higher nature must have been tremendous, inasmuch as they were used to give forth the Wisdom Doctrine to the world. One individual alone could never have accomplished this. The colors are also in accord with the qualities of the planets Mars and Mercury. We are reminded also in Theosophical literature that Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were brought together in order that the outer form of the Theosophical Society might be completed as a substantial organization. Here again, the two powers of the Monad were essential in the formation of a third or mental concept.

The Masters could have stated these truths plainly but found it necessary, at that time, to veil their truths. On page 121 of the Letters we read, " 'Isis' was not unveiled but rents sufficiently

(Continued on Page 43)

---

things if you go to church—he may be moved to compassion and not toss you into his fiery furnace. He may... and then again, he may not. No telling what a god accountable to no one will do to creatures who have not the slightest claim on his kindness; but

that is exactly the way the story appears in the Bible. The narrative in Judges XIII-XVI *is* boisterous; Samson *was* a rollicking character; and nobody has ever accused the Bible writers of being over-modest where sex was concerned. As to the religious theme, it

which were pastured locally. They did not, having only their own two feet to go upon and indescribable roads to travel on where there were any roads at all, go wandering about for the fun of it. It is highly unlikely that Saul

(Continued on Page 44)

ANCIENT WISDOM
FOUNDED BY L. W. ROGERS
published monthly at
320 Merchants' Exchange Bldg.
St. Louis 2, Mo.

light and for which he refused to do anything other than pray.

If one tries to argue, as the "orthodox" who follow such systems usually do argue, that the faith was in some conscious nor the subconscious can justify, it is blind. Even then it may get results—up to a point. But it will break when the demands on it become too great.

OCCULTISM IN THE BIBLE

"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On"

BY CHARLES E. LUNTZ

Apparently anyone who came in contact with young Joseph and who had anything to manage immediately wanted Joseph to manage it. We have seen that the Captain of the Guard to whom Joseph was sold turned over his household to the latter's care. Joseph had hardly been checked in at the prison until the warden, according to the Bible, made him head trusty and assistant warden. Later in this incredible (literally speaking) narrative we shall find that after knowing Joseph about half-an-hour the King of Egypt himself appointed him Prime Minister and Secretary of Agriculture. This young man, still in his twenties, must have had the personality of a dozen movie stars combined with the executive ability of the entire board of United States Steel. Never was there in all history such a Horatio Alger success story.

The penal establishment in which the unjustly accused lad was confined was a political prison. The account expressly states it was reserved for the king's prisoners — those who had in some way offended the Pharaoh, and presumably other high officials as Joseph was committed there. And this amazing youth was therefore put in full charge of the most prominent culprits in the nation—and he an alien and a slave at that. The story writer makes it very clear also that full charge meant full charge. As Genesis tells it (XXXIX:22-23):

"And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it.

The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Had Joseph taken advantage of his favored position to "crash out" with his cell-mates *a la* James Cagney, the amphibious reptiles of the Nile would undoubtedly have breakfasted on the trusting prison warden. No such idea, however, appears to have entered the canny head of the young Hebrew. There he was and there he was prepared to stay until it pleased the Lord, in whom he put his full faith, to bring about his release. His confidence was not misplaced.

Act II of the prison drama finds two new inmates, former chief butler and chief baker of the Pharaoh, each dreaming one night a perplexing dream. Joseph, performing his morning rounds "looked upon them and they were sad." As there was no more about an Egyptian prison of 1700 B. C. than its American counterpart of 1950 A. D. to make an inmate look happy, the two ex-functionaries must have looked very sad for Joseph to notice it. They did. In ancient days nothing made a man sadder than to dream something he did not understand. Today we take them—if we are perturbed enough—to a psychoanalyst. In Egypt the dreamer hied him to an interpreter. But the butler and baker were in durance vile—and no interpreter; or so they thought.

This was right down Joseph's alley. Was he not the original dreamboy? He had practically dreamed his way into Egypt and into jail. Dreams were his hobby. And here were two delightful people with a couple of extra fancy dreams, breaking their hearts for someone to tell them what they meant. He smacked his lips. "Tell me them, I pray you."

The chief butler was first to speak his piece:

"In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; And in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes:

And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

If that was the Pharaoh's regular manner of imbibing, he must have been one of the most abstemious of monarchs. Grape juice prepared on the spot was all this method would yield. Perhaps the butler was in jail because he had not been particular enough about separating the seeds.

Not a moment did Joseph hesitate. With no dream book handy, he knew exactly what the symbology meant:

"The three branches are three days.

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler."

And then Joseph added an earnest and rather moving plea, as surely he had the right to do:

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house:

For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

Poor Joseph. He was far from either the first or the last to be punished for "doing nothing."

The chief baker had listened to the foregoing colloquy with rising hope. His turn was next and his dream had enough points of resemblance to the chief butler's to make us quite sure that they were invented by the same author:

"... behold, I had three white baskets on my head:

And in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

For full effect Joseph's interpretation should be preceded by a heavy minor chord from the orchestra, after the fashion of the movies when some dreadful doom is about to befall:

"The three baskets are three days:

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

So the butler awaited with rejoicing the expected good news while the unhappy baker, the pallor of death already upon him, sank back onto his stone bed to await his predestined fate.

Of course it happened as Joseph had foretold. Else there had been no story. The butler was pardoned and restored to his old position—the baker was executed and his body became food for the vultures.

Dryly the Bible observes,

"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgat him."

Showing that human nature thirty-seven centuries ago was about the same as today.

(To Be Continued)

A religious writer devotes many pages of a new book to the thesis that if the world will practice Christianity —presumably his brand—the Russians will cease their aggressive tactics and behave like nice, peaceful little boys, if there are such. It is this kind of impractical thinking that our series "Half-Way Through" presumed to criticize. For his formula to work the Russian Government, too, would have to become Christian and practice the type of Christianity Christ preached but that few if any nations have as yet followed. It would be grand if they would do it—if all nations, including our own, would do it. But they won't. The writer of the book and all his readers know they won't. And we take leave to doubt, as we stated in the Series, that obviously impractical advice is of any value, no matter how sincere.

MINSTRELSY

A Selection From The Poems Of Patience Worth

Smiles

If morning comes, I shall greet it;
I shall greet it with smiles.
Whathap if it be a doleful morning?
Whathap if the crone leans beneath an awful pack?
Smiles will help.
Whathap if she scarce but creep?
Methink I'll smile.
'Tis a lucky pence—this smiling!

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

VOLUME XVI JULY, 1950—SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI NUMBER 5

HOW AND WHY WE DREAM

BY H. K. SCHOLEFIELD

Dreams trouble our minds in a degree much out of proportion to their importance and are in nearly all cases the idle wanderings of the mental elemental, the life-principle of the apparatus of thought, which amuses itself in making pictures without any significance or rational sequence whatever. Such dreams are commonly stimulated by uneasiness of body or brain due to fatigue, overeating etc. or to discomfort as from heat or cold, or physical ailments giving rise to pain. To seek any meaning in such experiences is utterly futile. They have been very astutely compared to the erratic course taken by a sailing ship without a steersman at the helm, which yaws and changes course with every puff of wind; likewise when the intelligent being who owns the machinery is separated from it in sleep the products of the ungoverned brain are erratic and purposeless. The awakened dreamer, curious about possible meanings and forewarnings, may measure his dream by an utter absence of any sense of humor displayed in it; this being an attribute of very high human and superhuman development.

There are nevertheless rarer cases when the ego does what can be done to guide or forewarn the personality for his best advantage. This is unusual, chiefly because the average man is still far from being fully evolved both in his own being and in his vehicles and, as has been previously pointed out in these pages, is but "Half way through" evolving; he therefore not only lacks the delicate channels through which a message might descend to his level of consciousness but also lacks interest in anything the ego might offer to his attention, which is taken up with such matters as money, sports, entertainment and the fleshpots.

If however a communication of value is received, it will be recognized because of its vividness, clarity and logical sequence. It may be symbolic, as the brain tends to transform such a message into symbols or pictures for the same reason that language is set down in written letters: convenient symbols to record ideas and from which the identical ideas may be re-evoked. The symbology in such a dream should not be beyond the power of the dreamer

(Continued on Page 42)

THERE SHOULD BE A MILLION THEOSOPHISTS

A New Series By CHARLES E. LUNTZ

I

If there are, as is stated, a million people in this country alone who believe in reincarnation, that is good—but belief in re-embodiment of the soul does not necessarily make one a Theosophist. There are correlative truths that go with it and, unless they are understood, acceptance of the fact of reincarnation by itself is only a halting first step to a real philosophy. But at least it *is* a first step, even though the satisfaction it may give is no more than physical delight that there is to be more partaking of earth life.

And it does not always provide even that rather crude satisfaction. Many reject reincarnation (or think they do—no one can reject a natural law) because they don't want (or think they don't) more life on this "sorrowful planet." Actually, when they depart hence, they will never be constrained to come back. So long as they are happy where they are (in devachan, the heaven world), there they will stay. There is no coercion of Egos to reincarnate. But, as a man with a full stomach feels for the moment that he never wants to see or smell or taste food again, yet will hungrily sit down to the next meal, so the satiated personality, after a life full of hard experience, may vehemently declare that he has had enough of earth. His Ego knows better, but why bother to impress that on the personality? There will be another personality next time, anyway. ("Pray Heaven it will be a better one!" the Ego may breathe), and it will be down here devouring new experience for its master, quite oblivious of its predecessor's heartfelt desire that there be no more of it.

But not all personalities repudiate the notion of rebirth. Some accept it eagerly—those, we are told, who have known at least something about it in a prior life. Many, having accepted it, stop right there with only the foggiest conception, or no conception at all, of the breath-taking implications of this greatest of Truths. And sometimes the thought form created of what reincarnation means is grotesque in its distortion and unreality. This distortion may range through a variety of monstrosities. The writer knows a profes-

(Continued on Page 42)

THOUGHTS ON THE MAHATMA LETTERS

BY RUTH W. GROSS

It is interesting to note how the very essence of life is involved with art in all its phases, especially so the art of using color. We see an example of this in the Mahatma Letters, wherein one of the Masters uses the color blue in his writings, and the other the color red. In the first pages of the volume under the specimen of "M.'s" handwriting and signature, the editor of the Mahatma Letters states that all such appear in either red ink or red pencil; whereas, under the specimen of "K. H.'s" it is stated the majority of Letters are written either in blue ink or blue pencil. Evidently the Masters are endeavoring to give us a clue as to their true monadic relationship.

We know that in art the primary colors are considered to be red, blue and yellow, thereby symbolizing the trinity in life. Red is magnetic, attractive, indrawing and warm, associated with the 6th principle, the feminine gender. Blue is electric, radiant, associated with the 7th and masculine gender. The inter-relationship between these two primary forces within the Monad bring about the third color or yellow, higher mind. As the two primal forces of the Universe act and react upon each other, the mind of man develops, completing the trinity in the world of outer affairs.

We may then come to the conclusion that the Master M. carried the magnetic Monadic ray, and K. H. the electric. The interplay of these forces within their higher nature must have been tremendous, inasmuch as they were used to give forth the Wisdom Doctrine to the world. One individual alone could never have accomplished this. The colors are also in accord with the qualities of the planets Mars and Mercury. We are reminded also in Theosophical literature that Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were brought together in order that the outer form of the Theosophical Society might be completed as a substantial organization. Here again, the two powers of the Monad were essential in the formation of a third or mental concept.

The Masters could have stated these truths plainly but found it necessary, at that time, to veil their truths. On page 121 of the Letters we read, " 'Isis' was not unveiled but rents sufficiently

(Continued on Page 43)

ANCIENT WISDOM
FOUNDED BY L. W. ROGERS
published monthly at
320 Merchants' Exchange Bldg.
St. Louis 2, Mo.
CHARLES E. LUNTZ, *Editor*
ANCIENT WISDOM PRESS, *Publishers*
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 25, 1936, at the post office at St. Louis, Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions: 1 year $2.00; 6 months $1.20; Canada and abroad, 1 year $2.50.
Single Copies, 20 cents

REACTION TO THE UNPLEASANT

No one escapes unpleasant happenings at some time during the life. There are hours, even days when nearly everything that occurs is, or seems to be, unpleasant. There are other days, other hours, when the unpleasant mingles with the pleasant. Even on the good days it is perhaps rather rare when at least one, perhaps several, disagreeable things do not come our way: something someone says, something someone does, a disturbing letter or phone call; even—if one is very sensitive—somebody's nasty glances.

Then there are the irritating noises that assail our ears or the unsavory odors that insult our nostrils. And all this does not take into account the physical ills from which we may be suffering which do not allow us a moment's respite—a head cold, perhaps, or an allergy, a headache, burn, cut, skin irritation, any one of several of the tortures, great or small, which nature has in stock to dole out on occasion to her unhappy children.

Man has, when normal, always striven mightily to eliminate the unpleasant, whether without or within. The usual and obvious method is to aim at removing the physical cause. There are schools of thought which decline to recognize that there is such a thing as the unpleasant—or *evil,* as they term it—and persist in imaging the pleasant—the *good*—even where, to the physical realist, it obviously is not. And, as the Theosophist well knows, by building up powerful thought forms of an opposite nature to the "evil" they often do succeed in replacing it with the "good" which they would declare—quite rightly—has been there all the time.

But sometimes, and for no discernible reason, they fail. And we have seen, everyone has seen, even the high apostles of the "no evil" cults become just as aggravated, just as out of temper and annoyed, as the lesser brethren, when sufficiently crossed or thwarted. We have also seen their faith, which sometimes accomplished seeming miracles, unaccountably fail and the "practitioner" succumb to the non-existent ill of which he made so light and for which he refused to do anything other than pray.

If one tries to argue, as the "orthodox" who follow such systems usually do argue, that the faith was in some respect deficient, the difficulty arises why should it be when it has served so beautifully and wonderfully in the past. And if one starts to analyze the exact measure of the deficiency with "mortal mind," he certainly will not get anywhere. One cannot set metes and bounds to so intangible a property as faith.

But one *can* distinguish between blind faith and faith based on reason. True faith is more than mere trust, more than a wishful thought that all shall come out well. It is rather a knowledge that all *must* come out well because the scheme of things is such that it is impossible for it to come out any other way.

But, we may ask, do not things turn out badly every day? Yes, from the short range—and short-sighted—view. No, from the standpoint of clear vision that encompasses the whole instead of the minute fragment which is all our human eyes can see.

The afflictions, the bereavements, the barbarities and inhumanities which to the myopic philosopher make this world such a terrible and frightening place to live in are, in the Eternity in which we dwell, less than pin pricks. Dreadful they seem as we pass through them—as shocking as a pricked finger seems for a few seconds to a two year old. But we shall forget them as we have forgotten the countless times each of us has suffered and died and been born again during the ages we have evolved as men and women. We shall forget them—they will be as though they never were, except for the qualities they developed in us, the lessons they taught us, the willpower they fostered in us and the Faith—the *real* Faith based upon knowledge—which they instilled in us.

We can have this Faith, and it is a true Faith, because deep down we have the knowledge—a knowledge bought with our blood and sweat and tears over a half-thousand incarnations, perhaps—and on this we can draw through the channel of our highest intuitions. And this knowledge, aging within the Ego and added to drop by drop as year succeeds year and life succeeds life, is, in some measure at least, more than knowledge, it is Wisdom—and Wisdom does not err. That Faith never lets us down because it is one with Wisdom. It does not proclaim "I believe," but "I *know.*"

How may one tell if his Faith is blind or seeing? It is not too hard. If it is based on a reasoned out philosophy, coherent, consistent, complete—as Theosophy is—it is a seeing faith. If it is based on some unreasoning nebulous feeling which neither the conscious nor the subconscious can justify, it is blind. Even then it may get results—up to a point. But it will break when the demands on it become too great.

True Faith never breaks. It transcends even death itself. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," declared suffering Job. He has "slain" us many times. He will "slay" us many times again. But we *have* come back, and we *shall* come back, for the slaying is of the outer vesture only; the soul, the spirit—these cannot be slain. "He is not born, nor doth he die; nor having been, ceaseth he any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal, ancient, he is not slain when the body is slaughtered."

So Shri Krishna in the venerated Bhagavad-Gita. The pleasant, the unpleasant, the good, the so-called evil, all misnomers for the shaping instruments of karma which with infinite pains is releasing innate Divinity, which is Truth, from incrusted misbeliefs, misbehaviors, misconceptions and other miscellany, which are false.

What reaction then should we show to the unpleasant? Again we quote Shri Krishna's words, so infinitely greater in their expressiveness than any words which lesser tongue could utter or pen could write:

"The contacts of matter, giving cold and heat, pleasure and pain, they come and go impermanent; endure them bravely.

The man whom these torment not, balanced in pain and pleasure, steadfast, he is fitted for immortality."

We all are immortal whether, as yet, fitted for it or otherwise—not in the personality but in the Ego. Yet the personality, if it has something of value to contribute to the Ego, partakes in a measure of the latter's immortality. If it has nothing, the life is wasted. The consciousness persists but the incarnation is a blotted over page.

And the significance attached by a great world Teacher, none of whose words were spoken without the utmost meaning, to indifference to pleasure and pain as meriting immortality, are worthy of close attention. There be few immortals in this world, seemingly, as yet. Perhaps at our stage there are meant to be few, and it may be as well. When the not over-bright try to put occult admonitions into effect, taking them only at their face value without thinking much about them or trying to understand their inner meaning, they usually make of them a sad mess.

Those who would heed Shri Krishna's words should do more—far more—than merely assume an outer indifference or even an inner indifference to events. That is a good way to end up lying on a psychiatrist's couch, telling him all about one's inner conflicts. There is a true indifference, inner and

outer, which does not evoke the dislike of others, or lead to phobias, complexes and migraine headaches. It is an indifference born of *understanding*—and with that thought we leave it. The rest must be done by the aspirant himself.

MERCY!

Mercy is defined by the dictionary as, "Compassion shown by one to another who is in his power and has no claim to kindness."

This is illuminating, in view of the constant admonitions of religious writers to us miserable mortals to throw ourselves on the mercy of God, to beg Him to be merciful to us in spite of our own entire lack of merit or worthiness. "Just as I am, without one plea," as the old hymn puts it.

Puritan preachers of the type of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards really made sermonic hay with the mercy theme. "You have no claim on God," they roared to their terrified congregations. "He made you. He can do with you what he wills—burn you in hell, glorify you in heaven. You are his creature, without redress, without recourse. God does not have to justify Himself to man—that wretched, lowly, contemptible worm. Whatever He does to you is just. There is no question of what you have done to deserve it. You are His—to bless or burn as He sees fit."

This is a fair summing up of the innumerable five-hour sermons with which these worthies were wont to intimidate their auditors every Sunday. It paid off well. Nobody stayed away from church if they still had strength enough to totter in. It paid off, too, in the collection plate and in the bequests from aged "sinners" who quaveringly felt that there might be some remote chance of buying off the wrath that was to come.

To all of which the Theosophist will respectfully except. These same iron lunged preachers would doubtless agree, if pressed, that their hard-boiled god was also a God of Love and that we are his children. What sort of a human father with a spark of love or pity for his helpless child whom he too holds in his power, would do to him the things the all-merciful Father in Heaven is supposed to do, if he feels like it, to the children of his creation?

True, he may be merciful. If you happen to be born into, or later to select, the right religion—if you grovel before him sufficiently and pour out enough wordy prayers—if you go to church regularly, oh yes, above all things if you go to church—he may be moved to compassion and not toss you into his fiery furnace. He may... and then again, he may not. No telling what a god accountable to no one will do to creatures who have not the slightest claim on his kindness; but whatever he does to them it is perfectly right and proper. They are his, aren't they?

The day this article is written, a United Press dispatch from Washington relates that the police received a report that a man was biting his dog. On investigation they found the eccentric in question digging his teeth into the dog's haunches. Said he, "It's my dog and if I want to bite it, I'll bite it." The account succinctly concludes, "Police took him to the observation ward."

If a dog-biting man is suspected of lunacy because his sole explanation is "it's my dog," where does that leave the man-burning god of the Edwardses and the Mathers whose sole excuse is "I made 'em. I own 'em. If I want to, I can burn 'em." ?

There is no such god, thank God! Man's "claim on God's kindness" is his kinship with, yes his very identity with God. He is God's lesser self destined to become after many ages one with the Greater Self. Mercy of God to God has no meaning, and those of small understanding who stand aghast at the "presumption" of identifying man with God, conveniently forget that the Omnipresence of God must mean that if it means anything at all.

We seem to have a fancy for eliminating meaningless words—or rather words that have become meaningless through over-employment—from current usage, and so we would like to see "Mercy" as applied to God sent to join "Brotherhood" as applied to man. The real meaning of the original term is "Lovingkindness" and if it is understood in that sense instead of in the significance of a tyrant deity condescending to indulge those who sufficiently abase themselves to him, good and well.

But to the old idea of God as oriental despot with all the virtues—man as despised snippet with all the vices—all we can do is react as the ladies of the Puritan congregations were in the habit of doing—raising both our hands, and in horrified tones exclaiming, MERCY! !

SAMSON AND DELILAH

In spite of the mixed reception accorded this latest production of Cecil De Mille, we are of opinion that it is a worthwhile picture ably done in the best tradition of this dean of all film directors.

The critics complain that the film is too boisterous, Samson too rollicking, the sex interest too pronounced and the religious *motif* suppressed. But that is exactly the way the story appears in the Bible. The narrative in Judges XIII-XVI *is* boisterous; Samson *was* a rollicking character; and nobody has ever accused the Bible writers of being over-modest where sex was concerned. As to the religious theme, it is virtually absent in the scriptural account except at the end when Samson calls on the Lord for strength to pull apart the pillars supporting the temple in which he was "making sport" for the Philistines. Even then, the reason he gives is that he may be avenged for the loss of his sight, his captors having put out his eyes. There is no prayer for his enslaved people. The Lord heard him, however, and Samson literally brought down the house, killing more Philistines in his death than the many he had slain during his life.

It is true that the narrative begins with a circumstantial account of the visit of an angel to Samson's mother and father prior to his birth, with predictions of his coming and that he would "begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." The angel also admonished the parents to bring the child up as a Nazarite which, among other things, meant abstention from "wine and strong drink," and never cutting his hair.

Scholars are of opinion, however, that this section of the story was added by some pious scribe or editor, shocked by the secular tone of this ancient thriller. They may be correct, as several other scriptural heroes received the pre-natal accolade of an angelic visit to their parents-to-be. But as the story is a purely symbolic legend like all of these wondrous "histories," the angel belongs there and—esoterically—is not out of character.

The illustrated booklet which the audience is privileged to buy states that Mr. De Mille has told the story "without contradicting a single fact related in the Bible." This is a statement *a la* Hollywood. We noted plenty of contradictions though it may be admitted they were not of consequence. Delilah is made a sister of Samson's first girl friend who jilted him, but there is no evidence in the narrative of this relationship. The shepherd boy who accompanies Samson on some of his exploits is named Saul, and Samson holds out the hope that one day Saul may be King of Israel. This is far-fetched. No one in the time of the Judges was thinking about changing Israel over to a monarchy until Samuel, last of the Judges, had grown old and his sons had disgusted the people by their venality and corruption. Also Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin while Samson was a Danite. Dan was in the extreme north of Palestine, Benjamin over a hundred miles to the south near Jerusalem. Shepherd boys of those days stuck close to their sheep, which were pastured locally. They did not, having only their own two feet to go upon and indescribable roads to travel on where there were any roads at all, go wandering about for the fun of it. It is highly unlikely that Saul

(Continued on Page 44)

OCCULTISM IN THE BIBLE

"Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On"

By Charles E. Luntz

Apparently anyone who came in contact with young Joseph and who had anything to manage immediately wanted Joseph to manage it. We have seen that the Captain of the Guard to whom Joseph was sold turned over his household to the latter's care. Joseph had hardly been checked in at the prison until the warden, according to the Bible, made him head trusty and assistant warden. Later in this incredible (literally speaking) narrative we shall find that after knowing Joseph about half-an-hour the King of Egypt himself appointed him Prime Minister and Secretary of Agriculture. This young man, still in his twenties, must have had the personality of a dozen movie stars combined with the executive ability of the entire board of United States Steel. Never was there in all history such a Horatio Alger success story.

The penal establishment in which the unjustly accused lad was confined was a political prison. The account expressly states it was reserved for the king's prisoners — those who had in some way offended the Pharaoh, and presumably other high officials as Joseph was committed there. And this amazing youth was therefore put in full charge of the most prominent culprits in the nation—and he an alien and a slave at that. The story writer makes it very clear also that full charge meant full charge. As Genesis tells it (XXXIX:22-23):

"And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it.

The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper."

Had Joseph taken advantage of his favored position to "crash out" with his cell-mates *a la* James Cagney, the amphibious reptiles of the Nile would undoubtedly have breakfasted on the trusting prison warden. No such idea, however, appears to have entered the canny head of the young Hebrew. There he was and there he was prepared to stay until it pleased the Lord, in whom he put his full faith, to bring about his release. His confidence was not misplaced.

Act II of the prison drama finds two new inmates, former chief butler and chief baker of the Pharaoh, each dreaming one night a perplexing dream. Joseph, performing his morning rounds "looked upon them and they were sad." As there was no more about an Egyptian prison of 1700 B. C. than its American counterpart of 1950 A. D. to make an inmate look happy, the two ex-functionaries must have looked very sad for Joseph to notice it. They did. In ancient days nothing made a man sadder than to dream something he did not understand. Today we take them—if we are perturbed enough—to a psychoanalyst. In Egypt the dreamer hied him to an interpreter. But the butler and baker were in durance vile—and no interpreter; or so they thought.

This was right down Joseph's alley. Was he not the original dreamboy? He had practically dreamed his way into Egypt and into jail. Dreams were his hobby. And here were two delightful people with a couple of extra fancy dreams, breaking their hearts for someone to tell them what they meant. He smacked his lips. "Tell me them, I pray you."

The chief butler was first to speak his piece:

"In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; And in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes:

And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

If that was the Pharaoh's regular manner of imbibing, he must have been one of the most abstemious of monarchs. Grape juice prepared on the spot was all this method would yield. Perhaps the butler was in jail because he had not been particular enough about separating the seeds.

Not a moment did Joseph hesitate. With no dream book handy, he knew exactly what the symbology meant:

"The three branches are three days.

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler."

And then Joseph added an earnest and rather moving plea, as surely he had the right to do:

"But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house:

For indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews: and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

Poor Joseph. He was far from either the first or the last to be punished for "doing nothing."

The chief baker had listened to the foregoing colloquy with rising hope. His turn was next and his dream had enough points of resemblance to the chief butler's to make us quite sure that they were invented by the same author:

"... behold, I had three white baskets on my head:

And in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

For full effect Joseph's interpretation should be preceded by a heavy minor chord from the orchestra, after the fashion of the movies when some dreadful doom is about to befall:

"The three baskets are three days:

Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

So the butler awaited with rejoicing the expected good news while the unhappy baker, the pallor of death already upon him, sank back onto his stone bed to await his predestined fate.

Of course it happened as Joseph had foretold. Else there had been no story. The butler was pardoned and restored to his old position—the baker was executed and his body became food for the vultures.

Dryly the Bible observes,

"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgat him."

Showing that human nature thirty-seven centuries ago was about the same as today.

(To Be Continued)

A religious writer devotes many pages of a new book to the thesis that if the world will practice Christianity —presumably his brand—the Russians will cease their aggressive tactics and behave like nice, peaceful little boys, if there are such. It is this kind of impractical thinking that our series "Half-Way Through" presumed to criticize. For his formula to work the Russian Government, too, would have to become Christian and practice the type of Christianity Christ preached but that few if any nations have as yet followed. It would be grand if they would do it—if all nations, including our own, would do it. But they won't. The writer of the book and all his readers know they won't. And we take leave to doubt, as we stated in the Series, that obviously impractical advice is of any value, no matter how sincere.

MINSTRELSY

A Selection From The Poems Of Patience Worth

Smiles

If morning comes, I shall greet it;
I shall greet it with smiles.
Whathap if it be a doleful morning?
Whathap if the crone leans beneath an awful pack?
Smiles will help.
Whathap if she scarce but creep?
Methink I'll smile.
'Tis a lucky pence—this smiling!

THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION

By Ella Welge

As we study the various steps along the way to effectual prayer we find that concentration is a very important one. Sometimes our prayers do not seem to bring forth the best results. When the disciples of Jesus asked why their prayers were not always effectual He said it was because they had prayed amiss. And so it is with our prayers. We often pray amiss because of our inability to concentrate upon spiritual ideas long enough to bring them through to visible manifestation. We lack in persistence, patience and faith.

But we can learn to develop this ability of concentration and these needed qualities of nature. We must direct our thoughts and energy and enthusiasm toward a single objective until it is accomplished.

Webster's definition of concentration is "to gather to one common center."

This means to fix the attention of the mind on one thing. We are prone to clutter our mind with many ideas of what we want to achieve or to possess and therefore concentration is impossible. But when we are deeply interested in some one thing we give it our whole attention. We become so absorbed in our objective that we are wholly unconscious of those around us and oblivious to all outside noises or interferences. Now this is the same interest and attention needed when we enter into a true state of prayer.

We would not call a story interesting over which we nodded and dozed but we often become drowsy and even fall asleep when we start to concentrate or meditate upon spiritual things. We should be as alert and interested in our spiritual welfare and progress as was Jacob when he said to the Angel Presence "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." He was concentrating upon the Divine Intelligence for guidance and revelation until the great transformation came to him. When our thoughts are gathered together and unified with a high purpose the path before us is made clear and straight. Every positive idea concentrated upon is the forerunner of some good that is to be ours. But frequently when we try to hold to some given thought, many negative ones present themselves and our concentration is shattered. The best way to close the door on unruly thoughts is to become so interested and attentive to our high thought that the irrelevant ones can find no place or lodgment in our mentality. If we resist or fight negation it will become more persistent and destroy our peace of mind.

When we have learned to concentrate on true ideas with regularity and expectancy the subconscious realm of our being is activated with constructive forces. It is through the subconscious mind that many of our experiences manifest themselves either constructively or destructibly according to the material we have stored within it. To purify and build into this storehouse only the highest and best thought stuff should be our chief concern. It is for us to concentrate on the loftiest of thoughts and ideals until they are established in our consciousness. Then a deep impression is made upon the subconscious which like a magnet attracts conditions and circumstances after its kind.

Should it be difficult to attain this focus of concentration try the holding of a thought for just a moment at a time, then another until you can think on the one idea for five or ten minutes. When you can master your thought world you are attaining the power of productive concentration. This takes habitual practice, patience and the will to persist until achieved.

In our need for mental, emotional and physical healing we must be especially interested and steadfast in concentrating on healing thoughts until they become so real and illuminating within our consciousness that the intelligent mind and body cells and organs respond to their truth and power. This wonderful power of concentration will prove to us that mind, body and affairs are vitally affected by the kind of thoughts and feelings that we habitually entertain. Sometimes the difference between success and failure in some particular endeavor lies in the ability to concentrate. So it is all important and necessary that we learn to concentrate on the highest that we can possibly attain for we shall be duly and richly rewarded for our earnest effort.

Send all requests for healing to The Healing Dept. of the Theosophical Society of St. Louis—in care of Mrs. Ella Welge—5108 Waterman Ave., St. Louis 8, Mo.

The world's troubles are uniformly blamed by the preachers on the world's lack of religion. The world's troubles are on a larger scale now than they were when nearly everyone professed the prevailing religion, because the world's activities are on a larger scale. But reference to the history books fails to show that the world was any better, any more peaceful, any happier, freer from trouble, when everyone had a religion than it is now. In some respects the reverse was the case. And at least wars between the religions no longer take place—except on paper.

THE ZODIAC IN MILTON

Cancer

Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm.

—*Paradise Lost: Book V*

DO YOU KNOW?—

That one religious belief which also permeates the entire structure of Theosophy is the Omnipresence of God?

* * * * *

That Omnipresence (presence in everything) means that there is no molecule of matter, physical or superphysical, no point in space where God —Spirit—is not?

* * * * *

That this means His Presence in the lofty, the lowly, the great, the small, the pleasant, the unpleasant, the good and the so-called evil?

* * * * *

That all religions subscribe theologically to the doctrine of the Omnipresence, but by no means do all religions conform their creeds and beliefs to this stupendous central Truth?

* * * * *

That if God is Omnipresent He must be present in every corner of Hell, if there is such a place, but one will search in vain for such recognition in most orthodox teaching?

* * * * *

That He must equally be in the "sinner" and in the "sin," but such a concept would probably be revolting to many people who declare that they believe in God's Omnipresence?

* * * * *

That He must also be in the "infidel," the unbeliever, the unbaptized, the unrepentant—even in the Devil and the Antichrist, if these personages exist?

* * * * *

That all sorts of quaint attempts and tortured concepts have been resorted to by theologians to "explain" these undeniable facts, but God is still in His Heaven—and everywhere else, if He be Omnipresent?

* * * * *

That if God be Omnipresent and Perfect as religions universally teach, there can be no such thing as evil as there is nowhere for it to function?

* * * * *

That while orthodoxy struggles vainly with this "problem," so utterly inconsistent with "Innate Depravity" and such, for Theosophy it constitutes no problem at all but is in perfect harmony with every occult teaching?

* * * * *

That this means what it seems to mean—no inherent evil in any circumstance, thing or person?

* * * * *

That while *seeming* evil does exist, and at our stage of unfolding godhood we have to take it into account, actually everything that happens is conducive to ultimate good ends and to our progress and perfection?

To the few readers who have written us expressing disapproval of our criticism of Russia:

"We calls 'em the way we sees 'em."

IT MAKES NO SENSE THAT—

In a world where nothing of value has ever been invented by man without prior thought, the world itself should have been produced without thought.

* * * * *

Man himself with his extraordinary reasoning power is the product of chance and no reasoning power entered into his creation or evolution.

* * * * *

Physical matter and energy (the same thing in different forms) can never be destroyed but the mind that uses them (man) is a temporary entity destroyed at death.

* * * * *

The brain is the mind. When it dies, mind dies, mind being a mere complex caused by brain action and not an entity or substance in itself.

* * * * *

Because different parts of the brain control different types of thought and various bodily reflexes, this proves that brain and mind are one—certain parts of the brain being injured or destroyed, the thinker cannot function.

* * * * *

Because the brain may be enfeebled with age or by disease and the thinking processes impaired, the brain and the thought must be one. With the brain gone there is nothing with which to think.

IT MAKES SENSE THAT—

Thought of the loftiest order is responsible for production of the world and its teeming physical phenomena, all orderly and responsive to intelligent natural laws.

* * * * *

An intelligence infinitely superior to the most intelligent human being must have been responsible for his existence.

* * * * *

Mind, being more important than matter which it employs for its purposes, cannot be less permanent than matter but, like matter or energy, must persist.

* * * * *

The brain is an instrument for mind and is no more mind than the musician is the instrument on which he plays.

* * * * *

This does not prove what is claimed any more than the fact that different notes on the piano express different sounds proves that if some of the wires are broken the musician can no longer play on another piano.

* * * * *

The brain, like a worn-out piano, may be discarded without affecting the real thinker—the soul—which has a substitute instrument (the astral body) and a second substitute (the mental body) in readiness.

HOW AND WHY WE DREAM

(Continued from Page 37)

to decipher, as, were he unable to do so, the ego would not attempt any communication. Such vivid dreams are also possible as the result of a deep crisis in the life of a near relative or one with whom the dreamer is in close attunement, as in a forewarning of death. In these cases the communication is on planes above the physical, therefore space has no power to separate the parties and the appearance of the "dying" person to the dreamer is not an uncommon experience, usually seen at the estimated time of death but possible soon before or after the separation from the dying body.

There are also dreams in which the sleeper receives some preview of events near at hand. These however are most probably too inaccurate to be of value because of imperfections in the human apparatus of perception at this evolutionary stage. This writer discussed that subject in the July, 1935 issue of ANCIENT WISDOM, presenting the experiences as astral plane previews of the coming day's problems, which were valueless for the reason given above. It is clear, however, that each human brain has within it, in potential and undeveloped state, a radio and television apparatus of perception which in rare instances can pick up fragmentary reception but will, in the fullness of evolutionary process, be used in constant visioning of affairs everywhere within the mental-plane field of this planet—ultimately, without doubt, everywhere within the solar system; and in communication with friends regardless of their nearness or otherwise. Time will be largely set aside for us or be so subject to manipulation that we shall look up or down its stream through this section or curtain which we refer to as "Now." Man will arrive one day at a state of perfection in which these foreshadowings of higher faculty will blossom forth and be in constant use, compared to which condition our present lives will be looked back upon as scarcely above that of savages, without beauty and without God's Light in our faces and with "the blind leading the blind."

(The End)

THERE SHOULD BE A MILLION THEOSOPHISTS

(Continued from Page 37)

sional man of considerable intelligence who believes wholeheartedly in reincarnation but emphatically insists that the Ego does not change his color. A "negro Ego" must remain negro throughout evolution. Were this the case an FEPC would obviously be needed for Egos.

Others shy at the idea of switching sex when nature decides the Ego has had enough lives as man or woman and needs variety. Still others, wit neat minds, are perfectly sure that w alternate—once man, once woman an so on. Even if the male (or female life covers only a few minutes, th sex *must* change next time in orde to carry out an unnecessary and mean ingless routine. There is also the astro loger who *will* have his Ego (and al others) born under each sign in turn —Aries, Taurus, Gemini, etc.—as they are placed in the zodiac. He would be hard put to it to explain why—i just seems like a nice, tidy idea.

Then there is the theorist who wil only accept *immediate* reincarnation —dead at 2 A.M., alive again at 2:0 A.M. or earlier. No rest for the poo old fellow who wearily breathed hi last, happy for the chance to res awhile. Nothing doing! Back they hus tle him a second or two later, squalling for his breakfast.

There are other weird fancies, either self-manufactured or picked up from some one else not adequately informed which if they were true would knock the props from under the entire magnificent structure of which reincarnation, properly understood, is the cornerstone. But this writer has found that those who hold them cling to them as tenaciously as any believer in theological salvation. Sometimes they become violently angry if the attempt is made to enlighten them as to the true facts. One man became so aggrieved by a series in ANCIENT WISDOM explaining the illogic of these odd and unwarranted beliefs that he wrote in cancelling his subscription. However, the commutation ticket furnished by nature for the many round trips to and from physical life is not subject to cancellation.

Whether these quaint misconceptions are a good or bad thing for the general acceptance of Theosophy is a moot point. After more than a quarter of a century the writer still has not made up his mind if newspaper astrology, weight ticket astrology, Five-and-Ten Cent Store astrology and the like are good or bad things for the real astrology. Certainly they make the public astrology minded—and certainly they pump it full of the most amazing fallacies as to what astrology really is. So informed astrologers with college degrees from leading universities have to submit to being classed in the public mind with illiterate fortune tellers, whose stock-in-trade is a scanty supply of astrological terms and jargon and who could not set up a correct horoscope, let alone interpret it, if offered a hundred dollar bill. Yet astrological classes conducted by Theosophical Lodges are largely drawn from those with a background of such misconceptions. And sometimes it takes as much effort by the instructor to eradicate these wrong ideas from the minds of the students as to implant the correct

nowledge.

Similarly with the incongruous fantasies associated in the public mind with reincarnation. They may not be altogether a handicap to the acceptance of the real thing. At least today most people have heard the word and have some sort of fuzzy notion of what it means. Even transmigration (into animal bodies), which was the almost inevitable association of the uninformed with the concept of multiple births, has to some extent been corrected due to the efforts of The Theosophical Society. It is, however, far from having disappeared.

Another difficulty is the tendency of the common man to ridicule whatever he hears for the first time—particularly if he doesn't understand it. This is partly due to an unconscious effort to cover up a lack of knowledge and there is seldom much real mirth in the laughter. Reincarnation is an easy thing to laugh at. Others, if equally uninformed, are sure to join in the laughter and a good time is had by all. But if there is one thing that should not trouble the Theosophist it is the derision of the crowd, which invariably begins by laughing at anything that is beyond its understanding and ends by eagerly accepting it. Christianity was laughed at when new, as was each of the firmly established Christian sects. None of our present commonplace inventions escaped its share of incredulity and scorn. Psychoanalysis, which now has an honored chair in the Universities, was first declared quack science and became the subject of much quacking merriment. No one even smiles at it today. Christian Science, in its early history, provoked giggles, titters and guffaws. A hilarious book by Mark Twain was almost regarded as spelling Finis to the movement. But Christian Scientists, with their magnificent debt-free churches, their two million members, and their respected publication "The Monitor," often quoted in the regular press, can hold their heads high. No one dares ridicule them publicly any more. Only the Theosophists, with their handful of members—less than 35,000 throughout the world, about 3500 in this country—are too scant in number to merit respectful treatment.

Is there a remedy for this situation—not for the ridicule, that does not matter and will disappear when our numbers are sufficiently impressive—but for the meager count of members of an organization which has as much to offer as ours?

There should be a million Theosophists at the very least, and there is not a twentieth of that number. Why is this—and whatever the fault, is it curable? It will be our attempt in this series to examine the situation, try to arrive at a cause or causes, endeavor if possible to suggest a remedy or remedies. We shall not knowingly repeat the reasons which have been assigned for the situation in the past, except by way of recapitulation. These reasons never seemed very impressive. They are largely rationalization and often fall into the unforgivable error of blaming the public for not coming in. To the writer, who has handled salesmen nearly all of his business life, this is no whit more sound than the excuse of the man who fails to make a sale and blames his prospective customer for his stupidity in not buying, which to a Sales Manager is rank heresy.

There is something lacking somewhere. We have the (spiritual) merchandise. It is a product superior to all others—and this is demonstrable. Yet we can't "sell" it in reasonable volume. Never mind who is to blame. The reason—that is what we want, the REASON, and what, if anything, we can do about it.

There should be a million Theosophists. Why—WHY—are there only thirty-five thousand?

(To Be Continued)

THOUGHTS ON THE MAHATMA LETTERS

(Continued from Page 37)

large were made to afford flitting glances to be completed by the student's own intuition." In this respect intuition and imagination are closely allied, one leading to the other.

The Secret Doctrine speaks of the two charges but never once states that a single individualized person carries both electric and magnetic forces, for such would neutralize each other, nullifying outer expression. It does teach of the separation of the sexes but carefully veils the exact details. These are merely implied. For this reason some students of the Secret Doctrine believe that the androgyne applies to the physical body of mankind at certain stages of evolution; whereas the Master ridicules this idea. On page 76 of the Letters his statement is: "Your 'Lord God,' says Bible, chapter I, verses 25 and 26—after having made *all* said: 'Let us make man in our image,' etc., and creates man an *androgyne ape!*" Evidently he is implying that the true androgyne subsists with the nature of complete man on the 7th and 6th levels of Being.

Further proof of this is found on page 121 wherein the Master requests the student to read Isis Unveiled pp. 13, last paragraph, and 14 first paragraph, and note the underlined lines about Plato. "Read attentively," he states, page 30 last line 'and now comes a mystery . . . and continue on to p. 304." The reader will find upon investigation that the references are of Adam-Kadmon, the Divine Man, created in the image and likeness of God, male and female. However, it is all abstruse and purposely veiled, for the Master himself thought it was premature to give the public more than they could possibly assimilate, and the fact that there could be in man two souls was purposely hidden. (See article in previous issue.)

Some persons object to the possibility of "two souls" springing from one Monadic essence for the reason they dislike the idea of expessing but one-half of a unit. This concept is erroneous however, for the Master clearly states that each triangle, or triad, (the individual soul) is a complete unit in itself. "Each triangle of the 'double triangle' is a complete Trinity because presenting a triple *aspect.*" We then come to the conclusion we are dealing with aspects of one unit. Turn it one way, we see one aspect or trinity; turn it the other way, and we behold the second aspect of the identical Unit—just as the force operating through a magnet is the same identical power at different poles of expression. It is the apparent separation of the "two in one" that brings about manifestation. Page 347, the Master states "otherwise the duality could never tarry as such, and would have to be reabsorbed into the ONE. The 'Deep' is Space—both male and female . . . But we have to stop, lest there should remain but little to tell for your own intuitions." The Master desires us to use our intuition in regard to the Mysteries and invites us to do this. As we persist in this respect, we shall surely come to right conclusions which will be borne out by his writings.

One must be cautious in revealing hidden truths for fear they will fall into the hands of persons who misunderstand them to such an extent that they, being young in understanding, will act in unwise manner. It is only by lifting the consciousness to the Higher Level that outer life will present a perfect reflection of the truth on the Inner Plane. There is only one way to bring about an equilibrium of the forces of the Monad within the sphere of one's individual life and that is by attuning oneself to the Higher Self and awaiting guidance. Outer effort will avail nothing, except that effort be toward the "getting of understanding."

On page 348 the Master states: "At all events Try. 'Nothing was ever lost by trying.' You share with all beginners the tendency to draw too absolutely strong inferences from partly caught hints, and to dogmatize thereupon as though the last word had been spoken. You will correct this in due time . . . our language must always be more or less that of parable and suggestion, when treading upon forbidden ground. But still—TRY."

Thus, we have been given a "go-ahead" signal from the Master, himself. In the light of the Mahatma Letters, the old Adam and Eve story takes on new meaning. The words of

INCOME SLOWS UP IN SUMMER— BUT... UNFORTUNATELY... NOT EXPENSES!

★ ★ ★ ★

In June, July, August, early September, people go away—the paper is not forwarded—expiration notices are therefore unheeded, as are the postcard notifications which follow. Contributions are meager. Subscriptions for others tend to dry up.

But the printer sends in his bill as usual the first of the month—and it is not a small one. Other expenses, inevitable in the production of the paper, keep right on. The hundred monthly free subscriptions are not interrupted, though the Fund deficit mounts even higher. And we hopefully scan each mail for the checks and money orders and bills needed to keep ANCIENT WISDOM's circulation flowing. But the checks and money orders during hot weather are scant, and the bills are mostly the kind we pay, not those we deposit.

So...

If we are not presumptuous in suggesting it, before you go away this year for your happy vacation, give a thought to your favorite publication. If your subscription will expire while you are out of town, renew it now. If you had contemplated taking one out for someone else, do so now. If you had purposed sending in a few dollars or dimes for the Free Subscription Fund, we can use them now—Brother or Sister, how we can use them!

Please pardon us for thus intruding into vacation plans but we—that is, ANCIENT WISDOM—have to live through the summer....have to serve those who set so much store by the enlightenment ANCIENT WISDOM presents.

We know, from long past experience, that our suggestions will not be in vain and so we say, with Shakespeare, "For this relief much thanks."

Jesus that "two become one" mean more to us. "That which God hath forever joined no man shall (nor can) put asunder," for the magnetic-electric powers of the Monad are inseparable.

We see the references to the dual processes in nature in the 23rd Psalm wherein it is stated, "Thy rod (masculine) and thy staff (feminine) shall comfort me." Other linkings of the powers are found in the words "goodness and mercy." Again, "One on my right and one on my left." He sent forth his disciples in groups of twos, and stated that "where two *or* three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them." Two is feminine, three masculine. Both are in the One.

As we meditate upon the Holy Trinity in the God-head, endeavoring to understand Its essence, nature and attributes, we shall find that this Trinity reflects into the being of man, and that we are reflections of his Being. Not reflections only but of the essence of Himself.

In accord with these truths lie the mysteries of solar complements as referred to in the Mahatma Letters; the interchange of consciousness between the individuals giving manifestation to the Monad. Surely the subject deserves consideration and investigation. Progress lies in the direction of union and not in separation.

(The End)

SAMSON AND DELILAH

(Continued from Page 39)

and Samson ever met.

In the Bible Delilah calls for a man to shave off Samson's locks, presumably a barber. In the picture she undertakes that chore herself, having first slipped a "mickey" into Samson's good-bye drink which she had persuaded him to take as he was leaving her—"One for the road." The Judges account is silent as to these somewhat modern goings-on.

The imposing looking Dagon of M De Mille—the Philistine god—bore resemblance to the traditional fish-g which Dagon is known to have bee The only fishy thing about him w the fire which, in the film, made cheerful blaze in his open abdome shaped like a grate. The produce seem to have confused Dagon wi Moloch, god of the Moabites, a diffe ent deity entirely and one who is sa to have had the flaming insides wi which Dagon has quite wrongly be endowed. The Philistines worshipp a fish—but not a fried fish.

We also did not care for the curio pronunciation of Philistine which son —not all—of the characters affecte They called it Phil-IS-teen, for whi we are unable to find Oxford dictio ary warrant. Why not Pal-ES-tee which is where the Philistines live The dictionary gives Philis-TINE Philis-TEEN.

But these and other miscues a trifles as compared with the very re dramatic and biblical interest of t picture, which we hope many of o readers will contrive to see. In d course we aim to interpret the Samso myth in our Occult Bible Series. It full of interest and instruction for t theosophical student, but as history has no more substance than all t other biblical legends—which is n much.

IT MAKES NO CENSUS

By Charles E. Luntz

Three billion folks "return to dust"
Each hundred years, about.
The records up in heaven must
Keep track of them, no doubt.
By now this index should contain
At least three trillion names—
Angelic file clerks, in the main,
Have little time for games.

And doubtless listed sin by sin
For anyone to view,
All catalogued and published in
The "Heavenly Who's Who,"
Are heresies and wrong belief,
And lapse in church attendance,
And over which poor souls, in brief,
The Devil has ascendance.

It certainly is food for thought
If this perpetual census
Of deeds that we in one life wrought
Shall everlasting fence us.
Who's not marked "SAVED" on th
dread list
Eternally must rue it.
But, pardon us if we insist,
That's not the way they do it.

Men's deeds in every single life,
Upon a permanent atom,
Are etched since Adam (and his wife)
Long ages since "begat" 'em.
Our record's carried in our hearts—
That tale of right and wrong—
And when the soul from here departs
The atom goes along.