

RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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The Mystic Light.

"If"

ESTHER SWARTZBERG

If all the greater things in life,
 Did have as deep a meaning
 For us, as all the petty ones
 That take our time in thinking
 And planning on the countless things,
 That keep us ever scheming,
 Indeed, I think we'd "live the life,"
 Instead of dreaming, dreaming.

If we would tend our garden here,
 And watch the flowers growing,
 We'd have less time to look across
 And see our neighbor sowing.

And so if we would guard our thoughts
 And find less fault with others,
 I think we soon would criticize
 Ourselves and not our brothers.

If we could truly know our faults
 Of vanity and pride,
 And face the trouble we have caused
 By sailing 'gainst the tide,
 I think that we would soon forget
 The things that have no meaning,
 And be and act and "live the life,"
 Instead of dreaming, dreaming.

The Evolution of Music and Its Ethical Significance

F. ADELBERT REDFIELD

MUSIC IS THE LAST of the arts to be developed. Search as we may through all the histories of mankind from the time of the earliest recorded events, we can find no evidence to prove that any such standard of the art as we know it today was even dreamed of before the commencement of the Christian era. While there are records of a musical science in China as early as the twenty-third century B. C., there is nothing to show that a standard as high as that of the other arts was ever reached, and even today in the Oriental countries music exists in a very crude state compared with the achievements in philosophy, literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, and the useful arts.

All the nations of the ancient world seem to have neglected its development to an extent that

is astonishing in view of the high stages of civilization reached by them. Nearly every other art was cultivated, but for some unapparent reason the science of sound was left in an embryonic state even by the most advanced. It seems strange that the Jews, who praised music so highly in their literature, the Egyptians, whose philosophy molded the ideals of the Greeks, and whose engineering and scientific achievements cause even the modern world to wonder, the Hindus, and the Chinese should have done very little to develop an art that was used by them for centuries; that Greece, whose sculpture and architecture have challenged all subsequent civilizations, whose philosophy and literature have been the marvel of the ages, should have merely laid the foundation of the present superstructure;

and that Rome, great in so many ways, should have given so important a subject no serious consideration whatever.

Why was an art which was known and used for over two thousand years prior to the time of Christ, allowed to remain in such a crude state, and why is it that only the Christian nations today feel the necessity of promoting its growth? Judging from superficial evidence the question is not easy to answer. History does not tell us and philosophy is silent unless we wish to consider the teachings of modern occultism regarding the psychology of religions. It may be possible here to find the solution of the problem in the statement of the fundamental difference between the teachings of race religions and the teachings of Christ, which support the whole fabric of Christian civilization, placing it in the vanguard of human progress.

This fundamental difference may be briefly stated as the difference that exists between a government founded upon the supremacy of law and a government founded upon the supremacy of love, for religion is in reality a government of the highest form. The first is unquestionably the form of the race religions of the past and present, while the second is peculiarly the form of the Christian religion. All of the arts except music may be classed as plastic, because they express themselves in visible forms. Even poetry, which resembles music, creates a definite picture in the mind, and must therefore be classed with those arts that are governed by laws and forms. Music, however, does not express itself in visible forms. It is as ethereal, intangible, and inexplicable as love itself from which it springs. Even its technique cannot be reduced to an exact science. It transcends law, being governed only by the mood that it intends to express, consequently it had to remain in obscurity until man could rise above law and evolve those higher imaginative faculties awakened by the promulgation of the doctrine of love and universal brotherhood.

This element of love was entirely lacking in the religion of the Hebrews and other nations of the ancient world. The Decalogue says nothing about man's loving his fellow men, and the very manner in which love to the Deity is spoken of indicates that the people for whom those laws were originally made had only a limited idea of

the meaning of that word. The frailty of human nature at that time is clearly pointed out by the existence of a jealous God who threatens to severely punish any infringement of His code. Its laws are those of the most absolute monarchy the world has ever known. No scope is given for individual liberty except the privilege of disobedience. The meaning is so plain that there is no possibility of its being misconstrued. There is no possible loophole through which the guilty can escape. Choice is limited to the simple formula of, "Obey and receive the reward, or disobey and take the consequence." There is no forgiveness of sin here, no love, no compassion. Man would surely have taken advantage of it if there had been.

In the flush of intellectual consciousness he would have been more apt to abuse his power than to use it rightly, hence it was necessary that he should be confined within strict limits. He suffered intensely, perhaps, but he could not express his emotions in anything higher than the art of poetry. His sorrows were entirely physical and intellectual, requiring expression in physical and intellectual forms. The keener suffering of the imagination was unknown to him, therefore he could not use music, the voice of the imagination, for his expression. By means of poetry he could rise to the very boundary of the realm of tone but no higher.

The absence of love in the teachings of race religions of the present time will explain the difficulty that missionaries have in trying to inculcate the teachings of Christianity in the minds of the Chinese and other followers of these religions. The high standard of our ideals is beyond the comprehension of these people. Love as taught in Christianity is something entirely unknown to them, and the finer sentiments that arise from it lie entirely outside their natures. Even the love of the sexes does not spring from that sense of affection and compatibility that actuates us. Brotherly love or universal brotherhood and individual responsibility are unrecognized principles. The imaginative faculty with its finer sensibility of the artistic is notably absent, and music which depends so much upon that element for its development, is among these people still in a crude state.

A wonderfully advanced state of civilization

was reached in the countries that bordered the Mediterranean Sea before the advent of Christ, but its whole fabric was so permeated with intellectualism that its budding imagination could find expression in nothing more ethereal than its marvelous mythology and its epoch-making poetry. As in the Orient today, music remained in its infancy. Sculpture, architecture, philosophy, literature, and oratory were raised to a height that still challenges human endeavor, but music, although it played an important part in many of the ceremonies, never rose to the dignity of an art. It did however, as a scientific question, interest such philosophers as Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle and their disciples who, by elaborating upon the theories of sound handed down to them by the Egyptians, succeeded in laying the foundation upon which our modern scales are built. The lofty character of music is reflected in the fact that the greatest men of that period, whose ideas greatly transcended the thought of their age and held a place that many subsequent centuries failed to reach, were required to formulate the first letters of its alphabet.

Thus we see that all the inheritance the art received from ancient civilization consisted of a few scientific principles to be used in building a medium for its expression. Before considering the psychological development of the succeeding centuries and its effect upon the growth of music, let us turn our attention to a singular reversion to Judaism in modern history which will strengthen the argument that music cannot be used as a medium of expression by people living under a race religion or under any similar government that restricts the thought to a literal interpretation of moral principles and prevents the growth of those sentiments of the imagination which take root in the liberal precepts of love and charity. This striking example is to be found in the Puritanical movement in England, whose blighting influence killed much native originality in musical composition for two centuries, and whose deleterious effect is still to be felt even in certain phases of American civilization.

The age that produced Shakespeare and his contemporaries also produced a galaxy of composers whose originality promised much for the

development of an independent school of composition that would have reflected the spirit of the nation. The work begun, however, by such men as Thomas Tallys, John Merbecke, Richard Farrant, Wm. Byrd, John Bull, Thomas Morley, Orlando Gibbons, and John Blow, some of whose names are still to be found in our hymn books, came to an abrupt end with the death of Henry Purcell, the greatest of them all, in the closing years of the seventeenth century. The bitter denunciation and persecution of music under the Protectorate had driven the organs out of the church, the only place where the art was in great demand at the time, thereby forcing the most talented men into other lines of activity. Purcell, who was born two years before the Restoration, tried to revive the interest, but he died before he could accomplish his object, leaving no successor capable of taking up the cause.

Charles II who favored French music turned the eyes of his subjects towards the Continent and England became a great patron of the art, but not a producer. The creative instinct had been driven into exile and it did not return until the advent of Edward Elgar in the reign of Edward VII. The spirit of Puritanism discouraged music. Its rugged, elemental virtues could not tolerate the influence of harmonious sound. The people who enslaved their minds by a narrow conception of the teachings of the Bible, placed themselves in a position similar to that of the Jews among whom Christ labored. Setting themselves up as the real interpreters of religion, basing their moral code upon a restricted conception of the Old Testament, they attempted to force upon a modern race the uncompromising laws of a primitive civilization. Their thought, like that of the Jews, was cast in the intellectual mold, finding expression in the verse of Milton instead of rising to the higher medium of tone.

The art of music is a delicate flower that cannot grow in spiritual darkness. It must be carefully nurtured, and its face should be turned to the rising sun with its roots embedded in hearts of love, for it is the greatest gift of God to man. In what way this great principle was first brought to the attention of the early Roman Catholic Church we shall never know, but history shows that in the fourth century the priest-

hood, working with an imperfect knowledge of the Greek system, formed what are known as the ecclesiastical scales, and founded a school for training church singers as early as the year 330, A. D. The very fact that they had to create the art gives us some idea of the importance they attached to its use in the service. From that time on it was cultivated with the greatest care and not a single Pope has ever been known to underestimate its value or to retard its growth in any way. Through all the Dark Ages when ignorance and superstition held the whole of Europe in bondage, many a forgotten monk, safely sheltered in the quiet monasteries has rendered invaluable service to the cause of music.

The Church, the great schoolmaster, the guardian angel of the Middle Ages, aimed at becoming an educational as well as a religious institution. Many of its priests were the best informed men of their time. Relieved of the struggle for existence, they could devote their whole minds to the acquirement of knowledge and its dispensation, unharassed by the strife that kept the outside world in a state of continual turmoil. Obligated to sacrifice personal interests to the ideals of religion, they frequently worked with an unselfish devotion that would have been impossible under different circumstances. Raised to a level higher than that of royalty, their deeds inspired in the minds of the people a respect that deeds of arms and acts of statesmanship could not command. Their power and position are very well expressed in the words of Pope Innocent III: "Princes reign over the body, priests over the soul. As much as the soul is worthier than the body, so much worthier is the priesthood than the monarchy." The ascendancy that the Church gained over the political governments of Europe strengthened this position. The priest, before whose message of excommunication and interdiction the boldest monarch sometimes quailed, could easily enforce a profound respect for educational pursuits among an ignorant and superstitious people. The Church practically drove the nations out of their barbarism into a new path leading to a higher civilization.

In such an institution music found an ideal place for its development. Its power in heightening the effect of the service was fully realized, and talented men were encouraged to improve its

technique and enlarge its possibilities. As early as the sixth century the Gregorian chants, which are still in use, were written. The monks sang in the choirs, played the organs which they also built, busied themselves with the improvement of the scales and the development of harmony and counterpoint, invented notation, and for centuries carried on the the entire work of laying the foundation for the elaborate system that we possess today. No great works of music came from this period. So much had to be done in working out the mechanical details during the centuries preceding the Renaissance that the art came to be looked upon as something largely intellectual. With so crude a technique it was impossible to create any music except that of the simplest kind, but even this seemed to be adequate for the expression of the religious emotions of the times.

Christianity did not impress the early congregations with the full meaning of its broad and comprehensive principles. A world that for years had been accustomed to a government of law could not readily conceive of a government of love and universal brotherhood. The principle of sacrifice, which manifested itself so heroically in the martyrdom of the early converts, was the first to win the approbation of the old civilization. Taught by the race religions to make certain offerings of their material wealth to the Deity, it was a comparatively easy matter for them to advance one step farther to the sacrifice of their own lives. People accustomed to war and the risking of life for material gain were not apt to regard even that phase of it very seriously as long as a visible reward was the object. The idea which probably made the greatest impression upon them was the non-resistant sacrifice of life for something that lay beyond the vision of the physical eye, in a realm more splendid than any on earth. The doctrine that could demand so willing a sacrifice of all that man possesses in the material world by merely promising a reward in an invisible world, created in the minds of a degenerate race a feeling of awe and wonder that caused them to place the Christian religion above all others, raising it to a height where its brilliant light could cast its rays down through the centuries, pointing the way to liberty and enlightenment.

(To be concluded)

The Lock of Upliftment

MAX HEINDEL

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN how ships going up a canal are lifted from one level to another in places where the ascent is steep? It is a very interesting and instructive process. First the ship is floated into a small enclosure where the water level is the same as that of the lower part of the river where the ship has previously been sailing, then the gates of the enclosure are shut and the ship is cut off from the outside world by the high walls of the lock. It can no more go back to the river without, even the light is dimmed around it, but *above* the moving clouds or the bright sunshine are seen beckoning. The ship cannot rise without assistance, and the law of gravitation makes it impossible for the water in that part of the river where the ship has been sailing to float it to a higher level, hence no help may be looked for from that source. There are also gates in the upper part of the lock which prevent the waters on the higher level from rushing into the lock from above, otherwise the inrushing waters would flood the lock in a moment and crush the ship lying at the bottom level because acting in conformity with that same law of nature. It is from *above* nevertheless that the power must come if the ship is ever to be lifted to the higher level of the river, and so to do this safely a *small stream* is conducted to the bottom of the lock and lifts the ship *very slowly and gradually but safely* to the level of the river above. When that level has been reached the upper gates may be opened without danger to the ship and it may sail forth upon the expansive bosom of the higher waterway. Then the lock is *slowly* emptied and the water it contained added to the waters at the lower level, which is thereby raised even if slightly, and the lock is then ready to raise another vessel.

This is, as said in the beginning, a very interesting and instructive physical operation showing how human skill and ingenuity overcome great obstacles by the use of nature's forces, but it is a source of still greater enlightenment in a spir-

itual matter of vital importance to all who aspire and endeavor to live the higher life for it illustrates the only safe method whereby man can rise from the temporal to the spiritual world, and confutes those false teachers who for personal gain play upon the too ardent desires of the unripe and profess ability to unlock the gates of the unseen worlds for the consideration of an initiation fee. Our illustration shows that that is impossible because the immutable laws of nature forbid.

For the purpose of elucidation we may call our river the river of life, and we as individuals are the ships sailing upon it; the lower river is the temporal world and when we have sailed its length and breadth for lives we inevitably come to the lock of upliftment which is placed at the end. We may for a long time cruise about the entrance and look in, impelled by an inner urge to enter but drawn by another impulse towards the broad river of life without. For a long time this lock of upliftment, with its high bare walls looks forbidding and solitary while the river of life is gay with bunting and full of kindred craft gaily cruising about, but when the inner urge has become sufficiently intense it finally drives us into the lock of upliftment, it imbues us with a determination not to go back to the river of worldly life. But even at that stage there are some who falter and fear to shut the gate behind them; they aspire ardently at times to the life on the higher level, but it makes them feel less alone to look back upon the river of worldly life, and sometimes they stay in this condition for lives wondering why they do progress, why they experience no spiritual downpouring, why there is no uplift in their lives. Our illustration makes the reason very plain; no matter how hard the captain begged, the lock keeper would never think of opening the stream of water from above until the gate had been closed behind the ship, for it could never lift the ship an inch under such conditions but would flow through the open gates to waste in the

lower river. Neither will the guardians of the gates of the higher worlds open the stream of upliftment for us no matter how hard we pray until we have shut the door to the world behind us and shut it very tight with respect to the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, the sins that so easily beset us and are fostered by us in the careless worldly days. We must shut the door on them all before we are really in a condition to receive the stream of upliftment, but once we have thus shut the door and irrevocably set our faces forward the downpouring begins, slowly but surely as the stream of the lock keeper which lifts the vessel.

But having left the temporal world with all its deeds behind and having set his face towards the spiritual worlds the yearning of the aspirant becomes more intense. As time passes he feels in increasing measure the void on both sides of himself. The temporal world and its deeds have dropped from him as a garment; he may be bodily in that world, performing his duties, but he has lost interest; he is in the world but not of it, and the spiritual world where he aspires to citizenship seems equally distant—he is all alone and his whole being cries, writhes in pain longing for light.

Then comes the turn of the tempter: "I have a school of initiation, and am able to advance my pupils quickly for a fee," or words to that effect, but usually more subtle, and who shall blame the poor aspirant who falls before the wiles of these pretenders. Lucky are they if, as is generally the case, they are merely put through a ceremonial and given an empty degree, but occasionally they meet one who has really dabbled in magic, and is able to open the flood gates from the higher level. Then the inrush of spiritual power shatters the system of the unfortunate dupe as the waters of the river above would wreck a vessel at the bottom of the lock if an ignorant or malicious person were to open the gates. The vessel must be lifted slowly for safety's sake and so must the aspirant to spiritual upliftment; patience and unwavering persistence in well-doing are absolutely indispensable and the door to the pleasures of the world must be kept closed. If that is done we shall surely and certainly accomplish the ascent to the heights of the unseen world with all the oppor-

tunities for further soul growth there found, for it is a natural process governed by natural laws just as the elevation of a ship to the higher levels of a river by a system of locks.

But how can I stay in the lock of upliftment and serve my fellow man? If soul growth comes only by service how can I gain by isolation? These are questions that may not unnaturally present themselves to students, and to answer them we must again emphasize that no one can lift another who is not himself upon a higher level, not so far above as to be unreachable, but sufficiently high to be within grasp of the reaching hand. There are, alas, too many who profess the higher teachings but live lives on the level with ordinary men and women of the world or even below that level. Their professions make the higher teachings a byword and call down the scorn of scoffers, but those who live the higher teachings have no need to profess them orally; they are isolated and marked in spite of themselves, and though handicapped by the misdeeds of the "professor" they do in time win the respect and confidence of those about them; eventually they call out in their associates the desire of emulation, they convert them in spite of themselves, reaping in return for their service a commensurate soul growth.

Now is the time of the year when the crest wave of spiritual power envelops the world. It culminates at the winter solstice, when the Christ is reborn into our planet, and though hampered by the present (from the limited viewpoint) deplorable condition, His life given for us may be most easily drawn upon by the aspirant at this season to further spiritual growth; therefore all who are desirous of attaining the higher levels would do well to put forth special efforts in that direction during the winter season.

THOUGHTS

I often wonder, do we really understand the soul power? The awakening of faculties we never realized or dreamed we had—the craving and longing for something—the awakening to spiritual realities, and the doing of something we think childish only brings us to the place where we actually "know."

We are grown-up children!

Margaret Warburton.

Some Personal Experiences

MARY CHRISTINA TAMBLYN

SOME TWELVE YEARS ago I received a shock. My mind awoke from a long sleep and perceived that Truth was not hedged in a narrow lane, that my deep rooted beliefs about many things might be modified, and that God was still my Father and Jesus the Christ my elder Brother. There were months of struggle, but I came out on a hill top of pure joy. Life had never been so full of meaning. The search for Truth was a constant source of happiness, and it poured in upon me from every side. And every year I find more and more delight in this search for it.

The first experience I remember which impressed itself as having an occult meaning came after this awakening. While in that state which seems so real that it is difficult to believe that one has been asleep, I appeared to step from an elevator through the wall of a building and found myself standing on a platform with no visible support, in mid-air. I was gazing at a figure lying on the platform at my feet, and realized that this figure was myself. It was wrapped in many layers of clothing, which I bent over and one by one removed, realizing as I did so that thus might the real inner self gain the power to function and grow in strength and in wisdom. This little vision helped me to understand what was then going on in my life, and encouraged me to persevere that the true spiritual self might gain full control of it.

I knew intuitively that I must hold myself aloof from the phenomena of spiritualism. The psychic was always interesting but not vital enough to claim me for a votary. My friends who had passed over should, I felt, be allowed to go forward undisturbed to whatever work awaited them on the other side. I never wished, even if I had the power, to hold them near me or to seek to attract their attention.

Later, I learned of Rebirth and the laws of causation. At once I felt that I had the key to most of my difficulties. This explanation seemed good enough to be true. Yet I did not feel that I had yet found any expression of truth which satisfied me in full. I adapted all I found

which appealed to me and built up a religion of my own which discarded much of orthodoxy, while recognizing that even mistaken views might serve a purpose and that my own strict orthodox training had given me much, indeed all that at that stage I was ready for. Always it had seemed to me that the secret was in Love, the fulfilling of the Law; and the trouble had always been that I could not reconcile the orthodox teaching regarding a future life with that one great requirement. Rebirth satisfied my demands for both love and justice as no other theory I had ever heard could do. At last I could respond to the cry, "Come now, let us reason together." For the orthodox theory of a future life stifles reason; You *must* live by faith alone, and believe that *somehow, sometime*, you may understand how God can be good and yet do what in man would be wicked.

Then came one of the hardest trials of my life, softened by an experience which is one of the greatest treasures of my memory.

My mother had often spoken of her dread of death. She had told me that she even at times doubted whether she were really a Christian, though her whole life gave unmistakable testimony to the fact. I had never seemed to have the fear of death myself, but I understood that it was not important, and, I think, succeeded in persuading her that she might safely leave that point until the time came, when the "dying grace" would be given as needed. But she hoped always that I might be with her to hold her hand.

That time came in 1914. It was not possible during her illness for me to be with her constantly. On saying good-bye one Monday morning, she said, "I may be gone before you come again." "No," I said, "I will be with you."

During the following week she was reported better, but on Friday she became unconscious and on Saturday when I arrived did not recognize me or any one, remaining in this state until the following Wednesday evening when she quietly passed out.

Early in the evening the nurse told us that the end was near, and for the next three hours I sat alone beside her, the nurse and other members of the family slipping in and out occasionally. I held her hand and performed the slight tasks which might give relief to her tired body, but all that time, silently, I talked to her. I repeated comforting and encouraging Scripture texts which she loved and hymns dear to her. I told her I was going with her right to the brink of the river—and farther if I might—and that she knew there was nothing to fear but everything to give her joy. During these hours I enjoyed a perfectly delightful communion with my mother. I knew that she understood all that I was mentally saying to her, and that she was comforted and helped by my presence and by my communications to her though no word was audible, and she lay there unconscious and breathing heavily. How thankful I was for the privilege of those hours alone with her. I was happy in the knowledge that she was passing to a fuller life, that she was gaining confidence and overcoming the old fear of the transition. I felt no deprivation in the fact of her physical unconsciousness, but rather that this gave a better opportunity for our heart to heart communion. It was her hour, and she had me with her as she had wished to strengthen her faith and to love her.

Later that night I lay down to rest. Whether I slept I cannot say, at the time I thought not—but I found myself somehow hand in hand with mother, gliding up a gentle, grassy, flower sprinkled slope, with children playing about. In a soft twilight which seemed to be before the dawn we moved silently and happily forward for a long distance. Then in some manner, though I heard no words, I was told that I might go no further. She needed me no longer. With perfect content though with no farewell, for neither seemed to feel the need, we separated and she went on her way, while immediately I found myself once more on my couch in my little room, not grieving, lonely but content.

Many times during a long illness which came to me soon after I felt glad that mother need not worry about me as she had done when I was ill away from home. During my convalescence I visited southern California, but I had never

heard at that time of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, even then located at Oceanside. But in January, 1917, a few months after my return, I saw in a store a copy of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. The very name "Rosicrucian" drew me as a magnet. I had always longed to know something of the ancient order. I glanced over the book, and I wanted it, oh so much. But I thought I could not buy it; finances were low and nothing coming in. However, I had to return—that book seemed a necessity—and I carried it home feeling as one who had found a treasure, as indeed I had. I had reached another milestone on my path. I returned two weeks later and bought a copy of "Scientific Astrology," and my study of these two books formed my greatest joy during the succeeding months. I learned the explanation of much that I had experienced, and things that I had dimly understood now presented a clear picture in my mind. What joy to see the way I had been led in the past, and to look forward to a future here and in other lives of constant development. And not alone for myself, but the deeper understanding of the lives of those about me brought greater sympathy and more ability to help.

At various times I have been able to bring back slight memories of experiences during sleep, and as I am partially deaf, the clearness of spoken words on these occasions has always given me a feeling of pleasurable surprise. Once I was able to test the truth of something which I very distinctly heard a friend tell me, as it was something I had not thought of and could not have guessed.

Now these little experiences of mine are not very striking. They may not seem worthy of being written, though to me each one has brought a beautiful and valuable lesson. To me it seems of more importance that I should do each day the duty of the day in the spirit of love than that I should receive any outward manifestation of occult gifts. For I am not the judge of the time or way that these gifts should come—I can only try to be worthy. Life is truly wonderful. I seem to gaze down a long vista—divided, it is true into sections, but still one. Time, endless time, to grow—in knowledge and love and wisdom. No need to be impatient. Experience will bring all.

In Re Imagination

MEREDITH BEYERS

THERE ARE LAWS on each plane of being, in each nook of the universe, upon which we can count. They do not fail us if we do not fail them. And not only can we count upon them, but we must take them into account.

Consider, for instance, the law of gravitation. It does not matter whether or not we know what the law is, why or how it happens to be, or how it works, it does not fail us. We can count upon it, and, what's more, we must take it into account. And this is just what we are doing from day to day. It is ours to use when we need it. But it is operative constantly, so when we do not need it we must take it into account. It was necessary to devise means of overcoming it before aerial navigation became a fact.

It is very often convenient to drop something out of the window, at the same time being certain that it will reach the ground. But all things dropped out of the window will reach the ground. Therefore we are very careful *what* we throw out of the window, as there are many things which we do not wish to be shattered to pieces or carried away by the junk man. The only way to escape the law of gravitation entirely would be to move to a plane upon which that law ceased to be operative. Then we would not be escaping it entirely, as the basic Law of which the law of physical gravitation is but a manifestation, would be found working there in another form.

All that has been said about the law of gravitation may be applied to other laws as well. They are ours to use as long as we act upon the plane upon which they are operative; and as long as we remain within their boundaries we must take them into account.

It is a law of the imagination that everything created therein *tends* to manifest outwardly and visibly. That is, the world of Imagination, and what we know as the world of fact, are tending to overlap each other, to fuse into one. It is a matter of viewpoint whether we consider that the world of Imagination is pushing down into the

world of fact, or whether the world of fact is being drawn up into the world of the Imagination as steel to a magnet.

The use of this law is Magic. The way we use it and the end we have in view, determine whether it is black magic or white magic.

This law is ours to use, but we must take it into account. We must be careful what we throw out of the window, because it will surely fall to the ground. We must be careful what we create in the world of Imagination, because whatever we do will tend to manifest outwardly and visibly. We wake up one morning with a disease in our body, with a poison in our test tube, with the blood of a crime on our hands, and all because we permitted the thing (unconsciously, perhaps) to enter and grow and be nourished in our imagination.

These two uniting worlds tally. That which is vivid and clear in the imagination will tend to manifest vividly and clearly. That which is vague, vaguely. That which is vivid and clear enough to manifest in the densest of materials (and which will subscribe to the most rigid of its laws) will appear one day as a machine, an engine, a telephone, a house. That which is less clear (and that which will not subscribe to the laws of matter) will tend to manifest through less rigid laws than those of utility, and through more plastic mediums, such as clay, or paints, or sounds, or words.

And there are departments of the world of Imagination which correspond with departments of this world, and those whose searchlight of consciousness plays upon a particular region are said to be using an imagination characterized by the department of our world in which it tends to bring forth. Thus we speak of the scientific imagination, the practical and mechanical imagination, the numerical imagination, the mystic imagination, and so on.

Imagination may be said to be the female principle, however, and will not bring forth unless impregnated with the male principle.

"The moon is the symbol of imagination, illusion and dreams. She has no light of her own, but borrows her light from the sun. Without the light of the sun, the moon would be cold and dark; without the power of the will, the products of the imagination are without life. Thoughts become powerful only when they are infused by the will; they become luminous only when they are illuminated by love; they can be wise only if permeated by wisdom."—*Hartmann*.

The rapidity, the clarity, the durability of the manifestation depends upon the intensity of will with which the imagination is infused. The will of a Christ changes water into wine and feeds the multitude with bread and fish. And this "Will" is not the mind-will, the little thing which says "I am going to do this" or "I am going to do that." It is a larger will which we may use only by surrendering to it.

It is literally true that we could move mountains if we had faith strong enough, because faith exalts the imagination, and it is in faith that we must surrender to that larger will. "Not as I will but as Thou wilt."

There is a great difference between the fancy and the imagination. The fancy has its own fantastic laws, but the imagination operates according to the laws of the good, the true and the beautiful. If somehow the current has become reversed and the imagination drifts in the opposite direction, towards the evil, the false, and the ugly, then that is disease, failure, but not so alarming as a lack of imagination, perhaps, because one can work at the turning of the current back toward the true, and have something to work with; but if there is impotence there is stagnation.

A seer is wise and knows many things because he has reached the perfected state wherein the imagination embodies forth the truth. He has only to imagine how a thing is likely to be and it is very much more than likely that that is the way you will find it. Whatever he imagines is *true*. His imagination cannot create (in the true sense of the word) but it mirrors the truth. The Divine Imagination creates, therefore whatever is "imagined" *is*. The imagination of a seer re-creates, mirrors that which has been created in the Divine Imagination, i. e. that which "is,"

and therefore whatever he imagines, is *true*. For him the world of fact and the world of Imagination have so entirely overlapped and eaten into each other that they have become *one*.

Imagination is the formative power in creation. Whatever I visualize within my own imagination is relatively as real within the bounds of the world of my own imagination as a house or a tree or a man is real within the bounds of the world of the Divine Imagination which we knock with our knuckles and say, "This is reality!"

Yes, if a figure in my imagination collided with another figure in my imagination, it would say, "See! We collide! This is reality!" and I who "created" them smile and say "Ha!" And in a dream, the "I" with whom we associate our consciousness for the term of the adventure tries in vain to run away from the monster behind, pounds the ground foolishly with his feet, grabs trees and corners to pull himself onward, onward, and thinks, "This is entirely *too* real to suit me!" Then it is only when he awakes, when he transfers his consciousness from the figure in his dream to the figure in his bed, that he reaches up to rap his knuckles on the bedstead, and sighs with relief, "How good it is to be back in *reality* again!"

One of the big differences between this world, the world of Divine Imagination, and the little world of your imagination, or my imagination, is that the world of the Divine Imagination is infused with the Will and the Love and the Wisdom to make it *Live*, while in the case of you and me, it is the sweat and blood of a team of draft horses to hold a picture steady for even so long as two minutes.

Each sin has its door of entrance.
 Keep that door closed.
 Bolt it tight.
 Just outside, the wild beast crouches
 In the night.
 Pin the bolt with a prayer:
 God will fix it there. *John Ozenham.*

Live in scorn of miserable aims that end with self.
—*George Eliot.*

The Philosophy of Work

W. J. DARROW

IN THE BIBLE OCCURS this passage: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This immediately calls to mind the subject of work. This is a subject on which much speculation has been made in all ages. It is a matter of common knowledge that work, either physical or mental, requires effort, effort of the will, of the physical body, and of the mind. Also this effort is frequently disagreeable, even painful at times. Those born under the common signs have much more difficulty in this respect than those born under the cardinal and fixed signs.

We find on examination that there are two aspects to the subject of work. The first of these might be comprehended under the title of our duty to evolution; the second under the title of our duty to ourselves and the personal rewards which result from the performance of that duty. As regards the first aspect, our duty to evolution, this means our duty to Deity and to the great plan which Deity has evolved and which we call evolution. Deity, or God, must find manifestation through centers of consciousness such as ourselves. When we perform our work in the best possible manner we expand our faculties and develop our latent powers in such a manner that Deity is able to manifest through us more of Himself than would otherwise be possible. In the beginning of a great day of manifestation Deity manifests nothing of Himself, but as the day progresses he manifests ever more and more as the centers of consciousness develop to greater degree through the efforts which they make to increase their velocity of vibration as vortices in cosmic substance. As these centers of consciousness increase in power, they become ever greater channels through which Deity may pour Himself out into the universe. As we are a part of God it is necessary that we co-operate with His plan of evolution and carry out the part which has been assigned to us, and that part can be carried out only by doing our work to the best possible degree of efficiency.

The second aspect, namely, our duty to our-

selves and the personal rewards accruing, may be described as follows: The ego or the higher self is ever striving as a part of God to express more of itself, because only as it expresses itself in matter does it gain experience through which latent powers may be evolved and growth of the soul powers result. The faculties which are latent are of no use and possess no value until they are developed and made usable in the world of concrete things. But when a faculty has been developed or evolved to a point where it can demonstrate some degree of power, then it becomes a source of great satisfaction, and its exercise becomes a source of pleasure and happiness. Power can be developed in any or all of the four vehicles, the physical, the vital, the emotional, and the mental. The material advantages which result from power in the various vehicles are well worth the exertion required to develop it.

Another way of expressing the concept of our duty to evolution is to "do all as unto the Lord," that is, to give up the personal self and devote oneself to co-operating with the plan of Deity, making that co-operation in the pushing forward of that plan the chief object of life. Then, so to speak, one becomes an employee of the Lord, or an employee of the General Manager of the Universe. When one does this he shifts the responsibility for his personal success or failure onto the shoulders of the General Manager, because when he has dedicated himself and all his faculties to the service of the universe, personal success or failure becomes a matter of no consequence. All that is necessary is that the individual do his best at all times and under all conditions; then he has made a success from a spiritual standpoint regardless of whether he has been a success in a material way or not. This relieves the mind of all the worry and fear which the ordinary individual indulges in as to whether his projects will succeed or fail, and this in itself is a tremendous advantage.

When you have dedicated yourself to the service of the universe, the universe will take care of

you. This is what is called "living by faith." This is something that Mr. Heindel has described in various of his letters. He personally had reached the point of living by faith, and he testified as to the superior advantages in connection therewith. But in order to live by faith and to have the universe take care of you, it is necessary that you make a complete surrender of your personal self to the universe, that is, to the Lord, because if this surrender is not complete, then you are still carrying part of the responsibility yourself and failure is likely to result.

Max Heindel has stated that in a future period of manifestation duty will supersede interest as the motive for action. At present interest is the mainspring of all action, or practically all action. Man performs his work because he has become interested in it and not because he has a sense of duty to the universe. When interest forsakes a person, then his work becomes difficult, and if he is able to do so he is very likely to drop it or shirk it. Interest is a function or activity of the desire body. It is an important factor at the present time, but it must be superseded by a higher motive and this motive will be the sense of duty to evolution.. One can perform one's duty to evolution as well under handicap as otherwise. Loss of health, loss of money, loss of friends, or any other material handicap, does not really prevent us from doing our duty to evolution in an efficient manner. We perhaps can even perform it in a more efficient manner under such handicaps than otherwise. All that is required in the performance of one's duty to evolution is to do his best, that is, to exercise for the general good all the powers which he possesses. When he has done this he has succeeded regardless of whether he has accomplished anything in a material way or not.

In the performance of one's work quality is the first consideration and the amount of work done may be called the second consideration. One must exercise his faculties to their full capacity in order to turn out the best quality of work possible and also the fullest normal quota of it. Momentum is a very useful factor in connection with work. It is well worth while from the personal standpoint for the reason that it stimulates interest which then makes work easy; and it also

breaks up the fatigue which results from friction between the various particles of the different vehicles of bodies. This friction is due to inertia, that is, the tendency of a body when in a state of rest to remain in that state. This means that whenever we stop work, cease activity, and come to a state of rest, that the resulting inertia must be broken up at the time when we again resume operations; this inertia produces friction in the beginning, friction between the various atoms of the body. If by special effort we generate a good degree of momentum, this sets all the particles of the various vehicles into a high rate of vibration which in turn eliminates friction and the sense of fatigue disappears. And to be able to work without the sense of fatigue is well worth the initial exertion required to eliminate it.

Finally, we must bear in mind that our work for evolution must take the form of work for others as representative of humanity, that is, as representative of the whole. The interests of the whole must largely supersede personal interests. It must become our chief aim to serve the whole. We can only serve the whole by serving the individual units with which we come in contact, namely, those people whom we meet in our every-day life.

Indulgence in personal ease, or for that matter any other form of selfishness, crystallizes a shell around the ego, that is, crystallizes its vehicles into impermeable shells which shut out God and therefore shut out life. When we have shut out life we lack the energy to do our work with pleasure and to good advantage. Our work then becomes hard and requires much more effort to perform. If we have thus crystallized our shell to such a degree that it shuts out life, then there is only one way to remedy it and that is to reverse the process and dissolve or spiritualize that shell. To do this it is only necessary that we begin to work for others as representative of the whole instead of for the personal self. Then the finer vehicles become spiritualized, ever more and more responsive to spiritual light and power, and when the process has been carried far enough so that we are no longer shut out from God, then we manifest ever more and more of His divine attributes and all things work together for good.

The Vision of the Path

An Allegory of a Soul's Pilgrimage Through Earth Life

Part III

F. J. HAARHOFF

"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"

WITH A SHOUT OF JOY I sprang forward to enter upon the Path, but the angel laid a restraining hand upon my arm:

"Wait, friend, thou canst not enter upon the Way unprepared, unarmed. Dost not thou remember what the Christ said—'He that would be my disciple, who would walk in My Way, must take up his cross, deny himself, and follow me? Follow in His footsteps. Before thou canst proceed upon thy way, thou must deny thyself.'"

"And how must I do that?" I asked in dismay, for I had not thought that there were restrictions or conditions which might still bar my way!

"Thou must cast away all thine own desires, thy vanities and thy ambitions, thy own loves. Thou must take with thee no desire, but the desire to do the will of thy Father. Thou must needs crucify thy own will."

"And how may I do that?" I enquired much cast down because of this new obstacle.

"Thou must 'take up thy cross' before thou canst follow the Christ, who bore the cross of all the world when He first trod this Way to open it for thee to follow."

"And what cross is it that I must take up before I may enter upon the Path?" I asked, further filled with impatience to go my way.

"This is thy cross," replied the Angel of Light, and with a fateful finger he pointed at a heavy bundle made up in the form of a cross, which now for the first time I saw lying at my feet.

"And what may this heavy burden be that thou wouldst have me carry up the 'steep, the narrow way'?"

"This bundle, my friend," stated the Angel, "contains all thy sins, thy transgressions, thy failures, thy weaknesses, thy shortcomings of the past. It contains all the errors unredeemed by thee, committed in all thy life. It is filled with

lost opportunities, opportunities of love, for service. It is weighted with the hurts, the wounds, the injustices, the injuries, which thou hast inflicted on thy neighbor."

My heart sank within me at the prospect of carrying such a heavy burden upon the Way.

"Thou wouldst have me carry this heavy burden on the steep, the narrow way! Thou dost ask that of me which is beyond mortal strength or human endurance! Never can I walk up that narrow, that steep and slippery Way burdened with such a load of evil!"

"Friend," said the Angel sadly but with great tenderness and compassion: "The burden is of thy own making. Not an atom of weight doth it contain which hath not been stored there by thee, thyself. Thou must deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow in the footsteps of the Christ if thou wouldst walk in His Way."

With a deep sigh of weary resignation, I reluctantly took up the burden and placed it upon my shoulder, for I was determined, cost what it might, to make the effort and to mount the Path to the goal of my vision, which burned like a living fire in the life of my memory. Once more, but with slower step, I proceeded upon my way to enter upon the Path, which here branched away from the Broad and Easy Road, when once more I felt the restraining hand of the bright Angel of Light.

"Wait, friend, I have one more message for thee, one word of consolation and comfort. Thy burden is great, exceedingly heavy, but be of good cheer, thy burden shall not always be heavy. When thou hast learned the Great Secret, entered into the very spirit of the mystery of Love, then shall thy burden grow light, shall be transmuted to wings of power. Then shalt thou 'renew thy strength, shalt rise up with wings as eagles, shalt walk and not be weary, shalt run and not be faint.' Then also shall thy way no longer be steep or narrow, nor shall thorns beset thy path, nor stones hurt thy feet. Then shall thy path be a Path of Glory; then

shalt thou walk thy way with joy inexpressible, with peace beyond understanding.

“Then in very truth shalt thou be walking in the Way of the Christ, for the Way of the ‘Prince of Glory’ is not a way of sorrow or sadness, but a way of infinite joy, of love, which is divine. Then shall thy cross not be a burden to thee but a joy; it shall be thy guerdon, thy admittance at the Door, which is Love—to the Mountain Tops of Glory, which are *ATTAINMENT*.

“Fare thee well, friend. God speed thee. Follow thou the gleam, the gleam which shines in the skies; ’tis the gleam of love, the love of the Christ.”

His voice died away as a far distant echo. I was *alone*.

Alone though multitudes surrounded me, alone to wend my way up the Path.

But even as his voice died into the silence, I already felt my burden grow lighter, my steps less weary.

With courage renewed, with hope ascending, with strength beyond my own, I set my feet upon the Way.

But, nay! I was not alone. The Way was narrow, and the Way was not crowded, but yet did I meet many wayfarers, each toiling along under the burden of his cross. Each was bearing his own burden; each was striving to avoid the prickly thorns, to keep from stumbling on the slippery stones. Some were weary and despondent, others were cheery and hopeful; all were diligently set upon keeping their feet upon the Path.

All whom I met greeted me kindly, called me brother, offered me much advice and caution, but none offered to bear my burden or any portion thereof. Each seemed so concerned with the weight of his own cross, by the hurts of his own feet, the laceration of his own flesh, that no one would bind my bleeding feet or staunch the blood of my wounds.

By all of whom I inquired I was told: “Yes, this is the Way, the Way of the Christ.”

Some of the wayfarers appeared to be very wise and full of information. Many appeared to be old travelers, as if they had been long upon the Path.

It did surprise me somewhat that they should

be such a little distance advanced upon the Way, so far yet from the Heights!

Of one who professed to be a guide and teacher of the Way, and who acknowledged that he had been traveling upon it for many years, I inquired how it was that he was not yet further advanced. He replied that the Way was very steep and very slippery. He told me that it was foolish to hope to rise to the Heights in a day or in many days, for often it happens that when one has reached a point near the Heights, the foot will slip, and then one is apt to fall down to the bottom of the Path, making it necessary to climb all the way again.

This discouraged me much, so that my burden grew heavier and heavier.

“But brother,” I inquired in dismay, “is there not a secret which we may learn, by which the Way grows easy to climb, by which our burdens grow lighter?”

“Yea, friend, there is said to be some such secret or mystery, but, methinks that it is all a fable; such secrets cannot be learned in this life, nor before one reaches the very heights.” As he spoke to me thus, walking by my side, he took hold of my arm, leaning heavily upon me to help himself rise upon the steepness of the Way.

I liked this heavy leaning of his upon my arm but little. I shook the hold of his hand from my arm and passed on, seeking if perchance I might meet someone who could tell me more.

I asked of many: “Friends, can ye tell me the secret of the mystery of that which is Love, which will make the Path less weary, that which will give me wings to rise against the steepness of the Way?”

Many professed to know and poured out floods of words which to my mind seemed but meaningless vaporings, and which helped me not at all.

Others in a friendly manner shook their heads and told me that they knew not, but that they also were seeking to discover the secret. They also were weary of the steepness of the Path, and of the weight of their burdens.

I could not help but pity some of my fellow travelers, for many were old and worn, and heavily bowed under the weight of their burdens. Some were lame and very sore of foot and almost unable to move their weary limbs. I re-

gretted much that I could do nothing to help these weary, wounded fellow travelers, but my own burden was quite as much as I could carry, therefore it was not in my power to help any others to carry their crosses.

Nor could I tarry to help heal the hurts of any, or to bind up the bleeding feet of the weary ones. I was in haste to proceed upon my way, to reach the Heights before my own strength became exhausted, so that I could scarcely tarry to bind my own hurts.

But indeed, it made my own burden grow heavier and heavier just to see the many weak and weary ones, helpless and unable to carry the weight of their burdens. Often I shut my eyes that I might not see while I passed on, for I was one of tender feelings and of a very sympathetic nature, so that it hurt me much to see such suffering.

As the time passed I grew more weary and footsore; many times I fell and slipped down lower and lower upon the Path, so that it happened that I had to travel the same distance many times again and again.

Once it happened that I came upon a man who was strong of limb and hearty of nature. As I walked just behind him I slyly laid hold of his coat that his strength might help me up the steepness of the Path.

It helped me little, for at the last the man stumbled suddenly, my hand slipped from his coat, and I fell right down to the bottom of the Path again!

Then, after I had again made some considerable progress by the exertion of all my strength, I came to a spot in the Path which was steep as a precipice. It seemed impossible for anyone to mount this steep place, burdened as we were with the crosses of our own making.

Quite a number of wayfarers were halted at the place, considering how they should surmount the difficulty. One, more venturesome than the others, began to climb up the steepness, then when he was half way up, he foolishly put his foot upon a loose stone, which caused him to fall and lie in a helpless heap at the bottom, sore and wounded. While he was thus lying, seeking to regain his breath and strength, I saw a man suddenly put his foot upon the fallen man and with a jump reach the top. With a

sudden impulse I followed his example and also used the fallen brother as a stepping-stone. I jumped and almost reached the top, when the first one who had jumped lost his footing and came tumbling back upon me, bringing with him a mass of fallen rock and debris.

I was much hurt and wounded by the falling rocks, but as I fell on top of the man who had served me as a stepping-stone he escaped all further hurt, my body acting as an involuntary shield to protect him! In truth this Path did not prove a very pleasant way for me to travel.

Although I sought by various devices to shelter myself behind the bodies of my fellow travelers against the pricks of the thorns on the projecting branches, yet in some way it seemed to me that I received more lacerations than they. Although my clothes were more new and whole than others, I suffered more cold! Although my shoes were stronger and less worn than others, my feet were more hurt than those of most!

* * * * *

Then at last I became too weary and exhausted to proceed. I sat down by the wayside and began to think. I pondered upon all my experiences of the Path, and wondered, burdened as I was, whether I should ever be able to reach the Heights! Indeed I began to doubt that *anyone* ever did succeed in conquering the steepness, the weariness of the Path.

But I did not for all that feel any inclination to give up all effort, nor yet cease following the Path. I was resolved to persevere, to seek and discover the great Secret of which the angel had told me, that would enable me to achieve victory.

As I sat and rested, I tried to recall all that the angel had told me concerning the Path and its mystery. He had spoken about *entering into the very spirit of Love*. What did he mean? What could this mystery be?

Love? He had spoken about the very Secret of Love. What is Love anyway?

Ah love! what is love? I confessed to myself that I did not know!

Often in my past life I had loved, or thought that I had loved, that I *knew* love! But did I?

To me it had always proved to be but an illusion, a snare. There had been some ephemeral

sweetness in the tasting, in the mouth, but always, ever and again, the sweetness had ended in sorrow and bitterness in the eating! To the eye the fruit had appeared beautiful and tempting, but in the eating I had always, again and again, found the core of the fruit to contain ashes and bitterness, pain and sorrow—Dead Sea fruit!

“Why is it,” I pondered, “that love is so exalted in theory, in song, and in verse? Why do all prophets and seers, all those who profess to know, preach and prate concerning the joy, the beauty, the mystery of love, when to me love had never brought anything but disappointment, disillusion, grief, and woe?”

“Is there such a thing in all the world as love? Or is it but a vision of the brain, a will-o-the-wisp, a mirage, which ever deceives the unwary? Or is it that its secret is so jealously guarded that only the wise, the persevering, may discover its mystery?”

“Well, I will not despair,” I determined. “I have set my foot upon the Path. I shall not surrender to its obstacles. I shall persevere and continue to seek to discover its secret; it may be that I shall conquer, shall solve the mystery that will enable me to mount up to the Heights. It may be that only when I reach the Heights shall I find the solution of the secret.

“They say that God is Love! If I find God I shall find love! Is that the solution? I can but seek. It may be that He will take pity upon my weakness, my loneliness, that He will reveal to me the Mystery of His Being, and then I shall *know* the Secret.”

Then and there, burdened as I was with the load of my cross, I fell upon my knees and prayed, prayed that God would take pity upon me and reveal to me the Secret of His Being, the Mystery of Love, that I might rise up, and that I might attain to His wisdom, His truth and His love.

I had but risen to my feet from kneeling at prayer. I was still pondering on these matters, when the answer came! A new light seemed to shine upon the Path; a new strength to fill my being. Before I could fully realize the inward change, within myself I saw that the very aspect of the Path had changed. Even those who traveled upon it seemed different!

A strange being approached me as I stood in

wonder, and spoke to me in kind and loving sympathy.

“Art thou weary, friend? Is the weight of thy cross more than thou canst bear? Are thy feet sore and aching and filled with pain? Give me the privilege of bearing thy cross for thee, and do thou lean upon my arm to take away thy weariness. Be not discouraged; thy weariness will pass, thy wounds be healed, thy sorrows ended when we reach the Heights. Come, my friend, all is well! I shall bear thy burden, shall sustain thy weariness. Love shall conquer all barriers.”

I marveled so that I could not answer him nor immediately accept his proffered aid! Although the man seemed filled with the joy of living, the strength of life, yet did it seem marvelously strange that he should offer to also bear *my* burden when already he was laden to overflowing with the many burdens he was bearing! Already a crowd of wayfarers were leaning upon his arms, his shoulders, clinging to his garments, holding on to each other, while this wonderfully strange and great man bore their burdens and sustained their weariness, and without seeming effort or strain, drew them onward and upward along the Path. With power stupendous did he appear to impart life and strength as well as hope, to the many weak and weary ones whom he was raising upwards, to the Heights of Attainment.

As I stood gazing in mute astonishment at his mighty power, unable to answer his questions, he smiled at me cheerfully, encouragingly and said:

“Why dost thou marvel, friend? Wilt thou let me bear thy cross for thee, give me the joy of helping thee on thy Path?”

“Sir, I marvel at thy strength, at thy power to bear the burdens of so many! Also am I astounded at thy self-forgetfulness! Already art thou overburdened in helping these many on their way, and yet thou dost offer to help me, to carry my burden also! The Path is steep and slippery to the feet. Thou canst not carry the burdens of so many and yet succeed in rising to the Heights. Thou dost forget thy own interest, thy own attainment.”

“Friend, thou dost speak so because of thy ignorance. Knowest thou not that the more burdens I carry for others, the lighter doth my own cross grow? Knowest thou not that the more

weariness I sustain on my arms, the less weariness I myself do feel?

"Hast thou not yet learned the Secret of Love—that when thou art burdened with the cares and the sorrows of others, the Path ceases to be steep, to be slippery? Hath no one yet told thee that when thou knowest the Mystery of Love, thy strength shall be renewed, that thou shalt rise upwards on wings as of eagles, that thou shalt walk and not be weary, shalt run and not be faint?"

"Ah! sir!" I exclaimed in great eagerness, "then thou dost know this wonderful secret? Long have I sought to solve the mystery of this secret, but vainly. No one could tell me how to enter into the spirit of love. Sir, wilt thou not tell me how I may also learn this wonderful secret? Teach me that I also may help others, that I also may walk without weariness, may carry the cross of weaker ones and not faint."

"Friend, I have been telling thee the very essence of the great secret, the inmost mystery of the Mystery. Ears have ye but ye hear not! Hath no one told thee that this is the Way of the Christ—that to walk therein thou must follow in His footsteps, practice His teachings? Canst thou not even remember one of the many sayings of the Master, each one of which would give the whole solution of the Mystery?"

"Friend, wouldst thou in very truth know the secret of Love? Then will I tell thee; the Secret is Love! Just Love! When thou hast learned to love, then thou dost know the very Secret of the Way; then thou hast entered into the spirit of the Mystery. Just Love!"

"That cannot be, sir," I replied, "for I have loved often and have loved many, yet do I not know the secret. Since my youth have I sought to find the joy of love, but always in vain. Love has brought me no lasting solace, no joy. Its pleasures have always been evanescent, ever ending in sorrow and in pain."

"Nay, friend, thou didst not love, or else thou wouldst not still be standing here in the Path, burdened with thy cross, nor wouldst thou have fallen down, fainting by the Way with bleeding feet and lacerated heart.

"Friend, what thou callest love is but *self* love, and that is not the love of which the Master told. If thou wouldst learn to know love, then *needs must thou forget self!* Only when *self*

is forgotten canst thou enter into the spirit of the love which is divine. The love which seeks reward or return is not love! When thou wouldst enter into the love which is real, then thou must seek for no return, no reward. Thou must just give, and always give, give *thyself*. The whole secret of the Mystery is contained in this one sentence uttered by the Master, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

And suddenly a great light seemed to dazzle my eyes! Like a flash of lightning the truth seemed to pierce into the inmost depths of my soul. Of a sudden the whole world seemed to change. A great darkness fell from my spirit. It was as if a blindness had fallen from the eyes of my spirit. *I could see!*

How it all happened I cannot say; I must have been standing on the very threshold of the door, for when the door opened, the light which streamed in upon me nearly blinded me as it did Saul of Tarsus once upon a time!

For a brief moment I stood in sudden amazement looking into the eyes of the stranger, who, burdened as he was with the crosses of many wayfarers, yet mercifully tarried to open my eyes, to tell me of the Secret of Attainment! A smile of great joy lit the stranger's face, for he saw in my eyes that at last I also could *see!*

I was a changed man. I no longer felt weary or despondent; the very weight of my burden was no longer felt; the wounds of my feet did not hurt!

"Shall I help thee carry thy burden, friend?" the stranger once more asked of me.

"I thank thee, sir, but I no longer have a burden to carry. Thou hast removed all my weariness, my hurts. My burden has fallen from my shoulders."

And with a shout of great joy I ran along the Way, seeking for those who needed help, for those who were hurt and wounded, for those whose burdens were sapping their strength and their energies.

(To be continued)

There is no calm like that when storm is done;
 There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
 There is no joy that lives as deep as peace;
 No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

Helen Gray Cove.

Question Department.

Defective Vision and Hearing

QUESTION:

What ultimate effect upon the inner vehicles and the seed atom is sustained in the case of a person with defective (nearsighted) eyes and total deafness due to illness?

Does the same condition exist in subsequent rebirths due to impress made upon the seed atom?

What occurs to an individual in such a case after death of the dense body? Does he have perfect vision and hearing in the desire and higher bodies, or does the condition remain permanent throughout the entire life cycle after death till rebirth?

In dreams I seem to function perfectly with both sight and hearing. Why?

ANSWER:

The Rosicrucian Philosophy does not teach that any physical defect is imprinted upon the seed atom. It is affected only by our actions, our words, thoughts, and the surroundings in which we place ourselves. You will find this under "Conscious Mind" in the "*Cosmo-Conception*" on Page 91.

In the case of nearsighted eyes it is usually because the ego when last in earth life used up and strained his eyesight for a selfish purpose. Many are doing just this same thing today. They are insatiable readers. Sometimes they read merely for amusement newspapers and novels, consuming them from morning till night. Sometimes they have a thirst for scientific knowledge and read early and late. They are not living a life of service or using their eyes to help others, but merely for the knowledge they themselves desire. In this case the ego may return with restricted sight in order that he may learn the lesson not to waste this precious gift.

With regard to the ears, Max Heindel has told us that deafness is frequently the result of turn-

ing a deaf ear in former lives either to spiritual teaching or to cry of the suffering ones, a want of compassion for the needy—in fact closing our avenues of love toward our brother man. These conditions do not always appear at birth but wait for some planetary condition to bring them about. If the afflictions are in fixed signs, one will have to struggle hard to overcome them, but that very struggle, if successful, will wipe away the sin and in the following life the ego will return without this handicap. It will have paid the debt to the law.

If you are daily endeavoring to pay your debt to the law, you may look forward in the next life to coming back with faculties all alive and acute and ready for the Master's service. The law is that our sins may be forgiven, but still we have to suffer for and pay the debt. If the boy steals green apples and eats them, the mother may forgive him, but still he may suffer the stomach ache. Thus it is all through our chain of lives. When one is restricted in sight and hearing or in speech during his earth life, all these restrictions are in the physical vehicle, and when the ego leaves that physical vehicle behind, the restriction is no longer felt. Indeed, many who are both blind and deaf while in the physical body have at that same time spiritual sight and hearing, that is clairvoyance and clairaudiance, showing that the dense body cannot affect the higher vehicles. You were not born deaf, nor blind. Therefore you understand the use of the organs of hearing and sight. When asleep your physical vehicle does not go into the heaven worlds with you, but only the higher vehicles. Thus no restriction is felt there. This is a subject of great interest to many; but always remember that it is never the anger of an unjust Father that causes our restrictions. It is merely our opportunity to pay our debt to nature.

THE DIVINE HEALING FORCE

QUESTION:

Please explain to me the divine healing force. I cannot picture how it manifests through divine love.

ANSWER:

Picture the gentle rain as it descends from heaven. It falls upon the just and unjust, upon the withered flower and the green grass, upon the dry tree and the dead stems of gathered grain; upon all it falls freely, bringing life from the Giver of all good things. The infant plant with its two little delicate leaves has its needs supplied, the giant sequoia receives sufficient to wash the foliage, swell the buds, bathe the bark and nourish the roots.

This is how the divine healing force comes to us. It is all around us; it will revive and strengthen us; it will supply our every need no matter how great. At times it comes so gently that we are not aware of it till we realize that our health is improved, our disease has disappeared, when or how we know not. At other times it comes suddenly, bearing away the crutches on which we leaned, leaving us bewildered, astonished, and compelled to make the personal effort which reveals to us our wholeness.

How can we as students aid in the outpouring of this healing force of divine love? Are you the happy possessor of a garden? Have you a hose attached to the water main and on the end of the hose a sprinkler? Turn on the water and sit down to watch. First the water rushes out with much noise, then stops, comes through again, stops, gasps, and spurts, and at last when the pipe has been cleared of all impediments, the water rushes out and upward into the air. Then it falls in gentle drops on all the ground within reach.

This sprinkler is a fair representation of the student who has the desire to make himself as perfect as is possible before carrying divine healing; but his first efforts are rarely a success. The stream should not be poured directly upon the plant but sent upward to the Father with a prayer that He will direct each drop where it should fall. God's messengers will carry the healing power and the rain drops to where they are needed. We must not issue orders. We are

but channels, sprinklers. Every leaf makes itself a channel to carry the moisture to another. Every word of ours, and every act should carry divine love to thirsty souls.

The water that flows in the hose came from a storage reservoir constructed in a convenient place. We have on Mt. Ecclesia a spiritual reservoir, the Temple of Healing where the prayers of all sincere students are sent, to which is attracted the divine healing power, and where later we hope the panacea will be placed.

ELEMENTALS

QUESTION:

What is the nature of the phantom that follows Glyndon in the novel "Zanoni" by Bulwer Lytton? Was it not some fascination?

Must a man always meet elementals when he enters the inner worlds?

ANSWER:

The dreadful entity seen by Glyndon is spoken of in occultism as the "Dweller on the Threshold." When the neophyte enters the Desire World consciously, having left his physical body behind in sleep, he must pass an entity such as that described by Glyndon. This is the embodiment of all the evil deeds of his past which, having not yet been expiated, await eradication in future lives. He must recognize and acknowledge that entity as part of himself. He must promise himself to liquidate, as soon as possible, all the debts represented by this terrible shape.

This entity is not even apparent to the ordinary man during the times between death and a new birth, though ever present. It is a demon, and is offset by another shape which represents all the good a man has done in the past and which may be called his guardian angel; these twin forms, as said are invisible to the ordinary man at all times, though ever potent in his life.

Many people have a *great fear of death*; the very mention of the word "death" sends the cold shivers down their backs, and they always avoid the subject. Fear of death generates thought forms of a hideous nature, and when a person leaves the body at death to enter the invisible world, he sees those dread forms surround him as so many fiends, and they sometimes drive

(Continued on page 391)



The Astral Ray.

Cyril Ayllier: Uranian Mystic

FRANCES HANFORD DELANOY

CYRIL INSISTED THAT all things are possible to him who wills. He fitted up a laboratory, workshop, study, and library in the attic where unmolested he might delve into the lore of ages, or experiment, as urged by his guiding star. Untiringly, day and night he worked on an invention to materialize his absorbing idea. Success often seemed almost within his grasp and then tantalizingly eluded him, and his moods registered accordingly.

One afternoon when the world seemed topsy-turvy, he took a new book of mysticism and descended to the living room and tried to concentrate on the subject presented, but out of harmony with everything and everybody, his mind drifted to the laboratory seeking the evasive something desired. An unreasonable antagonism toward the author and the ideas he advanced grew upon him as he turned the pages.

On one side of his nature, Cyril was extremely irritable and inclined to be brusque in speech and abrupt in manner. He closed the book with a sounding clap and hurled it across the room. By a graceful Delsarte curve it barely missed his sister's head; she was reclining on a couch in a darkened recess and absorbed in his thoughts he had been unaware of her presence.

Mazie, his sister, awakened with a start, sat up and momentarily stared. "Quite a characteristic performance of my erratic brother," she thought as she rose, switched on the lights and picked up the book. "You're becoming danger-

ous as well as destructive. You've broken the back of the book—a new one, too. And you came within a hair's breadth of breaking my head. We certainly shall be obliged to have your sanity questioned."

"'Sanity?' The whole world has gone mad," he emphasized. "Such inconsistency, such divergent and divers opinions, such abominable rot in high sounding phrases of ambiguity, continually aired in print. Sane? I'm the only sane person in——"

"Just a trifle more grouchy than usual—a little more conceited. You're not 'different.' It's only egotism."

"'Different?' Of course I'm different. Already advanced beyond the present generation—by inspirational understanding, I mean—I arrived on this sphere a whole century in advance of the era to which I actually belong. Other mortals' thoughts don't vibrate in harmony with mine. I don't know how it happens. Perhaps I progressed more rapidly during my——"

"Indeed? Then you'll have to stop advancing and remain on this globe a century before you'll find a wife whose mental vibrations harmonize——"

"Wrong, Maizie. Somewhere, at some time, I'll meet an advanced woman whose earth lives have kept even with mine and——"

"Your wh-at?"

"Earth lives, stupid. Do you suppose that you are a spark of electricity dropped here quite

by accident, to be switched off by an electrical accident? You, my dear sister, are guided by the moon which causes your instability, timidity. You belong to this planet, earth, that is acted upon by the whole solar system that I seem to be up against at present. You are materialistic—”

“And, General Wisdom, if my ‘instability’ is directly due to the moon, what particular planet is responsible for your—”

“Now there’s Uranus, my guiding star and mystical, higher spiritual, father,” complained Cyril, ignoring the interruption, “instead of assisting me in my research, my investigations, especially my inventive efforts, sits on a cusp, fence, so to speak, and while leaving me in the lurch at my last ditch, he unsettles my moon, and electrifies my sun; he vibrates no more thoughts to me than to the Sphinx of Egypt. Yet he is the planet ruling all invention.

“As though all this were not annoying enough to me—a faithful delver into Uranian mystery,” Cyril continued, “Saturn, stubborn as a mule, jealously looking to his own ends, has fortified himself on my plane of occultism and there he sits, retarding my affairs and shaking his fist at my Jupiter. I wish that Mr. Humbug’s book had hit him on the head and knocked him into Capricorn.

“Then there’s my Mercury—the inquisitive little imp! Gets right in my way with his ear cocked every time I get my instrument adjusted and ready to register my thoughts—”

“‘Register your thoughts?’ Have you reached so high a plane that you must have a machine to receive and preserve your thoughts? I don’t know whether you are talking nonsense or believe that you can awe me with pretended wisdom.”

“How very trying you are, Mazie. Don’t you know that we are now in the cycle of great inventions, occult knowledge, mysticism, the revealing of ancient mysteries? You laugh! Do you laugh at the graphophone, telephone, wireless telegraphy, flying machines, moving pictures? What? Before anyone of them was thought of would not the whole world have laughed derisively at any person who dared suggest their possibility or declare their probability? Have we not recorded voices? Why not record thoughts? Have we not mastered the waters, air, electricity,

shadows? Who shall say that we one day shall not penetrate into the realms of human thought?

“Ruled by the ever shifting moon, clinging to earth and earthly things, you lack in a measure, power of concentration. Believing always in obstacles to surmount, you wade knee-deep in the swamps of Pisces. You cannot soar high enough to get even a glimpse of the great Uranian mysteries. Therefore, how can you be expected to understand my intended invention?”

“Why not attempt something of practical use? An electrical appliance for lifting weight like the great blocks of the Pyramids? Or perpetual motion?”

“My instrument will register the thoughts of mortal man, bring us nearer to the unseen, detect the criminal, will immortalize the inventor—shall I say, the discoverer? I have ideas far beyond the material plane. I come under the electromagnetic currents of the great, inventive, mystical and highly spiritual Uranus, into whose vibration the earth has recently passed, and where during its cycle of more than two thousand years it will remain, undergoing a process that will eventually revolutionize the hearts and souls of humanity, release them from the bondage of spiritual darkness, unite all nations, each race in its place, in a universal brotherhood of sympathy and love.

“Since the beginning of ages, the tribe of Joseph to which I belong, has been making additions—”

“I would advise that you set your wonderful machine, instrument—when you have perfected one—to catch these wonderful vibrations showered from your spiritual planet, and let poor little human gnats and their insignificant thoughts alone,” said Mazie when she could wedge a word in.

“But don’t, I beg, gather any more vibrating thoughts that impel you to break the backs of defenseless books that ‘vibrate’ thoughts of your superiors, and imperil the heads of scatterbrain moons. They may ‘vibrate’ you into the insane asylum.”

Firing her parting shot, Mazie, more convinced than before that her brother was queer and becoming queerer, flounced out.

It was the first time that he had launched his occult ideas. Never before had he expressed his thoughts in many words or so freely.

His mind now brought down from the heights, he put the lights out and went to bed. Soon he was in a deep sleep.

The sun passed the zenith. Mazie, alarmed by his non-appearance, with great difficulty, aroused him. "I find you still breathing," she teased. "I thought you might, perhaps have gone to Uranus; possibly had entered another existence, and your invention not yet——"

"What did you call me back for?" he asked, recovering from a daze. "I was in ancient Egypt before the Sphinx where in perplexity I have been many times before. And I met *her*," he exclaimed as he suddenly brightened. "She knew me instantly. She is traveling in Turkey. And I've learned the right twist—curve. Do go. I'm in a hurry."

"Then I hope you'll be able to get those vibrating twists out of your brain. And so you saw 'her?' I guess you caught the wrong vibration that time. 'She' lost her reborn self in a pillar of fire, turned into an old hag, ugly as—Uranus, and tumbled into a heap of musty old bones, ages ago before you were born—entered into your last earth life, I mean."

"The young woman to whom I referred, madam," laughed Cyril, "is to be my wife; she is waiting. Please go: I want to dress. I'm in a deuce of a hurry. I'll fix up my instrument, and that accomplished, I'll join my future wife in Turkey."

"And so you go in undress to visit the Sphinx," retorted Mazie, believing that her brother was purposely trying for his own amusement to mystify her. "Did 'she' give you breakfast?" Tilting her chin, she went out and closed the door with a bang.

Cyril hurried into his clothes, and unmindful of his fast dashed to his workshop and laboratory, where during the next two hours his fingers guided by some occult force, worked with rapidity and skill. He adjusted the sensitive needle of the instrument he had set his heart on perfecting, swung the transmitter toward him, and took up a newspaper. A headline caught his eyes.

"Miss Dorothy Durayne, beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Colton Durayne, noted lawyer of New Orleans, while traveling abroad with a chaperon has mysteriously dis-

appeared and grave fears are entertained for her safety."

The atmosphere instantly set in motion by his thought waves, began perceptibly to vibrate. The needle bar began to quiver; the recording plate automatically adjusted itself and began noiselessly to revolve, and responding to the recording needle impressions fell on the waxed ribbon as it wound around the spindle beneath. Scarcely crediting his senses, Cyril swung the receiver until it touched his temple, and in swift succession came waves of mingling thoughts in insistent repetition, causing a tremendous shock of surprise.

"Dorothy Durayne," his mind repeated; and instantly came telepathetic thought vibrations of ancient ruins, an abducted girl and her captors, and an anguished mental cry for help.

Excited, he dropped the receiver and rushed to the stairway. "Mazie, come immediately," he called in a hilarious shout, "Hurry! Hurry!"

And Mazie as she came on flying feet for the first time entered the forbidden workshop. Adjusting the instrument, Cyril held the receiver against her temple.

"Mentally repeat, 'Dorothy Durayne,'" he told her. "What thoughts come to you?" he presently asked.

"Distress—a woman—far away—Turkey—ruins," she gasped at intervals, her face white, her body trembling. "She struggles—the other woman—Oh, it's terrible."

"Can you see marks on this ribbon?" Cyril asked, reversing the rotary.

"Yes, yes; but call the police—police," she screamed. She had turned to the transmitter. "Phone! Police!"

Mingling with strong vibrations from the police department came faintly, "Number, please?" from central.

Thoughts of the lawyer in New Orleans plunged into Cyril's mind, and swinging the transmitter into place he concentrated his thought on him. As they struck an aerial current, setting its waves in motion, they acted on Mr. Colton Durayne's receptive mind, and as Cyril applied the receiver, back to him came the father's confused and distressed thoughts.

Cyril's mind went again to the daughter. "Dorothy Durayne, where are you and what has

happened?" went a telepathic question. And back came the swift answer: "Turkey—Mohammedan and Crusader ruins. Highlands east of Jordan. Ransom or seraglio."

The door bell rang. Mazie responded and returned with a policeman. In great excitement Cyril clutched his arm. "Read," said he, "and listen." And he clapped the receiver to the man's head. "Concentrate on Dorothy Durayne, by name, and ask her condition. You'll get a telepathic message," he told him, watching his varying expressions. When later he broke connection, the man stared in amazement. "I am astounded," he said. "Am I dreaming? What is it? What does it mean?"

"I'll explain later. Please write out your experience."

After the experiences had been discussed (all three exactly tallied) Cyril announced that he would send a telegram to Mr. Colton Durayne. Later it was learned that Mr. Durayne had marveled at what he believed to be a telepathic message to him from his daughter.

"Transmitting and receiving telepathic communications to and from distant places was far from my mind when I conceived the idea of this instrument," Cyril asserted. "But unwittingly I have demonstrated the fact that thoughts, as potent as words, can be passed on an aerial current, linking mind with mind, in advance of the time when mind, without speech, will communicate to mind. My idea was to construct an instrument so sensitive that it would receive and transmit thoughts of persons as easily as though audibly expressed.

"Vibratory thought waves, faithfully recorded, although I am as yet unable to read them, when arranged for a graphophone as is my intention, will unerringly reproduce the thought in sound. The electric waves of thought and sound are the same.

"I have accomplished more than I ever remotely thought of doing. Not only may I get the thoughts of the living, but perhaps, of those whose transition is called death."

Hours passed while Cyril sat meditating. "I will find out," he said with animation, starting up, and whirling the transmitter into place. "Where are you? Who are you? Answer me. Did we not meet in spirit last night on the

Nile?" And instantly came vibrating the response:

"Zehunan. Zehunan. Through the ages I remember and think of you, my king. Hast forgotten Aphaho?"

"Zehunan?" Was I Zehunan ages ago?" throbbed through Cyril's brain. "And Aphaho, was she not the lady of—memory is dim and fitful, now."

"Ages upon ages ago," came a despairing cry. "Now Aphaho is in distress."

"Aphaho? Ah, I remember. I hear you, Aphaho. Where are you, Aphaho?"

"I, now Dorothy Durayne am in the Rock City of Petra—the mountains of Edom. A captive in Turkey—"

"My God! Dorothy Durayne? Aphaho?"

"Of New Orleans; traveling in Turkey—held for—"

"Have telegraphed to Colton Durayne—"

"On the water. Ocean steamer," came quick response to his name from Mr. Durayne. "Turkey—to Dorothy—"

"Dorothy—Aphaho—your father is on the way to your rescue. I shall follow—Zehunan—Cyril Ayllier—Sacramento, California. Aphaho, meet me—by the temple of the Sphinx to night in spirit."

As though preparing for a long journey, Cyril took his instrument apart and after locking it in a secret compartment of his table, he took a long draught of water and threw himself, exhausted, on his couch in the work shop. Instantly he fell into a deep trance and it was noon of the next day when Mazie went to his room to see if he were ill.

Alarmed at finding his bed untouched, she climbed the attic stairs and entered his laboratory. Her efforts to awaken him were futile and she immediately summoned a physician.

Cyril Ayllier lay as though naturally sleeping; his cheeks were pink and his breathing regular.

"He has been mentally overworking," the doctor opined as he encouraged her. "There is no occasion for anxiety so long as he breathes naturally and there is no emaciation."

Days came and went but there was no change in his appearance, nor did he change his position.

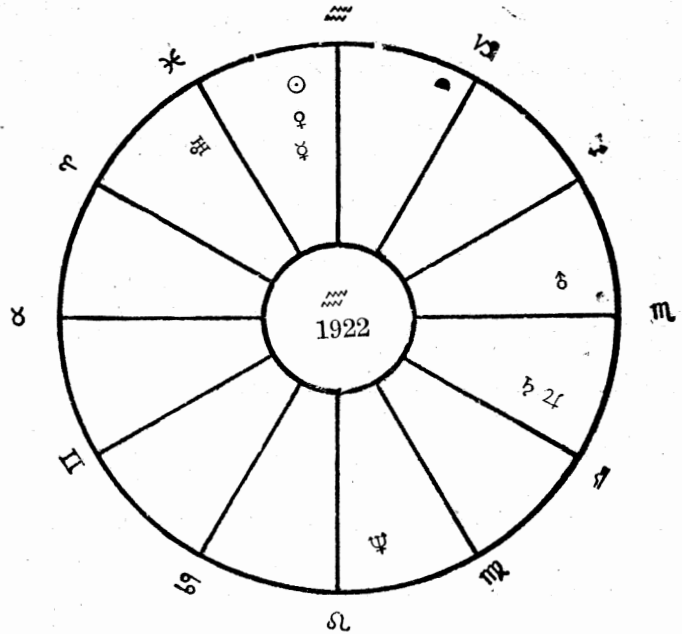
Publicity had been given to the wonderful invention by Cyril Ayllier by the policeman who

(Continued on page 389)

Children of Aquarius, 1922

Born between January 21st and February 18th 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 in which the Sun is 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 in which they are during that month. This will 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 25c each.



The children born this year while the Sun is passing through the sign of Aquarius will be of a serious and honest nature. There are two distinct types of these people. One type is of a gloomy nature, with abnormal fantasies, pessimistic, and retiring. They are sometimes suspicious, and feel deeply resentful when anyone hurts their feelings. They are prone to brood over slights and find it very difficult to forgive. This type responds to the Saturnine side of Aquarius. The other type is of a pure Uranian, idealistic, eloquent nature, and makes for investigators along advanced lines. Under the latter type are found the astrologers, the mystics, the occultists, etc.

The Aquarian children are very studious, have deep and clear minds, and are inclined toward philosophical studies. Especially will the minds of the children be active who are born while the Sun is passing through this mystical sign this year, while Saturn is in its exaltation sign of Libra and in mundane trine to Mercury. Jupiter is also in the sign of Libra and sextile to the higher octave of Mercury, the mystical Neptune in Leo. This last aspect of Jupi-

ter will last throughout this period, and will give these mystical Aquarian children a wonderfully deep insight into things that pertain to the life of the spirit. They will be natural students and will be drawn to the mystic lore.

Venus is in conjunction with the Sun, and these two planets will progress together, being in aspect throughout the month. This will give these children a wonderfully sweet and loving nature, and as Aquarius is the natural 11th house sign, their friends will be legion.

Neptune in Leo sextile to Jupiter, which is in the Venusian sign of Libra, and the Sun in conjunction with Venus, will give them a natural talent for music; we would advise the parents to cultivate this talent.

Aquarian children, being studious and very energetic, must always be busy at something. They are therefore prone to overtax the nervous system, especially those born while both the Sun and Mercury are in Aquarius and Mars at the same time being full of energy while in its own sign of Scorpio. Teach them to relax and to cultivate poise.

Your Child's Horoscope

If the readings given in this department were to be paid for they would be very expensive, for besides typewriting and printing, 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 may be sure your application has been given its chance among others.

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 make us this extra work. We cast horoscopes only for this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. We do not read horoscopes for money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—If complete data (full name, sex, birthplace, year, month, day and minute—if known) is not sent the reading cannot be made.

FREDERICKA, F. B.

Born December 17, 1915.

6:30 A. M.

Lat. 39 N., Long. 95 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Virgo 27; 11th house, Libra 27; 12th house, Scorpio 20; Ascendant, Sagittarius 9-52; 2nd house, Capricorn 13; 3rd house, Aquarius 21.

Positions of the Planets:

Sun 24-29 Sagittarius; Mercury 25-20 Sagittarius; Venus 18-24 Capricorn; Dragon's Head 10-31 Aquarius; Uranus 13-0 Aquarius; Part of Fortune 20-36 Aquarius; Jupiter 20-23 Pisces; Moon 10-44 Taurus; Saturn 14-29, retrograde, Cancer; Neptune 2-13, retrograde, Leo; Mars 28-34 Leo.

This little girl has the jovial, idealistic sign of Sagittarius on the Ascendant with the Sun and Mercury in conjunction in the first house. As Mercury is ruler of the Midheaven, we would therefore give this horoscope two life rulers, Mercury and the Sun. The fiery Sun revels in a sign of its own nature. Sagittarius is a fiery sign. Therefore the Sun being placed in an angle, the first house, in a sign of its own nature and in conjunction with the planet of reason, Mercury, will give the former planet a powerful influence in the life of this girl. Mercury being combust, the Sun burns up the rays of Mercury. As a result the mind will not grasp things as readily as

if Mercury were free; but we find the dynamic Mars in the house of the higher mind and religion, the ninth house, and also in a sign of its own nature, the fiery and fixed sign of Leo and trine to both the Sun and Mercury. This will quicken the intellect, which, however, will jump at conclusions, will not reason, but will be apt to be guided by intuition and impulse. Sagittarians have a natural faculty for imbibing knowledge without effort. They are mentally lazy, yet at the same time they know.

This girl will have the ability of making herself very interesting for she will have the faculty of conversation well developed and will be able to say the right thing at the right time. The Moon exalted in Taurus, the sign of the throat, sextile to the diplomatic Saturn, which is in the Moon sign of Cancer, the Moon being also trine to Venus, the natural ruler of the sign of the throat, Taurus, will give this girl a talent for music, singing, and elocution.

There is some danger, however, in her taking up this vocation, for the Moon is in the house which indicates theatres and places of amusements. This versatile planet is square to the unconventional planet Uranus, which is strongly situated in its own sign of Aquarius and in the 2nd house. Venus is also in this same house of money, sextile to Jupiter and trine to the Moon. Venus being ruler of the sixth house, indicating the professions, work, she will be apt to take up a vocation where she will be before the public and where she will be dined and entertained. With Saturn in the sign of Cancer in opposition to Venus, there will be a lack of fluids necessary

for the digestion of the foods in the stomach, and this naturally will give a tendency to coughs and colds. She should be taught to chew her food very slowly and masticate well, eliminating sugar and desserts.

ROYSTON T. S.

Born January 6, 1917. 9:37 P. M.

Lat. 52 N., Long. 0

Cusps of the Houses:

10th House, Gemini 11; 11th house, Cancer 18; 12th house, Leo 20; Ascendant, Virgo 15-36; 2nd house, Libra 8; 3rd house, Scorpio 6.

Positions of the Planets:

Venus 19-20 Sagittarius; Sun 16-01 Capricorn; Dragon's Head 20-04 Capricorn; Mars 27-57 Capricorn; Mercury 4-38 Aquarius; Uranus 17-50 Aquarius; Jupiter 25-54 Aries; Moon 0-30 Cancer; Saturn 28-03 retrograde, Cancer; Neptune 3-59, retrograde, Leo.

Here we have the horoscope of a young man who was born in England during the period when the war was at its height, and we have an example of how the parents' minds impress the unborn child. We are receiving these horoscopes quite frequently where the hatred and the feeling of anger towards the enemy by the father and mother have attracted an ego that has these tendencies. We find here the Mercurial sign of Virgo on the Ascendant with the ruler, Mercury, in the fifth house in the mental sign of Aquarius, in conjunction with Mars and in opposition to its higher octave, Neptune and also to Saturn. The last two planets are placed in the 11th house, friends.

This poor boy will have much to overcome, for Mars in conjunction with Mercury gives a tendency toward a disposition at variance with friends and the world at large. Mercury afflicted by Mars in the cruel Saturnian sign of Capricorn, and the critical sign of Virgo on the Ascendant, will give a very critical nature which will be intensified by the opposition of Saturn and Neptune. The last named planet is in a bestial sign, that of Leo, and in the house of friends. This boy will be drawn to and will also attract friends of a class who will be apt to lead him into strange doctrines, having unconventional and radical tendencies, for with Mars and Mercury afflicted in the fifth house, and Uranus

in Aquarius, sextile to Venus, Uranus also being ruler of the sixth house, he will be much interested in the laboring classes and very apt to feel that capital has not been fair to labor. He will want to use cruel and radical means to remove the cause, which will be apt to bring him into serious trouble with the Government.

When the progressed Sun reaches the 28th degree of Capricorn, at the venturesome and uncontrolled age of thirteen, the Sun will be in conjunction with the radical Mars and in exact opposition to the radical Saturn, while at the same time Mercury will have retrograded back to a conjunction with Mars. This will be a very critical time for the boy. It might be well then to guard him against fire arms and accidents by fire. Try to impress upon him the necessity of kindness and love toward others. The parents can do much to overcome these cruel tendencies in their son, which they have impressed upon him during the pre-natal epoch, by teaching him to be kind to animals, to love children, to plant flowers and love them into existence. They should do everything in their power to develop the love nature, and endeavor to interest him in music which has a wonderful power of softening and harmonizing this nature, for with Uranus and Venus sextile there will be a love for music within his heart.

As a profession we would advise proof reading or something similar. He will be very quick and keen mentally, but never allow him to take up a trade where he must come into contact with fire or machinery.

VOCATIONAL

GLADYS, V. S.

Born March 4th, 1907.

7. A. M.

Long. 74 w., Lat. 41 N.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Sagittarius 27; 11th house, Capricorn 18; 12th house, Aquarius 13; Ascendant, Pisces 24-17; 2nd house, Taurus 8; 3rd house, Gemini 5.

Positions of the Planets:

Mercury, 0-27 Aries, intercepted; Jupiter, 1-4 Cancer; Neptune 9-56, retrograde, Cancer; Dragon's Head, 0-29 Leo; Moon, 5-31 Scorpio; Mars, 15-23 Sagittarius; Uranus, 11-53 Capricorn;

Venus, 27-22 Capricorn; Sun, 12-46 Pisces; Saturn, 17-4 Pisces.

Gladys V. S. has the 12th house sign of Pisces on the Ascendant with the ruler, Neptune, in the 4th house in conjunction with Jupiter, which is the co-ruler of Pisces. These two planets make the most aspects in the horoscope and Neptune is also in the watery sign of Cancer in which this watery planet is very strong. Neptune is trine to the watery Moon and also the Sun.

This young woman would excel as a cook in her own little home. She would take great pride in keeping it neat and homelike and from indications there may be an early marriage.

Pisces people are very sensitive, they shrink from meeting strangers, and are less successful in any vocation where they must mix with the general public. They usually remain in the background; especially in the case of this horoscope where Saturn is just above the Ascendant and in the 12th house, this young woman would be supersensitive and very timid. She would, however, be quite successful as a nurse in hospitals or places of confinement, having the Sun and Saturn in the 12th house, the house indicating hospitals, and sextile to Uranus; also the Sun, which is the ruler of the 6th house, the house of sickness, is trine to Neptune. This bears out the previous prediction regarding the 12th house and hospitals.

CYRIL AYLLIER: URANIAN MYSTIC

(Continued from page 385)

had witnessed its remarkable demonstration, and reporters clamored to see the "mystic" although the inventor was in a deep trance and the instrument itself had disappeared. These visitors were not admitted but they spun weird yarns at which the public marveled.

Then came a day when Mazie found the laboratory door locked and when she knocked and called her brother's name, came the answer:

"Busy now, Mazie." Cyril spoke as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened since he had seen her last. "Will be down in time for dinner!"

Cyril Ayllier was setting up his instrument again. He tested it by directing his thoughts to

Dorothy Durayne. It was in perfect condition and from it came vibrating the thought of her safety.

He locked the door and went down to dinner. He was in the best of spirits, and his eyes were unusually brilliant when he told his sister: "I shall place my invention in a bank vault. I'm going to New Orleans within a week. I'm just back from Egypt where I met Dorothy Durayne by the great Sphinx that in a vanished century of unnumbered aeons was begun by my order. We met in spirit; together we traveled down the Nile and together visited the age old tombs where our bodies of many former lives were laid in the dim, unrecorded and forgotten past, when Dorothy Durayne, then Aphaho dwelt in ancient Egypt, and I, Cyril Ayllier, then Zehunan, was ruling king, and she, favorite lady of my queen."

Mazie was looking into space. "Have you the instrument, upstairs?" she murmured vaguely. "Perhaps it is I, scatterbrain child of the moon, instead of you, who is not quite sane."

PIONEERS

Let us come apart unto the mountain and rest. Let us seek new spiritual impulse while separated a little from the scene of our labors. We are the pioneers, ours is arduous work; the blazing of the trail, the cutting out of the underbrush are among our duties. We drop the seed in the virgin soil, but we cannot remain to see it sprout. Look back over the path. Others are watering and hoeing and struggling with the weeds that would choke the tender plant. They work through the fierce heat of the day. By and bye will come their time for resting.

Further away you may see the earliest plants already bursting into flower, preparing to drop their seed around them and thus bringing forth a mighty harvest—but we must go on, ever overcoming the giant growths around us. (1. Cor; 3-6.) Men call us cranks, enthusiasts, but we work under the Uranian ray; the old must make way for the new, the false must disappear before the true. Our arduous but glorious work awaits us. Let us go forth refreshed with lives more consecrated to the work after this season of re-creation. —Lizzie Graham.

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

(Pages 170-179 *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. How did Christ answer His disciples?
 A. "Neither has this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of (the) God should be made manifest in him." He was not surprised at the question, nor did He treat it as being at all unusual, showing that it was quite in harmony with His teachings.
- Q. What is the orthodox interpretation of the above quotation?
 A. That the man was born blind in order that Christ might have the opportunity of performing a miracle to show His power.
- Q. Why is the above interpretation unreasonable?
 A. Because it would have been a strange way for a God to obtain glory—to condemn a man to many years of blindness and misery that He might "show off" at a future time.
- Q. What would be a more logical explanation?
 A. Not to impute to God conduct which in a human being we would denounce in the strongest terms.
- Q. How does Christ differentiate between the physically blind body of the man and the God within—the Higher Self?
 A. The dense body has committed no sin. The God within has done some deed which manifests in the particular affliction from which he is suffering.
- Q. Why is it not stretching a point to call man a God?
 A. Paul says, "Know ye not that ye are Gods?" And he also refers to the human body as the "temple of God," the indwelling spirit.
- Q. Are there any people who remember their past lives?
 A. Most people do not, although there are some who do.
- Q. How may this knowledge be obtained?
 A. All may know if they will live the life necessary to attain it.
- Q. What does such a life require?
 A. This requires great strength of character, because such knowledge will carry with it a knowledge of impending fate, which might manifest in dire disaster.
- Q. What has nature done for us in this respect?
 A. Nature has graciously hidden the past and the future from us that we may not be robbed of peace of mind by suffering in anticipation of the pain in store for us.
- Q. What shall we learn as we attain greater development?
 A. We shall learn to welcome all things with equanimity, seeing in all trouble the result of past evil and feeling thankful that the obligations incurred thereby are being annulled, knowing that so much less stands between us and the day of liberation from the wheel of birth and death.
- Q. Why do those who die in childhood in one life frequently remember that life when they return to earth again?
 A. Because children who die under fourteen years do not journey around the entire cycle. This avoids the necessity of building a complete set of new vehicles.

- Q. What happens to children who die under fourteen years of age?
- A. They simply pass into the upper regions of the Desire World and there wait for a new birth, which usually takes place in from one to twenty years after death.
- Q. What do they bring with them when they are reborn?
- A. They bring with them the old mind and desire body, and if we listen to the prattle of children, we should often be able to discover and reconstruct the history of their past lives. (See Page 172, *Cosmo-Conception* for a remarkable story of a child's former life).
- Q. What have we been considering in the previous chapters?
- A. We have been considering man in relation to three of the five worlds which form the field of his evolution.
- Q. What has our consideration of these three worlds brought out?
- A. We have partly described these worlds and noted the different vehicles of consciousness by means of which man is correlated to them. We have studied his relation to the other three kingdoms, mineral, plant, and animal; we have followed him through one life cycle in the three worlds, and have examined the operation of the twin laws of Consequence and Rebirth.
- Q. In order to understand further details as to the progress of man, what becomes necessary?
- A. It becomes necessary to study his relation to the Grand Architect of the Universe, to God and to the Hierarchies of Celestial Beings which stand upon the many different rungs of Jacob's ladder of attainment that stretches from man to God.
- Q. Why is this a difficult task?
- A. Because of the indefinite conceptions of God which exist in the minds of readers.
- Q. What is said regarding the importance of the names that are used to describe God?
- A. It is true that names, in and of themselves, are not important, but it matters greatly that we know what we mean by a name.
- Q. Why is it this so?
- A. Because misunderstandings will otherwise result, and if a common nomenclature is not agreed upon by writers and teachers, the present confusion will be worse.
- Q. What is meant when the name "God" is used?
- A. This may mean either the Absolute, the One Existence, the Supreme Being who is the Great Architect of the Universe, or God who is the Architect of our solar system.
- Q. What is said of the division of the Godhead into "Father," "Son," and "Holy Ghost?"
- A. It is also confusing. Because although the Beings designated by these names are immeasurably above man and worthy of all the reverence and worship he is capable of rendering to his highest conception of Divinity, yet they are different from one another in actual fact. (See diagrams 6 and 12, *Cosmo-Conception*.)
- Q. What must be kept in mind regarding the different worlds?
- A. That the worlds and Cosmic Planes are not one above another in space, but that the seven Cosmic Planes interpenetrate each other and all the seven worlds.

ELEMENTALS

(Continued from page 381)

him almost insane. They are his progeny, however, and he cannot rid himself of them until he learns that they have no power over him and fearlessly bids them begone. They then vanish as dew before the sun.

The man who has cultivated clairvoyance during earth life is sometimes also tormented on his first entrance into the invisible world by various elemental entities which take upon themselves most hideous forms. They recognize in the neophyte a possible future master and seek to sway him from his purpose by intimidation, but as he is usually helped by a teacher and is taught that these beings have no power over him, he very quickly overcomes fear. When later he leaves his body at death and enters the invisible world, he is already familiar with many of the sights and scenes there; above all he has no fear to hamper him.

Children's Department

The Foot of the Rainbow

GERTRUDE HEWES

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following story received second prize in our recent prize competition for Children's Stories.

WHEN CLYME WAS a very little boy, one day there was a great storm in the village of Pfolca. He listened to the thunder, and imagined that hosts of angels were driving in the streets of Heaven, preparing to fight evil on earth. Then the lightning flashed, and Clyme saw a glimmer of their swords. After that, came clear drops of rain, and in the eastern sky, spanned from edge to edge of the horizon, arched a beautiful rainbow. The little boy feasted his eyes on its colors, and wished that he lived where it joined the earth.

An old woman said slyly, "You know, Clyme, there is a treasure for him who finds it at the foot of the rainbow."

Clyme made no comment; he was busy thinking. A treasure at the foot of the rainbow! What a wonderful one it must be that God had placed at the foot of this ladder of light. Why shouldn't he, Clyme, find it as well as another?

He decided to seek it, so late that night, when all the world lay sleeping, Clyme in his dream life, arose, stuck his sword (a poor wooden thing he had proudly fashioned from a sapling,) in his belt, wrote a letter to his mother, put his lips to her printed name, and, as he was a very little boy choked back the sobs, and started out to seek the treasure.

He walked many long days without anything of interest occurring, but on the thirteenth day of his journey, he came to a dark, lonely forest. He walked through it for miles when suddenly he spied an opening in the trees. He pushed the branches aside, and right before his eyes was a beautiful palace, with spires like silver, fairy

wands pointing to the sky. How it shone like many pairs of twinkling eyes smiling at him! He started toward it, and saw seated on a rose leaf nearby the first fairy that he had ever seen. He exclaimed with admiration, "Who are you?"

And the lovely little thing answered, "I am your own good fairy, and I want to give you some good advice about searching for the treasure at the foot of the rainbow.

"Remember this: the rainbow is a ladder, an ascending and descending one. To find the treasure one must go up the ladder then down on the other side. Most people, when they start out, expect to find the treasure when they reach the rainbow. It is at the foot, but always at the other end. No one can have it, who does not climb the entire arc. When you entered these woods you started climbing this ladder. Many times you will think you have found the treasure, but I will give you a sign by which you will know. Listen carefully."

Clyme fastened his eyes upon her and listened with all his might. The fairy continued, "You have a heart; with that you feel; you have a brain, with that you think. Each time you imagine that you have found the treasure, you will find that while either your heart or brain rejoices, the other one is dissatisfied. Now this is the sign by which you may know: When your heart and your brain agree, you will have reached the foot of the rainbow."

With that she was gone, and Clyme was left alone facing the beautiful castle. Besides the invitation contained in its beauty, Clyme was very hungry, so, hoping to gratify both body and soul, he knocked at the door. It opened, evidently of its own accord, and the strangest, loveliest sight met his eyes. It looked like a flower garden. A long narrow corridor could

be seen and at intervals of about five yards, tall, gaily colored vases stood, filled with lovely, exotic flowers that Clyme did not know. It seemed to him that from every flower peeped a pretty, laughing face. He trod the long corridor, conscious of its beauty, yet with eyes fastened to a sort of dais at the end from which seemed to come the light that illuminated the place. When he came close to it, he stood still in amazement. It was a throne, and on it was seated the most beautiful woman his eyes had ever seen. Her hair, flowing all around her shoulders and down to the floor was like sunbeams on a June morning. Her skin resembled the inside of a rose petal, and her mouth, her eyes! Clyme forgot all the manners his mother had taught him, and stood and gazed. Into his heart shot the keenest desire to feel if that rose petal cheek were as soft as it looked. The maiden smiled, "What do you seek?" she said.

Then Clyme remembered, "I seek the treasure at the end of the rainbow," he answered boldly.

"You do well," said his lovely interrogator. "Perhaps I can help you to find it."

Clyme smiled back into her eyes. He was sure indeed, that as far as he was concerned she had the key to all the treasures of the universe. She gathered her white, shining skirts closer.

"Come, sit by me," she invited, with a sweet, beguiling smile. Clyme obeyed, and he found her little hand imprisoned in his. His lips found the cheek even smoother than it looked, and still she smiled with trusting, happy eyes.

"Have you not found the foot of the rainbow?" she asked softly. "Could there be a greater treasure for you than this?"

Then suddenly Clyme remembered the fairy. Yes, his heart was perfectly satisfied, but his brain was not, and plainly told him this was not the end of his quest.

So he answered bravely, "It is all very beautiful, and how I would like to stay, but you have not the treasure for which I seek." Instantly he was alone, with only the forest trees around him.

Then he knew the loneliness, which brings despair, for the girl had been so sweet. Was he foolish? No matter what lay at the foot of the rainbow, could it be better than the smile in the eyes of this fair maiden?

Just when things were blackest, the fairy came to him again. Clyme did not greet her so very politely; his heart was still sore from the loss of the lovely maiden.

"It is worth the pain, Clyme," she said softly. "So few find the treasure but I wish you to succeed. Each renunciation brings you closer to the goal. Remember when heart and brain agree."

Then she left him, and he walked on again alone, only the rustle of the trees keeping him company, and all the sunlight shut out by the thickness of the foliage overhead.

He stepped out of the woods, and found himself on a hillside, facing a great city. White spires towered up among its palm trees. Beautiful architecture delighted his eye. A broad river flowed through its center, and all its buildings were of pure, white marble.

Then he perceived something that had escaped his notice before, a pathway at his feet leading down into the city. He took it and his heart grew lighter.

Such a fair city, he thought. Surely in beauty it was worthy to be the rainbow's treasure. As he came nearer, he met an old man with bent back, but clear, unflinching eyes. Clyme hailed him, "I pray you father, direct me to a place in your fair city where I may refresh body and mind."

The old man answered slowly, "You do well to come here. In yonder inn your body will be refreshed. Tonight come to the white palace, and your mind will be rejoiced. We meet this evening to discuss the science of the stars, and their relation to us."

Clyme promised to come, and left the old man, while he proceeded to the inn to bathe and to eat.

The night was brilliant; all the stars seemed twinkling with mirth at the idea of man ever solving their mysteries. At the white palace, there was a great gathering of men, men with high, white foreheads, cold, bright eyes and nervous, sinuous hands, men who had devoted themselves to the study of the arts—great linguists, from whom the most ancient king could conceal no confession in his tomb, musicians, worn to a flame, from the passion of their devotion, painters, sculptors, those gifted beings, who see the souls of things, and authors, those unfor-

tunate ones, who see the human heart with all its pain and longing, and must speak of it that others may know they are not alone. And Clyme, listening, found his brain stimulated, burning to dedicate itself to intellectual pursuits. How much better than the consuming passion of love! These men were not vacillating between the heights of joy or the depths of despair as lovers do. They had reached a high calm plane of placidity from which they could watch the passions and follies of men.

Yet that night when Clyme was in his room, his heart ached with the loneliness of life and he sighed. He knew he had not reached the end of his quest.

During the night he had a dream. He saw a great vari-colored rainbow and himself, standing at the very summit of it. And from this great height looking down, everything appeared beautiful and pure and vast. He raised his eyes; the stars seemed close and friendly, and he pondered deep in his heart, seeing all endowed with the beautifying glamour of far off things, seeing why God had not placed the treasure at the summit of the rainbow, where the air was pure and the world was beautiful. He remembered the fairy's words, "a ladder ascending and descending" and he looked down. How steep it was, and it seemed to melt into utter blackness.

He awoke one morning and the sun was streaming in at his window. And he left the beautiful city of wisdom, knowing that he was descending the arc of the rainbow. Eventually his youth went from him, and at times his heart ached for the beautiful princess, who loved him, then again his mind tortured him with a desire to return to the Fair City of Wisdom. But ever he trod on, and because he was looking down, and getting closer to the earth children, he saw more clearly minute things that had escaped his eye before. Many things were ugly that from afar had been beautiful. Also, he found so much of beauty, of goodness that he had missed when his eyes had been raised to the top of the rainbow. In the daytime it was just people and the commonplace things of life, but at night, when he slept, he always had that strange faculty of looking at himself and he saw just where he stood, on the glistening half circle of his rainbow. Some nights he found that he had slipped

back, and other nights that he had made great strides forward, but always and always, he was drawing steadily nearer the treasure.

The loneliness of life oppressed him. Often he would find a child, or a man or woman, to whom his heart called, and they would walk with him a way, but always their ways diverged and he saw that each must climb and descend his own rainbow alone. No matter how close to another, no matter how the hearts are knit together, their feet must tread separate paths. But being nearer to the foot of the rainbow, he saw how they crossed and came together often for a time, and each time that they met, it was to the benefit or detriment of the climbers. He asked his fairy about that, and she replied in a paradox, "All things are separate, yet one. The more you give, the faster you climb; the more you grasp, the heavier become your footsteps. Travel light, Clyme; give, *give*, of your heart, of your brain. 'Tis the better for speed."

And Clyme, being closer to the heart of things, saw the why of pain, glimpsed the reason for treading alone.

At last he was very bent and old and weary. He was dwelling among the poor of earth, sharing their joys and sorrows, teaching them from the store of wisdom he had gained on the way. He gave of his strength, of his heart, of his brain; and at night he saw that he was near the end of his journey.

At last, one day, out from the darkness, Clyme stepped into such light that his hands flew to his eyes to cover them from such brilliancy. Gradually as they became accustomed to the sudden influx of light, he looked before him.

Evidently he stood at the entrance of a cave. But that Clyme did not notice at first. He saw only a woman, tall and noble, with deep, tender eyes and a mouth that was sad, yet smiling. Clyme stood perfectly still, gazing into those deep, dark eyes. She stretched forth her hand, and Clyme, as her fingers closed over his, felt a strange, enervating peace steal into his heart and into his brain. What was it he was to remember? Oh, yes, "when heart and brain agree." Now he knew what it meant. He had reached the foot of the rainbow.

Then the woman spoke, and her voice was soft
(Continued on page 397)

Nutrition and Health

An Appeal for Less Surgery

ELI G. JONES, M. D.

WHEN IN EVERY GREAT reform movement for the betterment of mankind the women take an active part it generally proves a success. Not many years ago a few women formed the W. C. T. U. to fight the liquor traffic. They were subject to a great deal of ridicule, yet the temperance movement from that small beginning has spread over the land. It is not so many years ago that a few women of our country conceived the idea that women should be allowed to vote and hold property. No reform movement was ever subjected to greater reviling. Yet we see Woman Suffrage an accomplished fact. Relying, as I do, upon the good judgment of the women of America and their love of home and country, I have decided to place certain facts before them and to appeal to them to reject hurried mutilations at the will of the surgeon.

In these modern times when a woman complains of pain or soreness in the uterus or ovaries she is hurried away to the surgeon for an operation and these organs are removed. In this condition she is under a handicap, yet the surgeons will continue to perform these operations just so long as women will submit to them.

The average surgeon is weak on *materia medica*, so he cuts out what he cannot cure by medicine. Some doctors have a mania for operations, and we know too well how dangerous a man of that kind is in any community. Such men should not be allowed to practice at all.

A case I know of had a profuse leucorrhœa and attacks of sneezing. She consulted her doctor, who said the uterus must be curetted, so she underwent that operation, which gave no relief. Going back to her physician, he gave her the same medical treatment as before; this proving of no avail, he told her that she must be operated upon again. She consented; one ovary was

removed and part of another. As a result of this treatment, or rather maltreatment, she became a bed-ridden invalid.

A very prominent physician in one of our western states reported a case to me that is worthy of notice, for it shows how our women are being mercilessly mutilated. He said: "A lady came under my treatment who has had nine surgical operations within ten years.

"First: Gall bladder operation. Second: Appendectomy. Third: Ovariectomy. Fourth: Hemorrhoidal operation. Fifth: Resection of varicose veins. Sixth: Abscess from a badly managed fracture. Seventh: Removal of the uterus. Eighth: Vesico Vaginal fistula. Ninth: Colotomy.

As a result of the above surgical indulgence she is a morphine fiend—a mental and physical wreck!

How long, O Lord, how long will the women submit to such horrible butchery in the name of science?

In our medical colleges at the present time the student is impressed with the fact that surgery is the main thing—the "money getter"; that the old family doctor is a "back number," a "has-been"; he is merely an agent to furnish operative material for the surgeon. But the rank and file of the profession are becoming very weary of so much needless surgery just to glorify the surgeon and increase his income. Life itself exacts so much of the mothers—for upon them lies the great burden of perpetuating the race—that a spirit of protective conservation should be shown them in all medical and surgical relations.

Do our surgeons realize what they are doing? When I read of some of these operations and the results of them I tremble for my profession when I remember that God is just. But this surgical mutilation of women will continue just so long

as the women themselves will permit themselves to be mutilated! And I appeal to the women of our country to awaken and see the danger that threatens them—rich and poor alike!

—From *The Open Door Magazine*.

A PROTEST FROM THE STOMACH

WE ARE UNDER obligations to Mr. H. H. Willcox, of Newton, Mass., for sending us a copy of *The Encore*, a little paper published by one of the public schools of the city, in which we find the following interesting article written by his daughter, Miss Edith Willcox, aged twelve, who shows unusually accurate knowledge respecting the principles of biologic living:

“I believe it was about ten years ago that you asked me to take charge of your factory. You told me that I might expect the pure fruits of nature regularly, three times a day, to be manufactured into rich, red blood, clear brains, firm tissues, strong bones and muscles, and vigorous organs. So I fitted up a clean little apartment with all necessary machinery and engaged competent assistants.

“Things went splendidly for the first year. I worked most of the day and rested all night. I found my room to be just the right size and my machinery the best.

“After that first happy year you forgot your bargain. In the first place, you gave me products to manufacture for which I was not prepared. You mixed good and bad products together, which made explosions in my factory. Before I could prepare for another load of products, more came, consequently my machinery was urged to go too fast. I labored for a long time, and when at last it was manufactured and sent down the tunnel, I found that you had forgotten my usual supply of water to clean my room and my machinery.

“In the second place, when I started to manufacture a load of goods, down came another load of dark stuff, poisonous and desperately sweet (You call it sweet, I call it sour). You do not give me a chance to finish one load before you send another. Every night there is food left decaying in the tunnel below me because you do not give me water enough. Mr. Bowel is weak because I have not the right food for him, and he’s

desperately tired from overwork. When the food waits there, decaying, fumes of gas come up into my room; and how can I be strong and well if I must breathe gas all of the time? Often, when I long for good, pure water, down comes a big lump of creamy, sweet, ice-cold stuff. It chills me to the bone, gives me more and harder work and dirties my room.

“At night when I lie down exhausted, Mr. Bowel comes to me and says that the food is not properly manufactured, and if I don’t give him rest he will have to push his refuse into the house of his nearest neighbor, Mr. Appendix, a quiet man but better able to strike for his rights than any of us—and when he strikes he will *strike hard*. Then comes Mr. Brain and tells me that I must make him able to think more clearly and quickly. Mr. Liver, says, ‘Less sweet or I shall be too clogged to work.’

“To all these complaints I say nothing, but after a long time I will *strike* and hurt you hard! I will give you headaches, earaches, colds, dull brains, tiredness, sore throat, coughs, poor appetite, weak eyes and rheumatism. I will keep on disturbing you as you get older until you get it into your head that I must be treated fairly. It takes a long time to get me out of order, and it is an almost hopeless task to make me right again.

“Now I am tired, weak, sad, and discouraged. Your once prosperous factory is going to ruin.

“I remain,

Your Stomach.”

From “*Good Health*.”

Love is silent, love is joy, love is peace. I then thought of the great silence, where we speak no words and learn such beautiful lessons. In a crowd we may be in the silence. We do not need to go off somewhere alone. We can listen and hear the one who ever enshrouds us in His love; who puts His arms around us and we feel the power of love.

The silent moments spent with Thee
Will strengthen for eternity.

Oh! to be silent, silent, listening to Thee alone,
Only to feel Thine arms round me
As we sail nearer home.

Margaret Warburton.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

Lima, Peru, S. A., Nov. 4th, 1921.

Dear Friends:

I am constantly thinking of you and wishing you success in your work. I join you every moment of my life in fervent prayer for the help of all suffering humanity specially for those who apply to you.

With my heart full of joy and happiness and sincere thankfulness do I write to you this letter. My wife has returned today perfectly restored to my home, which fact is another proof of the immense love of our Elder Brothers and their kindness to me. I have no words to express my gratitude to them and to you. May they continue protecting me and sending me their divine power in order to help others.

Yours in fellowship,

MR. C. W. H.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Friends:—

Just a few lines to express my thanks and gratitude for the benefit I have derived for my throat, which is nearly well. The rheumatism in my hands is also much better.

It is surely wonderful and makes one sincerely wish that the whole world might know of the Rosicrucian Fellowship and benefit both spiritually and physically by it as I have done.

Again thanking you for the many favors conferred on me,

Yours sincerely,

N. B. F.

Richmond, Calif., July 5, 1921.

Dear Friends and Helpers:

It has been nearly a year since I first wrote you people. Meanwhile there has been a wonderful change in my health. I believe I was slow in responding to your work, but it wasn't long however, before I noticed that I was feeling very different. I was beginning to look better. My friends would remark how well I was looking. While before, I was often asked if I weren't sick. And how was I feeling? And while I had a wonderful appetite I would continue to look thin and tired. But since following your advice as nearly as possible and being under your care I feel like a different woman. It has pleased us all for me to have gained over twenty-five pounds

in weight, and I am feeling much better. It seems to me that by giving the Invisible Helpers more time they will let me notice a change in my ailments. I shall be so happy when I know that I have obtained perfect health through their faithful work.

I simply want to thank you all for what has been done for me. And to have come under your care is one of the greatest blessings that could have come to me.

Yours very sincerely,

MRS. A. E. B.

HEALING DATES

January 5—12—18—25

February 1— 9—15—21

March 1— 8—14—20—28

Healing meetings are held in the 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.

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 Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES SENT TO THE KING OF ITALY

An Italian copy of the *Rosicrucian Mysteries* was recently sent to the King of Italy by Giovanini Martines, and elicited the following response:

"We beg to inform you that the copy of the *Manuale per l'Apirante Rosa Croce*" which you have graciously sent in homage to His Majesty the King has been acceptable to His Majesty.

"We take the opportunity of expressing to you the thanks of His Majesty."

Wanted at Mt. Ecclesia

A single man who understands the care of trees and flowers, to help beautify Mt. Ecclesia. Address the Secretary, Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia.

The Christmas Celebration at Headquarters

G. HAMILTON HAMMON

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES at Mt. Ecclesia probably proved more enjoyable and gave occasion for greater appreciation than any previous celebration of that glorious event which is undoubtedly the most important and regularly observed among all Christian people. As Southern Californians are aware, the season ushered in on the night of Saturday, 17th Dec., just a week ahead of Christmas Eve, was marked by exceptionally heavy rain, and persistent storms continued up to the 26th. Christmas Day was one of the wettest. Highways and railways suffered to such an extent that only enthusiasts could be expected to venture out and brave the dangerous washouts everywhere. However, these adverse conditions did not prevent a great number of people from visiting Headquarters, although many were compelled to come through mud and water up to the running boards of their autos.

On the 24th at 8 P. M., an unusual performance was given in the dining hall, Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, the Director being Mrs. N. T. Molyneaux, while the character in chief, Mrs. Jarley, was admirably personified by Miss Annie Graham, gayly dressed as an eccentric Irish lady of distinction. The various characters exhibited, were described by Mrs. Jarley in a very amusing manner. The characters were represented by members of the Fellowship, splendidly attired and waxed and colored, so perfectly that in fact it took a close scrutiny to be sure they were not real wax, especially as they were so still, until wound up; then they all jerked out their allotted movements in a decidedly realistic manner. The characters were as follows:

Liberty Miss Mary Anderson
 Man in the Iron Mask Mr. Alfred Adams
 Hermione Mrs. Kittie Cowen
 Bachelor and his Mr. Rowland Wilson
 Lady Love Miss Clara Evans
 Gipsy Queen Mrs. Fomilyant
 Mrs. Winslow Mrs. Clara Sjogren
 "The Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck"

Master Anatol Fomilyant

The Giggler Miss Tessie Lehrer
 The Goddess Flora Miss Mary Anderson
 The Babes in the Woods Mrs. Ida Spangle
 Mr. Alfred Adams
 The Chinese Conjurer Mr. Rowland Wilson
 Signorini Squallini Mrs. Kittie Cowen
 The Deceased Mr. Jarley Mr. John West
 Supporters of the Wax Figures:

John Mr. Svein Shudshift

Peter Mr. Murdock Matheson

During the evening Madam D'Artell of Long Beach rendered delightful music and singing.

The principal event of Christmas eve of course was the midnight service in the new Temple, preceded by a preparatory service in the Pro-Ecclesia—the usual service being rendered more inspiring by extra music, while the electrically lighted symbolic Mission bells sent forth their radiance through the drizzling rain.

The service in the Temple was certainly one long to be remembered. The address by Mrs. Max Heindel was in every way appealing and sympathetic in its simple eloquence, and noted for the strain of kindly sentiment which graced her subject.

The music and singing were rendered by Madam D'Artell, Messrs. Shudshift (Violin) and Fomilyant (Cello). A newly formed choir for the occasion was also a notable feature.

Christmas morn at 8:45 saw all of the students, the staff and visitors in the Pro-Ecclesia for the short service. After this, a Christmas tree was made to shed forth its fruit in the shape of an abundance of gifts of all descriptions. Every person present received something.

The dinner was at 3 o'clock, splendidly prepared and served by Mrs. Spangle and her assistants. After the usual service at 7:30 P. M., marked by special music and a reading by Miss Lizzie Graham, the congregation adjourned to the dining hall for a concert. Preceding this, a short speech was made by Madam D'Artell who before singing a charming composition of her own, recommended the maintenance of a permanent choir, emphasizing the importance of both

singing and music in bringing forth good ideas, strengthening the vocal powers, and generally benefiting by their healing qualities the person who practices diligently. It was discovered by her that there was no lack of fine material present for an excellent choir, as was evident in listening intently as she played the accompaniment to the hymn sung. An able leader was recognized in Mr. Shudshift. Piano music was beautifully rendered by Mrs. West, and a recitation decidedly humorous, was delivered by Mrs. Molyneaux.

The very enjoyable entertainment was concluded by the handing around of choice candy.

Heavy rain was still falling when the visitors were ready to depart from Mt. Ecclesia, and the raging torrent almost filling the San Luis Rey valley did not look too promising for a dry journey across the various bridges; but all were cheerful and glad indeed to have been present at the 1921 Christmas festivities at Headquarters.

IMPRESSIONS OF MT. ECCLESIA

BESSIE CAMPBELL

IT IS MY PRIVILEGE each morning to look out of my north window at the Ecclesia. On the morning of December 24th the sky was entirely overcast, and I was amazed to see a shining wall back of the buildings at Headquarters. The children exclaimed at the breakfast table about the sun shining upon that spot alone. The snow had just fallen upon the mountains north of the Temple. My little girl said, "It looks like a halo back of the Elder Brother's house."

For an hour this beautiful sight remained to our unobstructed view, over a mile of green blossoming pea fields, up to the slope where the white buildings at Headquarters sit surrounded by green trees, with low brown and blue hills to the west and east.

For ten years I have wished to come to live near Headquarters, and now that most of my planets have progressed into the eleventh house of my horoscope, my wish has been granted.

Many visitors have written about the beautiful natural flowers and etheric splendor that pervade the place, but I was most impressed by the workers who are the busiest, happiest group of people I have ever met. When I heard the in-

spired leader, Max Heindel, lecture twelve years ago, I said (in the words from the Psalms of David), "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou goest I will go where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried." So I felt I had found my people and my home when I entered the dining hall at Headquarters last September and there met our leader, Mrs. Heindel, and her co-workers. At 6:30 P. M. it was time for the probationer's meeting in the Temple so we walked to the Temple set apart on a hill. When I came within two hundred feet of it, I was conscious of a radiation of sweet peace. I paused a moment before entering the door to look back over the little village of Oceanside, to the great rolling Pacific, gleaming in the moonlight. Inside the Temple I was aware of a delicate beauty of pale ivory woodwork and light green ferns, but the high vibration affected me immediately in a manner that made the tears flow, so that I lost all thought of my surroundings in one consuming thought of gratitude to the invisible helpers and the dear souls around me who had healed me. From them for so many years I have obtained wise counsel and loving, healing thoughts.

All sensitive people who have had the privilege of being present at the service held in the little Pro-Ecclesia will agree with me that the vibrations in it are also wonderful. Several times since I came here I have gone in there with aching, shattered nerves and have come out feeling strong and normally happy again. Surely Headquarters is a place where one can draw nearer to God and Christ, and where one may hear the injunction, "Come, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

An Apology

The "Mysteries of the Great Operas" has been unavoidably delayed on account of the failure of the book company in Chicago to deliver the covers. The book has been printed for weeks and only lacks the covers to complete it. Poor transportation owing to storms has caused much of the delay. However, they have arrived today, December 30, and orders will be filled quickly. We are very sorry for the delay but are sure that those who have ordered the book will overlook the matter under these circumstances.