



RAYS from the ROSE CROSS

Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel



Vol. 11

OCEANSIDE, CALIF., MARCH, 1920

No. 11

General



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A Department devoted to articles on Occultism, Mystic Masonry, Esoteric Christianity and similar Spiritual Subjects.

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Subscription in the U. S. and Canada, \$1.50 a year. Singles copies 15c. Back numbers 20c. England, 6s 3d a year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us before the 10th of the month preceding issue, or we cannot be responsible for loss of magazine. Be sure to give *OLD* as well as *NEW* address.

Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912.

Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California

Printed by the Fellowship Press

The Mystic Light.

The Poet's Vision

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on Earth."

WHEN the rude waste that war has wrought shall end,
And warlike nations tread the paths of Peace,

When flaming swords shall into plowshares blend,

And all the pomp and power of kings shall cease,

Then will the Golden Era Dawn
That seers have seen, and dreamers drawn.

When the black hate that stirs the blood of man
Shall be cast out, and ev'ry wrong made right,

When Love shall guide and glorify each plan,
The hosts of darkness scattered by its light,
Then will the sons of men be glad,
And Brotherhood on earth be had.

When the base passions of the mind are curb'd,
And Justice holds the scales with even hand,
With liberty of thought and speech preserv'd,
And Freedom reigns secure in ev'ry land,
Then will the powers of Evil fail,
And Right, not Might, o'er all prevail.

When the hard heart of man shall softened be,
And purg'd of grasping greed forever more;
When squalor, want and hopeless misery
No longer haunt the homes of helpless poor,
Then will the children's happy notes
Be echoed from a million throats.

When falsehood and deceit shall be unknown,
And honesty become the test of worth;
When spoilers of the weak are overthrown,
And righteousness exalt the sons of earth,
Then will the chords of Love vibrate
To harmonize discord and hate.

When prejudice and fear shall be removed,
And narrowness of vision opened wide;
When all the peaceful arts of trade have prov'd
That War is futile, foolish fratricide,
Then will we dwell in Paradise,
And all Life's fullness realize.

When the dark drapery of doubts and fears
Shall lifted be, and we with joy behold
The Temple of the Soul builded thro' tears,
And all the tawdry tinsel turned to gold,
Then will our hearts in Wisdom prove
The length and breadth and depth of
LOVE.

The Dangers of the Ouija Board

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

NEVER in the history of the world has there been a greater interest in the welfare of the coming generation, our children, than today. Associations of all kinds are forming to study the child, its development and its future. The churches, clubs, lodges, all are taking up this subject with great interest. The courts are setting aside certain judges who make the life of the wayward boy and girl their special care. Laws are being passed to protect

these weaker ones, and the courts help to lead them into better and purer lives. Everywhere the child is now receiving attention and being guided so that our future generation may be a better and a stronger one. Where is there a field that is more interesting or that will bring greater returns?

John Poole, the National President of the Rotary Club, in his yearly message to the clubs, urges the committee of the Boys' Betterment

campaign to greater activity. He says, "The boys of today will be the men of tomorrow and the great affairs of life will be theirs. What a wonderful force we are dealing with, the greatest in all the world. We must meet the healthy, normal boy, and also the physically infirm. The one needs guidance and the other needs relief; both call for the kindly companionship and counsel of older men."

Just as Mr. Poole says, our boys of today will be the men of tomorrow, but what of our girls? Here is a still greater responsibility which we must face. Our girls of today will be the mothers of tomorrow, mothers who will be responsible for bringing into the world those who will be our men of the future and who will also have to be trained by these mothers. It is a good work to look after our boys, so that they will make better citizens, husbands, and fathers; but our beautiful little flower, the dear, dainty little girl who is such a sensitive little fairy, is she not of the greater importance if she is to be the gateway for the coming race? Does not the future of the entire race depend upon our prospective mothers? Should not the girl also have great care? Upon her mental, moral, and physical condition the welfare of the world must depend, and anything that is a danger to the future of this most wonderful human flower must be removed. And, dear reader, there is a most dangerous foe to our boys and girls alike found among our toys. It is found in almost every toy department in the United States. It has become more popular with the boys and girls of today than the doll or the toy engine. The writer visited a leading department store in one of our cities recently, and in the first department which she entered, and one of the most prominent on the entire floor, were three glaring signs with bold black letters: "*Mystic Writing Tables, Ouija Boards, Planchettes.*" And across the top of an entire length of shelves there was another sign: "*Great Entertainment For the Children—Give them a gift that will interest them and at the same time entertain their friends.*" Long shelves in tiers reaching from the floor to the ceiling were filled with this attractive and yet most dangerous of games. We would ask the reader of this article to visit the toy stores in his own city and see for him-

self the shelves filled with these attractive mystery boards.

A few years ago these so-called playthings were only found in possession of the mediums and the Hindu fakirs. They were feared by the general public as something too mysterious to be meddled with. Gradually a few, more bold, attempted to solve the mystery of the Ouija Board and the latter became a fad. Society adopted this game and it became very popular, but only among adults; the innocent, impressionable child was safe. But these past few years it has become fashionable for mediums to permit their hands to be used to write messages which are supposed to come from the spirit worlds; these are printed in books and advertised widely, and everybody is striving eagerly to know something of life after death; all this has brought the Planchette into common use and made it very popular. Manufacturers are taking advantage of this and have made them by the thousands. Had these writing boards been reserved for the grown-ups who are more able to combat the dangerous invisible forces that are attracted by their use, it would not have been so bad; but the dealer saw a larger field for his wares by placing them in the toy department and attracting the impressionable little children. A child is much more sensitive to psychic influences than an older person, who by years of struggle with life's battles has become more material, or hardened. Up to the seventh year of the child, the chief activity going on is the development of the sense organs. These take definite forms which give them their basic tendencies for the future, and all growth thereafter follows these definite lines formed during the first seven years while the vital body is developing. There is no creature under heaven so impressionable as a little child. It imitates those around it, and their lives impress an influence upon the sensitive little one and its future. Therefore the children should be given playthings that educate and develop the brain so that they may develop into bright men or women. In the second epoch from the seventh to the fourteenth year, the child learns to use the sense organs which have been developed in the first epoch or the first seven years; not yet being able to reason for itself, it is

easily influenced by its guardians. It grasps eagerly at anything that will amuse it, and these interesting little tables that move and write when the hands are laid on them are most fascinating. Little do the parents realize what a great danger lies in these innocent-looking tables. How many adults have cursed these instruments, who through their curiosity and eagerness to develop psychic powers have become physical wrecks, having attracted to themselves obsessing entities that are making their lives unbearable. Some are found in our insane asylums.

Many children born between the years of 1901 and 1914, while the mystical planet Neptune was passing through the impressionable sign of Cancer, are sensitives and can readily develop clairvoyantly. In fact, they will be greatly attracted to anything mystical and will be able to operate the Ouija Board. But little do parents realize that this very sensitiveness is a danger to the child; often psychic development will attract an unusual malady, and specially will it

frequently develop infantile paralysis, nervousness, or hysteria, also causing a weakening of the eyesight.

Most cities have passed a law prohibiting professional mediums from practicing. There are some cities that make them pay a very heavy license fee, and in some they are heavily fined if they give a clairvoyant reading. The law is endeavoring to control this dangerous practice, while it is permitting developing circles in the homes, club rooms, and private parlors. The planchette has become one of the most popular pastimes, and poor, unsuspecting humanity does not sense the danger.

What will be the effect of this pernicious practice? It will be to shatter the nervous system of the children who use it. Is it not time that our club women, our Rotary Clubs, juvenile courts, and our mothers' clubs, and all who have the welfare of children at heart, to give this subject earnest thought? Are we going to remain asleep until it is too late and the damage has been done?

With All Your Might

LIZZIE GRAHAM

ANY devoted Christians, through the inadequacy of the orthodox Church to supply what their soul is craving, leave its sheltering care and are for a time uncertain where to turn. They try one cult after another but find in them so little of Christ that there is danger of their becoming atheists and agnostics. When, after many wanderings, they encounter the Western Wisdom Teachings as given in the Rosierucian Cosmo-Conception, they find the teachings of the Bible holding a definite place. Chapters headed "Back to the Bible," "Occult Analysis of Genesis," "Christ and His Mission," give them more confidence in the genuineness of the doctrine, and the ceaseless teaching of selfless service appeals to their souls. Later they read in the Temple Service, "The Bible has been given to the Western World by the Recording Angels, who give to each and all exactly what they need for their development. They are above mistakes, and if we seek light we shall find it there." This cements their confidence in these teachings.

We all agree that the Bible should be our guide book, and from it we learn in many places that service is the "open Sesame" to spiritual knowledge. Many times the Christ reiterated this truth during His life on earth, both by word and action—perhaps most particularly in His saying "He who would be the greatest among you let him be the servant of all." Though loving Jesus, who was born in a manger in Bethlehem, and who gave up his physical and vital bodies to be used by the Christ, not many know that he had been in his former life the man renowned for the greatest wisdom, namely, Solomon. The wisdom of Solomon was recognized all over the then known world. And it is not strange that it should have been so, for when the Lord wished to give him his heart's desire he asked for wisdom only.

With this knowledge we may feel safe in following the teaching of Solomon as given in Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, feeling that it is in accord with that of the Christ. In the latter book, Chap. 9, v. 10, he gives some sound every-

day advice: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Max Heindel often wrote that it was not the idle musings of dreamers that would weave the Golden Wedding Garment, but actual practical work. Solomon did not say whatsoever you dream about doing or plan to do, or what your eye sees to do, or your brain suggests, but he said, "what your hand findeth." The work that your hand findeth must of necessity be very near to you. You do not travel to foreign countries of earth or heaven to find it. The world is suffering for willing servers who will use their hands just where they are. Use them in whatever kind of work lies nearest, use them willingly and cheerfully, doing every act as God's work, a special privilege. Oh, the thousands of little acts that are waiting for the willing hand, the opportunities that we are slighting which might be cultivated and brought as our offering of "Shewbread" to the Temple! Let us rub our eyes and awake out of this sleep of lethargy. Let us stretch out our eager hands, and duties and privileges will come to us that will truly take all our *might* to perform. It cannot be that we are afraid of doing the little, menial things—rather should we be afraid of neglecting them. This is the Path our Master Christ has trod, and this is the *true teaching* of the Elder Brothers which is given to all who desire spiritual advancement. It is so clear and so simple that many may miss it—seeking something marvelous and phenomenal. Loving service is the beginning and the end of the Path.

Christ draws for us a wonderful picture of doing the work near at hand, and its final reward. In Matt. 25, v. 34, speaking of the day of reckoning, He says, "Then shall the King say unto them, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in," etc. And they shall say: "Lord, when saw we ye hungered or thirsty?" And the King shall answer, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Who are the "brethren" of Christ? If He

is acknowledged as our Elder Brother, and if animals, plants, and minerals are our younger brothers through the life ensouling them, then it stands to reason that they are all "brethren" of Christ. What are we doing for them? We know that our human brothers are our special care, but are we doing all our "hand findeth to do" in helping the other life waves to evolve? Take our speechless brethren—the horse may be asking for water, the dog looking to you imploringly for a meal, or the birds calling at your window for crumbs when the grass is covered with snow.

Make a mental picture of the suffering younger brothers of the Christ, those for whom He gave, and is yearly giving His life, for Christ is the Life Spirit which permeates all creation. The beautiful vine is drooping and needing water—the small plants are dying for want of cultivation—the little seedlings are choked and suffering because of the great weeds. Every stream of life from Man downwards needs our help—our mighty efforts with our hands. Shall we allow these to suffer for whom Christ gives of His life, and thus receive that dreadful condemnation, "Depart from me, ye cursed." We are under the curse of selfishness, and we must hasten to free ourselves from it lest the Lord of the Harvest come and find our hands idle and the work undone.

MY BOOK

A fragile fern with tender fronds uncurled,
A primrose tuft with petals dew-impearled,
Blue violets thick amidst the woods' green
gloom,

The apple branches breaking into bloom.

The greening hills, the blue and smiling sky,
The river laughing as it hurries by,
The merle and linnet and the wayward thrush,
That fill with silver song the twilight hush.

Contented here, expectantly I wait,
And stand all day at Summer's golden gate,
Or quietly I read my wondrous book,
In every vale, in every woodland nook.

And you who cannot read this book of mine,
These lessons written by the hand divine,
To you I'd show His word in every sod,
And teach your hearts to worship Nature's God.

—Elizabeth Alexander Twigg

Out of the Unseen

A Mystic Sequence Under the Sacred Number 9

V. V. McCOLLUM FRISBEE

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(Continued from February)

IV.

THE UNSEEN MUSICIAN

IT WAS on a bitterly cold, mid-winter Sunday morning in Minnesota, in the year 1900-1901, when that which I am about to relate occurred. Within doors all was securely barricaded from the intense cold reigning without; storm windows and storm doors were tightly in place, dulling all outer sounds; the big coal feeders were burning strongly; the house was very quiet, everyone still sleeping, when I arose and, going over to the book case, took down a volume of Prentice Mulford's essays, with which I returned to my couch.

Turning to his essay on "Aspiration," I began interestedly to read. I had not proceeded very far, however, when a soft, pleasant drowsiness stole over me; my head sank on the pillow and I lay in a state which may be described as the subjective borderland between the sleeping and waking consciousness of the soul,—conscious but not *self* conscious—the objective, questioning, reasoning faculties stilled, held as in a spell, wherein the super-consciousness wakes and the extraordinary becomes as an everyday, accepted commonplace to the spirit within.

Then, as thus I lay, as out of a dream I heard a violin sing on the silence. Increasing in fullness, dynamic strength and beauty, alternately lulling and half-rousing me out of the magnetic spell that bound my charmed spirit, a very wizard, the unseen player wielded his magic bow while the music eddied, circling far and near, seemingly coming from all directions in turn, and I, idly listening, eyes closed, wondered who it was playing so exquisitely *outdoors!*

At last in receding, exquisite strains like some vanishing, heavenly nocturne, slowly the music died away. With a sudden start I came to my full waking senses and the realization that these were no mere earthly harmonies that had but just filled my room. Upon the heels of this realization came the lightning desire to see *who*

was the master player that had held me enthralled, entranced, the while he played as never before had I heard either mortal or spirit play.

I sprang up in bed, my eyes opened wide, hoping to glimpse the unknown before he disappeared from sight, for not for one instant did I then identify him with any earthly being. And what I sought, I saw!

Slowly stepping backward as though retiring from some concert platform, tall, dark and slender, waving, long hair in rough disorder, from out the chiseled fineness of his worn countenance the artist's eyes, large, dark and tragic met mine in one long, fixed look before my superphysical consciousness was again swallowed up in the functioning of my objective physical senses.

And so it was that out of that wondrous, invisible brotherhood of music came one from the Unseen to comfort a sister spirit still on the earth plane, to whom music was all of life and whose dream of a career therein had been shattered by untoward circumstances; a brother artist who, by the trained force of his will, in deep sympathy opened the gates between this world and that, and with marvelous technique and beauty of interpretation invoked Music's very soul to breathe happiness and consolation—to discourse divinely in the soul's own native tongue of the hidden mysteries, the unfathomed joy and wonder of those celestial spheres, unknown to Earth, to which the soul of man, evolving to a god, shall yet be heir!

V.

A VOICE FROM OUT OF THE UNSEEN

One intensely humid, hot night in the summer of 1908, I found myself suffering with a severe sick headache induced by the heat. Feeling that I could endure it no longer, at two o'clock in the morning I went to the medicine shelf and took down what I supposed to be three-grain headache tablets since they were in the box marked "Migrain, 3 gr."

As I took one out, however, I noticed that it seemed a trifle smaller and of a slightly different shade of white. Hesitating strangely, I stood debating whether to take one or more of the tablets. I wondered whether we had any one-grain tablets in the house. If these *were* one-grain doses, then I should need to take at least three of them to be of any use with such a headache as I "enjoyed;" *but*, on the other hand, were they three-grain tablets as marked on the box, three of them would be a dangerous overdose. I finally decided to take *one at a time*, having a peculiar feeling that in so doing, after the first tablet I would know better how many I cared to take.

Once again, glass of water in hand, I stood staring at the tablets. I did not like the difference in color, slight as it was. Finally deciding that I was notional, since, as far as I knew, there were no other tablets on the medicine shelf of similar character, I put one in my mouth. Hardly had it reached the back of my throat, but too late for me to prevent its going down, when I knew I had taken poison—but *what*, I did not know! At the same instant a voice suddenly rang through and through my brain.

"Corrosive sublimate!" it cried.

I rushed to my mother's room, unceremoniously arousing her, and asked her if she knew the nature of the tablets, one of which I had just taken for a headache. She did not, further than that they were a deadly poison, prescribed for external use only by a specialist for one of the family at one time in a case of acute skin trouble.

Judging from the effect left by the tablet upon my mouth as well as from the words which I heard as the tablet went down my throat, I began with milk as an antidote, but before I had taken three glasses the poison began to get in its deadly work and my mother took charge.

Several hours later, when all immediate danger was over, the same voice spoke again: "Well, V——, you narrowly escaped *that* time!"

Afterwards, my sister questioned the specialist as to the nature of the poison I had taken. He told her they were one-grain *corrosive sublimate* tablets. This information was supple-

mented by another physician later who remarked that "the dose was enough to kill a horse, or ten or twenty men!"

As for myself, having never seen the tablets before, and knowing nothing of the form in which the specialist's prescription had been prepared, I did not even dream that there were any such tablets in the house. Consequently, it is very evident that from beginning to end there was something entirely out of the usual in my peculiar hesitancy and in the voice which I first heard at the moment of poisoning, apprising me of what the poison was!

VI.

A DECLARATION OF IMMORTALITY

One morning on awakening, somewhat reluctant to rise, I closed my eyes again and lay resting for several minutes. Suddenly, without warning, I floated swiftly upward from my body and passed through the ceiling and roof of the apartment building in which we lived, as through a coarse cloud of dust.

Rushing outward, headlong from the earth, I plunged through the dense darkness of space where only my own form seemed to give light, drawn with breathless, lightning speed straight toward the magnetic bulk of our own mighty Sun.

As the vast orb, burning with flameless, still splendor, momentarily increased in grandeur and magnitude before my approaching spirit, speeding towards it like a moth into the flame, while all around the stars seemed falling in a torrential, celestial rain, and the universe to have lost its fixity of foundation, over my soul a wondering awe swept that so infinitesimally slight a creature as man should be deemed of such godlike superiority to this dazzling leviathan of space, and a doubt, a question, assailed me whether, indeed, man were the immortal he proclaimed himself.

"Like a moth into the flame!" Even so!

As this thought swept over me a recollection of the teachings given me in my student days concerning the nature of the sun occurred to me, and suddenly fear took possession of me. What would happen to me when I swept into the light of that great orb? Would I, even my super-physical body, be proof against that in

(Continued on page 423)

A Mystics' Conception of Prayer

A ROSICRUCIAN STUDENT

OUR Heavenly Father, I am very thankful to Thee for the inspiration that others might be interested in my experiences relative to prayer. Strange, that after two thousand years of the Christian religion there should be any doubt upon such a topic, particularly in view of the time elapsed since the eloquent prayer-psalms were written. At the end of two years, Father, Thy son has definite conclusions and does have positive evidence of the power of prayer. Thou hast given me much evidence of Thy answers. I have seen daily Thy grace abiding with those for whom prayer was offered. Yes Father, prayers are heard and answered at all hours, in all places, and from every conceivable position.

Our Mediators ought not to be overlooked when prayer is considered. It is not generally known that humanity is now dependent entirely upon our Elder Brothers as mediators between God and us, the Elder Brothers being those members of the human family who by their perseverance in good works have forged far ahead. For example, our Lord Jesus by the noble sacrifice of giving up his bodies to the Christ Spirit, made a great stride forward in evolution. He is an Elder Brother, as he belongs to the human family. We have the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order, the Chief of whom was (raised) initiated by Christ Jesus. He was then known as Lazarus, now as Christian Rosenkreuz.

This noble vanguard of the human race Thou hast designated and empowered as the mediators between Thee and Thy children, mankind. They act, as to prayer, in the nature of censors—keepers of the outer and inner doors. In large families the elder brothers and sisters are given certain limited charge over the younger members of the family. So it must be with the Elder Brothers who act as mediators between Thee and humanity.

The Christ has been appointed to wonderful power by Thee, namely, to be Regent of the Sun and Earth. We must not only keep Him in mind as our Lord and Saviour while offering our prayers to Thee; we must endeavor by ev-

ery means to become like Him, as we necessarily have to be like Him when He comes again, for we are to "meet Him in the air."

I thank Thee, Father, for the inspiration, the strength, the love, that come to me while addressing Thee; for the comfort and protection I receive when in trouble. Thy answer is always so quick and complete! I can scarcely comprehend the perfection of Thy merciful kindness toward weakness, nor the love and strength which Thou givest to a courageous helper of others. That is why I always leave the answer to prayer to Thy will and pleasure; not my will, not my judgment, but Thine be done.

Even in thanksgiving and praise, Thou knowest I much prefer to have thy permission; our thanks and praise to Thee ought to be offered at the most opportune time. 'Tis true that much depends upon ourselves, hence I prefer a day and hour ruled by the Sun or Venus, although we may not defer some petitions to Thee, as in case of distress or great danger. Relative to this I cannot conceive of any condition which Thou wouldst hesitate to relieve. As a needle to the pole, so would I come to Thee, and help, prompt and certain, would be Thy answer, love indescribable, wisdom without a flaw.

The greatest difficulty with reference to prayer is to learn how to pray. To get into real communication with Thee is not an easy matter; to establish such relations with Thee that all opposition from place, time or circumstance may fade away. To reach this condition all must have been surrendered, and the clean life fairly established, that not being merely in a stage of experiment. I must have done and must be doing my best for humanity with Thy help. Father, my whole time with all I have or hope to have or to be for all eternity is Thine, and I do humbly beg and pray that such as I am I may be acceptable in Thy sight, and that I may do as it is Thy pleasure to direct. To please Thee shall be my greatest hope. Help and strengthen me in this my sole ambition in the interest of our Lord Christ

Jesus. I petition Thee for this favor in His precious name through our mediators, the Elder Brothers of humanity, especially the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order.

I have made no reservations heretofore, I make none for the future. Humanity is my family, the world is my country, and Heaven is my home. My sole support and sustenance is Thy love. Grant me this, Father, in Thy wisdom, according to Thy pleasure.

A child in the arms of its earthly mother is not more dependent upon its parent than we are upon Thee, Father. We begin to learn wisdom when we realize this. When we leave the world for Thee, we are sorely tried and tested, yet the way of escape has already been prepared by Thee. From the time when Thou didst intone that faint and beautiful strain which gave me independent being within Thee, Thou hast cared for me in such a manner that I am beginning to stand alone in Thy presence, to thank Thee for myself, and with Thy help, Father, I will become worthy of all Thy care.

As a first consideration in prayer, Thou knowest I would begin to cast about to see who in all my acquaintance needed Thy blessings the most. Thy blessings may be pleaded for on behalf of a whole community in some particular or in a general way.

To begin prayer, read an appropriate psalm. Then there is the matter of selecting the time for prayer. The Sun hour on Sunday is par excellence, the Venus hour following is good. I would liken the time and place of prayer to the selection of a clear day to see some object at a long distance. For a good long talk over the telephone one would select an hour early in the morning or late in the evening while business was quiet; also he would see to the batteries and ascertain that the line was in order. Similarly as Thou knowest, Father, those who reflect even a wee portion of Thy great love will struggle fiercely and stake their all on keeping the line to Thee open and in good repair.

Thou knowest, Father, the direction I face in the morning, at noon and at eve. Thou wouldst not have me face Thy foot-stool (the Earth). When speaking to an earthly father we naturally look in the direction of the center

of power, of authority, the head. So does that center respond more quickly.

Thou knowest, and all Thy children ought to know, that we think and act more clearly in a standing position, the next best is sitting or kneeling, while lying down we have least mental control. This is why I stand while addressing Thee.

The best results from prayer, personally, I believe have come from my solicitations with reference to those who had injured me and those whom I had wronged in word or deed. By such prayer we place ourselves in the best condition to meet our so-called enemies, and we feel well assured that if such prayer has been offered under such conditions that we expect an answer, the reconciliation is practically effected. As a result our one-time enemy will often sense and know our true attitude towards him. Our Lord and Saviour is the Prince of Peace so He becomes an advocate for our forgiveness. Our Father stamps the act with His approval. Forgiveness may then be obtained upon the making of due reparation.

It must be understood that I am writing only for the benefit of those who have surrendered their worldly affairs and have no further ambition in matters of the world. We cannot think alone of Thee if we have idols attracting our attention. As much as I love my parents, their voice and claims upon me must mingle with those of all my parents and relatives of other earth lives. We have but the one real parent, our Heavenly Father. We should meditate upon His wonderful care throughout our past evolution and upon all His wise provisions for our future. He is all the Parent we need.

Prayer, Father, Thou knowest, is so delicate, so interwoven with our very being, that it becomes almost as individualistic as our Key-note. Thou hast a prayer for the Hottentot, one for the Caucasian, and one for the Indian. Thou knowest all our prayers. To write upon the subject of prayer seems tainted with breach of good faith, and yet I have consulted Thee carefully for Thy help and consent and have concluded that this hesitancy all comes from inability to express Thee as fully and as beautifully as so supreme a subject should command.

The Lonely Child

ELLA VAN GILDER

THAR back in the Smoky Mountains the ever moving wave of civilization has left a few stragglers among the caves or pockets there to be found.

These people, isolated from the world and in a great measure from one another, live in communities or clans, much as their Scotch and Irish ancestors did, but all that is left them from their pioneer forefathers is an unquenchable pride; pride so great that in their pitiful poverty they resent assistance, and in their dense ignorance they scorn enlightenment. And in one of these caves and one of these homes lived the Lonely Child.

He never remembered the beginning of things for him. To him it seemed as if always he had crouched in the stone fire-place during the tedious winter months, and in the spring he had dragged his crippled limbs out into the sunshine where he stayed until the sharp frosts of fall drove him inside again.

Always he had had his pone of corn bread and weak coffee, with sometimes a chunk of bacon or some molasses.

Winter was a nightmare to the Lonely Child when for weary months he was forced to remain in the dreary little hut whose one room and a small lean-to served as the dwelling place of his parents, an old grandfather, and many brothers and sisters. They were kind to him in their undemonstrative, unsympathetic way, but to them and all others he was just a cripple who could not share in their work, therefore more or less a burden, and so he became a Lonely Child.

But in the spring the miracle always happened; the gorges were filled with rhododendrons and laurel, and on the mountain sides the white stars of the dog-wood vied in whiteness with the lingering patches of snow. And there were his wonderful mountains with their many shades of green, from the softest yellow to the deep dark tone of the hemlock, and beyond his green mountains were the dark purple mountains, and beyond them the blue and then the misty blue.

He never tired of watching his mountains;

they were his play-fellows. The great sun came up over the top of one and in the evening dropped quickly behind the other. He loved to watch the clouds floating over their tops; sometimes they drifted down on the mountainsides, sometimes they covered them entirely with a soft gray mist. On hot summer days huge lumbering clouds cast dark shadows on the mountains, making black, sprawling ink-spots against the lighter green. . . .

The all-absorbing thought in his little mind was to know what was on the other side, but the only answer he received when he asked his brothers and sisters who went over the mountains to pick berries was that there were "just mountains." So the great unanswered question filled his soul with longings until the one desire of his life was to reach the mountain tops.

Once in despair at being left behind he crawled as far as the river, a narrow mountain stream, but to him as impassable as the ocean, and in acute, unuttered misery he realized that he never, never could reach the top.

But as he was lying there he became aware that the river was talking to him; he listened, and listened again; yes, surely it was trying to tell him something; farther up the stream a miniature waterfall was waving white foamy hands to him and calling out, but try as he would he could not understand.

Every day after that he went to the river and listened, hoping to find out what it was saying, and as he lay there day after day a sense of belonging there came over him. The great rock under him seemed a part of him. He felt a kinship with the little fishes that played about the rock, and with the birds as they came flirting and twittering down to drink, and with the chattering squirrels and the buzzing insects; and above them the great mountain seemed to be caring for them all.

One day on his return from the river he observed much excitement in the cabin, and by listening he discovered that a teacher had come to the cove and was going to open a school and teach them to sew and weave baskets and rugs and many other things and wanted them all to

go. All? But that did not include him! The next day in spite of much demurring on the part of the parents, the children went off, returning at night with marvelous tales of the wonderful teacher, the charm of her manner, and her beautiful clothes.

Poor Lonely Child! All these were fairy tales to him; he never expected to share such joy. And yet one afternoon he saw someone coming to the cabin who could be none other than the Wonderful Teacher, and his little heart well nigh burst with happiness as she took his hand and talked to him in her wonderful way. Never a word did he say, but she understood, she knew by his dog-like eyes what it meant to his starved soul, and she promised to come again very, very often.

Then followed such glorious days, and by and by he found courage to tell her about the river, and she also knew what it was saying.

It came from a tiny source and ever flowed on toward its goal—the sea; turning the mills as it went along; watering the land as it went by; over obstacles or around them, but ever onward, and forward toward the mighty sea; and the song it sang as it flowed along was that life is ever onward, never stopping, ever toward heaven, the goal of men. And she told him he *did* belong to the rocks and the birds and the squirrels, that they were his younger brothers, all struggling onward in their spiral of life, and that he was just as much a part of the great universe as the highest mountains were. And she told him the mountains were blue because blue was the color of the Father's love, and the mountains were reflecting God's color so that all might know of His love.

And then one day he whispered in her ear the one great desire of his life, and after she had thought a while the Wonderful Teacher told him that she could not take him to the mountain tops but that there was a high hill not far from the cabin from which he could see the valley below.

So the eventful day arrived; the Wonderful Teacher planned a wonderful chair and a picnic, and he was to ride in the chair and the children from all around were to take turns carrying him up the hill. He had to hold tight to the Teacher's hand, for he was so excited and so

afraid he might fall. When at last they reached the top and he saw the marvelous panorama below them, all he could do was to hide his face in the Teacher's arms. After she had sent the others away, they sat all the afternoon with her arm around him and he looked and looked at the towering mountains which surrounded them, at the winding river that looked like a silver thread, and at the broad patches of pasture dotted with cattle, the corn fields and the farm houses.

That night as he lay wide-eyed throughout the hours of darkness, there came to him a full realization and consciousness of what it all meant, and he knew that the goal of life is only reached through suffering and service.

When winter came they laid the crippled little body of the Lonely Child under the snow at the foot of his beloved mountains, for his soul had learned the great lesson for which it had come to earth.

O'ER THE HILLS OF DAWN

O'er the Hills of Dawn the Light breaks, soft,
yet sheen,

And down from Realms Celestial, gods descend

Anon! Arise, ye Sons of Man! Lo! e'en

Now, darkling Hosts of Night retreat! The end

Of Error's reign draws nigh,—afar are seen,

Yea, near, the mighty angel foes who rend
The armies of the evil-lost unclean!

They break their serried ranks this way,—
that! Bend,

Aye, snapping fall! Like trees storm-tossed,
careen

Before those souls majestic who befriend
The helpless ones of wailing star terrene!

Answered, thy prayer, O Jesu! Earth shall
blend

With Heaven! Golden Ages wait, unseen,

To greet her! Thee, O worn, small Earth,
attend

Just o'er the Hills of Dawn, with smiles serene
Of welcome! JOY, thou world, the great
gods send!

—Vivian Viola McCollum Frisbee.

The Open Road

By C. H. P.

(Continued from February)

PART II.—Continued



LET us, therefore, starting with ourselves and perfecting ourselves, eventually carry to the utmost corners of the earth this idea of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. When we understand that a man is our brother, we are not desirous of harming him. On the contrary, we wish to help him. We are all in the one great cycle. You may be further up the Road, but for that very reason you should wish to send your brother love and give him a helping hand. Let us weigh this well.

Pioneers in the days gone by had ministering angels come to them, either to guide them or to minister to them or to instruct them.

Your memory does not have to go far back to recall the story of Jacob and the angels ascending and descending the ladder. You recall the story of the angel who appeared to the father and mother of Jesus; the angel who appeared to the father and mother of John the Baptist; and there are doubtless other instances that you can yourself recall. Maybe, as you pioneer along your own trail up the mountain, blazing your trail to the top, living the principles of the Brotherhood of Man as best you can, you, too, will have ministering angels come to you, even though they only come in the form of beautiful and inspiring thoughts.

These thoughts may help you to a clear vision of the path traversed and gained, as you pursue your desire—as you realize the significance and the the beauty of God's plan in The Brotherhood of Man.

PART III.

CUT CLEAN

When one has helped a friend up the path—and mark you, he must needs have progressed himself before he can extend the helping hand, there may come a time when he will need to "Cut Clean."

In the growth of the soul much individual experience is needful. If one finds a friend out of tune and rhythm, one realizes that right vi-

brations are first necessary. It is necessary to help him learn how to balance his load—but not to carry the load for him. While on this earth plane, the "Temple of the Soul" of some of our friends may be sadly in need of repair. In some places the walls may be broken down; in some, the windows boarded up. Then, in this great world of plenty, there may be some friends who do not seem to have balanced up their financial needs. These friends, let us say, are in need of overhauling.

Thus, while they are and must be "Captains of their Ships," they are the ones who must enter alone into the harbor; they are the ones who must examine and be responsible for the cargo they bring into port. But at the present moment, perhaps, they find their ships disabled and the call has gone out for help; possibly we have heard the call and have responded. It is not our work to tow the ships of these friends into the harbor, but it is our work to help them repair the machinery and get them ready to move on. Then they must take charge again. Perhaps a friend has lost his bearings. Yours is the privilege to supply him with bearings and compass.

And if we ask, "Will he surely find the harbor?" let us reassure ourselves with the one word, "Trust." All we apparently can do, in justice to ourselves and to the friend, is to help with the repairs and then the responsibility is his. Meanwhile, let us make sure that we do not allow the friends whom we would help to feel that we are going to take charge and pilot them in. What would happen to a mariner who tried to stand on two decks and steer two ships, on rocking seas, into port?

When the journey ends which you are now taking, you cannot be responsible for your friends—you cannot answer for them. Never undertake to more than temporarily carry your friend's burden. Rather, "cut clean." Do not undertake to look ahead for your friends. Do not undertake to penetrate into the innermost chambers of their souls. Give them instruction and instruments for working; show

them how work is to be done; then with a "God bless you," let them work out their own salvation.

One must remember the command, "Judge not!" In looking into the innermost soul of a brother, consciously or unconsciously, one is judging. Help your brother, but do not judge. His problem is not your problem, therefore you do not understand the method by which he must work it out.

Never forget the individuality of a soul. That is what is meant by the words "cut clean." Can you imagine such a heaven on earth as we would have, were all mankind to follow this rule?

One need never to ask even within oneself why a brother has fallen. Seek the means of helping him to rise. See if the burdens of his life cannot be adjusted so that he can carry them a little easier; perhaps lighten them; but may we never, never ask why he fell. The greatest example of love and truth the world has ever had has been given through the life of the Christ while on earth, yet does history not record one incident where He inquired into the past of an individual or asked: Why has this man done this? When He healed the sick or raised the dead, did He ask why this had befallen those whom He healed? No! Even to the fallen woman He said, "Go, and sin no more."

We might desire to help others, even as Jesus did—some day. The way is an open road. But as we progress along that path we find this sign: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." In other words, *Cut Clean*.

PART IV.

THERE IS ALWAYS HELP

No soul is beyond help!

For some, ages may be necessary before certain problems can be worked out. But we can all realize this: that it lies entirely with them.

Some may be called upon to make the earth journey many, many times, but they must at last respond to the call of the spirit, and the God-power which is in each and every one must find the Path. And to the one who asks: Are there Guardian Angels who can help us along the Road? the answer is, Yes! They are available if the soul desiring help is in high enough

vibration. Unless he sinks too low, they do not let go of him because they can see much farther along the Road than he can, and may perhaps see the day when he will cry out from his soul and ask for help and guidance. . .

That earnest cry registers. It lifts him again into vibrations high enough for them to reach him and help him up. No soul, therefore, is beyond help, nor is there in reality any failure. There may be a pause—a certain re-creation—a re-gathering of forces—a getting-together of all strength for another development. But as for failure; assuredly there is and can be no such thing. Even through mistakes, one learns. And if one stumbles one step, he feels surer the next time. Time does not matter so much. It is the progress made that counts. So, even if one has to pass on and return in a fresh body, he will succeed at last.

Suppose then that accidents or catastrophes or similar events were to happen; when does it matter? The eternal purpose of God is not hindered. What if it prove necessary for many to get a fresh start? They are richer for the experience. In the hour of such events as catastrophes, many souls live through an entire life. Many who did not see the light before have a spiritual birth in just such moments.

One never knows how brightly the diamond can shine until it is cut and polished. So with people, until they have lived through strenuous ordeals, it is hard to judge what is beneath the surface. Hence if catastrophes or accidents should ever come into your life, you would not, believing this, be wanting in courage or understanding. Your Guardian Angels would certainly be on hand to see you through.

Have no worry, therefore, for what one calls death is just the reaching of the breathing place on the mountain side. You have climbed a mountain. You have come to the open places, where you have paused to scan the landscape below and see how far you have traveled. You doubtless view with joy the distance traversed, the heights attained, and with joy you gird yourself for a higher climb. You are given the chance to look back over the path and to regain strength to make your way to the mountain top. That is all there is to it. You, yourself, will probably never feel the slightest sensation about

the transition. It might be compared to the awakening from a dream. Life in this material existence might, in a way, be compared to the dream. The stages of advancement on the next plane might be compared to the awakening to realities.

If we grieve for those who pass on from us, we hinder their progress and we hinder our own. The soul passes through a remarkable school as it crosses the border. We owe it to the departed even as we owe it to ourselves, to have and to express no inordinate grief. Rather, might we be thankful for the progress gained; and we might realize that the particular soul in question has, as it were, graduated from a certain schooling—the earth experience.

One who believes these things is never unprepared; in fact, he is always prepared. A good housekeeper needs no long warning before being ready to receive guests. So with your soul, you should keep it in order for any emergency. Why should anyone be in anything but readiness—either for themselves or for others?

As one develops, time means little. One day is just a little more beautiful than the last. And each day is so interesting that one does not worry about the future, which will take care of itself. It is like reading the pages of an exciting story; one is so deep in the page he is reading that he cannot stop to be peeking at the end.

To the question, "Whither go I?" one realizes that the answer is more properly, "What am I?" For what you are and how you live really determine the future; the Father's House has so many mansions that there is no need of care or worry as to the outcome. Merely living right according to your conscience is the main thing.

Naturally, those who partake of the fruitage of unselfishness, loving-kindness, service and the like may expect a wealth of happiness. Those who have sown less may reasonably expect to reap what they have sown until they turn from their ways and seek the right and the light.

One notices, however, that turning and yearning are the sure signs of progress. Praying and living love to God and to brother man, these insure progress along the spiral of evolu-

tion God-wards. As one progresses, let no one say this to himself: "I am not good enough to start, consciously, God-wards, because my life has not been so and so." It is sometimes astonishing how often this subtle argument deters people from making the initial start.

People imagine—some of them—that because they have not been attending church regularly, or because they have not prayed lately as their mothers taught them to, or for some other equally subtle reason, they are not worthy to approach God and get on an understandable basis with Him and His Angels whom He has appointed to guide them along the Road. Let us nip this devilish argument in the bud—each one for himself. It is nothing but a false argument. It has no foundation in fact, because your soul is of God—was created by Him and is as much a part of the gift of God as any other evidence of God-like-ness that exists in the world. Would one expect the rose to yield less than sweet perfume? No less does your soul give forth the fragrance, the love, and the beauty—the graciousness, the tenderness, the peace, and the power of its Maker.

Why would not this be well for each of us to do therefore: to pray each day to our Maker, the Giver of all good, the Director of our soul: "Dear God, give me the consciousness of the perfection of that soul which is my real self."

Such a prayer, daily, will be answered. Gradually there will unfold to you, in proportion to your earnestness and sincerity, the consciousness of things divine. Bits of life and sayings of Christ Jesus will come to you in their new and beautiful meanings—meanings that perhaps you have never thought of before, because as you understand your soul better, you understand Him who was the pattern for the world we live in and for all those planes which are not at present visible to us.

And since such a prayer is available to all, one can with confidence observe that no soul is beyond help.

PART V. VIBRATIONS

When one is in harmonious vibrations—in tune and rhythm—his atmosphere full of love and good will—the condition may be said to be

like a quiet lake with trees around, and the softest moonlight in a dark blue heaven reflected on its peaceful surface.

Soul thoughts are the reflections in the water. They are seemingly here one moment and gone the next. But this is only the seeming, for the reflection of good is never lost. Transposing a famous phrase—the good that men think and do lives after them. In fact, good lives forever and forever. Good thoughts are forever registered on the ether. Some are able to penetrate and see this. Others take it on faith, until they too are able to discern things for themselves.

Some do not consciously absorb such thoughts any more than all people absorb the glories of nature. The true nature lover throws open his soul, declaring: "I am rich. There is no man on earth who owns more of this than I do. This is just as much my inheritance as that of the richest man in the world." Similarly we may say: "I am one with the Father, and as such, happiness, love, wealth, and all good things are my birthright."

One does not have to draw these things to him. One simply has to not stop them from coming. They are stopped by inharmonious vibrations—by envy, hatred, and fear. Of all these negative qualities, fear seems to be the worst. One of the first thoughts the babe gives voice to is that of fear. Great care the parents should take in training it to fear nothing. Even if the babe does not bring any fear over from the other side, the first thing it is usually taught here is fear; fear of harm; fear of illness; fear of parents; fear of some person who will punish it if it doesn't do the will of its parents. Notice how often people say they fear, and you will realize the truth of this.

How many times has a relative or friend said to you: "Don't get your feet wet, you'll catch your death of cold." Or: "You have a bad cold, haven't you!" Or they voice some fear about you that has a tendency to produce a negative effect.

Suppose we were, each of us, right now, to turn this ogre inside out. Suppose we were not only to stop thinking negative thoughts about ourselves but were to stop voicing them to others. Suppose we touch our friends only with

harmonious vibrations—innoculating them, as it were, with radiant vibrations. Can you picture the world that we would immediately have? And is it not worth while to try?

If we believe, each of us within himself, that such a result would really accomplish some good, why not begin the practice from this moment henceforth, assuring ourselves that each day will see in us some conquest toward such an end.

This is only another way of expressing the Universal Brotherhood of Man. We can have no better example of this than by taking the teachings of the Christ. He did not ask for riches, for honor, or for glory. He did not ask for recognition. His life was simple, unpretentious. He went about His daily task, unconcerned with what others thought. He knew within Himself His power.

When we are building a house, we first have an architect draw the plans. These we carefully follow. So in our lives, it is well for us to have an example—a pattern. What better pattern can we have than the life and teachings of the Christ, who feared nothing—no even for His own human life. Simple in heart but deep and mighty in wisdom and understanding, with love reaching out to the whole human race, blessing little children,—were we to take Him for an example, would we jangle our vibrations by criticising a brother? No! We would say: "Father, forgive him," as Christ said. This is a great lesson that all need to learn, namely, through the principles of Universal Brotherhood to help each and all without judging or trying to measure them by our own standard of measurement.

Thoughts are vibrations. Thoughts—ideas—if harmonious, produce harmony. Sow harmony and you will reap it. Thoughts—ideas—are *real*. The building conceived in the mind of the architect was first real as a thing of thought. Afterward the building, constructed according to plans, is materialized in stone, mortar, brick, and steel. Then if the material structure is destroyed by a material cause, the building can be reproduced because the real, mental house still stands—pictured in the architect's mentality.

(To be continued)

Sea Mysteries

SAILORS' TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL—ABANDONED SHIPS

Mr. Clive Holland, a much-traveled author, writes to suggest a new theory for the disappearance of ships' crews on the high seas. He says:

I have been much interested in the account published in the *Daily Chronicle* (London) of the fore and aft schooner Marion G. Douglas, abandoned off Brighter Island, Scilly. You drew an interesting parallel with the case of the Marie Celeste of nearly half a century ago.

Many explanations and theories were advanced at the time, I have been told, in explanation of the curious circumstances attending on the abandonment of the Marie Celeste.

Is it not possible, in view of the evidence which—according to many highly scientific and reputable people—recent years have produced, to attribute the abandonment in both instances to supernatural circumstances?

I remember an old sea captain telling me, some years ago, of a strange adventure in the Indian Ocean. He was a God-fearing Scotsman. One day the first mate came to him and said that on the previous night, during his watch, he had seen a fearsome shape climbing down the rigging. It had emitted a phosphorescent glow, and was part man, part beast. The captain said, "I simply laughed at Jackson, and told him he had taken too much to drink. But the man was very serious, and told me that the helmsman, and one of the watch, had also seen the 'shape.'"

Next night the captain was aroused about 1:30 a. m. by hurried footsteps on deck. The mate, his face distorted with fear, appeared in the doorway of the captain's cabin, and entreated the latter to come on deck. This he did.

There was the "shape," baboon-like, yet human, lit up by phosphorescent rays, amidships. "It was impossible to deny," the captain told me, "the presence of this terrific and terrifying 'shape,' which exerted such an influence on me that I felt my hair rising on my head. Summoning all my courage," he said, "I advanced to meet the thing. I walked straight through

it, feeling at the same instant a chill such as I have never felt either before or since."

Next morning the crew, headed by the mate, came aft to say that if the "shape" appeared that night, they would provision the boats and abandon the ship. The men (sailors are almost always superstitious) were evidently terror-stricken. At his wits' end, the captain at first tried to reason with them. All to no purpose. They were quite determined. Then he bethought him of the power of exorcism. He promised to "lay the fearsome shape." And if he did not succeed, then he would consider seriously the men's proposals.

He watched until an hour before dawn, when the "shape" made its appearance as before. He went forward in the name of the Holy Ghost and, making the sign of the Cross (at which the "shape" trembled), he bade it be gone and never return to trouble the ship again.

It vanished from his sight, with uplifted hairy arms, as though to ward off a blow, while he spoke. Next night it did not reappear. Nor was it ever again seen on the ship.

Is it not possible that some such supernatural and inexplicable phenomena may have led to the abandonment of both the Marie Celeste and the Marion G. Douglas?

It seems quite possible that the manifestations in the case of both these vessels were even more terrible, leading the crew, mad with fear, to leap overboard to escape.

SUNSET

Opal and pink and pearl and gold
 There in the West away,
 Silver and crimson fold on fold
 There in the West away.
 And the radiant sea like a mirror rolled
 There in the West away.

Who does not sigh for the lands that lie
 Hid in the West away?
 Hid by the curtain of sunset sky
 Far in the West away?
 Who does not sigh for wings to fly
 Away to the West, away!

—Elizabeth Alexander Twigg.

Question Department.

Why the Rosicrucians Object to Smoking

QUESTION: Why do the Rosicrucians object to smoking?

ANSWER:

We learn by study that the two passages of the nose unite and join the back part of the mouth at the pharynx. Here is the beginning of the alimentary canal where all food commences its journey, and here also is the larynx situated at the top of the bronchial tubes which are the avenues for air entering the lungs. These avenues are so cleverly protected that the food in its journey passes them without falling into them, but every breath we take, every odor we inhale, goes down into the lungs. These lungs are wonderful little air sacs, the walls of which are very thin. The blood vessels which are spread thickly all over them bring the venous blood there to meet the pure, fresh air in order that the life-giving oxygen may be absorbed and the deadly carbon dioxide may have the opportunity to be thrown off and carried from the system by the outgoing breath. Moment by moment the blood is pumped into the lungs by the heart and every drop comes to the surface of the lungs every few minutes. The oxygen inhaled with every breath finds its way into the blood through the thin walls of the lungs, and uniting with the iron in the blood causes a fire that burns up impurities and gives the red color of the blood by means of the red corpuscles. Thus far we have been supposing that pure air has been breathed. But can you realize the consequences when a man's mouth is filled with the smoke and fumes of some burning plant or weed and he deliberately draws them down into his lungs, choking all the delicate openings in the lung cells, preventing the life-giving oxygen from gaining access, and making it impossible for the blood to be purified. The result is that he prevents impurities from being burned up in the above manner, and thus he defiles his body, which is the Temple of the living God. We read in Gen-

esis 1:7 that "God formed man and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." Can you believe that man would seek to breathe the breath of death and thus destroy his vehicles? Smoke is frequently referred to in the Old Testament as something distressing to the nostril. Our nostrils have been provided as the avenue for fresh air, and the mouth is an avenue by which only sustenance for the body should be received.

There is, however, a more spiritual reason for abstaining from smoking. The back of the nose and mouth come very close to the medulla oblongata situated at the top of the spine. This is the seat of the sacred fire which ever burns, and by its singing sound keeps the atoms of the body in harmonious vibration. When *many* odors are used, particularly odors of burning accompanied by smoke, they have a benumbing effect on the brain and dwarf its development.

Some students have argued that ministers and priests smoke, and therefore it cannot be wrong. We may never excuse ourselves by referring to the acts of others. Only "the truth shall make you free."

Our reasons for objecting to smoking have been very clearly explained in various of the Rosicrucian teachings as given out by Max Heindel. It is there stated that fumes of any kind draw certain entities, all depending upon the material that is burned or otherwise acted upon by fire, cooked, crushed, or in any other way caused to disseminate its odors. Take for instance the smell of blood which is present where animals are slaughtered. There are drawn to that place low, depraved, and blood-thirsty entities so terrible in appearance that animals passing and seeing them clairvoyantly endeavor to flee from the place. Take any odor you meet with, analyze its effect upon you, and you will gain a great insight into the hidden side of things. It may be what you describe as that "most unpleasant smell of onions and garlic" which is invigorating and energizing, but rest

assured no evil spirit is likely to seek your vicinity when you are thus perfumed. Consider the appetizing (?) smell of roast beef. While you are enjoying this odor you are also inhaling the greedy entities who are seeking the odor of flesh and blood, and not being able to satisfy themselves directly, enter your body and encourage you to eat the flesh of your younger brothers against your desire and your conscience, in order that they may perhaps get some satisfaction. They urge you to eat it very undercooked that they may taste the blood.

Just imagine a departed one who had during earth life been a heavy smoker, returning to his former home and urging those who are still there to smoke tobacco that he may again enjoy the fumes which it emits. It is an established fact that those who have passed over influence our lives very largely, and if we do not desire to hinder our loved ones after we have left them, we must eliminate all these undesirable practices while we are here, or many sins will be laid to our charge. How many sons and daughters of the present generation, do you think, have been led into such habits by the unrecognized suggestion of a loved one who has left them but who is just the same man, and though having put off his outer garment, still craves these indulgencies.

Smoking has a most insidious effect upon the one indulging it; a very slight study of the vehicles of the spirit will explain why. There are situated in the head three spiritual centers. The root of the nose where dwells the Ego, the pituitary body near the back of the nose, and the pineal gland further back toward the back of the head. At the present time in most persons these centers are dormant, waiting like Brunhilde for the brave knight to awaken them from their sleep, when through their united action spiritual sight may be obtained. When smoke is inhaled, it affects these centers in a very detrimental manner and retards the gaining of spiritual sight or consciousness on the inner planes. It also affects the brain cells and benumbs the sensitive nerve centers that carry the messages from the different parts of the body to what we may call the principal telegraph station, the brain. The nerves may be represented by Mercury, and it is through the

aid of the Mercurians or the Lords from Mercury that we learn how to leave and return to this dense body at will. When through any action of ours we retard their work, we are committing a serious crime against both ourselves and the race in general, for every hindrance, be it ever so slight, holds back the march of progress and the emancipation of the race.

Have you ever been in a room where the fire has been smoking? Have you observed how the particles of soot cling to everything? Some you may blow away but wherever they light on a damp surface they spread into a greasy mass which gradually grows thicker, and even when the fire has ceased to smoke the windows may be so darkened that the sunlight can scarcely enter. The smoky fire is your pipe or cigar—or worse still, cigarette; the room is your lungs which soon become covered with a sticky blackness, and the windows are the spiritual centers which become so darkened that light of the spiritual sun cannot shine through.

Have you carefully observed the smoker of cigarettes? If he began early in life, his growth is stunted and there is an undeveloped appearance about him; he looks shrunken and starved, which he really is, for his stomach cannot extract the nourishment from the food that enters it because of the deadening effect of the tobacco. He stands limply as if about to fall over, his eyes are dull and dazed, his mouth is weak and irresolute. He may not have looked thus ten or fifteen years ago, but the benumbing of the nerve centers through the smoke causes him to lose control of some of his faculties. Hear him speak; his voice is thin and the words are not clear cut, the sentences run into one another. Ask him his opinion on some of the leading topics of the day and you find he has no clear opinion of his own; his brain is befogged or "smoked." Suggest a game of tennis; his uncertain eye cannot focus the flying ball, his weak nerveless arm cannot strike with force, he crumples up and looks for a seat to smoke another cigarette or pipe. What a noble specimen of young manhood! What a husband for any woman to choose as the father of her children! When you speak with him you will likely find that he sneers at religion, questions the existence of a God, and does not reverence

woman, because all his finer sensibilities are dulled by the poisonous smoke of the tobacco he so continually uses.

There is another aspect of the subject that might be touched upon. That is the undesirability of forming a habit which will have to be overcome. Forming a habit is giving way to a desire which will of necessity have to be expurgated, and why store up for ourselves so many years of suffering to be endured when we

have entered the time of usefulness between our earth lives? Is it not better to manfully attack the vampire here and now and be ready to pass beyond untrammelled by such a weight? If we wish to develop occult powers, we must first learn to conquer ourselves and the time is *now*.

“From every power that holds the world in chains

Man frees himself when self control he gains.”

The Door

QUESTION:

I find in reading occult literature that the word “door” is often used. Please explain the meaning when thus used, and give a definition?

ANSWER:

A door always presupposes an opening, an entrance or exit, that may by the will of some controlling entity be opened or closed. The Bible abounds in the use of this figure. We may call to mind those doors connected with physical things. David wrote, “Keep the door of my lips,” thus asking a heavenly being to guard them against wrong words that might endeavor to pass through. We find also, “The door of the house of the Lord,” the “door of heaven,” etc., mentioned in many places.

There are many doors in the Human Temple, doors for food, for air, for light, for sound, for casting out what is no longer desired within. The internal workings are also full of doors,—doors into and out of the stomach, each with its efficient door-keeper; doors to and from the heart, many, many doors all along the life stream as it finds its way to visit every cell of the body.

And yet there are other doors. These latter are not perceptible to the physical sight, but still have a great effect upon the life and upon all thought and action. They open into sacred inner shrines hidden in the inner recesses of our bodies. The opening of these doors is connected with our spiritual development.

Just as with a door in our house, there are many ways of opening these closed doors. We could in our home break through the door, or smash the lock, or burn the door with fire. In any of these cases we could not close it again.

Or we might open it in a legitimate manner with the key and lock it again when we had passed through, thus guarding our treasures from those who might harm or steal.

So with the doors to those centers which, though unseen, connect with the spiritual worlds. We may batter them down by false teachings, or we may break the lock by using exercises to hasten development; we will then be unable to keep out the entities who are ever waiting for an opportunity to enter our sacred temple, when we, the keepers of the doors, are absent; or we may by the spirit of alcohol or the fumes of tobacco burn out the doors and stupefy the doorkeepers.

Why not act in a sensible manner as we would on the physical plane? Why not calmly seek for the Key, and having found it, open the door and carefully close it when we have passed through, retaining possession of the Key for the next occasion on which we may desire to use it.

Christ said, “I am the Door, no man entereth but by Me; whoso entereth any other way is a thief and a robber.” The way of Christ is so easy, straight, and honorable that the simplest child may find it; but the “wise ones” of the earth often seek in vain, for they do not seek aright. It was perhaps three thousand years ago that a very powerful man and a leader of the Syrian army became afflicted by a loathsome disease from which he tried to be cured. Through a child he heard of a great physician. When he went to visit the wise man he brought with him his chariots and horsemen and expected some wonderful demonstration and the performance of a miracle—at least some

exhibition of occult powers. Do you remember the message that was sent to him? "Go wash in the river Jordan seven times"; something so natural, so simple that he rebelled against the treatment; but as soon as he complied with the order and bathed in Jordan, he was cleansed.

It is just the same with the opening of the doors that lead to higher spiritual knowledge. It is not our wealth of knowledge nor our deep conception of things scientific or occult, but our forgetting of self, our power to overcome all curiosity as to what may be hidden behind those doors, and our willingness to leave them fastened until they open seemingly of their own volition, then to our surprise we shall find one day that we are seeing and hearing in a new realm. The Key will be given into our keeping if we continue in the Christ life, using all our powers to help and heal others, bringing them to a knowledge of the true Teachers.

There are many who need our greatest sympathy and help, who, generally through ignorance of occult laws, have broken down these doors to the sacred places, or have carelessly left them ajar, and wily spirits, watching for just such an opportunity, have crept in and made their presence felt in one or another vital center of the body.

Among idiots and imbeciles may also be found some of those who opened the doors unwisely in a past life and have drawn to themselves at that time an obsessing spirit, which, not having been conquered, still lingers about them, sapping life and vitality.

The open door without the attendant, watchful doorkeeper may attract a force which will unhinge the mind and leave the victim a maniac. Of course the entity may be ousted by those who have learned the art, but the victim is usually so weak-willed that even then he cannot keep the door shut, the lock being broken, or the door damaged.

There is an old adage, "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home." Take no short cuts—take no chances. There is but one safe path. It is the path of the Cross, the path the Master trod.

A plant may grow, supported by curling round and round a stick, but when storms of wind or rains come, it has nothing to rest upon

and slips in a heap to the foot of the support; but if it curls around the cross, when adverse circumstances arise it has a firm and trusty support, and from that vantage ground may climb still higher. Thus may we safely reach the spiritual realms.

QUESTION:

What takes place, according to clairvoyant sight, when the Healing Service is held?

ANSWER:

When the service commences, and even before it commences here, the white rose is in place on the cross. As the students begin to concentrate their thoughts of love and healing for body and mind upon the white rose, for the benefit of those who have applied to Headquarters, to any Fellowship Center, or to any Rosicrucian student, if one has eyes to see, he will notice the hands and fingers of our Elder Brother carefully drawing to the edges of the rose the power which has been focused there that was not free from selfishness, lust, or impure thoughts, leaving the golden-yellow heart of the rose filled only with the pure and holy prayers of those who have succeeded in raising their thoughts to the degree of purity and unselfishness necessary for the healing of those who have asked for it.

This shows us how important it is that our lives should be such that we may be fit channels for this healing power, for an unclean vessel will contaminate pure water.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the higher degrees depends upon merit.

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICISM

Written from the viewpoint of the mystic, giving the cosmic origin of these two great institutions and their influence, in the evolution of mankind. This book consists of nine lessons by Max Heindel. It has about 100 pages, printed on eggshell paper, bound in cloth, with Max Heindel's portrait.

Price \$1.00. Postfree



The Astral Ray.

The Baptism of Fire

By J. H.

“Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except one be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”—John 3:5.

FROM “The Message of the Stars” the student may learn how the evolutionary career of mankind is indissolubly bound up with the divine hierarchies who rule the planets and the signs of the Zodiac, and that the passage of the Sun and the planets through the twelve signs of the Zodiac marks man’s progress in time and in space. We cannot but pause and admire the supreme intelligence of the Great Architect of the universe, who first conceived the plan or idea of writing the complete record of the past, present, and future development of the human race and of the whole universe in the starry heavens “where neither moth nor rust doth consume.” Nations and races are born and die; religions and theologies come and go; the creeds of science pass away; but the stars remain unchanged, and all the musings of the poet, the reasonings of the philosopher and the calculations of the astronomer cannot affect one star in the bright mosaic of the Zodiac. So the record was set there, and so it remains forever.

To read this record is to solve the riddle of the universe. From it we learn that there is an exoteric and an esoteric side to every religion. The one is given to the multitudes in parables, the other is reserved for the priesthood and the leaders of the race.

As the physical sun is merely the manifestation or correspondence of the invisible and spiritual Sun, all the religions upon earth are determined by the precessional passage of the

sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

About four thousand years ago the sun passed by precession through the sign Taurus. Then the multitudes worshiped the Bull, an emblem of strength necessary to conquer the physical world; but the esoteric doctrine of the priesthood, the guardians of the ancient Atlantean Mysteries, was symbolized by the opposite sign, which is Scorpio or the Serpent. The king of Egypt wore a crown adorned by a double serpent, Uraeus, or Naja, symbolizing the fact that he held the double office of king and priest by virtue of his sublime wisdom.

On account of the precession of the equinox, the sun moves backward through the twelve signs in 25,868 years, or through each sign in about 2156 years. When the sun begins a new cycle or enters a new sign, the old religion is modified and a new one established in its place.

Thus we find Moses at the end of the Taurine Age leading his people away from the worship of the Golden Calf. He brought a new law written with the finger of God on the two tables of stone, man and woman. In Egypt he performed his miracles by means of Aaron’s rod that became a serpent, that is, by means of his esoteric knowledge. The magicians did in like manner, but the Serpent Wisdom of Moses was of a higher order, and so Aaron’s rod swallowed up their rods. As the sun approached the sign Aries, the plagues increased for the Egyptians; and when the time of the Passover from Taurus arrived, the “first born” of the Egyptians

were slain, the rest of their army drowned in the Red Sea, and the chosen people saved by the blood of the Lamb, Aries. After the sun had entered Aries by precession, it became a crime for the chosen people to worship the Bull exoterically or to partake of the esoteric Serpent Wisdom. The Arian Age had begun, the sacrifices to Jehovah took the place of the worship of the Egyptian Calf, and the esoteric wisdom of the High Priest was no longer represented by the Uraeus or Naja, but by the Ephod Libra, consisting of two onyx stones with six names of tribes graven on one stone and six on the other; also by the breastplate of judgment, made four-square and double, containing four rows of three stones, while the golden plate of the holy crown or mitre in the form of a ram's horns had written upon it, "HOLY TO JEHOVAH."

The prophet Isaiah expressed the relationship between Aries and Libra in these words: "He will feed his flock like a shepherd, he will gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom. . . . Who hath weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? With whom took he counsel and who instructed him and taught him in the path of justice?"—40:11-15.

Jesus said: "The good shepherd calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."—John 10:3-16.

In the Book of Revelation the inscription upon the Scarlet Woman is no longer "Holy to Jehovah," but "*Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and the abominations of the earth.*" It is the Faithful and True upon the white horse, whose name is The Word of God, who hath on his garment and *on his thigh* a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

The Bishop in the Church still wears the shepherd's crook, but his crown or mitre is no

longer in the form of a ram's horns but *crossed* in the form of a *fish's head*.

When the time of the sun's Great Passover into Pisces came, a new leader had to appear to inaugurate the new teaching that would last for the next two thousand years. Moses, the man of God, ascended Mount Nebo and was permitted to see the promised land, but he could not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of Jehovah, died in the land of Moab. He had to give up the kingdom of the "holy land" to Joshua, the son of Nun. Joshua means Jesus, and Nun is the Hebrew word for fish or Pisces.

Aries, however, is the last sign of the cycle the sun has to pass through, moving backward through the signs by precession, and now a teacher of a far higher order than Moses or Joshua was due, to inaugurate, not merely the religion of the next two thousand years, but of the next cycle of 25,868 years. For there is a change in religion affecting the nations of the earth every two thousand years, when the sun by precession passes over from one sign into another; there is a far greater change in religion affecting the inhabitants of our planet and also those of others every Great Sidereal Year of 25,868 years, when the sun by precession completes the cycle through the twelve signs. *Onward, Upward, Forever!*

Now the time had come for such a great change at the beginning of a new cycle, and as every cycle has its ruler as well as every sign, a divine hierarch from the Kingdom of Heaven had to carry the human race from the sidereal Aries into the sidereal Pisces. This new leader as cycle ruler was of course also a sign ruler, and His words therefore have to be adapted to the different planes upon which He exercised His powerful authority as King of kings and Lord of lords. There is a very great difference between Christ and the ordinary leaders of humanity. Christ is the Ruler of the new Great Sidereal Year, the New Age, and His cosmic wisdom is therefore far beyond that of any of His disciples. When He said, "I am the living bread which came down out of heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: yea, and the bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world." The Jews strove one with another, saying, "How

can this man give us his flesh to eat?" He had to adapt His teachings to the mental capacity of His disciples, therefore "Jesus baptized not, but his disciples."

It is a universal tradition among the people of antiquity that there was once a great change upon earth, when the flood gates of heaven were opened and all flesh was destroyed. That was at the end of the great cycle mentioned above. Then Noah alone was saved with seven others, from whom descended Abraham and his twelve sons.

Now Jesus Christ appeared to inaugurate the Christian religion. He taught the multitudes in parables, and gave to His disciples the bread of life made of the wheat ear of Virgo, and also gave them wine. After the Good Shepherd, who had fed the nine thousand with loaves and fishes, had risen into the new sign, He ordered Peter to feed His lambs under the seal of the fisherman, for He had come to make His disciples fishers of men.

After Jesus had died upon the cross, the Lamb of God became "Jesous Christos Theou Yos Sauter," that is, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour. If the initial letters of these five Greek words are put together, they spell the word *ichthys*, which is the Greek word for fish or *Pisces*.

When the Jews crucified Christ Jesus, darkness came over the whole earth. When He died He did not die alone, for in Him the whole human race of the Old Testament was crucified and brought to an end. He alone had the power to overcome death and to rise again as the Saviour of the New Testament. From Him and His disciples is therefore derived all the spiritual and natural life of the human race during the present cycle. At the very moment when Jesus upon the cross said "*It is finished,*" the veil of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom, the earth did quake and the rocks were rent. The Old Age of 26,000 years then came to an end, and its ruler, whom Moses worshiped under the name Jehovah, gave up his kingdom to the ruler of the New Age of 26,000 years, who was Christ the Lord. He therefore is King of kings and Lord of lords today, and will remain the leader of the human race until the end of this age. *(To be continued.)*

OUT OF THE UNSEEN

(Continued from page 407)

tense, consuming heat which I had been taught existed yonder upon that veritable furnace of our solar system? Should I not shrivel as a leaf in its fury? What knew I of where I was wending, or the outcome thereof? Instantaneously I came to a halt and hung suspended where I was in space—nor ventured nearer what I now know to be the supernal home of mighty beings of angelic, resplendent beauty and wisdom. And the loss is mine! God may draw, but he does not compel us against our will to visit the kingdoms of the heavens!

As thus I floated in the measureless depths of the Infinite, gazing upward in doubt and indecision at the glorious star, upon my ears, sonorously grand and sweet, like some majestic organ chord, a voice broke as from some unseen height.

"When this huge globe," it said, "shall have completed its destiny and perished in its time, and its place in the heavens be known no more, —when other suns have been born and have run their course and vanished as into nothingness, in countless eons to come, and yet still others have taken their vacant places—still shall the spirit of man live on, forever and forever, deathless and indestructible, proceeding from glory unto glory, in wisdom, truth and love, throughout the inconceivable eternities of God!"

The voice ceased, and I, realizing that I was far from earth and my temporary physical home, willing to return, with the speed of thought re-entered my body and took possession once more of the earthly form.

(To be continued.)

POCKET EDITION OF COSMO-CONCEPTION

Many have expressed a wish for a pocket edition of the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception. We have therefore printed a limited number on thin Bible paper, hand sewed. They are bound with flexible cloth covers in black and gold. Max Heindel's portrait as frontispiece.

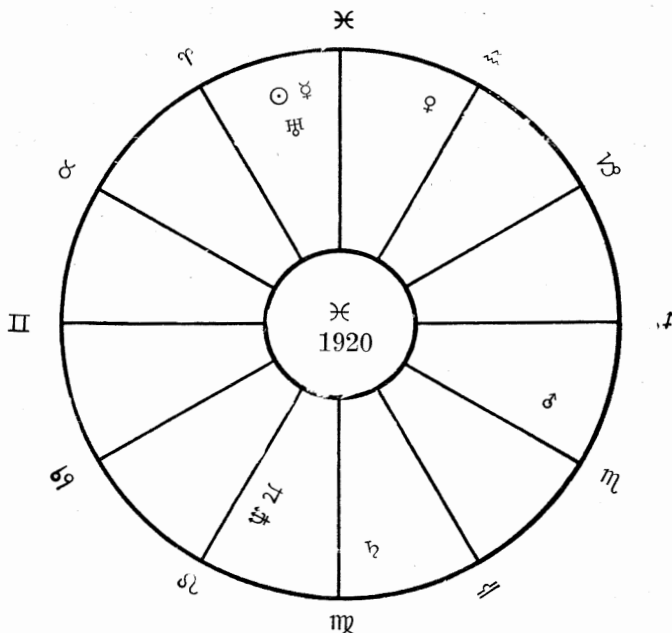
The Cosmo-Conception as an exposition of the Western Wisdom Teachings is well known by all occult students.

Price \$3.00. Postfree

The Children of Pisces, 1920

Born between February 20th and March 20th, inclusive.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is the custom of astrologers when giving a reading requiring as data only the month in which the person is born, to confine their remarks to the characteristics given by the sign which the Sun is in at the time. Obviously, however, this is a most elementary reading and does not really convey any adequate idea of what a person is like, for if these characteristics were his only ones, there would only be twelve kinds of people in the world. We shall improve upon this method by giving monthly readings that will fit the children born in the given month of that particular year and take into consideration the characteristics conferred by the other planets according to the sign wherein they are during that month. This should give an accurate idea of the nature and possibilities of these children and will, we hope, be of some use to the many parents who are not fortunate enough to have their children's horoscopes cast and read individually. We keep these magazines in stock so that parents may get such a reading for children born in any month *after* June, 1917. The price of back numbers is 20c each.



THE Piscean children of this year will be able to rise considerably above their early station in life and by their own efforts. With the Sun, Mercury, and the quick-witted Uranus in this Jupiterian sign, and with Jupiter conjunction to the inspirational planet Neptune in the sign of Leo, these children will have the ability to write under inspiration, especially in prose. Piscean people are of a dreamy, mystical nature, and are very apt to hide their talents under a bushel on account of their timidity, for Pisces is the natural Twelfth House sign, the House of sorrows, secrets, and hidden things. These people have a natural desire to be alone, to be hidden, to keep their own counsel; they should therefore be encouraged and drawn out.

But this year these children will be more precocious. They will want to appear before the public and they will succeed, having Jupiter and Neptune in conjunction in Leo, the natural Fifth House sign, representing theatres, places of amusement, etc.; they will also be able to improvise music, especially the children born after March 3rd, when Mercury enters the martial sign of Aries. The latter position will give them a very quick and keen mind.

With Mercury in a martial sign, Mars in Scorpio, and Saturn in a mercurial sign, these children will be very quick in speech with a tendency to criticism, and sometimes under impulse may express themselves unkindly.

With Mars in its own sign of Scorpio and with the three planets, Mercury, Sun, and Uranus in the sign of Pisces, the natural Twelfth House sign representing hospitals, these
(Continued on page 428)

YOUR CHILD'S HOROSCOPE FREE!

We do not cast horoscopes for adults on any consideration; but *children are unsolved problems!* They have come to their parents for help and guidance, and it is of inestimable benefit to know their latent tendencies, that their good traits may be fostered and evil tendencies suppressed. Therefore we will give each month, in the Astral Ray department of this magazine, a short delineation of the character and tendencies of three or four children. However, we cannot guarantee a reading in every case, since the number of names received usually exceeds the number of readings to be given. *Parents who wish to take advantage of this opportunity must be YEARLY subscribers.*

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting, etc., the calculation and reading of each horoscope requires much of the editor's time. *Please note that we do not promise anyone a reading to get him to subscribe.* We give these readings to help parents in training their children, to help young people find their place in the world, and to help students of the stellar science with practical lessons. If your child's horoscope appears, be thankful for your good fortune; if it does not, you have no cause for complaint.

We Do Not Cast Horoscopes.

Despite all we can say, many people write enclosing money for horoscopes, forcing us to spend valuable time writing letters of refusal and giving us the inconvenience of returning their money. Please do not thus trouble us; it will avail nothing.

Editor's Note:—We give below the cusps of the houses and the planets' positions so that anyone can set up the following horoscopes without mathematical calculation.

GERALDINE M. M. San Diego, Calif.
Born October 11, 1919. 8:15 A. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Leo 21; 11th House, Virgo 23;
12th House, Libra 21; Ascendant, Scorpio 14-54;
2nd House, Sagittarius 14; 3rd House, Capricorn 17.

Positions of the Planets:

Dragon's Head 26-44 Scorpio; Uranus 28-5 retrograde Aquarius; Moon 16-26 Taurus; Neptune 11-12 Leo; Jupiter 13-41 Leo; Mars 0-48 Virgo; Saturn 7-17 Virgo; Venus 12-4 Virgo; Sun 17-17 Libra; Mercury 27-23 Libra.

"How closely luck is linked to merit" may well be said of Geraldine's horoscope, for here we find a little child born into environments that are of the very best. The opulent Jupiter, the ruler of the 2nd House, finances, also ruler of the 5th House, pleasures, hopes and wishes, is near the cusp of the Midheaven in the fiery and fixed sign of Leo, also in conjunction with Neptune, co-ruler of the 5th House. The authoritative Sun, the ruler of the Midheaven, is sextile to Jupiter. The Sun is posited in the 11th House of friends and in the sign of Libra. These aspects and positions of Jupiter will bring many pleasures and hosts of friends who will shower Geraldine with favors. We may well say that this child is born under a lucky star, with Jupiter so wonderfully protected.

With the fixed and martial sign of Scorpio on the Ascendant and its ruler, Mars, in the 10th House in the mercurial sign of Virgo, in conjunction with Saturn and sextile to Mercury, she will be very bright mentally, and will be at the head of her classes in school. But

there is also a danger connected with this mentality. Mars and Saturn conjoined in Virgo will bring out the cold, critical and selfish side of the nature. She is apt to be brusque and severe, wanting to dominate. She will want to queen it over all, especially those who must serve her. If they are connected in the home as servants, they will have to serve Geraldine before anyone else. Her wish will have to be law in the home. These, however, are latent tendencies in the nature which the parents can help her to overcome if they will do their duty as guardians; but they must begin early, for a precocious, bright, and strong-willed child such as is indicated in this horoscope will know from the very day of birth how to get what she wants, for the tiniest infants are often spoiled and the nurses and parents become their slaves from the very beginning. This babe will be very quick to know how to get her own way with them. The parents have it in their power to make or mar her future. If they spoil her from the beginning by fostering this selfish side and allow the Mars-Saturn nature to predominate, then the beautiful, sunny Jupiterian nature will gradually disappear. Teach her to share everything with her brothers and sisters, not allowing her to keep things for herself. If she demands unusual attention, this should be discouraged, and she should be taught to serve others instead of being served. This may be a difficult task, but it will mean success and happiness for Geraldine as she grows older. She will attract many friends who will always be ready to serve her, and if she is taught to be generous and loving and not to demand to be served, they will also be of great benefit to her and will help her to bring her talents to the front. She will be very musical, with the Moon in the musical sign of Taurus trine to the ruler of this Sign, Venus, the planet of harmony; and with Venus in the 10th House she will come

before the public and receive much attention.

Geraldine will be fairly healthy. At puberty there may be some difficulty as there is restricted arterial circulation and sluggish assimilation in the small intestines, but in general this child will be normal in health.

DESMOND WILLIAM S.

Dawlish, South Devon, England.

Born March 10, 1915. 9:49 A. M.

Cusps of the Houses.

10th House, Aquarius 12; 11th House, Pisces 10; 12th House, Aries 25, Taurus intercepted; Ascendant, Gemini 16-53; 2nd House, Cancer 6; 3rd House, Cancer 23.

Positions of the Planets:

Saturn 25-31 Gemini; Neptune 27 53, retrograde, Cancer; Moon 13-12 Capricorn; Venus 4-28 Aquarius; Uranus 13-41 Aquarius; Mercury 23-58 Aquarius; Dragon's Head 25-27 Aquarius; Mars 0-45 Pisces; Jupiter 8-16 Pisces; Sun 18-50 Pisces.

Here we have the horoscope of a young man with seven planets above the earth and four of these planets in the 10th House. Uranus is also in its own sign on the cusp of the Midheaven. Jupiter and Neptune are in their own signs. Mercury, the ruler of the Ascendant, the life ruler, is in the intellectual sign of Aquarius, in conjunction with the Dragon's Head, which is of a Jupiterian nature, benefic, and in trine to Saturn; the last named planet is also in the mercurial sign of Gemini on the Ascendant.

This should give Desmond a wonderful opportunity in following intellectual pursuits. He will have a quick, keen mind, he will have freedom to follow his inclinations, and he will also find relatives and friends ready to help him to reach his ideals. His intellect, however, is very apt to carry him into cold and scientific investigation, and with the materialistic Saturn on the Ascendant, square to the life-giving Sun, he may become too crystallized, too cold, and too scientific; this would leave the heart hungry.

The greatest danger in this horoscope lies in the ruler of the 9th House (the House of religion), Saturn, on the Ascendant in the mercurial sign of Gemini, square to the Sun and trine to Mercury. The soul will be left to hunger while the intellect will be overfed, which is very apt to cause mental crystallization, for

we find Venus, the planet of love, and Neptune, the planet of inspiration and devotion, unexpected. (When a planet is void of aspects the influence is not felt and the possibilities of this planet are latent.) The strongest planet, however, and the one which will do much to balance this cold and intellectual tendency, is the opulent and benevolent Jupiter, which is in the 10th House in its own sign of Pisces, making a sextile to the Moon. The Sun is also sextile to the Moon from the House of friends, and while Desmond is with his friends he will be jovial, happy, and very popular. Therefore, it would be well if the parents would develop the social and religious side of his nature.

Uranus is in its own sign of Aquarius, the sign of mysticism, and on the cusp of the Midheaven, but making no aspects. Therefore there will be a tendency to investigate mysticism but no results. The science of Astrology might later awaken this tendency, but it would be more apt to be along the astronomical line, which is more cold and scientific.

In health, we would advise a little caution as to oxygenization in the lungs. Deep breathing is advised, for where Saturn is there is often a tendency to sluggishness and the capillaries of the lungs may give some trouble when a strain is put on the nervous system. Therefore, with this precaution observed, Desmond should be above the average in health.

VOCATIONAL

EMILY B. S. Napa, Calif.

Born November 23, 1904. 8:00 P. M.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Aries 3; 11th House, Taurus 9; 12th House, Gemini 17; Ascendant, Cancer 19-34; 2nd House, Leo 11; 3rd House, Virgo 4.

Positions of the Planets:

Dragon's Head 14-27 Virgo; Mars 2-16 Libra; Sun 1-28 Sagittarius; Mercury 14-40 Sagittarius; Uranus 28-28 Sagittarius; Venus 6-41 Capricorn; Saturn 15-26 Aquarius; Jupiter 21-1, retrograde, Aries; Moon 13-57 Gemini; Neptune 7-40, retrograde, Cancer.

The young lady whose horoscope we have for a vocational reading this month will find it very difficult to make a choice. For with the watery sign of Cancer on the Ascendant she will be

(Continued on page 428)

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

DEATH AND PURGATORY
(Pages 96 to 112 Cosmo-Conception)
(*Twentieth Installment*)

- Q. Where does this law of cause and effect rule?
- A. It rules all things in the three Worlds, in every realm of nature, physical, moral and mental.
- Q. What does this inexorable law do?
- A. It adjusts all things, restoring the equilibrium wherever the slightest action has brought about a disturbance, as all action must.
- Q. When does this result manifest itself?
- A. The result may manifest itself immediately, or it may be delayed for years or lives, but sometime, somewhere, just and equal retribution will be made.
- Q. What should the student particularly note in regard to the law of cause and effect, or consequence?
- A. That its work is absolutely impersonal; that there is in the universe neither reward nor punishment; that all is the result of invariable law.
- Q. How does this law operate in the Desire World?
- A. It operates in purging man of the baser desires, weaknesses and vices which hinder his progress, by making him suffer in the manner best adapted to that purpose.
- Q. How is this condition accomplished?
- A. If he has made others suffer, or has dealt unjustly with them, he will be made to suffer in the same identical way.
- Q. How may a person be purged of evil vices or acts, so that there will not be a cause for purgatorial suffering after death?
- A. If he has overcome his vices, or repented, and as far as possible made right the wrong done, such repentance, reform or restitution has purged him. The equilibrium has been restored and the lesson learned during the present life.
- Q. How much faster is life lived in the Desire World than in the Physical World?
- A. About three times as fast. That is, a man who has lived to be fifty years of age in the Physical World would live through the same life events in the Desire World in about sixteen years.
- Q. Will the above rule apply in all cases?
- A. There are persons who remain in the Desire World much longer than the term of their physical life. Others who have lived lives with few gross desires pass through in a much shorter period. The above measure is for the average man of the present day.
- Q. We have learned that as man leaves the dense body at death, his past life passes before him in pictures? What feeling does this create?
- A. At that time he has no feeling concerning them.
- Q. Do these life pictures again appear to him?
- A. During his life in the Desire World these pictures roll backwards as they did just after death.
- Q. What feeling does he now have concerning these pictures?

- A. He now has all the feeling that it is possible for him to have as the scenes pass before him one by one. Every incident in his past life is now lived over again.
- Q. What is the effect when he comes to a point where he has injured some one?
- A. He feels the pain as the injured person felt it. He lives through all the sorrow and suffering he has caused to others and learns how hard they are to bear.
- Q. Does he suffer in the same degree as did the person he injured?
- A. The suffering is much keener, because he has no dense body to dull the pain.
- Q. How does the above fact show nature's measures to be just and true?
- A. In that the suffering may lose in duration what it gains in sharpness. Perhaps that is why the speed of life is tripled there.

THE CHILDREN OF PISCES

(Continued from page 424)

children will make good nurses. With Venus in the humanitarian sign of Aquarius, and Jupiter, the planet of benevolence, in the sign of the heart, Leo, they will have a great love for humanity; they will be interested in philanthropic work of all kinds, and will want to do something to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

EMILY B. S.

(Continued from page 426)

very timid, she will be unable to strike out alone and will require the assistance of others. She will also be of a very restless, changeable nature, not able to concentrate for any great length of time, for we find her ruler, the vacillating, restless Moon, in the sign of Gemini, also a changeable, mercurial sign, and in opposition to Mercury in Sagittarius, another restless sign. This will make it very difficult for Emily to concentrate and she will constantly crave for change of scene. As the old saying goes, "distant hills look green" to her.

She would do well to take up mercurial work. With the Moon in the sign of the hands and arms, Gemini, and in trine to the methodical Saturn in its own sign of Aquarius, also a mental sign, and Saturn in sextile to Mercury in the 5th House, she would be quite successful in

clerical work such as stenography or bookkeeping. But with the Sun in the House of children, the 5th House, sextile to Mars in Libra, she would also be successful as a teacher. The Sun being the ruler of her 2nd House, finances, she would be more successful financially in the last named vocation.

But we would advise Emily to set her mind on that which appeals to her and then concentrate on that one vocation regardless of her desires to change, for a rolling stone never gathers moss. Emily will not marry until about 35 years of age and in the meantime it might be necessary for her to choose some vocation.

She will be very much attracted to occult teachings, especially since Neptune is in the mystical sign of Cancer and in the 12th House.

"The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed."

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The New Dress of Gold

LADY JANE

FRIEDA was sitting by the fireside reading aloud to herself: "And then the Fairy said, 'You poor little princess, you can never meet the prince till you have a dress of gold, and you must find the gold yourself, and make your own dress.' 'Oh dear, oh dear!' cried the little princess, 'I may as well not try at all, for I can never find any gold. I don't know how to weave or how to sew; whatever shall I do?' 'Now, don't be a silly, stupid little girl,' said the Fairy, 'you know it is wrong to say 'I can't' about anything, but if you really want to try I will help you. Now dry your tears and listen. The way to find the gold is to do all the kind things you can to every person and animal and plant that needs your care—then you will find the gold.'"

"Hello cousin," called Ronald, as he with Uncle James entered the cozy fire-lit room. "Whom are you reading to, the cat?"

"No, I am reading to myself a most delightful story all about a little girl and a fairy."

"Oh, fairy tales again! Why don't you read a good sensible story like 'Jack the Rover'?"

"This is very sensible, isn't it, Uncle James?"

"I do not know, dear; read some of it and we will listen."

When they were seated by the glowing fire Frieda began:

"I will begin just where I was reading," said she. "The fairy had just said: 'Then you will find the gold. You must gather it up very carefully and put it in a safe place. Always take it to bed with you and think over how you got it and one day you will find that you have enough for your beautiful dress of gold. You must work very diligently and never let a chance pass of finding the gold, else the prince may arrive before you are ready and then you will be left behind.' Having finished this long speech, the fairy kissed the little princess and flew away."—"Now isn't that a lovely

story?" continued Frieda as she laid the paper she had been reading on her uncle's knee.

"Where did you get this, Frieda? It is typewritten."

"Mamma wrote it and said I was to have it as soon as I was old enough to understand it; so Miss Jones said I might have it today because it is my tenth birthday."

Little Frieda had been left without a mother's care nearly four years before, and since that time she had lived with Uncle James and his young son Ronald.

"Do you understand it, Frieda?"

"Not quite, Uncle James, but please let me read the remainder of it to you, how the princess found the gold—that is just the very loveliest part of it all."

"All right, dear, read on; we will listen."

"When the fairy had left," began Frieda, "the princess felt very sad and lonely, and indeed she did not believe it was possible for her to find any gold so she walked along sadly from the wood toward her home. The crying and barking of a dog attracted her and she turned aside and found that the mother dog had been shut out from her puppies and was trying to jump over the gate. The princess opened the gate and with a joyful bark the mother greeted her little ones. As the princess closed the gate carefully she could scarcely believe her eyes, for there lay at her feet a beautiful piece of gold. She picked it up quickly and held it tightly, and then wrapped it in her kerchief and placed it close to her heart. It made her feel all aglow. She now walked homeward more quickly.

"When near the garden she met one of the men who had cut his finger badly with the pruning hook. The princess had always been very frightened by the sight of blood, but she seemed to hear someone saying, 'Go and help him, tie up his finger,' so gathering all her courage together she walked up to him and said, 'May I

help you?' He was greatly surprised to find that the princess was speaking to him and at last he allowed her to tie a cloth around the wound. As he thanked her, the princess cast her eyes on the ground modestly, but was startled by what she saw. Every drop of blood that had fallen on the earth had turned to gold! The gardener could not perceive this, for the gold was not for him, and when he had moved away, she carefully gathered up the pieces and put them with the other piece in her kerchief.

"She was now very much excited and began to run home. But passing her violet bed she stopped to admire the sweet blossoms and to her sorrow she found they were drooped and wilted for want of water. She felt sure the fairy must have meant that flowers also should be cared for when he said to 'help everything.' Looking around she found the watering can by the faucet, and by only partly filling it she was able to carry it to the thirsty flowers. After replacing the can she glanced at the thankful flowers once more and another great surprise awaited her. Each drop of water had turned to a tiny grain of gold. All these she quickly gathered, thanking the sweet violets for the gift of gold and for their perfume. Then she ran quickly home.

"That night she took the gold to bed with her and laid it under her head and before she went to sleep she thought of the wonderful day she had had, and gave thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for her golden treasures.

"This day was the first of many of the same kind. The people around said some fairy had surely changed the princess, and many spoke of her as 'the angel,' for instead of a cross, selfish, fretful girl, she was always doing little kindnesses for others. Every night she took that day's golden gains to her bed, and thought over how she had obtained them, and gradually she not only gave thanks for the gold, but also for what she called the golden opportunities. So busy did she grow that she had no time to spend for herself in weaving the new golden dress, though sometimes she thought with a sigh, 'I fear I shall not be ready when my prince comes.'

"One day there was suddenly a great shout: 'The Prince has come!' And the little princess

ran to her room to hide in great distress, for she felt she was not worthy to meet him. But lo, when she looked at herself in the mirror she found she was dressed in a most beautiful golden gown. A little fairy whispered in her ear, 'While you were working to help others we were able to help you by weaving your gown.' Full of joy she ran out and met the prince. He took her in his arms and kissed her, calling her his bride. Very soon they glided away, leaving everyone very sorry to lose the princess."

"Frieda, that is a really beautiful story," said Uncle James, when she had finished.

"I know it is," said Frieda, nodding her head wisely.

"Oh, it's just like all silly fairy tales," said Ronald. "A lovely princess, a brave prince; then they get married and are happy ever after." Ronald loved to tease his sweet-tempered little cousin.

"Would you like me to help you understand it, Frieda?"

"Oh yes, please, Uncle James, if I may climb up and snuggle on your knee."

"Surely you may, little one."

"How did the princess get her beautiful dress made so quickly? Who made it for her?"

"Frieda, dear, you seem to think you have a very wise old uncle, but I believe I can tell you something about it, for when I looked over your mother's books I found one that was new to me called 'The Cosmo-Conception.'"

"Oh yes, I know it," said Frieda, "it has such a pretty cover. I tried to copy it the other day. There is a funny lamp and a heart and each has rays going up from it, and in the middle is a pretty cross with seven red roses hanging on it."

"Yes, dear, that is the book. Inside it tells how we may make a beautiful golden wedding garment."

"Oh Uncle James, are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure, and I have been trying to make one ever since I read it."

"Oh that is lovely. Where is it, Uncle James? Have you got it finished?"

"I am afraid I have made very little progress. You see I never tried to do anything

like this before, and I am too old to learn easily."

"Do try to learn quickly, and then teach me. I so want a beautiful dress also, and then when the prince comes perhaps he may take us both."

"I hope he will, dear."

"Oh Uncle, let us hurry,—how shall we begin?" Frieda was now dancing about on the rug before her uncle.

"The first step is never to be cross or angry; then we must think all the loving things we can of everyone, and do all the loving acts we are able. We must try to make others happy and never want to get things just for ourselves."

"Uncle, that is just what the fairy told the princess!"

"Yes, I believe it is just the same, for the book said that when we went to bed we should think over what we had done all day, and if we had done something naughty or selfish we should blame ourselves, and be very sorry. But when we had been good or kind, or helped someone during the day we should praise ourselves."

"I think that is a very nice game," said Frieda, looking solemn for a moment; "can't you and I play it?"

"That is a capital idea, Frieda, now is a good time to begin, on your birthday."

"Do you think the prince will surely come? He might forget."

"No dear, he won't forget, he has promised to come sometime, we do not know when, so we must work hard to be ready and have our beautiful wedding garments made."

"Will yours be of gold also, Uncle?"

"Yes, dear, if I succeed in making it."

"Oh, you must, you really must try, Uncle; you know I will help you," said Frieda, looking very important and full of earnestness.

"I know that, dear, you are helping me every day."

"Oh you funny, funny Uncle James," laughed the little girl. After a few minutes' silent gazing into the fire she said, "Oh, Uncle James, how will we know the prince when he comes? We do not even know his name?"

"I have heard He is called the Prince of Peace, and that He loves little children so much that He carries them in His arms and takes them to His home in the clouds."

"You don't mean Christ Jesus, do you, Uncle?"

"Yes, Frieda."


"Oh, I am so glad that He is our Prince."

Nursery Chats

NORMAN McCLEOD

PART 11.

DADDY READS A STORY

 HIS story was written for little boys and girls who want to know how the world was made, and any other little problem that pops into little tousled heads when things happen to go wrong instead of right:

Once upon a time not so very long ago there lived in a little cottage in a little country village a very pretty young girl, a laughing, happy young boy, and a quiet motherly woman. These three as you may have guessed were sister, brother, and mother. The little girl had such beautiful, golden hair that almost everyone knew her by the name of "Golden Locks," while the little boy was known by the name of "Dimples." That he was well named you would quickly agree if you could have seen

those laughing dimples in his merry young face. "Mother" was the name of the woman, and she well deserved her name, having had the task of caring for her two children all alone since their father had died when they were too young to remember him. The task had been a little too hard for her strength, and so now, with failing health, she almost depended upon her children to do the work in the house and garden with an occasional helping hand from the gardener, a next-door neighbor. The children, however, were cheerful and ever willing to help her, so the time passed swiftly by.

Now it so happened that this gardener, having lost his wife and only child soon after moving into the neighborhood, had spent almost all his time in raising beautiful flowers for market. Such a wonderful knowledge he had of flowers

that tradesmen from the large and distant cities sent great offers of money for him to keep his knowledge secret and sell only to them that they might make more profits. But he cared little for money and sold his flowers to those who could afford to pay the small price he asked, giving the rest to the children of sick mothers and fathers who were too poor to buy flowers.

But for all his beautiful flowers, at the time he was first asked to help his neighbor, the woman with the two children, his heart still ached for his little child and his wife. As time went on he found the ache in his heart was gradually being replaced with a new feeling—one of love for these fatherless children. And the children loved him as if he were their own father. He was ever ready to tell them pretty stories, or how to tie the fancy and useful knots around his bouquets of flowers, or of the strange sights to be seen in the great cities. But the stories he loved to tell most often were about the wonderful flowers of his garden and of the work which the fairies and brownies do with the growing and painting of each pansy face, violet, and the many others he could name in a very few minutes.

But there was one bush, a rose bush, that he had never been able to make to bloom just the way he really wanted it to bloom. He had many letters from one of the great tradesmen asking for at least one plant to be cultivated as soon as possible for "His Royal Highness, our King and Emperor." The King's wish was for a rose bush twining around an upright stick, the bush then to be trimmed and trained into a circle of delicate branches carrying seven roses in full bloom, these hanging upon a cross-arm, each rose to be blood-red in color and each rose to have seven petals, no more, no less. He had been able to make the cross and train the bush but the roses failed to bloom as desired.

So many years had he tried that he was almost discouraged, when Dimples asked for a chance to try with the little he had already learned from the gardener. The gardener had smiled at his little friend but was ever willing to encourage little children in the doing of things for themselves, so had suggested that Mother and Golden Locks also try at the same time. Mother and the children were eager to try and so help their friendly neighbor. The next day the gardener came over early with a slip of a rose bush for each one to plant.

(To be continued)

Those Beneath Us

ELSIE LUND

ALTHOUGH the earth looks very solid and lifeless, you would be very much surprised to see all that goes on beneath its sandy crust. The earth isn't just sand; it is a living, breathing Mother. When Mother Earth sighs, the little, low hills are formed; when her breast heaves with anger, mountains are born, but she almost never becomes angry. Earthquakes come when Mother Earth is sobbing and shuddering in pain because of what man does to hurt her.

The vast kingdom of the ant-people, all scurrying around in their earth-hidden houses, the underground spiders hurrying around to find something to eat, the millions and millions of seeds coming into life, growing, pushing up toward the light,—all form part of the unceasing activity beneath our feet. Let us think for

a while about our little—*very* little—brothers of the world underneath who give the air a chance to circulate down there,—the worms. They keep the ground well-stirred and loose, so that the little seed babies don't have to push through a hard, solid ceiling, and can have some air to breathe. So you see we all have our work to do, even the tiniest of us, and if we shirk it, something or someone will suffer. Think what it would mean to you to live without ever seeing the blessed sunshine! But worms don't know what they are missing so they are happy.

Did you ever dig in the ground and bring up a couple of wiggly, soft color-of-earth bits of velvet? Some of them are as big as your smallest finger; some are as long as Daddy's middle

(Continued on page 440)

Nutrition and Health.

Spiritual Healing

By C. H. P.

MOST of us have often pondered these words:
“... go ... to the lost sheep ...”

“Heal the sick ... freely ye have received, freely give.”

And we have yearned for that *something* which might enable us to do the works that He did. At the time the *yearning* took place we might or might not have been aware that this very desire set into operation those forces which would verify the words,

“He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do ...”

and thus, consciously or unconsciously, we have started in the steps the Master trod; we have begun that initiation which leads towards *Healing*.

No matter where or when this yearning takes possession of us,—whether we are early or late along life's path,—the result of it is to send us into those experiences and situations which will best bring out the qualities through which the Healing Force will best flow; for God's love is the real healing fluid and needs a fitting channel; and the purer the channel, the more potent to the patient is that inimitable Draft of Love which comes through *him that overcome*.

The first step towards healing, then, is *yearning*—the *desire to heal*; the second step is *overcoming*. The steps to healing are many and the road is rough and stony and beset with thorns and hardships, toil and trouble; for though a child may speak the Word which shall liberate the sufferer from his temporary illness, yet those permanent healings of the soul which result in permanent benefit to the sister or brother in need come from those well-depths of compassion and experience which have resulted from tasting and draining to the dregs the bitterness and the sorrow of life. This seems only fitting, in order to insure that no misuse shall follow

the bestowing of this most priceless gift,—for *gift* it will be,—this inheritance, handed down to those who have *overcome*.

To overcome, one *must* have *difficulties*,—otherwise how could he overcome? Plain sailing presents no difficulties. No muscles, mental or physical, are exercised by inertia. If we remember this, when earthly trials present themselves, we shall be encouraged to go through the constant or occasional examinations which are the *test* of our fitness to receive the healing gift. Each individual, for example, who is born “in the flesh” must repeatedly be tested as to the qualities of envy, jealousy, hatred, anger, malice, revenge and similar characteristics; he must be tested, too, along deeper lines, proving his *faith* in God; in Christ Jesus; in the ability of man to live in the twentieth century according to the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount. Friend if the struggle is long and the battle severe, have courage! By the Law of God, what you sow you will also reap.

“Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.”

Remembering this, that though the equivalent seldom if ever returns to us through the channel or avenue that we most expected, by the inevitable Law of God good will come to us pressed down and running over in response to each kindly deed, each prayer for healing.

Right at this point along the Path we may ponder for a moment upon the sign-post which says:

“Freely ye have received, freely give.”

“To him that hath shall be given.”

We may ask ourselves what we have been given that we should expect, now or ever, to receive the healing power which might enable us to do the works that He did.

We know this, that in the beginning God differentiated Virgin Spirits within Himself as

sparks are emitted by a fire, and that they (we) are potential flames or fires, possessing dynamic power available for use in proportion to the development of our *will*, which is of God! In other words, the potentiality of doing the works that Christ Jesus did is in each one of us; the ability to "speak the word for the healing of the servant" is in each God-child that lives and moves and has his being in Him. Therefore the power is *within* every one of us; and hence we start with the consciousness that we have indeed "*freely received*" and that we now, literally *have* this power since we were given it in the beginning. We have no excuse, therefore, if we view ourselves as we should as *stewards of power*, for not developing and using the power which has been given to us as our birthright. The yearning and desire which we have already expressed have aided us toward this realization which eventually breaks over us, by which we welcome all tests; we welcome all sorrow; we welcome all demands for payment of past debts, for through these trials, tribulations, payments and conquests we are hastening the day when we shall have overcome sufficiently to have proven ourselves worthy to heal the sick according to His command, to comfort the sorrowing, to raise the dead who have been laboring in materialism and are not yet resurrected to the consciousness of their birthright as heirs of God. In the light of this privilege, tests, trials, tribulations, become divine opportunities to progress. The unkindnesses of the world, where are they? Merely *opportunities for progress*. The cut of a supposed friend; the neglect of a dear one; the slash from tongue of friend or foe; opportunities along the path of progress. Viewed in this light, man is conqueror of everything in this life, for he has the key by which he masters discord. It is as if

he had by long practice and ardent work become master of an organ, and from now henceforth were able, *at will*, to fill the auditorium of God with harmony.

Jesus looked, we are told, with compassion on them, and He healed them. It seems simple enough; one looks with compassion upon one's friend, and one realizes that in the great Universe of God there is neither space nor opportunity for discord of any name or nature; and in that moment of realization the so-called miracle is effected, and the friend rises and walks. We know, of course, that the manifestation of the discontinuance of the disease itself is nothing if the patient be not helped spiritually. But we also know that no spiritual aid given through a channel that has mastered self and sense, can fail to heal and help the brother-in-need, be that need physical or meta-physical.

Thanks to the Elder Brothers and to those channels which have helped to give humanity an insight into truth, we see the river of the Water of Life flowing more and more towards God's children, to wash away their tears. We who see this stream and who have worked that some of its healing might flow through us (if perchance we might be found worthy) welcome the approaching days wherein to each child of God, more and more shall come the realization that one has only to speak the Word and the servant of God shall be healed. With this speaking will go the transmitted power for good which shall heighten the vibrations and uplift the thought of the brother-in-need; and little by little we shall thus see the advancement of those Christ-rays in the human consciousness which shall pre-figure and promise the dawn of Christ-Fellowship on earth, and with it *individual and universal world-healing*.

Musico—Therapy

MUSIC has a very real power to heal physical wounds as well as that power long half-jocularly attributed to it, of being able to "soothe the savage breast." Columbia University has a course in "musicotherapy," as the new method of healing is called; and before long, predicts a writer in the

New York *Evening Post*, "it will be a matter of common knowledge and consent that music, by its infinite and finely shaded rhythm and vibration, timbre, and pitch, can heal not only mental, but certain kinds of bodily illness." The writer gives some account of the new method, as well as of Miss Margaret Anderton,

who has been working along musico-therapeutic lines with the Canadian soldiers for some time, and through whom Columbia University has arranged to give the new course. As we read:

"It is the object of the course to cover the psycho-physiological action of music and to provide practical training for therapeutic treatment under medical control," says the university's announcement, all of which is made more plain by the experiences and ideas of Miss Anderton herself. Miss Anderton is an Englishwoman by birth and a pianist by profession, and from the time when she first began to really think about anything, she says, she has been thinking about, and reading about, and experimenting with the practical and positive effects of music, and gradually developing her ideas until they might be offered as an assistance to the medical profession.

Not that there are many books to read. There are very few, and those few chiefly French. "When I was in Paris studying," Miss Anderton said, "I picked up a book one day which dealt with the subject. That gave new impetus to my own research work, which has really been going on all my life. But aside from the few French books I found, there seems to be nothing as yet to learn from books about it. Almost all I have found out, I have found out for myself. Little things occurred constantly to throw some light on the subject, and then finally the war came, which focused things for me.

"There are two chief ways of treating patients," Miss Anderton continued, "tho in detail no two cases can be treated alike. But, as a general thing, I administer the music for any form of war-neurosis, which is largely mental, and have the man produce the music himself in orthopedic cases or those of paralysis. Different instruments are used for different types of trouble. The timbre of an instrument probably plays the largest part in musical healing, and for this reason wind instruments are good because of their peculiar quality. Wood instruments are particularly potent for a certain kind of war-neurosis because of their penetrating, sustained tone. Instruments are usually better than vocal music, for with the human voice the personal element, which is usually not desirable, enters in. At times, however, the voice is the best. The timbre of wood instru-

ments, however, affects the nerve centers more than does the voice or the piano. This timbre is especially good with deaf people, who feel the vibrations in the spine."

Some of the cures seem little short of miraculous—and it depends on the definition of the word miracle whether they are short of it. Memories have been brought back to men suffering with aphasia; acute temporary insanity done away with; paralyzed muscles restored. One captain who had been hurled into the air and then buried in debris at the bursting of a bomb had never been able to remember even his own name until the music restored him.

Tests have been made upon healthy men, and it has been ascertained that certain pitches or harmonic combinations have a certain bodily effect. At present the effect on the throat of a certain chord in a certain key is being investigated, and it may prove to be of help in dealing with paralysis of the jaw.

The correspondence between color and sound vibrations is also threaded into the healing work. This, too, has been worked on for years by Miss Anderton. "I had often thought about it," she said, "but it was crystallized for me one night after a concert when a man came to me in a state of great excitement and asked me why he had seen a certain color around a piano all the time that I was playing a certain composition. I looked up the vibrations of that color and they were the same as the vibrations of the dominant tone of the piece."

While re-education of soldiers is not primarily part of musico-therapy, without musico-therapy in several instances men would not have been able to take up the re education work which came later and which fitted them for vocations. Music itself sometimes becomes the chief interest and means of livelihood to a man who has been brought back to physical and mental fitness by way of it. For instance, one man who was encouraged to use a false foot, and so learn to walk and move naturally, by operating the pedals of an organ has now become a regular church organist and is making his living at it. Another man who was given a small lap instrument strung like a piano, for the dispelling of chronic melancholia brought on by being blinded in battle, is now being trained in an occu-

(Continued on page 436)

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

—BREAKFAST—

Stewed Prunes
Whole Wheat Mush and Dates
French Toast
Milk or Cereal Coffee

—DINNER—

Lentil Soup
Carrot Loaf
Corn Chowder
Whole Wheat Bread and Milk

—SUPPER—

Walnut and Celery Salad
Rice Molds and Apples
Corn Muffins and Honey
Milk

Recipes

Whole Wheat Mush with Dates

If you cannot get the entire wheat flour at your grocer's, get the whole wheat, just the kernel, and run through a coffee mill, so that you may be sure nothing is lost, and that you have everything for your food that is contained in the kernel.

Bring a quart of water to the boiling point, sprinkle one cup of whole wheat flour slowly into the water, and allow it to boil for one hour, seasoning slightly with salt. Just before removing from the stove put in one-half cup of chopped dates and stir but do not allow the mush to boil after the dates have been put in. Serve with cream or milk. This quantity will be sufficient for two people.

Carrot Loaf

Two cups of whole wheat bread crumbs, two cups ground carrot, one cup ground English walnuts. The above should be run through a vegetable grinder twice. Prepare a large frying pan and fry a large, sliced onion and one small clove of Garlic in oil until brown, then fry the above in this onion for a few minutes, adding salt, pepper and nutmeg for seasoning. Just before taking from stove add an egg. Form into a loaf and bake for 30 minutes; serve with brown gravy. This loaf, if left over, can be sliced cold next day; or turn slices in egg and fry in hot oil.

French Toast

Beat three eggs in half a cup of milk and add a little salt. Slice stale bread thin, place in batter, allowing to soak for a few minutes. Then fry in hot griddle with sufficient oil to cover bottom of pan. Serve hot with maple syrup.

Corn Chowder

Cut potatoes into cubes to make three cupfuls and boil in four cupfuls of water for five min-

utes, add one small can of corn, and again let it come to a boil. Prepare a frying pan with two tablespoons of butter, one large onion sliced, fry until light brown. Add this to potatoes and corn, boil five minutes, then add half cup of milk, some cracker crumbs, salt and pepper to taste.

Walnut and Celery Salad

Two cupfuls fresh, crisp celery, cut fine, 1½ cupfuls shelled walnuts, ground in vegetable grinder. Just before serving prepare two plates garnished with tender celery and parsley leaves. Put on the cut celery and sprinkle the nuts on top. Then put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing in center and serve.

MUSICO-THERAPY

(Continued from page 435)

pational sanitarium of the Canadian Government to become a professional piano-tuner. His first keen interest was awakened when he noticed that the G string was out of tune—or, rather, that “something was the matter” with his toy. The G string, it may be said in passing, had been put out of tune by Miss Anderton.

Musico-therapy may be a harmful as well as a beneficial thing, and Miss Anderton lays especial stress upon the fact that just “playing for soldiers” is not musico-therapy, and may often be a very detrimental thing for wounded, convalescent, or mentally deprest soldiers, if done by a person who knows neither the individual needs of the men nor anything of the large bases and delicate technique of the science. Not only a knowledge of music is needed, but of physics and psychology, besides some knowledge of the mechanism of the nervous system and the muscles and tissues of the body. “I had to steep myself for years in all these things,” Miss Anderton says.—*Literary Digest*.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

October 19, 1919.

Phoenix, Ariz., Sept. 29, 1919.

The Rosierucian Fellowship.

Rosierucian Fellowship.

Dear Friends: I am very grateful to you all for the help you have given me. I am a hundred per cent improved, and despite the fact that I still smoke a lot and am fighting every day to try and stop it again, it is only on occasion that I have the nervous spells that caused me so much trouble last spring. I am exceedingly busy in my work in the commercial field, but if it were not for the help from Headquarters in the last few months, I don't know what would have happened to me. I thank God every day for His many blessings to me. I pray that my heart may always be filled with love and that I may ever go forward to serve in His name. Please continue to help me for I am weak in so many ways and I must learn sooner or later to gain absolute control over myself, and my nervous tendencies and fears. I want to stop smoking again and I will, and I know the "Helpers" are working with me.

Dear Friends: The last few days I have been feeling splendid, and feel renewed energy. A new life seems to be dawning for me, a life that is much more interesting than any past years have been. I have so much to be thankful for.

"Not more of light I ask, dear Lord,

But power to see what is;

Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear

The present melodies."

And so I pray that God may increase the blessings of the Rosierucian Fellowship and prosper all its work. Cordially,

Mrs. W. K.

HEALING DATES

March 6—13—20—27

April 2— 9—17—23—29

May 7—14—20—27

HEALING MEETINGS

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p. m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs is dynamic energy which they infuse into every enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 p. m. meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held.

God bless you all at Headquarters. Some day I hope to pay a visit to Oceanside.

Yours in fellowship, W. S. J.

Queen City Park, Dec. 21, 1919.

Mrs. Max Heindel.

Dear Sister in the Fellowship of Truth: I want to tell you what the Rosierucian Fellowship has done for me, physically. For several years I have been much troubled with rheumatism and neuritis and no medicine has had any effect on them. Since entering the Rosierucian class I have gradually dropped meat from my diet. Since July 1st I have not tasted it a dozen times and have had scarcely a touch of pain or lameness from those diseases this fall or winter. I attribute it entirely to abstinence from meat and the help of the Elder Brothers, as it has previously always troubled me greatly from the beginning of cold weather. How can I be grateful enough, not only for the physical help, but also for the light and peace and joy that have come to me through the study of our Philosophy!

Thanking you for the help I have already received and that I know will continue to come, I am yours in Fellowship, Mrs. H. N. W.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

By J. T.

MT. ECCLESIA is gloriously beautiful just now; after the refreshing rain, flowers are opening, gardens are growing, and vines are putting forth new efforts. And our flower-girl, wizard of the flowers, slender, gowned in blue matching her eyes, eyes so sharp to see in some secluded corner the first snow drops, found for us a few sprays of freesia. She keeps the dining room, chapel, library, and reception hall supplied with flowers. The countryside is resplendent with bloom, acacia, marguerites, marigolds, violets, roses, callas, bachelor buttons, nasturtiums, and every kind and color of geranium, and last but not least the glorious golden cups of California's distinctive flower, the poppy. Never have I seen such beauties, opening wide satin, shining petals to the sun, gently folding over their bright hearts the lovely petals. They "sleep all through the night" to unfold at sunrise at the call of meadow lark, and wren, and to again grace the world with their beauty. Oh, happy California with your golden emblem!

"Sunset and Evening Star!" Surely the writer must have meant this for Mt. Ecclesia. Never in world-wide travel have I looked upon such beautiful sunsets; opal, amethyst, all the colors the eye can comprehend flame across the western sky reflected in the calm, blue waters of the ocean; rapidly, joyously, the red-gold orb drops behind the wall of blue; softly, quietly melt the shades into bands of rose-gray; darkness descends,—"The day is done and darkness falls from the wings of night."

* * * * *

The offices of the Fellowship are full of business, the presses and the book-bindery are rushing every moment. It is wonderful how the teachings and writings of Mr. and Mrs. Heindel are spreading,—orders for books from Ceylon, Italy, Australia, Holland, England, South America, Jamaica. Our correspondence courses in Astrology and Philosophy, joined with our other activities, almost overwhelm our working forces.

We are looking forward to the starting of our Ecclesia. It must come this year, and we at headquarters are already thinking out what we shall do toward the actual building. Let your thoughts help us build for humanity.

Oceanside has a future, we are sure. Besides its clean streets, lively stores, fine schools and city library it has a perfectly lovely bathing beach. Some day it will be discovered, and then—it's just a fine stopping place between Los Angeles and San Diego.

A friend writes to ask, "How do you spend your evenings?" We don't spend them; they fly, seemingly, on the wings of some swift bird. They are gone before we know it, and we are surprised, let me tell you. After supper we go to our evening service in the Pro-Ecclesia, and a beautiful service it is, too. After this the curtain rolls up on activities in the library, a big, cheerful room. About one table there are grouped people who are working out astrological figures. About the piano others are enjoying the music or singing joyfully. Others are quietly reading, playing chess, or discussing topics of the day. There are classes on certain nights in Astrology, in the study of Mr. Heindel's *Cosmo-Conception*, in expression, and in Spanish. At 10 o'clock everyone seeks his room, for we must be up and ready for the day at 7:15 A. M., and everyone here is busy and happy.

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Mr. and Mrs. Laurenze of Minneapolis are visiting Mt. Ecclesia, Mr. Laurenze having been a student since the Fellowship began.

Miss Anderson of Los Angeles was a weekend visitor, spending the time with her mother, who is a guest. Miss Anderson and one of our workers covered 14 miles on a hike, visiting the beautiful old San Luis Rey Mission and the Foss lakes.

Mrs. Cossett and Mrs. McCosh of Vernon, B. C., were guests at Mt. Ecclesia during the month.

Mrs. Murdock, of Los Angeles, is a guest of the month.

Dr. Campbell, a writer of Pala, Calif., was here as a Sunday visitor, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, of San Diego.

Editor's Note:—We publish in this department from time to time interesting letters from our students, also letters of appreciation from those who have been helped by our Philosophy and our various activities.

January 6th, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Heindel:

I have been for the last couple of weeks, nay, month, in the position of the truant school boy trying to think of excuses he should offer to the teacher for not coming to school. Indeed I find myself guilty of criminal neglect toward the Fellowship. True, there are legitimate reasons for my queer behavior, which would, however, be beyond the comprehension of any outsider not familiar with the kind of work I am engaged in. Nevertheless I should not have permitted worldly affairs to ride me to such an extent as to rob me of a few minutes' spare time required for writing to you.

The last sentence of your students' letter for January hits the nail square on the head and puts matters just right. Indeed, let us turn over a new leaf, and instead of long and windy apologies and useless kitten-like remorse which after all does not get a fellow anywhere, let us put our shoulder to the task set before each one of us and get busy and do the best we can where we are. We cannot all work the same way nor be in one place.

Now as regards the work out here: I have done some but not much. I am absolutely too busy with the affairs of life to which I must attend. I have, however, given quite a few talks, and I have pleasure in saying my talks are always a success. They were not, however, public lectures. I speak frequently to the Staff, which consists of about 50 members, and you ought to see how they go after that stuff! I am glad I have their confidence and good will as they are all fine men and influential, and have a large acquaintance over the whole city.

And now I am going to talk about a subject which will be of much interest to you as well

as to every other member of the Fellowship, and that is the Ecclesia. You may use this idea if you wish or not, but it is certainly worth considering and I for one am going to try it out.

Read this carefully: In the November edition of the "Ladies' Home Journal" appeared an article under the heading, "Thy Son Liveth." I cannot describe in detail what the article was but it resembled very much the article printed in the "Aquaria," where Mr. Heindel takes a spy after he is shot, to his sister three or four thousand miles away. Get a copy of the Journal for November as it is well worth reading; if you cannot get it out there, I will send you one from here. You can have no conception nor idea of the excitement and interest which that article created. It is the leading topic of conversation of the day, and is so eagerly talked about by the masses that anyone who has some indication of mysticism about him is practically questioned to death by the thousands of people "wanting to know." Mr. H—— will tell you the same; they are worrying him about it too. I will venture to say that not less than 150,000 copies of this magazine were sold here in this city. If such an article should have appeared five or six years ago the paper publishing it would have been ridiculed and labeled as the kind that "works under a delusion." It is different now; it is the talk of the day.

Accidentally or providentially, one of the little pamphlets you call "Aquaria" reached me about the same time the article appeared in the Journal; it has been loaned out ever since, and I do not know where it is now. Now my point is this: That article "Aquaria" is too valuable to remain tucked away on Mt. Ecclesia and must be spread as far as it can be and placed in as many hands as the students and probationers can reach. It has the list of different Rosierucian books and lectures well arranged in it so as to call attention to them, and it will point out to the many seeking spiritual development the means by which they can get in touch with the Fellowship. It will have the effect of increasing the sale of the books and the "Rays," and it will increase the membership, which of necessity will result both in spiritual expansion of the teaching and a substan-

tial increase in financial prosperity, with a surplus to build the Ecclesia within the expected time. Furthermore in places where the establishment of a local Center is contemplated, it will pay to have the article spread and even printed in a local paper, as it will increase the attendance at the Center.

I do not know what your view about it will be, but I want to try it out. As I told you, I am working with the M—— Company, and of course I meet hundreds of people daily. We will place one of these pamphlets in every home in P——; we will just swamp it and watch the results. I am confident that the revenue from this city alone can build the Ecclesia if it is handled right. There are at least six Christian Science churches here with a property valuation of not less than \$2,000,000, and they are building a new one now which will excel any other one in the city. Do you think that they had to go outside of this city to help build it? Not much! So I want to try it. Please send me, say, about 300 of the "Aquaria" to start with, and you can send me more later. I am glad the probationers have been invited to make application for Discipleship. I am sorry I am disqualified, as I failed to send in my twelve consecutive reports. But Christ says "Ask and ye shall receive" and I can no more than be turned down, so I will try it anyway; no ill feeling if I fail and it may mean a whole lot if I am accepted. But as far as willingness to go further with the Fellowship is concerned, I am ready to go to the end.

Wishing you success and prosperity and that God may bless the work to its fullest extent so as to have the Ecclesia built by the stipulated time,
Your friend, DR. D. J. D.

THOSE BENEATH US

(Continued from page 432)

finger. I love worms,—only they will never stay still long enough to be petted. It hurts me terribly when I see a little boy dig up a worm for bait to fish with; for besides hurting the worm (how would you like to have a sharp hook stuck through you?) it hurts the poor fish very much to have the hook lodged in his throat and finally kill him. Don't *you* ever be guilty of causing so much pain!

He is a vegetarian, our Mr. Worm. In bur-

rowing through the earth he takes more or less earth into him, mixes it with his vegetable food and then ejects nearly all of it. Thus the "vegetable mold" which is so valuable to our soil, is formed. He comes up to find something to eat at night, when all the children are asleep. Mr. Worm cautiously pokes his bluntly-pointed head up from the earth to see that no one is around. Although he has no eyes, he has primitive light-detecting organs something like eyes, by which he senses and avoids the light.

You must have seen worms on the sidewalk or in the road after a heavy rain. They move by the contraction of the successive segments of the body, and by means of short, stiff little bristles along their sides. Mr. Worm lives underground, except when great quantities of rain-fairies flood his hidden burrow, and force him to the surface to avoid being drowned.

Would you like to know how Mr. and Mrs. Worm's babies grow? Mrs. Worm lays her eggs in little cocoons or capsules to protect the little ones, and buries them in the earth. She watches over them carefully and after a while the cocoons open very gently and fully-developed little earth-worms come out, ready to do their part in keeping the world underneath well-aired and fertile.

Although somewhat sluggish, worms can burrow with a great deal of speed especially in light soil. This is accomplished not only by forcing their bluntly-pointed heads between the particles of earth and pressing them apart, but also by actually taking into their mouths and swallowing much of the opposing material, as we saw before. In the course of time Mr. Worm makes the earth level around his home by moving the tiny bits of earth from one place to another.

It seems queer to us that the worm devours the soil as he burrows through it, and yet we do the same thing, comparatively; we inhale and exhale the air which is our element. Fishes cannot live out of their element, water. See how wise and good God is to give us all suitable bodies to meet the conditions under which we live?

We should be pleased to have back copies of the January, October and April, 1919, "Rays," for which we will pay 15 cents each.