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BY PRENTISS TUCKER

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The Majesty of the Law

BY ADLAI CARLISLE SAUNDERS

ABOUT MAN in his earth existence there ebbs and surges the majestic flow of the behavior of matter. Included in this, of course, is his own behavior, or the conduct of that part of him which is material, as a highly conscious factor in directing and in a measure changing the beauty or ugliness of matter as his concepts direct. Mind plays on matter and wonderful things are wrought; mind investigates and records the results of man's observations of the behavior of matter as it manifests in terms of his senses, and the definition of fixed principles in his world and in his planetary system is a result. The lore of science is amplified; a body of law is assembled; man knowing these definite laws, proceeds from the known fact to illumination of the unknown and brings more information into the light to be spread upon the pages of the book of knowledge.

It is a long stride in scientific development from the days when Benjamin Franklin flew a kite in a thunderstorm and learned new facts about lightning; also it is a far cry from the time when Michael Faraday, by revolving a loop of wire between the poles of an electromagnet, discovered that electrical current was generated, to mighty turbines

and the mysteries of radio. Yet in the intervening years the whole body of knowledge that constitutes modern electrical engineering has been assembled and organized into definite formulae and the laws of the unseen energy. What was once only the plaything of the curious experimenter has become the greatest single tool in modern civilization. What was viewed as a mysterious manifestation of a strange force about which mankind knew almost nothing, has been harnessed and directed under the guidance of scientific laws to function as a blessing to humanity.

Man admits the seemingly limitless character of opportunity presented by matter and its manifestations for scientific achievement. The man in the street tells me that nothing in the realm of science seems impossible; he visions a day when he may be fed properly with concentrated pellets of food because biological chemists will have learned so much about the physical processes of his bodily functions that they can prepare a synthetic food that will provide a better diet for man than that which he now obtains from the activities of millions of people engaged in agricultural pursuits. The average man also informs me that ere long he will have television to help him while away the hours and that travel by

air will be so well perfected that a trip around this planet will be an ordinary jaunt. All this I view as further proof of the degree of attainment that mind working in matter has achieved and may achieve, and the exactitude of the laws of behavior of that matter that modern science has revealed.

It is apparent to the thinking individual that law begins to manifest in matter in the universe of the atom; that it applies in the lowest forms of biological life and in the cell existence of the more complex creatures of the earth. That fundamental natural law runs through the whole of matter as man understands it, even a schoolboy knows. Law goes out into space and as a consequence, for example, we have the regular flow of the tides, the changes of the seasons, and the behavior of light and color. That man enjoys an unvarying routine of these natural phenomena is evidence that law is at work in the universe as well as in this part of it called earth. Man finds it easy to admit that definite law prevails in all that he can observe through his senses. He is willing to delve industriously into every nook and cranny of experience with matter in order that he may know more and more about how law operates in the natural world, the world man thinks of in terms of time and space, and length, breadth, and thickness; but beyond those bounds due to the limitations of his sensory equipment, man considers his investigations, if indeed he will even lend himself to investigate, as being in a realm of doubt and conjecture. I refer to man here, of course, as the millions who constitute the great majority of humanity.

There are some scientists, who, by vir-

tue of the fact that they are so thoroughly familiar with the laws of matter as revealed in the science of physics, have refused, as the eminent thinkers that they are, to concede that this body of law called science ends with what man can perceive by his senses. They have diligently applied themselves to inquiry beyond the wall of what is termed the finite. Recent studies by Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Eddington are familiar no doubt to readers of this publication. Their contributions to scientific inquiry in the realms of the unseen, in the world that lies beyond the wall of three dimensions and in the Kingdom of the Mind,

have gone far to dignify what for centuries has passed under the name of necromancy, witchcraft, and clairvoyance, often in disrepute and at odds with the church and state.

I do not write this with a view of putting the stamp of approval on what these men have written; nor do I want to deny what is being said in the present body of metaphysical literature. Like the literature on any controversial subject, much of what is

Modern civilization rests upon physical science, for it is physical science that makes intelligence and moral energy stronger than brute force. The whole of modern thought is steeped in science. . . . She is teaching the world that the ultimate court of appeal is observation and experience, not authority. She is creating a firm and living faith in the existence of immutable moral and physical laws, perfect obedience to which is the highest possible aim of an intelligent being.

—Huxley.

being written will be proved by time to be in error; also much of it will contain grains of Truth. What I am chiefly concerned in setting forth here is an exposition of the apparent facts of the situation with reference to the persistence of law throughout the infinite as well as the finite. I hope to point to evidence which in the light of reason would seem to indicate that the finite is but one facet of the infinite; that in the finite, the confusing factors so far as man is concerned are: First, that he is a part of this finite world with its limitations imposing like limitations upon him; and second, that by his very finiteness he must as a purely

physical being receive his mental impressions through his five senses—the finite way of existence in a three-dimensional world.

In a previous article I discussed the subject of the rationalization of religion and endeavored to show how reasonable it is to believe that within every man there is present a little god, his soul, that is different from what he perceives to exist in aught else of all the world he observes through his senses. I also tried to show how the purpose of the world would be very much without purpose if one were not to think of this being a world where man is king and that each member of the human species was a dwelling place of a spark of godhood called the soul—a thought generally accepted by mankind the world over, whether savage or atheist. I do not purpose here, however, to postulate these facts with which to try to point out the reasonableness also of a contention on my part that Law persists beyond the mortal pale and operates even to the farthest outposts of eternity. I cannot conceive of one's conceding that the finite is but a part of the infinite, and while knowing that definite laws operate in the finite world, denying that Law also functions with as fine and perfect a mechanism in the realm of the infinite as that a rose grows and buds and blossoms in all its radiance and beauty in this world of the finite.

When we think of a rose, for example, are we not talking about the finite world in one breath as we consider how it grows from the soil and puts forth leaves and buds which finally open in glorious petals upon a finite world; and of the infinite in the next, when mind thinks how beautiful it would be to pluck that rose and

carry it to a sick friend languishing in a hospital? Have we not in a fraction of a second leaped from the thought of a law of the regeneration of species as it exists on earth to a law of mercy and ministrations to a brother human being in distress, which is of the very essence of man's relation to the infinite? Strange to say, man has a way of saying one thought concerns natural law, while the other is concerned with that which is of divinity. An odd distinction! Are not the two thoughts part and parcel of the same Plan, the same Kingdom, the same Infinite?

In one instance the only wall that man erects so that he speaks of one as natural law and the other as a part of his consciousness, is the seemingly insuperable barrier that presents itself as a consequence of the limitations of sense perception. Law is operating all the time in what might be termed below the earth, on the earth, and above the earth. Law goes down to the molten mass that is within the earth; it prevails in ether up to the moon and the stars and beyond, and in

Science seems to me to teach in the highest and strongest manner the great truth which is embodied in the Christian conception of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all risks to do this.

—Huxley.

consciousness is the link, the key, to the unlocking of the door that leads out of this world of the five senses and into a limitless realm of Supreme Consciousness.

Why, I wonder, should mankind persist in making a distinction between the godlike thought of the growth of the rose and the godlike thought of carrying that rose on an errand of mercy? Why should mankind insist down through the centuries on terming one a natural phenomenon and the other a part of his religious life? Are they not all of one essence? The thought of ennoblement of the soul by performance of a deed of mercy and kindness is just as much a

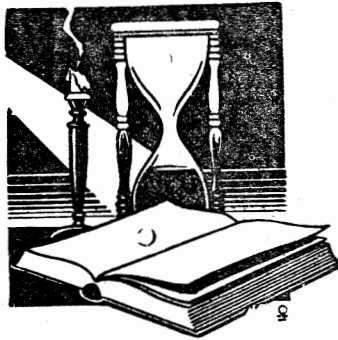
manifestation of this Supreme Essence as is the life of the rose; there is just as exact a law with reference to the ennoblement of the soul as there is to the nurturing of a beautiful flower. One is as beautiful as the other, perhaps the unseen one more beautiful even than the rose, if man had an active higher sense to perceive its radiance.

It has always seemed to me that if humanity, regardless of religious affiliation or admiration for scientific attainments, would try to see such concepts as these in their true relationships and would pursue with the same diligence, intelligent investigation into Law manifesting through mentality, or that within man which links him with his godhood, the pursuit would enrich mankind with a body of knowledge that would amaze the most enthusiastic of those engaged in the research.

Such endeavor would, I believe, result in the assembling of a body of law that would probably result in some corrections here and there in existing scientific law, but would in the end give to man a finely correlated and comprehensive guidance that would banish doubt from his mind and make of living and dying a very rational and beautiful experience. I am almost convinced when I read of what such men as Lodge and Eddington have accomplished, that the way to enrichment of the individual's life is open. The road to an understanding of the majesty of Law that would outstrip all that mankind has ever known before, invites him to travel it. I believe that the past would lengthen back to man's beginning in eternity to inhabit this sphere and would perhaps cause recorders of the history of the races to rewrite some pages and add others to the scroll; and also that the vista of the future would stretch in advance of the human procession in an ever receding

greater glory of revelation to an infinity of attainment.

To concede that what we have set up for ourselves in our earth limitations as time and space, is infinite, is to concede also that what manifests in time and space is infinite. Law operates in matter as that part of infinity contained within the limitations of mankind to perceive through the senses. Therefore it must follow that Law operates into infinity not perceived. This may seem to the reader to be something that really does not matter. However, I do not care to walk along the street tomorrow nor do I choose even to arise from my bed in the morning, if such precepts do not matter; for, remove law and order from the infinite and one would have law and order



suddenly removed from man's precincts on this planet. If such a thing as Law in all the Universe should cease to matter, even for a split second, I would no longer be. And know this, that not only would I no longer be, as a living, breathing member of the human race, but my soul and all that ever might be in the aeons

and aeons to come would cease to be, and that, to my way of thinking, would be something of a disaster if it should happen to all the other beings on this planet; for much as I love to live, as this world goes, more devoutly do I love to live as cosmic law operates.

To me, therefore, any investigation that will serve to open the limitations of my consciousness and increase my knowledge of what is and what has been and what will be is eminently worth while giving the most serious consideration. Frankly, I doubt whether it ever was intended that mankind should remain forever ignorant of what is the nature of the laws of existence beyond the grave; likewise I believe that eventually man

(Continued on page 396)

The Modern Sin

BY JOHN GUILÉ

SOcial reformers, the church, politicians, and individual thinkers are perplexed by a mental state in humanity that is preventing their activities by an attitude which plainly says "We don't accept you seriously." Churches are complaining of empty pews, a shortage of candidates for its ministry, and an utter indifference on the part of the congregation to respond to the reality of spiritual things.

Social reformers and politicians are amazed at their inability to hold and use the "mass consciousness" of an audience. Their words and messages fall like leaves upon a babbling brook. They make no impression. They do not sink, but are carried away, powerless to alter the course of its flow.

If the people act or vote, it is done unthinkingly, or they are actuated by an appeal to some selfish motive. They then return to their homes and possess no more personal convictions than they had previously. It just happened that some voice spoke at the psychological moment and they acted in agreement with the created emotion.

The last General Election in England is a concrete illustration. Anyone attending a Labor Meeting, prior to the election, received the impression that a great and wonderful result would mark the hour of decision. This was the general opinion throughout the ranks of labor, but the result was a shock and revelation to both advocate and opponent. All who were asked for an explanation replied, "We don't understand, and we cannot explain the result."

Examination will reveal the fact that this mental attitude is not confined to the religious and political worlds. It is general and rampant everywhere. A new idea or cause is accepted with a sudden

burst of enthusiasm, then a slow dying of the flame, followed by a few feeble flickers—and extinction. It seems as if the individual and mass consciousness of humanity is incapable of concentrating, or concerting for a definite aim toward a common goal. This attitude is perplexing to all who work for the good of humanity. It is something new to our consciousness, something new to this, our age. We feel helpless and unable to deal with the situation, so the pioneering, uplifting, saving element in our social order is perplexed and impotent.

This mental attitude which faces the person or organization is an effect; every effect must have a cause. *What is the cause?*

Each of us is here on this planet for progression. We are all factors in the great scheme of evolution. Some are more advanced than others, and with the state of advancement comes the urge to assist others. We each use different mediums to express the inner urge. By thought, word, or deed we call to others, "Come up," but the expression of our urge is received with cold indifference.

The still quiet voice that calls is yet regarded as a "voice in the wilderness." It is withered by a mental attitude of indifference, lack of faith, but paramently by an utter disregard of its sincerity. In the moment we offer to help, actuated by unselfish motives, in that very moment we are distrusted and treated with suspicion. Suffering, want, and betrayal have done their work and we are now facing the creations of our own sins.

Humanity is now like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, and if through human instrumentality the shepherd calls from out the mist, the sheep doubt. The cause for the present prevailing spirit is simply that *humanity has lost faith in the*

sincerity of its leaders. Now we are feeling the reality of our own creation, and who can blame? The modern sin that is hindering our activities and progression, generally, is a *disbelief in our own Divinity, and in the motive of those who would follow the gleam and lead others.*

Everyone is regarded as being out to serve personal ends and the avenues of service are regarded as only cloaks to hide the true motive. Representatives spiritually, politically, and socially are dismissed with the words "Tricks of his trade, it's his living." The living Church is lost in denominations, politics is lost in parties. Truth is clothed in creeds, and Christ is hid in doctrines. True, there are a few faithful souls in every sphere of service, but such people are bigger than the party or institution for which they stand. The world is unconscious of their existence, and only judges the general spirit and its manifestations by the organization which they represent.

The leaders and teachers of humanity have betrayed their trust. Altruism and egotism have fought for the souls of our leaders and teachers, and egotism has won. Wars and rumors of wars; doubt, jealousy, envy; greed, national and international; want, suffering, and unemployment are everywhere and apparently no solution. The blind leading the blind.

Is there any solution? Yes, I personally believe there is. Every age has had its hour of crisis. Every hour has had its man. I do not believe in chance. Behind this universe there is an all-wise Creator, and all that we see is but a reflection of His mind, plus free will of humanity. We are in the hour of crisis and there is a man somewhere who is qualified for the hour. The power that sent Abram, Moses, Jesus, Lincoln, Wesley, will send a man for this our hour of need. He may be here, he may be coming, I know not, but when he appears we shall know him for he will be above all our little conceptions, bigger than creed or party. Fearless of man's opinion or favor and free from self.

Humanity can raise such a man: we have done it before and we can do it again. Let us watch and pray for his coming, for come he must. Two pure spirits can be found who will give such an Ego entrance into this world. The Marys and Josephs are not all dead. He will come when we call him. When we call him by our aspirations, by our desire for brotherhood, love, equality, peace, and God. Not before will he come, because his coming depends upon us; we can hasten or retard his arrival. When we recognize the hour is of our own making, when we conceive the cause of all visible things, when we link up with this power which the world has known only by Name, but not by reality—in that moment the man will appear. The power to bring him is with us.

Thought-force exercised in aspiration has brought other Saviors. We can again use this power and bring into our midst the man for the hour. It was the aspirations of Israel that brought Jesus, the aspirations of the slaves that brought Abraham Lincoln. Thought-force ensoled by will can bring the man, for we set in operation unseen powers that redeem and save. Have we the will to act? Do we truly desire the abolition of war, unemployment, want, suffering, selfishness? for all these are leading to suicide morally, spiritually, and mentally. We have made them; we can remove them. We created them by thought-force and what we create we can destroy.

What humanity needs, is a return to the *Christ Spirit*. The Christ Spirit can ensoul any man who is big enough to receive it. The Man can only come in response to humanity's aspirations. Do we feel our need of him? When we do—in that hour—we have found the resolution and when he the modern Christ appears he will overcome our modern sins and his name again will be Savior, Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace. We have the power. A few are exercising it. Will you help? The choice is yours—also the consequences.

Incurably Religious

BY ROBERT M. SMEATON



IT HAS been said that man is incurably religious. What was in the person's mind when that remark was made matters little; but what is in the minds of people today when they repeat that statement matters a great deal. No doubt we have all used the above term at some time or other, but did we realize just what was meant by it, or did we repeat it, parrot-like, with no thought at all? "Incurably religious." When we talk of anything being incurable we generally apply it to some malady which burdens us or others. Seldom, if ever, is the word incurable applied to anything that may have the least semblance of good in it.

In passing, it may be assumed that the originator of the phrase was rather antagonistic to any form of religion. Religious! Just what do you or I mean when we use that word? Is it being regular at church meetings, or the particular religious meetings that we adhere to, or is it propounding by word of mouth, at every opportunity that presents itself, the pet ideas we may hold? Are we religious because we stand before an audience and give an eloquent address on some biblical or moral topic? Does that constitute being religious? How often we have heard the remark, "He was a religious man." And flowery orations have been made over his casket, possibly because he gave of his wealth to the church and was a regular attendant at divine service. But, taking all those things into consideration, do they make a man religious? If a person is truly religious, there are certain things in his life that we have a right to look for and if those things are lacking, then we have a right to question the genuineness of that person's religion.

All of us have some special ideas or theories which we cherish and we resent it very much if someone attempts to ridicule them; but does it ever occur to us that other people have theories or beliefs which they cherish, when we attempt to show them the error of their ways?

Much time and money have been spent in arguing from the pulpit and through the press against certain doctrines put forth by opposing sects; and after all the arguing is finished, those that the "faithful" tried to convert are more convinced than ever that they themselves are right. No good comes from arguing or trying to force one's opinion upon others. True religion can only manifest good.

To be religious, some people claim that others must believe just as they do, even though these beliefs may seem unreasonable to other minds. That, however, is their verdict, and nothing can change their views on the subject. This question may be directed to all people holding such an idea: "When, how, and where does *believing* make man religious?" After we have considered all shades of thought, pet theories, tenets, and dogmas in their relationship to man, we can safely conclude that a man may believe to the fullest extent in any one of them yet fall far short of being religious.

No doubt some readers at this point will say, "Well, what does make a man religious?" The question is quite pertinent, and it is the answer to that question that we have under consideration.

In a day that is long since past, a great Teacher was asked the question by a very rich man, "Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" He enumerated the religious duties he performed, how he had kept the law, and after he was through, the answer came,

“Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor.” Then the selfish nature declared itself, because he turned and went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. There is no doubt this man was a so-called “religious” man of his day, and the judgment of men in that respect has varied little since. Today the same would be attributed to a man of like standing. Yet selfishness reigned in the man’s life. He wanted an eternal inheritance for selfish ends only—an impossibility when viewed in the light of reason.

In all systems of religion it is commendable for the followers thereof to attend devotedly to their respective responsibilities, but let us go farther than that: let us see with a clear vision the association we should have with members of these different systems. The Master said, “Other sheep have I who are not of this fold.” But still they were His sheep, and if we are members of any or no particular religious organization we must realize that all are brothers and learn to regard them in that light. We must walk daily in the steps of the Master, trying to emulate His thoughts and actions in so far as it lies in our power to do so. That and that alone is the sum total of being religious.

While the body of Jesus was occupied for a short space of time by the Christ Spirit, and as other great Masters have taken upon themselves a body like unto our own, they portrayed to their own followers and those that came after them a number of great truths which must at some time or other be brought home to each and every individual on the spiral path of evolution. If a man is truly religious he will give evidence of his religion by practising these truths in his daily life.

All Masters have shown us that to develop spiritually, which should be our primary object, we must endeavor to work for others as well as for ourselves—not from a selfish motive, but in a self-forgetting labor of love. How are we going to accomplish the task once we have set out to do it? One is reminded of the beautiful story of the Crucifixion, which some have miscalled the Picture of the Shambles. In it we have laid before us the key to spiritual attainment in this life and lives to come. We can see the Nazarene walking with bowed head up the dusty road that leads to the Place of a Skull. Tired? Yes, but determined to go through though the way is rough and the gibes are many. We can see the multitude gathering on the brow of the hill as the solemn procession wends its way to the Signpost of Initiation. On the cross, in self-forgetting love these words are uttered, “Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.” After a period of time, we hear the words, “It is finished.” And the Master has shown to the world the Path which we must

Christ will come unto thee, and show thee His own consolation, if thou prepare for Him a worthy mansion within thee.

All His glory and beauty is from within, and there He delighteth Himself.

The inward man He often visiteth; and hath with him sweet discourses, pleasant solace, much peace, familiarity exceeding wonderful.

—THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

tread. We must lose sight of Christ as being the Leader of a religious sect and view Him as the Savior of the world as He declared when He uttered the words, “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.”

How will He draw all men unto Himself? Again, it is the answer to this query in which we are interested and which we shall try to understand.

It will naturally have to be conceded that Christ’s outlook was universal and that He did not take into consideration a man’s or a nation’s adherence to any specified religious system. The lifting up of the Christ and drawing of ourselves to Him is no mere physical act, but a spiritual act of most stupendous

significance. All religious systems are fitted to the people to whom they are given and each of them has virtues which are priceless to the believers in these respective faiths. The older religions are but stepping-stones to higher and higher ones. Most of them are national in character, yet one can see a gradual drawing away from that phase till we come to the Christian Religion, which is universal.

We will try to get a correct view of what constitutes being religious from the Christian Faith, and in so doing we can try to apply it more sincerely in our daily lives.

As has already been stated, the Christ has shown to the world the Path that each must tread. The Master always spoke in parables to the multitude, but to the initiated He uttered the open Word. Not only did He speak parables, but to the understanding mind He also acted out parables or lessons which we, as followers, must endeavor to understand and apply in our daily lives. The soul which aspires to higher things and seeks diligently to serve the God within will realize the beauty and significance of Calvary, when applied spiritually to the path of progress.

Let us take the entire story and interpret it in a personal way. To reach any given destination a person has to follow certain paths. Our destination in this instance is to find the true way to be religious. The Christ now speaks, in words that carry great weight, "Take up thy cross and follow Me." There are no limitations to that following. He just says, "Follow Me." And we must follow on if we would be successful. We cannot all go up that rough hillside and be crucified on the cross in a literal sense, so it goes without saying that we must find the spiritual solution.

Christ did not just talk about carrying His cross and being crucified on Golgotha, but how often we talk about our cross. To really take up our cross and follow Him means more than talking and singing hymns. It means putting into action the spiritual impulse within. Your cross may be different from my cross, but it serves the same purpose. The art of cross-bearing is not and cannot be acquired in one short life span, but is developed as our evolution advances, so it can readily be appreciated that where one person can serve God in a given undertaking, it would be humanly impossible for another to carry out the same duties.

He that is well ordered and disposed within himself, careth not for the strange and perverse behavior of men.

A man is hindered and distracted in proportion as he draweth outward things unto himself.

If it were well with thee, and thou wert thoroughly purified from sin, all things would fall out to thee for good, and to thy progress.

—THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

We must take stock of our spiritual assets and find out what we are best suited for in the service of humanity, for, remember, Christ came not to the few but to "whosoever will," and as His outlook was universal, ours must be the same. While fully realizing that the Christ Spirit dwells within each one of us we must not become self-centered, but look upon ourselves as units of the

one stupendous whole. Once we have taken up our cross, let us see where it leads us. Once more we see that rugged hill, the crowds, and the sound of sneers falls on our ears. What does it mean? Just this: that as we traverse the pathway toward Initiation we will find many obstacles and stumbling blocks. We shall suffer the sneers of our brothers who are not so far advanced on the path as ourselves; but we must carry on to the end of the road we have chosen to walk.

While bearing our cross, we shall be confronted with the fact that just as sure as there is an external aspect in this work, even so there is an internal aspect. The war of the two natures, the lower and the higher, is ever being waged. We must endeavor by our actions to

gradually eject the influence of the lower nature by nurturing the higher at every opportunity. That can be accomplished even in the face of great obstacles.

Faith, hope, and love. Not until these three attributes of pure religion course through our lives shall we know what it is to be truly religious. Some may have faith, some hope, possibly both, but if the third is lacking then the flesh has not come into full subjection to the spirit. If we have faith coupled with hope, we only have a form of religion. Unless through their union they express love.

When we grasp the fact that we are all a part of one great whole and that ultimately the good of one is the good of all we will not be content with Faith and Hope but we will inject that greatest of all spiritual attributes, Love, into our daily life, and by our actions, not our words, we shall show to the world the road which we travel. Let us take a new view of that old term, "incurably religious," by realizing that following Christ and trying to emulate His thoughts and actions constitutes being religious. Then we can be happy, truly happy, if we are Incurably Religious.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

(Continued from page 390)

will know the real truths of his first manifestation on this planet and what has happened to him in his evolutionary existence—evolution as applied both to his physical mein and to his spiritual selfhood—since the beginning of his days.

I rather suspect that if mankind seriously sets about correlating the facts of science as they are developed today, the vibration theory of the construction of matter, for instance, with the facts of consciousness, he will discover that his godhood will become a living thing, that it will establish him even in this earth life in such close touch with the infinite as to cause him to know much of the nature of law in a cosmic sense.

The great peace that would pervade men's souls is at once apparent as one

of the immediate benefits to be derived from such an advancement. The wisdom of man would take on a supernal character and as such would serve to guide him far better in his destiny than is possible today, when man yearns for closer touch with the majesty of Law and casts about for higher assistance in solving the dilemmas of the times. I would not be surprised to see within the lifetime of the present generation of men and women in their thirties, great progress made in this direction. Such a development, as was said before, would necessitate many readjustments in thinking, but change, as ever, would bring better thinking, better social conditions, a more rational existence.

In any such a consideration as this it should be apparent that advancement in this direction would not strike at any race or creed; it would be merely further addition to existing knowledge. It must also be remembered that Jesus the Christ evidently had supernal enlightenment and understanding of the laws of the infinite. Did not the Great Teacher promise men more than nineteen hundred years ago that they should have all things revealed to them, and did He not also say that the kingdom of heaven is within one's self?



Life Stanzas

Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may
believe.

There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where Truth abides in fullness

And, to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may
escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

—Robert Browning.

Peeps at a Psychic's Notebook

BY J. OTHO GRAY

LOOKING through my notebook and culling from this page and that I am going to relate some adventures and observations in the psychic field where out-of-the-way experiences are to be met with, both in the everyday regions of mother earth and across the boundary in other lands set in the timeless spacelessness of spirit. Of course, everything stated in this narrative is true and accurate in every particular.

One day I was sitting near the crest of a hill, my thoughts centered upon the writing of an article. Above me was a deserted weather-beaten building past which a road wound its way over the hill-top. After writing for some time I suddenly began to hear voices in conversation. At first I gave no attention to the talking supposing some strolling couple had stopped to admire the view of the valley. As the voices continued in a desultory manner I became curious and laying the writing aside went up to the building and looked inside. Not a person was in sight. I returned to my seat and resumed work on the manuscript. After an interval the voices began to speak, an inflection here and there faintly suggesting a note of banter. At length I went up to the building again and carefully examined the interior. As before, not a soul was to be seen; the road was as deserted as the place. Only for a moment did this assume the appearance of a mystery for the explanation of the matter quickly flashed upon me: I had become clairaudient and the voices heard were the words of spirits. This faculty of clairaudience developed to a highly sensitized degree, and as might be supposed, proved something of a trial at times, before I learned how to manage the new state of affairs.

Another day in my travels I found myself at the approach of evening drawing near to a fair-ground, deserted, of course, and its sheds boarded up. After looking about the place I found a pile of coal and deciding to remain there for the night built a good fire. After resting awhile I became aware of the fact that a band of elementals were hanging about the vicinity. This caused no uneasiness although I was alone and some distance from the little town snugly asleep further down the railroad track. In the darkness and solitude they were disposed to act waggish by making a toy out of the fire which was burning merrily and keeping me as comfortable as could be expected on a cool night out in the open. When I noticed they were amusing themselves by slowing down the fire I became abusive; the result was the leader of them, who seemed to have the most power, stationed himself in the air a short distance away and deliberately projected a stream of influence upon that hot coal fire which, despite all I could do by fanning it vigorously, began to cool and finally was reduced almost to embers. A night or two later, the same trick was played on a blazing wood fire which, in spite of all replenishing, died away and finally was extinguished. After that, no doubt remained as to what a sprite could do to a fire. It appears, that in some way, the ether is employed in such a manner as to smother the flames and inhibit burning.

Once, on a semi-clear day, I witnessed another demonstration of how disembodied intelligences can affect the forces of nature. The sky was only partly cloudy but when the spirits decided to stage a disturbance of the elements and their fury was unleashed, the sky gradually became a ceiling of massed clouds

and a fair sized storm with copious rain and heavy gusts of wind was built up within the space of two hours or thereabouts. Such a blustering occurrence caused by the intervention of spirits is probably a rare matter, but that it is possible is borne out by my own observation in this instance, which I am careful to point out as an actual fact. The superiority of spirit over matter is tellingly apparent when we learn that the forces of nature, which to us seem so powerful and awe inspiring, may yet obey the mandates of a spirit will (or wills) that knows what it is about.

To the query, What is Man? the answer comes with the speed and brightness of a ray of light—Man is a spirit. Regarded in his purely physical aspect man has been fancifully represented thus in the *New York Times*, November 24, 1931: "The average man weighing 140 pounds is composed of enough water to fill a ten gallon barrel, enough fat for seven cakes of soap, enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils, enough phosphorus to make 2200 match heads, sufficient magnesium for one dose of salts, enough iron to make one medium sized nail, sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop and enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas."

The quanta of power which moves that mechanism are not all derived from the energy of the sun alone; within that breathing machine is something which inherits strength and light from a higher source, something that holds the mirror up to the great cosmos and faultlessly reflects that cosmos to the farthest nebulae, to the last star. *This* is man and it is spirit.

We live and move and have our being for a lifetime unaware of an important fact, that is, the nearness of the spirit world. It might appear that it is far removed from us; years ago my blunder-

ing conception depicted something on that order, a sphere of being lying somewhere beyond the stars. Beyond the stars? That could not be for there are stars in the spirit world also. How well do I remember the vista of a magnificent sky, thickly jewelled with glittering stars which I saw one night in the spirit world. Truly may it be said that never blazed the milky way with the pinnacle of splendor which shone in that majestic sky. I gazed admiringly at that span of beauty overhead and some words passed my lips betokening worship of the Great Spirit to Whom all eyes must look.

In the most practical manner, the spiritual world with its numerous spheres is situated right here where we are, its position in space being the same as ours, its borders surrounding the surface of the earth. This interpenetration of the two planes of life is possible because of the intrinsic difference between the spirit and matter. Roughly speaking, matter may be compared to a vein of rock under the ground or partly embedded in the earth; spirit may be likened to the wind above which sweeps where it lists in the sunny open.

At the first view this world-within-world arrangement of creation may seem strange or difficult; for when analyzed, we see (looking beyond the physical) centered in a given earthly area, not a blank emptiness, but a graphic picture of varied color, depth and outline, a panorama of many lands and many scenes of limitless detail. It means, let us say, that around you at this moment, within the enclosure of the room you are in, there may be varied scenery, differing types of people, all manner of activity. But everything in this intricate totality is taking place in its own sphere or world, on its own level of thought and vibration, each plane of life shut off from the



surrounding planes by its particular rate of frequency—a perfect plan of a mighty edifice designed, built, and preserved in high majesty.

Who can hope to make a literal translation of the mighty proclamations of the spirit world? What cunning assembly of work can portray the beauty and grandeur of immortality as it is seen from the mountain-tops of spirit? Most blessed are they to whom these higher regions call, whose thoughts seek that brightness as flowers turn to the sun.

Life in the nearer regions comparatively close to this world is similar in outward appearance to the earth life. Spiritually, of course, these lower planes are of a less advanced order. Having for a background a simulation of the phenomena of the earth life, a spirit here

lives much as he did while in the body. Here, placed in a spirit setting, you will find the familiar objects to which earth dwellers are accustomed in their daily routine, which includes such things as circus parades, soda fountains, street cars, trains, and so on, quite as they are seen on mother earth; at least, they seem as real to the spirits. Some of the phenomena is shadowy when closely inspected, but it may not appear so to the spirits concerned. As long as a spirit's mind is absorbed in what is taking place around him it will have every appearance of reality. But it is all due to his physical cast of thought, and may be, in part, illusory. After awhile he may take stock of himself as it were and inquire into his new state. When he sees it in its true light he will be ready to move on to something of a more advanced order.

The Door

BY FLORENCE L. COX

LUCILLE fingered the little pellets lovingly. Why not? If it were not for Martin. But why pause for Martin? With her out of the way, life would be less of a problem for him. He would have one less thing to worry about. She knew he worried about her. Even though he loved her and she loved him, she was, after all, another burden. It had been a long strain—Martin's small, irregular income, his studies, his attempt to fit himself for a career, her own inability to find work and be a financial help. Fits of desperation seized her. Something in her rebelled, made her want to strike out at anyone, in any direction, like an animal at bay.

That was the way she felt, like a trapped animal. Action, some kind of action, was imperative, even if to prove to herself her ability to act. Anything to bring about a change. It might be

worse, but anyway it would be different. She just could not stand this longer. More than once she had had an impulse to end life, but the thought of Martin's grief restrained her. But, after all, he would get over things. And in the end he would be better off.

In spite of herself, tears came to her eyes and slowly trickled down her pale cheeks. She was sorry for him, she would want to comfort him if she knew. Would she know? What was behind that door that opened between life and death and then closed forever? "To sleep—perchance to dream." These pills were to make her sleep. An overdose—so easy. Quickly she took three, put them in her mouth and lay back among the pillows.

All at once something seemed to snap. Where was she? Martin was leaving the office, thinking of her. With crystal clearness she read his thoughts, his feelings.

It would be so good to get back to the apartment, shabby as it was, and see his little pal, an oasis in the desert of work and worry. His heart warmed in anticipation. Lucille could have screamed had the organs for screaming been vouchsafed her. The anguish of separation, of bitter, intense longing, rushed over her, all the more terrible because she could not express it. There would be no smiling eyes raised to greet him on his arrival—only a quiet form stretched out among the pillows of the couch.

Throughout Martin's walk home, Lucille felt the eager love in his heart, his sense of rest and contentment. This much, at least, was his. This bit of consolation he was sure of amid the wear and tear of life. But no! thought Lucille in agony. She herself had taken it away from him. In reckless defiance she had closed the door, slammed the door which could never open again.

Greater still was the torment which came to her from Martin's shock of grief as he reached home and found that silent figure. She felt it double—his grief and hers. Gone was the object of his care and his dreams, the partner of joy and pain, who, by sharing, increased the one and lightened the other—his little playmate. The years to come stretched before him, bleak and barren. And Lucille writhed in the essence of her spirit. If she could only take him in her arms and comfort him. If she could only stroke his curly brown hair as she had done so many times, and murmur encouraging words in his ear. But she had no arms, no hands, no lips. Martin could not feel her, could not know how near she still was to him. There was no language by which they could speak to each other. Never! Could it be never? What was to come? Were she and Martin to go on, day after day, year after year, in parallel existences, without ever being able to break through the barrier which separated them? Why had she, in her ignorance and impulsiveness, seized the keys of life and death?

A sense of mistiness came over her. Had she possessed a body she would have believed she was going to faint. Rallying, she considered tales she had heard of death. Were there stages of existence beyond the grave? Did the spirit, severed from the body, linger a while around the scenes of its earthly life and then pass farther away into some dim and distant realm? Which would be worse, to be near Martin, to know about him, yet not be able to communicate with him, or to be away, to be ignorant of his work and life, and yet to remember, to long for the communion of a loving heart, the sharing of happiness and sorrow? Or did one forget? How foolish she had been to think she could destroy *life* by anything she did to her body! Her flight from one problem had merely thrust her before another, far more cruel and unsolvable. "The spirit never dies." Where had she heard those words? Were they true?

The doctor had come. He and Martin were applying the usual resuscitative measures to her body, that inert thing that was now no part of her. As if the rubbing of arms, the pouring of liquid down its throat could do any good! But there was something else, something which was drawing her. Martin's love. Never before had she felt such power. Oh, if she could only get to him again! Nothing was as bad as this, for both of them. No hardship, no poverty. Closer and still closer the strange, new force drew her. Could it win? Could it break the barrier that lay between the worlds? "Love is master of death." Did those words come from the infinite, a message of encouragement out of the void that surrounded her?

Voices, faint, but growing clearer. Martin's voice, hoarse with anxiety and strain. Lucille opened her eyes and smiled. She looked at her arms and tried to lift them. Slowly they found their way around Martin's neck. The closed door had opened and let her through!

Who Buys Happiness?

BY EDNA WILLIAMSON STALL

EVE TEMPLE relaxed her strong young body against the gay cushions of her favorite garden chair with a sigh of perfect content. Nothing for her to do now but wait. Wait. Pray, perhaps. And dream. Wonderful mother-dreams of the child for whom she waited. She lazily traced the patterns of the tenderly green maple leaves, thick overhead. She breathed deeply, appreciatively, the heavily scented warm air. Roses. Honeysuckle. Divine odor! Bees in the nearby orchard droned an undertoned accompaniment to her thoughts. Beautiful, wonderful world of perfume and sunshine.

She watched a great hawk as it drifted in endless spirals, with never an apparent flutter of wings. Black spirals against a cobalt sky. If one could rest on those motionless wings. Drifting, drifting, ever closer to the infinite moving power of life. It gave her an urge for prayer.

Slipping to her knees beside the chair, she tried to summon words of a prayer to her lips. But again she could only dream of the child for whom she waited. She dreamed him through babyhood, boyhood, schooldays, and to young manhood. She wondered idly what family tradition he would follow. Great surgeon, like his father? Lawyer? Merchant prince? Or would he follow some genius of his own? Musician? Artist? Lovely mother-dreaming.

The great bird circled tirelessly against the blue. She sat back on her heels, the better to watch him. And looking beyond him, Eve Temple saw a corner of heaven open.

Babies. Babies everywhere. Waiting to be sent to their expectant mothers. A

woman took each child tenderly in her arms, and placed in its tiny hand a golden thread, to which was attached a cluster of irridescent, scintillating bubbles.

"What is that lovely, lovely thing?" breathed Eve.

The woman answered, "It is the thread of life. The clusters are the golden hours to be spent on earth. As each hour is spent, it weaves itself into a part of the thread. The thread so woven is the one thing retained through life, and the only thing brought back when that life is ended. The beginning of the thread is golden. The children weave golden threads until they are taught differently by the so-called wise ones of earth, who know less of the purpose of life than the children. The thread that is brought back might be a thing of beauty, but it is more often dull and uninteresting; sometimes hideous. To spend the hours as they should be spent is the principal lesson to be learned from life."

"How should they be spent?"

"That is the riddle of life."

The great hawk circled higher, and shut out the vision. Eve knew there was something she must do at once for her child. Something she had left unfinished. What was it? Oh, yes, she had started to pray. Again she tried to recall prayer words. She had an overmastering feeling that whatsoever she might ask at this particular moment would be granted. Words, words. They eluded her. She must get the right ones. Words that would encompass all things for her child.

She recalled her dreams for his career. Ambition. Fame. Wealth. Utterly strange, silly words. They had no real meaning.

Stretching forth her yearning arms she cried, as though the words were summoned by a power stronger than herself: "Give my child happiness."

* * * * *

Eve Temple smiled down at the stalwart, handsome lad who had thrown himself at her feet. No one could look at him, and not smile in response to the laughing light in the boy's eyes. His childhood had been a beautiful experience. Her prayers had been answered abundantly. He seemed an inexhaustible well of happiness. He was happy in everything. The world was for him a beautiful and joyous place.

His mother had steeled herself this morning to resist that smile long enough to make the boy consider the seriousness of choosing a career for himself. It was his third year of college, and as yet he had made no decision regarding the profession he intended to select. Surgery he refused because he could not bear the thought of pain. The law? Nothing but legalized quarreling. Singing was for him the expression of freedom of the spirit, and not a thing to be commercialized.

To her every suggestion he had a logical objection. Why imprison himself for long hours in order to compete in the mad rush for money? They had more than sufficient. Why not make a business of cultivating happiness? He only wanted to make others happy. It seemed to him there was a great need for happiness in the world. Why should people seem afraid to be happy? Afraid of showing their happiness or even letting others know of their happiness. Why should the world make such a serious business of living? Why is it not as important to study happiness as to study how many miles to the moon? Why is it strange to hear a hearty laugh? People pay to be amused at a theater, and yet have a puritanical qualm of disapproval when a woman laughs aloud. Why all the glum faces? What is it in life that

kills the joy of living? He smiled up at her, whispering softly, "You are so lovely, so wonderful, you should be happy always."

* * * * *

Eve Temple would not believe them when they told her her boy was dead. Her wonderful, beautiful boy. How absurd. Only an hour ago they had been talking about his choosing a career. Something must have gone wrong with her ears that she could hear such a thing. She pressed closer to the gay cushions. She would lie very, very still, and might hear him singing in the orchard. Dead. Why it seemed only yesterday that she was lying in this same chair, and felt him stirring beneath her heart. She could even see a great hawk drifting, drifting against the blue sky. Her prayer had been answered that day. Her boy was happiness itself.

She remembered seeing the babies getting ready to go to their waiting mothers, each with the cluster of golden hours to be spent. How tangible a thing those golden hours. Her boy could not have spent all of his in the short time he had been here. They were mistaken. He could not be dead. Perhaps if she prayed the right words, magic words, her eyes would be opened, and she could see him with the cluster of his unspent hours around his high flung head. Perhaps she could find the words that would let her hear his voice coming along the wind, softly, so that it would reach her ears alone. Yes, yes, she would pray. She knelt beside the chair and closed her eyes. Only one word escaped her lips. Dead. Dead.

She sank back on her heels and stared dumbly at the hawk. She wondered if it could be the same one she had watched that other day. If she rested on those great wings perhaps she could see her boy. See him for just a moment. Then she might know. It would ease that terrible feeling of compression around her heart. The great bird circled, circled on the wind, with never a perceptible flutter of the wings.

Eve Temple again looked past the hawk, into a corner of heaven. This time there were no waiting babies, but an endless stream of people entering. Old and young. Strong and weak. A few walked lightly, gayly. Others limped, and held back. And each one carried a coil of some kind of string or thread. Some carried it loosely twisted, like a hank of yarn. Others like a coil of small rope. One ghastly figure had his around his neck.

Some of the coils held glinting lights, but mostly they were dull. Dirty. Drab. As each one held up the coil for inspection, it showed that the beginning of the thread was golden. In the very young the gold was bright and shining. In the older ones, the gold was dull. Like the gold in an old brooch, holding concealing lace against a dowager's wrinkled throat.

Eve recognized many people she had known, either personally or by repute. Wealth. Fame. Beauty. High position. They seemed to have no bearing upon the threads carried. The thread of the wealthiest man was hideous. That of a famous beauty, ugly and mean. The threads showed comparatively few golden glints, and the glints made the remainder of the coil more pitiful. More tawdry.

"What does it mean?" Eve whispered. "What is it they carry?"

A youth at her side answered, "They all bring back the thread of life, the thread that shows how they spent the cluster of golden hours each received as a child. The golden glimpses you see mark the happy hours. Nothing else is of real importance. It seems a pity that the threads are dull and shabby when they could be so bright and glorious. With happiness for the taking and giving, they have chosen to spend their golden hours for things that had to be all left behind. So many fail to learn the lesson. You see the results of the ugliness and the greeds of life."

"But what of the hours that are left unspent? Many of them still carry part of their golden clusters."

"That is the riddle of death."

Eve Temple watched the corner of heaven as it was blotted out by the wings of the great hawk. She remembered she must pray. She knew that again whatsoever she asked would be given her. She must call her boy back before he was beyond the sound of her voice. What were the words she must use? "Hurry! Hurry! She must hold that dear head against her breast. She could wait no longer to hear that beloved voice. Nothing but his smile could ease that terrible pain in her heart. How gloriously they would spend together those unused golden hours of his. Words. What were the words that would call him back to her arms? Beautiful words. Marvelous compelling words she wanted, for a prayer that she knew would be answered.

Eve Temple stretched wide her agonizingly empty arms and cried:

"Give my child—happiness."

The great hawk spiraled higher and higher. Black circles etched against a cobalt sky.

Ideas

When an old idea has worn away
It heralds the dawn of a brighter day.

There is a story told about a certain philosopher of a few hundred years ago that went something like this:

When only a lad this philosopher was always bringing new ideas and viewpoints into his humble home for which his old father used to reprove him. The lad being very fond of him always kept calm when thus attacked for expressing himself; but there came a day when the coming philosopher made a statement that was immediately picked up by his father who said, "My boy, when you are as old as I am you will think just as I do."

The lad pondered for a moment then put an arm affectionately across the old man's shoulder and answered, "Yes, Dad, maybe I shall, but it won't by any means mean that I shall be right."

—ANONYMOUS.

Leadership

BY DR. J. DARWIN MAGEE

IN EVERY field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity. Whether the leadership be vested in a man or in a manufactured product, emulation and envy are ever at work. In art, in literature, in music, in industry, the reward and the punishment are always the same. The reward is widespread recognition; the punishment, fierce denial and detraction.

When a man's work becomes a standard for the whole world, it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few. If his work be merely mediocre, he will be left severely alone; if he achieves a masterpiece, it will set a million tongues a-wagging. Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting.

Whatsoever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you, unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius. Long, long after a great work or a good work has been done, those who are disappointed or envious continue to cry out that it cannot be done.

Spiteful little voices in the domain of art were raised against our own Whistler as a mountebank, long after the big world had acclaimed him its greatest genius.

Multitudes flocked to Bayreuth to worship at the musical shrine of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced argued angrily that he was no musician at all.

The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by.

The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and the effort to equal him is merely added proof of that leadership. Failing to equal, or excel, the follower seeks to depreciate and to destroy—but only confirms once more the superiority of that which he strives to supplant. There is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions, envy, fear, greed, ambition, and the desire to surpass. And it all avails nothing.

If the leader truly leads, he remains—the leader. Master-poet, master-painter, master-workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages. That which is good or great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial. That which deserves to live—lives.—*From an advertisement appearing for The Cadillac Motor Car Company.*

It is a privilege and a duty to lead if one is leading in the worth-while things. Napoleon was a great leader but his methods and his cause were unjust. Ingersoll said of him: "I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, 'I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knee and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.'"

Contrast with this the leadership of Max Heindel. Both these leaders were the victims of the thrusts of jealousy and envy. It is quite noteworthy that, for the most part, Max Heindel treated with silence the unjust accusations of his dissatisfied critics.

However, there were times when the insignificance of the accuser was lost in the magnitude of the accusation. Then Mr. Heindel replied, and that severely, but always without becoming unkind or vindictive.

A small accusation, if made by an honest, conscientious follower, demands consideration—and correction if we are innocent of intentional wrong-doing; but only an accusation of great magnitude demands action if made by a dishonest or overly-ambitious accuser.

Poems of Remembrance

BY BEATRICE MARY BILLING

Lombardy Poplars

And yet . . . I know all this has been before . . .
 I knew it when I turned the narrow lane,
 And saw three poplars, black against the sky
 Stand silent with the memory of old pain.
 I knew that they remembered through the years,
 While I can only feel, and grope, and dream . . .
 Faintly recalling the quick-fleeting scent
 Of sweetbriar, and the sunlight's sudden gleam
 That follows rain. . . . Here by the old stone wall
 The poplars stand. In vain I try to wrest
 Their secret from those grimly-brooding trees.
 They hold their knowledge deeply. It is best.
 I leave them in their lonely, tragic pride,
 Always remembering . . . how I loved and died.



Gypsy Mood

As though I once had lived there, I remember
 Such poignancy of beauty that old pain
 Stirs at my heart. For I have not forgotten
 The scent of meadows in the evening rain,
 Nor how the blackberries grew along the river,
 Nor how the apples dropped beneath the trees,
 Nor how the scent of sweetbriar from the hedges
 Lured me to seek the wood's deep mysteries
 To where . . . a band of gypsies in a clearing
 Kindled their evening fires at close of day.
 Such memory did their swarthy faces bring me
 It seemed . . . I could not tear myself away.
 I knew, I knew, that I had once been free
 And supped with gypsies underneath a tree . . .

The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of 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.

Historical Fragments

BY MANLY P. HALL

(Mr. Hall will follow this article with a series on the Astrology of the Romans, Hindus, Aztecs, Mayas and people of other countries.—EDITOR.)

Chaldean Astrology

IN HIS first book on *Divination*, Cicero observes that the Chaldeans had records of the stars for the space of 370,000 years; and Diodorus Siculus says that their observations comprehended the space of 473,000 years. Cicero further maintains that the Babylonians over a period of many thousands of years kept the natiivities (horoscopes) of all children who were born among them, and from this enormous mass of data calculated the effects of the various planets and zodiacal signs.

"The Sumerians and Babylonians believed," writes Sir E. A. Wallis-Budge, "that the will of the gods in respect to man and his affairs could be learned by watching the motions of the stars and planets, and that skilled star-gazers could obtain from the motions and varying as-

pects of the heavenly bodies indications of future prosperity and calamity. They therefore caused observations to be made and recorded on tablets, which they interpreted from a magical and not astronomical point of view, and these observations and their comments on them, and interpretation of them, have formed the foundation of the astrology in use in the world for the last 5000 years. According to ancient traditions preserved by Greek writers, the Babylonians made these observations for some hundreds of thousands of years, and though we must reject such fabulous statements, we are bound to believe that the period during which observations of the heavens were made on the plains of Babylonia comprised many thousands of years." (See *Amulets and Superstitions*.) What boasted science of the moderns can be said to be built upon a more substantial foundation?

Berosus, the initiated priest of Baal, was the first and greatest of the Chaldean astrologers and historiographers. He was a man of broad intellect and profound

learning, and it is recorded of him that "nearly all his prophecies were fulfilled." Berosus settled in the island state of Cos, and there established a school of the "secret sciences." He is described by Vitruvius as the forerunner of a long line of astrologers "of genius and great acuteness, who sprang directly from the nations of the Chaldeans." The wisdom and skill of Berosus so deeply impressed the men of his age that it is reported of them that after his death they raised a statue to their priest and sage. As a testimony to the truth of the predictions made by Berosus, they caused this image to be cast with a golden tongue.

"The Chaldeans," wrote Diodorus, quoting probably from Hecataeus, "have made prophecies for various kings, such as Alexander who conquered Darius, and Antigonus, and Seleucus Nikator, and have always been right. And private persons who have consulted them consider their wisdom as marvelous and above human power."

Persian Astrology

The Order of the Magi, often referred to as the Star-Gazers of Persia, rose to power some 5000 years before the Trojan War. According to Aristotle, the foundation of the priest-kings of Persia was more ancient than the beginnings of Egypt, and Plato calculates the antiquity of the Magi to be myriads of years. The Magian sect was founded and supported by a line of prophets at least eight of whom seemed to have borne the name of Zarathustra or Zoroaster.

Zoroaster is frequently referred to in astrological writings as a patron of the starry science, and the astrology of the Persians is justified by the most ancient and sacred of their religious books. The *Bundahish* contains an account of the formation of the planets, constellations and the twelve signs of the zodiac, further declaring that the "original

creations" were committed to the care of the constellations which watched the welfare of the world and regulated the destinies of mankind. The *Desatir*, another book of ancient authority, after declaring that the stars each possess an intelligence, a soul, and a body, contains such statements as these: "In the beginning of its revolution the sovereignty over this lower world is committed to one of the slow moving stars" and "the lower world is subject to the sway of the upper world."

The Parsees in India, the only surviving remnant of the Zoroastrian faith, perpetuated the astrological practices of their ancestors, the nativity of each newborn child being carefully considered as to its character indications and vocational problems.

Darius, the Emperor of Persia, relied upon the words of his venerable astrologer Al-Hakim, which means "the wise one." Al-Hakim wrote among other books one entitled *Judicia Gjmaspis* wherein "he predicted that Jesus would appear; that Mohammed should be born; and that the Magian religion should be abolished, etc."

The Christian Father historian Tertullian, though scarcely to be accepted as an astrological propagandist, acknowledged that the Christian church was to a certain degree indebted to the Persian star-gazers, for, after all, if we are to believe the Holy Book itself, the Persian astrologer-Magi, by the means of their celestial art, were the first to discover the incarnation of the Messiah. Tertullian writes, "But wise men and astrologers came from the East; the interpreters of the stars, therefore, were the first to announce the birth of Christ."

Dr. Thomas Hyde, quoting an old author, says: of all the provinces of Persia, Khorassan is the most famous for astrology. In Khorassan is a small town called Genabed where dwells a certain family which for nearly 700 years has produced the most famous astrologers in Persia. Court astrologers are chosen from this community.

Astrological Rays Woven Into Our Meditation

BY ALETHA McCORMICK

REGARDING the morning and evening meditation the question often arises: What is the best method to follow to keep oneself in proper physical condition, to keep awake while in the concentration, and to be assured that one is progressing in a positive manner in the inner development desired?

Rosicrucian students are not so much concerned with rapid progress as they are with the type of progress that they are making. The results that are desired in our type of work will determine the kind of a lay brother or sister the student is to be in the future. As an example, if we now fail to do positive work and choose the easy way, how shall we be positive when we come to our tests?

We remember that the *Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* teaches us about two currents that circle the earth. One is the horizontal and the other is the vertical. The horizontal current is the negative and the vertical is the positive. Our thinking is more easily accomplished in the vertical position.

The lower animal kingdom is in the horizontal current (with a few exceptions) and under the care of the group-spirits. We are told that the horizontal position of their spines produces this result. (See page 236, *Cosmo.*) When we lie down our spines are also in the horizontal position, and therefore in the negative currents, and we can very easily slip out of our bodies, but we positive students wish to build the bridge through to the conscious knowledge lying outside of our physical bodies so we work for positive control of the negative current.

Our fundamental preparation therefore is: concentration, meditation, observation, discrimination, contemplation, adoration.

One of the first obligations taught in our Philosophy is to take the entire responsibility of our every act. We must sit in judgment upon ourselves. We have no high priests. Therefore our retrospection is of great importance. In taking up our work we look to the horoscope for an insight into what has been done in past lives. How much would it help us if we were to look to our horoscopes for a method of retrospection?

When any problem is divided into its component parts it becomes more simple to solve. Let us take this problem and see if we can divide it. Mystic numbers are usually more attractive to work with so let us divide our problem into the mystic number twelve and to help a little more let us tack on a number nine. Now to make it complete and to have all of the important ones present let us put in a plus four making thirteen. Then add a four and a two making six.

We know that the sun moves through the twelve signs each year and that under the rays that are being sent to us through these signs the very earth changes its characteristics. We also know that these rays are directed from the twelve departments of our lives in the twelve months, and that the moon which is the minute hand of our time clock passes through these twelve departments every month.

We know that there are two lunations every month and that they are very important to the esoteric student. At the full moon he looks back over the past month to judge his progress from one full moon to the other full moon. At the new moon he looks to the future month to plan the work that lies directly ahead, based upon the work that has been accomplished in the past.

We know that the passage of the moon into the cardinal signs is the period when the healing work is best done, and we may be very sure that it is very important to meditate at this time on the virtue of the particular sign which is being entered. We know that we each have a high point in our own individual horoscopes that is crossed by the moon four times a month, called the Angles. We know that no matter how aspected we all have nine planets in our lives to consider.

Now let us consider the problem and add up the numbers that we have accounted for.

- 12—Twelve Signs
- 2—Lunations
- 4—Four Cardinal Points
- 4—Four Angles in the Individual Horoscope
- 9—Nine Planets in each Horoscope

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There are thirty-one days for us to consider, so this gives material enough to start with.

All astrological students know that the day on which an aspect occurs is the day that brings the most powerful action. As an example: The day that Venus is in power will often be the day that one will purchase a pretty new hat. If that is true then the day that the moon is in a certain sign is the best time to meditate upon the qualities of that sign. It takes two and one half days for the moon to pass through a sign. Let us take our Ephemeris and work out our meditation for the month of October, 1933. On the first day, the moon is in the sign of Pisces. What is the nature of this sign? We find that this mystic, secretive, karmic sign gives plenty of opportunity to meditate upon the underlying truths of life, for Pisces rules the feet, which are the understanding of the body, and carried deeper into the other planes gives the understanding through the karmic reactions.

Our next question then will be, How have I used these qualifications in my

life today? The sun is in Libra this month; so then, after we have considered the above question we correlate it with the keynote of Libra which is balance. Then we say, Have I balanced my actions today as these karmic events have occurred? Then we consider the place that Pisces occupies in the horoscope. Is it in an angular house or is it in one of the other houses? If an angle is concerned we then take up the angular consideration of our own position in the matter, for it is usually much more important. One finds that later many things that seemed of minor value, at such times assume major proportions if the angles have been involved. (*Message of the Stars*, pp. 73-74.)

Later the moon moves into the aggressive sign of Aries. The full moon occurs there in October; therefore we have the full moon meditation. Full moons in Aries are very important. They should be considered thus because it begins a new full moon cycle taken astrologically, Aries being the first sign. What has our month been like? Have we started any new positive work? Remember that the sun is in the spiritual sign of Libra and that the time of the passage of the sun into the cardinal signs is very important. If the passage of the moon into the cardinal signs is important, how much more so is the passage of the life-giving sun?

When the sun is passing into the cardinal signs is the time when we should take Holy communion with our Higher selves for the coming three months. In this case it would be for the time until the sun enters the sign of Capricorn. This then is our dedication for the time of the passage of sun through the sign of balance (Libra), regeneration (Scorpio), Aspiration (Sagittarius).

These Sun Ingress periods should be observed only with retrospection, prayer, and fasting. For the power of this service is great and we are told that at our own risk we take the bread and wine (I Cor. 11:23-30).

Our spiritual preparation for the passage of the sun into the sign of Capricorn in December should be prayerfully and carefully approached. This is the time when the work of the disciple is often accomplished, although the most positive time is at the summer solstice. Again as in the case of the retrospection the most positive time for the disciple to make the step is when the outer world is calling to the physical in us. When the spiritual forces in the world are stilled and the Christ is with the Father.

In our meditation work now comes the consideration of the planets. Many of us have the planet Uranus in Libra. According then to the aspects it has may we read just what kind of tests we may look to while the sun and moon transit this sign. You know that an unafflicted planet reads one way and an afflicted planet reads another. The original, altruistic and electrical Uranus will bring to you the opportunities to operate the good aspects, but remember we have other aspects in our charts that may color our action. Now if we have some affliction that might tempt us to take advantage of the open door provided by the play of the moon on the well aspected Uranus, then this is where we must watch carefully with our retrospection exercises, and judge accordingly.

You know that a good aspect of, say, Jupiter, may give us just the power to use a very bad tendency to be selfish because of the added power that the planet Jupiter has given to us. So now this is the time when the sun and moon are in the signs occupied by these potential tests and the strength or weakness is brought out. You know that we are our own High Priests and the Confessional is our Retrospection; therefore we should be on the watch for these times to analyze the events as they occur in our lives. Our tests do not ever come labelled so that we may recognize them, they come clothed in our pet faults so disguised that we let them in and give them the best place at the table, so to speak. The moon in its

progression goes around and activates every planet that we have, setting into action the various aspects, asking us questions about the way we are handling the vibrations. It asks the same question every seven years, each time clothed in a new way of putting it. First it stands face to the aspect, then it comes over and whispers it when it makes the conjunction, then it goes a ways and looks back and then it make an opposition and looks on top of the problem. In each of these aspects it has asked the same question and it is up to us to grow in the intervening years so that we will have a greatly different answer each time to the question when it is asked.

Discrimination is one of the qualifications that we are to develop; so then we have no better opportunity to develop it than in seeing the question and formulating the answer. Later as we grow we learn that our squares are of more power with the lesson learned than any other aspect we may have. When that time arrives and our stock-taking becomes a real asset we may really feel that we might have something to offer to the Elder Brothers in service.

It would be well for us to take stock when we take this spiritual step and find out just what we really need to do to be of any service. If we were going into the moving picture business I know we would. Suppose we for a moment try this little exercise. It would start out like this:

1. *Concentration.* How much can I do in concentrating? Did I do that last task well or did I neglect to take care of some important detail because Mrs. So-and-So wanted me to go to the movie? How much of any of the arts do I know? Can I do a problem in algebra? Do I know anything about chemistry? If I went to Headquarters to work should I be of any value to the work? Am I a gossip? Can I stand criticism? How much time do I put into building my brain? Do I like to study?

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Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of one of our subscribers' children, age up to fifteen. The name is drawn by lot. Each FULL year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal entitles the subscriber to an *application* for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading. *Readings are NOT given with EACH subscription, but only to the ONE CHILD whose name is drawn each month.*

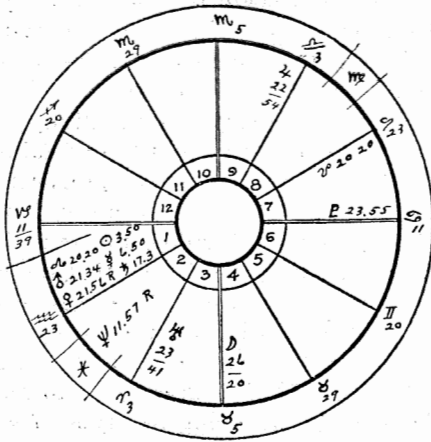
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace, and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

We neither set up nor read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine.

HAROLD H. M.

Born January 24, 1934, at 6:35 A. M.

Latitude 39 N., Longitude 84 W.



We are using for our monthly children's reading the horoscope of a little boy who has the cardinal, earthy, and Saturnian sign Capricorn on the Ascendant. The Dragon's Head, which is of a Jupiterian nature, and five planets, namely, the Sun, Mercury, Saturn, Mars, and Venus are all in the first house in the humane sign Aquarius. This gives us an unusual and a strong soul, one who will not require much guiding, for he will be most independent and very bright, having intuitional knowledge, a soul who will be a leader in whatever he may become interested in as a vocation.

With five planets and the Dragon's Head in the fixed sign Aquarius, and Venus, Mars, and Saturn sextile to Uranus and trine Jupiter he should be given an opportunity to develop the latent mu-

sical abilities. He could become an orchestra conductor, or become associated with music in theatres, for Venus is the ruler of the fifth house governing theatres and places of amusement. The two planets which are usually considered malefics are both beautifully situated; Saturn is at home in his own sign Aquarius, under the benefic rays of Venus and the Dragon's Head, while Mars is also in Aquarius under the same benefic influences, so we may expect the very best help from the energetic Mars and the thoughtful Saturn. They will stimulate the Sun-Mercury conjunction and will strengthen the mentality, giving persistence and balance.

The Venus-Mars-Jupiter influence in the first house will win for this boy many helpful friends who will take an interest in his future, and the parents, who are represented by Mars and Venus, which are the rulers of the fourth and tenth houses, will be very helpful guides as well as friends.

We would caution the boy against taking up the vocation of bond broker or becoming an employee in corporations; also he should never speculate in stocks and bonds. He has Jupiter square Pluto and opposition Uranus, with the Moon square Venus and Mars, Jupiter being the ruler of the house of finances, which is the second house. This indicates that he will be more successful financially by staying with a vocation in which he uses music as a balance.

Spiritually he should be cautioned against any efforts at developing along negative lines, for with Pluto square

Jupiter, and Uranus opposition he will be very apt to get mixed up with dangerous methods, and troubles will meet him on the way. He would be better off in the orthodox Church where he is safe from psychism which is all too tempting to one with these aspects.

Pluto in Cancer gives strange likes and dislikes regarding food, and with Pluto square Jupiter we would advise the parents to begin early to train him to choose his foods from the modest and more healthful vegetables and fruits, abstaining from sweets and chocolates.

ASTROLOGICAL RAYS

(Continued from page 412)

2. *Meditation.* How many books did I read this year? How many of them were biography? How many were light fiction? Do I spend any time alone? Do I like problems? Do I like to be quiet?

3. *Observation.* Can I go into a room and remember the arrangement of the furniture? How do we think we will be able to function in the inner worlds positively if we can not do this little trick here where things are more or less permanent?

4. *Discrimination.* How often do I take the wrong end of an argument and find out that someone else has been right? How often do I fail to choose the greater good for the lesser? How often do I perform an act because it pleased someone else rather than because it was right?

5. *Contemplation.* Do I read the signs of the times to obtain a realization of the deeper workings that lie behind events? Do I ever take one object and try to see the work of God in it? Do I stay at home at times just to be quiet and see the divine plan unfold? Can I gain a high and beautiful ecstasy in watching a rose unfold?

6. *Adoration.* Does our worship take the form of the old-time habit of falling upon our knees to adore the thing unknown or do we strive to penetrate the

mysteries to gain greater reverence for our God so that we may know that we may do greater things in His name?

We know that the white light contains all of the spectrum and that God is light. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light we have fellowship one with another."

We are told that each planet has a distinctive color, each planet receiving a certain ray from the sun. As each of the planets takes up more and more of this light it reflects some of the same color to be blended into the whole again. We are somewhat like that: as we take on a little of this wonderful knowledge we grow and begin to send out a ray to the teacher who will see this radiation and no matter where we may be we will gain the next step in our progress if and when we are ready for it. Many tests will come our way and many failures will be ours in this great preparation, but the glory is when we can say that we have opened another door to our path of progress, knowing full well that the way becomes more narrow as time goes on and our responsibilities become greater. Yet if we lose the common touch our usefulness is lost. It is a great gift to retain the ability to be doing this type of work and yet retain our friends.

Many of our friends have gone into the inner work and neglected to keep up the social contacts that are necessary to keep us normal. We should watch this tendency for our usefulness to the teacher may require us to be able to attract some person who would not be reached if we are found uncultured and unable to take our places in any drawing room. Society is the finished product of this age in the material aspect. Here is where art is recognized, where culture may be obtained. Our government is in need of such ideals as those we have to offer. Who among us will go and take our training to enter these halls and carry our spiritual training there where much might be done to advance the earth?

Come, friends, prepare! Let us make a new stride forward!

Worth-While News



Ford Says Animals Unnecessary

DETROIT, July 17.—Henry Ford, in an interview here said he hoped to prove within two years that all the animals on the farm "are really unnecessary."

"We can, I believe, get a more plentiful supply of food, cheaper and better," the industrialist said, "by processing the products of the soil, instead of asking cows and chickens to do it for us. In the future, farm animals of all kinds will be out. We won't need them; we will be better without them."—*Oceanside* (Calif.) *Blade-Tribune*.

When we hear these practical and humane prophesies expressed by one of our most practical and successful business men we cannot but feel that the days are not far off when animals will be used as pets only, when man will have realized that these younger brothers were placed on earth to evolve under man's engineering process and under his guidance, and that man's responsibilities are very great where this younger life wave is concerned. It is true that man has helped the animals in their evolution, still his help has been a brutal and cruel guardianship. Much could have been accomplished through kindness and love which would have had a more effective influence.

That Mr. Ford's predictions are sound we may see where the horse is concerned. Where is this animal? Why has it become almost extinct? The automobile and airplane have taken its place. Even beef cattle are going very rapidly, for the drought in the Middle West has taken their food and has caused many to be slaughtered.

California and the southern states in America are now flooding the markets with the life-giving vegetable, and the popular habit of drinking orange and tomato juice is weaning man away from the desire for meat. Milk from cows will soon be replaced by soy bean milk. Leather substitutes are also making their appearance and man will no longer need to depend on leather for shoes.

The coming Aquarian Age will awaken in man the humanitarian and brotherhood spirit which will eventually lead all men to become compassionate and considerate of the welfare of their younger brothers the animals.

Carrot Juice Is Not a Fad

SALT LAKE—"Many people," declares Mrs. Mary C. Hogle, who was miraculously cured of cancer through the use of raw fresh carrot juice, "hearing of the growing interest in carrot juice, are inclined to dismiss it as some new fad."

This woman, head of the nonprofit foundation here bearing her name, publishes a bulletin giving case histories and other data.

Explaining the salutary action of carrot juice the Bulletin states: "Carrot juice is a food, not a medicine. Its value is nutritional, which means that its healing properties are natural ones as differentiated from those ascribed to artificial medicaments, drugs and chemical preparations. Carrot juice offers the body the necessary materials for good blood and healthy cells."

Carrot juice is a food here to stay along with orange, grape and other beneficial beverages, she concludes.—*California Health News*, April 2, 1936.

A healthy human body should be 80 per cent alkaline and 20 per cent acid. When in proper proportions the alkaline elements create a smoothly running system, but when too much acid is present, that is, if there is more than 20 per cent, then the body is prone to generate poisons from which congestions, fevers, false growths, and illness are all too often the result. It is, however, a common belief among physicians that very few adults have the correct alkaline balance. On account of the wrong choice of foods, of overeating, and sometimes on account of overwork when the nervous system is weak, man is liable to generate an excessive amount of acid.

Medical science is becoming more interested in the use of diets and in the medicinal properties of God's own medicines, the fruits and vegetables. The

New Age which is dawning is a Vegetarian Age which will gradually scrap the old poisonous method of doping with medicine. The drug stores are already being forced to make expenses by serving drinks and foods.

Discovery of New Oil Fields Declining

The known oil reserves of this country will last only fifteen years at the present rate of consumption, according to a statement made by Mr. W. A. Selvig of the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, before the Purchasing Agents' Association meeting in Hamilton, Ont., Canada, on June 17, 1936.

The present rate of consumption is 900 million barrels per year, and although new oil reserves are being discovered, Mr. Selvig pointed out, the frequency at which new fields are being found is declining.

The great increase in the consumption of oil is due to the displacement of coal by oil burners for industrial and domestic heating; also by the increased number of gasoline-powered automobiles, busses, and trucks which have replaced some of the coal burning railway locomotives.

By way of contrast, Mr. Selvig points out that at the present rate of consumption the known coal reserves should last several thousand years, only about 1 per cent of the original reserves of the United States having been consumed. These, for most part, consist of low-rank bituminous, he said.

In discussing the gradual decline in the discovery of new oil fields, Mr. Selvig spoke of the probable necessity of supplementing oil with liquid fuel from coal within the present generation.—*Scottish Rite News Bureau*, July 27, 1936.

We are acknowledging that the world is in a changing period, and that the ethers which surround the earth are also in a changing state, which is responsible for the erratic and restless state of affairs. We acknowledge that the earth by precession of the equinoxes is passing out of Pisces into the electrical, airy sign Aquarius. Although we are not yet in the sign Aquarius but still in about eight or nine degrees of Pisces, we are feeling the changes on account of the cusps of the houses responding to the coming sign.

During the Piscean Age we received our fuel from the earth; first it was coal and then oil, but for the past forty or fifty years we have felt the electrical

changes of the coming new sign, which is electrical and airy, and this new element is already taking us into the air and has given us our wonderful electrical inventions. However, electricity is not the final change, for man will very soon invent machines with which he will draw on the heat of the sun and the force of the air and ethers. These will take the place of oil which within the next one hundred years will become almost depleted so that man will be forced to turn to still newer substances and more modern methods of converting the newer elements into use for his locomotion and fuel.

Death Gains in United States

WASHINGTON, July 31. (U.P.)—More Americans died during the first three months of this year than during any similar period since 1932, the Public Health Service disclosed today.

Despite discoveries and innovations of medical science, the nation's death rate showed a slight increase for the third consecutive year. During the first three months 12.5 persons per 1000 population died.

Death Unhalted

A breakdown of the statistics by classifications presents a dismal, gloomy picture of the ravages from the so-called degenerative diseases of middle and old age.

In such diseases as heart trouble, diseases of the circulatory system, cancer and nervous ailments, medical science has been thrown for a loss by death.

Nervous Diseases

One death out of every 10 is due to disease of the nervous system—a highlight on the fast pace of modern civilization—while one other out of every 10 is caused by cancer. Statistics show a steadily increasing death rate from diabetes, despite the general introduction of insulin treatments.—*San Diego Sun*.

Never in the history of mankind has the population of the world been higher; never have more souls been incarnated into physical bodies than at this time, and scientific minds have been worrying as to how the world will continue feeding these masses; some have even predicted great calamities of food shortage. The great ones who are the ambassadors of God are ever prepared and watchful of the welfare of their

(Continued on page 430)

Question Department



The Effect of Music

Question:

We all know that there is a power in music. Will you please tell me what effect it has on a crowd of people?

Answer:

The effect of music on a crowd of people naturally depends on the basic nature of the people and the kind of music being played.

Music has a great influence on the desire body, and it is through the action of this vehicle that it is able to bring about effects.

The highly sensitized man or woman is filled with a sort of spiritual ecstasy when classical music is played, and the aura of such a one takes on a beautiful blue color.

The men and women of low tastes and desires are irritated by such music and their desire bodies become filled with small reddish brown specks. These people revel in the wildest, most excruciating jazz music, which is a product of the lower region of the Desire World and was used during the Lemurian Epoch to arouse mankind to a knowledge of his separate existence. This music is filled with all sorts of screeching, groaning, squawking, moaning, cackling, frenzied gurgling, and hideous dinnings, all intershot with a sensuous humdrumming which appeals to the lower emotions of the desire body and causes it to seek to express *itself*. As the desires are low the expression is low, often taking the form of ludicrous swaying of the body or tortuous twisting called dancing. The auras of such people while under the influence of such conglomerate—often skillfully interwoven—noises becomes a livid red intershot with various shades of

greenish browns and black, all of which lower the individual's vibrations.

Such so-called music has the power to make sensitive people really ill by practically assaulting their highly developed desire bodies and lowering their activity.

Music is most effective on a crowd when all are taking part by singing. It there unites them for the time being into one common whole and their desire bodies blend and all take on a common color correlated to the nature of the music.

In the light of the foregoing it is evident that music is a power for either good or evil according to its intrinsic nature.

KEEP ON SMILING

Question:

We hear a great deal of talk during these days of depression and oftentimes actual deprivation about keeping up courage, looking for the best, and refusing to accept ultimate defeat no matter how discouraging everything may seem. What is the value, if any, to be derived from refusing to dwell upon the present unfortunate world conditions?

Answer:

Under ordinary circumstances the currents of the desire body sweep through it in long curved lines which keep it in readiness for action at any time the spirit dictates. Thoughts of worry, fear, distress, disturb the rhythmic sweep of the currents of the desire body and cause it to be filled with whirling eddies which tend to prevent the spirit from taking action when it is necessary; and soon the individual becomes discouraged and refuses to make any effort to change conditions. The desire body of such a person becomes almost motionless and nothing friends do or say has any effect on him.

If the condition is not broken up, in time the desire body forms itself into what appears to be a steel blue shell which completely shuts out all thought of love and sympathy which may be sent to the unfortunate victim, and if some drastic help is not given—often in the form of a severe shock, or a new environment, new conditions, he is likely to end in an institution for mental diseases.

Thoughts of cheerfulness, happiness, kindness, helpfulness, generosity, love, et cetera, make it impossible for anyone to get into such an unfortunate condition. It is the brooder who often becomes unbalanced. The smiling, jolly, optimistic individual keeps his poise regardless of his environment, for the reason that if he doesn't like what he has he immediately begins to occupy his mind with plans which will bring about something that he does like, and soon he has started an action that will bring his heart's desire right to his very door, so to speak.

COLLECTIVE DESTINY

Question:

What is the meaning of "collective destiny"? I thought that each individual was responsible only for his or her own actions.

Answer:

There are two kinds of destiny, namely, individual and collective. Individual destiny is acquired by a person's own acts when he functions as a separate unit in life. Collective destiny comes to us as a result of being members of a community or nation. It is a well-known fact that the members of a community at times act as a whole, either for good or evil, and these collective actions have a collective effect upon the future lives of each member of that community, or nation, as the case may be, which takes part in such activities. When these acts are evil the debt thus contracted is generally liquidated on a large scale in the form of great cataclysms like the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, the San Francisco earthquake,

or the recent World War. When they are good they result in abundance of crops, favorable weather, favorable conditions for the carrying out of big enterprises which will prove of value to a great number of people, et cetera. San Francisco furnishes us with an example of the working out of both evil and good destiny—the earthquake which occurred in 1906, and the massive bridge which is now being built to span the Golden Gate.

THE POLTERGEIST

Question:

I would like to know just what poltergeists are. I know they are some kind of disembodied entities, but just what are they?

Answer:

The poltergeists are elementals and belong to a subhuman kingdom. They have vital bodies composed of the two lower ethers and are so dense that they are nearly physical. They are destructive in their nature, and have evil, sneering faces. They often visit seances and while there delight in breaking dishes, upsetting tables, knocking hats over the heads of those present; they tweak their noses and ears, and create a general disturbance. The strength and density of the vital bodies of these entities make it easy for them to perform such physical manifestations.

THE CHAMELEON'S COLOR

Question:

Please explain the phenomenon seen in the chameleon which changes its color at will.

Answer:

All animals are under the control of Group Spirits who inhabit the Desire World, the realm of color; and it is these great Beings who control the coloring of their respective charges. The change in the color of the chameleon is used as a protection to the animal.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a *simple, pure, and harmless life*. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; also that alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to avoid sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, also, as far as possible, to refrain from using their skins and feathers for clothing. We hold vivisection to be diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of prayer and concentration, but we also believe in the use of material means to supplement the higher forces.

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

Is America Becoming Vegetable Conscious?

BY CLARA STEMEN CECIL



FEW YEARS ago I read a short article in a trade journal, wherein the author remarked (somewhat sadly, as I recall), that we are fast changing from a nation of beef eaters to a nation of lettuce eaters. It made me smile then; it makes me laugh now, with joy, to think how rapidly that prediction is coming true.

I have never been in Florida or California, or in any of the warmer states where things grow the year around. I imagine the change is not so marked there, as they have always been able to procure fresh vegetables and fruits the year around, so naturally would consume more of them. However, in the Middle West, where I was born and raised, it has been a different story. Forty years ago, in the rural communities, our fresh vegetables consisted very largely of potatoes and onions with a little cabbage occasionally and of course celery at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Squash and turnips also graced the table sometimes if one were fortunate enough to have a cellar where those things could be kept. Our fresh fruit was apples. On gala occasions we had oranges and bananas.

In those days little was known about home canning, with the exception of tomatoes and fruits, and the fruits were

ruined from a health standpoint by the addition of quantities of sugar to make them "keep." Jellies, jams, preserves, etc., were quite popular, and of course were always eaten with white bread. How our systems withstood the combination is still a mystery.

At that time you saw no display of fresh vegetables during the winter months, even in cities of considerable size, and in the rural communities even celery and cabbage were not procurable. I was grown-up and keeping house myself before I ever saw beets or carrots in the market during the winter. Had we asked for green beans, cucumbers, or radishes we would have been deemed crazy. Perhaps those things were grown in the large hothouses in and near the large centers, like New York, Philadelphia, etc., but certainly they did not find their way to the smaller cities.

The change came slowly at first, as all changes come. I imagine many people were experimenting for years before the public knew much about it. First the South became market-garden wise and things were shipped in as soon as the weather in the north permitted in the spring, and as late in the fall. Shipping facilities were improved and merchants in the north began building

adequate storage houses. Owners of hot-houses began to experiment and expand, and finally found there was considerable income to be derived from radishes, green onions, strawberries, cucumbers, etc., as well as flowers, during the winter. The market gardener in the North began to cast about for ways and means to preserve his vegetables for winter use and has succeeded so well that root vegetables now come to us in first-class condition months after they have been dug.

It was found that the refrigerator cars were as practical to keep things from freezing as to keep them cool, so fresh fruits and vegetables now pour into our northern markets from the southern and western states, regardless of the weather. Consequently, it makes little difference today how far you may get from a large market center, you will still find a fairly satisfactory assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables in any store you may enter, even in the rural district.

This has been one great factor in the spread of vegetarianism. First, people craved fresh vegetables because they were a novelty and difficult to procure; then they learned after a time that they were much healthier when they were eating plenty of such food and not so much meat and starch, and they kept on demanding them, as well as demanding that the quality be improved.

Science has been busy all along the way and its findings have been given to the public in one way and another. Much has been written on the subject of better health through eating vegetables and those who give heed cannot but find much that is beneficial in the current literature of the day, but we find that a large percentage of people will not bother to read, or if they do they fail to put into practice the knowledge they have obtained. It is only when illness lays them low and they are in the care of a physician that

they will consent to subsisting on a flesh-free diet, and even then it is only a few who will continue on the path of vegetarianism after they have begun to recover. However, those few, together with the others who are vegetarians from a humane as well as from a health standpoint, are the leaven in the loaf and it is gratifying to note the increase in our numbers during the past few years.

Pain is a great educator, and it is through suffering that many will turn to a corrective diet. Max Heindel tells us that in changing our food we change our minds, so may it not be that those who have become vegetarians for a selfish purpose (to avoid suffering), will eventually change their views until their outlook on life is broader, more compassionate and unselfish? I believe so.



More and more physicians are placing their patients on a vegetable diet for countless ills. Scientists all over the world are experimenting and giving their lives in research, with no thought of reward, in order to bring greater health to humanity and in every paper and magazine

in the country we are being told constantly that in order to keep well we must eat plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables.

Within a hundred miles of my home is located a famous sanatorium, noted all over the United States for its health foods. The doctors there have spent long years of toil and study and experiment and hundreds of thousands of dollars in order to bring a greater measure of health to the world. That is only one of many such places. All of them send out quantities of free information—all one needs do is request it. Various ones put out excellent lines of health foods that are great aids to the vegetarian cook.

Then we have activities on the higher side to consider, and though perhaps we hear less about the spiritual side, isn't

because nothing is being accomplished there. Various humane and occult organizations all over the world are making a determined fight against the slaughter of our younger brothers to satisfy our carnal appetites, or for sport. Their progress is slow but they are marching surely and steadily on in the face of opposition and ridicule. I am proud and happy to be numbered as one of that army.

Often I hear the lament, "What can one or two or a handful of people accomplish?" Not a great deal, perhaps, yet we, as individuals, have a heavy responsibility resting upon our shoulders, and there is always *something* we can do. *First and foremost, we can live up to our beliefs.* Small use to believe, or teach a thing, unless we practice it. We can speak a casual word here and there, for health's sake (people will listen when you speak to them of their physical well-being even though they are deaf to any suggestion of soul growth), and we can provide ourselves with literature to hand out to those who may seem interested. We can give all encouragement to those who are working for the same ultimate goal, even though their paths may not lie parallel to ours. And remember, no seed we sow is lost.

Recently I spent a very enjoyable evening at a dinner and lecture given by a group of people here in Detroit who have banded themselves together for the purpose of forwarding the vegetarian movement. One finds members who are members for health's sake, anti-vivisectionists, members of the humane society, Theosophists, Rosicrucian students, etc. They may differ widely in opinion on other subjects but they are all united solidly upon the subject of **VEGETARIANISM**. Once a month they get together and give a wonderful vegetarian dinner and have a guest speaker. Once it was quite a famous doctor from Toronto. The evening I was there the lecture was given by the leader of a theosophical group. His subject was, "Let

Us Be Human," and his manner of handling it was interesting, practical and to the point.

Amongst other things, he described, briefly, a visit he had paid to a large packing plant in Chicago, undertaken, not through any desire to see the sights, or through curiosity, but rather endured as a bitter ordeal that he might obtain first hand knowledge and perhaps be better able to convince others of the terrible conditions that exist. He said he could not bring himself to tell us of many of the things he saw, but he did describe briefly the killing and suffering of the animals. How anybody could go from such sights and enjoy a dinner of flesh is beyond me, yet thousands visit those scenes daily and go back home to consume their roasts and steaks unmoved.

I was much impressed by the enthusiasm of the group and curious to learn how they came to get together in the first place, so I asked the president of the society for an interview, which he very graciously granted me. He told me the movement started in 1934, when a group of vegetarians got together and resolved to put on a public "vegetarian" dinner at Thanksgiving time as a protest against the wholesale slaughter that invariably takes place at that time of the year. Thanksgiving! And millions of animals murdered that we may be thankful. It was unthinkable! The dinner was such a success that they decided to repeat the experiment last Thanksgiving, and I believe he told me there were a hundred and thirty present at this dinner, and it was then that the Toronto doctor, who also puts out quite a splendid line of health foods, was the guest speaker. The response has been so satisfactory that they decided to form a nonprofit organization, incorporated under the Michigan laws, with the following aims: to unite in friendly cooperation and increase the practice of vegetarianism, helping to establish a non-slaughter diet for mankind; and to foster any activities deemed compatible with this aim, as being steps

to a better physical, mental, and spiritual development.

They are undertaking a survey of commercial foods and related products in order to inform those interested on the purity of content insofar as avoidance of slaughter products is concerned; a survey of the local restaurant situation to locate those which are vegetable-conscious and develop ways and means to bring greater vegetable-consciousness to other restaurants, and to assist both public and private cooks in learning practical preservation of vegetable foods. Plans are being made to contact commercial gardeners and work with them through their organizations to foster a realization of the importance of improving the soil and growing conditions as well as marketing and handling conditions.

Outdoor activities are not being overlooked and a young people's unit is being established. Hikes, picnics, and other activities will be in order and opportunities for nature study will be plentiful.

Eventually they hope to establish a center where they may have a tea room, reading room, gymnasium, and a store where health foods may be purchased.

Naturally, it cannot all come at once, but certainly it is worth hoping for, working for, and believing in, and it is to be hoped that similar groups in other states may follow suit until the movement will become nation wide. Through the united efforts of the various organizations believing in, and practicing a vegetarian diet, much may be accomplished to educate and convince those who have not yet come to see the light. Even though we must appeal to the selfish side of man first—his desire to be free from pain—it is worth while, for as his diet changes so will his thoughts change, and as his body improves so will his mind.

We who have seen a glimmering of the light cannot sit back with folded hands. It is not enough that we read and study and practice ourselves what we have learned: we must endeavor to bring that light to others.

Patients' Letters

Ohio, July 20, 1936.

Dear Friends:

My hands are still improving and my neck seldom bothers me at all any more.

How can I explain to you the gratitude I feel for you for your loving help?

By living up to your teachings perhaps I can in some way do something for you or humanity and make up in part for all you've done for me. This is my prayer.

May God bless you and the invisible helpers for your wonderful service.

I remain,

Yours in fellowship,
—M. B.

Oregon, April 9, 1936.

My Dear Friends:

Another week has gone by, and with much improvement. I have had my week of special diet you so kindly sent me, and the first few days brought an improvement all my friends noticed.

My eyes have been swollen above and below for ten years. There is a marked difference, the swelling is going away daily, and I am very happy for that one thing.

The first few days of dieting, I could stoop over without being dizzy, and am so grateful to all the dear helpers.

I sit with you on healing dates, and give all my thought to aiding all, and gratitude to each of you.

With God's blessings to all the Helpers and love to all,

Faithfully,
—Mrs. N. B. F.

Healing Dates

August 6—12—20—27

September 2— 9—16—23—30

October 6—13—21—27

Healing meetings are held at Mt. Ecclesia on the above dates at 6:30 P.M. If you would like to join in this work, begin when the clock in your place of residence points to 6:30 P.M., or as near that as possible; meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the healing of all who suffer, particularly those who have applied to the Invisible Helpers.

People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done largely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Headquarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information, address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, California.

VEGETARIAN MENUS

BREAKFAST

Before Breakfast
Loganberry Juice, 8 oz.
Fresh Berries or Melon
Fig Honey Bread
Coffee Substitute

DINNER

Perfection Salad
Vegetable Loaf
Fresh String Beans
Potatoes in Jackets
Orange Sherbet

SUPPER

Cream of Okra Soup
Cheese Pudding
Fruit Salad

RECIPES

Fig Honey Bread.

Ingredients: 1½ cups whole wheat flour, 1½ cups white flour, ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup chopped pecans, 1 cup chopped figs, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup honey, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, ¾ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt.

Sift white flour. Add whole wheat flour, soda, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar, nuts, and figs, and mix well. Beat egg, add milk, honey, and melted butter. Combine liquid and dry ingredients and beat well. Turn into a well-oiled, rather deep bread pan and let stand 20 minutes. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) about 1½ hours. When done, brush crust with melted butter. Twenty-four servings.

Vegetable Loaf.

Ingredients: 2½ cups cooked cracked wheat, 1 can vegetable soup, 2 eggs, 1 cup walnuts, 1 large onion. Parsley, Savita, celery.

Add the vegetable soup to the cooked cracked wheat. Brown onion slightly and add celery, combine with the above mixture, then add chopped parsley and Savita to taste. Bake about ¾ hour in loaf pans. Turn out on serving dish, and serve with mushroom sauce.

Orange Sherbet.

Ingredients: 1¾ cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 1¼ cups strained orange juice, grated rind of one orange, juice of one lemon, 1 cup light cream, 2 egg whites, slightly beaten.

Scald milk and add sugar, stirring until dissolved. Cool. Add remaining

ingredients and mix well with Dover beater or electric mixer. Freeze in refrigerator freezing unit.

Cheese Pudding.

Ingredients: 3 slices of toast, 2 eggs, 2 cups of milk, salt, medium sharp cheese.

Butter toast and cube. Place layer of cubes in baking dish, spread over with grated cheese, repeat layers until dish is ¾ full. Add the following mixture: Beat 2 eggs, add milk and salt, and pour over bread and cheese. Bake in pan of water in moderate oven.

Cream of Okra Soup.

Ingredients: 1 cup okra, stewed or canned, ½ cup of stewed tomatoes or 2 tablespoons condensed tomatoes, 1 cup water, two-thirds cup cream, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 teaspoons Savita or 2 tablespoons Japanese Soy.

Cook together with stewed tomato, water, and Savita. Add the okra and heat. Rub through a colander. Add grated onion, brown sugar. Let simmer 15 minutes or more, heat the cream, and add to the soup just before serving.

Fruit Salad.

Ingredients: 1 cup diced cantaloupe, 1 cup white grapes, ½ cup diced grapefruit, ½ cup French dressing (if desired), 1 cup white cherries, ½ cup diced pineapple, lettuce.

Arrange lettuce on salad plates. Seed the grapes and cherries. Mix fruits, drain well and serve very cold with dressing. Serves eight persons.

Children's Department



The Lost Prince

BY KATHERINE BUTLER

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

TOMORROW, July 24th, was little Prince Leo's fifth birthday and he was looking forward to it with great excitement and pleasure, for a tremendous big birthday cake had been made and the village children had been invited to come to his birthday party which was to be held in the largest dining hall of the palace. The little Prince was confiding the news to his pet rocking-horse: "I shall sit on a throne so that I can watch the children each receive a piece of my birthday cake." Then he whispered, "And in each piece of cake a gold coin will be hidden. When they bite into the cake they will get a great surprise."

Here the Prince laughed at the fun he would have watching them. "I do so hope," he said, "the little boy will come who sits on the side of the hill every day and waits for me to drive by. He stands up and throws me a kiss, and I wave my hand to him; he is always alone except for his dog. I wonder if he has a Mama? We are going to play all sorts of games. Won't it be fun playing with the village children?"

The next morning bright and early, the children flocked into the palace grounds to watch the fountains play and to enjoy themselves until the time came to cut the birthday cake, after which they would all be given a present and return home. Several bands were playing in the grounds, and over the castle the Royal Standard Flag flew in honor of the day.

In the afternoon the children were allowed to romp through the castle galleries, watched over by the men servants. Then what shouts of joy at the sight of the big birthday cake when it was time to cut it. Prince Leo was sitting on a throne made for the occasion watching the children bite into their cake. Some of them spat it out on the floor when they bit something hard; others better mannered, spat in their hands, while others, better mannered still, broke off a piece of cake before putting it into their mouths, but oh! the surprise when they discovered the gold coin.

Prince Leo descended from his throne when he caught sight of the little boy that he had hoped would come standing alone and holding his piece of cake carefully in his hand. His eyes lit up with pleasure when he saw the Prince.

"Hello!" said the Prince, "I'm so glad you came. So your name is Leon; something like mine, isn't it? But why don't you eat your cake? Why are you holding it, don't you know that there is a surprise in it?"

"Yes, I have been watching the other children. I am keeping mine for my mother, I would like her to find the surprise," answered Leon.

"Oh! but you must eat your cake now. I will give you some to take home to your mother from my own special birthday cake, and there will be a surprise for her too," answered Leo.

Little did anyone know what a tragedy would happen before the cake was eaten.

The games were now started in the

palace. The children made the old castle ring with their merry shouts and laughter. The last game was to be Hide and Seek. Prince Leo was to hide and everyone was to hunt for him. Leon seemed to know his way about, for each time the Prince hid he would know where to look for him. When the Prince asked how it was he could always find him, he answered, "Oh, I know the castle, I used to live here in it, a long long time ago."

The Prince thought this so funny he ran and told the Queen.

It was getting late, and time for the children to go home. The Prince begged for just one more game, at Hide and Seek. They gave him plenty of time to hide and then the hunt was on. This time, even Leon could not find him, though he saw him enter the library. They hunted in every place—behind window draperies, doors, and screens; under tables and couches and large armchairs. From room to room they went, but the little Prince could not be found.

At last the King and Queen sent the children home, as it was past the time for their departure and their parents were waiting for them. They thought that if the Prince did not hear the children he would come out of his hiding place. Leon did not leave with the other children, for the Queen sent word to his mother that he would be brought home later by one of the servitors of the palace.

Now everybody started hunting for the Prince, even the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. One hour went by, then two, and no little prince. The King and Queen were frantic. Leon could not be moved from the library where he sat crying. "I saw the Prince come in here," he kept saying. "He was with a

tall man, I heard the tall man say, 'I'll hide you where nobody will ever find you.'"

"Would you know the man again if you saw him, Leon?" asked the Queen.

"I only saw his back, but I know he was ever so tall," answered the child.

There was something about Leon which attracted the Queen; he was unlike the village children. She had learned that his mother was a young widow, and Leon her only child.

The King and Queen and ladies and gentlemen of the Court had all assembled in the library. It was long past the dinner hour for nobody could eat at dinner time. Coffee and sandwiches were now being served on trays by the palace servants. Leon was seated on the couch with the Queen's arms around him. The large bookcases that had been closed for years were all open and search was going on for the records of a certain *lost prince* who had disappeared over one hundred years ago in the castle. Just as the record was found, a servant announced to the King that the Gipsy

Juana, whom he had sent for, had arrived. "Bring her in here," said the King.

"Juana," said the King as he walked over to the dark handsome little woman and drew her into the center of the room, "I sent for you to ask you if you can help us find our little son who disappeared today while playing hide and seek during his birthday party?"

Juana looked at the King, and then at Leon, whom she knew, and smiled as he slipped off the couch and went over and took hold of her hand. Turning to the King she said:

"The King has lost one son and found another,
This child prince will find the other."



The ladies and gentlemen of the Court looked with astonishment at the King and Queen, and then at Juana. "Extraordinary!" they exclaimed. "She is mistaken; this village child is no prince." Only the King and Queen and a few of those present understood the Gipsy's meaning.

"Who hid my son?" asked the King, "He was last seen in this library."

The Gipsy answered:

"A man there is both mad and tall.
He dwells within the castle wall.
Crafty man when the moon is young;
He it was who hid your son."

Some light began to dawn on the King and Queen. They understood who it was the Gipsy meant. They knew now it was no servant who hid the Prince.

"Thank you, Juana," said the King gratefully, as he gave her his hand. "I will remember you for this," he added as she turned to leave the room.

A look of deep meaning had come into the Queen's eyes at the Gipsy's words. She whispered in the King's ear: "Have the story of the missing prince read aloud. It may help the boy's memory." The King nodded his assent, and requested one of those assembled to read aloud the

"Record of the Lost Prince"

The story was about a Prince Leo (the name Leo was always given to the heir to the throne), who had disappeared nearly one hundred years ago and had never been found. It was thought he had got into one of the secret passages of the castle, of which there were many, and could not get out again. However, no one was sorry, except his mother, the queen; he was such a bad

young prince, headstrong and self-willed, besides being cruel and heartless. He always carried a whip, and a bow and arrow. He would shoot innocent birds and animals, and use the whip on anyone he happened to meet, just for the sport it gave him to see them flinch under the lash. The village children would run and hide when they saw him coming; he would throw lighted torches in the doorways of the cottages he saw open at night. Nobody dared to complain. If they did, he would have them thrown into the dungeons of the castle. He was hated by everybody. His father, the king, died while he was still a child and his mother could see no fault in him and would allow no one else to see any. The only good quality he had was his love for his mother, and this was a selfish love, because she gave in to his every whim, and never corrected his faults.

He was fifteen years old when he disappeared. In another year he would have been crowned king; and what a cruel king he would have made.

He had two companions as bad as himself and the three were seldom separated. In the heart of the forest there was a cave called the "The Lion's Cave," because at its entrance stood a large rock in the shape of a lion's body, which had been placed there ages before, no one knew how long, it was so old. A secret entrance led into this cave, known only to the prince and his two friends. Before going into it, they would carry off a young lamb, chickens and fruits from the village folks, who did not mind the loss, for while the prince was gone they breathed freely. This cave was searched but he was not found in it. He had a habit of tapping the castle walls to discover secret passages most of which led to the dungeons below that were infested by vermin and rats. The prince would never confide these secret hiding places to anyone, not even his two friends. Had he done so, he might have been found. His two friends said they left him in the library the last time they were with him. Days and weeks passed, but the young prince was never found; and within a year the queen died of grief.

END OF PART ONE.



Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



A. F. H.

THE WRITER wishes the readers could be with her at this time, to enjoy the Oceanside climate for it is never so hot and uncomfortable here as it is in other parts of the country. While we are having somewhat of a strange season this year, with an overcast sky quite often in the morning and some humidity in the air, still we have not had a single uncomfortable day, and at 11:00 A.M. we always get a cool, refreshing sea breeze which makes it delightfully comfortable.

The Summer School students continue to enjoy their classes. In past years the students usually came and went, often having only their two weeks' vacation in which to attend the school. This year, however, most of the students are remaining during the entire semester, and one most pleasing thing is that they are all intensely interested in Center Ethics. This is most encouraging because a number intend to start classes in their home towns, and those who are from cities where Centers are already established will return with new enthusiasm.

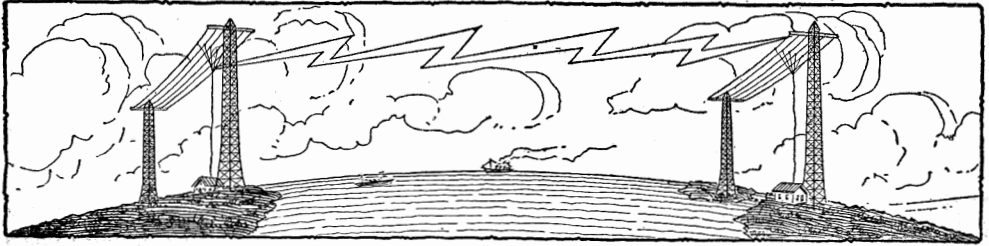
The old slogan "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is fully recognized at Mt. Ecclesia this year. Almost every evening there is something to occupy the students, besides two or three lectures each week. Doctors, metaphysicians, character analysts and physical culture specialists are filling the time each Tuesday evening. There are popcorn parties in the Eucalyptus Grove, moonlight picnics and bonfires at the beach, as well as swimming parties. Now some special kind of an evening is being

planned; it is hinted that it is to be a Circus. We know that this is going to be a real live evening for Manly P. Hall is at the head of it, and as serious and intellectually great as this man may be, he, like Max Heindel, has a wonderfully clever fun-loving side to him, and his presence at any function makes it interesting.

The writer hopes to meet many of our students on her visit to the All-America Astrological Convention at Chicago. She wishes that time would permit her to take a real tour through the United States, but the work at Headquarters is too strenuous and requires her presence. But she hopes to stimulate and help the work in Milwaukee where she will speak Sunday evening, September 6, also in Chicago on the thirtieth of August at the Great Northern Hotel, and in Kansas City on the evening of the eleventh of September. You will also observe the program of the All-America Astrological Convention on another page in this Magazine. Here the writer is booked to give two or three lectures.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ortwin Schaumburg will no doubt regret that they are no longer among the workers at Headquarters. We feel that we have lost two valuable workers who have been with us for a number of years. They are now located in Los Angeles and are hoping to continue their work with the Los Angeles Center. We wish them much success in their new home. It is sometimes good for those who have been in this sheltered home for a number of years to go out into the world and get the experience of city life.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



ABOKOBI, GOLD COAST.

It is always interesting when we stop to think how our teachings are spreading. This is especially brought home when Center reports come in showing that students in all parts of the world are striving to realize the ideal of the Christ within. The Abokobi group reports a fair attendance and they have our good wishes for continued growth in the work.

ADA FORK, GOLD COAST.

A small group here are giving emphasis to Bible study in the light of the Rosicrucian teachings. An interest in Bible study from the standpoint of occult interpretation seems to be gaining.

ASUNCION, PARAGUAY.

We are happy to congratulate the workers in this city on realizing their dream to have a meeting place of their own. The spirit of consecration in which they report the dedication of their building, the result of generous free-will offerings, augurs well for a work of increasing importance. We wish them well as they inaugurate their work under these more favorable conditions.

AUCKLAND NEW ZEALAND.

Here, too, efforts are being made to spread the teachings. An interesting subject for discussion was used by this

group on "How a Child's Mind Gains Knowledge." There seems to be an increasing interest in how we may give our knowledge to the children and young people. We hope to have further reports along these lines.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

This is a small but active group. They report that they are preparing a new syllabus for their next quarter's meetings. We are going to be interested in seeing the results of this planned activity.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing months:

President	Miss Dorothy Brooker
Vice-President	A. B. Bond
Secretary	J. A. MacDonald
Treasurer	D. Cunningham

Calgary Young People's Group.

This group is responsible for a surprising growth of young people's work that is being discussed in summer school. It is interesting to note that the reports are filled with a spirit of courage and determination. These young people are faced with the problem of diversity of interests and social demands that frequently interrupt their meetings, but in spite of this they are consistently follow-

ing an outline of activity and striving to coordinate their classes with the courses that are necessary for full membership with Headquarters.

The fresh enthusiasm of these young people is something in which we can rejoice. We urge all other Centers to give more attention to their younger students, giving them opportunities to express their ideas and encouraging them to develop their ideas for spiritual work.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

While attending the All-America Astrological Convention Mrs. Max Heindel will lecture to the local group. Arrangements have been made to hold the lecture in the Palm Room of the Great Northern Hotel, Jackson and Dearborn Streets, on Sunday evening, August 30, 1936. Her subject will be "Ancient and Modern Religious Ceremonials." On Monday evening at 7:30, Mrs. Heindel will speak at the Loop Center, 159 North State Street, Room 1622, to the combined groups of the Rosicrucian students on "The Fellowship Work and Its Future."

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Reports regarding this group indicate that it is growing considerably.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We note that this Center is holding its Sunday meetings in the morning. It will be well to remember this idea as a possible solution for Temple Services in some cases.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

The following officers have been elected:

President	Mrs. Bell Kerner
Vice-Pres.	Oliver Lex
Sec.-Treas.	Miss E. Dombrowska
Cor.-Sec.	Mrs. Helen Lex

The steady persistence of this group in sowing the seed of good work is quite encouraging. While their attendance is not large they are doing a very fine work.

Mrs. Max Heindel will lecture to the

Milwaukee friends on Sunday, September 6 in Colonial Hall in Republican Hotel. Her subject will be "Ancient and Modern Religious Ceremonials."

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

The following officers have been elected:

President	F. A. Jones
Vice-Pres.	J. A. Dennis
Sec.-Treas.	Mrs. M. A. de Lilliac

SASKATOON, CANADA.

We are happy to congratulate this group on their new Sunday School. From small beginnings great activity may come.

SEKONDI, GOLD COAST.

Many times Centers report interesting lecture subjects. Here is a long one that has an intriguing idea, "Intangible Something Which the World Is After." This may suggest material to other Centers.

Bound, 1935, Rosicrucian Magazine

The Rosicrucian Magazine for 1935 has been bound in neat cloth cover, including an index of all the articles, and is available for our students and Centers. It is an advantage to have the back numbers of the Magazine in form for quick reference, and this is provided by this bound volume. The Rosicrucian Magazine contains many articles illustrating various phases of the Rosicrucian Philosophy in a manner which is helpful in classes and also for personal study. We recommend that our students keep back numbers of the Magazine in form for ready reference, and those who have not saved their own individual copies can obtain this bound volume from Headquarters. Price \$2.50 Postpaid.

In addition we have the index for the 1935 Magazine printed separately in pamphlet form which we will send to students who may wish it to bind in with their own individual copies of the Magazine. Price 5 cents postpaid.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California

World Headquarters

OF THE

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MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Centers and Study Groups

Services and classes are held in the following cities. The public is cordially invited.

Addresses of unchartered Centers and Study Groups may be had on request.

CHARTERED CENTERS IN THE U. S. A.
AND CANADA

Burlington, Vt.—91 No. Union St.

Calgary, Alta., Can.—108 14th Ave. W.

Calgary, Alta., Canada.—Young People's Group, 1318 15th Ave. W.

Chicago, Ill.—Rm. 1622, Capitol Bldg., 159 N. State St.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 708.

Columbus, Ohio.—253 N. Hague Ave.

Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd floor.

Denver, Colo.—320-22 Central Savings Bank Bldg.

Indianapolis, Ind.—319 N. Pennsylvania St.—3rd Floor.

Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.

Long Beach, Calif.—361 E. First St.

Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St., Rooms 236-238.

Minneapolis, Minn.—1216 Nicollet Ave.

New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.

Portland, Ore.—Room 316 Dekum Bldg.

San Diego, Calif.—Rm. 9, 1039 7th St.

Shreveport, La.—1802 Fairfield.

St. Paul, Minn.—318 Midland Trust Bldg.

Toronto, Canada.—c/o Mary Tamblyn, 40 London St.

Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg. Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

Astrological Convention Tentative Program

Stevens Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

Official Opening—2:00 P.M., Tuesday, September 1.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

By Dr. W. M. Davidson.

2:30—"Antares," Mrs. Allie Hazard Moore.

3:20—"Publicity," Miss Myra Kingsley.

4:10—"Conjunctions of Conflict," Mr. G. R. Bay.

5:00—"The New German Astrology," Mr. Richard Svehla.

Evening

7:00—"Why I Believe in Astrology," Mr. C. E. Luntz.

8:00—"Vocational and Child Training," Mrs. Max Heindel.

8:50—"Financial Astrology," Mr. L. J. Jensen.

9:40—"Astrology and Marriage Problems," Christina Dahl.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

Forenoon

9-11—Professional Symposium—"Publicity, Ethics, Methods of Practice," Ziegler, Bay, Kingsley, Davidson, and others.

11-12—Students' Symposium—a round table discussion of difficulties and problems.

Afternoon

1:00—"Zodiacal Types, and Pluto," Mrs. Gladys Pope.

1:50—"Suggested Lines of Research," Mr. A. M. Ziegler.

2:30—"The New Uranian Astrology," Mr. Richard Svehla.

3:30—"Astro-economics and Natal Chart Analysis," Mr. L. J. Jensen.

4:40—"Modern Aspects of Astrology," Mrs. Haidee U. Brooks.

Evening

7:00—"Astrological Experiences," Miss Myra Kingsley.

- 7:50—"Astrology a Guide to Health,"
Dr. W. M. Davidson.
8:40—"Mundane Astrology," Miss
Elizabeth Aldrich.
9:30—"Astrological Observation," Mr.
G. R. Bay.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

Forenoon

- 10-11—"The Religion of the Stars," Mrs.
Haidee U. Brooks.
11-12—Awarding of Prizes.

Afternoon

- 1:00—"Genesis of the Houses," Mr.
Leon Danus.
1:50—"Things an Astrologer Is Sup-
posed to Know," A. M. Ziegler.
2:30—"Flowers, Jewels and Colors,"
Miss Elizabeth Aldrich.

Evening

- 7:00—"Vocational Astrology," Mr. C. E.
Luntz.
7:50—"Esoteric Astrology," Mrs. Max
Heindel.
8:40—"Advanced Astrology," Dr. W.
M. Davidson.
9:30—"The Astrology of Today," Mrs.
Allie H. Moore.

Additional talks by Mrs. Ethel Shana-
felt, Mr. Robert Hughes, Mr. Chas. Per-
kins, Mr. Milo B. Simmons, and others,
will be scheduled later.

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THE NETHERLANDS

Amsterdam.—67 Jacob Obrechtstraat.

Amsterdam Z.—Vincent van Goghstraat
60 h.

Apeldoorn.—de Ruyterstraat 44.

Arnhem.—18 Mesdaglaan.

Breda.—34 Speelhuislaan.

Den Haag.—Secretariaat: 88 Roelofsstraat;
Vergaderplaats: de Ruyterstraat 67.

Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan No. 51.

Rotterdam.—308 Bergweg.

Zaandam.—Oostzijde 386.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U. S. A.

DEATH GAINS IN UNITED STATES

(Continued from page 416)

charges, and the world's population together with its supply of food is always their greatest concern.

Man is on this earth for the express purpose of learning lessons and gaining knowledge. When the earth reaches one of its transition periods when great disturbances are likely to occur on account of the changing atmosphere and ethers, then the Lords of Karma permit the population to increase. Many more souls are brought into physical bodies because of the added opportunities which present themselves at such times to learn the lessons of life.

The present is a very interesting and productive period for man. But as the birth rate rises previously to these times, so must also the death rate increase proportionately. The large number of accidents, suicides, and various kinds of casualties increase, each in its turn teaching some lesson to the outgoing soul. Infant mortality is lower, permitting the incoming spirits to live to an age where much needed lessons are learned. Such a period as the world is now experiencing is productive of much soul growth and great advancement of the human life wave.

NEWS CLIPPINGS WANTED

The Worth-While News Department will be glad if friends will send in clippings concerning interesting world events in science and other constructive subjects. In all cases we must know the *name* of the publication, the *city* in which it is published, and the *date* in order to use the clipping. We feel sure our friends will help us by remembering these necessary details.

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