

RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Magazine



Edited by Mrs. Max Heindel

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THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE OFFERS THREE PRIZES AS NOTED BELOW FOR THE THREE BEST ARTICLES SUBMITTED BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1924.

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4. We sometimes find it necessary to make slight modifications in articles submitted to bring them within our requirements. Articles are only accepted subject to this provision.
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Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."*

Editorial Department

Topics of the Day from the Rosicrucian Standpoint

The Japanese Disaster

THE unparalleled disaster which overtook Japan, beginning on September first in the form of an earthquake, followed by tidal waves and extensive fires, is probably the greatest single disaster that has ever overtaken any nation on the face of the globe since the sinking of Atlantis more than ten thousand years ago. Tokio, the capital, Yokohama, the chief seaport, together with several other cities of magnitude and many of the popular pleasure resorts have been largely destroyed. The deaths probably run into the hundreds of thousands, and the property losses certainly into the billions of dollars. We can get a concrete idea of the magnitude of the disaster when we remember that Tokio, with its two millions of population, is the fifth city of the world in size, and that three-quarters of this has been destroyed by the quake and the fires which followed.

Japan is in the earthquake belt, and it is said to experience fifteen hundred earth tremors a year, an average of over four a day; a severe earthquake occurs there on an average once in every two and one-half years.

It is not a coincidence that the portion of the earth's surface selected by the national race spirit of the Japanese is subject to severe earthquakes of this character. It is a case of collective destiny, that is, a bringing together of all the egos of a certain type whose destiny is so interwoven and of such a character that they are required to suffer the same calamity at the same time.

The Rosicrucian Philosophy throws much light upon the origin of earthquakes and their cause. From it we find that the refracting seventh stratum of the earth, counting from the surface toward the center, is the abode of the forces which we know as the forces of nature or the Laws of Nature. These forces exist in this region of the earth as moral, or rather unmoral, agencies.

They are intelligent, that is, they are the product of life, a form of nature spirit which operates in this particular field. In the beginning of the conscious career of man they were much more unruly and did much more damage on the surface of the earth than at present. As humanity progresses in morals, these forces improve in character. Any lapse in morals, however, has a tendency to unleash these nature forces, and they then proceed to create havoc upon the earth's surface. Materialism and the waning of religion also tend to the same result. The striving for higher and spiritual ideals upon the part of humanity, however, holds them in check and reduces their power of doing damage.

The practical application of this in connection with earthquakes is that when any particular section of humanity has generated destiny of a character that requires a cataclysm of some sort to restore the balance or to restore nature's equilibrium, these forces are automatically unchained, and acting upon the fluidic stratum of the earth, which is the second, they produce the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. The discharge of water, steam, and lava from the volcanoes gradually reduces the pressure, and then a period of calm ensues.

The Japanese, although a very ingenious race and having great capabilities, nevertheless have only a short period of civilized history behind them, and naturally have not progressed as far as some of the older races in their development. Therefore they are undergoing at the present time the experiences which the older races underwent at an earlier period. It is nothing to be alarmed at. Nature is endeavoring to re-establish her equilibrium, and the Japanese race will in the end profit greatly by these experiences.

Nevertheless we extend to the Japanese in their time of trial our sincerest sympathy, and this sympathy is taking the form of material assistance of a very practical kind from all parts of the United States. This is an opportunity to

demonstrate international good will and the reality of universal brotherhood, and the United States is responding to its opportunity in a very generous manner.

The Threatened Split in Protestantism

THE Protestant Church in America is said to be on the verge of a split; the fundamentalist faction is threatening a "Bull Moose" bolt.

The Fundamentalists are that branch of the church which sticks to the literal interpretation of Bible texts, disregarding the light which modern investigation has thrown upon the translations of these texts from the original Greek and Hebrew, and which shows in many cases that these translations were wrong or misleading. The Fundamentalists also taboo certain of the findings of modern science, including the theory of evolution. They maintain that the doctrines or, as they claim, lack of doctrines proclaimed by the Liberal branch threaten the integrity and very existence of the church. The charge of heresy is not unknown in this connection, although the very word carries with it an odium as a result of its connection with the persecutions of the Middle Ages.

The Liberal branch of the church believes in a liberal interpretation of church doctrines, making them applicable to modern conditions, and not confining them to ancient dogma and creed. The position taken by the Unitarian church whose motto may be said to be, "Salvation by character," represents to quite a large extent the attitude of the Liberals.

From the standpoint of the occult, we believe that the Liberal faction has much more in its favor than the Fundamentalists. The old evangelical methods, quite largely endorsed by the Fundamentalists, make the emotional feature of religion their chief dependence. Appealing to the emotions of congregations has been the standard method of bringing them into the fold and keeping them there. The evangelist is a familiar figure in the church history of the past. The occultist sees much of interest and much to wonder at in the ordinary revival meeting. He

is able to see the play and interplay of the currents of emotion with their various colors, and is able to see how the desire bodies of the congregation are acted upon by powerful thought currents directed by the leader and augmented by the singing of hymns, the testimony of converts, and the like.

To the occultist the formula of "salvation by character" has a great deal to recommend it, although the adherents of the Rosicrucian Philosophy know that Christ is a tremendous factor in the salvation of the human race, and without His aid its salvation would have been very problematical and perhaps impossible. The occultist knows that Christ, the present indwelling Planetary Spirit of the earth, is affording humanity powerful aid in their evolution through the spiritual urge communicated to the earth and its inhabitants. At the same time the method of emotionalism for making converts and holding them is a primitive, childlike method and one which is destined ultimately to entirely disappear.

It is advocated by such liberals as Dr. William H. P. Faunce of Brown University that Protestantism be split into two denominations only, and that the present number, namely something over two hundred, should be condensed into these two basic ones, namely, the Liberal and the Fundamentalist. This is an entirely logical program. It is quite similar to the program which the political organizations of this country and England have adopted. Reduced to the ultimate, there are only two fundamental views to be held regarding religion. One of these is liberal, the other conservative; the latter something similar to the view taken by the Fundamentalists.

There is danger in the present situation from the fact that Protestantism may lose largely to the Roman Catholic Church as a result of defections from its ranks; at least the Catholic Church always tends to profit by dissensions in the Protestant churches. At the same time a matter of principle of the kind involved in this controversy is something that cannot go by default indefinitely. It must be threshed out and a conclusion reached.

The threatened religious upheaval is a part of

the general upheaval affecting social, political, and industrial institutions predicted by occultists for the period of 1920 to 1925. It is entirely possible for this matter to be settled without too much friction and destructiveness, and it is greatly to be hoped that it will be done in this manner.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship looks on with much sympathy during the trial which the Protestant Church is undergoing; also in a certain interested way for the reason that we believe the Rosicrucian Philosophy will be the religion of the coming Aquarian Age and that it will eventually absorb the churches, since it is the only occult philosophy which satisfactorily includes and explains the chief Christian doctrine, namely, the mission and function of Christ on the earth. As the church members become dissatisfied with the creeds and dogmas, which are arbitrary and which really do not explain, one by one they will drop away and seek an explanation which satisfies both mind and heart; at this juncture the Christian Rosicrucian Philosophy stands as a friend to point the way.

Therefore we cannot help but believe that the present dissension in the ranks of Protestantism will in the end be productive of much good, and the means of leading the Christian people of America and other nations into more productive religious fields than those of oldtime orthodoxy.

A New Departure in Newspapers

IN Los Angeles there has recently been started a new daily newspaper called the *Illustrated Daily News*, edited and published by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., grandson of the famous Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, railroad promoter and financier. The motto of the new paper is, "The public be served," in contradistinction to a famous phrase of the opposite import which we believe emanated from the Commodore.

The new paper is a penny paper, issued only on week days. It is starting out auspiciously, and many of its features are in accordance with the principles which we know will obtain in the New Age. Among these we may mention the following:

First, murders and robberies are accorded an insignificant place in the columns of this paper, instead of being sickeningly spread across the front page as is done in most of the other papers.

Second, divorce news is eliminated entirely.

Third, the editor promises to give the facts regarding all the political candidates, that is, he promises to be non-partisan and to not favor one party at the expense of another; thus assuring the public of unbiased, unprejudiced news regarding the political situation.

Fourth, there is no Sunday edition, which is a great relief when we contemplate the mass of rubbish which is sent out by all the metropolitan Sunday papers, about 99 per cent of which is of very problematical value.

The new paper is attractively gotten up, and its price of one cent makes it more available to the masses than the five cents charged by most of the other papers on the Pacific coast.

In a recent editorial in his paper Mr. Vanderbilt discussed the matter of divorce and his reasons for excluding it from the columns of his daily. Chief among these was the effect which it has upon the children of the principals, they being very adversely affected by the publicity which their parents obtain when their divorce actions become public news and are extensively discussed in the papers. Sensitive children are particularly injured by such publicity and by the resulting reactions from their associates in school and elsewhere. There is no good purpose served by putting forth such news beyond the mere statement of the action, and therefore Mr. Vanderbilt has very wisely decided to keep his paper clean in this respect.

In a recent editorial in the "*Rays*" we discussed the creative power of thought as it works out through the news printed in the newspapers and the suggestions of evil which are broadcasted by them day after day through their exploitation of crime, and which influence weak mentalities to the commission of similar crimes. The new paper is a great improvement in this respect upon the older ones. We shall watch it with much interest to see whether it continues to make good. We have much confidence that it will.

The Mystic Light.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. This teaching makes no statements not supported by reason and logic. It satisfies the mind by giving clear explanations, and neither begs nor evades questions. It gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries, but—and this is a very important “but”—*Rosicrucian Christianity does not regard the intellectual understanding of God and the universe as an end in itself; far from it. The greater the intellect, the greater the danger of its misuse. Therefore the scientific teaching is only given in order that man may believe and begin to live the religious life which alone can bring true fellowship.*

The Rosicrucian Fellowship aims to make the Christian religion a living factor in the land. It encourages people to remain with their churches as long as they can find spiritual comfort there and gives them at the same time the explanations which creeds may have obscured. To such as have already severed their connections with the church, it offers the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, so that their essential truth and beauty may again be recognized and accepted.

Our Motto is—A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY

Purpose

JULIAN R. HOVEY

To build our citadel of love,
A tower of spiritual might,
To kneel at temple there in prayer
With Brotherhoods of light;

To raise the sick, the halt, the lame,
To show the lost the way,
To work for love and not for fame
But as a cosmic ray;

To spread the light in every land
That peace may come to birth,
To make our thoughts like perfumed flowers
To brighten up the earth;

To spend the night on service bent
On spread ethereal wings,

To carry strength in form of love
To combat evil things;

To read the hearts of all mankind
Just as the angels would,
To meet the evil in the land
And change it all to good;

To sail those seas of consciousness
Where only ethers are,
To read the history of man,
To know our Father Star;

To find that all our brothers here
Are of the same intent,
To reach the Goal of Spirit Fire,
So be our purpose bent.

What Is Spiritual Work?

MAX HEINDEL

This article first appeared in lesson form in 1915.

IN THIS CONNECTION we will give some extracts from the wonderful poem by Longfellow which is called the “Legend Beautiful.”

“In his chamber alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,

Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial.
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
 An unwonted splendor brightened
 All within him and without him
 In that narrow cell of stone;
 And he saw the Blessed Vision
 Of our Lord, with Light Elysian
 Like a vesture wrapped about him,
 Like a garment round him thrown."

This was not the suffering Savior, however,
 but the Christ feeding the hungry and healing
 the sick.

"In an attitude imploring,
 Hands upon his bosom crossed,
 Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
 * * * * *

Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
 Then amid his exaltation,
 Loud the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling;
 Rang through court and corridor
 With persistent iteration
 He had never heard before."

This was his call to the duty of feeding the
 poor as Christ had done, for he was the almoner
 of the Brotherhood.

"Deep distress and hesitation
 Mingled with his adoration;
 Should he go, or should he stay?
 Should he leave the poor to wait
 Hungry at the convent gate,
 Till the Vision passed away?
 Should he slight his radiant guest,
 Slight his visitant celestial,
 For a crowd of ragged bestial
 Beggars at the convent gate?
 Would the Vision there remain?
 Would the Vision come again?"

"Then a voice within his breast
 Whispered, audible and clear,
 As if to the outward ear:
 'Do thy duty, that is best;
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest!
 Straightway to his feet he started,
 And with longing look intent
 On the blessed Vision bent,
 Slowly from his cell departed,
 Slowly on his errand went.

"At the gate the poor were waiting,
 Looking through the iron grating,
 With terror in the eye
 That is only seen in those
 Who amid their wants and woes
 Hear the sound of doors that close,
 And of feet that pass them by;
 Grown familiar with disfavor;
 Grown familiar with the savor
 Of the bread by which men die!
 But today, they knew not why,
 Like the gate of Paradise
 Seemed the convent gate to rise;
 Like a sacrament divine
 Seemed to them the bread and wine.

"In his heart the Monk was praying,
 Thinking of the homeless poor,
 What they suffer and endure;
 What we see not; what we see;
 And an inward voice was saying:
 'Whatsoever thing thou doest
 To the least of mine and lowest,
 That thou doest unto me.'
 Unto me! but had the vision
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,
 Come a mendicant imploring,
 Would he then have knelt adoring?
 Or have listened with derision
 And have turned away with loathing?
 Thus his conscience put the question,
 Full of troublesome suggestion.

"Then at length with hurried pace,
 Toward his cell he turned his face,
 And beheld the convent bright
 With a supernatural light,
 Like a luminous cloud expanding
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.
 But he paused with awestruck feeling
 At the threshold of his door,
 For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent-bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling,
 Summoned him to feed the poor;
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning
 When the Blessed Vision said:
 'Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!'"

Let me tell you a story:

Ages and ages ago—so long ago in fact that it was almost as far away as yesterday—darkness enveloped the earth, and men were groping for the light. Some there were who had found it and who undertook to show men the reflection thereof, and they were eagerly sought. Among them there was one who had been to the city of light for a little while and had absorbed some of its brilliancy. Straightway men and women from all over the land of darkness sought him. They journeyed thousands of miles because they had heard of this light; and when he heard that a company was traveling towards his house, he set to work and prepared to give them the very best he had. He planted poles all around his house and put lights upon them so that his visitors might not hurt themselves in the darkness. He and his household ministered to their wants, and he taught them as best he knew.

But soon some of his visitors murmured. They had thought to find him seated upon a pedestal radiant with celestial light. In fancy they had seen themselves worshipping at his shrine; but instead of the spiritual light they had expected they had caught him in the very act of stringing electric lights to illuminate the place. He did not even wear a turban or a robe, because *the order to which he belonged had as one of its fundamental rules that its members must wear the dress of the country in which they live.*

So the visitors came to the conclusion that they had been tricked and swindled and that he had no light. Then they took up stones and stoned him and his household; they would have killed him were it not that they feared the law, which in that land required an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Then they went away again into the land of darkness, and whenever they saw a soul headed towards the light, they held up their hands in horror and said, "Do not go there; that is not a true light, it is a jack-o-lantern and it will lead you astray. We know there is absolutely no spirituality there." Many believed them, and thus came to pass in that case as so many times before the saying that was written in one of their old books: "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light."

As it was in that far away yesterday, so also it is today. Men are running hither and thither

seeking for light. Often like Sir Launfal they travel to the ends of the earth, wasting their whole lives seeking for the thing they call "Spirituality," but meeting disappointment after disappointment. But just as Sir Launfal, having spent his whole life in vain search away from his home, finally found the *Holy Grail* right at his own castle gate, so every honest seeker after spirituality will, shall, and must find it in his own heart. The only danger is that, like the company of seekers mentioned, he may miss it because he does not recognize it. *No one can recognize true spirituality in others until he has in a measure evolved it in his own self.*

It may therefore be well to try to settle definitely "*What is Spirituality?*" to give a guide whereby we may find this great Christ attribute. In order to do this we must leave our preconceived ideas behind, or we shall certainly fail. The idea most commonly held is that spirituality manifests through prayer and meditation; but if we look at our Savior's life, we shall find that it was not an idle one. He was not a recluse, He did not go away and hide himself from the world. He went among people, He ministered to their daily wants; He fed them when that was necessary; He healed them whenever He had the opportunity, and He also taught them. Thus He was in the very truest sense of the word A SERVANT OF HUMANITY.

The monk in the "*Legend Beautiful*" saw Him thus when he was engaged in prayer, rapt in spiritual ecstasy. But just then the convent bell struck the hour of twelve, and *it was his duty to go and imitate the Christ*, feeding the poor who had gathered around the convent gate. Great indeed was the temptation to stay, to bathe in the heavenly vibrations; but there came the voice, "*Do thy duty, that is best; leave unto thy Lord the rest.*" How could he have adored the Savior whom he saw feeding the poor and healing the sick while at the same time leaving the hungry poor to stand outside the convent gate waiting for him to perform his duties? It would have been positively wicked for him to have stayed there; and as the vision said to him upon his return: "*Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.*"

Such self-indulgence would have been absolutely subversive of the purpose he had in view. If he had not been faithful in little things per-

taining to earthly duties, how could it be expected that he would be faithful in the greater spiritual work? Naturally, unless *able to stand the test*, he could not be given greater powers.

There are many people who seek spiritual powers, wandering from one so-called occult center to another; who enter monasteries and like places of seclusion, hoping by running away from the world's clamor and glamour to cultivate their spiritual nature. They bask in the sunshine of prayer and meditation from morning till night while the world is moaning in agony. Then they wonder why they do not progress; why they do not get further upon the path of aspiration. Truly prayer and meditation are necessary, absolutely essential to soul growth. But we are doomed to failure if we depend for soul growth upon prayers which are only words. *To obtain results we must live in such a manner that our whole life becomes a prayer, an aspiration.* As Emerson said:

“Although your knees were never bent,
To heaven your hourly prayers are sent.
And be they formed for good or ill,
Are registered and answered still.”

It is not the words we speak in moments of prayer that count, but *it is the life that leads up to the prayer.*

What is the use of praying for peace on earth on Sunday when we are making bullets during the whole week? How can we pray God to forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us when we carry hate in our hearts?

There is only one way to show our faith, and that is by our works; it does not matter in what department of life we have been placed, whether we are high or low, rich or poor; it is immaterial whether we are engaged in stringing electric lights to save our fellows a physical fall, or whether it is our privilege to stand upon a platform to give out the spiritual light and point out to others the way of the soul. It is absolutely unessential whether our hands are grimy with the lowest labor, perhaps digging a sewer to maintain the health of our community, or whether they are soft and white as required when nursing the sick.

The determining factor which decides whether

any class of work is spiritual or material is our attitude in the matter. The man who strings the physical light may be far more spiritual than the one who stands upon the platform; for alas, there are many who go to that sacred duty with the desire to tickle the ears of their congregation by fine oratory rather than to give heart-felt love and sympathy. It is much more noble work to clean out the clogged sewer, as did *the despised brother* in Kennedy's "Servant in the House," than it is to live falsely in the dignity of a teacher's office, implying a spirituality that is not actually there. *Everyone who tries to cultivate this rare quality of spirituality must always begin by doing everything to the glory of the Lord; for when we do all things as unto the Lord, it does not matter what kind of work we do. Digging a sewer, inventing a labor saving device, preaching a sermon, or anything else is spiritual work when it is done in love to God and man.*

PSALM OF GUIDANCE

ION WOLFE

I have set my lamp in the window, Lord.
I will tend the wick
Though I know not what light it casts
Nor from what secret chamber flows the oil
of its burning.
Lord, I have set my lamp in the window.

As the faithful dog may follow
On the footsteps of his master,
Faring forth on many a quest of freedom
and adventure,
So let my heart follow Thee, Great One,
Trusting the light of Thy wisdom,
Asking not the way nor the goal.

I have set my lamp in the window, Lord.
May it reflect the glory of Light within me!
May it shine as the lighthouse on a distant head-
land
To some traveler at sea.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Prov. 3: 11-12.

The Adept and the Neophyte

A Story of Initiation

BY "AGRIPPA, 32°"

ON A RAINY afternoon about 2 P. M. I descended from a Fifth Ave. bus before the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

I was glad of the opportunity to get inside and away from the damp, crowding mass of humanity which I had seen in my ride uptown, and walking briskly from the curb where I was dropped I was soon within that treasure house of art and knowledge.

I had come with a purpose, for a new exhibit of models from a Theban tomb had just been placed on display. As Egypt, its life and history, were a matter of continuous interest to me, I went immediately to the Egyptian Section and there found that of which I had come in search.

There in a glass case were to be seen the boats of ancient Egypt, fully manned and prepared for travel just as the men of old actually lived, worked, and played. There was the passenger boat with its rowers preparing for the journey down the Nile. Then there was the pleasure boat with its crew and passengers leaving for a day's outing.

There were to be seen fishing boats, one with seines and another with harpoons, to catch for the lord of the land that which should grace his table.

These boats were designed to supply the needs of Mehenkwtetre in the future state. These models were taken from his tomb, and their great interest lay in the fact that they for the first time explained completely the build and rig of a XI Dynasty boat. All his servants were there, also carved from wood, and shown at their many tasks.

I saw the slaughterhouse where Mehenkwtetre's butchers were preparing an ox upon the ground, with many joints hanging from the balcony. In the stable the cattle were being fed and fattened. In still another place the brewers were making beer, and the cooks were baking bread. Another model showed the garden of an Egyptian's home with four papyrus pillars before the door and little trees about the edge of the garden.

These things, I was told, when found in the tomb had upon them the finger prints of the workman who placed them there four thousand years before.

These models represented the daily life of the people of that time, and were not made with a religious or mystical meaning as was done later in Egypt's history. They depicted the life which Mehenkwtetre had lived in the world and that which he expected in the next.

Beside the above I saw the mummy of Wah, who had been in life a servitor of Mehenkwtetre, "The Great Man." When the tomb of Wah was opened, all was as the priest had left it forty centuries before. Just within the door of the tomb where the mummy of Wah was found were to be seen the ashes which had fallen from the torch used at the funeral. Carelessly thrown to one side was the white linen pall which had covered the coffin, and beneath the coffin lay the three linen cords with which it had been tied. At the coffin's foot lay the knob which had been sawn off after the lid was pegged into place. A withered leg of beef and an open jug which had contained beer were also found.

The coffin when opened contained thirty-eight linen sheets, beautifully made, ironed, and marked with a private symbol. Over the top had been smeared aromatic gum by the officiating priest, and the print of his hand was as clear as if it were newly made.

Wah's mummy lay upon its side with a gilded mask upon its face, looking towards the two painted eyes upon the outside of the coffin. Beneath his feet lay two sandals, in front of him a copper mirror, under his head a wooden pillow, and beside his feet a thirteen inch statue of himself.

As I looked upon these things, all that remained of a vanished dynasty, I thought of the great debt that the world owes to Egypt and of the great truth of the mystery of Osiris, which still lives in the memory of the people of today, kept alive by its old yet ever new story of life and death.

Being rather fatigued I sat down to rest before the red granite Palm Leaf monolith, without doubt the oldest in the world, which had come from the forecourt of the pyramid temple built by Schura, the second king of the Fifth Dynasty, in the year 2740 B. C. This is among the earliest known columns in the history of architecture, and as I looked upon it I felt the littleness of human life, its joys and sorrows—how soon life is over and the Ego at rest to prepare for still another embodiment.

My thoughts engrossed my attention for some time, but coming to myself with a start I saw a gentleman standing examining the pillar. He was of middle height; he had well squared shoulders and a splendid carriage; he moved as though he had the right to command and to receive courtesy and respect from all. His skin was of an olive hue; his hair and beard were raven black, tinged with grey; his lips were thin and met in almost a straight line, adding sternness to his face; and in his eyes, which were dark brown, there shone a light that seemed to read one through and through.

He was dressed well but not extravagantly in a dark tweed suit. Upon the first finger of the right hand was a large old gold ring upon which were inscribed some markings that seemed hieroglyphs of Egypt. His age might have been fifty or sixty; the years seemed to have added dignity to his person.

He took from his pocket a notebook and jotted something therein, then turned as if he would leave the room. As he turned, he saw me and knew that I had been watching him.

He looked so keenly at me that I felt the blood mounting to my face. Seeing my chagrin he smiled and bowing slightly said to me that he wished he were in Egypt whence this column had come instead of in the cold, damp city of Gotham. I told him it was my dearest wish to go to Egypt myself but that business held me so that I could not get away; however, sometime I hoped to go.

This conversation led to other topics, so we spent some time talking. It seemed to me that he spoke "as one having authority and not as the scribes," for there was that ring in his voice that made the listener know he spoke only of that which he knew from experience.

At last he said he really must be going and that he would deem it an honor if I would call

on Sunday evening, when he would be at home, and that we then could continue the acquaintance that had come about so easily. I told him I should indeed be glad to call, so writing his address upon his card he handed it to me; bowing in his courtly way he was soon lost among the other visitors.

Upon looking at the card I saw there to my great joy the name of one whose knowledge was spoken of throughout the occult world with deep respect and almost bated breath, for this was no other than the great ————. But I dare not reveal his true name so to you and me he must be known as Saturnius. By some he is thought to be an Elder Brother of that fraternity who claims as its emblem the Rose and the Cross.

* * * * *

Sunday evening came and found me at the door of an uptown apartment house. I rang the bell and was ushered into a marble entry way, and next I stood before the door of the home of Saturnius.

He himself bowed me in and remarked in his pleasant way that he was glad to see me. We took seats in that which he called his "Sanctum Sanctorum." This apparently was his study, for about the room closely packed together were bookcases filled to overflowing with books of strange and forgotten lore. I saw on one shelf the writings of Cornelius Agrippa; on another one of the rare volumes of Robert de Fluctibus, the great English Rosicrucian. There were the works of Eliphas Levi, and a copy of "The Virgin of the World" by Hermes Trismegistus (Mercury,) wherein we find the saying of the Hermetic School, "As above so below." There was a well thumbed copy of the "Book of the Dead" and a large and very old Bible that looked as if it were one of the manuscripts of the Vulgate written by Jerome. There was the *Kabbalah* of Jewry and the *Secret Doctrine* by Blavatsky. There were the works of Lord Lytton, thought by some to have been a member of the Hermetic School, as well as many other books of the same nature.

In this same sanctum were a telescope of large size and a number of microscopes, retorts, test tubes, chemicals, electrical instruments—in fact all the paraphernalia that one would use whose life work it was to delve into the secret sciences and whose main work and study were man.

I rested comfortably in a large chair as Saturnius began to speak.

"You may wonder, my new found friend, how we happened to meet and perhaps why I, a stranger to you, should invite you to my home upon such short acquaintance; but would you believe me that this meeting was not accidental and that it was planned by a greater than you or I? For you have been chosen to have revealed to you if you are worthy knowledge that will help your fellow men as well as yourself.

"Do you know aught of the secret sciences, and do you wish to learn? Have you read the story 'Zanoni' by Bulwer Lytton, and do you remember the strange adventures of Glyndon and his failure?"

I told him I did and that I was a member of high degree in an exoteric school of esoteric doctrine, for I proudly wore the "double eagle" by right and merit.

"I honor that sign," he said, "for I remember having seen the same device worn by one of the higher priests when Babylon ruled the East, and I have also seen the same in the temples of India. The wearers of that sign in Egypt many years ago gave to Greece her culture and refinement, to Rome her civilization; and the wisdom that belonged to India, Mazdaism, and ancient Egyptian mysticism is still preserved and is now taught in all its sublimity and grandeur. The Egyptian priesthood handed on to Greece, India, and Rome the several Mysteries; and they gave out in those ancient times the true teaching as revealed to the Initiate of that day and this. It has been ever true that the people as a whole could not learn all the truth, for it would indeed be placing in their hands that with which they would destroy themselves. So the Elder Brothers of humanity in their wisdom have chosen only a few to keep burning that Light or Lux which it is known may be found only by traveling in an 'easterly' direction.

"Many centuries ago you yourself were a mystagogue in the Temple of Isis at Philae which today lies under water, forever lost to the world because of the building of the great dam at Assuan by the British Government. This is the reason that you were so interested yesterday in the new exhibit at the museum, for you all unconsciously to yourself were going back over the past and contacting that which had held you when you were the very priest whose handiwork

was seen in the coffin of Wah; it was you who placed all that was mortal in that tomb. Can you not remember that you yourself knew long ago of the Rose Cross, that which showed the priesthood whether in any year the Nile would flood its banks as it should or whether the crops would be a success?

"Having this knowledge your spiritual evolution has now brought you to the point in life where I can offer you new life, new strength, and new wisdom. Remember the words of the Initiate Paul when he said in his First Epistle to the Corinthians: 'How be it we speak wisdom among them that are perfect, yet not the wisdom of this world—that came to naught. But we speak wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom.'"

He paused in his narration of these truths, which were new to me. I had heard before of the doctrine of rebirth, but I had laughed at it as beneath my consideration. However, here was one of the savants of the world in his own study quietly telling me in all seriousness that I, James Gore, an up-to-date New York broker had been a mystagogue in an Egyptian temple in the year two thousand B. C. If I had been with another than Saturnius I might have laughed, smiled at least, but there was that in his eyes that forbade levity.

Reading my mind he said, "Why do you doubt me? You say you are anxious to learn the secret sciences, and yet you doubt my first statement of facts."

This rather nonplussed me. What kind of man was this who read my thoughts almost before they came to my own mind? At this point I heard the sweet tones of a Japanese gong, and my host rising bowed me out to dinner.

I had supposed that Saturnius lived alone, but I was pleasantly surprised to see at the end of the table a lady to whom I was introduced, Saturnius calling her, "My niece." She was small, not exceeding five feet three in height, nor weighing more than one hundred and twenty pounds. Her skin like that of Saturnius was of an olive tinge, but there was a healthy pink upon her cheeks. Her hair was a fine dark brown parted in a simple way and piled high upon her head. Her eyes were likewise brown of a lighter shade, with very great depth combined with a softness and sweet expression that became her well. Her mouth had a pleasant curve

with pearly white teeth which gleamed as she smiled. Her nose was pure Grecian. Her hands were dainty and with no jewels upon them. She wore a simple gown of soft black silk which became her dark beauty well.

She was very quiet, engaging in the conversation in an assured manner but leaving the greater part to Saturnius.

The meal was well cooked and served, but I noticed there was no meat. The soup, the roast, all the food was from the garden; the dessert consisted of a dainty fruit confection which had been prepared by the hostess herself.

We retired from the table and listened to Miss Hodesh, for such was her name, as she played upon the harp many selections from the operas, and some lighter music upon the piano while Saturnius accompanied her on his violin. They were both artists, and before I knew it, it was time to make my farewell, which I did to Saturnius, then turning, shook hands with Miss Hodesh. As her hand touched mine with a calm, cool gentleness, a strange thrill ran through me; it seemed that a little bird was nestling in my hand for love and comfort.

I was not long in getting home, but my head and heart were in such a turmoil that old Sol was almost up before I at last fell asleep. Two things kept coming to mind during the following busy week in Wall Street: One moment I would think of the strange things Saturnius had told me; the next a picture of a pretty face with lovely brown eyes and hair would take me wool-gathering into the clouds.

I prided myself on my hard-headedness in business, not caring much for religious things or women. The beauties of our great city scarcely caused me to turn an eye, yet here was I thinking of a maiden I had met but once. After lunch on a certain Wednesday, the sun shining brightly and with the warmth of Indian summer calling me, I decided to leave the office. I jumped into my car and drove up town to the home of Saturnius with the intention of asking him and his niece for a spin up Riverside. I found Saturnius, but his niece was with a friend in Jersey. Though I was rather disappointed I nevertheless invited my friend for the ride, and we drove up the east side of the Hudson.

The day was beautiful in its fall glory, which was wonderfully reflected by the changing color of the foliage that had been nipped a few times

by the fingers of Jack Frost. We drove through the Bronx, and striking the Albany Post Road passed through Yonkers, then Tarrytown where the Dutch used to tarry. We passed over the bridge where Ichabod Crane met the headless horseman after trying to woo Katrina Van Tassell. Above the bridge we saw the old church where sleeps in the churchyard all that is mortal of that great American literary light, Washington Irving. Soon we were in the old town of Ossining which was originally known as Sink Sink, from which came the name of Sing Sing, the Anglicized name of an old Indian chief who for many years ruled the Ossining tribe. This name is perpetuated in that gloomy prison known as Sing Sing where hundreds of the weak and misled must pay for their failure to rule themselves.

At dinner time we stopped at the Briarcliff Inn. Once more I noticed that Saturnius refused to take meat, and I asked him if he would kindly explain to me why he did so. He said that we should know that the animals are our younger brothers, and that we should not kill them for our gratification. He said also that one cannot expect to develop if he eats that which draws him away from the Supreme Being. This brought us again to Occultism. Our conversation at his home came to me, and now I felt was the time to gain enlightenment in regard to what he had told me about my being a priest of Isis in 2000 B. C.

"Yes," he said, "that is very true."

"But I have always been taught that souls were created by God for the bodies that were to be born and that when we die we go to Paradise and there await the Last Day."

"It is true," he said, "that that is what orthodox religion does teach. But you must remember that we have spoken of the secret sciences which for the first time are being revealed to the people. One of the secret teachings is the doctrine of rebirth. We find it taught in India today, and we know that it was taught to the men of Egypt. Today this old yet new faith is growing by leaps and bounds. I remember the words that I have often heard: 'All life is continuous, without beginning or ending, evolutionary in a constantly ascending scale of progression.'"

"Have I then been embodied at any other time since I was a priest in Egypt?"

"Yes," said Saturnius. "You had not reached that stage of sanctification which you were intended to find and have not done so yet. You have lived thrice between that period and the present. The Memory of Nature reveals to me that once since then you were a priest of the Christian Church, and then you lived a helpful life in Normandy working as a monk. Since then you were one of the illuminati in a Brotherhood of Light which worked in Europe in the early seventeenth century. You were a friend of Elias Ashmole, assisting him in the establishment of the house of Solomon in the year sixteen forty six together with William Lully, Doctor Thomas Wharton, and others who were said to be members of the Rosicrucian Society.

"Sometime I will teach you how you may read the Memory of Nature and how the Ego leaves the body in sleep and goes upon its journey as an Invisible Helper to assist the Elder Brothers. Before I can reveal more to you I must know if you are willing to enter upon the Path and devote yourself to the search for the Kingdom of God which the Master said was within you."

I told him I would think it over, and entering my car I soon left him at his door.

I gave this matter much thought, and as I had sufficient means to provide for my wants, I at last decided to turn my business over to my partner and become the student of Saturnius; for if I had been a priest of Isis and a priest of the Christian Church, surely I must in this life become more than a mere money getter.

Shortly I had become a neophyte and had entered upon my new duties. These were not hard, for I was told to carefully study the Bible, the "Book of the Dead," certain Rosicrucian books, and the many fine works on the occult sciences that he would give me in due order. I was also to begin my study of astrology, the divine science, for that is an aid in entering deeply into the hidden knowledge.

I was kept at this work for many months. Autumn had changed to winter, winter to spring, and spring to summer ere Saturnius made a sign that I was progressing. I did not doubt that in due time my patience would be rewarded, and it was. One morning as I was studying the Kabbalah, the secret tradition of the Jewish Priesthood, and meditating upon the great symbol, the double triangle of Solomon, which stands

for the two ancients of the Kabbalah, the God of Light and the God of Reflection, Saturnius entered my room; for he had kindly given me a room under his roof so that we could be together and he could help me in my studies.

"Good morning James," he said, "I have news for you. The time of your first trial draws nigh. You and I will go tonight to a place where we will gather with others to perform certain rites. The Moon tonight enters the cardinal sign of Cancer, the Crab. As it is a time for healing we shall gather to send forth the healing influence to the sick in body and soul. But I cannot tell you the name of the Brotherhood or the place."

Suffice it to say that when we arrived, Saturnius was greeted as one holding a high and exalted station. The fraters and sisters were soon in order for the ceremony. I was in the anteroom of the adytum, waiting to be summoned for my first trial. I heard the sound of sweet music, and a choir of men's strong voices singing these words:

"There is a Word no mortal tongue
May dare its mystic sounds combine,
Nor saint hath breathed nor prophet sung
That holiest of names divine.

"Nor may the finger of the scribe
Presume that hallowed Word to write.
Accursed he of Israel's tribe,
Who ventures to that name indite.

"Yet though no lip nor pen may dare
That name unspeakable impart,
'Tis ever breathed in secret prayer,
'Tis ever written on the heart.

"With care preserved, the Sacred Word
Is thus indeed a blessed dower.
We bow before this Word, O Lord,
Before its great and marvelous power."

I heard the rattle of bolts and chains. Four figures clothed in scarlet and hooded in black which concealed their faces stood before me, one of them carrying a lighted torch. My hands were bound, and I was covered with a black robe and hood. I felt my hand gripped, though I could hear no sound. I seemed to be going downward. As I progressed, horrid sounds struck upon my

ear. There were screams and howls of malediction and agony. My foot struck against something that crunched like dead bones. I smelt smoke and heard the rush and roar of water like a mountain torrent. I heard a distinct clap of thunder that swelled and reverberated, first near and then afar. I could almost see the lightning. As the thunder rolled, it seemed like a heavy battery in action. Then all was still.

Suddenly I missed the hand of my guide which led me along the way. I felt cold water touch my feet. I heard a whisper, "Run, run for your life, if it is worth saving." In my fear I raised my hands and found they were unbound. Quickly I cast the hood from me. Dimly in the darkness I discerned a whirling stream which was rising so rapidly that it had already reached my knees.

I could see nothing of my companions, and I knew not where to turn. I moved as quickly as I could and found that I was walking through a narrow passage which led up hill. It did not take me long to become clear of the water, for the passage turned quickly to the right where it was dry.

I was alone, and in the dim light which seemed to come from nowhere I discerned that which made my hair rise upon my head. I saw that I stood where three ways met. On my right hand I noticed five niches in the wall, and in each niche there lay a mouldering corpse. On my left there was only one niche, and that was empty. Before me I could see other recesses, some full, some empty.

What had happened? I seemed to be in a place similar to the Roman catacombs of St. Agnes, which I had visited only a few years before. Which way to turn and what next was expected of me I knew not. As I listened, I could hear nothing, and the darkness about me seemed to deepen. What, indeed was the meaning of all this? I began to be angry at Saturnius and at myself for being duped so easily. In my bitterness I laughed aloud. It seemed to me that fifty demons laughed in return.

Was I to be lost here forever and lie with this mouldering flesh which I saw about me? What a fool indeed I had been to try to learn that with which man should not tamper without long preparation. What cared I for Hermes and his teaching? Saturnius lied when he told me that

I had lived in Egypt. Was he not insane, and must I not be so too, to have listened to him?

The darkness if possible grew denser. As I walked, I stumbled over a heap of bones. I heard a hiss, and something glided away from under my foot. It was a serpent, and my feet were bare. What if it should bite me? Well, only one fool the less in the world. I heard the whir of wings, and a bat passed near my head so close that it almost brushed my face.

Well, I would not stay here to die like a rat in a trap. I would at least make an effort to escape. I began to walk, and as I walked I could smell the odor of sulphur, which began to choke me; so I retraced my steps and walked full tilt into a blank wall. Surely I was trapped. What should I do? What *could* I do? It seemed to me I heard a voice say, "Pray." Ah! to whom? For I had not yet learned the lesson of real faith. To God, of course, to Him who answers that magic invocation. I was not ready yet to pray, so I sat upon a pile of bones, and as I looked a light seemed to spring from the floor. There was a dark patch in the center of the light which began to grow. It steadily increased in size, changing in form and assuming a sickly color.

In my studies I had read *The Pneumatology of Paracelsus*, and his words in regard to elementals came to me where he says: "If such entities are invisible under normal conditions to a human being, they may be well perceived—on their own plane, and may after death take the forms of animals and monsters which they were brought to resemble by evil thoughts—if the character of a person is thoroughly evil, it will cause his astral form to assume a hideous mien."

(To be continued in three more installments.)

As Christ in the dark garden had to drink
The brimming cup, from which His soul did
shrink,

So fear not grief, fear not the anguish, thou,
The paining heart, the clasped and prostrate
brow;

This is the emblem and this is the sign
By which God singles thee for fields divine;
From such a height He stoops, from such a bliss,
Small wonder thou dost shudder at His kiss.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

The Science of the Eternal

NICHOLAS PERIS

THE SUBTLE soul desire to lift the veil of Isis and peer into the hidden mysteries of the universe leads to a temptation which few students in the first steps of occultism can resist. The invisible, the mysterious, and the impenetrable attract with a commanding force. The soul flutters within, expectant with the joy of a voyage of exploration into the infinite. Drunk with the desire for attainment one does not perceive the magnitude of the undertaking. Many a sincere but misguided soul thus flounders on the rocks hidden beneath the deceptive surface of the teachings of pseudo-mystic schools. The promises held out by their so-called teachers of the inner secrets of nature are certainly alluring. A wave of the magic wand, the vibration raised by the repetition of a formula, an exercise performed in a certain posture, the formal ritual of initiation, and many other similar practices are said to reveal to the aspiring student the marvelous secrets of nature.

The whole range of knowledge and progress according to some of these teachers is divided into that of the visible and the invisible. The student's knowledge of the visible world being taken for granted, he is introduced into the invisible by the opening of his clairvoyant faculty by one or another of the many means. He is then left to adjust himself to the new conditions, which in the majority of cases results in dire disaster, his entrance into the higher planes being forced and premature. Some become the victims of evilly disposed denizens of the lower regions of the Desire World, or are taken by elementals and used as instruments for their pleasure. Others are prostrated mentally and physically by the reaction for the rest of their earth life. The more cautious, desisting from the reckless adventure before any serious danger results to themselves learn a salutary lesson, very helpful in their future progress.

The chimera vanishes before the eyes of these fortunate ones. They realize that the prize of spiritual power cannot be won by the performance of an exercise actuated by curiosity, nor by

the elimination of certain foods or even total abstinence from food for a prescribed period, but that preparation during many lifetimes, involving self-discipline, mental, moral, and physical is required to make one worthy to demand entrance even to the outermost court of nature's mysterious halls of Knowledge and Attainment.

Only the learned know their ignorance, and the broader our knowledge becomes, the more does its insignificance compared to the Infinite become clear to us.

Nature's secrets are closely guarded; no presumptuous intellect, no curious daring can wrest them from her. There is but one safe way to attain, and that way is the way of love, service, and humility.

Nature's progress is most methodical, her range of activity extending to infinity. She shows no partiality but demands obedience from the small and great alike. Man is a link in nature's chain, and he must respond to the laws pertaining to his own plane of being. Any attempt to skip an intermediate stage would be futile in the extreme. The spiritual, mental, and physical sides of his being must all grow legitimately, naturally. A false growth would be akin to a superstructure built on a weak foundation and must result not only in the loss of the newly gained advancement but also of the previous growth. The doors of the invisible will be opened to one when he has acquired the necessary soul growth; when the required mental poise, the control of the desire nature, and the purification of the physical body have been accomplished.

Man is the heir to infinite knowledge. No power on earth nor in heaven or hell can obstruct his progress when he has earned the right to proceed. "When the ears of the student are ready to hear, then cometh the lips to fill them with wisdom," is the Hermetic maxim. Our Elder Brothers, who function mostly on the invisible planes, are anxiously watching our growth. There is much rejoicing in their hearts when one of their younger brothers puts his foot upon

the Path. He becomes from that moment the subject of their study and care. Every aid for his progress is readily given. Nor should one ever fear being overlooked; such a thing is impossible.

The path of the true student therefore lies not in curious attempts to function on the inner planes but in applying himself to gaining knowledge of the visible universe, in acquiring strength of mentality by observation and meditation on the phenomena around him, in obtaining control of his desire nature by self-denial, moderation, and well ordered habits, and in purifying his physical body by pure food.

“As above, so below.” The visible universe to the thoughtful student gives the key to the understanding of the secrets of the invisible realms. God is not so hidden that the sincere, humble, and loving soul is deprived of a glimpse of His wonderful Being even though looking through the veil of matter of the lowest of His worlds.

It is the purpose of the writer to discuss a few universal phenomena with a view to assisting the aspiring student to comprehend the nature of God and the universe as far as is permitted from observations on the form side, and as a preparatory step for acquiring knowledge of the invisible planes.

If we study the physical from a certain angle, it is as mysterious and as fascinating a study as we would suppose the invisible to be; nay more, it naturally is the only right way that leads to the proper understanding of the invisible.

God is spirit, declare the Holy Scriptures, but in another aspect He is also matter. “All is in God and God is in all.” The material universe is crystallized spirit. The personality (*persona*) or mask is formed of the lower vibrations of spirit substance. The evolution of form in its infinitude of grades from the grossest physical to radiant matter, building the higher from experience extracted from the lower, is going on throughout the universe. It is the effort of the crystallized spirit, the God manifest in matter, to regain its original spirit state.

The problem that presents itself at the outset to the student who contemplates the nature of the universe is the constant conflict of two forces. The one is ever struggling to create, to attract, to blend, to amalgamate to bring order and beauty

out of chaos—the constructive force in nature. The other is breaking down, dissolving, and decomposing—the destructive force in nature. The incessant play of these forces forms the basis of consciousness, joy, and suffering.

The thoughtful student is led seriously to inquire into the purpose of this expenditure of force and the pain and joy involved in the making and remaking of organisms, of planets, and of solar systems.

We observe the nebula in the heavens, apparently clouds of star dust hanging in ether. Science teaches and our investigations verify that within this substance works a hidden force which in process of time will evolve the nebula into a mighty solar system. Think of the incalculable period occupied and the tremendous energy expended in this gigantic world forming. One may well ask to what purpose, to what end this is done if some day the whole structure will be resolved into its original dust. Observe a planet, an empire, a civilization, or coming nearer, an individual human being; the same law operates with unwavering persistence, with unmerciful exactitude. The little protoplasm, protected in the womb of the mother, nurtured from her own substance, gradually grows into a replica of her own kind, and one day comes into life and sunshine—a wonderfully perfect organism. Under the loving protection of its guardians it grows through the stages of childhood and youth to manhood. The combination of strength and beauty, wisdom and love, the perfect health and brave spirit are a living challenge to death and decay; but nature’s law is no respecter of persons. The despoiler lays his hand upon the youth when least expected. In the bloom of vigorous manhood, in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of the world, in the height of social position, the axe is laid at the root, and the form and its beauty are obliterated. Many a heart that revered and loved him is darkened with sorrow. For what end, what useful purpose? The same may be said of all events in the phenomenal world.

In this play of the constructive and destructive forces in nature is hidden a great secret. Close observation and sound logical reasoning reveal to us a subtle inner force, an imprisoned life struggling for expression, building form after form of gradually increasing efficiency; a

mighty, hidden genius creating millions of loopholes in the matter that veils his countenance; a subjective universal life principle striving by objective manifestation to gain universal self-consciousness.

This ever struggling onward is called evolution. Its pathway is strewn on the one side with used up, discarded forms in the process of decay, and on the other stand the improved products gradually nearing perfection. The succeeding always embodying improvements suggested in the course of the life of the preceding, nature patiently and persistently by repeated efforts goes forward in the conquest of matter. This is the law of birth and rebirth, and it is a universal law operating in all forms and in the expression of all grades of life.

Studying this law of form building in its various stages we again find wonderful wisdom displayed in its methods. If we consider all forms from the microscopic germ to the gigantic sun, we find that in the initial stage the seeds of all are similar and potentially contain similar powers. The difference between them therefore lies in the individual faculty of expression which the seed atom of each has gained by experience in past lives. They differ therefore in degree but not in kind.

That a human seed atom produces a human body and that a plant seed atom produces a plant is not an arbitrary law laid down by a creator, but is the fulfillment of a just and loving universal law. The degree of unfoldment depends upon the peculiar characteristics imprinted on each seed atom. In each succeeding life the physical form is built on a slightly improved plan. Thus from unconscious mineral and plant to conscious animal and man upward to angelic and divine heights of expression the selfsame seed supplies by unfoldment the required organisms.

The law of repetition or recapitulation of all the previous stages before arriving at the plane of the particular unfoldment in a life is universally operative in nature. That a child's body reaches that stage in the mother's womb after going through all the inferior stages represented by mineral forms, plant forms, and fish, bird, and mammal types is a scientifically proven fact. This is a further confirmation of the unity of life, though expressed in diverse forms.

The purpose of form and nature's method of accomplishment having been set forth, we will study the life that works through the bodies as far as is evident to us from outer knowledge.

Light, whether expressed physically, mentally, or spiritually is a fascinating and universally attracting force. Planets move around a sun, which is a self-luminous centre. Men of ignorance crowd around those who are gifted with the light of knowledge. Men aspiring to higher and nobler ideals are drawn by spiritual luminaries. Even in the animal and plant world we see the potency of light. Science teaches that all life depends on sunlight and heat; that deprived of these for even a few minutes the whole world would be a barren waste. This assertion is amply supported by our daily observations. The plants reach out towards the light; animals are drawn by light and sunshine and show symptoms of disease when deprived of them. Man owes his health and his cheerfulness to the sunshine. All bodies absorb sunlight and heat in greater or lesser degree according to their capacity and this may be said to be the basis of life. Animal and man further absorb sunlight and heat indirectly through the food they take. We cannot conceive of the possibility of life in any form without the benevolent action of light. Even the tiniest insect in the ocean bed receives its quota through the light rays that penetrate the water.

When John the Evangelist, the dearest disciple of the Christ, whose closeness to the Master earned the privilege to delve deeper into the world mysteries than any other, in his 1st Epistle declares that "God is Light," he gives the nearest possible expression to the true nature of God. It may be truly said that the whole evolutionary process, the universal struggle for life, is the persistent effort of the imprisoned light to pierce the veil of matter. It is the one omnipresent Light that struggles to shine in its glorious naked effulgence by gradually thinning the texture of the material obstruction. But this true light, the "Ineffable Spirit Luminous," is not visible to the human eye. We only apprehend it by its activity in trying to penetrate matter.

The solar light is but a reflex of the Invisible Central Light. It is darkness compared to the Inner Light, yet there is a close affinity between

the two. The sun is an outward expression of the creative energy of God. It is His visible body and is indispensable for the maintenance of the life of all physically embodied beings until they reach the degree where they can draw power from the Original Source, which is within.

Physical science is mute and must ever remain so before the two impenetrable mysteries, the infinity of space and the infinity of time. No human mind however highly developed can arrive at any satisfactory solution of these problems. We speak of solar systems, zodiacs, and universes but no conceivable number of these gigantic space measurements can in any way affect or lessen infinity by their occupation; nor do milliards of years make any mark in the ever flowing current of time. How can the presumptuous Tower of Babel, the human mind in its toddling infancy, challenge the mighty secrets of the eternal and omnipresent God. Break through one horizon that circumscribes the human mind and another of a greater circumference limits it, and so on *ad infinitum*. The all-space is God's material kingdom, and all-time is the duration of His reign. But he in His essential nature dwells in inaccessible Light in infinity within. Let us inquire into this truth.

Among the many privileges denied the human mind are the conceptions of "nonbeing" and "absolute nothingness." These terms convey only a relative meaning. The former proves the immortality of the spirit and the latter the plurality of worlds. The matter with which we work and of which our bodies are made is of different degrees of density. These range from the density of the grossest crystals to that of such refined, subtle force-matter as electricity, radio waves, etc. But the known gradations of density are very limited and as nothing compared to infinity. Density and fineness as we know them are only relative. In reality they extend to infinity in any direction. God is light, and matter is darkness, which is the cloak that hides His glory. The infinity within, the infinitely fine, the infinitely distant centre of all space is therefore the kingdom of the true Light. Between are innumerable planes of matter forming the fields of activity for beings higher or lower in the scale of spirituality according to their proximity to the centre; yet all have proceeded from the only true centre and are children of the

same Omnipresent Light. Within each one is the spark of the original Fire, and as they progress onward, their life experiences fan the tiny sparks into bright flames which, penetrating through the matter sheaths, make them luminous beings, one with the Father in power and glory.

Meditation on these great secrets of the universe will reveal to the student a glimpse of the hidden life. Thenceforth there is nothing in the world which he would not willingly sacrifice for its sake.

It is the individual light within that will lead us to the Universal Light.

Cardinal Newman's beautiful prayer is in harmony with this thought:

"Lead kindly Light amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on.
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on.
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me."

SELF-SURRENDER

TILLIE HEATH

There He knelt within the garden,
 Knelt alone in deep of night;
 No companion, faithful, had He,
 Standing by Him in the fight.

Twice with Him to watch He asked them,
 Twice their drooping eyelids failed;
 Human strength could not then follow
 Up those heights His spirit scaled.

"Father," with clasped hands implored He,
 "May this cup but pass from Me—
 But it shall not be as I will,
 As Thou wilt it, shall it be."

When alone we stand, forsaken,
 In our Garden, like the Son,
 May we, lifting high our faces,
 Truly say, "Thy will be done."

Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? St. Matt. 6:25.

Henry's Hunch

ARTHUR P. BUCK

OF COURSE THERE may be some more scientific way of naming it, but so far as Henry is concerned he calls it his "hunch," and that's good enough for the purpose of this story. His first acquaintance with this hunch was away back when he was a boy in the eighth grade, while playing marbles in Rolley McQuarrie's front yard near Fourth and Main Streets in a little town on the Santa Fe Trail in the Arkansas Valley. There was but one marble left in the ring, and it was Henry's next shot. The little agate that was his opponent's "toy" lay five or six feet away, and the larger marble in the ring was less than two, yet something within him seemed to whisper, "Take the agate"; and he shot at it knowing assuredly even before his own "toy" left his hand that it would land squarely on the agate and send it spinning away—and the game would be his. Not that always thereafter a mysterious hunch won him each game of marbles, nor yet that succeeding games were won or lost without that strange guidance, but whenever the hunch spoke and the hand obeyed, the game was already won—it could not fail.

And it may be remarked here that the reason the hunch is no more popular, the reason it has not been given a larger place in the industrial world or accorded a higher rating in the commercial world, as also the reason why investigators sometimes attempt to show by statistics that such phenomena are just "coincidence," as likely to be wrong as right—is simply because no distinction is made between a genuine hunch and an impression. You may have an impression, and looking back from a new perspective wonder if it were not a hunch instead, but when you have a real hunch, all the arguments on earth can never convince you that it is anything else.

Of course the hunch may be taken for more than is warranted, or less, as Henry learned from his experience during the winter when Ruth, his wife, was teaching school at Hinton, some ten miles away from the little town where they lived, with a train service that de-

posited her some time after midnight at a lone-some and dark little station almost outside the town. He used to decide by means of his hunch whether she would come or whether she would stay over the week end. In the former case he would meet her at the station and in the latter he would retire at the usual hour.

One evening he was visiting at her mother's home and was asked whether Ruth was coming home that night. He looked at his watch; it was about the hour he usually retired. Closing his eyes for a few moments he said: "Yes, she's coming; I'll have to go and meet her." She didn't come that week nor the next. When she did come and he asked her why she didn't previously come after planning to do so, she laughed and said: "How did you know I planned to come? I was all ready and waiting, but about eleven o'clock Mrs. Dean came into the hotel to wait until her husband came by with the team. When she saw me there, she persuaded me to go out with them over Sunday, and I did. Were you much disappointed?"

Another night he had good reasons for supposing it would be impossible for her to come, and depending on his reason rather than consulting his hunch he went to bed and to sleep to be awakened in the middle of the night to pay her cab fare and let her in. The other nineteen times that she came he was there to meet her, and the fourteen times she stayed he retired at a reasonably early hour without concerning himself about the incoming train. Out of thirty-five his hunch gave him the correct answer thirty-three times.

You may say, "Oh, that's just telepathy; other people do things like that." Of course they do. Did you think this was just a made-up tale, or that Henry was particularly different from the rest of the world? I'm not saying he discovered some new faculty or uncovered some darksome secret hidden from others. No, I'm just setting down some facts to show how he came to depend on his hunch.

The writer knows three hard-headed business men that "wireless" one another, as they call

it, by silent mental messages to an extent that most people might look upon as uncanny. Tom, putting up at the Harrington and not knowing where his friend is stopping, not having seen him since he left him at Philadelphia the morning before, will turn from his after dinner newspaper and "wireless" his mental message to John, wherever he is: "Meet me at the Hoe Building at eight o'clock"; and at five minutes past eight John walks in with, "I got your message."

But returning to Henry, it was through such tests, continued for years, that he came to rely on his hunch just as you depend on the alarm clock to awaken you in the morning. To be sure, he seldom mentioned his experiences outside of a small circle of understanding friends, and more often than otherwise when he did mention them he was laughed at as an odd specimen. That was the case the summer when he and Bill Sands were up near Harper harvesting, a year or so after they had moved to the Cherokee Outlet.

"Say, Henry," remarked Bill one day as they were driving back to take their turn under the header elevator, "don't you feel just a little bit shaky with Ruth and the baby down there all alone in your little sod house on the Cherokee?"

"No," declared Henry, slowly and confidently, "I'm not in the least worried; if anything happened, I'd *know* it."

Bill laughed. "How would you know it? And if you really did—and you know mighty well you wouldn't—what good would it do you with her fully eighty miles away? Henry, I always gave you credit before for having just a little bit of horse sense!"

Neither spoke again till the barge was loaded and they were driving back to the stack. "Say, Bill, do you mean to tell me that you didn't know anything was wrong last summer when Cheyenne Pete came so near choking the life out of Cora—would have done so if she hadn't pulled the shotgun on him. Do you mean to tell me, Bill, you didn't know a thing about it till you got a letter from home?"

Bill frowned and turned his attention to getting the load close to the stack and yet avoiding knocking the corner out. "This end," the stacker indicated, and the two fell to work with such skill and energy that in exactly two minutes and a half the load of headed grain was on top of the stack and Bill was starting the team back to its

place by the header. "You know, Henry, that was the most *peculiar* thing. I told Charlie Monday morning I was sure something was wrong at home and that the first time the machine was tied up we'd drive down to Anthony for the mail. The rain stopped us a little after noon Wednesday, so we drove down, and I got two letters from Cora. Say, I want to tell you that it's a good thing I got them both at once instead of the first one by itself, for just as sure as you're standing there, I'd have driven all the way home without stopping and done something desperate to Pete before I slept. But the letter written the next morning said everything was all right, with Pete on his way to Anadarko in the deputy's custody."

On the afternoon following this conversation, Sunday, Bill and Henry were sitting in the shade of the wagon. Both had been reading some old magazines, but Henry had dropped his on his knee and was gazing dreamily at the changing feathery clouds. He suddenly rubbed his eyes and jumped to his feet. "Say, Bill, I've got to be home by Tuesday night—seven o'clock!"

"What idiotic notion has struck you now? What do you suppose Mr. Grant will say to your leaving him in the middle of harvest, as scarce as hands are this year?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Bill; I'll have to find out," and he was on his way to the house. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Grant, but I have to leave you. Don't you suppose you might drive down to Harper and pick up another hand?"

"Don't know, Henry; pretty doubtful proposition. But, if you must go, I'll have to try it. What's the trouble?"

"Yes, I really must go, Mr. Grant. Good-by. Thank you."

"What in the name of all that's foolish has struck you now?" demanded Bill when he saw Henry reaching for the currycomb and brush. "Got another one of those crazy hunches?"

Henry stepped in by the side of the near horse and began cleaning off the straw, dust, and chaff. "Whether it's crazy or not, Bill, I'm going. And you can laugh as much as you please." He stopped in going from one horse to the other and said, "If it will make your laugh any more satisfactory or enjoyable to know it, Ruth says for me to be there by seven o'clock Tuesday; it has something to do with the baby. If I start now, I can make the Spring by night,

the Eagle Chief by tomorrow night, and get home just about on time."

Bill tried just one more shot: "But how do you know whether it's seven o'clock in the morning or seven o'clock in the evening?"

Henry's look was full of pitying wonder. He left off currying. "Just simply because the sun was setting, and so far as I know the sun has never set in the morning yet!"

That night he camped by the Spring; the next forenoon he was looking upon the angry waters of the Salt Fork, swollen above its banks—and bridgeless! At the ford ten miles up, the stream was more than twice the width of the channel here, but the crossing was always less dangerous. It was mighty doubtful whether he could make a crossing even there, and at best it would mean two hours delay. He made it, though one of the horses went under once, and the wagon bed was carried away by the stream. He rested the team for awhile, got a board from the drift, stretched it from bolster to bolster as a seat, and drove on. It meant sleeping out in the open that night without bed or blankets, but the night was not uncomfortably cool.

At noon next day his way was barred by the treacherous Cimarron. Rains up around the marshes had filled it to overflowing, and its dirty, angry waves were beating as madly as the November storms used to lash old Lake Erie in Henry's boyhood days. Crossing was absolutely impossible and probably would be for nearly a week—and he must be home in seven hours! He unharnessed the horses, turned them loose, and piled the harness on the coupling pole. Then he stood looking helplessly into the swirling, muddy waters. A hundred yards below him was a sharp turn in the river; a mile further down was a similar turn on the other side. He noticed that sticks and brush and rolling trees plowed against the near bank at the turn, shot out into mid-channel, and were usually carried across to the turn on the other shore.

Then there came from upstream a tree that didn't roll over. As it came opposite, he discovered the reason why: it was a double tree, two trees on one stump, just like the one that he and Jim and Tom had sawn off and made into a raft in the Grand River years ago when they were living away back East. It was a foolhardy thought—but Ruth had said seven o'clock. If

he made it all right, he could walk home in five and a half hours; and if he didn't make it—well, anyway Henry had learned to play every hunch to the limit.

He jerked off his shoes, ran down to the sharper part of the turn, and just as the twin tree had struck and was whirling away, he jumped. A minute later, lashed by muddy water, brush, and driftwood, his wrists and hands skinned and his ankle bruised, he was out in mid-stream, riding the swinging, whirling, rolling tree. Halfway to the other shore and more than halfway to the next turn of the river his strangely provided raft grounded on what in normal water was an island. An attempt to loosen it might leave him stranded on the submerged island from which he would be quickly hurled into the current, and failure to loosen it would leave him there indefinitely. The current banked up, and the raft threatened to roll completely over. But the top was swinging slowly, almost imperceptibly; in half an hour the movement was noticeable. The raft was turning around. Suddenly the current caught it at a new angle and turned it end for end, and again he was adrift in the angry flood.

Before he reached the turn of the river, he discovered that where the tree must touch the bank the latter was nearly vertical and its top ten or twelve feet above the water. "Good-by, Ruth," was his first thought; "I've tried my best,"—and then, "No, I'm not beaten yet; I'll bet on my dependable old hunch till it is proved wrong; it has never gone back on me yet," and he began to survey the banks below. The drift below the turn indicated that much of it struck shallower water before the current could swing it into the channel again and turn it back toward the other shore. If his tree shot in there, he was all right, and even if it didn't, it might be so slow in catching the movement of the cross current that he could manage to get to the drift in the shallows. "Bang!" The roots of the tree struck the bank, and the current swept its top like a merry-go-round. The top grounded next, and the roots swung out toward midstream. He was getting dizzy, and the brush and bushes in the drift were skinning his shins and knuckles. Then the roots swung by a pile of brush and wood and momentarily balanced, though the top was surely and steadily gathering the sweep of the current.

It seemed then or never for him, and he jumped for the pile of brush. It promptly keeled over and threw him into the swirling water, which threatened to pull him under and crush him. Finally it did pull him under, and the weight of the drift crushed him against a bunch of mesquite, twisting him deeper and deeper into the water. The drift rocked back, and he swung slowly, painfully, hopelessly around the mesquite, but his head came above water. The mesquite was some protection from the current and a great protection from the driftwood. Gasping, he clung to the bending, swinging mesquite. He was able at last to swing free from the current and then found himself in shallow water. Then minutes later he fell exhausted on the buffalo grass, breathing in gasps, and his heart beating like a trip hammer.

The tension slowly passed, and he staggered to his feet. "All right, Ruth," he whispered hoarsely and looked at his watch. It had stopped, and he had no sure means of knowing how long it had taken him to cross the river, nor how many precious hours remained before seven o'clock—probably not more than four, and twenty miles to go!

The rest of the trip was comparatively uneventful. His exhaustion soon passed; ten miles up the trail he was able to secure a saddle horse and to learn that he yet had an hour and a half at his disposal. As he came galloping up to the house where nearly three weeks before he had left Ruth and the baby, he raised his voice in the old cry that they had called to each other even before he had slipped a ring on her finger: "Yoo-hoo-a-hoo-a-hee!" He called as he was putting the wire gate strands back in their place, "Yoo-hoo-a-hoo-a-hee!" Then suddenly, clearly, came the answering cry, "Yoo-hoo-a-hoo-a-hee!" As he was dismounting at the corral bars, Ruth came out holding the baby up just as he had seen her in the vision when he and Bill sat in the shade of the wagon before he startled the latter by telling him he was going home. "It just came to me while I was trying to get the baby to sleep that you were coming, though I don't for the life of me know why. Is there anything the matter?"

"No, there's nothing the matter with me nor you nor the baby," he laughed, unsaddling the borrowed pony.

To appreciate what happened in the next few

minutes one must understand the conditions under which pioneers often have to build their homes, and one must know the kind of houses that were first built in the old Cherokee Outlet. Frame houses were the exception except close to a railroad. Log houses or picket houses were not uncommon in or near the "cross timbers," but the wide stretches of prairie were dotted with thick walled houses of sod, and there was many a family that spent at least its first winter in a dugout.

The home of Henry and Ruth was built for the most part of sod, though the back end was dug into the bank to a depth of several feet. Fearing that the rains might soften the bank and allow it to cave in, Henry had laid a thin wall up as high as the top of the bank then a thicker one from that point up to the roof. This, as other families also learned, was a mistake, for the settling of the bank tended to push the wall inward. An inclined wall was not dangerous in itself, but like half the roofs on the prairie this roof was made of poles, willows, and coarse hay or grass, all covered with tons and tons of dirt, a weight that has in more than one case broken ridgepoles twelve or fourteen inches in diameter.

Henry was just closing the bars after turning the pony into the pasture when a crash behind him made him turn to see the whole end of the house cave in and the roof follow it with a crash and a roar in a cloud of dust. He took Ruth and the baby in his arms, and the tears that fell were tears of gratitude—his hunch had been justified. Until his cry had reached Ruth and attracted the attention of the baby, she had been trying to get him to sleep on the bed that was now crushed to a shapeless mass under sod and willows and poles and dirt.

When a few days later they dug out the debris, the hands of the alarm clock pointed exactly to seven o'clock! Why couldn't the hunch have come to Ruth and warned her just as well as to Henry, bringing him through all those well-nigh insuperable difficulties? Well, I venture the guess that it was because his intuition or touch with the Subconscious was developed to the point where he was responsive to its guidance, and Ruth's was not. Undoubtedly very simple when one knows the inner workings. Anyway the event was a remarkable demonstration that there is a force guiding our lives which escapes ordinary perception.

Elementary Psychology

Illustrated by a Series of Theorems

CLARENCE H. FOSTER

(Continued from October)

The Wilderness

A large percentage of the race at its present stage pass entirely through life with the beliefs and understanding of their childhood and early years. Others may pass through the earlier years of their life guided by one of the exoteric mass teachings and beliefs. And then—

Almost at a definite time, which may be clearly distinguished when looking back in later years, some incident comes into their life which causes the first flutter of the soul awakening. This definite turning point may come through the reading of a book, through meeting a personality, or even without external influence of any kind.

The effect of this first awakening is to bring the realization that there are many deeper things in life to learn, and then an irresistible impulse to explore the arcane halls of nature. It is at this point that the awakening self first makes the demand upon nature for knowledge.

From this hour of first awakening the inner unfoldment may come at a very rapid rate, or more moderately, but, the inner consciousness will thereafter through the life continue in growth and understanding toward the state of full blossom, which is the ultimate goal of the entire risen race.

From the very beginning many of the new realizations which are seen and accepted as truths are very different from those conceptions which were formerly accepted as truth.

In the early days of life while guided by the teachings which seemed complete, one was content to abide by them. After the inner awakening, when the metaphysical viewpoint of life *has become clear*, one is again at peace with it.

But in the interim when one is giving up many of the old ideas and accepting new ones which the inner self can see are certainly truths, there is a transition period wherein one has no clearly defined picture of what it is all about after all. He can recognize that the old ideas

were certainly incomplete, yet he has nothing complete and tangible to substitute.

Each must pass through this transition period after the inner awakening. At times it may seem very bewildering; but on beyond lie peace and clearness of vision.

This transition period may necessitate the giving up of some of the most fundamental concepts upon which society seems to be based. The entire road from Darkness to Light is one of reversal, and it might almost be generally stated that *all* concepts of life are reversed *en route*.

This road of reversal of ideas affects some of the most basic concepts concerning human conduct. Each will find it for himself.

Let us each ever bear in mind these points—

- a. That the entrance even into the "Wilderness" is the highest and greatest honor and blessing that can be bestowed.
- b. That that which is higher than the temporal consciousness always leads and guides, caring for its babe, and bringing all guidance and influence at exactly the proper time.
- c. That one is *not* governed by others' views of life. That the Laws which you should follow are those within, and that as your own understanding changes, the Laws which you should follow change also.
- d. That no matter how perplexing the way may seem at times, remember there is ever a guiding hand, there are no errors, and beyond lies—Peace.

Think for Yourself

We shall now go directly over a point which we have previously discussed in this Series.

In connection with the meeting of your material requirements from a psychological standpoint, the first and prime point to have worked out within yourself is whether or not you are going to establish your own psychology or whether you will be just one of the sheep.

For if you have not courage enough and individuality enough to stand on your own two feet and decide for yourself and within yourself what your possibilities are, then do not expect

some mystic power to bring you the blessings of life and place them in your lap.

The world offers its greatest only to those who have nerve enough to stand alone if need be, to think for themselves, to have a thought or a picture which does not meet the exact views of the mass.

Anyone can be one of the sheep. And all sheep jump over the fence exactly alike. All of the other sheep are jumping over the fence, so each one thinks that it is the proper thing to do.

If one is determined to be one of the sheep and wait to see what the other sheep think about his ideas and plans, then he should not complain because the world does not treat him like a ram.

The greatest achievement one can make in development is to reach the point where he can think for himself. When one stops to wonder what others think of his abilities, he accords them a position as Supreme Judge—and they are but common folks.

Now assume that those who form your closest circle see and think of you on a certain plane. Then when you try to elevate your own psychology, each time you meet one of these associates, you feel that they know better—they know that you are just a common person.

Surely you are just a common person, and it is just to common persons that Nature brings all things if those common persons have nerve enough to step straight forth into darkness and *expect* to find the way prepared.

The first and most difficult point of attainment is to disengage from what your associates think can be done and think for yourself.

If you are going to let others decide for you, then quit trying; be a sheep; take the easy, broad, paved highway; complain because the world does not bring you what you wish; engage in self-pity, etc.

You are either going to think for yourself and establish your own plane, or you are going to let those about you do it for you. You need not be noisy and boisterous in fixing your own visions; simply do the opposite and keep your silence.

Subjective Meditation

Please reflect upon this number.

One is taught in various teachings different formulas for intensive effort toward development, all of which are good. Yet there has not been sufficient emphasis given to the immeasur-

able aid and benefit to be found in simple, silent, subjective meditation.

Subjective meditation is just what the term implies. It is meditation which is reflection without effort and which induces a state of semi-subconsciousness or subjectivity, where one is closer to the inner planes of self.

Its benefits and blessings will accrue to one in any walk of life and in any stage of unfoldment. The student of elementary truths and the deepest mystic will find their greatest aid, from simple understanding to the elixir of life, while in the hours of silent and subjective meditation.

It is necessary that one be alone. It is necessary that one be disengaged from confusing and distracting surroundings. It is necessary that the body be relaxed. And then one simply settles down for an hour or so of silent reflection or meditation upon that which each has to reflect upon. No two persons would spend their time in meditation along the same lines, yet each would derive equal benefit.

The hours in subjective meditation are first helpful in that they serve to disengage one from the confusion and stress of the daily round. One's body becomes relaxed, his consciousness at peace, and his perspective of his life becomes uncolored and more true.

To one who is seeking to accomplish some great end the hours of quiet, subjective meditation are as helpful as those other hours spent in more intensive concentration.

For in his subjective meditation he is close to the planes of all knowledge, and he may easily and simply work out the details of his Vision, not with effort but just by letting them come to him in the silent meditation.

If one seeks to know whether he would succeed or be happy in some future or possible situation, he need only turn to the hour of subjective meditation and there imagine himself in all details actually living in or being in the proposed situation, and then by observing whether his inner reactions to these subjective pictures are favorable or otherwise. This never fails.

In connection with the daily problems of life one will find the greatest aid in the hours of silent meditation, where with clear perspective and without effort all angles will present themselves.

(*To be continued*) •

Question Department

The readers of this magazine are invited to send their questions regarding any phase of occult philosophy to this Department, and they will be answered here as space permits.

The Cause and Cure of Nightmare

QUESTION:

Do you know of a cure for what is ordinarily known as nightmare? In my case this usually centers around unfortunate events of early life such as falling from great heights and attending deathbed scenes.

ANSWER:

Vivid incidents of the sort mentioned make a keen impression upon the sensitive finer vehicles of a child and tend to produce what psychoanalysts call complexes; that is, the emotional energy connected therewith is stored up in the subconscious mind instead of finding expression at the time, and this bottled up emotional energy becomes the source of mental and physical ailments and also of nightmare during sleep. Unexpressed passions or emotions at any time during life produce the same effect.

Autosuggestion is a very good method for removing these ideas from the subconscious, and prayer of course is a special application of the same principle. Psycho-analysis utilizes the method of uncovering the original cause, bringing it to the light of day, and thus destroying its powers for evil.

A REASON FOR GIVING UP SMOKING

QUESTION:

What personal reason can you give why I should stop smoking?

ANSWER:

A very pointed answer to this question lies in the fact that every selfish, nonproductive desire builds desire stuff into the desire body which must be expurgated in Purgatory at the expense of great pain, a pain which is approximately three times as great as that which is involved in getting rid of the same habit here on earth while

we still have the free use of will power. Therefore it is only good sense from a purely materialistic or selfish standpoint if from no other to get rid of the habit of smoking at the least possible cost while we have the opportunity.

THE EINSTEIN THEORY

QUESTION:

Why do the occultists hail with joy the Einstein Theory?

ANSWER:

We are not aware that they have been particularly excited by the advent of this theory. However, the Einstein theory to a certain extent coincides with the occult explanation of the universe, and therefore is something of a departure from the old materialistic views of science. In this respect we are glad to acknowledge Einstein as a collaborator. His theory is correct to the extent that there is only one ultimate reality in the universe, and that is spirit. All else, including time and space, are merely relative conceptions.

THE DIFFERENT PLANETARY SCHEMES OF EVOLUTION

QUESTION:

A certain school of philosophy teaches that there are six schemes of evolution in our planetary system. If this is true, does the same scheme of evolution that applies to our earth with its element of iron also apply to the other planets?

ANSWER:

There are seven schemes of evolution in our planetary system, namely, the schemes of evolution which are in operation on the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. We are not familiar with any philosophy that teaches that there are only six. We are told that the scheme of evolution differs on each of the planets from that of all the others. The moons are the places of abode of the strag-

glers from the various planets, and the sun is the abode of spiritual intelligences far beyond the status of any being existing upon the planets. The scheme of evolution in vogue upon the earth is entirely different from that on any other planet, although Mars makes use of the element of iron, and therefore its evolution may be similar in certain respects to ours.

THE WOMAN AND THE SERPENT

QUESTION:

What is the meaning of the occult passage in Genesis which says, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head?"

ANSWER:

This refers to the so-called fall of man as a result of the interference of the Lucifer spirits in his evolution. In ancient Lemuria the Lucifer spirits insinuated their way into the consciousness of woman through the serpentine spinal column, and taught her the independent use of sex force, thereby precipitating mankind deeper into matter and causing all the suffering which has since resulted. Thus enmity has ever since existed between the Lucifer spirits and mankind, the Lucifer spirits being typified by the serpent. This explains the passage in question. However, we are informed in the Rosicrucian philosophy that man as a result of the so-called fall is acquiring brain consciousness and a power of independent volition in functioning on the physical plane which he otherwise would not have acquired for many ages.

PRESERVATION OF THE BODY OF JESUS
QUESTION:

In a former number of the "Rays" it speaks of the body of Jesus as having been destroyed, and later in another issue it speaks of it as being kept safely guarded for the Second Coming. How do you reconcile these two statements?

ANSWER:

The first reference was to the physical body of Jesus, which disintegrated with extreme rapidity after the crucifixion. The second refers to the vital body of Jesus, which is being preserved in the interior of the earth for the Second Coming, since it is a law of spirits that they can return to any plane only through the point of exit.

*DISAPPEARANCE OF CHRIST AFTER
THE RESURRECTION*

QUESTION:

In an article in the "Rays" some time ago it spoke of Christ having been taken up in the air and disappearing from the view of his disciples after the resurrection. How then can He be the indwelling planetary spirit of the earth?

ANSWER:

When Christ gained access to the body of the earth and became its indwelling planetary spirit at the crucifixion, he diffused his finer vehicles throughout the earth and its surrounding auric envelope. He had the power of making himself visible or invisible to the disciples at will, and his disappearance from view did not imply his leaving the planet.

OBSESSION

QUESTION:

How are we to know when a person is obsessed? Is madness a form of obsession? Does an obsessed person realize that some other entity is depriving him of his body?

ANSWER:

Obsession may be detected by an examination of the iris of the eye, which does not contract to sudden or bright light when another than the rightful owner inhabits the body.

Insanity in a great many cases is the result of obsession, the obsessing entity being usually of a low grade and subject to all the delusions and falsities of the lower Desire World, which appear in the human being as insanity. As a rule the obsessed person does not realize that he is thus afflicted.

*FABRICS USED IN SPIRITUALISTIC
MATERIALIZATION*

QUESTION:

I have a fabric which was used in a materialization cabinet at one time by a spiritualist. I would like to make this up into clothes. Is there any danger from elementals in connection with it?

ANSWER:

The danger is very remote, although there is always the possibility where strong psychic currents have been concentrated that invisible entities may be attracted thereto from time to time, and among these invisible entities might

be included certain elementals. But the real danger, if any, would not come from elementals but from disembodied spirits of a low grade, and also from discarded desire shells of criminals and the like which might be attracted to the scene of former seances. However, since the spiritualistic medium through which they operated is no longer present, there is nothing which they can gain thereby, and therefore there is very little likelihood that they will be attracted.

WHITE HAIR

QUESTION:

By what process does hair sometimes turn white within the course of a few hours?

ANSWER:

The pigment in the cells of the hair is powerfully acted upon by the poisoned desire and etheric currents created by intense fear and thereby practically destroyed. In such cases the hair ceases to show color.

SENSE CENTERS IN THE DESIRE BODY

QUESTION:

In the "*Cosmo*" it states that the centers of perception in the desire body are principally located about the head. The illustrations indicating the position of these centers show otherwise. How is this?

ANSWER:

The centers shown in the illustrations are vortices in the desire stuff composing the desire body, and all have certain functions relative to that body. Those located in the head are particularly the centers of perception and are correlated to the corresponding centers in the etheric and physical brains in order to establish a chain of vehicles for the Ego from its home in the Region of Abstract Thought down to earth. The other centers in the desire body, namely those in the region of the heart, knees, etc. have certain functions but not connected directly with perception.

NECESSITY OF CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE

QUESTION:

I do not understand why it is necessary to change the surface of the earth between incarnations in order to furnish a different environment for mankind. I should think that even in the

same physical surroundings a very different experience could be gained, and if a change of environment were needed a different place on the earth's surface could be used. Is this right?
ANSWER:

The changes occurring on the surface of the earth from time to time occur between incarnations of races, as a rule, not between those of individuals. A certain race while inhabiting the invisible planes between lives works upon the archetype of a new country or a new environment in which it will come to birth at a later period. It is necessary that the physical environment of a race conform to the destiny which that race has evolved for itself. In fact, it cannot come to birth in any environment which it has not itself created. Since the race is progressing in evolution all the time, it is naturally becoming able to create a better and better physical environment, and by the same token it is entitled to live each time in a better environment. The same is true of individuals in a more limited way, although so far as an individual is concerned, he may be reborn several times in the same general locality without the necessity of a change in physical conditions.

LACK OF A VITAL BODY IN THE MINERAL

QUESTION:

Why has the mineral no vital body?

ANSWER:

Because the mineral is in the Saturn Period of its involution and has not progressed to the point where it can either build or use a vital body; therefore it has no need for one. The vital body will be a factor in its next stage, namely the Sun Period, which will be its plant stage.

RACE SPIRITS OF AMERICA

QUESTION:

Are the Central and South American countries under the guidance of race spirits? Will a race spirit be assigned to the United States at some future time?

ANSWER:

A race spirit, an Archangel, is assigned to each country by Jehovah as soon as it is ready to make a start in nationalism. But this race

spirit can only gradually gain control over the people under its charge as they slowly respond to its thought and emotional impulses. Therefore the acquiring of a race spirit by a people is a slow matter, a matter of growth. The race spirit continually projects its suggestions upon a people until they finally accept them and transform them into instincts; then they come entirely under its domination. This is true of the old countries of Europe and the other continents. It is true only in a very limited degree of the countries of North and South America, since they are all comparatively young. A race spirit is in process of acquiring supervision over the United States.

THE SEED ATOM AFTER DEATH

QUESTION:

Does the seed atom pass out of the body at death, or only the spiritual counterpart of it?

ANSWER:

The physical seed atom is left with the physical body at death. Only the forces which played through it and its etheric, desire, and mental counterparts are taken with the Ego into the higher realms.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

QUESTION:

What is the Rosicrucian definition of love?

ANSWER:

Love is the vibration of attraction and cohesion. It has its counterpart on all planes of nature. In the mineral it consists in the cohesion which holds the particles together, crystallization being one of its functions. In the plant growth and fruitage are its products. In the animal the maternal instinct appears. In the human being altruism is its final expression. It is correlated to the planet Venus.

ABSTRACT THINKING

QUESTION:

Can we cultivate the power to think in the realm of abstract thought without the use of the physical brain?

ANSWER:

The realm of abstract thought is the realm of

ideas and the home of the human spirit, one aspect of the threefold spirit of man. Ideas may be said to be the substance of this world, but they are not acquired there by means of a brain nor through the process of reasoning. When we spiritualize our minds and bodies so that they become receptive to spiritual influences from above, we can come into contact with this region and into contact with our human Ego, the God within, and also acquire wisdom by such contact. But this does not require the use of a physical brain except to register the results for practical application in the physical world.

BLOOD TRANSFUSION

QUESTION:

What would be the result of transfusing blood from a savage into a highly evolved person?

ANSWER:

The effect would be to lower the vibration of the person into whom this blood was injected, but if he were strong enough, the effect would be thrown off and the inferior blood eliminated; this from the analogy that the blood of a human being injected into an animal produces death for the reason that the human spirit is stronger than the group spirit of the animal, and brings about the death of the imprisoning animal vehicle in order to free itself.

THE HOLY GHOST

QUESTION:

What or who is the Holy Ghost, the last of the Trinity?

ANSWER:

Jehovah or the Holy Ghost is the highest Initiate of the Moon Period. That is, while our life wave was going through the Moon Period, the life wave to which Jehovah belongs was passing through its human stage. During that period he advanced farthest upon the path of evolution and thus became qualified to be given charge of a certain phase of our evolution on the earth. In the beginning Jehovah was a Virgin Spirit, but has now advanced to the point of being a Hierarchy, containing within Himself myriads of lesser beings.



The Astral Ray

The Rosicrucian Conception of Astrology

Astrology is a phase of the Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals and not to be confused with fortune telling. As the tides are measured by the motion of sun and moon so also are the eventualities of life measured by the circling stars, which may therefore be called the "Clock of Destiny." A knowledge of their import is an immense power, for to the competent astrologer a horoscope reveals every secret of life.

The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that a child is *born at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary for its experience and advancement in the school of life.*

To the medical man astrology is invaluable in diagnosing disease and prescribing a remedy, for it reveals the hidden cause of all ailments.

If you are a parent, the horoscope will aid you in detecting the evil latent in your child and teach you how to apply the ounce of prevention. It will show you the good points also, that you may assist the soul entrusted to your care in becoming a better man or woman.

The message of the marching orbs is so important that you cannot afford to remain in ignorance of it.

The Planets of the Fifteenth Century

ANNA C. HOYT

THE POPULAR belief of the fifteenth century in astrology had its astronomical basis in the Ptolemaic theory of the universe. Ptolemy was a native of Alexandria, where in 150 A. D. he wrote his great astronomical treatise, *The Tetrabiblos*, which was to be the standard work until the seventeenth century. Although an Egyptian he believed with the Greeks of his day that the earth was the center of the universe, "the pivot of a revolving and spherical heaven." His ideas are well expressed in the words of Cicero:

"The universe is composed of nine circles, or rather of nine moving globes. The outermost sphere is that of the heavens which surrounds all the others, and on which are fixed the stars. Beneath this revolve seven other globes, carried round by a motion contrary to that of the heavens. On the first circle revolves the star which men call Saturn; on the second Jupiter shines, that beneficent and propitious star to human eyes; then follows Mars, ruddy and

awful. Below, and occupying the middle region, revolves the Sun, the chief, prince, and moderator of the other stars, the soul of the world, whose immense globe spreads its light through space. After him come, like two companions, Venus and Mercury. Lastly, the lowest globe is occupied by the Moon, which borrows its light from the star of day. Below this last celestial circle, there is nothing but what is mortal and corruptible, except the souls given by a beneficent Divinity to the race of man. Above the Moon all is eternal. The earth, situated in the center of the world, and separated from heaven on all sides, forms the ninth sphere; it remains immovable, and all heavy bodies are drawn to it by their own weight."

But among the Italians where, after a long period of sun and Emperor worship, faith in the signs of the heavens culminated in the fifteenth century, Cicero's ideas were changed to those of Dante (1265-1321), which became the basis for literary thought and artistic expression. In the

center of the earth were the infernal regions, surrounded by successive circles of earth, water, air, and fire. Next came in order the circles of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. * The circle of the fixed stars where the astrologers saw the signs of the zodiac followed that of Saturn, and then came the circle of the Crystalline Heaven, or *Primum Mobile*, and last the Empyrean, or God himself.

Italy was not the only home of astronomy and astrology. In the thirteenth century there had been such distinguished men as Roger Bacon and John Halifax, the latter called "Sacrobosco." Sacrobosco taught mathematics in Paris; his *Sphaera Mundi* remained popular into the sixteenth century and was one of the first astronomical books to be printed. Germany produced George Purbach, born in 1423, and the more famous John Muller, or "Regiomontanus," his pupil, who published almanacs and ephemerides from his press in Nuremberg.

But Italy was the center of wealth and culture, and from Italy came the most interesting set of planet pictures which we have. These were engraved in Florence about 1460 by a goldsmith unknown to us but probably trained in the workshop of Finiguerra. That he was a Florentine is not strange, because Florence was not only the strongest art center of Italy and the whole mediaeval world and the home of the earliest Italian engraving, but was also a great intellectual center. Under the patronage of the Medici distinguished scholars assembled, men like Marsilio Ficino and the beautiful young Pico della Mirandola.

Everybody, except perhaps Savonarola, practiced astrology, even the neo-platonists, who claimed no belief in it. It is said that a horoscope was considered legitimate if it were set up for the purpose of learning the disposition of the person, but it was believed to be wrong to try to divine future events through the positions of the stars. If this were so, it must have been decidedly the feeling of the minority, or else the majority had no consciences. At any rate astrology, like neo-platonic theory, seems to have been brought into harmony with the teachings of the church.

According to Dante, whose *Convito* and *Divina*

* *Uranus was not seen after the deluge until Herschel discovered it with the telescope in 1781.*

Commedia influenced so many thinkers, each of the heavens was presided over by one of the Angelic orders, through whom the Divine influence was transmitted, giving them a circular motion which was the expression of their longing to be united with the source of their creation. Each heaven was also the allotted home of certain souls: the three lowest (Moon, Mercury, Venus) for the souls of those whose life on earth was rendered imperfect through their having yielded to the temptations of the world; the next four (Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn) for the souls of those whose actions were wholly directed by virtuous motives; the last two, the Heaven of the Fixed Stars and the *Primum Mobile*, were common places of meeting for blessed spirits and angels; while outside all was the Empyrean, the home of Deity and the resting place of saints. These, arranged in the form of the petals of a white rose, gaze upon the beatific vision of the Deity, surrounded by the nine orders of the three angelic hierarchies.

The Florentine engravings of the seven planets, prints of which are very rare, * picture the influence upon man of their presiding deities, and show the classes of men under the protection of each, the "children of the planet." In every instance the god of the planet is represented at the top, drawn in a car the wheels of which contain the corresponding signs of the zodiac. Below is a description in Italian setting forth the planets' astronomical and astrological nature. (*Note the differences between these descriptions and modern astrological delineations. Ed.*)

The Moon

The chariot of the Moon goddess is drawn by two nymphs of Diana, and upon its solitary wheel appears the sign of Cancer. Below and crossed by a bridge leading to a mill is a river, where men are swimming and fishing. On the right bank fowlers are setting traps, and on the left a group is collected about a conjurer and his monkey. Beneath is the inscription:

"A female planet in the first sphere, moist, cold, and phlegmatic, situated midway between the upper and nether worlds. She loves geometry and all appertaining thereto; she has a round face, and is of medium stature. She governs silver

* *A complete series may be seen in the British Museum, London, and two plates in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

among metals, the phlegmatic among temperaments, Spring among the seasons, water among the elements. Her day is Friday, the first, eighth, fourteenth and twenty-second hours, her night that of Friday. She is friendly to Jupiter, and hostile to Mars. She has only one house, in the Crab, near the Sun and Mercury. She is in the ascendant in the Bull, in the descendant in the Scorpion. She travels through the signs in twenty-eight days, starting from the Crab, passing through one sign in two and a half days, and moving at the rate of thirteen degrees a day, thirty-five minutes and fifty-six seconds an hour."

According to Dante the Moon is correlated to Grammar, and since it is the lowest heaven, it is the home of those who failed to keep their holy vows. He says it is presided over by the Angels, who are assigned to individuals as guardians and are bearers of tidings of God's bounty to men. Being last in the orders of celestial intelligences, they are nearest worldly and corporeal objects and more nearly resemble the human soul. Dante's philosophy on the freedom of the human will is like that of the old astrologer Albumasar, who advises man to follow the good influences and leave the bad, "though all are good and necessary to the life of the universe."

Mercury

This print is full of incident. Above, the god appears, holding his caduceus and borne by two hawks. On the wheels of his chariot are the signs of Virgo and Gemini. Being cunning in all the arts, he inspires below the fresco painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the author, the musician, the mechanic, the tradesman, the astronomer. Underneath is written:

"Mercury is a male planet in the second sphere; he is dry, but as his dryness is very passive, he is cold when in conjunction with moist planets. He is eloquent and inventive; he loves the sciences, especially mathematics, and studies auguries and oracles. He is slender of figure, tall and well grown, with delicate lips. Quick-silver is his metal. His day is Wednesday, the first, eighth, fifteenth and twenty-second hours. His night is that of Saturday. He is friendly to the Sun, hostile to Venus; his life or ascendant is in the Virgin, his death or descendant in the Fishes. His house is in the constellation of the Twins by day, and of the Virgin by night. He traverses the twelve signs in thirty-eight (for which read three hundred and thirty-eight) days, starting from the Virgin, and passing through one sign in twenty days and two hours."

Dante compares Mercury to Logic. In this heaven, he says, live the souls of those who for love of fame wrought great deeds upon earth. Here preside the Archangels, whose duty is to convey messages of special importance and sacredness and to protect and guide particular nations.

Venus

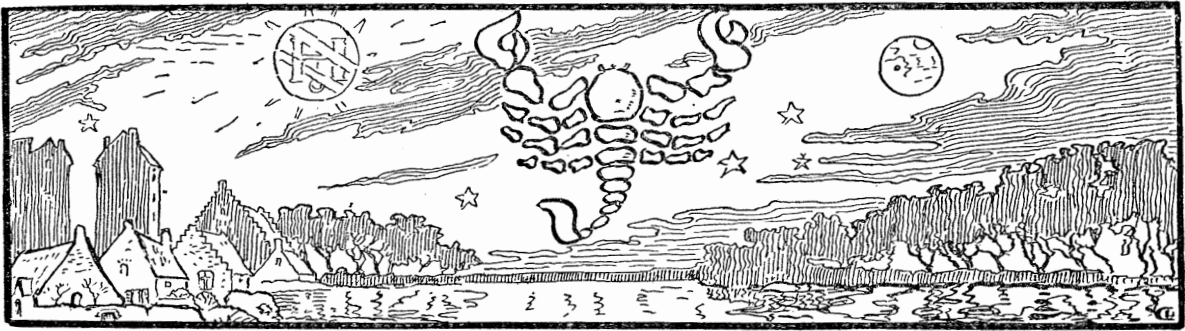
Two doves draw the luxurious car of Venus, at the head of which Cupid poises with drawn bow. On the wheels of the chariot are the signs of Taurus and Libra. Below in a garden lovers are dancing and entertaining each other with music. The inscription says:

"Venus is a female planet, in the third sphere, cold, moist, and temperate. The following attributes distinguish her: She loves fine clothes and ornaments of gold and silver; she is licentious and fair-spoken. She has fine eyes and a beautiful brow, is light in weight though plump and full in figure, and of medium stature. She is keenly alive to beauty of all kinds and completely under its domination. Her metal is brass, her day Friday, the eighth, fifteenth and twenty-second hours. Her night is that of Tuesday. She is friendly to Jupiter, hostile to Mercury. She has two houses, the Bull by day, the Scales by night. The Sun is her Counsellor. Her life or ascendant is in the Fishes, her death or descendant in the Virgin. Starting from the Scales, she traverses the Signs in ten months, taking twenty-five days to pass through one sign, and traveling at the rate of one degree, twelve minutes a day, or thirty minutes an hour."

Naturally enough, the heaven of Venus is tenanted by the spirits of those who upon earth were lovers. Dante says Venus is like Rhetoric, because it is the sweetest to look upon and appears both morning and evening like the word of the rhetorician. Over Venus preside the Principalities who regulate and establish earthly principalities and transfer and alter their territories and boundaries. According to Dionysius, they represent the principality of God and draw earthly princes to imitate this by ruling with love, "in order that whatever is in the chief place may exercise lordship with all love and may join love with lordship."

(To be continued)

The Children of Scorpio, 1923



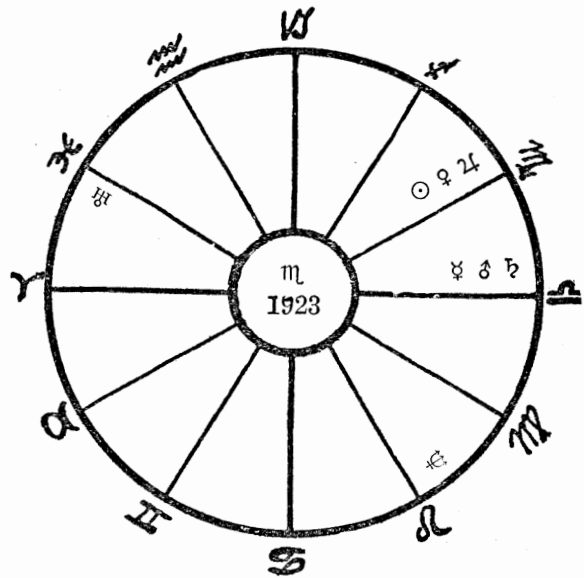
A Character Delineation of the Children born Between October 24th and November 22nd, inclusive, 1923.

The children who are born during the time when the Sun is passing through the martial sign of Scorpio are usually of a forceful, intensely earnest and fiery nature, quick to anger, but ever ready to take the part of those who are imposed upon or downtrodden. They are also most ready to force their opinions upon and demand allegiance from others, being quite critical of the actions of others. They are intense in whatever they do. Everything must go as they desire; their every wish must be granted.

But the children who are born while the Sun is passing through this martial sign this year, between October 24th and November 22nd inclusive, will be more kindly, loving, and tolerant, for the magnanimous Jupiter and the suave and loving Venus are conjoined with the Sun during almost the entire month.

The Sun in Scorpio makes good surgeons and doctors, but with Jupiter and Venus in this sign these children will be very tender-hearted and will make good healers, not being apt to want to use the knife. Uranus in mundane trine to Venus, Jupiter, and the Sun from the 12th house sign of Pisces (indicating hospitals), will give ability as nurses and physicians in the more modern and advanced type of healing such as chiropractic, osteopathy, nature cure, etc.

Mars, Saturn, and Mercury are all in Libra, Saturn being in its sign of exaltation and at its very best here, giving perseverance and concentration. When placed with the fiery, impulsive Mars and the versatile Mercury, Saturn lends balance to these planets. This combination in the sign of Libra gives talent for archi-



ecture and structural engineering. There will be a natural affinity for machinery, for Saturn and Mars create steam, and the steam engine will have an attraction for the boys. The girls should be given some training as nurses, and would also be capable as architects, designers, or pattern makers.

With Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun in Scorpio, and with Neptune in Leo in mundane square to the former, all in fixed signs, the circulation will be sluggish. In later years if these children are allowed to overtax their strength, there may be some trouble through impaired heart action.

NOTE: We keep back numbers of this magazine in stock so that parents may obtain a reading for children born in any month after June, 1917. Twenty-five cents each.

Your Child's Horoscope

Free delineations of the horoscopes of subscribers' children are given in this department each month to help parents in the training of their children. Vocational readings are also given to help young people to find their place in the world. Readings for children are given up to the age of 15 years; vocational readings for those between 15 and 25.

To be eligible for a child's reading the parent or applicant must be a YEARLY SUBSCRIBER to this magazine. Vocational readings may be applied for by the subscriber for himself or for another. The names for delineation are drawn by lot. Each full year's subscription to this magazine, either a new subscription or a renewal, is entitled to an application for a reading. If you wish to apply for a delineation, please state so plainly at the time of subscribing or renewing your subscription. The number of names submitted each month exceeds the number of readings to be given, hence we cannot guarantee a reading in every case.

We Neither Cast Nor Read Horoscopes for Money, for we consider this a prostitution of the divine science of astrology. We give astrological delineations only in this department of the magazine and in connection with our Healing Department. Please do not make requests for other readings, for they cannot be complied with.

When applying for a reading, be sure to give *Name, Sex, Birthplace, and Year, Month, and Day of Birth*; also hour and minute of birth if known. If these data are not given, the reading cannot be made.

NOTICE: Applicants for readings *should be very careful* to state when DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME was in effect at birth, or the delineation will be in error.

EDWARD C. L.

Born February 6, 1911. 5:30 P. M.

Lat. 48 N., Long. 117 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Taurus 14; 11th house, Gemini 22; 12th house, Cancer 27; Ascendant, Leo 24-32; 2nd house, Virgo 16; 3rd house, Libra 11.

Positions of the Planets:

Jupiter 13-45 Scorpio; Mars 4-27 Capricorn; Mercury 22-17 Capricorn; Uranus 26-31 Capricorn; Sun 17-9 Aquarius; Venus 4-27 Pisces; Saturn 0-50 Taurus; Moon 22-39 Taurus; Neptune 19-28, retrograde, Cancer.

Here we have a young man who has the fixed and fiery sign of Leo on the Ascendant, with the life ruler, the Sun, in the sign of its fall in the 6th house and afflicted by the square of Jupiter and the Moon. These afflictions to the life ruler will cause this young man to stand in his own light. He will put stumbling blocks in his own way, for the Moon is exalted near the Mid-heaven in the fixed sign of Taurus, and is the ruler of his 12th house; the house of limitation and self-undoing.

But through these very obstacles he will learn a most necessary lesson. The Moon in Taurus gives egotism, and one with Leo on the Ascendant is also endowed with a large amount of self-esteem; therefore it will be a good thing for a soul with this tendency to meet obstacles, which sometimes come in the guise of lessons or fail-

ures. These trials will bring out the gold within the spirit, for the Moon is elevated in the 10th house, sextile to the mystical Neptune, and trine to Uranus and Mercury from the 10th house ruling honor, to the 5th house ruling education, which will bring opportunities to work along occult and mystical lines.

Edward will have a keen, deep mind, for Mercury in Capricorn, a Saturnian sign, will make the mind slow but deep, giving good reasoning powers. The Moon in Taurus endows the native with kindness, perseverance, and forethought, and Neptune sextile to the Moon inclines to mysticism. Uranus conjunction Mercury will offset some of the Capricorn slowness and quicken the mind, also enhance the desire for occult knowledge.

With Venus exalted in Pisces in the 7th house, sextile to Mars and Saturn, Venus being the ruler of the 3rd house, writing, and the 10th house, indicating the public, Edward should cultivate the power to express himself with the pen. Mars is exalted in the 5th house, the house of publishers, who would be ready to accept his writings.

ALLINGSWORTH W.

Born July 1, 1914. 6:07 A. M.

Lat. 42 N., Long. 88 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Aries 13; 11th house, Taurus 20; 12th house, Gemini 28; Ascendant, Cancer 29-17; 2nd house, Leo 20; 3rd house, Virgo 13.

Positions of the Planets:

Venus 13-27 Leo; Mars 3-6 Virgo; Moon 17-59

Libra; Uranus 10-50, retrograde, Aquarius; Jupiter 21-39, retrograde, Aquarius; Saturn 24-0 Gemini; Sun 8-47 Cancer; Neptune 27-13 Cancer; Mercury 29-0 Cancer.

The horoscope which we have for this reading is that of a boy with the watery and cardinal sign of Cancer on the Ascendant, cardinal signs on the four angles, and the ruler, the Moon, in the 4th house in Libra. The Moon is sextile to Venus and trine to Uranus, Jupiter, and Saturn. These aspects make a wonderfully strong ruler, which planet will be the most prominent one in the affairs of the life. The Moon in the Venustian sign of Libra will give the native an agreeable and very pleasing personality and make him fond of dress. The Moon sextile to Venus, the planet of music and art, and trine to Uranus, which is the higher octave of Venus, will give talent for art and music of an unusual nature, for Uranus represents the advanced, things out of the ordinary. Uranus is a leader in new movements which are uncommon. He will not follow the beaten path of antiquity but must have a path for himself.

This boy is a born mystic. With Mercury, the planet of reason, in conjunction with the occult Neptune and in the watery sign of Cancer, he will have a natural leaning toward all things pertaining to the unseen forces of life.

Cancer people as a rule are not robust, but in this case we find the Sun in Cancer, sextile to the dynamic Mars. This aspect between the two fiery planets will give wonderful recuperative powers. The mind will be keen and clear, and Neptune conjunction Mercury will give a desire to delve deeply into mystical things. It will also give a retentive memory. Mercury conjunction Neptune in Cancer on the Ascendant will have a tendency to make this boy versatile but restless, wanting constant change. However, the persevering, persistent Saturn trine to the changeable Moon, which is the life ruler, will to some extent steady the mind and also eliminate the desire to roam.

This boy will be very fond of his home and will also desire to help beautify it; therefore if the parents wish to keep him contented in the home, let them encourage him to express himself through his desire for comfort and beauty.

VOCATIONAL

ANNA K. C.

Born October 14, 1908.

1:00 P. M.

Lat. 38 N., Long. 86 W.

Cusps of the Houses:

10th house, Scorpio 14; 11th house, Sagittarius 8; 12th house, Sagittarius 29; Ascendant, Capricorn 21-40; 2nd house, Aquarius 4; 3rd house, Pisces 14, Aries intercepted.

Positions of the Planets:

Saturn 5-39, retrograde, Aries; Moon 20-49 Gemini; Neptune 17-6 Cancer; Jupiter 6-25 Virgo; Venus 7-15 Virgo; Mars 2-54 Libra; Sun 21-0 Libra; Mercury 13-21 Scorpio; Uranus 13-9 Capricorn.

A horoscope such as we have for our vocational reading is most difficult to do justice to, for it has so many contradictory planetary aspects. The ruler of the Ascendant and the sign in which the ruler is placed show to a very large extent the disposition. With Capricorn rising, Saturn being its ruler and in the martial sign of Aries, the sign of its fall, also in opposition to Mars, the ruler of the sign of Aries in which Saturn is placed, and with Mars elevated in the sign of its fall, Libra, it may be very difficult for this young woman to stay long enough in one position to really become efficient.

Should she choose a vocation at this time, she is likely to change for a position as home maker in a few years, for the progressed Sun will be in sextile aspect to Jupiter in the early part of 1924, and ten months later the Sun will be sextile to Venus. Eventually this will very likely culminate in marriage, but it were well if this young woman would choose a vocation and be prepared, should the marriage be unhappy and it become necessary later for her to strike out for herself.

With Uranus near the Ascendant in Capricorn, opposition to Neptune, and Neptune near the 7th house, square to the Sun in Libra in the 9th house, inharmony is indicated in marriage. However, the native will most likely bring this upon herself, for with Mercury in Scorpio in conjunction with the Midheaven, Uranus on the Ascendant in the Saturnian sign of Capricorn, and Saturn opposition Mars from Aries, this young woman when crossed will be very apt to

(Continued on page 303)

Studies in The Rosicrucian Cosmo Conception

The Rosicrucian Catechism

ALFRED ADAMS

THE SEVEN PERIODS

(Pages 188 to 192, Cosmo-Conception)

- Q. What are the names of the Seven Periods, in the Rosicrucian terminology?
- A. The Saturn, Sun, Moon, Earth, Jupiter, Venus, and Vulcan Periods.
- Q. What are these Periods?
- A. They are successive rebirths of our earth.
- Q. Have these Periods anything to do with the planets which move in their orbits around the sun in company with the earth?
- A. No. In fact, it cannot be too emphatically stated that there is no connection whatever between these planets and the Periods. The Periods are simply past, present, and future incarnations of our earth.
- Q. Which of these Periods have been passed through?
- A. The first three—the Saturn, Sun, and Moon Periods.
- Q. In which Period are we now?
- A. In the fourth, or Earth Period.
- Q. When this Earth Period has been completed, what will take place?
- A. We will then pass in turn through the Jupiter, Venus, and Vulcan conditions before the great septenary Day of Manifestation comes to an end.
- Q. What will then happen?
- A. All that now is will once more be merged in the Absolute for a period of rest and assimilation of the fruits of our evolution, to re-emerge for further and higher development at the dawn of another Great Day.

- Q. What has been accomplished in the Periods already passed through?
- A. They have been spent in gaining our present vehicles and consciousness.
- Q. What will take place in the remaining three and one-half Periods?
- A. They will be devoted to perfecting these different vehicles and expanding our consciousness into something akin to omniscience.
- Q. Why is a knowledge of at least the outlines of the scheme of evolution important?
- A. Because we live in this world, governed by the laws of nature. Under these laws we must live and work, and we are powerless to change them. If we know them and intelligently co-operate with them, the nature forces become most valuable servants.
- Q. If we do not understand the nature forces, such as steam, electricity, etc., what may happen?
- A. They may become most dangerous enemies, capable of terrible destruction.
- Q. What, in reality, are the working methods of nature—these nature forces?
- A. They are but the visible symbol of the invisible God.

THE PATH OF EVOLUTION

(Pages 194 to 200, Cosmo-Conception)

- Q. When did the virgin spirits take their first step towards the evolution of consciousness and form?
- A. In the Saturn Period, the first of the seven

Periods. (See diagram 7, *Cosmo-Conception*.)

- Q. Which is the densest degree of matter reached by the life wave during the Saturn Period?
- A. The substance of the Region of Concrete Thought.
- Q. What is the tendency in the involutory stage?
- A. To become denser and more solid as time goes on; also, as the path of evolution is a spiral, it will be clear that though the same points are gone over, the conditions are never the same, but are on a higher and more advanced plane.
- Q. When the life wave has traveled once around all the seven Globes, (See diagram 8, *Cosmo-Conception*), once down and up through the four respective Worlds, what is it called?
- A. This journey of the life wave is called a Revolution, and seven Revolutions make one Period. During one Period the life wave travels seven times down and up through the four Worlds.
- Q. What takes place when the life wave has traveled seven times around the seven Globes, completing the seven Revolutions.
- A. The first Day of Creation closes and there follows a Cosmic Night of rest and assimilation, after which the next Period dawns.
- Q. What is the nature of a Cosmic Night?
- A. Like the night of sleep between two days of human life and the interval of rest between two earth lives, it is not a time of passive repose, but a season of preparation for the activity to be unfolded in the coming Period.
- Q. When the life wave has made the seven Revolutions of all the Globes, as described in diagram 8, *Cosmo-Conception*, what becomes of it?
- All the Globes are dissolved and the life wave is reabsorbed by God for a period of time equal in duration to that occupied by all the seven Periods of activity.
- Q. What does God then do?
- A. God then merges into the Absolute during the Universal Night of assimilation and preparation for another Great Day, after which other and grander evolutions will follow.

THE WORK OF EVOLUTION

(Pages 201 to 222, *Cosmo-Conception*)

- Q. What are we now to consider?
- A. The work which is done in each Period, as well as the methods employed to accomplish it.
- Q. When will "Ariadne's thread," which is to guide us through the maze of Globes, Worlds, Revolutions, and Periods be found?
- A. It will be found when it is remembered and kept steadily in mind that the virgin spirits, which constitute the evolving life wave, became entirely unconscious when they commenced their evolutionary pilgrimage through the five Worlds of substance denser than the World of Virgin Spirits.
- Q. What is the purpose of this evolution?
- A. To make them fully conscious and able to master the matter of all the Worlds.
- Q. During the Saturn, Sun, and Moon Periods and the past half of the present Earth Period, what have the virgin spirits been building?
- A. They have unconsciously built their different vehicles under the direction of exalted Beings who guided their progress, and have gradually awakened until they have attained the present state of waking consciousness. This period is called "Involution."

(*To be continued*)

ANNA K. C.—VOCATIONAL

(Continued from page 301)

be most unkind and sharp in speech, and will want to rule the marriage partner.

With the Moon in Gemini trine to the Sun in Libra in the 9th house, and with Mercury, the ruler of the 9th house, law, also of the 6th house ruling the profession, sextile to Uranus and trine to Neptune, Mercury being also in the martial sign of Scorpio and in conjunction with the Midheaven, we would advise that she choose a profession where she would come into contact with law or religion. She would also be successful at anything along the line of clerical work as a bookkeeper or typist.

What have the years to bring
But larger floods of love and light,
And sweeter songs to sing?

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Children's Department

Why Doris May Got Lost

ETHNE RAYDEN

DORIS MAY was walking home from school very, very slowly because she was thinking deeply about something. She was only six years old. Generally she walked with one of the other girls, but today she had refused all offers and loitered along with something hidden in a fold of her little skirt. She drew it out now that no one was near—a beautiful, fat, shiny red pencil such as carpenters use. It had two little nicks in it, a mark Doris May knew, for her friend Birdie Brown always “nicked” her pencils in order not to lose them.

“It is Birdie’s pencil; she must have dropped it on the school ground,” murmured the little girl. “It is a *lovely* pencil; Birdie’s daddy has lots of them, being a carpenter, so I will just keep it and not say a word. Birdie can soon get another, and I’ll be able to draw lovely things on the sidewalk and the back of the garage door.”

So intent was Doris May upon doing that which she knew in her heart was not right that she had been walking along quite heedless of where she went. The neighborhood, to which she had only recently come, was not well known to Doris May, and what was her surprise and dismay on locking suddenly round to find herself on a totally strange street, a long street with lots of houses; but nowhere in sight was the pretty brown house where Doris May’s mother would be watching for her from the window. Absolute fright came over the little girl. She hurried down the street with a white face, looking for the home she could not find, not knowing in the least where she was going.

By this time most of the school children had gone home to lunch; a man hurried by, and Doris ran to him crying, “Oh, please, do you know where my mama lives?”

The man looked rather amused. “No, kid, I don’t. Guess you had better go back to the school grounds and ask some one else,” and he hurried on.

Poor Doris was too miserable and scared to remember even where the school grounds were, and crying bitterly she sat down on the curb by the roadside, hungry and frightened, wondering if she would ever find her way home.

As she sat there, she felt some one close beside her, though she had heard no footstep, and looking up she saw another little girl sitting beside her on the curb. Looking closer with startled eyes Doris May saw that it was *herself*, just as she looked in mama’s mirror, only shining and beautiful in a white dress as if ready for a party. The little girl smiled at her.

“I came to tell you just *why* you are lost, Doris May,” she whispered. “I’m your Higher Self, and I’m always with you, only you don’t see me. The trouble is you took a wrong step *in your mind* when you decided to steal Birdie’s pencil, for it *is* stealing to take anything that isn’t ours; so your feet also took wrong steps and carried you down a street that isn’t the right one. Make up your mind *right now* that you’ll give Birdie her pencil at once, and you’ll return home quick; you live on the very next street to this one, over there,” and she pointed the way.

“Hello, Doris May,” shouted a boy going by on a wheel. “Are you asleep? Why don’t you go home to lunch? Here comes your mother after you.”

Doris looked up as the boy raced on and saw her mother hurrying towards her. The other little girl on the curb had gone.

“Why, darling, did you miss the way?” cried Mrs. May, taking her hand and hurrying her along to get her lunch.

"Yes, mama, I took the wrong way," answered Doris, gravely. "Oh, there is Birdie!" Letting go her mother's hand she ran to her little friend, holding out the pencil.

"Here's your pencil, Birdie. You dropped it." It cost Doris May quite an effort even then to give it up; she longed for that beautiful pencil, and a little sob was in her throat at parting with it.

Birdie laughed and pulled another fat, red pencil out of her pocket. "Daddy gave me another one, Doris, so you may keep that one. Then we'll each have one, and we can draw all over everything together."

So, hugging her pencil, Doris May went happily to her lunch. After that she tried to keep to the right way in her mind, that no worse thing should come upon her.

When the Fairies a-Maying Go

MATILDA FANCHER

THE MAY-DAY festival is celebrated each year in Fairyland in honor of the Spirit of Spring. At the time of this story the Fairies decided to have their festival in the meadow, close by Farmer Brown's home.

Fairies work at night and rest through the day. It was just beginning dusk when Mr. Spider and his family arrived at the selected place and began preparing the Maypoles. Three of the tallest dandelions were chosen for the poles, and from the tops of these the spiders strung silvery streamers to the ground. The dandelions looked like brides in their wedding veils and felt very proud indeed to be so honored.

Word had gone out that day over the land telling of the May Festival, and there had been great preparations for the event. All the little bugs were scrubbed and polished to look their best; the crickets tuned their instruments for the concert; the glowworms trimmed their lamps, and the butterflies put on their prettiest wing powder. Even the busy ant worked harder in order to have a few spare moments to spend at the gay spectacle.

No sooner had the guests settled comfortably on all the high places around the Maypoles, Mrs. Ladybug having located her family on the tallest daisy she could find, then the Fairies came dancing like a misty rainbow across the meadow. They took their places around the Maypoles; the Crickets struck up a rollicking melody, and the winding of the Maypoles began.

The Fairies were dressed in the daintiest colors the bugs had ever seen—pale tints of lav-

ender, rose, blue, green, silver, and gold wove in and out as the Fairies danced. The spectators held their breath in wonder and delight at the beautiful sight.

A magic wand was given to the most graceful band of Fairies for the beauty and rhythm with which they wound the pole. The Queen of the May was chosen from this band and presented with the wand. The Fairies sang in adoration to their Queen, then danced to the banquet table prepared by the bees, who brought honey, and the butterflies, who gathered the dewdrops.

While the Fairies supped of the delicious honey and dew, the crickets played joyfully for the benefit of the onlookers. Mother Wren hearing so much music, flew from her nest in the hedgerow and came nearer to see what it was all about. She became so absorbed and stayed so long that her eggs would have become cold had not Father Wren got on the nest to keep them warm.

The banquet over, the Queen of the Fairies gave a short talk on the work they had done to help bring about the beauties surrounding them and some of the things they hoped to do in the future.

The moon peeped from behind a tree; the Fairies sang "Good Night" and were off with the magic wand for a night of service after their playtime. The crickets gave a farewell burst of music, and the spectators returned to their homes, well pleased with the festival and filled with a desire to grow more beautiful like the Fairies.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Fellowship teachings advocate a SIMPLE, HARMLESS, and a PURE LIFE. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, including fish and fowl, also alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality.

As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of the animals, and birds for food, and so far as lies in our power to refrain from the use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We hold that vivisection is diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and bring relief, and to clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces.

We endeavor at all times to live up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." We do not criticise, granting to others the right to heal with whatever method they may accomplish the greatest good, for we believe that there is good in all and that no school has the right to dictate to another. God alone is the judge, and the results are the witnesses.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

The Tragedy of the Trapped Animal

MRS. B. D. HELM BOREMAN

Part of a beautiful poem which was awarded a prize of fifty dollars by the American Humane Association.

Trapper, wearer of furs, yea, dreamer, too,
Who passively looks on—and dare you plead
With clasped hands raised to heaven's eternal
blue

For mercy, giving none? And shall God heed?
'Tis writ that upwards to cerulean bars
Is stretched a ladder of celestial light;
And at its head, his pinions in the stars,
Sandalphon stands to catch our prayers in flight.

The Legend runs—how in his hands our cries
Are changed into sweet blossoms, wondrous fair;
In wreaths of glory garlanding the skies—
Each flower was once a hope, a fervent prayer.

And hark! dull ear, for up from trap-girt lands
There wings from tortured dumb his voiceless
prayer,

And in the Angel's just, immortal hands
It blooms—triumphant in the deathless air:

O great Infinitude, hear Thou my prayer!
This body, mangled, tortured, torn—this life
Cut short, this pain I offer as my share
To earthborn travail, sacrifice, and strife.
Send mercy, then, O Father, for my gift,
And let this mercy with a power divine
Teach man that I, my groping eyes alight,
Am e'en his brother, since I, too, am Thine.

Human Barbarism

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

WHILE ON MY way to the depot after delivering a lecture in the Fellowship Center in Los Angeles a short time ago, the car was forced to wait at a street crossing on account of a large auto-truck with a trailer having been stalled there, the driver having attempted to make too short a turn for the length of the two.

Both of these vehicles were overloaded with hogs which were being hauled to the packing house to be tortured and slaughtered so that men might feed their carnal desires. These poor animals were packed so closely together that some of them were forced to stand on two feet—some with the front parts and others with the hind parts raised and resting upon the bodies

of the animals next them, for there was not room enough in the truck for all to stand on their four feet.

As the car followed along, it could be seen that each time the truck struck a chuck-hole in the much worn asphalt street or crossed the street car or railroad tracks, these poor animals were thrown against the side of the truck, thereby bruising and cutting the sides of those closest to the rails. A number of them were bleeding from their bruises, covering the side of the truck with their blood.

Oh, when will humanity wake up to its responsibility to its younger brothers? When will it learn its lessons of love and compassion? We hear so much of the New Age. Churches and spiritual organizations are preaching and teaching that humanity has already passed or will soon pass into the Aquarian Age, while some of these same teachers sponsor and uphold the killing of the animal for food. Many ladies attend the spiritual services bedecked in the skins of their murdered younger brothers, their hats decorated with the wings and breasts of our little songsters. How can these people be so blind to the true sense of the new age, which they teach is to be the age of love and compassion, while they continue to break its laws by fostering cruelty and slaughter.

We want to believe that much of this human cruelty is due to thoughtlessness, but much is also the result of vanity, for women know that fluffy furs and beautiful feathers have a tendency to soften the features and add to their beauty. To sacrifice the lives of the dear little creatures for women's adornment is even a greater crime than if their lives were sacrificed for food. These vain women would consider it dreadful should a cannibal kill their children for food, but they do not hesitate to wear for the sake of vanity the skins of animals who perhaps have been taken from their young. As a result these young animals are also sacrificed by being starved to death.

God forgive them, for they know not what they do!

Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? St. Matt. 6:26.

Hints for Health

BY THE EDITOR

WHEN A MAN breaks the laws of the land or in some manner conducts himself so that he is classed among criminals, he is ashamed and is most desirous of hiding his rascality.

But how is it with the man who is constantly breaking the laws of God by polluting and disgracing the temple in which the living God must dwell? Man is daily playing the rascal, thereby making himself uncomfortable, and sometimes making it impossible for the God to longer dwell therein, but he does not feel ashamed nor does he desire to hide his transgressions of God's laws. Instead he openly displays this fact by sending for the doctor or calling for a healer; he seeks sympathy, often in ignorance of his own transgressions. And when he is broken in health and is suffering, he is then prone to place the blame on God, and sometimes on his employer for working him too hard.

If man works with the law, nature is most willing to co-operate with him; and if he but gives nature a chance, this great "doctor" will keep him well. But Doctor Nature will not tolerate artificial living nor work with his enemies Gluttony, Immorality, Hatred, Fear, Gloom, and Excesses. All these are enemies to health and therefore work against nature. Man cannot quarrel with his brother without generating poisons which break down body tissue, nor can he work his stomach and alimentary tract overtime without weakening the system in general—for which he often blames his employer. Healthful work never breaks down tissue, but if the stomach is abused by excessive feeding, then naturally the whole body suffers. Late hours spent in dancing, banqueting, and other excesses, with both body and stomach working overtime, in addition to the following day spent in work, will in time destroy the temple of God.

Another great and very common enemy of nature is impurity; lack of order, of cleanliness. Disease germs thrive in impurity. If the thoughts dwell upon impure things, if the life expresses them, and if the surroundings are unclean and unsanitary, the mind soon becomes a breeding place for disease, often attracting elementals

which in time will control it and consume the flesh, leading man to moral depravity.

Idleness is another enemy of man. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop, and the hands are his willing tools." The truly busy man or woman is rarely ill. Constructive work, when done with a willing heart, is conducive to health and happiness; but if a man hates his work or is occupied in labor which is injurious to others and where greed is the foundation, he may gain wealth but not peace of mind. He may for a time deceive himself, but sooner or later the soul will cry out and rebel, and health will vanish as a result of the thought currents being turned the wrong way.

The necessity of reciprocity, a mutual giving and receiving, is an immutable, unchangeable law in nature. We may observe this law in action all through the universe; all nature from the tiniest atom to the greatest force in the cosmos is expressing itself through these twin laws of giving and receiving, of taking in and giving out. Man alone, who was made in the image of God, through selfishness and greed often uses only the one phase of receiving, of drawing in, without reciprocation. He often neglects to give in proportion as he has received, and sin and sickness are the result. We might just as well try to operate an automobile without the positive element of gasoline, using water only, as to attempt to keep normal and healthy in mind and body when using only the negative or reverse method of taking in and neglecting the positive force of giving out.

We may here see why it is a necessity that man should understand the laws of nature if he is desirous of having good health, that he may observe these laws. We must also recognize the fact that a man who is ailing is ill as a result of breaking these natural laws, and that it is a duty he owes to his soul to make every effort to restore harmony to the body.

A certain popular magazine, having for its standard the drugless and vegetarian life, dealing with health and diet principally, has come to hand.

Reading the questions and answers in the back of the magazine where a patient asks for advice regarding the Fletcherizing of food, the editor's answer is as follows:

"Much chewing is a waste of time and strength and a loss of food energy. Soft food needs only crushing. Food that is hard is not ready to chew until it has been softened by heat and cooking. Cooked food will need only crushing and moistening with the mouth juice.

"Saliva adds no additional nor necessary ingredient for digestion. Mouth fluid is mostly mucus. Saliva is similar to gastric juice. Nothing is gained by trying to digest food in the mouth; the stomach and intestines have all day for this work, and there is no hurry.

"Fletcherizing is a false trail leading nowhere in particular. Animals swallow the food as nearly whole as they can. Hulled wheat unchewed will digest; so will hulled rice, even uncooked rice. I have tried the experiment.

"Eat more and chew less is a new plan, or rather, it is a better plan."

May it not be possible that this editor-doctor studied and received his diploma from a Veterinary College instead of one where they study the bodies of men, and that his deductions were made from a study of the two-hoofed animal, the RUMINANT, which swallows its food and stores it in the rumen or first stomach, where it is softened; thence it is regurgitated into the mouth where it is ground by the molar teeth, after which it is filtered through a tube into the psalterium, the digestive stomach.

A doctor who was truly familiar with the science of nutrition would have reversed the above advice and told his patient to eat less and chew his food longer. Much illness may be attributed to the habit of bolting food, thereby eating more than the body can possibly take care of. Is it a wonder that the world is groaning with sickness when our editors will give advice on subjects with which they are entirely unfamiliar. It is perhaps to be expected that one who bolts his food and who is a gourmand will give similar advice to his patient.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,

Whose deeds, both great and small,

Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,

Where love ennobles all;

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,

The Book of Life the shining record tells.

—Mrs. Browning.

Vegetarian Menus

—BREAKFAST—

Steamed Figs
Egg Timbales
Entire Wheat Toast
Cereal Coffee or Milk

—DINNER—

Vegetable Soup
Potatoes Boiled in Jackets
Baked Cauliflower on Toast
Bran Biscuits Milk

—SUPPER—

Waldorf Salad
Cottage Cheese
Sweet Potato Pie
Milk

Recipes

Steamed Figs

Wash dried figs in hot water. Put in steamer or closely covered colander which is set over a pot of boiling water. Steam until thoroughly softened. (Dried dates may also be served in the same manner.)

Egg Timbale

Beat one egg until light. Add to it three tablespoons of hot milk with a little salt, onion salt, and chopped parsley. Put in oiled baking cup, place in pan containing hot water, and bake in slow oven until set.

Vegetable Soup

Wash with vegetable brush two each of smooth potatoes, carrots, turnips, and bell peppers. Use both peel and interiors. Grind through coarse vegetable grinder. Heat three tablespoons of cooking oil in a deep soup pot; slice into this one medium size onion, allowing to fry a few minutes. Then add the ground vegetables, frying all until a light brown. Add one quart of water and one bay leaf, allowing to boil for two hours, keeping well covered with hot water. Be sure to keep the pot closed so as not to lose the volatile vegetable minerals. Add one cup of tomato juice, and flavor with salt and celery salt. Allow to boil for twenty minutes, and serve with crackers or croutons.

Boiled Potatoes With Jackets

Use smooth, medium size potatoes, washing and scrubbing with vegetable brush. Remove one strip of the peel from around the potato in the form of a ring. Set on stove in cold salt water, well covered, and allow to boil until tender. Pour the water from the potatoes and let them stand in the steam for a few moments before serving. This will allow them to break open and become mealy.

Baked Cauliflower on Toast

Allow cauliflower to stand in cold water over night to become crisp. (All vegetables are much

improved if they are crisped before boiling, as it takes less time for them to boil and they are more digestible. Wilted vegetables should never be placed on the stove.) Separate the cauliflower into small pieces. Drop into boiling salt water and cook for about fifteen minutes, then drain. Beat one egg with two tablespoons of milk, and in another plate mix one-half cup of bread or cracker crumbs with one-fourth cup of grated cheese. Dip the pieces of cauliflower into the egg, then roll them in the crumbs and cheese. Place in an oiled baking dish and bake until well browned. Serve on toast with creamed gravy.

Sweet Potato Pie

To one cup of boiled, mashed sweet potatoes add one-fourth cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter, three-fourths teaspoon of grated lemon rind, and one well beaten egg. Beat all together while gradually adding one cup of sweet milk. Bake in under crust until custard has become firm.

Waldorf Salad

Peel and chop two large crisp apples with one cup of crisp celery and one-half cup of English walnut kernels. Serve with mayonnaise on plate garnished with lettuce.

AVOID VINEGAR

Vinegar is exceedingly hard on the liver and will cause "gin liver" quicker than gin itself. It is decomposed alcohol and is far more destructive to the human tissues than alcohol. Vinegar is very constipating, and retards digestion. It also causes one to feel dull and "dopy" after dinner is over. This is the case especially if white bread, rice, mashed potatoes, or cornstarch pudding is eaten. Avoid vinegar; substitute lemon juice.

McFerrin's Health Bulletin.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

PATIENTS' LETTERS

Spokane, Wash., Aug 24, 1923.

To Fellowship Friends:

To my great joy on August 21st that terrible fear left me. No one can imagine what a great relief and how thankful I am to be able to rest in peace once more. I am still wearing cotton over my eyes, but because of the light, I don't want to strain them in any way.

But I am indeed truly thankful for the wonderful work the kind friends have done for me.

I am happy to know that the great work demands more room, and that great progress is going on. Thanking you again,

Lovingly,

—Mrs. O. F. Mc.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 29, 1923.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

It is interesting and encouraging to note the considerable change in Robert since I filed his application with the Fellowship. Not only in his appearance but in his actions he seems to be much better.

We note that you do not advise his tonsils removed. This would not meet with my approval either. I surely can express my confidence in the Fellowship.

Yours very sincerely,

H. G. K.

Venice, Calif., Sept. 24, 1923.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,

Dear Friends:

Thank you ever so much for your kind letter, and the help my little girl received on the night of the Healing Meeting. In some ways it was rather marvelous. She was in a high fever for four nights. I am against drugs, so I kept her on a fast and put ice on her head. She was not delirious and only moaned when the fever was too high. That night I kept watch over her as usual, when about 2 A. M. she sat up and said, "Look at this lady; who is she?" "Where?" I asked. I looked but saw no one. Then she smiled and said, "She is a very nice lady and tells me to go bye-bye." She lay down, closed her eyes and went to sleep almost immediately. I was

quite exhausted from my sleepless nights. I intended to keep guard over her and change the ice bag as I had before, but I went to sleep and did not waken until morning. I awoke with certain impressions of advice concerning the child's diet and also for treating her kidneys. When I touched her forehead it was quite cool, and the fever did not come back. She got up in two days time. I am carrying out what was given me as advice, and she is improving so greatly that you can discontinue your prayers for her. Many blessings and thanks for what has been done.

With loving thoughts,

Yours very sincerely,

E. A. R.

Santiago de Chile, So. America, June 3, 1923.

Dear Friends:

My husband is nearly well, and we give thanks to the Elder Brothers for their wonderful work, for without their aid he could not have gotten well. Our thanks to you also for your advice.

The Evangel of St. John surely indicates you when it speaks of the good works that belong to eternity.

Please give me such advice as is necessary for me to have. With gratefulness to God and all good wishes to you,

E. R. de C.

HEALING DATES

October 2— 9—15—22—30

November 6—12—18—26

December 3— 9—16—23—30

Healing meetings are held 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 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.

Echoes From Mt. Ecclesia

Chats With the Editor

THE SOFT, balmy fall weather has set in. The evenings are cool and snappy, while during the day the southern sun is warm and soothing.

The months of October, November, and December are considered the most pleasant of the entire year on Mt. Ecclesia, and the flowers have never been more beautiful. The gardener is planting his winter vegetables; the green peas are almost ready to bloom. The winter string beans will soon be ready to pick; and the luscious strawberries are beginning to ripen for our fall crop.

Bernard Sexton, a writer of some note, while visiting Headquarters a week ago stated that he felt the love and kindness for which Mt. Ecclesia is gaining repute as soon as he entered the gate. His encouraging remark has been a great stimulus to our florists, for he accredited some of this vibration to the beauty of the flowers and grounds. He stated that each time a stranger enters the gate and sends an expression of joy or admiration into the ether regarding the beauty of the varicolored flowers which greet him on all sides, this admiration has its effect upon the work as a whole.

Another part of the work that the writer feels must come in for its share of credit is our culinary department. It is receiving a great deal of appreciation, for our vegetarian meals are a decided attraction to strangers and have been an aid in winning a number of converts, not alone to the vegetarian diet, but to the higher life as well. The workers in this department are spreading a sermon of love and service which has its effect upon those who enjoy the food.

The month of September has surely been one of excitement—so many visitors! This was partially due to the eclipse, which attracted the attention of the whole world, being total in several parts of southern California and nearly so in Oceanside. The “auto” campers coming

from the eastern and northern states made a continuous procession, all headed for southern California. Almost all the available camping grounds along the beaches from Oceanside to San Diego had been taken a week ahead of the eclipse. Even Mt. Ecclesia was dotted with tents. Astronomers from all over the world were attracted to the coast to observe the rare phenomenon of the moon passing between the sun and the earth. The totality in some places was to last two and one-half minutes, but the naughty weather man caused a cloud to obscure the sun and moon just at the critical time, making it impossible to observe the corona of the sun except through a haze. But the weirdness of the effect was marked. Lamps were lighted and darkness was over the land, inspiring one with a feeling of awe.

However, the eclipse was not the only thing that has recently visited Headquarters. Cupid, the little rascal, has again paid us a visit. His victims were two of our faithful workers, Richard Pankhurst and Amanda Peterson. Julian Hovey acted as best man and Anna Shipley as bridesmaid at the wedding. The ceremony was performed by the writer at sunrise in front of the cross, and instead of the usual wedding march Mr. Ion Wolfe sang, “Beloved, It Is Morn.” It was a most impressive event, with the golden rays of the morning sun streaming from beyond the mountains. The cross was decorated with seven red roses, and at the foot rested a golden star of yellow blossoms made by Mr. Roland Wilson for the occasion. Visitors who were present expressed themselves as never having attended a more impressive service. The bride and groom left immediately after the ceremony for a week’s honeymoon, perfectly unaware that the back of their car was decorated with a string of old shoes placed there by some of our mischievous young men. The couple will continue to make their home with us as workers.

Mt. Ecclesia is becoming most popular among

noted writers and lecturers on Theosophy, New Thought, psychology, etc. We have recently had with us the following well known lecturers and writers:

Dr. Frederick Finch Strong, wife, and party, the former being a noted Theosophical lecturer and one who is interested in the vibratory treatment of disease.

Mr. C. F. Holland, President of the Los Angeles Theosophical Society.

Mr. Manly P. Hall, minister of the *Church of the People* of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Maud Galligher, manager of this church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kratzer of Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Julia M. Powell of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Beauchanan, a teacher and lecturer from Tennessee.

Mrs. M. Bernard Mole of London, lecturer for various women's organizations.

Dr. Guy Bogart and wife, a lecturer and writer of Los Angeles, accompanied by Mrs. Johnson, the leader and inaugurator of the *Fairhope Educational Foundation* with headquarters in New York City.

Mrs. M. K. Maule of New York.

There were others, and all were evidence of the genuine interest which our sincerity and sound basic principles are arousing in the outside world.

Impressions in the Healing Temple

She stood reverently just within the door of the Temple, gazing on the simple, restful beauty of the interior, the while her soul was flooded with a solemn wonder as she realized the immanence of the Presence.

Then the shell of the physical seemed to drop away from her; as she lost consciousness of her material limitations, the white benches on which she looked disappeared, and before her spiritual vision there unfolded a beautiful, low-lying, opaque, white cloud occupying about a third of the expanse of the Temple floor. In general shape it was round, the center slightly depressed, while the edges curled softly upward in irregular outlines somewhat as might a single white flower. She perceived that this snowy, softly rounded

cloud blended within itself a number of elements, of which the most prominent were a deep and tender Love, and a Peace so profound, all-embracing, and satisfying that she could find no words adequate to describe its transcendent quality.

From this lovely cloud there emanated a healing, soothing influence which surrounded and enwrapped her like a gracious garment. Then broad filaments of the cloud stretched out to her like kindly, loving hands seeking eagerly to bring her within its embrace. She felt strongly drawn toward its center as steel is attracted by a powerful magnet, while from that center with an intense, brooding sweetness and a yearning love so great, so ineffable as to be utterly beyond the power of ordinary words to express came the invitation:

"Come, and be enfolded in my Heart of Peace."

A Prize for the Best Suggestion

We would like to have suggestions from our readers as to the best method of spreading the Rosicrucian teachings and carrying their message to the public. We will give one copy of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* to the person submitting the best suggestion before Dec. 1st.

Agents Wanted

For this magazine and the Rosicrucian Fellowship books. A liberal commission is allowed.

Our members and students have here an opportunity to do their part in spreading the Rosicrucian message.

Write Us About It.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship,
Oceanside, California.

New Photographic Postcards of Mt. Ecclesia

We have seven new and attractive views of the buildings and various parts of the grounds.

3 for 25c—14 for \$1.00.

1924 Ephemeris Now Ready

Next year's ephemeris now printed and ready for delivery. Latitudes included.

Price 25 Cents.