



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE
RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS



FEATURES

Glory!

God in the Stars

Modern Trends in Attaining Health

JANUARY

1939

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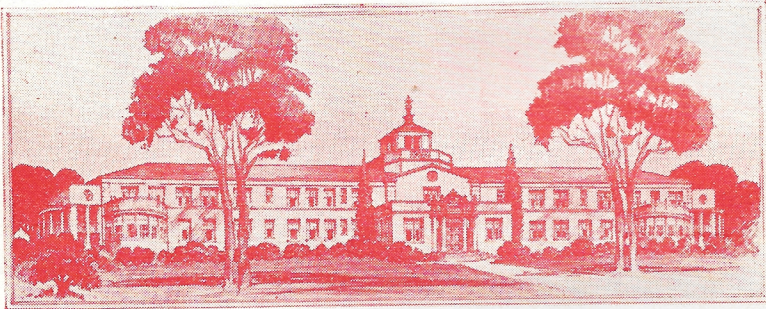
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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

SANITARIUM DEPARTMENT

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL
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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

Formerly religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, for instance, heredity. They desire religion as much as their fathers, but want the ancient truths in modern dress, congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man which is as strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries so that the heart may be allowed to sanction what the intellect believes, and the solace of religion may give peace to the troubled mind.

People of various denominations enter educational institutions such as Harvard or Yale, and study Mythology, Psychology, and Comparative Religion there without prejudice to their religious affiliations. Students may enroll with the Rosicrucian Fellowship on the very same basis. Our teachings, which aim to emancipate from authority of others by pointing the way to firsthand knowledge, are given by correspondence graded to suit the different classes of applicants. Upon request the General Secretary will send an application blank for enrollment to anyone who is not a *Hypnotist*, or a *Professional Medium*, *Palmist*, or *Astrologer*.

These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. However, the work is supported largely by voluntary offerings, and students are given opportunity to help as the heart dictates and the means permit. In the measure only that they fulfill this moral obligation can they *really* benefit from our efforts in their behalf.

The International Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship is located on a fifty acre tract called "Mt. Ecclesia," a natural park of incomparable beauty with a view of mountains, valleys, ocean, and isles ranging in extent from 40 to 80 miles. It is an important center of spiritual healing scientifically applied to aid thousands all over the world. The salubrious climate of *Southern California* affords material help in recovery for those who visit the quiet little city of *Oceanside* which holds Mt. Ecclesia in its environs. Accommodations are available for those who may wish to spend some time at Headquarters. Rates are given on application. Healing services are held daily in the Ecclesia to help all who have applied for healing.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

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

The following article received a FOURTH PRIZE in our manuscript competition.

Glory!

BY LUCY CATHERINE DONOGHUE



HE weary old woman fanning the sick old man in the hot little third floor front room of the Old People's Home, leaned more anxiously over him, listening uneasily to his irregular breathing.

There was a big fly in the room. She could hear its raucous buzzing, but her dim eyes could not follow its flight. She could not bear to think of its possibly alighting upon her old man's face now that he was so helpless after his recent stroke.

She smoothed back his thin white hair, laid her wrinkled cheek fondly against his, gently murmured—her worn voice cracked and quavering—"How do you feel now, dear?"

Very lucky they were, still to have each other, she mused thankfully. Most of the old people here in the Home were widowed—the detached halves of what had once been complete units.

The old woman was trembling with fatigue. The matron had wanted to watch awhile and let her go elsewhere for a rest, but she would not accept the offer. "He's my old man," she said quietly, valiantly. "He wouldn't want to see a stranger beside him when he wakes up."

"If ever," thought the matron somewhat grimly, as she reluctantly closed

the door and went off on other matters.

The old woman spoke again softly, but the old man did not answer. His eyes remained closed. But she would not allow herself to believe that he was really as sick as the doctor had said. He'd be all right again. That is . . . her roving glance encountered his crutch and cane leaning in the corner; the supporting surfaces were worn as smooth and shining as polished metal. She must see to getting new rubber tips. . . . These were wearing thin . . . they must be ready for the old man when he should be strong enough to use them again.

She smiled now in reminiscence, dreamily, indulgently, and with a certain pride that excluded sadness. She was back again in the long ago, which seemed so vivid it might have been only yesterday.

The old man with his crutch and cane. Hm-m. Why, he used to run when she first knew him! Champion runner of the whole county. Always won the men's foot races at the Agricultural Fairs and picnics. Covered the ground doing his farm work, too. Smartest farmer of any of them. On a dog trot most of his working days. Used to say walking was too slow for a real he-man like himself.

Ah, well! She had been no slouch herself in those days either. What with

the children, and the house, and the garden, and the chickens, and what not.

They'd had to work hard. Found the going pretty tough sometimes. But they had always had each other. That made up for everything.

And now they could rest. Wasn't that fine? The children had clubbed together to keep them here in the Home. They didn't have to worry none at all.

Only the old woman did worry. Her gentle lips set into a slightly stubborn line. She used to tell the old man about it. But he had always said, "You are silly to worry. The Lord's ways are not our ways. And what of it? It will only be for such a little while now, anyway, whichever of us goes first."

But she did not want to be apart from him even for a little while. They had been together so long. Sixty years, she declared proudly to herself, closing her eyes as her head began to nod. She was only eighteen and he three years older, when they had started down Life's highway together. Shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand. Through sick times and well times. Through poor times and good times. Down through the long years to this quiet little refuge, for what was just a breathing space until—

She roused from her dreams—chilling icily—as if a sudden draught had struck her. She felt cramped and stiff and dizzy as she straightened up. She had a hazy feeling that the old man's hand, upon which her drooping forehead had been resting, had twitched sharply, but it now lay still. She wondered vaguely whether she had heard heavy breathing, for now it sounded no longer.

Again she bent inquiringly over the old man. Startled, she tensed, then stared fixedly.

She spoke. No answer. She shook his shoulder gently. No answer. More urgently. No answer.

Her frail old body stiffened rigidly. A panic fear clutched her. She fought

against a nauseating faintness. The room whirled. Her heart fluttered so suffocatingly that she had to open her mouth wide to gasp for breath.

She tried to calm herself. To feel the old man's pulse, to listen for his heart beat, to feel his breath upon her cheek.

No! No! It could not be! He must not go on ahead and leave her here alone. She couldn't let him. She must get help—one of the matrons, a doctor . . .

Dazed with terror she stumbled weakly to the door, supporting herself by groping along the wall. But there was no one in sight in the long corridor. Sometimes in nice weather they walked in the garden. She might call down to them.

She gained the window, but everything was so dim and hazy she could not see. Perhaps if she raised the sash she could

see more clearly. She leaned far out over the sill.

No, there were no matrons. Nobody! But yes—why—wasn't that the old man she could

see over there moving swiftly away? How could that be when he—?

She glanced back over her shoulder at the bed. No . . . that was only the place where he had been. There he was, indeed, out yonder in the air and sunshine. And he was going away—fast—without a backward glance, leaving her behind just as she had always been afraid of.

She strained outward. She called to him frantically. Ah! He had heard. He was turning back. She impulsively stretched eager hands to meet his beckoning ones—

A sense of balance lost. A vain clutching and slipping. Air rushing past. Then, greatly surprised, the old woman realized she was flat on her back on the ground, her head resting against the curbing of the concrete walk.

She stared upward dazedly, breathlessly. The window. Had she fallen? But no matter. It was all right because

*No chilling winds, or poisonous
breath,
Can reach that healthful
shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and
death,
Are felt and feared no more.*

here was the old man bending over her, grasping her hands, helping her to rise.

His arms about her, her head upon his shoulder, he supported her quietly until her dizziness dropped away.

Wonderingly she smiled up at him. Lost herself completely for a moment in a concentration of love. Then she straightened, stood alone.

"Well, it's a miracle I didn't break all my bones," she said. She looked back at the spot where she had lain. Was that her house dress and slippers and sweater lying there? What would the matron think of her leaving her clothes lying around like that? And if those were her clothes what had she on then?

She looked down at herself and fingered her garments. She didn't know what to make of them. Never saw such before or felt the like either. But such as these she hoped would always be hers for the wearing. Anything else would seem poor and shabby after this.

And the old man? She clung to his hand. He had been so sick. Where were his crutch and cane? He might stumble. She looked at him now searchingly. Strange! He was old—but he was also young. How could that be?

The old woman found it all very puzzling. She had a profound impression that there was something tremendously important—vital—that she ought to know about in all this but somehow it eluded her.

The old man of today—the youth of half a century ago, seemed to be blended and fused in person and personality in a way that was more mysterious than anything she had ever known before.

And they were moving—moving fast. It was almost as if they were being borne along. They seemed to be going some place. Where?

She looked the question at the old man but he did not answer. He moved along confidently and surely. He looked as if he understood all about everything. So

that was quite all right then. She could leave it all to him. She had always been able to trust him so entirely. And he had turned back for her. He had not left her behind after all.

She had never felt so consummately happy. She thrust all the crowding questions into the background that she might more completely enjoy this increasing bliss.

How thrilling to be walking along together so freely. How many years since they had been able to move along so? Or had they ever? It was not really like walking, she marveled. It was more like gliding because they did not seem to have to lift their feet and put them down again as when they walked. She rose up and settled down again—rejoicingly—experimentally—exulting in the free untrammelled movements, like a child skipping.

And the people on the streets. They overtook and passed them all—swiftly, easily, floatingly. The old man kept his gaze fixed ahead pay-

ing attention to the way as a good leader should.

But the old woman would have liked to stop and talk to some of those whom they passed. She did turn and smile and nod at several but they did not reply to her friendliness—though they did not rebuff her either—just merely looked blank as if they saw nothing.

It was getting more strange all the time, thought the woman, but not unhappily. Nothing could make her feel downcast while her old man held her so firmly by the hand.

And then they passed a young girl leading a frisking dog. The old woman bent to give him a friendly pat. She loved all animals. But the dog cringed away. His hair rose and he whined with fear.

This distressed the old woman greatly. "What's he afraid of?" she asked gently, "I wouldn't hurt him for worlds." But the girl did not seem to hear her or

*Filled with delight, my raptured
soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around
me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.*

—S. Stennett.

to see her. She was looking with nervous wonder at the dog, who had tucked his tail between his legs and slunk behind her skirts on the farther side.

The old woman would have lingered. She wanted to reassure the girl and her dog. But the old man drew her steadily on and soon they passed no more people, for they were through with the city streets and were now in the country.

Farms. Like to that upon which they had passed so many working years. Hard years. Good years. Orchards. Pastures. Woodlands. Crops. Trees heavy with fruit. Animals cherishing their young. Birds and butterflies and grass and flowers. And the sun—the sun—And now the distant, now nearer gleam of water.

Again the old woman felt the urge to linger. She breathed deeply the fragrant air. She wished to taste the fruit, pick the flowers, dream awhile upon the sweet green grass.

She smiled her wish up at the old man. She uttered no words. But the old man seemed to understand perfectly. She accepted this fact unquestioningly, as just one more joyful link in this rapid series of experiences that were all so delightful and surprising and new.

And the body of water she had glimpsed. Their advance was so smooth it was as if the water were coming to meet them, not they moving toward it.

What water was it? She remembered only various creeks, a small river or two, several ponds and lakes, but no body of water the size of this. And the water itself. She stared in awed admiration. It seemed to be fairly alive—so bright it was, and sparkling, and foaming, and colorful.

Its beauty was absolute. It was as if every conceivable brilliance of color had been steeped in gold and silver and encompassed all of visible creation.

It made her think of a hymn she had learned in her long-ago Sunday School days, "On Jordan's Golden Shores."

She began to sing it in a sweet small voice. Then she lifted her head to listen.

Was it her imagination or could she really hear mystical voices in the distance taking up the refrain?

So far she had been contented with just following. She had accepted all these wonderful experiences with the unquestioning faith of a child—all feeling, no thinking.

But now thought began to stir in earnest. What was it all about, anyway? And where were they going? She had a feeling that it was growing momentarily more imperative that she should know. Again she looked the question, but the old man seemed so sure of himself. He moved serenely through all these grandeurs, as if he knew all about what so puzzled her.

But though she sensed a fullness of accord with him—a spiritual unity that had never been theirs even at their best, her questioning mind recognized a barrier on that point through which she could not break.

Oh, well! She shrugged off the question again. What did it really matter? There was so much to enjoy and they were together, weren't they?

She again regarded the water. Dancing ripples and fairy whitecaps skimmed along its surface. Deeper—playful currents and eddying swirls stirred. And it seemed to have absorbed all the light in the world and to be reflecting it back to the most magnificent, most dazzling sky she had ever seen. She didn't see how anyone could ever look at such a bright sky—could possibly stand so much light right in the eyes.

But she seemed to be able to, she decided gayly. And so was the old man. He was looking straight ahead—far off to where all this brilliance seemed to center and focus and converge.

And—well, wasn't that a good joke? They had both forgotten their spectacles. That was so funny that the old woman, laughing aloud in joyous abandon, swung the old man's hand vigorously back and forth as do children.

And still the water. They had reached it. They were in it. No; they were on it.

Miracle piled upon miracle on this miraculous day. She looked down at her feet. At the old man. She thought of the Bible picture she had always loved, "Christ Walking on the Water."

And even as He, so now triumphantly did they. But no—not walking—running, or was it floating, or gliding? Oh, what difference did the word make anyway? They were strong, unafraid, eager, free; advancing swiftly towards that far-off center of light and brilliance which poured down to meet these dancing waters, even as these dancing waters surged upward to meet and merge with it.

She suddenly remembered the day when the old man had the stroke, their minister praying with them and saying, "When you fall asleep in this life you wake again to pain and misery, but falling asleep in the Lord you wake to glory."

Ah! That was it! That was what she had been puzzling over all this time. She had been so engaged and so elated that she had not really put her mind on trying to understand. But now a high sweet knowledge flooded over her and through her and permeated to every fiber of her being.

Glory! That was the only word that fittingly described what they were now advancing toward, whose beams now shone above them, and beneath them, and all about them, and—in them.

Whatever remained to her of any small secret trepidation vanished as though it had never been. A flood of pure rapture engulfed her. And looking at the old man she realized now that he had understood right from the first, as now at last, finally, thrillingly, ecstatically, so did she.

The Symphony of Life

By T. M. LYON



LIFE is like a great symphony, the infinitude of melodies and dissonances of which blend into one colossal tone picture of inconceivable grandeur. The players in the orchestra are you and I, and all of our fellow creatures. Some have become proficient and are carrying the leads and solo parts, but the majority of us are playing blindly, ignoring the Score of the Great Composer and creating insidious rumblings of discordant sound.

Most of us have yet to learn that things worth while come only through sustained and concentrated effort. A musician must study the laws of music and learn their application by diligent and persistent practice. So must we, as members of the orchestra of Life's Symphony, study the laws which govern our being and apply them in our daily lives with unflinching zeal and vigilance until we

are able to play our parts in harmony with the concepts of the Great Composer.

Not the least important in our curriculum is the learning to take care of our instrument, the physical body, so that it may give out clear and harmonious tones. It is not difficult to imagine the result should a great musician attempt to play upon a violin, the body of which was filled with rubbish, and the strings of which were over tensed or too relaxed. Regardless of his profound knowledge of the laws of music, regardless of his perfect technique, and regardless of his years of practice, he could not produce pure and melodious sounds from an instrument which had no vibratory quality. He knows that the material, the construction, and the care of his instrument are as equally subject to law as are the harmonies of the score. We too must realize that we must build and care

for our instrument, the physical body, according to the laws that govern its well being before we may ever hope to harmonize with the Score of Life's Symphony, for otherwise its vibratory quality will be nullified in proportion to our disobedience.



In the final analysis, all life is vibratory. We learn from the Rosicrucian teachings that all things, from a fleeting thought to the hardest particle of "solid matter," are modes of motion or vibration. Today, physical science teaches and recognizes the fact that the atom is made up of a number of charges of positive and negative electricity acting in and upon the omnipresent ether, and that the only difference between the atoms of different substances is in the number of electrical charges contained therein. Thus, iron and hydrogen differ only because of the number of electrons contained within their respective atoms and the velocities with which these vibrate around one another in the ether. Because these atoms are subject to definite laws, we are able to distinguish between one element and another.

The wood and strings of a violin are composed of atoms and of groups of atoms, called molecules, all of which are modes of vibration. The sound which the violin produces is also vibration; its quality, however, depends upon the vibratory condition of the wood and strings. Unless the vibratory condition of the wood and strings is in harmonious relationship with the natural harmonics of the universe, the tone emitted will not be pleasing to the ear.

So it is likewise with the physical body, which is composed of a number of elements and forces of a vibratory nature. If we express through an instrument so as to lend enchantment and melody, rather than discord, to the great Symphony, these elements and forces must be kept in the natural well-balanced chemical combination, mechanical

adjustment, and physical refinement required for their vibration in unison with the natural harmonies of the physical universe.

When we allow our instrument to get out of tune, or when we deliberately or ignorantly play our own way, regardless of the Score, we create discord which works a hardship not only upon ourselves, but also upon our fellow artists in the great Orchestra of Life.

All of the sin and suffering in the world is the discord resulting from our ignorance, our indifference, our selfishness. We cannot lay it at the feet of the Great Composer; it is of our own making, and will continue to exist just as long as we refuse to apply ourselves to the learning of our parts and to the playing of them in tune to the great Score.

Only when we vibrate in unison with the laws which govern us can we hope to master the art and science of right living. Only as we perfect the physical can we hope to perfect the spiritual. Only when we have learned to play our part can we know perfect harmony and the "peace that passeth understanding."

A New Year Meditation

MYRA PAYNE BOND

*A year in life's school now is ending,
The lessons it taught have been learned.
The work of a new year is pending,
A new page is soon to be turned.*

*May the Giver of all that is holy,
Give us Truth with its virtue sublime,
Grant us Wisdom, protect us from folly,
Rest our Faith in Thee, Ruler Divine.*

*Teach us charity, kindness and justice.
To our Obligation let us always be true,
And may the All-seeing Eye ever guide us
As we take up our duties anew.*

Self-Control in Occult Study

BY E. HUMBOLDT

UNIVERSAL Spirit is dual in manifestation: on one side, materiality or Nature; on the other, intelligence, thought. Likewise, man is dual aspected. One of those aspects is his Spirit, divine in origin and attributes; the other, his body, is the reflection of spirit through the mind; crystallized spirit. Consequently man, as a whole, is divine and partakes of all the attributes of Divinity.

As such, he can and does create, although as often as not, he cannot control his creations. That is something he has not yet learned to do, something he must learn. And, to learn that lesson is the whole purpose of man's physical existence.

The real man, the Ego, is a threefold spirit; he has emanated from himself a threefold body which he uses to function in the lower worlds and to gain that experience which will be, later on, assimilated as the threefold soul. Consequently, the physical world is the laboratory and proving ground of the spirit in the search for experience, for knowledge and wisdom.

The Ego is, in himself, potentially all-wise. This does not mean that he is all-wise in fact; but that he has the capacity for acquiring wisdom through study and application, and of climbing to heights yet unknown. He can do so only by working; testing and proving all truths himself and by himself alone. He can be taught, of course, and his efforts may be directed; but real knowledge can only be acquired through experience. At first, that experience must be personal; later on, when the individual has progressed sufficiently, he may learn from observation—through the experience of others.

The idea that man came into the world to be happy is a mere delusion: he came

here to learn and work and his present environment is of his own making—although perhaps not of his own (conscious) choice. Problems are set before him to be solved and they cannot be ignored; at times, the work of solving those problems may bring suffering and unhappiness and the individual may try to ignore them or run away from them for a while. He may even think he has managed to escape; eventually, however, he must face them again, perhaps under less favorable conditions. And, not until they have been solved will they disappear and fade away into nothingness.

In his contacts with Life, man must learn that for him it is not a case of "taking it or leaving it alone," but simply of "taking it and liking it!" The Law rules in a purely impersonal and inexorable manner; action and reaction are always equivalent; nothing ever happens without a cause, and causes always produce effects, hidden though the latter may be because of our weak powers of observation.

Man is not an imitator. The idea that the involution of threefold spirit and the evolution of the threefold body consists simply of the unfoldment of some latent possibilities is erroneous. Man is not a model any more than the Universe is a pattern built according to some preconceived design: were it so, the only future would be one of imitation, with very definite limitations. With the link of mind came the power of thinking, very faint at first, but capable of growth. Man is a conscious thinking entity, capable of acquiring and assimilating knowledge. He can use his mind to set into action new mental causes that will produce new physical effects and modify his environment.

The creations of infant humanity are mostly evil—perhaps it would be more

to the point to say that they are not good. The reason for this is that man lives mostly a sense life and his creations have to do with sense satisfaction, helped and abetted by ignorance. This phase of existence is necessary for the sake of individualization and it is not evil of itself. Evil enters only when the individual, either from sheer ignorance or from unwillingness to learn, keeps on repeating his mistakes for the sole purpose of sense gratification and ignores the lesson that is always the result of the mistake.

Man must learn how to distinguish between good and evil, or rather between right and wrong, to create only those things which are good and serve a useful purpose because they are in perfect accord with the Law. At the same time, he must learn how to control his creations, or rather, how to use his creative faculty: that is the purpose for which the physical world came into being, and man's lower vehicles were evolved to the end that he may function in that world and learn.

An idea is held in the mind. It does not matter whether it entered the mind as the result of the activities of the thinking faculty (i.e., the imagining of the spirit) or whether it was received from outside sources. That idea, clothed in mind stuff, becomes a thought-form, and has, in an embryonic state, both form and life; the life side has its seat in the World of Abstract Thought, while the form side belongs to the World of Concrete Thought.

Should it evoke only passing and casual interest, it may remain dormant in the mind as if in storage, to become available at some future time, should necessity arise. And it often does arise, when conditions have changed and become favorable for the development of that idea. Should it arouse interest, the mind propels the thought-form into the desire world where it is clothed in desire stuff. It is then able to act upon the etheric brain and bring about action. If, instead of interest, the thought-form encounters indifference, that may wither

it and allow it to disintegrate before the spirit can enforce action to bring the idea into manifestation.

The time needed for manifestation depends entirely upon the intensity of the desire and of the will power behind it. Not all thoughts materialize, although they always leave in the memory a record of their birth and existence. But, when they have been projected into the desire world and the desire for manifestation is present, nothing can prevent it. The process becomes absolutely automatic and has no relation whatever to the nature, character, or value of the thought; hence, as has often been said: "As a man thinks, so is he."

Concentration on any idea or thought will surely bring it into physical manifestation: to show interest in an idea is just like nursing a flower with tender care. Therefore, whenever anyone desires to remove unpleasant conditions he should not deplore them or worry about them, or concentrate on their removal: if they are simply forgotten, they will disintegrate. As a lecturer said once: "If a thing or a habit is bad, it is not worth while thinking about. Simply forget it, absolutely and completely: oblivion will destroy it by starving it to death."

Thus it is, that man creates for himself all kinds of things and conditions which are undesirable, unsatisfactory, and unnecessary. He creates them because he doesn't know how to control his thoughts, but afterward, he bemoans his fate. One of the most important truths to be learned by the student of occultism is that the conditions which surround him are entirely self-created; no one else is to blame for their existence. As the Buddha has said: "If God really creates all those things which assail and torture mankind and leave it helpless then he is not just. And if God is not just, then he is not God at all."

Whether the thought is an original one, or whether it is suggested from some outside source has no bearing whatever on the result. In the higher worlds as well

as in the physical the same rule obtains: Ignorance of the Law excuses no one.

Therefore, it behooves one to pay strict attention to his way of thinking, to select his thoughts wisely and carefully, and to endow with life only those that are proper and really to be desired. It means simply that one should never act from impulse, but should take time to sit in judgment, quietly and peacefully, weighing the idea and its probable value and results; then, should it show unsatisfactory, either forget it or dismiss it entirely by replacing it with another which is more satisfactory. The world is full of people who find themselves living under conditions which gall them and which are simply the effects of unwise thoughts from the past.

Should the idea prove acceptable, take it and proceed to bring it to materialization as rapidly as possible through concentration and *faith* in the outcome.

To do that and to do it wisely and efficiently is not easy; it means breaking away from all past routine and eradicating most of those ideas that have been implanted in our mind since childhood, and possibly before birth.

No man can be really great or even achieve any degree of success in any chosen field unless he is able to control himself, at least to some extent. There can be no permanent health until the individual can exert some amount of control over his own emotions, most of which serve no useful purpose; they rip the physical body to pieces by their action upon the nervous system and they tend to shatter the man's environment by concentration upon discordant conditions.

Without some degree of self-control, there can be no progress in occultism, for intuition cannot be fully awakened in the student.

Strictly speaking, self-control is the regulation of the emotions by the Ego, the Thinker. That regulation aims to give full sway to emotions which are of a posi-

tive and constructive nature, whenever needed; at the same time, those that are purely negative and have no constructive value must be eradicated.

Negative emotions are anger, passion, hatred, malice, jealousy, and vanity, and they can all be traced directly to a first cause, Fear. Fear is ever present in our daily activities and in our environment: we fear losses, sickness, old age, death, criticism; darkness, wild things, and a host of other things, whether real or imaginary. Very likely, a goodly percentage of our 'civilized' humanity still fears hell-fire or some kind of unknown punishment.

Man must make himself realize the great truth that nothing outside of himself can harm him. Fear of the darkness, whether physical or spiritual, can easily be destroyed by bringing in light, proving in a positive manner that there is nothing to fear because of the darkness; the only danger lurking behind the dark shadows is the discord in man's own consciousness.

To eradicate it, it is necessary to cultivate constructive and healing thoughts and desires, such as love, faith, hope, charity, joy, compassion, and adoration.

To the many, this is a hard thing to do because to worry is human; it is also human to justify that worry by putting the blame for existing conditions on somebody else. But, man must realize that to destroy emotions which generate discord is his divine privilege. The sooner he avails himself of that privilege, the better for him, because the work of establishing control of self is not a matter of a few months or of a few years. In most cases, several incarnations will be needed.

However, this fact does not mean that the same work has to be done over and over. Whatever progress is made *now*, remains as a part of the consciousness as character; it persists throughout all existence as a possession of the Ego and

*Govern the lips
As they were palace doors,
the King within;
Tranquil and fair and
courteous be all words
Which from that presence
win.*

—Edwin Arnold

can never be lost. The individual, in some future life, may not remember his previous work; the results will remain, however, and the problems that have been faced before and solved in a successful manner will never occur again.

We made for ourselves, yesterday, those things that we are receiving today; and we are making, right now, those things that may be ours tomorrow. We cannot, of course, undo the past and avoid those things that we have created for ourselves: the only way out is to accept them, to welcome them, and to assimilate the lesson that is given us in such a way that we may guide ourselves better in the future.

Sense gratification always carries its own reward or punishment, as the case may be. Natural indulgence of the senses for the purpose of carrying on the normal and necessary activities of life is seldom followed by any unpleasant reaction. Excesses, however, always carry their own punishment; it may manifest as impaired health and vitality, or in any other manner; but it will make itself felt sooner or later, and in no uncertain manner. Therefore, it is wise to regulate those processes by keeping to the middle road and avoiding all extremes. Asceticism is as silly as it is useless: the physical body is the most valuable instrument the Ego has to work with; therefore, keep it in perfect health with its organs in good working order.

Use all things as may be necessary, avoiding abuses. Let the will, not the desire, be the regulating agent.

Now, we come to vanity. It exists on all lower planes and does, at times, become so subtle as to be hardly perceivable. In its grosser forms, it is not difficult to eradicate because it is easily discovered; friends and critics will generally see to that. It often comes up as self-admiration or a strong desire for admiration by others and, at times, it may be so subtle that even its victim is not aware of it.

A little higher up on the scale we find what may be called mental vanity: it is a feeling of superiority, whether based on facts or not, which causes its victim to try to dominate others, to coerce their behavior and their opinions. At that stage, the man will often watch the efforts of another with a smirk and a smile of superiority.

Whatever the form it may take, mental vanity is a vice which should be strangled outright. Humility is one of the most important qualifications for the student who enters the Path. All the Great Souls who have traveled it have that qualification, and it must be acquired because it is inseparable from the feeling of brotherhood and of the love that comes with it.

In a still subtler form, vanity masquerades as the feeling which actuates the reformer, the self-appointed leader in any walk of life. It may be so subtle that it can hardly be distinguished as a motive for action. Altogether, it is merely an exalted sort of self-glorification.

In time, all vanity must disappear from a man's nature. Then he will become a perfected, self-centered entity, attuned to the Universal Consciousness, and working according to the Divine Plan to help raise a suffering humanity without a single word of praise, recognition, or thanks.

Solomon said that all is vanity. A thorough study of his Ecclesiastes and a meditation on the great truths he gave to the world will help the student to realize his shortcomings.

When that point is reached; victory is in sight, provided, of course, that there is a strong desire to progress. When the individual has become thoroughly aware of all his shortcomings he can understand them and find ways and means to overcome them. Most of them have already taken the form of habits, bad habits, they are often called. The best way to fight them is to form habits of

Love labour. For if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind.

—W. Penn

an opposite kind. Whenever a thought or a mental picture comes into the mind, analyze it. Should it pertain to fear, death, or anything unwanted, oppose it by a reverse picture.

After a little while, as soon as one of the old pictures appears, it will be followed by one of the new set—its opposite. Both are associated in the mind and they cannot fail to come up together. Then, look at the picture you want and accept it, refusing to see the other one. Very soon, the undesirable picture will fade out and disappear altogether, and a new order of things will be established.

One must realize the great Truth of the divine origin of the Ego, his potentialities and the goal of his evolution. The great Cosmic scheme of evolution is carried on through organized centers which must carry on their individual share of that work, ready and willing to help those others who stand below them; and, as well, to ask and thankfully receive help from those who are above them.

Several faculties which lie dormant within most people must be thoroughly awakened. A few of the more important are love, self-sacrificing and all embracing; humility of soul and aversion to power for personal use; a willingness to

serve with no motive in mind save that of helpfulness; a firm resolution to respect the freedom of others; faith and trust in the eternal verities which are to be unfolded; and, finally, a clear-cut conception of the purpose in mind.

Since, after all, humanity is still very weak it is helpful to sit daily in humble prayer. We think of God as being far away, removed from us: He is difficult to reach only because we make it so with our wrong conceptions of separateness.

If we pray for all the wisdom we are capable of receiving, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

Someone may question, "What is to be gained by such a strenuous training in self-denial?"

There is the satisfaction of knowing that one is working with the Great Ones who seek no reward in helping to further the Divine Plan of Evolution. Gradually, there comes a full mastery over all our vehicles and a freedom from all the limitations which fetter us. Perhaps just as important, there is a feeling of freedom from all that mockery which the world cherishes so much in its ignorance. Eventually, there comes perfect peace, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

Spiritual Prosperity for the New Year

The customary greeting at this time is: "May you have a happy and a prosperous New Year." With this the writer is in hearty accord and extends it to you, but his meaning may differ somewhat from that which is ordinarily given, for usually it is material prosperity that is the main thought; whereas the writer wishes you that gold which is wrought by the alchemy of the soul, so that the base metal of the coming year's experience may thus be transformed into the Philosopher's Stone, the greatest good this world can ever give. Worldly riches are always a source of care to the possessor, but this, the jewel of jewels, brings with it the peace that passeth all understanding.

Moreover, if we work solely for material things, our labor is always found to be hard drudgery. But when we labor in the vineyard of Christ, when we do everything in our business and out of it as "unto the Lord," then the aspect is entirely different. Christ said: "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," and that is an actual truth, though perhaps not in the ordinary sense.

—From *Letters to Students*, by MAX HEINDEL.

Song of Love

BY CHARLES E. ENGLERT

(IN TWO PARTS—CONCLUSION)



AND so, came the day when Don Torres tied a white cloth to the bars of the auditorium window. And while his fingers functioned deftly, his heart surged within him, and his brown eyes burned more fiercely than ever. . . .

Don Torres restlessly paced his cell until a late hour that night, his mind flooded with thoughts of his coming escape. Ah, sweet freedom would soon be his! Silently he would bid *adios* to all. Was not this his last few moments in Carimo? Yes, indeed, so it was decreed.

He felt beneath the sole of his shoe a bit of sand strewn on the stone floor of his cell. Sand, sand! For a year he had toted sand. Each night he had surreptitiously dug sand from beneath his cell and mixed it with water in the refuse bucket with which all prisoners were supplied, and on each following morning had dumped it into the big sewer hole in the prison yard. It had required a year to secretly dig a tunnel in this manner to connect his cell with a large sewer, ten feet down in the earth, which carried the waste water from the bathhouse directly opposite.

Since Pablo's disappearance the music master had secreted him in this tunnel. Given food daily by the music master, Pablo had worked stealthily but diligently enlarging an aperture through the heavy stone encasement of the sewer which spewed its contents outside the walls. Only on this morning had he succeeded in forcing loose the last stone to completely open the pathway to freedom . . . at last.

In the semidarkness of his cell, Don Torres bent down and crawled on hands and knees beneath his bed and, with

scarcely any sound, slid to one side a square of flagstone which cunningly concealed the entrance of this tunnel. Almost at once the slender form of Pablo appeared from the blackness below and stood erect in the cell.

"All is ready, maestro mio," he whispered exuberantly; "a bite to appease my hunger and a puff from a cigarette . . . and we shall be gone!"

While Pablo hungrily wolfed down bread and cold meat, they feverishly discussed plans in whispered tones. Pablo would slip down the hole at once and the music master would wait until the keeper had made his hourly tour of inspection. Then the music master would fashion a dummy from his underwear and cotton pulled from the mattress. This he would place in the bed and cover with a blanket. Later the passing keeper would mistake it for the sleeping form of Don Torres.

Pablo dropped into the tunnel. Shortly the keeper passed and noted nothing unusual. Several minutes later a scraping chair leg told the music master the keeper would doze in his chair for an hour to come. The music master pushed his body through the hole and from underneath fitted the flagstone into place. Crawling through the aperture in the encasement, both dropped into the sewer, their shoes sinking into mud and water. A dank odor assailed their nostrils. With it, however, came cool drafts of fresh air from somewhere in the blackness ahead. The music master sniffed at it eagerly.

This is the beginning, he thought; what of the end? His heart pounded crazily and he placed a hand against his chest as if he would still that rebellious organ. Wild thoughts raced through his brain and perspiration wetted his brow.

Crouching to an almost sitting posture and with slimy walls to guide them,

they waded awkwardly through the ankle-deep muck. In a few moments, which seemed like so many hours to the music master, they scrambled up the steep bank of a small duck pond which lay in the shadows of the high prison wall.

Outside the strong walls of Carimo!

All about them nature lay quiet. A half moon looked down from a cloudless sky. His chest heaving and his eyes bewildered, the music master whispered, "Lead the way, Pablo, my eyes seem unaccustomed to all this. I'll follow closely. The cornfield, the Señorita Arlene and the swift automobile. I cannot see so well. I have a peculiar feeling here"—he placed a hand upon his forehead—"a little drunk from the joy and excitement, maybe."

Hugging the shadows closely, they stole silently up the hillside. After a final dash across the moonlit mountain road, they slipped into the concealing blades of the cornfield, inhaling deeply the sweet smell of it.

"So far, so good, maestro," softly panted Pablo. "Now if the señorita does her part well, we shall be far on our way before they will know you are gone. They will not miss you until the morning check-up when they will discover the dummy in the bed. Maestro, maestro, you are a wonder! What confusion there will be in the morning! It will not be long and we shall be far, far . . ."

An automobile, roaring swiftly down the mountain road, cut short Pablo's exultation.

"It is the señorita here punctually with the swift automobile!" whispered the music master excitedly, leaping forward.

Pablo held back the eager music master with an arm while he cautiously parted the corn and scanned the moonlit road.

Without warning, Pablo catapulted backward and threw up his arms before him as though the deadly fangs of a rattler had darted at his face! He

struck so forcibly against the music master behind him that Don Torres sprawled to the ground. And the music master fell not a split second too soon for a volley of lead, followed by a crashing roar, raked the cornfield!

"Walk out with your hands held high!" boomed a voice which the fugitives knew was that of the warden.

"Run . . . run, maestro!" hissed Pablo, pulling the music master to his feet. "We must run for it. . ."

They raced to the farther end of the cornfield which touched upon the tall trees of the lower slope of the mountain. Darting quickly among the trees, they tore on until they reached temporary safety far up the mountainside where they fell on their stomachs exhausted. Several times, as they had scrambled up the steep incline, Pablo had staggered drunkenly, once almost foundering, only to regain his footing and stumble onward; which was remarkable, indeed, for in his chest was a ghastly wound, torn by a leaden slug as big as one of his fingers.

A moan escaped from the lips of the youth and he rolled to his back. The music master arose and bent over him anxiously. The moonlight, filtering through the branches overhead, fell upon the pale face of Pablo now grimacing painfully from the burning agony in his chest. Despite the intense pain, the black eyes looking up at Don Torres, held a light of humor lurking in their depths. He smiled and gasped weakly:

"I have kept the appointment at the cornfield with you, maestro, but I shall not hear *Canciones de Amor* sung by the señorita at the Purple Pigeon, because—because—Don Torres, mi maestro, your Señorita Arlene has betrayed us, and—and—" his voice quavered, "I shall soon keep another appointment . . . yes, my dear maestro . . . another appointment . . . with Death. . ."

They found the music master the next morning sitting on the jagged shore of Lake Chamoi. He was bedraggled, torn, bloody. The waters foamed at his feet.

The lifeless body of his pupil and friend, Pablo Mendoza, lay at his feet.

It was the warden who first sighted him seated tranquilly among the rocks on the shore of the lake. The warden called to the keepers who rushed forth with leveled rifles. The music master paid no heed to the approach of his captors.

"Come, Don Torres," commanded the warden. "Guns are covering your heart and back you must go!"

Still Don Torres gave neither sign nor word and remained seated calmly among the rocks. Perplexed, the warden, with some apprehension—fearing trickery of some sort advanced slowly upon the drooping form. Coming close, he fell back appalled, the scene before him causing him to order his keepers to lower their guns, an emotion of deep sympathy flooding his heart for the music master, for he was convinced on the instant that Don Torres, the music master, was quite bereft of reason.

The music master, apparently oblivious to his surroundings, suddenly began chuckling and shouting exultingly:

"Ha! Ha! See her—harken her voice, Pablo! She stands on the identical rock—the rock upon which we have seen her before. It is the beautiful señorita singing the *Canciones de Amor!* Can you not recall having feasted your eyes once before with this entrancing vista? Is it not a sight to please the eyes of a god? And does it not thrill your soul, Pablo, my son?"

* * * * *

The music master awoke from a sound sleep. He got up from his bed and stretched luxuriously. "Ah," he exclaimed aloud, "I am in excellent spirits this day, and a beautiful day it is indeed!"

He walked through the door of this unfamiliar room and entered a long corridor. Several men in white uniforms hurried past him. He attempted to exchange amenities with them but they did not appear to see or hear him. This was peculiar indeed, he thought. Well, never mind, at any rate, it was a fine day, and how good he felt! Returning to his room, he saw one of these white-uniformed men sitting at his bedside. Lying upon the bed was a likeness of himself. Strange how this could be!

The man seated beside his bed pored over a chart which he held in his hand. The music master walked to the side of this man and looked at the chart. He read his name upon it beneath which was written: "Suffered nervous breakdown, severe mental shock due to confinement, harrowing escape experiences, and death of accomplice. A highly nervous temperament. Imperative that absolute quiet be maintained. Complete recovery assured."

So that was it. He was here in the Asylum of Carimo which he had thought so repellent but which he now found to be so beautiful. "Aha!" he again exclaimed aloud, "I recall it now. That terrible night on the mountain with Pablo—my son. Apparently they have apprehended me and brought me here. That I do not remember, but I do remember my carrying Pablo on my back. He was so lifeless . . . and so heavy . . . so heavy. But where is Pablo?"

"Pablo is here," said a kind voice behind him. He whirled and beheld a man of Godlike appearance. "Pablo is here," reiterated this Godlike man.

"Then I may see him at once?" eagerly entreated the music master.

"No, it is not possible at this time," denied the Godlike man, in a quiet com-



passionate voice. "Pablo is resting now. But perhaps he will leave a message with you ere you leave. When you come again you will see him and talk with him. You will not remain long here this time . . . you are merely permitted a brief visit. Soon you will go back and it will not be long ere you will gain your freedom from yon prison. Then, for a time you will live a useful, constructive life. You will help others and you will be happy; yes, you will be very happy." With that the Godlike man was gone.

Another white-uniformed man tiptoed into the room and conversed in whispers with the other. Both looked down on his likeness upon the bed. They did not notice him standing there so well and happy. Near a window upon a stand lay his violin. His beloved violin! He walked to the stand and reached for the instrument, wishing to fondle and caress it, but his hands seemed transparent and passed through it. Turning he glanced through the green foliage which screened the window. He saw outside an indescribably beautiful scene; it held him enchanted. Tripping lightly and gracefully in a nimbus of light were a number of lovely maidens. Golden hair framed their angelic faces and long azure robes draped their tall, shapely forms. With beautifully molded white arms lifted, they sang in unison with sweet soprano voices:

"O, come . . . come . . . by thy rhythmic strain . . . we would dance again . . . again . . ."

He became enthralled; it was the lyric—the elusive, fragmentary lyric that had come to him so often. He listened enraptured to its completion. Now it was so clear, so full, so beautifully composed . . . he could put it to paper easily now!

A sudden feeling of drowsiness came over him. Someone took him gently by the arm and led him to the bed. A delicate hand caressed his brow while a low voice urged him to lie down. Slowly he melted into his likeness on the bed and drifted into peaceful slumber, his lips

curving in a happy smile and his countenance taking on a beatific expression, as there came to his ears faintly—ever so faintly—musical notes, unbelievably millifluent musical notes much like those from a clarinet, emanating soothingly from the foliage outside the window and floating on the idle breeze until they faded finally into the deep silence of this lonely Valley of Chamoi.

* * * * *

The sun shone brightly that morning when the warden called Don Torres, the music master, to his office. "Torres," he said in a kindly voice, "the governor has signed your release, effective at once. This Señorita Arlene, of whom the authorities were always suspicious, and whom you have apparently shielded, has signed a confession, just prior to her death, exonerating you of any guilt in your supposed offence against society. I am sorry that you have suffered wrongly, but I am equally happy to inform you that you are now a free man."

"I am overwhelmingly happy, supremely happy to hear this, warden," murmured the music master, joy lighting up his brown eyes, now clear and intelligent.

"You may depart at once," continued the warden, his manner manifesting his pleasure in performing the duty at hand. "You may gather your personal belongings—and you may include this among them." He took a slip of paper from his desk and tendered it to the music master. "It is a check for a tidy sum from the publishing company for the song you have written—the song you say the angels sang for you," he added with a smile.

"Yes, yes, warden, the money really belongs to the angels. The song is not original with me; it is their gift to the world—a sacred gift, and I cannot accept money for it."

"Then you really believe that your experience in the asylum, during which this man of Godly appearance told you

(Continued on page 46)

Holy Garments

BY CORA McELWAIN



IN the Bible we find that reference is made to "holy garments." God is Holy. Therefore we may know that garments made from His own Being are also Holy, and in the description of the building of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness certain garments worn by man and used in His Holy Place were called Holy Garments. Everywhere about us we see Light and Color. They are so much a part of our surroundings that many do not question their source. Max Heindel reminds us that Moses at the burning bush, stood on holy ground; that he was shown the Light and called to Service.

John tells us that "God is Light," and the Psalmist, lifting himself up to God in adoration says, "Who coverest thyself with Light as with a Garment."

In the Western Wisdom teachings we are taught that Light is the prime manifestation of Deity, and that God is One and undivided. He enfolds within His being all that is, as the white light embraces all colors. But He is threefold in manifestation as the white light is refracted in three primary colors, blue, yellow, and red.

"Wherever we see these colors they are emblematical of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. These three primary rays are diffused or radiated through the sun and produce life, consciousness, and form. Each planet can only absorb a certain quantity of one or more colors according to the general stage of evolution there, and the remainder is reflected upon the sister planets colored by the nature of the planet with which it has been in contact. Thus we see that the divine *life* and *light* come to our planet either directly from the sun, or from a sister planet. The beings upon our earth—mineral plant, animal, and man—can only absorb and thrive upon a certain quantity of the

various rays projected upon the earth." (*The Message of the Stars.*)

The fact that each kingdom absorbs just so much as it needs of the various rays, accounts for the difference in the garments worn by each. In the human kingdom the absorption of the rays is individual, and the stage in evolution is shown in the individual aura. The dark murky colors mark the young soul, while the clear, delicate, purified colors are found in the auras of those who have started or are starting upon the path of Initiation. These are the garments they have made for themselves from their own being—a giving of themselves in "loving self-forgetting service to others."

Astrologers tell us that Jacob's twelve sons and one daughter are symbolical of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Josephus refers to the fact that the twelve tribes of Israel carried emblems bearing the twelve signs of the zodiac on their banners in their march through the wilderness.

In the story of Jacob it is said that Jacob loved his son Joseph more than all his children because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colors as a gift. This coat had been made by Jacob and was mixed with alloy, the personality, therefore was not a holy garment.

When Jacob blessed his sons before his death, he called Joseph a fruitful bough, the shepherd, the Stone of Israel, showing that through his later trials, Joseph had built, by his own efforts, the purest and most holy garment worn by man, "The Philosopher's Stone."

When at a much later time the twelve tribes of Israel were building the Tabernacle in the Wilderness and the Ark Within, we learn that Holy Garments were made for Aaron to sanctify him, that he might minister unto the

Lord. The breastplate of these Holy Garments, the Urim and Thummim, was made to put upon Aaron's heart when he went in before the Lord, so that he would bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart continually in that "Holy Place." It was square, and was set with twelve precious stones, one for each name of the twelve children of Israel (Jacob), one color for each tribe.

After the coming of Christ, the beautiful Golden Christ Ray completed the three primary colors of manifestation of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The Golden Wedding Garment is made by those who have the laws of God written in their hearts, those who have the Christ within, not the Urim and Thummim upon their hearts as a breastplate, but the purity, wisdom, and compassion of the Christ *within*, welling outward and building of itself the Golden Wedding Garment—Christlike love and compassion within and without.

Christ Jesus walked in the multitude clad in a Holy Garment which had power to heal the woman who touched its hem, and a great multitude spread their garments in the Way for Christ when He rode into Jerusalem.

Material science has long been trying to learn the cause of the Aurora Borealis, and the Aurora Australis. It has been noted that the magnetic needle, the telegraph system, and other electrical appliances are affected by the Aurora Borealis, behaving in a most erratic manner when the lights are playing. It has also been observed that the focus of the displays of the Aurora Borealis is at the north pole and the focus of the Aurora Australis is at the south pole. These facts have led to the suggestion that the earth is a "great globular magnet" having its two poles of opposite magnetism; and that the Auroral Lights, though their cause is not known, must come from the magnetic activity of our earth.

They also state that these magnetic disturbances are intimately associated with disturbances on the sun and on the moon, and that the auroral lines are the

same as "those occurring in the spectra of rarified air and gases." One scientist ends a long list of such findings with the exclamation, "And still the question recurs, How is the influence transmitted?"

The answer to this question is not found in the study of form or of the emanations, though both give valuable testimony. The answer for the scientist, physical as well as occult, is found in the study of the *life within the form*. The beautiful Aurora Borealis, which fills the beholder with a feeling of awe, as though some unseen presence were near, is a visible expression of the Life of the Great Spirit of the Earth, the Christ Spirit. It is not the golden ray; it is different, but it is an expression of the Life. Max Heindel says: "With reference to the Aurora and its effects upon us, these rays are radiated through every part of the earth, which is the body of Christ, from the center to the periphery. . . . The etheric impulse which they give will inaugurate a new era."

The moon which circles around our planet is a physical vehicle of Jehovah, the Holy Spirit. The sun which we see in the heavens is also the visible vehicle of Jehovah, while the vehicle of the Christ, the Central Sun, and the Spiritual Sun, the vehicle of the Father, Who is the Source of all—the light, the color, the flame and the Fire—may be seen only by the Seer. It is known that those having the proper development have seen the Father's Holy Garments behind our physical sun—a luminous photosphere of indescribable beauty and radiance and of the most delicate tints of shimmering violet blue.

At this season of the year the Christ is making His annual sojourn in the cramping conditions of the Earth. It is the privilege of those who are attuned to the Christ vibration to spread their garments in the Way for His sake, thus making of themselves a sacrifice.

It is the only course for those who would walk with Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Living in the Great Forever

BY H. ALVIN BURK

I

*I live in the Great Forever,
In the Kingdom of Now and Here,
In the State of Joyous Endeavor,
In the City of Hope Sincere.
I walk in the streets of kindness,
I live in the house of love,
For there is no more of blindness,
In eternal joy I move.*

II

*I live in the Great Forever
At the Fount of Endless Youth,
With Wisdom that faileth never,
And Peace and Power and Truth.
No more do I harbor sorrows,
Or hatred or darkness or fear,
Nor yesterdays, nor tomorrows,
But only Now and Here.*

III

*I live in the Great Forever
While the race of men go by,
Toiling and groaning as ever
They wander and grope and sigh.
Today is the day they're awaiting,
How far and yet how near!
To banish all pain and hating
They must live Now and Here.*

IV

*Love in its Beauty is Wisdom,
Fire in its Power is Light.
God still reigns in His Kingdom
To banish the shades of night.
Lift up your head, my brother,
In power and love sincere,
And you will live in no other—
Just the Kingdom of Now and Here.*

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 fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves.

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.*

God in the Stars

By R. A. HANSON



ASTROLOGY, or the Mystic Message of the Stars, forms the basis of the spiritual legends of all nations. The twelve signs, the seven planets with the Sun and the Moon, and the two great divisions of the heavens are found in the religious monuments of all peoples.

Many ancient religions observed the Four Sacred Seasons, the Solstices and the Equinoxes, with spiritual Feasts, as well as the planets' entry into the signs of their exaltation. With the evolution of the Sacred Science of the Stars, there developed also the worship of Fire and Water, together with the sacrifices that were offered upon the high places and mountain tops—ceremonials to which we find repeated references in the Old Testament. Many great temples were built and dedicated to Stellar Worship. Fire became the sacred emblem of the Deity in all religions and the supreme symbol of purification and attainment. Pyramids, obelisks, and towers were erected in imitation of Fire and Flame. The Chinese had a Temple of four buildings, the gates of which opened to the four cardinal corners of the Earth. The Eastern Gate was dedicated to the glory of the New Moon of Spring; the Western Gate to the Autumnal passing; the Southern Gate to the Summer's glory, and the Northern Gate to the New Moon of Winter.

In the theatres of ancient Greece, the dancing processions and choruses were in imitation of the motions of the Sun and Moon and the Planets. The Persians celebrated the entry of the Sun into each zodiacal sign with music which was in harmony with the keynote of the sign. And even today the Christian holidays or *Holy Days* fall on days when the planets and the Moon are in certain positions. Christmas follows the Winter Solstice, with New Year coming a week later. The astrological New Year's Day is the day that the Sun enters the sign of Aries, and the Earth awakens from her winter slumbers. The Chinese New Year falls on the first New Moon after the Sun enters the sign of Aquarius. The Jewish New Year is the first New Moon after the Sun has entered Libra. The Mohammedans celebrate their New Year or *Hari Raya* on the first Friday after the Sun enters Aries, while the Hindus, to whom the Bull is held sacred, celebrate *Dai Vali* or New Year's Day on the Full Moon after the Sun enters the sign of Taurus the Bull, and *Tai Pusum* or Harvest Ho, at the New Moon in Scorpio.

On this continent of America, the Red Indians of Central and South America have a religion based upon the inner symbolism of the zodiac. The animals representing the signs are the American parallels or equivalents of those with which we are familiar, as, for instance,

Taurus is represented by the Zebu or Mexican Ox, while Aquarius pours water from the leaf of the Water Lily. These representations of the zodiac are carved upon stone and are held in high veneration by the natives as the visible expressions of God. Many sacred dances and processions are based upon this symbolism. The zodiac is thus seen to have been the Bible of pre-Christian peoples. The Pyramids were built long after these starry hieroglyphics had become the textbook of the early peoples. The Egyptian Mysteries were founded upon the esoteric meanings contained in the legend of Osiris and Isis, which is, astrologically, the story of the Sun and the Moon.

The story of Daniel in the Old Testament is an outstanding proof that astrology was held as a sacred science, which was revealed only to those who acquitted themselves worthily.

In the Old Testament, we find the Chaldeans were repeatedly referred to as highly cultured in the knowledge of astrology. Recently the City of Ur of the Chaldees has been unearthed, showing records in stone of the high esteem in which astrology was held in the religion of that day.

Through the ages we find the religion of astrology preached in sermons in stones and trees. The Christian calendar is based upon the motions of the stars, for a reference to the Anglican Prayer Book will show that Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the Full Moon following March 21, when the Sun enters the sign of Aries. Ascension Day is forty days after Easter and always falls on Thursday, or Thor's Day, Thor being the Norse or Old Angle name of Jupiter. And all Christian holidays or holy days are based accordingly. Even the days of the week in English, French, Dutch, German, or any other language are based on the planets which rule the individual days.

The Mazzaroth of that supreme book, Job, represents the twelve steps or degrees foreshadowed in the twelve signs

of the zodiac, for the stars contain an anticipated biography of the life of Man. The zodiac was and is, therefore, the textbook of human evolution, outlining the path of development for the entire race, and both concealing and revealing at the same time the straight and narrow way of Initiation described in the Bible as the way to which many are called but few are chosen.

The Chaldean computations of the movements of the stars and their esoteric significations are today being revived and checked and have been found to be accurate to an amazing degree. During the past few centuries when material history was fast being made through the advent of new religions, discovery of new continents, formation of new nations, development of science, invention, and industry the resultant value of ages of study and observation has been lost sight of to an alarming degree. The works of the old masters became discredited, owing to the abuse of the sacred science for material use, and the astrologer was looked upon as a charlatan.

As we approach the New Aquarian Age, these Holy Mysteries are being revived with the added glory and power that the Christ bestows upon them. Once more they are destined to assume their proper place as they approach position in relation to the pioneers of the race. The sacred Seasons of the Sun, Moon, and the Stars will again be recognized and observed by those who make themselves worthy to take part in those mystic celebrations. And once again the sacred message and mission of the Stars will become a beacon lighting the way to the heights of spiritual life, light, and wisdom.

The uses to which astrology is put today are many. Great leaders of industry consult astrology daily, sometimes be it said, for material purposes purely, as for instance, the most auspicious moment for the launching of a new business project. It is even said that in the movie colony, the heavenly stars are consulted by the movie stars and their producers

and managers as to the proper time to begin a picture, make shots, start for location, build theatres, first nights, etc. Astrology is said to be extensively used by men in the diplomatic services to solve the ways and means of maintaining peace and equilibrium among the nations of the Earth. And more and more today is astrology being used in its legitimate region, i.e., its esoteric and mystic or occult aspect. Astrology is gaining recognition in the diagnosis of cases where the medical profession has failed to find the cause and effect any remedy or relief.

Astrology is at once a science, a philosophy, and a religion. It is metaphysical, it is occult, it is practical. The profoundest thinker and the most illumined mystic confesses to have but faint apprehensions of the illimitable wisdom contained in this subject and awaiting our evergrowing grasp, yet the rudiments may be learned by anyone who can do simple addition and subtraction, and do a little logical thinking to arrive at a fairly clear understanding of the underlying truths.

We must not misjudge astrology by the mistakes and errors of some astrologers, who, armed with but a little knowledge of the science, are bold enough to predict, too often erroneously, any more than we can condemn Christianity as a whole because of the actions and works of some who call themselves Christians. Goodness comes not from creed but from actually living a life of friendliness and usefulness. And the purpose of life as taught in the Rosicrucian Philosophy is experience.

To progress most satisfactorily in this life and to be of most service to our fellow creatures, we should first cleanse our own bodies by pure living, for a vessel that is not clean cannot contain pure water, and if others are thirsty of what avail is the water or spiritual help we offer from our unclean vessels? Lilly, a great English astrologer of the seventeenth century says, "By the ear of the spirit we may hear the Music of the

Spheres, and by the eye of the spirit we may read and interpret their messages and their manifold expressions of God."

The stars give us the key to open the door to a wider appreciation of life here and hereafter. Our own natal chart is a book of life, showing what we are, what we have been, and what we may be in lives to come. There it lies before us. Are we going to be fatalists, or are we going to so guide our lives that the mistakes and errors of past lives will no longer be repeated? Who shall rule, and who shall be ruled? Shall we rule our stars, or shall we allow our stars to rule us? Remember, character becomes destiny.

Astrology, like religion, is divided into two branches, exoteric or the outward, and esoteric or the inner. In exoteric or mundane astrology the mariner sees when best to sail his ship, the farmer sees when best to sow his seed, the physician seeks a channel for a cure of the ailment of his patient, parents study the future of their children. The esoteric branch of astrology deals with the soul, and judges the qualities and development of the ego. Here the spotlight of investigation is focused on that divine element within which is striving toward an ever increasing realization of its unity with the whole through its contact with form, time, and space. As such, esoteric astrology becomes a spiritual science, a universal religion.

Only such a science and such a religion can promise to adequately satisfy the united demands of head and heart of evolving humanity. More than any other factor in the world today, astrology gives promise of leading a materially minded generation into conceptions concerning the things of the spirit. Physical science is handicapped by its own self-set limitations. The outworn forms of religion have come under suspicion and have been found inadequate, antiquated, and empty. Astrology of necessity links the fundamental essentials of science and religion. It is based on astronomical

(Continued on page 25)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are 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.

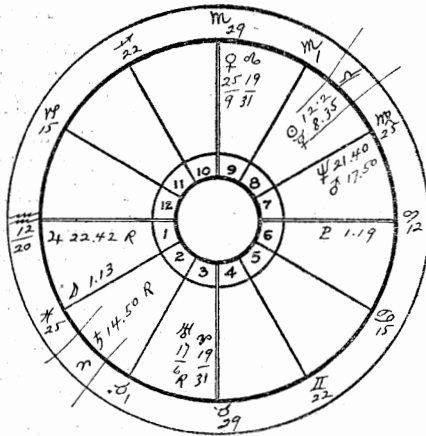
We neither set up nor read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine.

DONALD E. J.

Born October 5, 1938, 2:45 P. M.

Pacific Standard Time.

Latitude 34 N. Longitude 118 W.



The boy whose horoscope we have for our reading this month has the fixed, scientific, philosophical, humane, thoughtful, and patient sign Aquarius on the Ascendant. Aquarius people are magnetic, and Aquarius being the natural sign of friends these natives attract friends because of their geniality and cheerfulness. Especially will this boy be liked with the magnanimous and genial Jupiter near the cusp of the Ascendant.

Jupiter on the Ascendant broadens the outlook of the already generous and broad-minded Aquarian and gives a love of justice and equity, also a cheerful nature, which will bring sunshine wherever the person may enter. Jupiter is

also square to the life ruler Uranus which is in Taurus in the third house. This will to some extent give the well balanced Jupiter a tendency towards unstableness.

Uranus is conjoined to the Saturnian Dragon's Tail in the sign Taurus, which is the natural second house sign ruling the finances. Therefore we may expect that this aspect together with the square of Jupiter and Uranus, will have the effect of making this boy spasmodic in the care of his financial affairs. Jupiter will respond at one time to the Uranian extravagance, and at another time to the Saturnian caution. This will also show in his generosity towards others. Jupiter has another square to the planet Venus, in the sign Scorpio, a martial sign in which Venus shows her weakest side. But as Venus is conjoined to the Dragon's Head, which is of a Jupiterian nature, this will modify the evil influences of Venus in Scorpio square Jupiter.

Generally speaking this boy will have a continual struggle between the weaker and the better side of his nature; but as a whole the better side is the stronger, for Aquarius with Jupiter on the Ascendant gives a wonderful personality which should be able to rise above anything of a lower nature.

The Moon is making one aspect and that is a square to the planet of pleasure, Venus, which is so prominently situated by a conjunction to the Midheaven. With both Jupiter and the Moon square Venus the boy should be taught at all times to guard against undue indulgence in the

pleasures of the senses and too close association with the opposite sex.

Mercury, the planet governing the mentality, is not very strong, being posited in the eighth house, in conjunction to the Sun and in opposition to Saturn. Affliction of Saturn to Mercury slows up the mentality, and great care should be taken to give this child an understanding of the importance of always holding to the truth. Parents with a knowledge of the horoscope should exercise the forethought to watch the budding personality and safeguard the child against forming habits of a detrimental nature.

Mercury afflicted in the eighth house may also have a tendency to form great ideas and wonderful plans. He will talk much about these plans but usually will fail to carry them out. It is an eighth house weakness to plan, and ever have some excuse for not carrying out the plans, meanwhile blaming others for failure.

With an afflicted Moon and Mercury we must look for mental help from some other planet, for oftentimes the individual will make wonderful headway through other channels. Neptune being the higher octave of Mercury, has rule over the higher mind and we find much help from this planet. Neptune is conjoined to Mars in the mental sign Virgo, and these two planets, namely, Neptune and Mars, are making some very good aspects. Both are sextile to Venus and trine Uranus, so we will look for the good to be gained through them. They are well placed in an angle in the seventh house, and aspecting the two planets mentioned, which are in fixed signs. So we find Neptune and Mars influencing the mind of this boy indicating that he should be led to direct his energies toward the spiritual side, where the higher mind may find expression.

Dietetics and the right method of dieting may be fascinating to him. Chemistry also will attract but may require too much study for this boy. The trine

of Uranus to Mars makes electrical engineering very interesting to the coming generation. He would be successful as electrical engineer in a food factory where concentration and extraction of juices is done for the market, for Virgo is a dietitian and food chemist.

Planetary aspects are such that this boy with Venus elevated in Scorpio will be fond of sweets, but they will not be wholesome for one with Mars conjoined Neptune in Virgo which rules the small intestine, the laboratory of the body. The parents should teach him to choose his food wisely and to eat moderately. Then Aquarius rising with Jupiter in the first house will give a healthy and a beautiful body.

Saturn in Aries in the second house, which is the house ruling the finances, and in opposition to the Sun and Mercury, is not conducive to much wealth. Saturn brings financial losses; accumulation through thrift and economy—and then foolish investments which take from him what he has saved.

GOD IN THE STARS

(Continued from page 23)

data, and charts invisible forces. It combines the seen with the unseen, body with soul, form with spirit.

When the rapidly quickening spiritual perceptions of the race shall lead it to inquire seriously into the celestial scroll, we may expect an era of power and illumination such as history has not known of hitherto. No other subject within the entire range of human knowledge holds forth such opportunities to the pioneers to be of service of the greatest kind to suffering humanity, helping man to an elevated sense of his dignity as a citizen of the cosmos, to a greater grasp of Universal Law, and to a realization that we are eternally secure within the caressing fold of Infinite Life and Boundless Being, truly expressing the unity of the microcosm with the macrocosm, the Oneness of Man with God.

Worth-While News



Evil Spirits as Cause of Crop Damage

BISHOP OF ELY'S SUGGESTION

Belief in Demons

The suggestion that "discarnate rebellious spirits" might be responsible for the untimely visitations which affect agriculture was made by the Bishop of Ely, Dr. B. O. F. Heywood, in his address to the diocesan conference here today.

In an allusion to the May frosts which did a good deal of harm to fruit trees in parts of the diocese, the Bishop said: "To many people these late frosts present a perplexing problem. Nature through the untimely frosts appears to be destroying her own handiwork, and in doing so impoverishes a number of people.

"Out of these circumstances arise a theological difficulty in the minds of those who have been accustomed to think that nature is another name for God. Why, they ask, does He thus damage His own handiwork and strike a blow at His servants?

"Sometimes it seems to me that nature is wiser than man in what I might call preserving balance in her sphere. It must often happen that the weather which is not beneficial for one crop is the weather which suits another crop, and perhaps on the whole a fair balance is maintained.—*The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* (England), June 14, 1938.

The reverend Bishop has come very near to discovering a great truth in relation to crop damages; and the same solution can well be applied to many other disasters attributed to nature.

Nature, however, is not blind in the direction taken by her various manifestations. Accordingly it would be well to examine the cause back of the condition which exists in the world today. In the first place let us remember that each and every one of us is a God in the making, as told by Paul in the third chapter of First Corinthians.

If we are to become gods, then ultimately we shall become creators of universes, and in order to do that it was necessary for us to become individualized,

which is indeed one of the principal objects of our evolution: *self-conscious* and *separate* during evolution; *self-conscious* and *united* during the interlude between manifestations. Self-consciousness has created in us a feeling of separateness, and in most of us this has developed into a form of selfishness which ranges, according to the individual, all the way from mild selfishness to extreme disregard in all things for the feelings and rights of others. The principal ways in which this selfishness expresses itself are greed, deceit, fear, wastefulness, recklessness, unbelief in a higher Power, unleashed emotions, vindictiveness, envy and jealousy, lust, anger, and hate, all of which set up destructive vibrations that are disastrous in effect. And it is exceedingly interesting as well as appalling to note how these inimical forces, generated by mankind's extreme selfishness which is the root of all our trouble, work and express themselves.

The occult student knows that the earth is not composed of a solid homogeneous substance, but that, on the contrary, it is formed of nine separate and distinct layers or strata of substances of different thicknesses, all of which surround a central spiritual core which is an expression of the consciousness of the Earth Spirit, the Christ. He knows that in the seventh or reflecting stratum are to be found certain forces which are known to mankind as the "Laws of Nature." Here they exist as moral or immoral forces according to earth conditions, for *at all times they are an exact reflection* of the moral or immoral status of mankind and are the general agents of much retributive justice, also beneficent blessings. They are the cause of abundant crops, also of no market—a reaction to greed. Greed may acquire plenty, but when that

which one possesses cannot be turned into profit, it often becomes not only a source of annoyance but a veritable curse to the greedy soul who coveted and acquired it.

The reaction to deceit worked out through these nature forces may be discovered in such occurrences as large heads of wheat containing puffy, diseased grains inside each separate sheath or covering. Fear develops a restricting effect upon these forces, resulting in scanty crops and shrinkage everywhere. To wastefulness they react with famine; to recklessness with wind storms. "Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind." To unbelief in a higher Power their reaction is crystallization of the earth; hate induces destructive out-of-season freezes; unleashed emotions incite the nature forces to cause floods and inundations; vindictiveness results in their producing an interlocking of the vital and desire bodies of the earth; envy and jealousy induce earthquakes, the splitting of the earth into divisions; lust stirs them into sulphurous reaction, and anger impels them to indulge in volcanic outbursts.

Knowing the causes which result in all this reactionary destructiveness, what then is the remedy? It has been stated that these nature forces are an exact reflection of the moral or immoral status of mankind. If the immorality of the human race has caused and does cause these forces to create such havoc upon and in the earth, then man's moral actions would and do incite in them beneficent reactions. When man overcomes selfishness, ceases to indulge in greed, and begins to practice charity, he will always find an outlet for his products. When he no longer practices deceit, and radiates sympathy for all, Mother Nature will no longer deceive him. When he replaces fear with courage, she will reward him with bursting granaries. When wastefulness is replaced by frugality, famines will become unknown. When recklessness is superseded by care, the wind will be tempered to the shorn lamb. When belief in a higher spiritual

Power supersedes unbelief, crystallization will give way to adaptability. When vindictiveness—revenge—becomes transformed into forgiveness, the interlocking of the desire and vital bodies of the earth will be loosened, and spiritualization of both vehicles will be evidenced. When envy and jealousy give place to joy in another's happiness, the earth will cease to be torn apart with seismic disturbances. When lust becomes transmuted into chastity, sulphurous reactions will cease. When anger gives place to self-control, volcanic disturbances will become unknown. And when hate gives place to love, the whole earth and all that is thereon and therein will become glorified.

Prayer Credited With Recovery by Miracle Boy

CHICAGO, Nov. 12 (I.N.S.)—Johnny English, 14-year-old "miracle boy," believes in prayer.

A few weeks ago the boy, said to be suffering from an incurable cancer, was given but a few months to live, at best. At one time his life-span was figured by days. But today Johnny was to leave the hospital which has been his home since last April.

"Letters and calls from hundreds of persons have cheered me," he said. "Their prayers and mine have been answered." . . .

Physicians, nurses, priests and nuns at Mercury hospital agree that Johnny's recovery has been truly a miracle.—*Evening Tribune*, San Diego, Calif.

The efficacy of prayer in the healing of disease has long been recognized, and a systematic method practiced by the students of the Rosicrucian school.

Each week when the moon is in a Cardinal Sign the faithful members of this organization congregate in groups if possible, singly if not possible and engage in earnest prayer and concentration for the purpose of attracting the Healing Power from the Father who is the source of all curative forces; and under the direction of the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order use this great spiritual panacea to strengthen and heal the sick and afflicted.

Question Department



Training the Most Efficient Deterrent to Crime

Question:

What do you consider the cause of the rapid increase in crime; is the fault traceable principally to the home or the school?

Answer:

There are three primary factors which enter into the life of each individual, namely: the educational training, the parents, and the ego itself; and any one of the three may become the determining influence in the individual's life.

Each person is the sum of all of his or her former lives, and with this fruitage of the past comes into a new earth existence ready to begin another day in life's great school.

While the child is young it is exceedingly teachable and therefore the parents have an advantage over all other instructors. Furthermore, the blood tie which connects the child directly with its parents gives them a very close connection with the child's inner being. Parents do not own their children, but rather are especially selected guardians into whose care these little ones have been committed during the most impressionable part of their early years. And their responsibility can scarcely be overestimated. It is during the first seven years of the child's existence that the lines of growth for its entire present earth life are formed, that the pattern is fashioned in which few basic changes will be made, unless the dominant will of a determined ego by sheer inner spiritual force purposes to alter it.

The responsibility of the teacher is also very great. Most children respect and venerate their teachers, in many instances using them as ideals by which to fashion their own lives. The wise teacher can do much that will convince the

pupil that honesty, morality, uprightness, truth, sympathy, understanding, et cetera, are requisites worthy of attainment and the only virtues that really count in true character building.

The chief cause of crime is, first, lack of training in the home, caused by various reasons, such as divorce, drink, drugs; undisciplined, irresponsible parents, and death; second, by teachers who are morally and spiritually unfitted to fill the highly responsible positions which they hold; and third, by egos who refuse to learn the lessons of life other than by the hardest way, which always brings sorrow, pain, disgrace, and more often than not—death.

Added to all this, we are going through an age of readjustment in which old conditions are passing away and new ones have not yet been established. But out of the present distrust, envy, debauchery, hate, deceit, immorality, thieving, killing, a gradual refining process is slowly but surely taking place; and out of the ashes of their own decay, like the phoenix bird of old, a chastened, purified, regenerate civilization will arise which recognizes that the good of one is the good of all—a civilization founded on the teaching of the Christ, who admonished His followers to be as wise as serpents, as harmless as doves, and to love their neighbors as themselves.

THE IMPORTANT KEYNOTE

Question:

If it is possible to change one's looks in the Desire World does not that interfere with the recognition of our friends and relations who have passed into the Great Beyond?

Answer:

A spirit may change its appearance completely, may allow its form to blend with the forms of other spirits, and it

may even permeate a physical body if it so desires, and still retain its individuality. The reason this is possible is that each spirit vibrates to a particular keynote which is all its own and different from that of all others. In the spirit worlds it is *the keynote* of the spirit and *not the form* that distinguishes each being from every other one. Therefore any change in outward appearance in no way prevents the positive recognition of spirit entities.

PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE

Question:

I have always thought that delirium tremens was the result of frequent indulgence in alcoholic drink for a long period of time. I find, however, that many habitual drunkards have never had delirium tremens, while many have had this disorder who have not drunk nearly as long nor as frequently. How do you account for this? I should also like to know why some drunkards see snakes and other horrible things, while others never contact anything of the sort.

Answer:

There is so much drinking going on in the world at the present time both among men and women that it is really quite essential that people in general know more in relation to this public enemy which is undermining the health and shortening the life of so many people.

Alcohol is a spirit and that is the reason why when taken into the dense body it has a direct effect upon the spirit of man. *Only spirit can act on spirit.* If an ego lives a pure life full of loving service, some time during the course of his evolution the spinal spirit fire will be enkindled and set into vibration to such an extent that it will vibrate the pineal gland and the pituitary body. Then the spinal spirit fire will play between these two mystic organs forming an arc which will unite the two, one of which is positive, the pineal gland, and the other negative, the pituitary body. This spiritual illumination will enable the ego to

see that which was heretofore invisible to him. All sight depends upon certain rates of vibration and the fact that the rate of vibration set up in these two organs is of the same pitch as that of the invisible worlds makes superphysical sight possible.

When an individual takes alcohol into his dense body its vibration becomes considerably accelerated and a high pressure is set up in the spinal canal. When the increased vibration is great enough the before mentioned arc is formed, the result of which is, of course, spiritual sight. In the invisible worlds there are many different strata each having its own vibratory rate and each of these strata is inhabited by beings who vibrate to the particular conditions existing there. When the spinal spirit fire is enkindled by the legitimate means of high and noble ideals, the ego who is living a pure, regenerate life creates a vibration which will correlate it with the higher realms of the invisible worlds where all is harmony and beauty, but the low evil vibrations generated by the spirit of alcohol correlate the ego to the gross bestial regions where the hate, sensuality, passion, desire, and evil emotions of humanity have created thought forms which have become ensouled by a low class of entities such as are seen by the victim of alcoholic drinks.

There are in the world today two distinct classes of people, namely, the sensitives and the nonsensitives. The difference between these two classes is that in the vital bodies of the sensitives the two higher ethers are not as closely interlocked with the lower vehicle as they are in the nonsensitives. Where this connection is loose anything which accelerates the dense body vibrations will bring about a slight extension of sight, but where the interlocking is close it is not possible to raise the vibratory pitch of the dense body high enough to contact the invisible planes. It is only the sensitives who are subject to delirium tremens.

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.

Modern Trends in Attaining Health

BY EDYTHE F. ASHMORE, D.O.*



HAVE been asked to give a presentation of the exoteric side of Sanitarium work or what is being done out in the world to attain health. There has been of late a decided trend towards the attaining of health by natural methods; in other words, fifty years ago efforts toward building health, so considered, were somewhat haphazard, and it was only in institutions where ideas toward this purpose were taught. Today, however, you will scarcely find a school in this country where the teacher has not been given a great deal of instruction towards the attainment of health in her little charges, and the same work goes on in the college years.

Another very encouraging thing is that today in our great university centers we are having more young people apply for the learning of public health work than ever before. People are looking towards methods of attaining health themselves. Upon that special point I am going to center my thought, basing my talk on a "Health Scale" presented by the Department of Health Education of Teachers' College of Columbia University.

In a conversation with a friend inter-

ested in one of the recreation centers at Pasadena, she said: "Oh, yes, everything is being done to better the health of little children today; but what about me? I am forty years of age and nobody bothers a bit whether or not I shall be taught good health." "There is exactly where you are wrong," I answered, "because in the Department of Health Education at Columbia University they have outlined questions that may be asked you, and if you will answer these very sincerely, perhaps you may see how you may help yourself."

It is a sane mind in a sound body that has been the central thought of health in all these years. First of all, the questions mentioned have to do with a sane mind.

1. *Do you find enjoyment and zest in your work and play?*
2. *Do you have a general attitude of cheerfulness and confidence in your relation to life?*
3. *Have you freedom from persistent worry and anxiety?*
4. *Do you wake with a feeling of being rested and refreshed in the morning?*
5. *Are you more than wholesomely tired at bed time?*

If you have answered these questions in the affirmative you may be assured you have the right mental attitude to-

*This lecture was given at the Convention at Headquarters in August, 1938.—Editor.

ward your own health and, without undue fatigue, you are assisting yourself to good health.

Speaking of the mental angle: We do not expect to accept mental cases in Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium, perhaps not even the recovery cases, although a great deal may be done for those who have passed the crucial test and are now sane, to help them from recurring attacks. It will be a shock to hear that one-sixth of all the patients in the United States today, whether they be in hospitals, sanatoria, institutions, or private homes, are mental cases, and fifty per cent of that one-sixth are young people suffering from what is known as dementia praecox. We osteopaths have sanatoria devoted solely to that type of work, where they are curing nine out of every ten. In other schools of medicine they have been giving insulin and getting a larger percentage of cures than you can imagine. It seems curious that the physical shock of insulin should overcome the emotional shock of dementia praecox. Research is being carried on all the time, and there is a great deal of hope of shortening the time in curing such cases to a month, perhaps.

It is very necessary for us to consider our mental attitude towards many things, that is, to have an attitude of cheerfulness and confidence in our relation to life.

The second part of the questionnaire is concerned with the daily routine.

6. *Have you the ability to work with comfort and satisfaction six to eight hours a day, five and a half days a week?*

7. *Do you eat regularly three balanced meals a day?*

8. *Do you plan to give to sleep eight or nine hours daily?*

I always ask this question of my patients; and if they reply, "Thomas Edison said he slept five hours a day," I answer, "Are you an Edison? I must have more sleep to maintain my good health."

9. *Do you lie down and rest ten to twenty minutes every working day between 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m.?*

Research has proved this very beneficial.

10. *Do you devote thirty minutes to one hour daily to vigorous physical exercise outdoors?*

"Vigorous" sounds like a rather strenuous adjective, and if I were asked to follow the advice of some of the tennis enthusiasts to take up the game, I should decline because after fifty years of age we should not begin tennis or strenuous exercise without physical examination by a physician but if we have passed fifty, we may walk thirty minutes a day, and gradually, as we become sure that our hearts will stand the exercise, increase it to forty-five minutes or double it. "Vigorous" means taking an exercise that will encourage or cause deep breathing. The time, amount, and regularity should be determined after physical examination.

Let us take up more in detail the seventh question: *Do you eat regularly three balanced meals a day?*

The particular subject in which I am interested today is nutrition. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred may eat three meals a day, but I doubt that more than nine of the ninety-nine know anything about whether those meals are balanced or not. In balanced meals we have the greatest advance that has been obtained in the matter of the approach to health for the past twenty years. Right food has more to do with good health than any other agency, in my belief, for this begins to exert an influence in our lives even before we are born. In the case of the unborn child the mother may ruin the heart of the baby by smoking cigarettes; she may ruin the teeth for his whole life if she does not provide enough calcium and phosphorus to build bones and teeth. If she does not take enough vitamin A in her foods in the form of dairy products, carrots, or some of the deep yellow and deep green vegetables, she may cause a glandular deficiency in that child that will ruin him in later years, causing trouble especially in the pituitary gland.

In the case mentioned by another speaker, of the child with renal stones, a condition brought to light by astro-diagnosis, I believe the trouble to have been caused by a deficiency of vitamin A in the foods eaten by the expectant mother, as this will cause an acute condition in the lining of the tissues, because this vitamin helps to give good lining cells for the orifices of the body, like the nose, mouth, and frontal sinuses, the alimentary canal and the intestinal canal, the ducts of the visceral glands like the liver and pancreas, also the kidneys. In this case the child was born without enough vitamin A in his blood and tissues, and that was the first cause of the renal stones.

There has been a fad for about fifteen years to take off all the clothing possible from little children and babies. Enough food must be eaten to take care of the ordinary activities of life, and the food which can be assimilated in the digestive system of children is limited. We have to eat food to provide ourselves with warmth. This sometimes does not occur to people. Still, we cannot digest more food than a certain amount. What shall we do to keep the person warm? We have to put clothes on him. We cannot let a little child wear no clothes at all. It may be wise to remove some of them, but there is a limit to the amount that can be taken off.

A pediatricist of Los Angeles asked a biochemist to go and see the babies being cared for in a large institution—babies from one to six months of age—to tell him what was wrong with the babies. Each one seemed to be well, but not one had gained an ounce. The doctor was getting alarmed; so when the biochemist went, he looked at the menus and said, "You could not plan a better dietary. Let us see what is the matter." He looked at the babies. Turning to the nurse he said: "Let us find out about the clothing. What have you on them?" They had little sleeping garments, a sheet, a little woolen blanket, and another sheet for protection for the blanket against dust.

"How much time do they spend on the porch?" "We take them out at ten o'clock in the morning and bring them in at four in the afternoon." There were sliding doors between their room and the porch. Some of the doors were always left open at night. "What bedding do you put on them at night?" "Oh, we do not change the bedding; they are in the room, Doctor, not on the porch." Turning to the pediatricist, he said, "There is where all your trouble is. The nurse forgot that sometimes babies have to eat to keep warm, instead of eating to grow." Often vain young people, both men and women, dress in thin attire, and in the winter will not wear any more clothing. This keeps them thin because it takes so much of their food to keep them warm.

Vitamins are minute substances absolutely essential to life and health. Every woman should study vitamins in providing meals for the family and should plan menus accordingly. In my articles in THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE in 1937 I put the very latest facts that have been taught in the great laboratories, and everything told therein was the truth at the time. I need not, therefore, go much further into this subject. The deficiency of a single vitamin gives promise of disease. We have very few of the major deficiencies in the United States, except rickets and pellagra, but we have many sub-deficiencies. Scurvy is no more common in the ports of the countries of the world than the plague or yellow fever. They have practically been run out. Scurvy has disappeared likewise because a hundred and fifty years ago a famous English physician told the world that lemon juice would cure scurvy. Citrus fruits and some other foods contain vitamin C, essential to the prevention of scurvy.

Sub-scurvy shows itself in black and blue bruises. If you are bothered with them, take a little more orange juice or lemon juice, or the very rich green vegetables like peppers and watercress. Loosened teeth and spongy gums are other evi-

dences of this deficiency. Vitamin C is absolutely essential to capillary health. Vascular ailments in the Sanitarium may be treated by giving a little larger amount of vitamin C to see what can be done for those conditions.

Vitamin B in deficiency causes beriberi, or pellagra. In the Southern States faulty diet is the cause of so much pellagra. Vitamin B is found in wheat germ, eggs, whole grain cereals, and peanuts.

Vitamin D is the sunshine vitamin. If you would prevent rickets or any softening of the bones you must get plenty of sunshine. You must also have calcium and phosphorus, also iron. Dietitians give copper, too, which is found in some of the whole grains, and in tomatoes in particular. It helps to overcome anemia. There are fourteen other mineral salts, much written about in the literature of the faddist today. The mineral salts are a life-saver to the faddists because they could not earn their bread and butter without them. Those who adhere to a vegetarian diet will not lack mineral salts—they will have them in plenty.

More magnesium may be necessary for athletes. Zinc is good for women who do not like young children. Many times if zinc is omitted, or if there is a deficiency in it, that may be a reason for lack of affection for the young.

There is a fad taking part of the world by storm—the cell salts. These are drugs manufactured in a chemical laboratory; and if you have been told by certain astrologers that you need them, I warn you that if you take them you are taking into your system a drug. It is much better to get your mineral salts in food, because you also get the vitamins and other elements you absolutely need. One of the letters which I received filled me with horror. A mother in the east wrote, "What do you think of cell salts? I am giving them to my children because it saves me the trouble of preparing vegetables." I have not had a letter that worried me the way that letter did, because she was giving those children

drugs instead of food. I am a Leo: I have the sun in Leo and four other planets there, and Leo on the ascendant. If I took the cell salts that those people recommend for Leos I should be a Sanitarium patient here the rest of my life, for I have a sensitivity to those salts.

Iodine is necessary in our food. At Oceanside there is much benefit to be had because it is close to the sea, and the vegetables contain it because there is a remnant of sea kelp in the land which has risen from the sea. Iodine activates the thyroid gland, and we must have good thyroid glands. Vitamins help to create hormones in many other glands, as well.

Many people are today in better health because they have found out about the ductless glands. I saw within the month two former patients who went to physicians because they were always tired, and one woman said, "They found I had no thyroid gland cells left. I don't see why." I answered, "You overworked all the days I have known you. You would not listen when I told you you would better take a little rest. Too much fatigue is a bad thing. You simply worked those cells to death." A boy twenty-two years of age was always tired, and so his parents decided to send him to one of the prominent endocrinologists. He was in a terrible condition in the matter of his ductless glands. He was Caesarian-born and his mother had too much ether at the time of his birth. Its presence in his circulation injured many of his glands. By will power he had carried himself through college and was then a wreck. The doctor said, "Do you smoke or drink?" "No." The doctor then took his case. "I have some chance of curing you," he said. Today the boy is back to normal, or at least as far as it is possible for him. He has a job and is going to live a very useful life. Endocrinology is changing many people known as queer into normal beings.

The next part of the questionnaire deals with the social side. Health may

(Continued on page 46)

Invitation to Dedication of Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium

BY DOROTHY A. WHITELOCK



SINCE the beginning of construction of the Sanitarium, July 6th, the work has progressed at a lively rate of speed, and at this writing we can report nearing the completion of the plaster work. By the time this issue reaches you the building will be ready to don its coat of color and set itself in order for the final climax of receiving patients and guests. The thought form of the work which ultimately would come to maturity was created in 1913 by Max Heindel, inspired by the Teacher, and with the years of tender nurturing it has grown to fruitfulness under invisible guidance, to which we bow in reverence, and pledge ourselves in humble service.

How fitting that the completion and dedication of this work should come at a time when the Christ Spirit sends to earth its highest expression of love and unity.

We extend to each and every one a cordial invitation to join us at Mt. Ecclesia, and share the benediction and spiritual Baptism of the dedication of this building to the greater work of Healing in which we are destined to go forward with greater power and spiritual strength.

The dedication program aside from the Christmas program will be given on Sunday, December 25th at 10:00 A.M., in the following order:

WELCOME ADDRESS AND INVOCATION	<i>Mrs. Max Heindel</i>
THE SANITARIUM WORK—ITS SIGNIFICANCE	<i>Dorothy A. Whitelock</i>
GUEST SPEAKER	<i>To be announced</i>
BENEDICTION	<i>Judge Carl A. Davis</i>

This program will be followed by a reception and tour of inspection.

The work we hope to accomplish in our Sanitarium will be along somewhat different lines as compared to similar institutions, in that we expect to employ the fundamental spiritual laws that govern Health in accordance with the ideals of the Rosicrucian Philosophy as promulgated by Max Heindel. These laws are related to the physical, emotional, and mental life, and are the Natural Normalizers of all unhealth. Worldly things so preoccupy our minds that we have lost sight of the most important part of human beings—the unseen or spiritual part. Man is created in God's image—therefore, to achieve the results of healthful living, we must start at the very foundation—with the unseen, or spiritual part. To believe that ill health

is caused by this or that "germ" is a great hindrance to the advancement of natural healing. The microorganism settles in a particular location only when the location is suited to its growth or activity. The mosquitoes seek the stagnant water as their natural place for breeding, but do not make the water stagnant. To rid the location of mosquitoes, we drain the swamps of stagnant water and put coal-oil about, so mosquitoes will have no place wherein to breed and multiply. Likewise the body must be kept in such a condition through natural living, that no unfriendly "germs" will find a congenial place in which to live and multiply. Adolph Virchow, the father of the "cell-theory" made the following statement:

If I could live my life over again, I would devote it to proving that germs

seek their natural habitat—unhealthy tissue—rather than being the cause of the unhealthy tissue.

The negative power that takes possession of the mind and causes a state of unrest is Worry. This is far too common an attitude among so-called "civilized" humans, for it definitely interferes with all involuntary acts, and can bring about serious cases of heart trouble. Only when we can become too big for worry, too strong for fear, too noble for anger, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble do we work in harmony with the spiritual law that governs health.

In this respect Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium shall serve and assist not only those who are sick in body, but also those who are troubled in mind and heart.

An outstanding feature of the treatment equipment for normalizing the vehicles is color and music harmony; and for cleansing and equalizing the circulation, various forms of hydrotherapy treatments will be available. Only when the blood is clean and healthy can it be used as a suitable vehicle for the spirit. Rhythm will play no small part in the gamut of treatment, in addition to carefully supervised diets.

Patients' Letters

Washington, July 27, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear friends and helpers:

I cannot find words to thank you for the help you have given me. I am improving so wonderfully. My troubles are just disappearing and the future looks so bright and hopeful where before I felt as though I was up against a black stone wall. But I know you will understand some day. I am looking forward to the time when I will have the power to help other souls who are going through the troubles and misery that I went through.

—Mrs. S.W.J.

Utah, October 4, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

If the progress in regaining my good health continues as it has in the past month, then I feel sure I shall soon be able to ask you to take my name off the healing list, for I wish above all else not to be selfish. I realize you have a great many people who ask and receive help through your healing

service—therefore I do not wish to take up one iota more of time than necessary for the healers' ministrations.

Day by day I feel better and stronger and have been enabled to resume many of the tasks which I had to neglect during that period of time when I felt too ill and weak to do them. So I join the many in words of thanksgiving and praise for those unselfish services of your department and the Invisible Helpers administering directly to us whose health was broken. Mere words written can never quite express that feeling of comfort I have had in knowing that the Helpers are standing by and doing all that is necessary to restore good health and balance to my physical body, and I am truly grateful.

Sincerely yours,
—Mrs. H.A.L.

Maryland, Nov. 12, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

I am glad I am able to see to write my weekly letter to the healing department.

November the second while applying a hot pack to my eye I found after taking the hot pack off on the hot pack found a foreign particle of hard substance which the hot pack had drawn out. From that time on the pain has ceased. I firmly believe the Invisible Helpers have helped me to extract the substance which was infecting my eye. It is mending very fast now. Many thanks to the all good.

Sincerely yours in fellowship,
—P.C.T.

Healing Dates

December 2— 8—15—22—29

January 5—11—18—26

February 1— 7—14—22

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, Calif., U.S.A.

VEGETARIAN MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Fresh Grapefruit Juice
8 oz.
Granola Fruit Mush
with Top Milk and Honey
Prune Sauce with Lemon
Hot Malted Nuts

—DINNER—

Julienne Soup
Nut Olive Loaf—Brown
Sauce
Buttered Chayotes
Potatoes Baked
Vitamin Salad
Pumpkin Pie

—SUPPER—

Celery and Parsley
Juice Cocktail
Green Onions
Spaghetti Roast
Apple and Date Salad
Baked Bananas in
Cranberry Juice

RECIPES

Julienne Soup.

Ingredients: 1½ quarts water, 1½ tablespoons savita, ½ cup carrots, ½ cup turnips, ½ cup string beans, ¼ cup peas.

Boil vegetables until tender, then add the savita dissolved in water.

Nut Olive Loaf.

Ingredients: 1½ cups nuts, chopped or ground, 2 eggs, 1 cup whole wheat bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cupfuls ripe olives (remove seeds), ½ teaspoon celery salt, a little sage, 2 table-
spoons chopped parsley.

Mix ingredients, moisten with vegetable stock. Form in loaf and bake. Serve with brown sauce.

Brown Sauce.

Ingredients: ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup browned flour, 1½ cups water, 2 table-
spoons condensed tomato, 2 teaspoons savita.

Rub the flour and butter together, add the hot water slowly, stirring meanwhile. Add strained tomato and savita and boil slowly for five minutes.

Vitamin Salad.

Ingredients: 1 cup grated carrots, 1 cup finely shredded cabbage, 1 cup shredded spinach, mayonnaise.

Scrape young carrots and grate. Wash fresh spinach and let stand in cold water until crisp, then shred. Mix all together with mayonnaise, using a fork to make it light and fluffy.

Pumpkin Pie.

Ingredients: 1 cup baked pumpkin, 2 cups milk, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 table-
spoon molasses, ¼ teaspoon cinna-

mon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Cut a pumpkin and remove the seeds and bake until tender. Scoop out the cooked pumpkin. Mash well and add the sugar, molasses, and seasonings. Beat the eggs and add the milk and turn into the seasoned pumpkin mixture. Line a pie tin with pie crust, fill with the pump-
kin mixture and bake in a slow oven until set.

Spaghetti Roast.

Ingredients: 1 package spaghetti, 1 can peas, 1 can mushrooms, 2 cups to-
matoes, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon butter.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and dash with cold water. Brown the mushrooms and onions in the butter and add the peas and tomatoes. Then add the cooked spaghetti. Mix well and place in but-
tered baking dish and bake one hour.

Baked Bananas in Cranberry Juice.

Ingredients: 1 pint cranberries, 1 cup cold water, 4 large bananas, ½
lemon, 1 cup sugar.


Wash the cranberries and cook in cold water until tender and press them through a colander. Peel the bananas and cut in half lengthwise and pour over them the juice of one-half lemon. To the cranberry juice add the sugar and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour the cranberry juice over the bananas and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes or until bananas are tender. Remove to serving dish as the juice forms a rich jelly on cooling.

Children's Department



Nippy Nose, the Barley Barber

BY PATSEY ELLIS

 NIPPY Nose was a good little gnome, who lived in a corner of the flower garden, which adjoined the big barley field. He wore a brown jersey suit and brown peaked cap. He was called the Barley Barber. This is the way he got his title:

Once when a little girl was running through the barley field, the sharp beards of the grain cut her chin and made it bleed. Tippetty Toes, the leader of the garden fairies grew worried about the matter.

"Don't you think you could manage to grow without beards?" he asked the barley.

"Oh, no!" answered the barley. "If the human people plant us for bearded grain, then beards we have to grow."

"If they were only shorter—" mused Tippetty Toes, "then the children wouldn't get their chins cut." Turning to the barley he said, persuasively: "I don't like to bother you too much, since you don't live in my garden, but"—he hesitated—"would you mind it very much if I had one of my gnomes cut your beards once in a while?"

"Oh, that would be jolly," answered the barley. "We'll start a new fashion like bobbed hair!"

So Tippetty Toes appointed Nippy Nose as the Barley Barber, and the gnome was very proud of his job. He asked the gnomes who work with metals in the center of the earth, to make him a good keen pair of scissors, which he always wore slung in a brown case from his belt. Whenever he became excited about anything he waved these scissors wildly in the air.

One morning as Nippy Nose was passing the big barn which stood in the barley field, he heard a faint, feeble cry drifting down from the haymow. The gnome stopped to listen, scissors poised in air. Again came the piteous little wail and Nippy Nose's face grew quite serious.

"I'm afraid it's some little new kittens left without their mother," he said to himself. "This morning I heard that horrid Harold Brown talking about an old mother kitty that his father was going to take away. It's just like some people to leave the kittens here alone. I suppose I'd better see what I can do."

Away he went up the ladder to the haymow. Sure enough, there were the kittens, the loveliest, most adorable darlings; all as black as coal with very yellow eyes. They were crying for their mother in a way that made Nippy Nose feel very sorry for them.

"Well," he said, patting them thoughtfully. "I've never heard of a gnome adopting a bunch of kittens, but I can't think of any good reason why one shouldn't do so. If their mother is gone, and I'm pretty sure that she is, someone must care for the babies." Then he said to the kittens: "Now, don't worry any more. I'll arrange somehow to look after you and do my barbering besides."

So Nippy Nose became the foster father of three charming kittens. He would have found it very easy to take care of a family if the wicked Harold Brown, with his terrible slingshot, hadn't made life miserable for everyone within his reach. It just seemed as if every time the baby cats were having a

good time, along would come Harold, *ping*—would go the slingshot, and over would roll a poor, hurt kitten. Nippy Nose took the babies out to the barley field with him, hoping that Harold would not find them there. He did, however, without any trouble at all, for Harold was one of those boys who never had any difficulty in making trouble for others.

At last, the gnome brought his family back into the barn and tried to teach them to hide whenever they heard anyone coming. But the kittens were always forgetting to stay under cover and were always sprawling and crawling around in plain view of Harold. Poor Nippy Nose was about to go crazy from worry and overwork when the bad boy went away on his vacation. My, I tell you that little gnome was glad! He caught up with his barber work and a great peace enveloped the gnome-kitten household.

One night when they had all been playing together Nippy Nose thought up a plan for everyone's enjoyment.

"I'm going to give you a party," he told the kittens, hugging them to him. "Of course, I can't say exactly when you were born, but we'll call it a birthday party anyway. Then the guests will bring you presents. And," he added grandly, "we'll have a cake with candles on it, one candle for each of you precious darlings."

The kittens were so excited that they couldn't go to sleep for hours. In the morning Nippy Nose sent out the invitations. By afternoon the garden and barley field fairly buzzed with pleasant anticipation.

At last, the day of the party came. It was beautiful as a bird song. The guests came early, bringing presents, just as Nippy Nose had hoped they would. Some of the fairies presented the kittens with boxes of milk-

weed fluff, with which to stuff their beds for the cold winter nights that were coming. Old Mother Robin bustled in with three cunning bibs, which she made out of the leaves of a rubber plant.

"You just wipe them off when they are soiled," she explained. "They don't need any boiling."

A wee gnome, a friend of Nippy Nose, thoughtfully brought a large package of catnip. "In case the kitties ever have tummy-ache," he said, smilingly.

Mimic, the mocking-bird, arrived in such haste that he forgot to bring anything at all, but promised to bring something over the next morning. The guests laughed. They were used to Mimic and his thoughtless ways. But one of the kittens squalled loudly that it wanted to see its present right at that very minute. Nippy Nose had quite a time making it remember its manners.

In the midst of all this happiness, old Mother Robin noticed that kind, thoughtful Tippet Toes hadn't brought any present, either. Now the leader of the fairies never forgot things as Mimic was apt to do, and the old robin nodded her head wisely.

"We'll have some kind of a big surprise," she said. "I just wonder what he's going to do for the kittens."

Sure enough, when the last crumb of birthday cake had disappeared Tippet Toes arose from the table and said to

Nippy Nose: "Well, old fellow, I suppose you think I, too, forgot to bring the babies anything for a remembrance, but I didn't! I knew they would receive so many appropriate gifts that I decided to give them in place of ordinary presents—three magic wishes!"

Goodness, this was thrilling! Everyone crowded around to see what was going to happen next. Nippy Nose was completely overwhelmed.



"Since your foster children are so young, perhaps you'd better make the wishes for them," Tippetty Toes suggested to Nippy Nose.

Nippy Nose rubbed his head feverishly. Three magic wishes! Why, he was so happy he couldn't even think of one. He rubbed his head harder and harder. At last he said:

"It seems to me that the kittens shouldn't be so dark. The babies up at the big house are light like summer-clouds and flowers in the springtime. I don't care to have my darlings white, but a nice shade would be much daintier. Could you magic them some pretty shades, Tippetty Toes, each one different?"

"Nothing easier!" said Tippetty Toes, waving his magic wand over the kittens.

The party laughed with joy to see them change. One turned sky-blue, one pea-green and one geranium-pink! The girl fairies were so delighted that they began flying around in the hayloft and everything was very beautiful and happy.

But old Mother Robin sniffed: "Well, those cats will certainly need a lot more washing. Nippy Nose is so impractical. I'm glad I brought bibs."

Finally everyone quieted down to hear the second wish. Again Nippy Nose began to think as hard as he could.

"It makes me very sad to think of the kittens growing up and leaving me," he said at last to Tippetty Toes. "I often feel as if I couldn't live without them, since I've had them in my care. So—this is my second wish—that the kittens never grow up!"

"If that is what you wish, you shall have it," said Tippetty Toes. Again he waved his magic wand.

Of course, Nippy Nose was greatly relieved to know that his babies would never grow up into big ugly cats, chasing rats and getting into fights, but the party found the second wish rather disappointing. They couldn't see the kittens staying young and pretty, no matter how much they sympathized with the gnome about the matter.

Nippy Nose realized that he hadn't been very entertaining.

"I must make the third wish one that everyone can enjoy," he said to himself. "It must be good for the kittens and yet it ought to be rather exciting." He turned to Tippetty Toes.

"If you don't mind waiting a minute I think I'll walk up and down and think a bit."

The leader of the fairies nodded. So the gnome began trotting up and down, rubbing his forehead and mumbling to himself. His face was quite red from the exertion of such unaccustomed labor. He threw down his cap and rumbled his hair. Suddenly his hands clutched at his belt! He drew forth his scissors and began to wave them frantically in the air.

The party in the hayloft couldn't imagine what was the matter. For a second they thought he must be going crazy. The trouble was they couldn't see what he could see. Down in the barn, coming closer and closer every minute was the wicked Harold Brown and his terrifying slingshot!

Nippy Nose knew that Harold could not see him for bad children can never see the gnomes and fairies, but he knew that he could hear the mewing of the kittens. The poor little gnome was weak from fright. The wicked Harold began climbing swiftly up the ladder, but Nippy Nose could neither speak nor move. His scissors dropped at his side. He stood as if completely paralyzed until the wicked boy reached the top of the ladder. Then suddenly his mind began to work again. His great wish came to him!

"Tippetty Toes," he shrieked, madly. "I wish that human people can never see my babies!"

Swish—went the magic wand of Tippetty Toes. As if awakening from some tragic dream, Nippy Nose saw Harold Brown turn and scamper down the ladder and run away as fast as his bad little legs could carry him. And no wonder!

Wouldn't you have run, too, if, just after you had caught a glimpse of a pea-green kitten, a sky-blue kitten, and a geranium-pink kitten, they had suddenly vanished into the air?

Nippy Nose could not quite believe his eyes, so he followed Harold and saw him drop down at the side of the barn.

"There's sump'n I don't see into about this," Harold was saying to himself. He sounded as if his mouth were full of mush. "Nobody'll ever believe it but them cats wuz colors I've never seen on cats before, and after I saw 'em, all of a sudden I couldn't see 'em. They wuz gone."

He began to walk up and down, fumbling with his slingshot, while Nippy Nose watched him breathlessly, wondering if it were possible that his kittens were truly invisible. Was some sort of

change coming over the hard-hearted Harold? It seemed too good to be true.

At this minute he saw Harold stand up and, with a sort of scared look, say solemnly: "I'll never shoot at another cat!"

Then, throwing his slingshot as far as he could send it, he ran to the house, without looking back.

"The magic worked! It worked!" screamed Nippy Nose beside himself with joy.

Then he ran back to the barn to explain to the party why he had left so unceremoniously.

So the third wish turned out to be just what it should have been—of much benefit to the kittens and far more exciting to the guests than any entertainment Nippy Nose could have ever thought up for the occasion.

Child's Morning Prayers

BY EVELYN VAN GILDER CREEKMORE

I

*I thank Thee, Lord, for sunshine bright
And for my soft warm bed at night,
For food, and clothes, and books, and toys,
And for my playmate girls and boys.*

II

*Dear Jesus, all this whole day through
I promise I will smile for you.
Thy happiness lifts up my heart,
And smiling, I will do my part.*

III

*Dear Lord, please hold my hand in Thine
And show me that all good is mine
If I just place my faith in Thee,
And look for good in all I see.*

IV

*Dear Lord, this day please help me find
New ways in which I may be kind.
To every person that I meet
May I be gracious, kind, and sweet.*

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



One of the most cherished dreams of Max Heindel is coming true this year—the building and opening of the Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium. How thankful the hearts of those at the Headquarters!

The Pre-Thanksgiving Party

On the Saturday preceding Thanksgiving Day a gay party was given by the workers in token of their bond of fellowship. For the occasion the Library was transformed into a bower of autumn leaves, not a few gathered from Mt. Ecclesia's own lovely gardens. Informal, jolly games and songs were followed by refreshments, without which no party is complete.

Thanksgiving Day

Happy, too, but with a more serious note, the traditional holiday was observed in the Dining Hall. Here, as in the Library, decorations made a cheery setting. The long banquet tables were bright with mounds of purple, orange, and red fruit and the ordered rows of seventy-five colorful salads. Out of town guests included a large delegation from the Spanish-speaking Center in Los Angeles.

In her address Mrs. Heindel drew a sharp contrast between the present celebration and the first Thanksgiving on Mt. Ecclesia, spent by its founders in hard work and solitude, with only their dream to urge them on. The now plentiful trees had not been planted, there were no commodious buildings, no Temple—no Sanitarium. Symbols of the unquenchable spirit that lies behind them, these mark the progress of the relatively few short years since 1911. In a spirit of eager expectation as those present looked forward to the opening of a new door into the world of Service—a door to be entered with reverence and a sense of the loving watchfulness of the Elder

Brothers who are presenting a great opportunity—bread was broken, and thanks given once again for an abundant, beautifully appointed meal prepared without sacrifice of animal life.

Christmas

The holiest of all the seasons will, this year, take on a new significance, as Christmas Day has been chosen for the dedication of the Sanitarium. On page 34 will be found an account of the plans being made for it. Many, it is expected, will come to attend the ceremony. To those who have not already sent in their reservation, a special request is made that this be done at once, that the facilities of the Headquarters may not be taxed by last moment arrivals for whom there has not been suitable preparation.

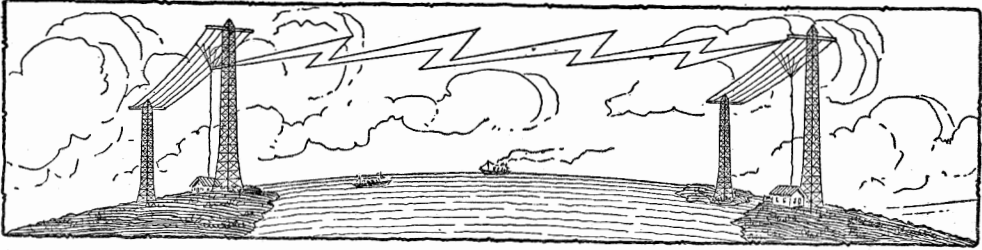
There will be the usual beautiful Christmas observances: The entertainment program takes place in the Sun Room at eight o'clock Christmas Eve. It will include carols, instrumental and **vocal numbers**; a reading, "The Master Is Coming," and a musical playlet, "Christmas Lights." At the conclusion of the entertainment, refreshments will be served in the Dining Hall.

The ringing of the bell at 10:45 P.M. will summon all to the Holy Night service in the chapel, at which Mrs. Heindel will give the address. After the chapel service there will be a midnight service for Probationers in the Temple.

On Christmas morning at ten o'clock the dedication of the Sanitarium takes place, and at quarter past eleven a special service in the chapel, with a lecture, "The Man of Galilee," by Mr. Rex McCreery, of the Los Angeles Center.

The Christmas dinner at 12:30 and the Sunday evening service at 7:30 in the chapel will complete this joyous season of reunion and inspiration.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



Among other vital truths concerning life and being, the Rosicrucian Fellowship teaches that at the time of death, which is in reality but a shifting of consciousness from one world to another, a highly important process takes place. After the heart has stopped on account of the partial rupture of the silver cord (which unites the higher and lower vehicles of man and which remains unsevered for a time varying from a few hours to three and one-half days after the rupture), there is still a certain feeling if the body is embalmed, opened for post-mortem examination, or cremated. Since the ego is at this time engaged in reviewing the pictures of its past life, the body should be left unmolested. These pictures form the basis of a large part of the after-death life, and if they are not deeply etched upon the desire body the ego will not reap the fullest benefit from its earth life.

With these facts in mind it is easy to understand that an immense amount of harm has been and is being done by embalming the bodies, or permitting disturbing conditions to exist around those who have just passed on. It is gratifying to see, however, that people are gradually being educated to these vital truths and are demanding that morticians be equipped to care for the deceased properly. In many of the larger cities undertakers have installed refrigerating units which preserve the body in quiet sur-

roundings during the three and one-half day period, while dry ice is used quite effectively by many smaller concerns.

Our Study Groups and Centers may render a most valuable service by acquainting undertakers, as well as the general public, with these vital facts concerning the transition from this world to the next, and by helping to regulate the laws governing the care of the deceased. At the end of this section will be found a list of morticians who are prepared to use our methods.

FIELD ACTIVITIES

From Phoenix, Arizona, comes the news that Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones have arrived there in their trailer, and have found a satisfactory place for classes and lectures at 119 No. First Ave., Room 3, Balke Building. We are also informed: "We have been successful in securing a permanent announcement over radio station KOY at 8:45 A.M. each Saturday, during the Family Prayer Hour. The announcement carries information about the Rosicrucian Teachings, place of meetings, classes, etc. In addition we have secured news items and write-ups in the local papers. . . . The tourist season is just beginning and we are looking forward to a very active and fruitful time in Phoenix."

Mr. Alfred Johnson after assisting in giving a new impetus to Center activities in St. Paul and Minneapolis, has gone

farther north to work in Duluth and neighboring towns.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

One of our members in this city is very happy in starting a Study Group in her home. She writes us enthusiastically: "Things have shaped themselves wonderfully well, and we had our first class last Sunday night. Nine were present and were much interested. Am using the *Cosmo-Conception* for my study and giving out the information in the form of an address, as I have had some experience in lecturing. Then the meeting is opened for questions and discussion. The talk last Sunday was on the visible and the invisible worlds. Next Sunday night the desire world will be specifically examined."

Such Study Groups elicit our heartiest approval, and we hope that many more of them will be started during the year of 1939. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.

From the enterprising friends of this Group comes a copy of the first issue of their magazine, "El Mensajero Rosacruz." It consists of ten pages of interesting articles concerning the Rosicrucian Philosophy, Astrology, Occult Bible Interpretation, and Healing.

An "Open Letter to Readers" states that "El Mensajero Rosacruz is dedicated entirely to pure and disinterested service to humanity; it will endeavor always to give 'light' to the seeking ones, aiding in this manner the development of the great Plan of God. Our modest magazine will always endeavor to carry out the twofold commandment of the Christ: to preach the gospel and heal the sick. It will serve as a channel for the purest Christian Teachings, which are in truth the science of the soul. Neither the orthodox religions nor the exoteric philosophies have yet attained a satisfactory conclusion concerning life and being, since both contain part of the Truth. The Rosicrucian Doctrine is a

true science of the spirit, scientific and reverently religious in its conclusions. The Christian occult science of the Rosicrucians, the principles of which are explained in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, brings to man a conscious understanding of the difficult problems of life, this science being a true guide for present humanity as well as for future generations."

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

The latest program card from this Center gives the following fine list of classes, Services, etc.:

Sunday—Sunday School, Esoteric Bible Interpretation, Devotional Service.

Tuesday, 2:00 P.M.—Intermediate Astrology.

Tuesday, 7:30 P.M.—Philosophy.

Wednesday, 2:30 P.M.—Philosophy.

Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.—Philosophy.

Thursday—1:00 P.M. — Beginners' Astrology.

Thursday, 2:00 P.M. — Advanced Astrology.

Thursday, 7:30 P.M.—Probationers' Meeting.

Friday, 7:30 P.M.—Beginners' and Advanced Astrology.

Moon Meetings.

Special Musicales.

Healing Service daily at Noon.

Library open daily except Sunday, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

The musicales given by the friends of this Group deserve especial commendation, and Headquarters is particularly grateful for the many inspiring programs which these friends have rendered here.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

That the spirit of progress and earnestness in upholding and disseminating the Fellowship principles continues to motivate the activities of this Group is evidenced by the excellent reports received each month from the secretary. The numerous applications for Center membership which have come to Headquarters for approval during the past several months indicate the stability and healthy

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Chartered Centers

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

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

- Boston, Mass.*—168 Dartmouth St., Rm. 201.
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. 802, 155 N. Clark St. Ashland Blk., 8th Floor.
Chicago, Ill.—c/o Mrs. Magdelina Goveia, 4921 Montana St.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 708.
Columbus, Ohio.—55 E. State St.
Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd Floor.
Denver, Colo.—1155 30th St.
Indianapolis, Ind.—38 No. Pennsylvania St.
Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
Long Beach, Calif.—361 E. First St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—4830 Floral Drive.
Milwaukee, Wis.—234 Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—1008 Nicollet Ave.
New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.
New York City, N. Y.—160 W. 73rd St.
Omaha, Neb.—301 No. 31st St.
Reading, Pa.—W.C.T.U. Hall, 6th and Franklin Sts.
Rochester, N. Y.—307 Burke Bldg.
San Diego, Calif.—Rm. 9, 1039 7th St.
San Francisco, Calif.—1141 Market St.
Schenectady, N. Y.—13 Union St.
Shreveport, La.—1802 Fairfield.
Seattle, Wash.—611 University Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.—318 Midland Trust Bldg.
St. Petersburg, Fla.—525 7th Ave., South.
Toronto, Canada.—c/o Mary Tamblin, 158 Hallam St.
Utica, New York.—11 Clinton Place.
Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

growth which characterize every successful Fellowship Center.

Among the interesting topics listed for the lectures given at the Sunday Devotional Service is one we especially like: "The Esoteric Meaning of the Autumn Equinox." All our Groups would profit by giving more attention to the esoteric meaning of the solstitial and equinoctial seasons.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

It gives us pleasure to report that this Group is now a chartered Center, classes and Services being conducted in the Service Building, 196 Espiritu St.

A weekly Bible Class draws an excellent attendance, and "Students who are enrolled at Oceanside are given the platform to practice public speaking every healing date after the Service has been conducted, and they are all doing well enough to speak before the public if needed."

We are very appreciative of the fine work being done by both our Groups in the Philippine Islands.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Heiden & Lange
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Slattery Funeral Home
1500 So. 73rd St.

New Orleans, Louisiana.

Tharp-Sontheimer-Tharp
4117 So. Claiborne Ave.

New York City.

Stephen Merrit Burial & Cremation Co.
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Portland, Oregon.

Miller & Tracey
Washington St. at Ella.

Holman & Lutz, Inc.
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Ivins & Taylor
77 Prospect St.

BOOKS FOR SHUT-INS

With the opening of Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium at Headquarters, there will be a need for books and magazines to entertain patients and to inspire them with new hopes for the future.

This need is an opportunity for friends in the world to share their surplus of good books. If you have books which are no longer being used, will you not select and send to us those that you feel would bring amusement, worth-while information, or inspiration to the reader.

Physicians advise that books of a controversial or morbid nature be omitted. The purpose of the reading, of course, is to harmonize with the work of restoration to normalcy by presenting pleasant, constructive ideas to the patients' attention. High pressure mystery stories, books dealing with war, or with catastrophic prophecies, etc., are too exciting in effect for those temporarily shut in and removed from their usual activities and environment.

Packages may be addressed to The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Sanitarium Department, Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

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BRAZIL

Sao Paulo.—7 Rua Parana, 29.

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Liverpool.—71 Upper Huskisson St. Telephone, Heswall, 304.

London.—95 Belgrave Rd., Victoria, S.W. 1.

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Takoradi.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—C. 2; People's Health Club Room, 4th Floor; Victoria Arcade, Queen St.

NIGERIA

Lagos.—c/o Mrs. G. La Page, P. O. Box 202.

PARAGUAY

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Apeldoorn.—Stationstraat 77.

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Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.

Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

Zaandam.—Oostzijde 386.

MODERN TRENDS IN HEALTH

(Continued from page 33)

be regarded as a quality of life which fits the individual to live most and serve best. The cities provide recreation centers and undoubtedly we should have more recreation than we have been allowing ourselves.

11. *Do you devote from one to two hours daily to social recreation, recreational reading, or a similar occupation?*

12. *Do you keep the seventh day—one full day a week—for rest from regular work?*

13. *Do you in addition give two afternoons or two evenings to non-professional activities?*

Recreation teaches self-control, cooperation, and sense of fair play. There is more or less monotony in our work, no matter how much we enjoy it. Man must mingle with his fellows to serve them well, and by recreational activity he gains in friendliness, tact, and good judgment. I recommend that each one consider quite seriously how much time he gives to recreational activity. It is pretty hard when you love your work to stay away from it, but after a little rest you will have more enthusiasm and zest for your work. Each one should consider that rest is a necessary part of our daily life.

The last of the questions deal with a physical examination under the supervision of a physician to determine the defects of the body, metabolic errors, and other handicaps and I shall not quote them at this time.

SONG OF LOVE

(Continued from page 17)

that Pablo was there, was not a dream or some fantasy of the brain because of your temporary mental delinquency?"

"No, no! Positively, no! It was not a dream or fantasy," attested Don Torres earnestly. "I am firmly convinced that I visited in another world; otherwise I

should have been unable to complete the song. I had attempted it many times, and always failed . . . but they made it so easy and clear for me."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," observed the warden, thoughtfully; "but who knows . . . who knows?"

"I know—I know," affirmed the music master solemnly. "And, my dear warden, what further convinces me—convinces me beyond any shadow of doubt, is the conclusion of this strange adventure, which I have not disclosed to you. You will recall my telling you of my deep pride in the rapid progress of Pablo Mendoza with the clarinet, a difficult instrument, and how aptly he mastered our favorite Spanish song? Well, then, know you, my dear warden, know you well: as I slowly immersed into my likeness upon the bed, the melody of the clarinet-like, musical notes that came to my ears was distinctly that of the Spanish song of love, *Canciones de Amor!*"

Sanitarium Staff Personnel

To complete the personnel of Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium, we should like to receive applications from the following:

1. Graduate Nurses.
2. Registered Physiotherapists, with experience in hydrotherapy and massage for both men's and women's departments.
3. Physical co-ordinator, trained in rhythmic exercises, physical culture, and physiotherapy.
4. An experienced vegetarian cook.

Applicants must be residents of this country, and because of the nature of the work, it is desirable that they should be in sympathy with the Rosicrucian Philosophy.

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