



*The*  
**ROSICRUCIAN**  
**MAGAZINE**

*RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS*



**FEATURES**



Our Convention—Digest

Aftermath

The Fruits of the Earth



**NOVEMBER**

**1939**

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# Manuscript Competition

THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OFFERS FIVE PRIZES FOR  
THE FIVE BEST MANUSCRIPTS SUBMITTED BY  
DECEMBER 1, 1939.

<b>First Prize</b>	<b>\$50.00</b>
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Acceptable articles which do not win cash prizes will be retained and one year's subscription to THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE given for each. The subscriptions will begin at the close of the competition. All other manuscripts will be returned to writers.

Manuscripts must be received at *Oceanside* on or before December 1, 1939, to be eligible for entry.

Names of winners will be announced in the March, 1940, issue of THE ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE.

## WHAT TO WRITE

Occult Stories.

Articles on Rosicrucianism, philosophy, mysticism, and occultism.

Personal experiences illustrating these topics.

Science, religion, and art from the metaphysical standpoint.

Stories for children from 10 to 16 years of age.

Articles on astrology, healing, and vegetarianism.

*We do not accept articles or stories on mediumship, crystal gazing, or other negative forms of psychic development.*

## CONDITIONS

Manuscripts must contain not less than 2,000 words, and should, if possible, be typewritten, and in DOUBLE SPACING. Write the words "Manuscript Competition" at the top of the first page; also name, address, and number of words. More than one manuscript may be submitted by the same writer. The decision of the judges shall be final.

We sometimes find it necessary to make slight modifications in articles and stories submitted to bring them within the requirements of our Philosophy. Manuscripts are only accepted subject to this provision.

### *Get Your Articles in Early*

*We hope that this contest will be of sufficient interest to metaphysical writers of experience to make some of their material available for our pages. It also offers to less experienced writers an opportunity to develop their latent literary talent.*

**THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP**

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The  
**ROSICRUCIAN**  
**MAGAZINE**

*Rays from the Rose Cross*

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

JUNE, 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

November

1939

VOLUME 31

NO. 11



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Subscription in the United States and Canada, \$2.00 a year. All other countries \$2.25. *Special Rate:* 2 years in United States and Canada \$3.50; other countries \$4.00. U. S. money or equivalent. Single Copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the Act of August 24th, 1912. Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein.

Issued on the 5th of each month. *Change of Address* must reach us by the 1st of month preceding any issue. Address ALL correspondence and make ALL remittances payable to The Rosicrucian Fellowship.

PRINTED BY

**The Rosicrucian Fellowship**

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

# The Mystical Interpretation of Christmas

By MAX HEINDEL



“THE ACHING VOID which is in the heart of every skøptic, whether he is aware of the fact or not, must remain until the spiritual illumination is attained which shall furnish an explanation acceptable to both heart and mind. To shed such light upon this sublime mystery shall be our endeavor in the following pages.”

*In this book are given the OCCULT FACTS about what Christ did and is doing for the earth and its humanity. Also information on the new ELEMENT which will supersede oxygen in our air, and the new SUBSTANCE to replace albumen in the body.*

**There are fifty-one pages including a splendid Index. The book is bound in attractive art paper. Sent prepaid to any address for fifty cents the copy. A valued gift.**

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**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.*

## Our Convention—Digest



IN the October issue, our page of "Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia" touched upon the highlights of the Second Annual Convention of the Fellowship, which took place August 19 and 20, at Headquarters. This has occasioned so many requests for more information that it has been decided to print selections from as many of the talks as our space will permit. We wish it were possible to give the Question and Answer discussions also, and to transmit to our readers the heart-warming interest in the Work which was revealed in each session of the Convention.

The opening of the Convention was presided over by Mrs. Max Heindel, co-founder with Max Heindel of The Rosicrucian Fellowship, President of the Board of Trustees, and Editor of the Rosicrucian Magazine.

The selections which follow have been condensed in most instances from stenographic notes.

### Address of Welcome

MRS. MAX HEINDEL

Friends, as we are opening this 1939 Convention, it gives me great pleasure to be before you who have come from all parts of the world. We have gathered here today from many places; there is even one from South America. This representation from near and far is a good omen—an indication of the spreading

of the work left in our hands as custodians by those great Brothers of the Rose Cross through our beloved Max Heindel. It shows that the seeds of the Rosicrucian Teachings have been sown over the entire earth. . . . We are endeavoring to encourage students everywhere to pass on these beautiful truths to the world. They are a soul food that we need more than physical food, and it is because of this need that the Rosicrucian Teachings have been brought to the Western World; that is why Max Heindel was chosen as messenger. . . .

We must give less importance to the material things and remember that we are working for the Spirit. . . . We are told that we are the sparks of the Divine Father. And if we are sparks of the Father, then we should no longer live as though blind to this fact. Max Heindel often said, "None of us are perfect as long as we are in the physical body, but we must do our best with what we have." The harmonizing of human relations is the Aquarian side. We must take in the whole world. This is evident today in the closeness of the Western world to our European and Asiatic brothers. The radio is bringing all humanity closer together. Already the occult prophecies have come true and we are receiving our messages through the ethers by means of physical instruments. But the day is very near when we shall develop these instruments in our own human bodies. . . .

We have come together to gain more

knowledge, to receive new inspiration, to compare notes, as well as to hear the reports of the various departments here at Headquarters and the reports of those who are here as delegates from some of our Centers in the field.

## Convention Objectives

Mrs. Arline Cramer dwelt briefly on the origin of the Rosicrucian Order about 1313 A.D. by Christian Rosenkreuz and twelve Initiated Ones. Their purpose was to give a new spiritual meaning to the Christian Religion, Art, and Science. To help emancipate man from selfishness, greed, and materialism. . . . She told how, after qualifying as a messenger of the Order, Max Heindel contacted one of the Brothers of the Order, and was given the knowledge and understanding of great cosmic truths, through Initiation. He then founded the Rosicrucian Fellowship for the dissemination of the great revelations he had received, and to promote the blending of the idealism of the heart with the capacities of the head, or, to evolve the balance of Intellectuality with the beauties of Mysticism.

Mrs. Cramer emphasized the fact that the relation of the Fellowship to the Order is one of a training school in which those who seek to know the truth that sets us free, are prepared as messengers. The labor of education, healing, and helping those in need, by loving, self-forgetting service to the glory of the Christ, becomes the sure foundation for greater spiritual endowment.

In conclusion the speaker pointed out that our great responsibility is to train ourselves to be channels for promulgating these great teachings by our lives. "We cannot all go out as public speakers, but we can all dedicate ourselves to our own task."

## Tolerance

Judge Carl A. Davis brought out the value of Tolerance in every relationship of life. He said, "Tolerance means that people realize the divinity within each other; that we expect our brothers and

sisters to meet life as they should meet it, although not necessarily as we would have them meet it. It means being patient with untrained ones in life, even when knowing they are wrong. We ourselves must remember that a foundation principle of this institution is to teach those things pertaining to kindness and unselfishness. . . . We are trying to overcome intolerance and selfishness and those things which tend to heartache and bitterness, and we are endeavoring to build within ourselves the powers of tolerance, kindness, love; and we ask your prayers to that end."

## Work in Foreign Fields

The foreign work at Headquarters is divided into four sections. Miss Mary F. Long, of the Spanish section, spoke on the work as a whole. The substance of her report is given below:

The Foreign Department of The Rosicrucian Fellowship is like the aureole around the head of a saint—it is a crown of rejoicing.

We are very careful not to try to force the Teachings upon anyone who may not be ready to receive them, and we certainly do not want to destroy any religious foundation that the Recording Angels have given to every race and nation. But the Rosicrucian Teachings are universal. Christ-Jesus is the Savior of the world and the deeper teachings are to be given in due time to all humanity. Therefore, when those in other lands come seeking the Rosicrucian Light, we rejoice in the firstfruits, the earnest of the time when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

The work was naturally centered upon our own land at first, but soon letters began to arrive from distant lands and in foreign tongues. The volume of this correspondence increased until it could not be ignored and a foreign Department was recognized as an integral part of the growth of the organization under the direction of the Elder Brothers.

Today to meet the needs of this depart-



ment there are four divisions: Dutch, French, German, and Spanish, with a secretary of the corresponding nationality in each, and among them all they are able to attend in some degree to letters that come in various tongues.

The Foreign Department now comprises fully one third of our membership. Study Groups and Centers are scattered all over Europe and South America; and even in the Philippine Islands, in Australia, and in South Africa, these beacon lights of the New Age are shining.

Each foreign secretary corrects Philosophy lessons in two courses, Astrology lessons in three courses, perhaps Bible lessons, while there are always from one to three hundred patients on his list whose often rather voluminous correspondence he must check and to whom he would like to write a personal letter at least once a month. Of course this cannot always be done, for there is the monthly letters to Probationers to translate and send out, and the monthly letter and lesson to Students. He must also keep in touch with the Centers, and there is always revision and translation work he is eager to do. But there is added strength and grace from the loving, grateful thoughts and prayers that literally encircle the globe and are focused on Mt. Ecclesia and the workers here. This mighty spiritual power that undergirds all the work of the Fellowship, making for international peace and good will, especially through the Foreign Department, cannot be estimated.

The extension of the Teachings is always largely through the printed page. *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, by Max Heindel, has been published in twelve languages—one for every sign of the zodiac: Czechoslovakian, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and, of course, English.

The twenty *Rosicrucian Christianity Lectures* have recently been done into the Tagalog dialect, official language of the Philippine Islands.

In Mérida, México, an authorized trans-

lation of our monthly magazine is published.

In all backward lands sickness abounds and there is little medical aid. Through the Healing Department many from all classes are seeking our help. . . .

In Germany many members have felt it necessary to withdraw from the Fellowship. They are passing through deep waters, but they shall not overwhelm them. We must not forget them. Let us surround them with our sympathy and loving thoughts. We expect to welcome them back some happier day.

During the civil war in Spain we discontinued for a time all correspondence with our students in that land. Even the emblem on our envelopes, we were advised, was a matter of life and death to the recipient in some provinces. Our stock of Spanish *Cosmos* was entirely exhausted and no more were available from Spain, so we were wondering how we could supply the constant demand for that book. But there was no need to worry. Just at this time two requests for permission to publish the Spanish *Cosmo* in South America were received, one from Santiago, Chile, and the other from Buenos Aires. The first installment has already come from Chile, a paper-bound edition which can be sold for 65 cents U.S. money. This brings it within the reach of many who were never able to buy it before at more than \$10. And so we again and again exclaim, "What God has done!"

There is part of just one letter I will read in conclusion: "My dear brothers, you can not imagine what your letters are to us; physically and morally; they do us much good, we are better in body and soul."

This is a high and holy ministry that we are privileged to exercise in these days of stress through the Foreign Department to comfort and sustain our brothers in other lands.

On one occasion in the latter part of His ministry, Jesus was in the Temple and two Greeks came to the disciples saying, "We would see Jesus." The dis-

ciples told Jesus, but before He went to meet them He lifted up His soul in praise and rejoicing. Looking far down the future (as we do, following His gaze) He saw the time when all, from the least to the greatest, will come to Him and live.

## Office Administration

Mr. Edward Adams, general office manager, gave information about the office staff of seventeen persons and the division of labor by which the immense detail of work at Headquarters is handled. This limited personnel handles all the correspondence, correction of lessons, etc., involved in three philosophy courses, three astrology courses, and the Bible Study course. There are Spanish, Dutch, French, and German department secretaries, three persons in the Accounting department, four general secretaries, an esoteric secretary, three persons in the Editorial department, besides Mrs. Max Heindel, the Editor of The Rosicrucian Magazine.

"A library list is maintained to record all Rosicrucian books in the various libraries and to furnish those asked for by readers. A Braille department is also maintained and the *Cosmo*, *Christianity Lectures*, and other works are available for the use of the blind. Our output of mail from the General Office averages 12,000 to 20,000 pieces each month. This of course does not include either the Healing department or the new Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium, nor the shipment of books from the Shipping department."

## Publishing and Printing

Mr. Sam S. Erret, superintendent of the print shop, reported on the activities of that department for the twelve months from July 1, 1938, up to July 1, 1939. Following are some outstanding items of his report on the work produced here in our own print shop:

46,000 Philosophy, Bible, and Astrology Lessons as needed to replenish our stock.  
22,500 envelopes of various sizes for miscellaneous use, exclusive of those used

for mailing students' and probationers' letters and lessons.

244,000 pamphlets dealing with the Philosophy and other phases of the Work.  
421,000 small pieces of miscellaneous literature, such as healing date cards, horoscope blanks, etc.

93,000 pieces for the Foreign Departments.

76,500 pieces for Mt. Ecclesia Sanitarium.  
6,685 books, including *Occult Principles of Health and Healing*, but exclusive of new printings of the *Cosmo*, the *Simplified Scientific Astrology*, or *Message of the Stars*.

Mr. Erret stated that when these are needed they are printed elsewhere "because our facilities as yet are inadequate" for handling such large editions of books besides the regular work. "In addition," he said, "there are the thousands of Student and Probationer Letters and Lessons, as well as the twelve issues of The Rosicrucian Magazine. All this makes a total of more than a million pieces put out by our print shop in one year and required over 24,000 pounds of paper. This work was done with a print shop force of only four men."

## Astrology Department

Mr. Thomas G. Hansen, one of the Fellowship delegates to the Astrological Convention in San Francisco, gave a brief report. He stated that officials and executives as well as many individuals spoke in highest terms of the outstanding contribution made by our Session to the success of the Convention and the prestige of astrology. He mentioned the fact that the attitude of the Fellowship is always that of friendly cooperation with other movements which uphold a high standard of astrological practice.

Concerning the work of the Astrology department he emphasized the necessity for teaching students that to be a real astrologer one must also be a philosopher because astrology and philosophy go hand in hand. In connection with handling the lessons and meeting the situations arising from the correspondence



with students, he said that the department made it a point to answer every letter, regardless of the problem involved. In conclusion he indicated the worthwhile service our Correspondence Courses are giving by saying, "The work in the Astrology department is continually increasing. There are more persons who are enrolling for the Junior Course, and

a higher percentage of students who complete the course and go on to graduate from the Senior and Senior Extension Courses than ever before."

(NOTE: Another of the Convention talks will be found in the Nutrition and Health department of this issue. Next month's magazine will have more of the inspiring Convention material.—EDITOR.)

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## The "Dream" of Life

By MARGARET A. MUSOLINO

THEY had laid her to rest, the beautiful daughter of a widowed mother. Her last words had been, "I am so tired," to which the mother had answered, "Sleep, my darling, I shall watch by your side." Although only too well that mother knew that she was sleeping her way into eternal life!

The courage that had been hers through many weary days had utterly forsaken her now, and there was nothing left but a dull despair too deep for tears. They had been such close companions, these two; they had idolized each other, never dreaming that death would strike so swiftly and so cruelly.

Spring came in all its beauty, but the song of birds, the rush of water in the brooks, the first sweet flowers, all were unavailing to rouse her from the lethargy into which her daughter's death had plunged her. In the selfishness of her grief she denied herself the visits of her friends and only in reading constantly, reading all she could find on the subject of immortality, could she seem to dull in part the ache of her heart.

Another spring returned, finding her with health undermined and the sight of her eyes almost lost through the pain of unshed tears. Then one night while lying on her bed, between sleeping and waking, she had a dream—or was it a vision? It seemed that her feet had led her to just beyond the horizon, and there, but a step apart, was a beautiful green field, the green of the grass more marvelous than any she had ever beheld. And by a gate

stood three figures robed in white; two she recognized as angels, but the other—oh, could it really be her own dear daughter? Wonderful in her beauty, clad in shimmering white.


The mother would have advanced; 'twas but a step across the great divide, but her daughter, hastening to meet her, cried, "No, Mother, you cannot touch me yet! I've only brought you here to ask you not to grieve, because, as you see, I am perfectly happy, and I have work to do.

"My work is to gather the little ones in my arms and help them across the border, but Mother, dear, when you grieve so, it makes me suffer, and I cannot do my appointed task so well. Go, I beseech you, and help others, now that you have a certainty that I live and love you as I always did. When you need me I shall be with you, but now, beloved Mother, I must go."

As she said this, the gate closed. With hands extended the mother tried to retain the vanishing figures, but from that day her life was changed. Kneeling by the side of the bed, she asked that guidance be given her by her heavenly Father, so that she might do her part to alleviate the pain in the world. From that day her duty was made clear. People marveled at the change that had come over her. With those who sorrowed she was always to be found giving comfort and assurance. And not only with the sorrowing ones, but she could also rejoice in the happiness of others.

# Earth Changes and Cataclysms

BY A. E. GEBERT

N considering the subject of Lost Continents, Earth Changes, and Cataclysms we must delve far back into the past, for these changes antedate by many millions of years recorded history and tradition.

Our historical records do not extend much farther back than 6000 B.C., and these old records are somewhat indistinct and in many instances questionable. However, they give us a fair idea of the ancient Babylonian civilization, which includes Nippur, Ur, Eridu, and other Sumerian and Accadian cities of Chaldea, founded in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris.

Where chronological history fails in recording world conditions and changes, nature brings them forth like thoughts from the subconscious mind; and whereas recorded history is more or less unreliable by reason of elapsed time, and biased views and opinions of the writers, nature does not lie, but reveals honestly, giving us truth if we will correctly interpret the evidence it presents.

Ocultists who have developed the sixth sense can get the history of the past by reading the Akashic Records, or Memory of Nature, as Max Heindel refers to it in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*. However, as these records are not of the physical world they must be read on a plane where time does not exist—for time is only relative and is based on our solar system. Therefore, the element of time is absent in reading these records. It is for this reason that the majority of mankind must depend upon science for information; and science satisfies the requirements of the physical senses because it is exacting, and accepts nothing that is not proven by rigid methods of scrutiny and testing.

Although there were writers of history in Egypt and Babylon, and records made

by the ancient priesthood, it was not until the advent of Herodotus the Greek historian (born in Halicarnassus, a Doric colony of Asia Minor, about 484 B.C.) that history began to be considered seriously by the rank and file of humanity. Thus, Herodotus is called the father of history although much of his work is based on tradition.

Many writers followed Herodotus down the years, and the people accepted what was written without demanding proof. Science was aroused by the evidence of many ruins that lay buried more or less under the soil; thus the science of Archæology began.

Archæology deals only with the past, for, it is the science of antiquities, being correlated with Geology, which is the science that investigates the structure of the earth, the successive physical changes it has undergone, and the causes which have operated in producing such alterations in the crust of the globe.

In considering changes which have occurred in the earth it is necessary to know in part how it originated and of what substance it is composed. As it would require considerable time and space to go into this subject thoroughly, it will not be undertaken in this article; and the reader is referred to the *Cosmo-Conception* which explains these matters thoroughly both exoterically and esoterically. Briefly, however, all will agree that in the earth's composition we have the four elements of fire, earth, air, and water; and that our earth was at one time within the gaseous body of the Sun. Because of the necessity for varying rates of vibration by different orders of beings, denser matter was thrown off by the centrifugal force of the sun's rotation. The bodies thus thrown off from time to time became the planets of our solar system.

Science has not yet been able to deter-



mine the age of the earth to a very close degree; the estimates, based on scientific discovery and investigation, claiming it to be anywhere from sixty million to two billion years, the latter figure, based upon present-day knowledge, apparently being the nearest correct.

Many methods have been used by science to determine the age of our planet. One of the first was to ascertain the rate at which matter was carried by water from the mainland and deposited in the ocean, and the time required to convert these deposits into rock. While this method had merit, it was not accurate enough to be of great value; for these deposits, depending upon local conditions, were not uniform; and besides, lands throughout the earth had been thrown up and sunk, which broke up this system of estimating.

Another method employed was to figure how long it had taken to carry the salts from the earth and deposit them in the oceans; but this method also was found to be very unreliable because of variation due to many causes.

Within the past 50 years science has found a method which is more consistent and accurate than any one previously used. The rate at which a certain quantity of uranium is transmuted into radium and subsequently into lead is known; therefore by examining the rocks and ascertaining the proportion of lead to uranium in them, their approximate age could be determined.

By this method it is indicated that an age of two billion years for our earth is no exaggeration.

Our earth has its evolution—the rise and fall of continents and other physical changes being a form of birth, death, rest, and reincarnation. Historians, philosophers, and occult students have of necessity accepted the facts in connection with the changes in the earth's surface; the sinking of islands and continents and the rising of new lands. Such changes have undoubtedly

been going on since our planet was cast off from the sun—a molten or gaseous body rotating in space, thereafter condensing and evolving through mineral, plant, animal, and human stage! in fact, earth-changes are positively necessary to man's evolution, for, the Ego at birth must have the proper environment for its development, as explained by Max Heindel in the *Cosmo-Conception*, page 124, where he states that in the second heaven the Ego assimilates the fruit of the last earth life and prepares the earthly environment for a new physical existence:

It is not enough to say that the new conditions will be determined by conduct and action in the life just closed. It is required that the fruits of the past be worked into the World which is to be the next scene of activity while the Ego is gaining fresh physical experiences and gathering further fruit.

Therefore all the denizens of the Heaven World work upon the models of the Earth, all of which are in the Region of Concrete Thought. They alter the physical features of the Earth, and bring about the gradual changes which vary its appearance, so that on each return to physical life a different environment has been prepared, wherein new experiences can be gained. Climate, *flora*, and *fauna* are altered by man under the direction of higher Beings.

Thus the world is just what we ourselves, individually and collectively, have made it; and it will be what we make it."

Many of earth's changes have been very drastic, involving an enormous loss of life. One of the most spectacular events is mentioned on page 264 of the *Cosmo*, where Max Heindel tells how a portion of the earth through the failure in evolution of its inhabitants, became so crystallized that it became as a clinker in the side of the earth, and so was cast off and became a mere satellite of the earth. It has been set forth as a theory that the displacement of such a large body of matter

from one spot caused the earth to lose its equilibrium, thereby toppling and making a sudden radical change in its axis, changing the temperate

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Weep not that the world  
changes—did it keep  
A stable, changeless state, it  
were cause indeed to weep.  
—Bryant.

zones into arctic regions so quickly that animals with undigested food in their stomachs perished, and their bodies have been discovered in later ages.

Along this line of thought another theory furnishes the opinion that snow and ice accumulating at the poles caused an overbalancing and toppling of the earth, with the results above mentioned. It is not necessary, however, to indulge in speculative theory, for we have direct evidence from many sources of earth tragedies.

Diodorus Siculus, a Greek historian who lived as late as 21 B.C., wrote a universal history of forty books under the name of *Bibliotheca Historica*, and tells of a tremendous seismic disturbance which in the year 1250 B.C. made radical changes in the topography of North-western Africa from the Gulf of Gabes to the Atlantic Ocean.

In Donnelly's *Atlantis* some astonishing historical facts are given which prove his contention that the earth's surface is a record of successive rising and falling of the land, and that all the continents which now exist were at one time under water, as is shown by the strata deposits of rock, coal, etc.

The following are some of the historical facts referred to:

Within 5000 years the shores of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have risen from 200 to 600 feet.

We have experienced the lifting-up of the South American coast ten or fifteen feet and its letdown in an hour; and have seen the Andes sink 220 feet in 70 years.

Geological evidence proves that at one time the entire area of Great Britain was submerged at least 1700 feet; and there is the same testimony with regard to Sicily and the Sahara desert.

In 1783 Iceland experienced an earthquake which destroyed 9,000 people out of a population of 50,000—fire and water also destroying 20 villages. A mass of lava greater than Mont Blanc was thrown out and the island of Nyac (new island) was thrown up 30 miles out, but in a year sank into the ocean.

October 8, 1822, an earthquake occurred in Java near the mountain of Galung Gung. An eruption took place which ejected matter as far as forty miles away. On October 12th a second eruption occurred which changed the face of the mountain, creating a gulf in which 4,000 people were killed and 114 villages destroyed.

In 1831 a new island (Graham's) was thrown up off the coast of Sicily to a height of 200 feet, but it soon sank.

On September first, the earth split open near Yaira in the island of Laucrota. A lava stream was thrown out and the commotion lasted for five years, during which time the lava covered one-third of the island.

In the Gulf of Sautorin, Grecian Archipelago, in 186 B.C., the island of Kaimeni, or Sacred Isle, was thrown up from the sea; and in A.D. 19 the island of Thia (The Divine) appeared. In 1573 was created "Sunburnt Island." In 1848 came a volcanic convulsion and earthquake, destroying many houses at Thera, killing fifty persons and a thousand animals. In later years the whole Sautorin mass sank in the sea 1200 feet.

It is not necessary to go far back into the past to get firsthand information concerning earth-changes, for many startling events have occurred within the present generation.

Prior to the year 1883 there existed in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, the volcanic island of Krakatau with an area of about thirteen square miles, towering at one point nearly three thousand feet above sea level. On August 27, 1883, the volcano virtually exploded, directly and indirectly destroying 300 villages and killing about 36,500 people. Two-thirds of the island was blown away and lost in the sea. Two small islands created by the eruptions later disappeared. The stones, ashes, and lava were shot up in the air fifteen miles or more, the dust and ashes causing darkness a hundred miles away.

The explosion caused giant ocean waves which swept over the shores of Java and Sumatra, and helped in the

destruction of property and in the toll of lives already mentioned; these waves being distinctly felt nearly eight thousand miles away. It is also recorded that the noise was heard more than 2500 miles away; and the effects of the dust in the atmosphere was in evidence for a year or two thereafter, particularly noticeable in peculiar sun-glows.

Not many years ago ripples began to appear in the ocean off the island. Moving picture machines and sound apparatus were brought to the scene, and a most wonderful portrayal of motion and sound was secured and later reproduced in motion picture houses. It showed the water becoming more and more disturbed, while the noise increased until the roar was terrific as the water, stones, and other matter were hurled up in the air to a great height. At the close of the demonstration the noise and motion subsided gradually until there appeared only a ripple, and then the waters became normal.

On July 10, 1935, Krakatao began a new eruption during which the small nearby island of Anakrakatou disappeared. The eruptions occurred at intervals of a few minutes and hurled matter into the air about 2500 feet. Krakatao is now only a small island, although, being the seat of an active volcano, it will undoubtedly be regarded with further interest by the scientific world.

Spectacular and drastic as it may have been, the destruction of Krakatao with its loss of life and physical effects upon the earth, was as a grain of sand compared with a mighty rock when we consider the destruction, many centuries ago of the continents of Lemuria, or Mu, and Atlantis, known as Poseid.

According to the symbolic records discovered, there existed 11,000 to 12,000 years ago, a vast continent in the Pacific Ocean known as Mu, or Land of the West. The records indicate that this continent extended

north of the Hawaiian Islands, south as far as the Fiji and Easter Islands, and west within reach of India. The Australian Archipelago is said to be the mountain tops of this sunken continent, according to James Churchward in his writings on Mu; and this mammoth body of land measured about 5,000 miles east to west, and 3,000 miles north to south, its inhabitants consisting of ten main tribes numbering some 64,000,000, with a history dating back 50,000 years.

The records referred to claim that Mu was the original home of man, and dominated the known world. Sacred tablets in India and in other countries show that the early Greeks, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, Egyptians, and Hindus had derived their culture indirectly at least from the land of Mu. Naturally, these records are in symbolic form, except where their interpretation was put into writing in later centuries. Language and writing may change and distort the truth, but symbols and picture-writing remain the same throughout the ages.

Mr. Churchward in his writings presents many illustrations of these symbolic records, among which are the Naacal Tablets written either in Burma or the Motherland of Mu. These tablets give the symbol of Mu, and tell that the Naacals came from the Motherland in the center of the Pacific Ocean.

Various inscriptions found in temple ruins in the South Sea Islands and in Uxmal, Yucatan, tell of the "Land of the West, whence we came."

When the mutineers on the *Bounty* grounded and burned their ship on the shores of Pitcairn Island, they found no inhabitants, but on the rocky walls of the hills they found curious symbols indicating that the place had been the home of an ancient people.

What is known as the Troana manuscript reveals that Mu was destroyed by volcano, earthquake, and submersion, the latter occurring in a

*I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature, and the universe, and which even while we remain in this world, discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.*

—Cicero.

single night at a period estimated at about 12,000 years ago. By calculation it is found that during this period the Precession of the Equinox was passing through the sign of Leo which is a fire sign.

The *Cosmo-Conception* states that volcanic eruptions or cataclysms destroyed the greater part of the Lemurian Continent, and its final submergence affected the Atlantean Continent, which also was submerged centuries later.

The legend of Atlantis appears first in one of Plato's dialogues, "Timaeus," where the relating of it forms an interlude. Critius tells it as coming from his great-grandfather Dropias, who was a relative and friend of Solon, the second and greater law-giver of Athens. Solon, traveling in Egypt 593 to 583 B.C. talked to an old priest who said the Greeks had no historical records worth speaking of; and then told of Egyptian records and the great deluge in which the entire army of Athens then engaged in warfare, presumably on Atlantean shores, had been destroyed by the sinking of the Continent of Atlantis with all its inhabitants in a day and a night, leaving only a mud bank.

It has been suggested that the phrase "a day and a night" may be but a figure of speech, and may have covered centuries of time. This continent was known as Poseid which is obviously synonymous with Poseidon, familiar to us as Neptune the God of the Sea.

The *Cosmo* states that the hot fiery breath of the volcanoes which were abundantly active in the southern part of the earth, found in the Atlantean Continent a meeting place with the icy blasts of the Polar region of the north. The result was a condensation of the atmosphere, producing a thick murky fog or mist. The settling of this mist when the atmosphere cleared naturally produced a large volume of water, and as a result—the Deluge.

This Deluge is apparently synonymous with the one mentioned in the Bible, in which Noah, his family, and certain of

the animal kingdom were said to be saved—an allegory of course. Like all nations that finally lose their identity, Atlantis or Poseid had been on the decline for centuries. The Scriptures say that the land of Noah had become so wicked that it was necessary to destroy it and begin a new civilization or race. Such drastic action was vitally necessary, just as an organ of our bodies may be removed by the surgeon in order to save the rest of the body.

The destruction of Atlantis was preceded by volcanic eruption and storm, the continent sinking a little ways, then making a final descent as the waters covered it. Tidal waves undoubtedly encircled the earth, making it a world-wide catastrophe. Although about 11,000 years have passed since the occurrence, modern research has pieced together the fragments of evidence scattered throughout the world, until there is little room left for doubt as to the truth of the story; in fact, the records indicate the existence of Poseid as far back as 40,000 years ago.

Tradition has it that Atlantis extended from the British Isles down toward the southern part of the American Continent; and in South America have been found records of Atlantean civilization which prove this. During the past generation scientists have discovered the most convincing proofs by taking sea soundings. Such investigation shows the presence of a ridge in the ocean bed extending from the British Isles southwest to the southern part of our continent, this ridge showing an elevation from the ocean's bed of one to two miles.

About forty years ago pieces of lava were brought up from the ocean's bed with grappling hooks while searching for a broken cable. The lava showed that it had congealed in the atmosphere, proving that it had been exposed above the water, and, being undecomposed by the sea water, showed further that it could not have been in the sea much before the date given for the sinking of Atlantis. Other proofs have been found by comparing types of people, languages, cus-



toms, and forms of religion, which agree so closely as to sweep away any idea of mere coincidence.

Within the past few years a number of earth-changes have taken place: for instance, on February 8, 1937, the Chicago Tribune reports that Russian scientists announced the sudden appearance of an island in the Black Sea off the Crimean coast near Balaklava. The theory of its creation is based on the fact that centuries ago a huge cliff fell into the sea causing a buckle in the sea bottom. Recent earthquakes in Caucasia caused a shifting of weight which pushed up the island from the sea.

The Tribune later reports that on August 11, 1937, farmers near Buhl, Idaho, watched their land sink several hundred feet, forming a deep canyon. Some days later the reports showed that the land was still sinking within an area a mile square, accompanied by rumbling and dust clouds.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of small islands have from time to time sprung up in the Pacific Ocean, many of which have sunk and disappeared. A vast number of them are uncharted and in many instances consist of barren rock formations. It was among such islands that the famed woman aviator Amelia Earhart and her co-pilot lost their lives.

From Manila, Philippine Islands, under date of December 12, 1938, comes word that during a severe typhoon which swept fifteen provinces, volcanic debris washed down the slopes of Mayon volcano, burying the entire town of Camalig

which had housed about 20,000 people. And quite recently came the news of the Chilean disaster in which a toll of 80,000 killed and wounded is estimated. Thus earth changes go on continually and will probably never cease while the earth remains.

It is but natural that we of the present generation should ask the reason for these cataclysms, and the answer will be found in the following extract from the *Cosmo-Conception*:

It is reflected immorality and anti-spiritual tendencies of mankind which arouse the Nature-forces in the seventh [earth] stratum to destructive activity, and it is generally profligate and degenerate peoples who succumb to these catastrophes. They, together with others whose destiny, self-generated under the Law of Consequence, for various reasons, involves a violent death, are gathered from many lands by the superhuman forces, to the point where the eruption [catastrophe] is to occur. . . .

To counteract this demoralizing influence, a great deal of occult information has been given out by the Elder Brothers of Wisdom, who are ever working for the benefit of humanity. It is thought that by giving out this knowledge and educating the few who will still receive it, it may be possible to stem the tide of materialism, which otherwise may bring about very serious consequences to its advocates.

We cannot foretell what drastic changes are ahead for our Earth, but we can be sure that Nature destroys only to build better; therefore we may help matters by consecrating our lives in service with the forces of Good. Then we can confidently feel that "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world."



# The Bird of Dreams

A REVERIE

BY BERNARD CROSLAND MITCHELL

The spirit is beyond the influence of the material, earthly conditions, and assimilates all the good contained in the past life as it lives it over again. Here all ennobling pursuits to which the man aspired are realized in fullest measure.

—*The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception.*



THE November afternoon fell quickly. The old house amongst the trees was quiet with the coming of eventide. In a room on the ground floor a light glowed red. The curtains were still undrawn and the window wide open. Inside, the room spoke of quietude; there was no sound save the ticking of an old grandfather clock which stood in one corner, and the rustle of leaves without.

In an armchair near the open window sat an old man. He was quite alone. In his hand he held a book but he was scarcely reading now. He seemed to be listening—to the brooding quiet. His hair was almost white, deep furrows lined the forehead, the eyes were deep set under dark eyebrows, the cheeks were sunken—but the face revealed character and kindness. The expression was sweet and gentle and there was a certain charm and grace about him which it was impossible not to admire.

In the garden the autumn breeze played carelessly amongst the giant boughs. Already the ground was strewn with fallen leaves—like life that is fast ebbing, soon to be laid aside desolate and bare.

From amongst the lofty tree-tops something stirred . . . the Bird of Dreams flew down to the open window, bringing him thoughts of long ago.

His eyes seemed to see nothing of this world. Wildest dreams seemed to be the only reality here. Age and time meant nothing. All he asked of life was peace, contentment. To him life's hopes had ended but he was content.

Life had taught him much. Happiness he had discovered was only to be found through religion and philosophy, for without these man enters on a great loneliness and is as a soul creeping through life with his back to the dawn and his face to the night.

Memory, he reflected, what was this magic power which conjures up ghosts from the shadows of the distant past? Nothing which was beautiful could ever die in memory, though time touches all things leaving nothing unchanged. Those things which we have loved and lost may yet be ours again.

It was pleasant to sit thus reviewing life's shifting scenes. But tonight they seemed more real than ever. He dimly heard spoken words in different voices just like the voices one hears in one's dreams. He saw people too and they appeared more real and substantial than any dreams he had ever had. He discovered too that he had only to concentrate on things and places to see them and to feel as though he were actually there.

The clock chimed the hour, but time itself was no more . . .

He breathed heavily in his chair. Outside a dark mist was forming.

He rose slowly from his chair.

Strange! He felt as light as air. His every movement came without the slightest exertion. What had come over him? He had never felt like this before.

He gazed down at himself and after a while realized the full meaning of it all. It was himself, of course, yet like a being built of smoke. No; he was not dreaming, though the objects around him had something of the transparent dream touch about them, but he was fully conscious. It was no delusion. He knew exactly who he was and where he was. He was aware too that his body was there,

seated in a chair by the window. Could it be, he wondered, that he had died and that he was now on the threshold of the eternal after-life? Yet some instinct told him that this was not "death."

He gazed around him at each familiar object. It seemed as though he were standing in the bright shadows of a mirror. Each object seemed to tremble with distinctness.

It took a few minutes to accustom himself to this new and strange world.

Like a sleep-walker he moved towards the door and drifted through it, insubstantial as a wraith.

He was surprised at the ease of his movements. His phantom limbs felt lighter than air.

Outside a mist enveloped everything but as he wandered on the mist gradually lifted and before him sprawled once familiar mountain ranges, their summits shrouded in purple haze.

As he grew more accustomed to his surroundings he realized that he was not alone. He sensed a shadow-like presence at his side, strangely familiar, like a lovely ghost from beyond death's dark divide. He heard a voice, too, a voice love-laden, clear as crystal from the regions of the past.

"Come and look down," the voice breathed. "The Loch is so deep and the mountains so great. How lovely are the quiet shadows. I love the trees—they are a sermon without words. Listen to their mysterious speech; there's soft laughter in the trees."

Familiar words! Where had he heard that voice before? Yes, he remembered now. How could he ever have forgotten?

In the galleries of his mind he lives again those far-off days—memory invading his spirit with a secret thrill, and imagination takes him back to long ago. The past appears in realistic vision before his gaze . . . yes! there is the "Highland Lad" hotel, just as he had always remembered it—situated half way up a wooded mountain slope in one of the most picturesque settings in Scotland. It was

April again in the Scottish Highlands, with golden sunsets and gentle breezes from across the bonnie perfumed heather. The soft loveliness of the legend-haunted moorlands, awe-inspiring in wild grandeur. It is a land of superstition—pixie-haunted and peopled with fairies and elves—a land of beautiful desolation tinged with melancholy. Wild and desolate indeed but with an inexplicable fascination that makes people return again and again to climb its lonely hills and mountains and tramp its grey moorland roads.

How well he remembered the afternoons, sitting on the wide verandah overlooking Loch Doon, the mellow lakeland sun slowly descending in a golden sky and the enormous black shadows lying thick upon the placid surface of the water, so calm, so pure, so lovely in its perfect repose. The exquisite silence of the Loch and its perfect surroundings rested like a spell over everything.

To this little hotel in the Highlands visitors came and went. Almost every day there was some newcomer. In those long-past days they had been of unfailing interest to him.

One day looking at the assembled visitors in the dining room his eyes were repeatedly drawn towards a newcomer, a lovely, slender young woman seated at a table some distance from him. He was held by the rare beauty of this woman; in her every gesture was a strange fascination. The head was poised, dark hair contrasted with the slender white throat, the eyes flashed. To him she appeared as a princess from a story book of life.

Presently an old gentleman joined her. At times he could hear their conversation. It was real chatter, a babble of words punctuated occasionally by gay laughter.

After lunch he moved out onto the verandah and opened a book. Many of the other visitors came out too and to his delight the lovely lady with the elderly gentleman. Catching sight of him she smiled and he smiled back at her—completely captivated.

It was several days before he saw her again, then late one afternoon of one of the hottest days he could remember, he decided to take a walk in the shade of the wood on whose borders the hotel stood.

After about half an hour's walk he came to a clearing in the wood and to his surprise he saw at some distance two people whom he recognized as the lovely lady and the elderly gentleman.

As the footpath he had taken led in the same direction he was soon quite close to them. When he reached them she turned her head and spoke. It was an enchanting voice.

"We are going to the little church at the end of the wood," she said. "Would you care to join us?"

Soon they were asking all kinds of questions about each other.

"My name is Inga Gautier," she said, "and this is my father. We are here in Scotland for a few months. Our home is in Dunedin, New Zealand."

"That is far away," he replied. "'Down under,' as the English say. My name is Ralph Steward. I too am on holiday in Scotland. My father was of the Steward Clan and was born in these parts but emigrated to California where he met my mother. My home is in Grass Valley."

For several minutes the conversation ran on about how long they had been in Scotland, the different places which they had visited and how long they intended staying there.

"We turn off at the right here," she said, "I'll show you my Loch. I have visited here before but my father has not."

For a while they followed an uphill path loose with shale and stones until at length they came out onto a narrow ridge which overlooked the beautiful Loch.

"Come and look down," she whispered. "It looks so deep and the mountains so great."

How soothing was the serenity of this scene—yet deserted and melancholy in the fading light. Faint distant sounds

echoed from the mountains and near-by a stream of water tumbled into a deep pool below.

(He remembered her saying how she loved this scene.)

"They tell me the Loch is immensely deep, no one has ever sounded it. How lovely are the quiet shadows. The hills look like living beings. One day perhaps the Loch will take me into its confidence and whisper its secrets to me."

"Very beautiful, charming," spoke her father. "I like your Loch, Inga. And now let us move on towards the little church, otherwise it will be dark before we get back."

They started off again down the beaten track beneath the shimmering arcade of trees, cathedral-like in their loveliness.

"It is jolly to be walking together like this," she remarked. "It is so beautiful here, one feels so close to life."

"This must be the church," the old man said as they emerged from the trees.

There stood the grey edifice, so sweet, so small, against the sunset.

Inside everything was subdued in a mellow dusky light. The candles burned dim. Cloistral silence enfolded this solemn miracle of stone. The saints looked down from fine old stained glass windows, the ever fading light tinting their robes in changing hues. The air was heavy with supplication and blessing; echoing vows; sepulchral with vigil. And yonder in the dimness there formed the Shadow of a Cross with a silent sufferer, alone, facing the scorn and evil of the world, spat upon and cursed by an angry mob surging around Him; led to the ignoble death of Crucifixion at the place of Golgotha, there to build Himself an Everlasting Name.

All was silence and majesty.

Here one's mind felt rested. Here one was at peace with the world. Here one could pray.

. . . . .

Almost every day he spent some time with his new found friends.

One evening when the dark shadows were gathering and night's dark shroud



was drawing nigh they lingered on a high promontory looking over swaying tree-tops to a hollow in the hills where stood a lonely grey edifice surrounded by great firs.

There was scarcely any sound, save the whisper of the wind in the trees and the occasional plaintive cry of a bird.

"How beautiful are the trees," the old man remarked.

"Yes, I love the trees," his daughter whispered. "There's soft laughter in the trees. We and the trees are one, we share the selfsame earth; our hearts, too, have roots to keep us strong and steady."

Slowly they moved down the lonely hillside. The valley below was spacious and quiet like a vast chamber.

"What is that large grey building down yonder?" inquired the old man.

"That is the monastery of Saint Benedict," his daughter replied. "They follow the rule of Saint Benedict. Sometimes I picture them in their brown and white robes vowed of their own free wills into the everlasting silence of a living death always remembering that 'in the midst of life they are in death.' Remembering too the greater loneliness of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to whom they have dedicated their lives."

"Solitude is a strange thing," the old man added. "Solitude can be kind, and in its comforting arms one can often find that peace which passeth all human understanding."

Pleasantly sped the time. All through the long summer days they laughed and talked and sang, as though no sorrow could befall them. They wandered into the leafy woods in the fragrant morning, or lingered in the dewy evening, watching the enormous black shadows gather over the great Loch until at length the moon floated over the dusky woods falling across the placid water in a broad pathway of glimmering silver.

Sometimes they had a longing for towns and made excursions across the border into England visiting the grand old churches and gloomy cathedrals,

listening to the mighty rolling of organs or lingering in art galleries in ancient cities they feasted on the noble work of the old masters.

And so the golden days of that summer passed away. Autumn came and the leaves fluttered down. Summer died but gloriously. Winds blew cold from the grey North. Rain and sleet fell heavily and the earth lay desolate and bare.

One by one the visitors left for their various destinations and Ralph also departed on his long journey across the Atlantic to his California home.

"I too must go soon," she had whispered to him as he was leaving. "I'll be here always in thought. I'll climb the hills and sit and look down over the swaying tree-tops to the shining Loch below. I shall sit there and gaze and think; and the soft laughter of the trees, the perfume of the heather and the rippling music of the mountain stream will reach me there. Perhaps you, too, back yonder in Grass Valley will think of these days and cast your thoughts back here to this enchanted place which we have loved so well."

"How beautiful," he had replied softly, "I shall never forget."

And the years sped by and the magic days of that long summer became remote and began to assume the golden haze of something dreamed.

He paused in his reverie. The shadow-presence by his side had become more substantial. It was a woman's form.

He sees her now. He does not move. Her face shines with the beatific glow of immortality—young and eternally beautiful.

"How lovely it is," she whispered, "to be here once again watching the strange green shadows stealing down the mountain sides. The scent of the purple heather in bloom and the whisper of the gentle wind in the trees. The babbling of the mountain brook and the song of the birds."

Again they were standing on the narrow ridge overlooking the beautiful Loch wrapped in its purple veil of softly fading light whilst the rustle of leaves in the tree-tops came to them like a distant hymn. Then she spoke, gently as the falling of twilight:

"We are not of the earth world now. We have left that kind of reality. All this belongs to the spiritual world spoken of in the Great Books. You are free now to possess the things of Imagination and live them in 'reality.' In your mind you can build perfect things whether or not they be memories or visions of your own creation."

Her voice was like soft music and seemed but an echo amongst the hills and valleys.

"I know now what life is," he re-

plied slowly. "Today I have found eternal life. The past awaits us all—lovely with memories. To remember is to live."

. . . . .

Back in the room it was dark and quiet. There was no sound save the ticking of an old grandfather clock which stood in one corner, and the rustle of leaves without.

In an armchair near the open window sat an old man. He was quite alone. His head had fallen forward on his chest and he appeared as though in sleep. By his side lay a closed book—like a tale that is told.

Outside something stirred . . . the Bird of Dreams spread out its wings and flew back into the Night.

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## Bouquet of Dreams

BY KATHYRA KENDALL

*As once you plucked a sheaf of roses sweet,  
Which we had grown within our garden place,  
Where you and I had strolled a little space  
And lived with growing love; and where my feet  
Were often lured, so that my heart—replete  
With happiness and pensive dreams—could trace  
The petaled trails while you with gentle grace  
Would pick the blooms whose loveliness was fleet—*

*So now I pluck from out the summoned past,  
The poignant time-stained memories of hours  
In which you walked the garden paths with me;  
The blossoms of my thoughts are unsurpassed  
With redolence of love—as those sweet flowers  
You gathered once—but for eternity.*

# Aftermath

BY STEELE RICHARDS

If there be those who doubt the psychic scars which war leaves behind, unseen and perhaps unsuspected in individual lives, let them consider this hidden chapter from the days of one who walks tight-lipped and tense among us; upon his slender shoulders a burden of responsibility which should not touch him, laid there by those who decree wars. He holds to his sanity by a thin thread; his faith in himself shattered; his God veiled behind the clouds of self-condemnation; believing himself a "lost soul," for whom neither forgiveness nor expiation is possible. Now and again the desperately maintained poise breaks and those closest to him see beneath the surface the troubled depths, as beside him the macabre parade marches day after lengthening day—and the days become weeks—and the weeks are months—and the months are years—and there in no Peace!—S. R.

“NO! No! No! I tell you, there is no peace! It was lost, all lost in France! There is nothing more but horror — trouble — remorse. Don't you think I know? Look! Below there in the street! See them marching . . . marching . . . marching . . . marching . . . always! They never stop! Their arms are gone—their legs missing—great wounds on their bodies. And their sightless eyes . . . seeking . . . seeking . . . And there is blood on everything. . . . It is on my hands . . . on my soul . . . Oh . . . dear *God!*”

With a long, shuddering sob he dropped to his knees, buried his face in her lap and cried, “Oh, my dear! Hold me close, close to you. Put your blessed hands over my eyes. Don't let me see them . . . marching . . . marching . . . marching with their dreadful, broken, bleeding bodies! And my soul is down there—lost! Lost for all time, in the dust and the mud and the flowing blood under their feet!”

Her hands moved lightly over his head. “Souls are never lost, dear heart. You haven't lost yours. So long as love and pity remain, nothing can be lost. Be still. Rest and close your eyes, and you will see only light—the light of Divine

Love that encompasses every living thing. Now rest . . . in peace.”

Utter stillness for a few minutes, then again that desperate harried voice breaks forth, “No! No! I can't rest; and I can't get away! I see them marching . . . marching . . . broken . . . bleeding . . . dying. And I did it. *I did it*, I tell you! And I lost my soul, forever and ever, and I can't get it back. Why didn't they get me? Why didn't they leave me over there in France, pushing up a cross? Why did they make me do that to my boys, when they loved me? I was their Skipper and they trusted me. And I had to do it. I had—to—do—it. Oh-h-h-h!” Again the long, gasping sob, then the stillness of utter exhaustion.

Minutes passed and the voice trembled on once more, “You see, I was their Skipper and I murdered them, murdered—all of them! Six hundred and eighty of them! Clean and fine and splendid. Just boys from their mothers' arms! And I had to write all those letters—and letters—and letters. I had to tell them and break their hearts. I had to tell them that I had led their boys to death!” The voice soared into frenzy. “To death, I tell you! Not to glory! War isn't glory! It's Hell—wild, roaring,

burning, terrible Hell! And it sears your heart and burns your soul to ashes and prints pictures on your mind that come back and back and back—and haunt your waking and your sleeping. There isn't any peace—anywhere! I'm lost . . . lost . . . I tell you! Something is gone from inside me that I can't find. I need it; and it's gone . . . gone! I'm all dead and lost inside."

Again she smoothed his hair and spoke, "But you can't blame yourself. You carried out the orders of your superiors. That is war. You must not carry that load on your mind, your soul, your heart. Yours is not the responsibility."

More quietly the voice continued, "Perhaps not, but I loved them all. I had to take twelve hundred and forty of them down to that river. Do you realize what that means? Twelve hundred and forty men? A bridge had to be laid. They ordered me to do it and I had to take those boys down there and build it, with machine gun nests all around us." The voice rose again, shrill and tortured, almost to a scream, "I had to do it, and they shot them down—into the water. And they were hurt too badly to swim. They drowned, and we couldn't even find their poor, broken bodies to lay away under a cross. One of those white crosses in France! I murdered all those boys—and I can't get the blood off my hands—off my soul. I'm lost and damned forever—and ever."

Once more the hands moved gently over his head, "No, my dear, not you, but army orders and all the influences, all the hidden forces and circumstances behind those orders; all the grasping, the grabbing of other men's possessions; the yearning for other men's power. Greed, avarice, and hatred took those boys out of life . . . but not you . . . never you!"

And the voice, still tortured and tormented, "But I can't get rid of it. It's there like a film across every day, every act, every thought! I—myself—had to give those orders. I had to lead them down there to be slaughtered. And then

I—I *lived*—to remember all these years. Why do I have to stay and remember?

"I'm always in terror of myself, of what I may do. I'm afraid—with a cold, desolate fear that lies like a stone on my heart and haunts every waking moment. You see, I've killed. I've killed human beings! God said, Thou shalt not kill, and I've done it! I've shot them down, poor young things on the enemy side—with all of life before them, taken lives that hadn't been lived! I've usurped the power over life and death that belongs to God alone. Life was cheap, cheap; and I stood over fallen bodies, lying there, and I gloated—cheered—felt myself a splendid, courageous soldier because I had wiped out so many enemies. Enemies? They weren't enemies! They were just youngsters, terrified and frightened; bewildered; forced into a war they didn't understand. I don't think I understood it, either. I wasn't very old myself, then. They were sons of mothers who loved them, fathers of helpless little children, husbands of women, half of their very lives and souls. And I, with my hands—I killed them!"

The voice rose again to a wail of anguish, shuddered away in a smothered gasp. For a long moment there was silence, then, heartbreakingly, "I'm lost, lost and damned forever. God doesn't love me. There's no place for me. I've killed. Men like myself are gone—because of me." Teeth bit into the clenched fists, perspiration beaded the splendid brow. "Death doesn't mean anything any more. Killing seems an easy way to settle arguments. Opposition makes me furious, and my heart chokes up with a black rage. My head bursts with pain and memories, and rising up out of those war time murders comes again the urge to kill—to kill—everything that defies me . . . that stands in my way. I've taken so many lives, so many—another couldn't make the score any blacker. Oh! . . . If God *would only help me!* But He has forgotten me. I'm a lost soul, and I'll rot in Hell!

"I'm a murderer; and I'm afraid, afraid—afraid that I'll lose my grip on



myself . . . afraid of the insensate rage over trifles . . . afraid. . . All these, and my own men, on my soul—forever and ever. And they march . . . and march . . . and march . . . between me and all the beauty, all the peace, and whatever of splendor there is in life—spoiling, darkening, shadowing, everything. Oh, if I could only find God again! If I could only find Him—just for a minute. If I could make Him believe that I'd been punished enough . . . if I only could! If I could just rest . . . for a little while!"

She stirred in her chair and lifted his head, looking deeply into the troubled eyes. "Remember that you were a soldier, my dear, and that it takes more of courage to live than to die. Do you suppose that if you were to listen very quietly, very intently, you might hear those marching boys says to you, 'Hi, Skipper, here we go—trailing clouds of glory! We slipped through such a thin curtain, so easily, and there is peace and stillness and beauty all around us, such as you have never dreamed of finding.

"'We loved you—and we all try to get through to you. But you don't understand; you see us as we were, not as we are now. We feel your suffering, and it is the law that so long as you sorrow for us, we cannot be free of pain and suffering, ourselves. So earnestly we desire to bring you peace, to have you know that no sin rests upon your soul. Not you, but greater powers, held our little earth lives in their hands.'"

Quietly and very gently she continued, "It may be, my dear, that somewhere along the round of incarnations you were a great warrior, without pity, tenderness, or compassion—ruthless, cruel, unrepentant. This time you came into the world through a long line of gentlemen

and scholars with a heritage of finer things. What you lacked before, you were this time, sensitive, emotional, and highly organized; craving harmony and peace, loving beauty. Your debts of destiny, long unsatisfied, demanding at last a balancing of accounts, forced you into conditions which once you would have found to your entire liking. Perhaps this experience was sent you to erase forever from your soul the thought that there is any glory, any honor in war; that ancient debts might be forever canceled.

"Listen again, dear heart—might not your boys be saying to you—

"'No, Skipper, not for this did we die. Not to sadden and darken all your future days have we given our earthly bodies; that was all, for our souls march on triumphantly! And we know now that War cannot defeat God's ordained pattern. Your work is ahead, in teaching men that peace may be had with honor, that minds and hearts are forever more powerful than armed conflict. So you will find your own solace. You will save lives and it shall be counted to you for glory. For each one who went West, for whom you feel yourself responsible, you will release thousands from the blight of war. Knowing the agonies and the long, long aftermath of War, you will use all those attributes within yourself which we, *your* Lost Battalion, loved and respected—for the glory and honor of our Father in heaven, and in commemoration of us. May the peace that passeth understanding be with you from this day and forevermore.'"

The weary voice whispered, "My boys! Toward peace! For you—with you—I carry on." It ceased. The clenched hands relaxed, the head on her knee settled itself more comfortably. At long last he slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so we come to know that not with those who rest on sunny slopes above the old fields of conflict—lies the tragedy of War. Rather, that it stalks in our midst, silent and unsuspected, down through the years—with its twisted mind, its broken heart, its lost faith. Ever the ghost at the feast, begging, searching, pleading for Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace.

# THE WAY

BY MARY MEGAW

Tall red tulips in a grey blue bowl,  
Turn their cups in greeting;  
To meet the mirror's reflected glory,  
Till it seems a garden of tulips gay,  
Grown here for me.

Is death like this, I wonder?  
I think the magic of His wand,  
Will open wide the door to loveliness  
That now we only glimpse in part;  
And love will prove to be the key we  
lost awhile!

**H**ERE I write a spiritual experience, set down in a few words, which brought to me a vision of God's Plan for mankind. In order to make plain the truth of this event, I must trace first the outstanding causes in my youth which brought about the physical, mental, and spiritual courage which are my possessions today.

In my childhood I was physically delicate to the extent that my attendance at school was deferred until I was nine years old. Our family occupied a large, comfortable home, which stood apart from neighbors, in a rolling prairie country.

The dear companionship of my father brought early knowledge of such classics as Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales hold symbolic meanings. Shakespeare was mine, and Milton and the Bible, in large illustrated copies, long before I could read their words, were read to me by this understanding father, who explained in fascinating stories the beauties of the printed words.

That I thus lived in a world apart from older brothers and sisters may explain a complete lack of the usual discipline felt by a growing child or young girl. To be sure, my unrestrained audacity led me often into trouble, though the influence of four teachers shaped my later destiny.

Books and life had prepared my Sunday School teacher to transmit to me the first important influence. I recall one day when this teacher asked each member of our class the vital question: "What is it to be a Christian?"

Glibly my fellow classmates gave the conventionally approved replies. As my turn came my answer was falteringly

given, sincerely feeling that my most precious possession must be surrendered in the service of Christ: "To be a Christian, I must give up my rights and my independence!"

My teacher responded with this long-cherished reply: "No, my dear, I do not think such sacrifice is necessary."

The second teacher influence in my life was the High School principal; a particularly stern and rigid disciplinarian. This combination was not awesome to me, as I admired him greatly and freely went to him for repeated talks concerning problems and difficulties which arose because of the independence of my personality clashing with school authorities.

In a professional school in the East, the same constructive criticism ever gave me encouragement and praise for my independent self-confidence.

Life, taking command of me, continuously granted or withheld its gifts, but happen as they would, my spirit was never broken. At last the spiritual teacher came into my life, gently leading me to the knowledge that there was an Inner Self for me to trust for guidance and spiritual leading.

The years passed until everything was stripped from me—home, life's companion, public activity—all that had filled my life.

As in all spiritual unfolding, I knew that now would be the testing time for me. Would my courage and faith in the power of God to uphold me be sufficient to withstand the forces arrayed against me?

In spite of my will to withstand, I felt overpowered and prayed for that

which we call death, which would have been a blessed release from life's burdens—burdens which had grown too heavy to bear.

Suddenly as a flash of lightning comes in an apparently quiet sky, I was seized with a violent illness, necessitating the ambulance journey to a hospital and an emergency operation.

For the duration of five days death was very close to me; at times I was conscious, again so near the end that my breath was scarcely noticeable. The nurse guarded me while my body lay inert and protected from the cruel physical pain.

My spiritual experience came upon me: I was apparently on my way through a quiet valley. The time was the peaceful twilight hour.

There may have been companions; if so, I was totally unaware of their presence. I moved onward without volition of my own, desiring nothing. Contentment came into my consciousness as I moved on to the valley's end, where, like the afterglow of a sunset, soft lights welcomed me.

Quietly and easily, without effort, I advanced as one who returns to his beloved home. I must assure you that I was fully conscious of my identity; at no time during this spiritual experience did I seem apart from my real self.

The individual which was myself, was alert and conscious, even though the physical body lay helpless upon the hospital bed. There was absolutely no strain, exertion, or fear of any sort.

In a flash, there came a change! A powerful force or entity assumed control of me, something beyond my strength to resist. The lovely evening vision in the valley was gone; as a being apart I viewed this world, from the outside, not as a participant.

Perhaps, it is possible that I was occupying a place in the inner world, which man creates for himself by his thoughts and his feelings. The inner world, in turn, creates one's physical contacts and environment.

As I gazed upon the world, merely as a spectator, it was apparent that the little light which illumined the earth, was of a grey intensity. A grey, more terrifying than darkness could be, just partially revealing the frightfulness of the dread place, steeped in horror.

There appeared to my view, gradually, struggling shapes of men, women, children. These creatures were desperately fighting to overcome an inexorable power which came from the cruel grasping tyrants who, in their turn, were being crushed by other and more powerful beings seeking to destroy. There was no love of brother for brother; no pity for any weakness shown. Nothing appeared save passionate lust for power in either individuals or groups, a seething mass of desperation.

I understood that my fearlessness was now my protection; it stood me to advantage. I cried out to the force or entity which had brought me from quietness to this grewsome hell; my voice was loud and firm in its demands: "No! No! such a world cannot be; it must not be! If humanity endures, remains, it must live in a world where happiness is its rightful heritage!"

My cry was half demand, half beseeching, that this agonizing struggle might pass from mankind. And then, because I had greatly dared in the face of evil, I was granted the inestimable privilege of seeing a vision that God is good, that He is merciful!

His Great Plan for the world is still the same, now and forever; it is a Plan over which the angels rejoiced in the beginning, when it was declared perfect.

I saw the world again, but such a different world! Vivid with sunshine; radiant color; dazzling beauty, making a fitting place for the children of God to walk in brotherhood and well-being. I saw them living with a sense of freedom and joy in love and joy in this coming new world.

Men labored in co-operation, one with the other. Nature, too, seemed to have felt the new harmony, with prosperity

and peace blessing all living creatures. Could each one of you have seen these two worlds as I was privileged to view them! My physical vehicle unconscious in the hospital bed, under a nurse's care, while my spiritual self was free to journey afar.

The first vision was the world in which you and I live, fighting for power and selfish advancement. Dark and fearful indeed!

The second vision was the world that Christ and His Hierarchy are building for man's progress in evolution.

It was then that I knew I should be offered again the priceless opportunity to help in furthering the Great Plan of the Master. The Master of all! I, who had prided myself on the possession of fearlessness, had begged for physical release and the assurance of a peace which comes with death. I had almost passed through that valley, but had come to the place of light, where beauty and the fulfillment of love is found. Humbly, I made my decision. I would gladly return to the unhappy world to act under the Orders of the Blessed Ones, faithfully to work out the pattern of the Oneness of Life, which is to be woven there!

Buddha taught, "Return not evil with hate." Christ bade His disciples, "Love your enemies." The world has refused to obey these holy commands. It has demanded power, smiled with scorn at the so-called Dreamers, who have taught and continue to teach the Oneness of Life.

So, willingly, I came back to the suf-

fering, helpless vehicle which I inhabited. The crisis passed with an almost miraculous result, so the surgeon pronounced the recovery. I knew I would live.

To live? That peaceful twilight vision of a valley, leading to a well-known beloved home was life, even though I knew I must pass through that change which men call death before I should reach the haven. Some happy day I shall be privileged to keep that tryst, but now there are many duties to perform, many tasks to be undertaken for which I have the spiritual assurance that sufficient strength will be given.

Society has gone so far on its way to attainment of its selfishly coveted power that it is today in danger of self-destruction. Do you remember King Midas of Crete? He asked earnestly that everything he touched should turn to gold. His prayer was granted. His most precious possession, his daughter, turned to gold as he embraced her!

God is ever merciful, though. He has granted to many the vision of that Great Plan by means of which the world may be saved. The words of Christ are beginning to burn themselves into men's hearts: "Little children . . . love one another."

Love is the force which brings help; only through its power may help come. In His good time love will create a new heaven and a new earth. All phases and all aspects of love will be synthesized, united into the one and all enfolding Christ Love.





# 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.

## Zodiacal Opposites

BY OLIVER LEX

**W**HAT does astrology mean to the average person today? To the esoteric astrologer, it is a divine spiritual science. How can we prove this to the world today? Astrology or the science of the stars antedates the birth of the Christian era. In fact, it goes back to the beginning of creation as mentioned in the Bible in the First Book of Moses, called Genesis, chapter 1, verse 14: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years."

Is it not a peculiar thing that man admits the truth of the three last parts of this advice and forgets or ignores the first mentioned, that of signs? We use the lights of the zodiac and the passage of our day star or sun through these constellations to designate our days, months, and seasons of the year but we ignore the sun, moon, planets, fixed stars and constellations to show us the true way of life, by the signs as mentioned in the Bible.

For another reference to astrology in the Bible, let us look to the Revelation of St. John the Divine. Here St. John mentions in chapter 12, verse 1: "And there appeared a great wonder in the heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." As we know, this is very easily interpreted by the esoteric astrologer. The woman

clothed with the sun refers to the sun moving into the sign of Virgo the Virgin, which it does each year from August 24 to September 23, and the moon under her feet refers to the new moon passing beneath the sign Virgo, the moon doing this with each of the signs, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, meaning all the 12 zodiacal signs which form a cordon about the earth and the cosmos in celestial splendor, and from their vantage points these great hierarchies help to guide man in his journey toward perfection and ultimately to unity with God.

Let us also remember the Seven Spirits before the Throne, meaning the seven planets of our solar system in circling dance around the sun. Let us turn again toward material proof of the influence of the stars used to designate seasons. Easter is the first Sunday, after the first full moon, after the sun enters the first point of Aries. The sun entering the first degree of Aries, March 21, is the first day of spring. The Sun entering the first degree of Cancer, June 21, is the first day of summer. The sun entering the first degree of Libra, September 21, is the first day of autumn, and the sun entering the first degree of Capricorn, December 22, is the first day of winter. Therefore you can readily see that man uses the lights of the firmament for days, years, and seasons, but he forgets the spiritual urge to use these lights for signs.

The planets move about at varying rates of speed through the twelve divisions of the heavens, relative to the birthplace, which are called houses. Let us now turn our attention to these houses with their planetary rulers and zodiacal signs and see what they mean to us.

Aries is the starting point of our meditation. As we seek to see what the houses and zodiacal signs mean to us let us consider them with their opposites. Aries on the first house cusp rules the early environment, or as we may say, the beginning of things. Under the sway of Mars, the ruler of Aries, children show great energy. Here it is that we find exuberant life as the keynote. What is more fitting than to find the sun exalted in this fiery sign Aries, as the sun symbolizes the Christ force; and that the sun entering Aries ushers in the spring, when the sap rises in the trees and all nature robes itself in a coat of green.

The opposite or 7th house sign is Libra, ruler Venus. It is here that we truly see the need for balance. The love quality of Venus at the childhood stage is more or less selfish. Nevertheless, Venus tones down that dominant Martian nature of Aries, and Saturn exalted in Libra helps to modify the use of too much material energy. Saturn is symbolical of the Father and shows us when all things have reached fruition, therefore Saturn is called the grim reaper. Libra is the period of great rejoicing for it designates the harvest time.

Considering the 2nd house we become aware of the influence of Taurus, ruler Venus. Taurus rules the larynx, therefore the spoken word. Man will eventually create with the spoken word.

Scorpio, its opposite, ruler Mars, has charge over generation, death, and regeneration. Man at present uses these functions for degeneration instead of regeneration or creation. Correlate this to the word as spoken by St. John as being the creative fiat which created our earth and solar system and you can see the ultimate destiny of mankind as creators. At present man uses these forces of the 2nd and 8th houses for chasing the elusive dol-

lar and for sense gratification, thereby using up most of his energies destructively, and eventually he finds an early death.

Let us next consider Gemini, and its ruler Mercury, signifying the 3rd house. This is the house of the lower mind and shows our reactions to brothers and sisters, also neighbors. Who are our neighbors, brothers and sisters, if not all humanity with whom we come in daily contact? Therefore it is necessary in the pursuit of our daily work and pleasure to remember that all humanity is struggling along the path. We contact all phases of humanity at different spirals along this road. All can be greatly helped by a cheerful word, an act of service, or a helping hand. Let us incorporate this ideal in our daily prayers.

The opposite sign Sagittarius, ruler Jupiter, denotes the spiritual or higher mind. This reasoning faculty of Mercury and the spiritualized mind of Jupiter (9th house) give man perfect balance if he will but avail himself of their use. Astrologically, Mercury, the planet of mind, is balanced by Jupiter, its opposite, the planet of law and order.

Let us now turn to the sign Cancer, ruling the affairs of the 4th house. Here we are aware of the mystical influence of the Moon, Jupiter, and Neptune; therefore Cancer is rightly called the sphere of the soul. The 4th house is also called the latter part of life; let us reason why. The Moon we are told rules our personality. It is the impermanent or transient mask of man. As man struggles through each life, he learns his lessons in pain and sorrow, then eventually as man's years progress and he has passed his prime of life, he becomes aware of the finer vibrations typical of Jupiter and Neptune, the higher spiritualized mind (Jupiter), and the extended consciousness and realization of the true path toward God (Neptune).

The opposite house, the tenth, and sign Capricorn, ruler Saturn, typifies this by being the symbol of the reaper, as already mentioned. It also indicates

*(Continued on page 508)*

## Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

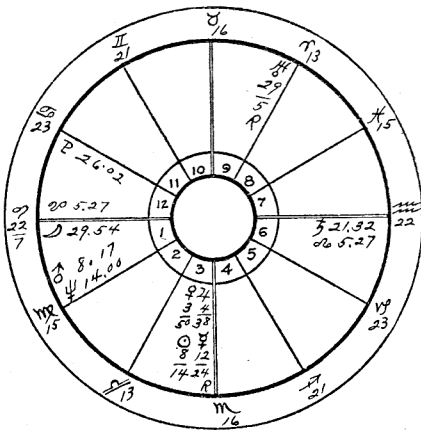
We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each FULL year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber 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.

WM. FRED N.

Born November 1, 1934, at 12:25 A.M.  
Latitude 37 N. Longitude, 122 W.



The horoscope of this child has the fixed, fiery sign of Leo on the Ascendant and fixed signs on all of the angles. This will give a great deal of stability and fixedness of purpose to most of the activity that will take place in his lifetime.

We find the Moon in the very last degree of Leo, approaching a conjunction to Mars and this influence will lend a great deal of determination and willfulness to the activities pursued by this youngster. Mars also conjunct Neptune in Virgo, in the first house, will further accentuate dominant traits in personality.

The next most prominent indication is Venus, Jupiter, and the Sun conjunct in the Mars decanate of Scorpio, and the Sun is also conjunction to Mercury. Four planets grouped in one house and one sign, in such a manner, indicates that we may expect a great concentration of

power that will lead this boy into very favorable channels, if fully controlled. This is further signified by Mars and Neptune sextile to the Sun and Mercury, and the Moon and Mars making a sextile to Venus and Jupiter. The personal expression of this native probably will lead to unusual interest in travel, and outdoor activities, such as sports and athletics, which, if encouraged, will insure the strongest type of body and the happiest frame of mind.

The impulsive Uranus is located in the ninth house, in Aries, in opposition to Venus and Jupiter, and this will probably result in some disturbance in regard to the philosophical understanding that will come to this native. The planets in Scorpio will intensify the mental, spiritual, and emotional nature and the parents of this child should be cautioned early to see that the standards and ideals they wish to develop in this child are inculcated in his every thought and act.

On the whole, the guardians should see that the proper mental, spiritual, and physical impetus is received early in life, due to the Moon, Mars, and Neptune all favorably configuring the planets in the third house. We further note that the Moon makes a very close trine to Uranus and this should indicate favorable influences in early environment—quite likely through the mother.

When we find Mars closely associated with, and dominating the affairs of the first house and the personality, we usually need some brake on the expression of this planet. We find this in Saturn, which is opposed to the Ascendant. Sat-

urn in opposition to the Moon may attempt to oppose the better qualities of the boy; but the sextile to Uranus (Saturn and Uranus co-rulers of Aquarius and therefore in harmony) will present the noble qualities of the Aquarian and guide the Moon-Mars qualities as shown in the first house. Saturn will check the Mars-Moon impulses; but it is well to note that the Moon usually rules the youth while Saturn's influence is mostly felt in later years. Uranus, square to Pluto in the twelfth house, gives strange conditions to some of his ideals and aspirations.

The parents should see that every effort is made to develop the full mental strength of this boy. Mercury is retrograde and also follows the Sun, and unless an extra effort is made to counteract the effect of this, he may find that a great many unnecessary hardships will have to be faced because of willfulness and personal exuberance. When Mercury follows the Sun, we usually find that the individual learns through experience. Benefits and pleasures are shown which may come through his association with sisters and brothers.

The vocational trend may follow musical or artistic lines, and if aptitude is shown in either of these fields, it should be developed. He might also be successful in advertising or any other field involving communication, travel, or change. The majority of the planets are below the horizon and success in life may be slightly delayed for this reason, but the fact that the Moon, Mars, and Neptune are found in the first house, with Leo on the Ascendant, clearly indicates that he will find the opportunity for leadership.

The parents will attain the best results if the child is treated with love and consideration. Mars, so strong in the first house, would invoke instant rebellion if he is repressed. Scorpio likewise places emphasis on this desire for freedom. Personal domination should never be encouraged and the boy should be taught to exercise his powers in the protection of others—not in ruling them.

## ZODIACAL OPPOSITES

*(Continued from page 506)*

thrift, and order, for Saturn is very methodical and persistent. If we continue to sidestep our duties in this world of law and order we eventually come before the taskmaster Saturn and then it is that we pay our debts. As we pay these debts through sorrow and suffering, we gradually feel the high spiritual vibrations of Neptune and Jupiter. Here truly we learn to transmute the dynamic energy of Mars, exalted in Capricorn, and to use these great regenerated forces to help our fellow man along the path.

Our next house being the 5th is designated by Leo, and ruled by the Sun, representing the individuality. This house shows the pitfalls in life due to the pursuits of material pleasures and also our duties to our children, and our attraction for these egos. It is here that we learn it is best to follow the straight and the narrow path as the 5th house is called the house of pleasures.

The opposite house Aquarius, ruler Uranus, is the house of friends, hopes, wishes, and aspirations. Therefore, to keep the proper balance we can see that it is necessary to attract only the best friends who will help us to lead a life of love for all and to usher in the new Aquarian Age which will be an age of universal brotherhood and love.

Let us now turn to the last pair of signs. These convey to us our greatest duties on this physical plane. The sign Virgo is symbolical of purity and service, showing that we should lead chaste lives and strive to serve humanity to the best of our ability.

Then and then only do we feel the high spiritual vibrations showered upon humanity from the great hierarchies ruling Pisces, the sign of initiation, and the co-rulers Jupiter and Neptune, the spiritual mind and God consciousness. Then it is that we are truly washed in the loving tears of Venus through the sorrow of all our transgressions, and that we have learned the true meaning of life.

# Worth-While News



## Noble Living Best Example of Prayer

"True prayer is best expressed in noble, unselfish living," Dr. H. W. Hodgens, new pastor of the Florence Avenue United Presbyterian Church, told his audience yesterday.

"The practice of prayer has been manifest among widely diverse groups of men, from the bushman of Australia to the cultured worshiper in the great cathedral," said Dr. Hodgens. "However, today large groups of persons revolt against the whole idea of prayer, probably because of the fact that prayer seems to have become a begging for things, an attempt to sway God to perform the will of men.

"Many of our futilities are rooted in the fact that our prayers of the lips are canceled by our prayers of behavior. Can we really pray for health if we stuff ourselves with indigestible foods, burn the candle at both ends and otherwise violate the laws of health? Dare we ask God to make us happy if we never consider the happiness of others?"

"Around the world today religious people are praying for peace, only to have their prayers canceled by the acts of those who worship at the altar of Mars. Is it partly the fault of Christians that this is so? We shall really be praying for peace when we work for peace.

"We pray for economic security, but that prayer, too, will mean little until we who bear the name of Christ begin to act toward those on the other side of our stupid economic fences as Christ would act were He in our shoes.

"We shall really be praying for the coming of the Kingdom of God, when we go out from our churches to give ourselves, bodies, minds and souls, to the business of helping God to answer the prayers of our hearts."  
—*Los Angeles Times*, Sept. 18, 1939.

There are in the world today two great forces, each striving for supremacy in the hearts and minds of man. One force works diligently for the promulgation of evil in all its various forms. The other force works untiringly and unceasingly for righteousness and the universal establishment of good. The evil forces are bold and ruthless, never hesitating to use any means available to accomplish their ends, and never failing to place the good forces on the defensive whenever it is possible

in order to take their time and attention from their main objective.

Regardless of the opinion of, one might almost say, the masses of humanity in the world today, there do exist two mighty occult orders, namely, the Brothers of the Shadow (black) and the White Brotherhood. The members of both brotherhoods are master magicians.

Both the Black and White Brothers require food in order to continue their existence, and for the power to fight or defend as the case may be. The Black Brothers thrive on hate, treachery, cruelty, and every demoniac deed on the calendar of crime, and unless they get it they starve and grow weaker. The White Brothers live on love and unselfish service, which they gather and garner from all who are striving to live a life of loving, self-forgetting service.

The White Brothers hold a midnight service during which, through the power of will, they draw to themselves the darts of hate, envy, malice, and every evil that has been launched during the past twenty-four hours, and through the power of love transmute them into benevolent forces and return them to mankind. The Black Brothers, instead of transmuting evil, infuse a greater dynamic energy into it and speed it on its mission in vain endeavors to conquer the powers of good.

Max Heindel states: Were it not for this potential source of spiritual vibration materialism must long ago have totally squelched all spiritual effort, for there has never been a darker age from the spiritual standpoint than the last three hundred years of materialism. . . . Therefore the Elder Brothers have been very seriously concerned for the last century regarding the fate of the Western World and were it not for their special beneficent action in its behalf, we should have had a social cataclysm compared with which the French Revolution were



child's play. The trained clairvoyant can see how narrowly humanity has escaped disasters of a nature so devastating that continents would have been swept into the sea.

If humanity wishes to divert disaster there is no better way than right action manifested in reverence and loving service under the direction of Christ-Jesus.

## Baptists Launch Five-Year Revival

ATLANTA, July 26. (A.P.)—The Baptist World Alliance launched today a five-year evangelistic revival designed to strike at "aggressive" paganism and immorality in every nation of the world.

"The forces of paganism are more aggressive in their attempt to crush Christianity and to dominate mankind than at any time in many centuries," said a report to the alliance at its sixth world congress.

"Some governments are deliberately attempting to destroy all religion.

"Drinking, gambling and sensuality, which a few years ago skulked in dark corners, now flaunt themselves before the eyes of men."

Rev. Gilbert Laws of Norwich, Eng., told the congress Christians are being persecuted and repressed in many lands and that in other countries "vital evangelical religion" faced a formidable foe in "decay of formal religious observance."

"In literature . . . much of the new fiction is but thinly disguised pornography that a generation ago would have brought authors, and publishers under the penalty of law. . . .

"This putrid literature reflects life. People who hold views, and maintain practices, diametrically opposed to morals, continue to occupy important circles in public life. The plainest teachings of Christian ethics, not to say Christian theology, can be repudiated without any social stigma or public penalty."—*Los Angeles Times*.

God is the creator, preserver, and sustainer of our solar system. It was He who devised the great plan, and He alone who is able to guide and direct His progeny in their evolutionary development. For a time a nation, a country, or a continent may depart from His guidance, but unless it discovers its error and returns to its all-wise Source for divine instruction and direction the very evil it has espoused will destroy it and its people will have to begin their evolutionary jour-

ney all over again in some part of a later evolutionary scheme. No greater calamity can befall an individual or a nation.

It is encouraging to note that Christian people are beginning to sense something of this impending danger, and if they rally as a united whole to re-establish the teaching of the Christ, the great Way-shower, morality, decency, purity, and obedience to divine direction will be restored and a regenerated people will enjoy the blessings of harmonious, spiritual growth and avert a disaster, the tremendous scale of which beggars all powers of description.

## That Problem Child

EVANSTON (Ill.) Sept. 17. (A.P.)—"Children go amuck because parents want a formula which will relieve them of responsibility."

This assertion came today from Dr. John J. B. Morgan, director of Northwestern University's psychological clinic, which annually diagnoses the cases of hundreds of "problem children."

"Less than 1 per cent of these children need to be sent to homes or to court, and even many of the court cases could be more easily handled by individuals with insight," Dr. Morgan declared.

He reported results of the clinic's investigations put the blame for children's antisocial behavior squarely on the parents.

"A large proportion of child delinquency," he said, "could be avoided if parents knew how to behave, but there can be only one general rule to guide them—study the child instead of the rules. Successful parents modify their behavior according to the child's reactions. . . ."—*Los Angeles Times*.

There is nothing in the world more imitative than a little child, and its conduct in later years depends to a very great extent upon the example set by its parents during its early life. The child's mind is undeveloped, so of course it follows its natural tendencies, one of the strongest of which is imitation. It therefore behooves parents to remember that eager eyes are focused upon them, waiting for them to act in order that each performance may be imitated.

If the father is inclined to brag, the child innocently develops the same tend-

(Continued on page 527)

# Question Department



## Hastening One's Own Evolution

### Question:

If an individual during this life makes rapid progress, gives up meat eating and the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks, also overcomes many other bad habits, having obtained a higher understanding of life, will such a one in his next incarnation have to start all over again, fall into the same byways, et cetera, or is he definitely through with such wrongdoing?

### Answer:

All faults and wrongdoing consciously overcome in one life never have to be reckoned with in future incarnations; neither do they have to be met and expiated in purgatory. The process obtaining in purgatory further relieves the spirit from a desire to indulge in sin, and the record made by purgation is registered on the seed atom of the desire body and manifests as conscience—the wee small voice which warns the individual when in another life he is tempted to indulge in some sort of evil doing.

At times, however, evil takes on a most alluring aspect, and having once been indulged in during an earth life seems to some extent to still the conscience so that the person often goes on from bad to worse. The time is coming when humanity as a whole will learn that evil, no matter how alluring, brings no lasting joy nor true satisfaction and sooner or later always results in some kind of pain, distress, and self-undoing.

The best way to resist all such false allurements is to substitute something good. Thus, by gradually overcoming each enticing temptation life after life, perfection, with all its glorious possibilities, will become the possession of the spirit and divine ecstasy will take the place of false alluring inducements and

sensual abandonment, which sooner or later always lead to pain and disintegration of the physical body.

According to the foregoing it is noticeable that while the spirit does not have to begin all over again when it comes down into each earth life, it is possible for it to indulge in a different kind of wrongdoing until finally all the lessons good and bad pertaining to earth existence have been learned.

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### HEAVENWORLD INSTRUCTION

#### Question:

To what region does a stillborn child return, and what has its spirit gained by such a prenatal journey?

#### Answer:

Any child who dies before the approximate age of fourteen returns to the upper region of the Desire World, which is the First Heaven, there to receive certain valuable instruction while awaiting re-birth. The instruction in spiritual matters which the spirit receives in the First Heaven is the object of this process in nature, and is ordinarily given to compensate for the loss of the life panorama in the preceding incarnation.

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### OUR SPIRIT SELVES

#### Question:

Will you please give me some idea of what we, as virgin spirits, looked like before we began our progress into matter?

#### Answer:

The Memory of Nature reveals to the seer that at the beginning of their differentiation the virgin spirits appeared as mathematical points of light. These points vibrated at a rate so enormously high as to be imperceptible even to some whose powers were great enough to see the points, but not the vibration. However, he who could see the vibration perceived that it was not a simple single

rate of vibratory motion but that there were three distinct undulating movements, and that while the light of the points was of a whiteness of inconceivable brilliancy to the first glance, upon closer investigation it was found to contain faint shades of what might be called the germ of the three primary colors—blue, yellow, and red.

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#### SPIRIT IS ETERNAL

##### *Question:*

Are there any circumstances which can bring about total annihilation of the ego? I have heard that such a thing is possible.

##### *Answer:*

Each ego is a differentiated part of God's life residing within the confines of His Being, which is our solar system; therefore an ego cannot be annihilated. However, it is possible through prolonged indulgence in sin and the misuse of spiritual powers for it to lose the vehicles in which it functions, namely, the physical, vital, desire, and mental bodies, and have to begin its evolutionary work all over again. This does not, however, constitute annihilation of its spirit self.

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#### BEWARE OF THE CRYSTAL'S LURE

##### *Question:*

What is your opinion relative to crystal gazing? A great many people are practicing it and some of them think they are getting wonderful results.

##### *Answer:*

It is possible for crystal gazing to induce a mediumistic negative form of clairvoyance through which contact is made with superphysical or subphysical entities, usually of a low grade, who may be the means of doing great damage to the human organism. Man is not master, however, of such a faculty for the reason that the power producing that state of clairvoyance is not vested in the will of the man.

The fact that *negative* clairvoyance, no matter how induced, may become extremely dangerous to the welfare of both the physical body and the mind makes

it extremely advisable to leave crystal gazing entirely alone.

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#### MOVING INTO THE PHYSICAL BODY

##### *Question:*

Are new spirits being created all the time as birth records seem to indicate, or have all the people inhabiting the earth really been here before and are simply coming back from time to time?

##### *Answer:*

The ingress of spirits into human bodies constituted practically as they are at the present time began in what is known as the Lemurian Epoch and was not fully completed until the middle of the Atlantean Epoch, a period occupying millions of years. But since the middle of the Atlantean Epoch there has been no further ingress. At that time the door was definitely closed because mankind had evolved so far that those who had not reached the stage where they could manipulate a human body were already too far behind to catch up with man's further development.

Since the middle of the Atlantean Epoch the spirits that were embodied in human forms have been evolving by means of repeated rebirths, so that without exception every one of the human beings now on earth has been embodied at different times in different environments.

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#### POLARIZING THE ATOMS

##### *Question:*

Do you think there is any physical virtue in sleeping with the head to the north?

##### *Answer:*

The earth is really a great magnet, and has currents of terrestrial vital force running from the north pole to the south pole. Man is a miniature magnet with vital currents flowing through his body. When he sleeps with his head toward the north the terrestrial magnetism of the earth tends to polarize the physical atoms of his body and this does to some extent accelerate his vital force and is therefore mildly conducive to increased health.

# 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.*

## The Fruits of the Earth

BY EDYTHE F. ASHMORE, D.O.



FOR a Sunday evening address upon some topic in nutrition, it seems to me there is no subject quite so in keeping with the day as the one I have chosen, for it is a subject upon which we are all more or less agreed. If we were to omit all knowledge of the vitamins, we might say there has been little change in the fund of information about fruits in a quarter of a century. It is true that the faddists and quacks have done their utmost to build up mountains of fear in the minds of those who are easy listeners concerning whether or not this fruit or that is alkaline or acid, whether it contains few or many Calories, whether it should be eaten at the same meal with starch or protein, or whether its minerals are suited to the individual's needs. All of these questions are of no concern except to the patient and his physician. The normal individual may eat and enjoy the fruits of the earth.

It is quite too bad that the faddists have spoiled so much of our enjoyment of food by their misleading statements, but after all no one need be imposed upon when there is a question which can always be asked, "Have you, or has the

individual you quote, taken a year's work in biochemistry in any reputable university or college in the last ten years?" A negative answer to this pertinent question places the one questioned outside the bounds of controversy because there can be no argument between knowledge and ignorance.

Concerning what has been spoken or written by reputable people before 1925, when modern biochemistry really began, it is my judgment that one should qualify any quotation from such a writer or speaker with the date of the utterance. It is decidedly unjust to quote any one as though he wrote yesterday when all his work or study in nutrition was done longer than ten years ago.

Our English word "fruit" was derived from the past participle of the Latin verb *fruor* which means *to enjoy*; therefore, let us think of fruits with pleasure and eat them every day and not stop to wonder this or that, remembering that for the well person as for the ill, there is always a fundamental rule not to eat any food in excess.

Practically all fruits contain vitamin C in abundance, many have plenty of vitamin A, and some have vitamin B. One of the points I like to dwell upon is that the percentage of water in them is high, averaging from 60 to 85 per cent. As we eat the pulp of the fruit we may realize

(NOTE: This article contains the substance of the lecture delivered by Dr. Ashmore in the Pro-Ecclesia, Sunday, August 20, 1939, concluding our Second Annual Convention.—EDITOR)

that there is fluid enough to render the nutrients soluble. Really we have the answer to the age-old question, "Shall we drink fluids with our meals?" in the composition of fruits. All food should be rendered soluble, first by mastication, then by such addition of fluid as will dissolve the nutrients.

The fibre or cellulose of the fruit is a valuable aid to digestion for bulk is needed as an aid to peristalsis. Too concentrated foods are not our friends in digestion, being too refined. We need sugars and starch and we find them in an excellent form in fruits, from the simple glucose to the pectins. All of these are carbohydrates and they are our chief energy-producing foods. From the way some persons fast, I wonder if they realize that to maintain the circulation and respiration alone we need energy-food in sustaining amount. It is true that those who are very seriously ill may be kept alive for a short time upon orange juice but it is a highly dangerous procedure for a well person to subsist more than twenty-four or forty-eight hours upon fruit juice alone unless so directed by a physician. Fruits have a negligible amount of protein and fat, except the avocado and olive, and therefore milk should be added to supply protein and Calories. At the end of a twenty-four hour fast, the body exhausts its surplus of protein and calcium and the nervous system and the organs suffer. Green vegetables may be substituted for milk on the second day but any fast after that should be entirely upon the advice of a physician. There was a time, not too long ago, when the common practice was to starve the fever patient but all too many of them were starved out of existence. To provide the right food for the seriously ill patient requires more than ordinary knowledge of dietetics and should not be left to the layman.

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*There are two great aids to health . . . that all who desire to get health or to keep it, ought to employ. Their names are "thorough mastication" and "enjoyment." They will do more for the welfare of the body than all the drugs or doctors in the world, and like all other habits, they can be cultivated.—Max Heindel.*

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I maintain that we should never lose sight of the idea of enjoyment while we are eating; otherwise, we may fall into the habit of allowing some harmful emotion to arise at the same time which will have a bad effect upon the digestion, even to the point of stopping it altogether. I feel confident that some of the wrong ideas that individuals entertain about combinations of food disagreeing with them started in this very way. One remembers afterward what he ate and not what he thought or felt while he was eating; thereafter, every time that the same combination was served he started out with the idea that he was going to feel uncomfortable and of course he did. I wish that we in our exercises of retrospection would remember what we thought or felt at our meals as well as how much or how little we ate, for I believe we might find some very excellent reasons for changing our habits.

Quite recently at three of our leading universities, 693 students in all, were given mimeographed lists of 150 foods and each was asked to check the ones he disliked so much that he had discontinued eating them or had declined at all times to partake of them. He or she was also asked to give the reason for disliking the food. The answers were interesting if not surprising at times. One young lady disliked avocados because they made her think of cold cream and one young man disliked milk because he "just never tried to drink it." Most of them answered that they disliked a food "because it didn't taste good." One out of every five students disliked parsnips and eggplant and the most disliked food of all was buttermilk. Among the least disliked foods were fruits and nuts, and of the most disliked fruits, avocados headed the list with persimmons a close second. Of the fruits best liked in the order of preference were



strawberries, peaches, grapes, lemons, apples, pineapples, cherries, and pears. We may be glad that fruits are so well liked and that most of the reasons given for the dislikes were inconsequential. Unchecked, these dislikes can grow into systemized habits of thought which, carried too far, can deprive the body of nutrition and may cause illness. If one learns to control one's emotions, and that includes one's dislikes, there is a greater chance of being well nourished.

It is admitted that about sixty per cent of Americans are food sensitive and two per cent of them are so highly sensitive to certain foods as to be called allergic. The subject of allergy is a large one and I am going merely to mention it tonight for there are so few people who are allergic to fruits that they constitute only about one-half of one per cent. The commonest offenders among the fruits are strawberries and peaches. I think I should give you the best definition I have of allergy, which is: "A reaction exhibited by certain individuals toward a substance which in a normal person would elicit no response." If more people knew this definition, there would be fewer who would hide their dislikes behind the statement, "I am allergic to that food." I presume they would hate to be classed as slightly abnormal and so it would tend to make them more honest with themselves in admitting that what they were suffering from is a dislike which has become deep-seated. A true allergy does not originate in the feelings or mind.

Of the class who have that most dangerous of things, a little knowledge, the topic always brought up by them when fruits are under consideration is the mineral salt content. If one eats some of the whole grains every day, in cereal, bread, or cake, and vegetables, one is getting as much of the mineral salts as are probably needed, but, of course, an additional amount in fruit will do no harm and in some individuals it may do considerable good. When I make up a list for some one really ill, I offer some comparisons of the amounts in fruits and vegetables

as for instance, Calorie for Calorie, neither rhubarb, strawberries, or raspberries have as much calcium as cauliflower, celery, radishes, or stringbeans; further, copper, now known to be of value in addition to iron to patients suffering from anemia, is found in grapes, cranberries, fresh pineapple, oranges, cherries, and bananas, but in greater percentage in radishes, cucumbers, and lettuce. Iron, essential to the blood stream because it is an oxygen carrier and stimulates the vital processes of the cells, may be had in rhubarb, blackberries, raspberries, lemons, or apricots, but there is more in the same number of Calories of watercress, chard, and parsley.

"But," said a lady to me, "I don't like watercress, chard, or parsley." "Then," said I, "you will have to choose the fruits for an afternoon snack as well as for dessert at other meals." There is no between meal food so good as fruit or fruit juices for adults unless they need the nutrients in milk, and for those of weak digestion to combine them is an excellent plan for the juice curdles the milk and the first step in digestion is thus taken. The hydrochloric acid of the stomach may be small in amount and in that event milk should always be slightly acidulated before it is drunk.

I have spoken of the vitamins in fruit but I have not yet emphasized the importance of vitamin C in this class of foods and that includes the tomato which we think of as a vegetable but which botanists classify as a nightshade. Vitamin C safeguards the heart and there is now ample clinical evidence that it is potent in protecting the body against infection. Recent research has brought out the fact that of those who succumbed to tuberculosis among college students were those who started the day without breakfast or took merely a cup of coffee and a slice of toast and later in the day did not make up for the lack of vitamin C by eating fruit for dessert or drinking it as a beverage. I have every sympathy for those whose occupations require them to commute back and forth from the

great metropolises and if they eat a scanty breakfast, I feel certain it is because they do not know about nutrition. It is our duty to spread this knowledge as far as we can.

Our country leads all the countries of the world in the amount of fruit that is produced and consumed. California heads the list in production. It would seem that no adult or child in this state should fail to be provided with fruit every day. Vitamin C cannot be stored in the human body, therefore it must be regularly supplied day by day. When there is such variety among fruits, we are greatly privileged in being able to select at will what we shall eat among them, and remembering the derivation of the word, let us eat it with enjoyment.

There are fruits of the Spirit as well as fruits of the earth. St. Paul in the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Galatians points out that *the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.*

When we read Mr. Heindel's *Letters to Students* we know that he taught those attributes which in the Christian mystic became the fruit of Spirit. He spoke little of himself in relation to his sufferings or privations yet in one letter, after he had been trying to lift a student from thought-forms of pain, inconvenience, suffering, and self-pity, he told of the years he had suffered after an operation upon his leg. He tried to find for her a release. I think almost any one would find help in the story of his courage. Long suffering with Max Heindel was just one path toward love, joy, peace.

Those who knew him never fail to comment upon his gentleness, a word the Apostle Paul uses to mean forgiving, kindly, toward the faults of others. Of Max Heindel's goodness, we have only to look about us at Mt. Ecclesia to see the fruit of his labors, not for his benefit but for the countless thousands who should come after him and find inspiration for better lives and service to others. He kept the faith in giving forth what the Elder Brother taught him. He lived a life of meekness we know from the lessons he taught concerning hastiness, anger, and resentment, and when he explained the symbolism of the Rose Cross, he brought out the lessons of temperance.

Every time I listen to the opening service for Sunday evenings, I think of his sweet soul who realized in himself what love is, love of God, love of one's neighbor, love of the stranger, and even love of one's enemy. The love Max Heindel knew in his Inner Self was one of joy, in its highest form expressed in adoration, which, as Mr. Heindel himself says, is "that highest step whereby man unites himself with the Source of all things." Then man attains peace, for the fruits of longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, are love, joy, peace. Mr. Heindel's favorite quotation on this subject was, *By their fruits ye shall know them.*

In conclusion I should like once more to refer to the Bible teaching regarding those gracious habits which the Holy Spirit of God produces in those in whom He dwelleth and worketh, with those acts which flow from them as naturally as the tree produces its fruit.

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## Winged Words

BY LEONIE HUNTER

*Each shining word of kind encouragement,  
 Each gentle word of friendly faith and cheer,  
 Soars up on shining wings and sounds  
 Its music through the atmosphere,  
 Echoing through eternal halls of time  
 With dulcet chime.*

**Patients' Letters**

Canada, August 10, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

Just a few lines to say that I am feeling so good. My back improved day by day and I was not much bothered with stomach-ache. I think the work of the Invisible Helpers is wonderful.

Yours very thankfully,  
—Mrs. S.J.P.

California, July 16, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

The help I asked for my son, last Wednesday, came very quickly, and I am again, and as I do every day, thanking you. I am ashamed of myself for not being able to stand on my own faith. I have had enough wonderful instruction from my beloved Fellowship Center to keep me all my life. But I have no faith in myself. And where my son is concerned I just don't dare depend on myself alone. But nothing, nor anybody, can ever take away from me the wonderful lessons I have learned from you, nor the belief that they are perfectly true. Why is it that I can't believe my prayers will be answered, like I do believe that your prayers are answered? And sometimes before my letter has actually reached you, the help has been received.

I do sincerely thank you and the wonderful Helpers, and I send loving thoughts to you and the Fellowship every day, many times.

Truly your friends,  
—F.V.

Arizona, July 17, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship  
Oceanside, California.

My dear friends and healers:

Never before have I ever experienced the feeling of having my feet firmly planted on a sure ground. I hope I can explain just what I mean. I feel myself making spiritual and physical progress every day, a little bit more. I am happy in the realization of better health and a new and different feeling of well-being. I love the studies I am receiving, they are usable and workable. I am doing well even in spite of this weather. I thank you so gratefully for all you are doing for me. It is my desire to continue to improve and to purify myself and to correct every fault and error of the past and to study to avoid as many as possible in the future. Please continue your prayers and work for me.

With a heart full of love and gratitude—  
Your friend always,  
—Mrs. P.M.L.

**Healing Dates**

October . . . . . 5—12—18—26  
November . . . . . 2— 8—14—22—29  
December . . . . . 5—12—19—26

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.

**Difficulties Are Opportunities**

We should not resent difficulties, should not become bitter or feel defeated. Difficulties bring the opportunity to take account of ourselves, to find our degree of progress in evolution.

We should not hunt for something or someone else to blame—perhaps *God* or *circumstances*—we should search within ourselves to find the fault; willing to stand squarely and take it, willing to say, "I am to blame."

If we can find the weak spot which is so often anchored in egotism; if we are willing to let go of our cherished opinions, and will resolve that "I can—and I will—do better," the way will gradually lead us out of the present difficulties.—F.B.C.

## VEGETARIAN MENUS

### —BREAKFAST—

*Pineapple Juice*, 8 oz.  
*Cornmeal Mush with Cream*  
*Boiled Egg*  
*Bran Muffins*  
*Cereal Coffee*

### —DINNER—

*Vegetable Bouillon*  
*Mock Duck*  
*Cranberry Sauce*  
*Glazed Sweet Potatoes*  
*Buttered Peas and Carrots*  
*Cold Slaw*  
*Pumpkin Soufflé Pie*

### —SUPPER—

*Tomato Bisque*  
*Creamed Eggs with Cheese*  
*Fruit Salad*  
*Steamed Cherry Pudding*

## THANKSGIVING RECIPES

### *Mock Duck.*

Ingredients: 3 cups stale bread, 3 cups boiled rice, 2 hard-boiled eggs chopped, 2 stalks celery cut fine, 1 small onion chopped fine, 1 cup minced olives, 1 raw tomato chopped fine, 1 pint canned milk, 3 cups chopped nuts, sage and salt to taste.

Mix ingredients, add bread soaked and squeezed. Lastly, add beaten eggs. Bake slowly one hour. Serve with cream gravy.

### *Glazed Sweet Potatoes.*

Ingredients: 6 medium-sized sweet potatoes,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter.

Boil the sweet potatoes in salted water for ten minutes; remove the skins and cut in halves lengthwise. Arrange in a buttered pan. Make a syrup by boiling the sugar and water for three minutes. Add the butter. Brush potatoes with syrup and bake until brown, basting with remaining syrup.

### *Pumpkin Soufflé Pie*

Ingredients:  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mace,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon cornstarch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups pumpkin, 1 cup rich milk or milk and cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, 1 pastry shell.

Cream butter and add sugar, well-beaten egg yolks, sugar, spices and salt. Then add grated rind and juice of lemon. Mix cornstarch with the milk and add, together with the pumpkin. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into a deep pie tin lined with pastry and bake.

### *Tomato Bisque.*

Ingredients: 1 quart canned tomatoes,

1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 3 two-inch sticks cinnamon, 3 slices lemon, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cream.

Cook tomatoes, sugar, lemon, and cinnamon for twenty minutes. Remove the cinnamon and lemon and put the tomatoes through a colander. Make a white sauce of the milk, flour, and butter. Then add the tomatoes. Heat almost to boiling. Add hot cream and serve.

### *Creamed Eggs with Cheese.*

Ingredients: 5 hard-cooked eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  chopped green pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft American cheese broken into small pieces, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

Scald milk in double boiler with the onion and the green pepper, and strain. Thicken with the flour mixed with a little of the cold milk. Cook until thick. Add cheese and cook until melted. Then add eggs, cut in quarters, salt and butter. Pour over toast and sprinkle with parsley.

### *Steamed Cherry Pudding.*

Ingredients:  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, 1 cup sugar,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cups flour,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 4 egg whites, 1 cup pitted cherries.

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt, and mix alternately with the milk. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold in the cherries and steam one hour and fifteen minutes in buttered, individual molds. Serve with Cherry Sauce.

# Children's Department



## The Discontented Spark

**S**UCH a strange thing happened one day that I must tell you about it.

Deep, very deep in the earth there are rich coal beds or mines. You knew that, didn't you? You didn't, really? Well, now you do, and some day I will tell you all about these coal beds, but not today for our story is about something quite different.

Some one who has very sharp ears one day overheard a conversation, and I am going to tell you what it was. The gnomes who work with the coal were talking with the sunbeams. You see, they understand each other perfectly. This is what the Wisest Gnome said:

"Deep down in the earth is a discontented spark of light, always saying, 'Do let me out! I'm tired of being imprisoned. I want to be let out. I'm so cramped in this black, black coal. Do let me out, please! please! I don't belong here, for I'm a spark of light. Why should I be shut up in the dark? Oh, do let me out! How much longer do I have to stay here?'"

The sunbeams danced and played about where the Wisest Gnome was sitting. "Do stop dancing for a few minutes, Merry Sunbeam," said the Wisest Gnome to one of the sprightliest of them. "The Spark must be some relation of yours. Let us see if we can think of some way to help this poor little shut-in. How do you suppose a spark of light ever got inside a coal bed anyway? But since it is there, maybe we can get it out."

Merry Sunbeam, always so bright, said: "Wisest Gnome, don't you know that we are all sparks of light from the

great Sun Spirit, just manifesting in different shapes and forms and ways? Some of the sparks, like the sunbeams, shine by day, while the moonbeams and starbeams shine by night. Some are hidden away out of sight altogether, in the hearts of mortals, and in the flowers; some even hide in stones and rocks, and yes, even in the black, black coal. But they all belong to the great Sun Spirit. Always, without fail, when the right time comes, the sparks are all released from their hiding places.

"Now, Wisest Gnome, please, hurry down," said Merry Sunbeam, "and comfort the discontented Spark. Just tell it to be a little patient. It will be hidden away for only a little time—maybe a hundred years or so, but that's not very long. Some day the coal will be discovered by human beings and brought up to the light of day, right up out of the earth altogether. Then some crisp cold day the coal will find itself in a wonderful fire, all red and glowing, and out of it will come the Spark. It will fly straight up to the sun and be gathered back again with the sunbeams, and it will shine and shine and shine. Then it will dance with the sunbeams on the trees and flowers and be merry and bright."

Again Merry Sunbeam spoke, whispering very low; "So please, Wisest Gnome, do tell the Spark not to be discontented any more, but to be hopeful. Some day it will be released from the black, black, coal and be a beautiful spark of light. And do tell it never to forget that even though it is hidden deep down in the earth, it is still a spark of light from the great Sun Spirit, the giver of light and life."



## The Singing Top

**I**T was a beautiful bright day—just the kind of day when everyone should be gay and happy. Our little friend Dick had started out that way, but a little cloud had come into his sky. Just how it happened he could not figure out by himself; he was really puzzled. He only meant to help Rosalie—yes, he really wanted to help her—but instead of helping he had broken her singing top. That is, he had taken all the sing out of it, for he had wound it up too tight, and then the spring snapped. The top would still spin, but it would not sing any more.

Of course, Rosalie was very much upset over having her singing top spoiled. Neither of them knew what to do about it, so Rosalie went off to play with her dolls and tried to forget about the top. Dick wandered off by himself and walked ever so far. Finally he was tired, and so he threw himself down on the ground in a nice green field. He was so tired that he grew quite drowsy and then went right off to sleep. When he woke up, he heard a buzzing sound, and so he looked about him to see where it came from. And what do you think he saw? You never, never could guess.

Moving in and out, slowly and busily among the flowers and grass in the field were the tiniest little green nature spirits—just the smallest creatures he had ever seen. They were as busy as they could be, weaving in and out through the long grass. And they were just as green as the grass too—and such wee creatures, only about as big as your thumb. They had queer little wings so they could fly up to the top of the tall grass if they wanted to. As they moved about busily in the grass, they chattered merrily, and that was what Dick had heard. He was fascinated and watched these tiny green elves ever so long, until finally he had to start for home.

As he walked along, all around him the birds and flowers and trees and all nature seemed happy and gay. He felt as though he must be gay too, so he whistled as he hurried along the road. Something inside seemed to be urging him on. He couldn't tell what it was. Soon he was back home, and then he remembered about the top. What should he do about it? What could he do? Well, he decided that he would ask Mother; she would surely know. He looked everywhere for her and finally found her in the garden.

First he told her about the tiny elves, green as grass, and busy as busy could be. And then he told her about the sing-



ing top. Mother smiled and listened quietly. When he had quite finished, she said: "Dick, what is your real name?"

Well, this did surprise Dick. He laughed and replied: "Richard, but no one ever calls me anything but Dick." Then Mother surprised him again for she

told him that Richard really meant *rich-heart*, a beautiful name, but very hard to live up to. And then she told him what made his rich heart. Shall I tell you too?

Well, out from the great Life Spirit that lives in the sun flows a great and mighty force. It flows on and on and never stops. And it is this great force that makes us want to do things. That was what made the tiny green nature spirits so busy in the tall grass. And Dick's mother said it was a wee bit of this great life force in Dick's heart which was always seeking expression that urged him to do things. This life force gave him a rich heart, rich in the love which prompts kind deeds. It was just as though a little voice said: "Do it, do it!" And this great life force is everywhere—in the rocks and plants and birds and animals, in the wind and electricity, yes, in every thing that lives and moves.

"But," said Mother, "sometimes we are too full of energy, too intense, and then we overdo. That was what happened to you when you wound up the top. Your rich heart urged you to do a kindness, but you put too much energy into it and you wound up the top so tight that the delicate little spring snapped. When the little voice within says, 'Do it, do it!' then we must wait a minute, and we shall probably hear another little voice say, 'Be gentle, do it with love.' Then we will always be careful not to overdo."

Mother also said she felt quite sure that if he would just remember his *rich heart*, he would always be guided by love from within.

Well, do you know, Dick's rich heart was filled with an urge to do something right away and that was to buy a new singing top for Rosalie. And the love in his rich heart whispered, "Let Rosalie wind it herself." And he did. Now the new top sings and sings. Wasn't it nice of Dick to do this?

(NOTE: These stories are reprinted from the Fellowship Sunday School Lessons, solar month of November.—EDITOR.)

## IDOLS

BY KATHARINE E. BOYD



UNDER the Law and the Prophets we have "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." In the New Testament of Love we have the touchingly beautiful admonition of St. John, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

This is none the less potent or serious clothed in gentler language, rather more compelling and urgent. All of us have idols which we spend most of our lives serving, and for such service we are rewarded with disillusionment, heartaches, despair, vanquished ambitions and utter defeat. Let us examine the bric-a-brac decorating the interior of our secret places; let us tear off the gilded exteriors of our cherished ornaments, pull out the stuffings and sawdust. Let us put the keen, analytical eye of fair-mindedness on them and examine them for what they truly are. Let us open up our hearts, air our minds, analyze our souls! Oh, let us be truthful just for once with our innermost selves.

As we look about we see that dull-eyed leaden idol leering at us. He is bloated with selfishness, full of his own aches and pains; so heavy with an almost impenetrable armor of self-imposed worries and self-inflicted fears that only dynamite can shatter him. Oh, my friends, he is deadly—deadly to ourselves and deadly boring—to others. For this is the Stupid Idol.

There in the far corner is the Haughty Idol, holding himself aloof in his glittering shell. In him is exalted pride; pride of position, pride of achievement, pride of intellect, pride of family, and pride of race. He gives forth many different notes from the stirring march to battle to the tinkling brass of self-advertisement.

Beside him stands a Venus Idol, defiant in the cool, smooth marble of her  
(Continued on page 526)

# Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

• • • •

**M**RS. Max Heindel, who had been away for ten days, was joyously acclaimed on her return home from her lecture engagement in San Francisco, during which she gave illustrated talks in the Scottish Rite Temple on three significant subjects: "Astrology and Present World Changes," "A Story of the Holy Grail," and "Healing and the Invisible Helpers." The series was timed to give summer visitors to the Fair an opportunity to hear the Rosicrucian message.

On Sunday, September 24, at a charming ceremony in the First Christian Church of Oceanside, Miss Evaline Erret was married to Mr. Richard Gilbert, also of Oceanside. Evaline is the daughter of Mr. Sam Erret, who for eighteen years has headed the Printing Department of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, working early and late to turn out the vast volume of books, letters, and advertising needed in the work. Mrs. Erret and Evaline, both capable musicians, are always giving of their time, not only to the Fellowship at the weekly Community Sing and during holidays, but to countless church and philanthropic activities in town. The large attendance at the wedding was proof of the esteem in which they are held. A reception was held in the assembly hall of the church after the ceremony for all those present. The young couple will make their home in Oceanside.

Now that vacation days are over, again comes the call to books and evening classes at Headquarters. On Tuesdays Mr. Tom Hansen teaches Junior Astrology in a most interesting way, as he believes that students can best learn signs, symbols, and their classification by practice and personal demonstration. By establishing a thorough ground work as simply as possible, he is preparing them against the time when the complications

of aspect reading will test their mettle.

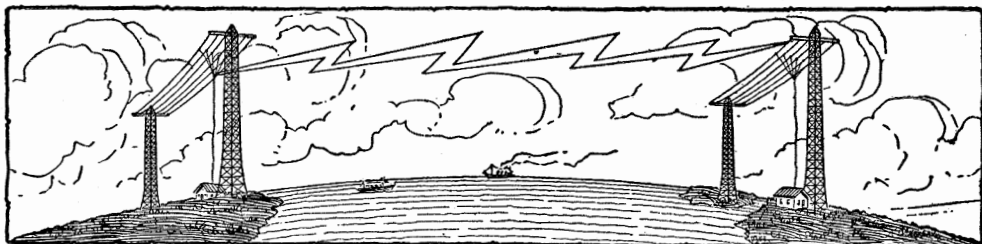
A new beginners' class in Philosophy is to be conducted by Mrs. Felicia Clem on Thursdays. Comprising twelve lessons, it will be a foundation study class adhering very closely to the outline of the Preliminary Philosophy Course issued from Headquarters. The usual advanced class in Philosophy will be resumed by Mrs. Kittie Cowen on Wednesdays. Mrs. Cowen will continue her esoteric interpretation of music, in which she herself is always finding new delight as she prepares the material for her absorbing classes.

The members of the Friday night Expression Class, with Mrs. Max Heindel's unflinching encouragement, are busy about their training for the lecture field. Several have given successful Sunday talks in the Chapel and are striving for further perfection, both in delivery and in the presentation of the Philosophy.

## OUR BIRTHDAY PICNIC

Workers and near-by members are looking forward to the annual Birthday Picnic to be held in Live Oak Park, Saturday, October 28, in honor of the ground breaking for Mt. Ecclesia and its world work. Interesting informal talks reminiscent of the early days will furnish a background of joy and thanksgiving for the current celebration. Prominence will of course be given to an abundant feast and to lively games promising fun to watchers and performers alike. The merrymakers will leave Mt. Ecclesia at 10:00 A.M. As the outing falls on a Saturday this year, we hope that many friends will find it possible to attend. Notice given in advance will help in the planning of the picnic lunch. The advantages of the week-end and of full moon in the autumn woods are lending themselves to an extended program including a Hallowe'en party in the evening.

# Rosicrucian News Bureau



In the Western Wisdom Teachings it is stated that "there was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion, Art, and Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery Temples, but it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time." During the period of separation which has existed for past centuries there has been an intensive development of each part of the triad, but the time has now come when "*Religion, Science, and Art* must reunite in a higher expression of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful than obtained before the separation."

This goal should be kept ever in the minds of those who attempt to give out and interpret the Western Wisdom Teachings. There is evident today an encouraging trend toward a reunion of the principles of true religion and science; and art, too, must be fostered as a third of the Triad of Progress. The three principal phases of Art: sculpture, painting, and music, should be included in the education and training of every human being, for a study of the cosmic principles upon which Art in any form is based fosters the higher emotions and thus develops the emotional soul—an essential part of the pabulum upon which the ego, or differentiated spirit, is nourished.

Music in particular, however, has the power of appealing to and unfolding the higher emotions in man. In fact, "it is the most potent influence in swaying humanity known to man," and every spiritual aspirant should consider musical

training as a definite part of his or her schooling in the great journey of the spirit "from clod to God." Music is for us the direct language of communication with the archetypal world, where the ego, free of limiting form, functions in a sphere that is its very own, and it is essential that we learn to understand this language.

Every Fellowship Group should give careful attention to music in its activities—in both Services and classes—and we hope that many of our Groups will make a special effort in the future to include the great operas, arranged with musical selections, in their programs of lectures and classes. Thus will be fostered the reunion of *Religion, Art, and Science*.

## FIELD ACTIVITIES

We are exceedingly pleased to announce that the fall months are bringing considerable additional activity into the field work of the Fellowship.

Mr. Irving Mac Arthur, who attended the 1939 Mt. Ecclesia Summer School and contributed much to its success, gave an impetus to a number of our Groups by visiting them on his way to his home in Rochester, New York. After leaving Mt. Ecclesia the 2nd of September, Mr. Mac Arthur spoke in the Fellowship Center in San Francisco on the evening of the third, and visited Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, and Chicago before reaching home. Reports from friends in these cities indicate that Mr. MacArthur's talks, given in connection with

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*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. Magdalena Goveia, 4921 Montana St.  
*Cleveland, Ohio.*—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 916.  
*Columbus, Ohio.*—259 E. Long St.  
*Dayton, Ohio.*—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd Floor.  
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*Grass Valley, Calif.*—118 Bush St.  
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*Rochester, N. Y.*—307 Burke Bldg.  
*San Antonio, Texas.*—514 Houston Bldg.  
*Schenectady, N. Y.*—13 Union St.  
*Seattle, Wash.*—611 University Bldg.  
*St. Paul, Minn.*—318 Midland Trust Bldg.  
*Tampa, Fla.*—405 Grand Central.  
*Toronto, Canada.*—c/o Mary Tamblin, 158 Hallam St.  
*Vancouver, B. C.*—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

beautifully rendered piano selections, elicited much praise and enjoyment from his audiences.

At this time, also, another regular field worker goes out from Mt. Ecclesia in the person of Mr. Lynn Vivian, of Santa Barbara, California, who will represent Headquarters at the Conclave of Eastern Centers to be held in Schenectady, N. Y., on October 14 and 15. At the Conclave he will speak on "Our Work in the World," and "New Age Methods of Healing."

Mr. Vivian has been a member of the Fellowship for many years, and was a leader in the Summer School activities at Mt. Ecclesia this summer. He is well versed in the Rosicrucian Philosophy and otherwise ably qualified to assist in the ever growing work of disseminating the Western Wisdom Teachings. His first stop on the eastward trip was at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he spoke to an encouragingly responsive group on the healing work of the Fellowship. A number of applications for healing were made and forwarded to Headquarters, and much interest in all phases of the Teachings displayed. At Kansas City the members and friends of the Fellowship Center welcomed Mr. Vivian most cordially, and expressed much appreciation and enjoyment of his lecture on healing and of his informal talks. He reports to Headquarters, "I am glad to have had the privilege of coming to this Center and contacting such a loyal Group." Other cities included in Mr. Vivian's itinerary are St. Louis, Mo., Indianapolis, Ind., Chicago, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, and Rochester, N. Y. After the Conclave in Schenectady, he will visit our Centers in Boston and New York City, and then continue his field work into the Southern States along the Eastern Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Jones, who have spent the past several months working diligently in San Francisco and vicinity, are enjoying a vacation at Mt. Ecclesia and San Diego. Their next unit of field work will be announced in the December issue of the Magazine.



## LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

It is with keen pleasure that we hear from this ever progressing Center of the formation of a Young People's Group, which is now actively functioning, with much interest and enthusiasm being displayed by its members.

The initial step in getting these young people together was a social, arranged by some of the older members of the Center having a particular interest in the welfare of their young friends. Some thirty odd responded to the invitations extended, and as a result two classes have been formed to study Astrology and the fundamentals of the Philosophy.

Those assisting with these classes endeavor to guide the students into an attitude of normal inquiry into the deeper truths of life and being, and make an especial effort to help them learn how to apply to advantage in the daily life the knowledge gained. Self-expression and initiative in pursuing individually preferred phases of the subjects studied are particularly encouraged.

Another splendid venture started a few months ago by this Center is its Research Group. This Group is composed of advanced students of the Philosophy who meet once a month to study intensively some particular phase of the Fellowship Teachings. Reports indicate that some excellent results are being obtained by this Class, the stimulation of interest and thought being very encouraging.

## BUENOS AIRES, ARG., SOUTH AMERICA.

The work of this Center continues to progress in a very satisfactory manner, according to recent reports. Class attendance is good and interest and enthusiasm in the Teachings is well maintained. The members and friends of the Group rejoice especially that the new paper edition of the *Cosmo*, which is now being published by friends in Santiago, Chile, sells in Argentina for \$3.00 instead of \$10.50 (Argentine money), the price of the former edition from Barcelona, Spain. This low price will make it possible for a much larger number of people to be reached with our Teachings.

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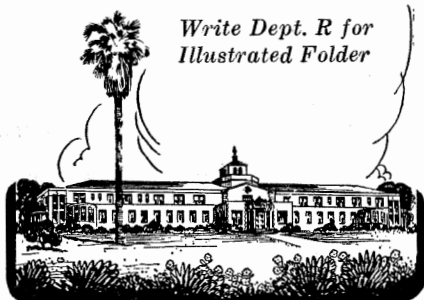
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## IDOLS

*(Continued from page 521)*

beauty. If the many hours wasted at her shrine, vainly trying to perfect her contours from without were spent in seeking to illumine her from within, then we should have not a cold, hard statue but a glowing, truly beautiful goddess.

Most of us will refuse to see the beast next, gazing with gloating, burning eyes upon Beauty. He is the Idol of Lust and within him lie smoldering most of the sorrows of the world. In his gentler moods he is Good-Times, New Sensations, Thrills. He can even be tamed, changed, transmuted, into a winged creature who is True-zest-for-Life.

In yonder corner with fat overhanging paunch leans the Hungry Idol. Life for him begins with his palate and ends with his stomach. For him the infinite beauties of the universe are reduced to so much caviar and cake. Pity him for he knows not what he misses.

And, oh, little children, pity the Thirsty Idol, for in his mad, blind desires he kills the thing he loves and tramples beneath him everything ennobling and fine. He dulls his own sensitive vehicles and blunts his instruments, so that he cannot even feel his way to go.

How brightly shines the Golden Idol! and oh, the myriads of clutching hands stretched up to his alluring form! But if with psychic vision we could see the blackened souls like burnt-up moths around the candle's flame that lie beneath his glittering surface, we'd shrink from him with horror and know he cannot give us what our souls desire.

Beside him, majestic in his mighty bulk, stands the Idol of Power. Only a few can win a glance from him, and those who do are almost always lost. For he demands the head and heart of those who serve him. He grows mighty on their blood and when he has drained their last heart's drop, he throws them from him like a squeezed-out orange.

And there aloft, looking down on all the other idols, stands the Holier-than-thou Idol. His countenance is benign

and his speech soft, but within him are concealed the deadliest of sins—hypocrisy and cant, smugness and conceit, bigotry and despotism. He was the only one to evoke the wrath of our gentle Savior—"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness."

Little children, let us keep ourselves from idols!

### THAT PROBLEM CHILD

(Continued from page 510)

ency; if his language is profane the little one attempts to repeat his words regardless of their meaning. If the mother practices deception, the child learns early to deceive without even understanding its true nature, et cetera; and very soon these things are all liable to become a part of the child's nature.

If parents do not wish their children to become social outcasts they should look well to the example they are setting before them during their early years, when their habits and minds are forming. The wise Solomon once said, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

True, there are some egos that are strong enough to overcome early training and environment and become noble men and women, but this in no way lessens the responsibility of the parents. As all cosmic laws are based on justice parents may expect to attract in their next lives very similar parents and homes to those which they furnished to the children intrusted to their care when they were on earth during their previous incarnation.

The influence of honest, upright, Christian parents is so broad in its scope that its radius can scarcely be estimated, and the soul growth acquired by such parents is almost beyond comprehension, for the result of their noble efforts affects untold future generations.

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