

TO MY BODY.

You do not possess me, Oh body mine,
 But are possessed by me,
 These things you fondly call your eyes
 I made that I might see
 The things I must see, in an earthly way—
 The earthly doings of this day—
 They are my servants; I master them,
 And when they no longer see,
 'Tis because I am weary of earthly sights,
 And rest in eternity.

And what you consider your hands and feet,
 They are my servants too;
 I made them to do my earthly work;
 They do not belong to you.
 And if they grow useless, if they are still,
 It is because such is my will.

And what you boast of as your thoughts—
 This thing you call your brain—
 I fashioned it for my own use.
 Chaos in it would reign,
 If my care from it I withdrew;
 And it must do as I bid it do.

When your mission, my body, shall be o'er,
 To dust you will return;
 And I will leave you to your fate;
 And when I come back to learn
 The lessons that this life does not teach,
 To climb the heights that I must reach,
 Another body my will shall rear;
 And wiser that body I'll build
 For I'll be nearer my Father's face,
 And more with his Wisdom filled.

So cease your rebellion, Oh, body mine,
 For you are possessed by me,
 And all you can ever hope to do,
 And all you can hope to be,
 Is to help me a step on my homeward way,
 To be a short hour of my earthly day.

M. G. T. STEINFEL.
In the Universal Republic.

FIVE MINUTES ON THE WHEEL OF LIFE.

The antiquarians of a million years hence may refer to ours as an age of wheels. By wheels we live and move and have our being. By the application, in one form or another, of the principle of the endless line, our modern civilization, with its development in science and in agricultural and mechanical industry, has become possible. Remove the wheel from the nineteenth century, and in a few years humanity would be reduced to naked savagery. We may repeat with the learned divines of 1611 A.D. who accomplished the alchemical feat of the transmutation of gold into baser metals: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O Wheel!"

In every age the wheel has been taken, in the form most familiar to the people, as a symbol of the unutterable things of the Universe. The swastica (by which

fire was generated), the chakra or discus, the wheel-shaped shield, the chariot-wheel, the wheel at the fountain or well, the potter's wheel—all these and other forms have been used to represent the zodiac. In our day scarcely anything is more familiar than the bicycle wheel. Let us see if there is any occultism to be found in it.

Those riders of the passing generation who used to move between earth and heaven at the altitude of an "ordinary," as they are now termed, may be better able to realize from those lofty memories what is here set down than those who are content with reduced diameters. However, most riders have had the satisfaction of hearing their spokes humming beneath them, and if they have not, by rotating a bicycle wheel very fast by hand it will be found easy to produce a musical note, or, at least, a well-defined hum. This is caused by the vibration, as it is called, of the air agitated by the fast and regularly moving spokes. One of the features of wheel motion, when undisturbed, is regularity. If the rotation of the wheel is increased the pitch of the note sounded by the spokes may be perceptibly increased, and it is theoretically possible to cover a considerable musical range in this way.

A little thought about this will make it obvious that the spokes are moving faster at the tire than at the hub. A little more thought makes it clear that any point nearer the tire is going faster than any other point nearer the hub. We will see, therefore, that to get a clear musical note we should only hear the vibrations produced at one point in the length of the spoke. And also, that according to the length of the spoke and the rate at which the wheel is rotated we should find those vibrations arranged along the spoke in a regular order, which would give us octaves of notes, tones, semi-tones, and all the phenomena of a musical scale. In fact the wheel is governed in all its parts by the septenary law of which we have said so much, and the value of π , the ratio of the diameter to the circumference, 3.1415 , seems intended to give us a clue to the point of the spoke at which we may find ourselves.