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Christmas Eve on the Desert

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

Tonight, not one alone am I but three—
The Lad I was, the Man I am, and he
Who looks down the coming future years
And wonders at my sloth. His hopes and fears
Should goad me to the manly game
Of adding to the honor of my name.
I'm Fate to him—that chap that's I, grown old,
No matter how much stocks and lands and gold
I save for him, he can't buy back a single day
On which I built a pattern for his way.

I, in turn am product of that Boy
Who rarely thought of After Selves. His joy
Was in the present. He might have saved me woe
Had he but thought. The ways that I must go
Are his. He marked them all for me
And I must follow—and so must he—
My future self—unless I save him!

Save?—Somehow that word
Deep down, a precious thought has stirred!
Savior?—Yes, I'm savior to that "Me,"
That thoughtful After Person whom I see—
The thought is staggering! I sit and gaze
At my two Other Selves, joint keepers of my days.

Master of Christmas, You dared to bleed and die
That OTHERS might find life. How much more I
Should willingly give up my present days
To lofty deeds; seek out the ways
To build a splendid life. I should not fail
To set my feet upon the star bound trail
For him—that After Self. You said that he
Who'd lose his life should find it, and I know
You found a larger life, still live and grow.
I wonder if I'm doing all I can
To serve? Will serving help that Older Me
To be the man he'd fondly like to be?

Tonight, not one alone am I, but three—
The Lad I was, the Man I am, and he
Who is my Future Self—nay more,
I am HIS savior—that thought makes me four!
Master of Christmas, that Star of Thine shines clear,
Bless thou the four of me—out here!

—Reprinted from *The Improvement Era*.

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Creative Work and Health

By JOSEPH DARROW



WORK since the days of the Garden of Eden has been regarded as a more or less disagreeable necessity by the undiscerning portion of humanity, which has always included a large percentage of mankind. But the researches of the scientist and the psychologist in this twentieth century are showing more than ever that work is required not merely to provide the necessities of life, but that it has a most important and beneficent psychological effect upon the worker. An article entitled, "The Therapeutic Value of Creative Work," by Evelyn F. Hamilton, of Seattle, Washington, came out some time ago, and was considered of so much value that it was republished in pamphlet form by Edward T. Hall, head of the Universal School of Handicrafts, New York City. The value of creative work in stabilizing the human personality is so well brought out in this article that we will quote from it.

"Medical science no longer prescribes the rest cure for patients confronting a prolonged convalescence, as it gives them too much time for morbid introspection, which magnifies their symptoms and lowers their morale. Today it advocates occupational therapy instead, which is the teaching of creative arts and crafts suitable to the patient's ability and physical strength. This is now a part of the curative schedule of all our large hospitals, sanatoriums,

and custodial institutions. Its therapeutic value is well established.

"A harassed mind impedes nature's remedial forces and retards recovery; a tranquil mind occupied in constructive endeavor aids normal functioning and body renewal. . . . Every human being is divinely endowed with creative ability in some form for self-maintenance. When this ability is ascertained and developed, the individual finds his rightful occupation, makes his right adjustment to life, and finds mental peace.

When the creative urge is denied expression through ignorance or neglect, maladjustment and instinctual conflicts result, which add more patients to our already overcrowded penal and custodial institutions."

The creative urge or creative instinct is perhaps the foremost manifestation of the Spirit or Ego of man. The Spirit must create in order to realize its natural destiny. If the Spirit is denied the opportunity for self-expression through creative work and is forced by circumstances to devote itself largely to routine employment, life loses much of its zest, the personality does not normally expand, and the whole outlook on life becomes more or less drab and uninteresting. This, however, can be offset to a considerable extent by finding some form of creative endeavor to which one's leisure can be devoted.

There are two types of humanity, and have been ever since the days of

Lemuria, an ancient continent now sunk beneath the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and the site of the Biblical Garden of Eden. In Lemuria the separation of the sexes took place, and in the process or as an outcome of it these two types have been developed. In Rosicrucian literature they are known as the sons of Cain and the sons of Seth, members respectively of the School of Knowledge and the School of Faith. The sons of Cain, begotten by the Lucifer Spirit Samael, partake of a semi-divine nature, and in them the creative urge of the Spirit is much more in evidence and more imperious than in the other class. The sons of Seth, the descendants of Adam and Eve, are purely human, and therefore the weaker branch of humanity. The creative urge in their case is less exacting. The sons of Cain must be engaged in creative work or they are acutely unhappy. Thus when sickness overtakes them,

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD creative work as a remedial and therapeutic agent is particularly necessary and beneficial. The sons of Seth are also benefited by creative work therapy in time of sickness, although it is not so imperative in their case.

The article written by Miss Hamilton mentioned above contains some illustrations of the therapeutic value of creative work which are very interesting. We quote:

"A clergyman in a T.B. sanatorium suffering from an advanced stage of the disease, did not respond to treatment. He was fretful, discouraged, apathetic, and had no incentive to live. Time dragged wearily. One day he noted the lack of sputum cups for the patients, so he proceeded to make a paper cup for this purpose. When the other patients saw it, they asked him to make some for them also. Soon he was busily engaged in supplying them all. So absorbed was he in his new occupation that he completely forgot his condition.

A new interest displaced the old discouragement and apathy. His bodily forces favorably responded to the new stimuli, health rapidly improved, and he was discharged from the sanatorium cured."

This example shows the relation of creative work to health. While the mind is engaged in creating something new, it naturally cannot at the same time be engaged in morbid introspection and the making of thought forms of fear and discouragement. Fear is perhaps the greatest enemy of the human race, because it is paralyzing, destructive, and interferes with the natural subconscious processes of the body. Occupational therapy displaces fear to a large extent. Another illustration in the same article shows the therapeutic value of creative work:

"This case is that of a young lady. When about to embark upon a writing career, she was stricken by a spine lesion which terminated further efforts in that direction. Much surgery resulted, but it was unsuccessful. Medical science could do no more for her, so for many years her life was in eclipse. These were lonely, unproductive years, as the surgery had deprived her of the use of her eyes for reading or close work. But she determined not to yield to defeat. Repeatedly the creative urge to write kept knocking at the door of her consciousness. One day she admitted it. Slowly and arduously she learned to write large pencil script without using her eyes. This enabled her to release her thoughts. Sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, she wrote brief articles to fortify her courage. Later these were published. Today she is a successful author, encouraging thousands of confused humans through the knowledge gained from her experience."

The creative power of the Spirit expresses itself through two avenues, or

has two branches. The first is the generative force, which creates new bodies for humanity. The second is the creative power of thought. In creative work it is the power of thought which is mainly employed, working of course as necessary through the physical body. But the creative power of thought is dependent for its intensity and acuteness upon the conserved generative force, which under normal conditions should flood the mind and body with creative energy.

In order for work to be creative the mind must be kept positive. Positive thought, rather than negative, must prevail. Positive thought consists in concentrating the entire attention upon any matter on which a person is engaged and not allow it to wander. Detail observation is also an important factor, that is, the *conscious* observation of all the details of one's surroundings and of the work upon which one is engaged.

That is the reason why occupational therapy involving creative work has so great a value in healing. It keeps the mind healthy, and then the mind helps to bring the body into a similar state.

Other points are brought out in the article mentioned above which are well worth considering:

"Occupational therapy is of great value to psychiatry. It is amazing what is being done for and by patients in psychiatric clinics through discipline and training these days. Many neurotic and psychotic patients under custodial care are more of an asset to their community than many so-called normal people at large. Despite their mental handicap they yield some dividends on the taxpayers' investment in them by their contributions to literature, music, art, science, agriculture, and industry.

"Life demands that we create, either

physically or mentally, to justify our earthly existence. If we have no physical offspring, then we must produce brain children to add to the cultural and material growth of mankind. . . . Creative endeavor arouses self-confidence, a sense of personal worth, and adds zest to living. In these perilous and uncertain days of human survival, creative work is needed as never before to calm the mind and steady the nerves; not only for the sick and the well in civilian life, but to bolster the morale of service men in isolated military posts. When rational minds, ordinarily calm and controlled, yield to fear as they observe the apparent

EMOTIONAL STABILITY IN THE WORLD CRISIS end of this era of civilization, too much cannot be expected of the emotionally unstable, who lack the mental maturity needed to meet this crisis. An idle mind is a prey to all sorts of evil invaders; an occupied mind is alert, with its defenses up to resist them. Co-ordination of mind and hands in creative work stabilizes the mind, steadies the nerves, and promotes poise for composure under pressure. . . . If time is employed for constructive self-expression, morale will be lifted and war neurosis averted. Creative work is soothing and restful; it pays big dividends in contentment. In it all can find surcease from fear and uncertainty, and be able to achieve despite the pressure of events."

Thus we see that creative work is a vital factor in the maintenance of health, and its recovery when it has been lost. Generally speaking, work is the salvation of the race. If man had not fallen in the Garden of Eden, his descendants would have found their work much easier, more agreeable, and less arduous. Nevertheless, despite man's natural aversion to work, it still remains, both in health and sickness, one of his chief assets for well-being and progress.

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



Love Is a Shining Door A War-Time Christmas Story

By AZTAROTH

“CHRISTMAS EVE.” Mary repeated the words softly, wonderingly to herself. Could it be—could it be that Christmas Eve had come again for Mary Hastings—for Lieut. Mary Hastings, Nurse, M.C.? She smiled wanly and looked about her small hotel room for which she had searched endless hours that afternoon in the great, overcrowded city. Through the window in the gray twilight she could see flurries of snow driven by a stiff wind off the lake.

Going closer to the glass she looked down upon the hurrying crowds laden with packages on the boulevard, gaily battling the icy wind. Bits of Christmas carols and happy laughter drifted up to her. Yes, it was Christmas Eve again—why, it might have been only last Christmas or ten years ago. The laughing people in holiday spirit, gaily wrapped presents, the tinkle of tiny bells on street corners, wide-eyed, excited kiddies, and the touch of mystic Christmas magic in the air.

Everything was the same—only she was different. All this was foreign, strange and alien to her now. Christmas held only memories, vague and unimportant. The bright, terrible pictures of the past two years had blotted it all out: scenes of Zeros coming at them there in Saipan; the mud, the dirt, the sweat, the stifling heat; the torn air, shattered with explosives; men dying on all sides of her; men wounded, bleeding, suffering, and crying in their agony; a body blown to bits only a few yards from her. Jimmy, Eddie, Winky, Doc Smith—all laughing, joking with her one day and gone the next—gone God knows where! And Tom—Mary’s heart constricted with the old, dull, aching pain. She tried so hard not to think of him—not to remember, but it was no use. To think at all was to think of Tom—to see his smile that crinkled the corners of his mouth in such a warm, sweet way; to see his curly, tousled black hair and those gentle, laughing eyes that seemed to touch and make

happy all the sad, lonely places of her heart.

Mary sighed and sat down on the edge of the bed. She tried to realize that she was back in the States; that Tuesday morning she was to report for duty at the big Army hospital here. Oh, she hadn't wanted to return; she had fought against it, but they had made her come back. Hypertension—they said she was too emotional for down there. She had got so she couldn't stand to see the pain, the faces filled with suffering, without helping every moment. There was always a hypodermic or blood plasma transfusion to be given; a bandage to be changed—they needed her so badly she couldn't fail those courageous, wonderful fellows. Often she had refused to stop even to eat or sleep until the day she collapsed into unconsciousness and days of delirium. The dark horror—the tragedy of war—she wondered if ever she could erase from memory those heartbreaking, pain-seared pictures of the past months.

Why, it was almost dark; lost in her thoughts she hadn't noticed. Getting up she switched on the desk lamp and the one by her bed. That was much better; light always cheered her. Now a quick shower, some fresh clothes, and she would dash out for a bite to eat. But as her glance fell on a large sapphire ring on her second finger, a swift expression of pain came into her eyes. Tom's star sapphire—she remembered suddenly the legend he had told her about star sapphires and Christmas Eve. Tenderly she slipped the ring from her finger and studied the shining, perfect star in its blue depths. Tears dimmed her lovely, brown eyes as the old bitter-sweet memories came rushing back. She remembered the night he had placed it on her finger; out there alone with him on the beach he had looked into her eyes and said in that soft, gentle voice she remembered so well, "Just something to remind you,

Mary, that there's a fellow who loves you with all his heart forever and ever."

Did he—could he possibly have known then that it was to be like this? From little things he had said she felt now that he had known. He spoke often of death, but always he maintained that it was not the end—only a transition to another plane, a different scale of vibrations, and he had seemed so certain about it. He talked too of reincarnation, and told her many times that they had been together in lives lived in the past, and that he would find her in beautiful tomorrows to come. Oh, why hadn't she listened—but it had been so wonderful, so infinitely precious to be with him then that words didn't seem to matter much.

Brushing the tears from her eyes she walked over to the window and stood staring down into the lighted, busy street below. She had tried to believe—tried to believe that there was life beyond—that on that dark, heartbreaking day when his plane crashed he had merely stepped into the shining land of which he told her. But it was difficult—oh, painfully difficult! He had been so vital, so alive, and death seemed so final—so definite. Her poor, blind eyes just couldn't see beyond the physical the way his seemed to.

With loving eyes she looked at the ring again; never had the star seemed so radiant or beautiful as it did tonight. What if the legend were true? After all, it *could* be true! Perhaps Tom had not been joking. From out of yesterday she seemed to hear his voice again:

"Ever hear the tale the old wives tell about star sapphires, Mary?" his words echoed back to her.

"Oh no, please tell me. I adore legends," she had begged, holding his strong brown hand in hers.

"Well, you see sometimes the star sapphire is called, 'Star of Bethlehem.' Some believe that at midnight on Christmas Eve for the pure in heart the sap-

phire will come to life and glow with an inner radiance as it reflects the light of the mystic star the wise men followed almost 2000 years ago."

"Oh, what a lovely story!" she had exclaimed. "And tell me, were you a good little boy—and did this sapphire perform for you on Christmas Eve?"

Like a big, lovable kid he had put a finger to his lips and whispered, "Shhh—don't ever tell anybody, but it did, really!"

Of course she had thought he was joking and had laughed merrily. Oh, why had she been so silly, so frivolous that night!

Then he had pointed to a strange inscription inside the ring; a Sanscrit phrase she could not even pronounce. "And those little symbols," he whispered, "mean, 'Love is a Door that Shineth.'"

"But how weird!" she replied. "I don't understand—Love is a Door that Shineth?"

His eyes were serious as he replied slowly, "Not tonight, darling, you don't understand, but one day you will *know* that love is a shining door. Oh, Mary, Mary, I can't say any more. . . ." With that he had caught her to him and held her close against his breast.

His strange, fatalistic words sent a swift chill to her heart, and she had shivered. "Don't, Tom—don't talk like that! It frightens me."

"Of course, honey," he laughed. "We'll skip it—war nerves! But we have a tryst next Christmas Eve. Look at this ring at midnight, and I promise that no matter where my physical body may be, I shall be with you."

The scene faded. Mary rubbed her temples and looked dazedly about the room. She had forgotten for a moment entirely where she was. Oh, she mustn't lose herself in reverie that way—the doctor had warned her. But what did

it matter—what did anything matter! It was Christmas Eve! Oh God, if only some way he could show her tonight that he still lived—perhaps at midnight when she looked at the ring!

Thirty minutes later Mary was out on the boulevard, the icy wind whipping her cheeks. A little thrill of pleasure passed over her. Oh, it was so good to feel again the invigorating cold and see the whirling snowflakes. She smiled at those she passed, and everyone smiled back at the lovely girl with the shining eyes. If she passed someone who looked sad, she would call out a cheery, "Merry Christmas." Mary always forgot her own sorrows to make others happy.

On and on she hurried, the frosty air bringing lovely color to her cheeks and a tingle to the tip of her nose. If only she could find a gay, small cafe where

there were laughter and happy people! Ahead she saw a brilliant little neon sign; "Pig in a Poke," she read aloud. That sounded warm and friendly. Mary

turned into the small restaurant. Inside she looked about, pleased. Oh, it really looked quite nice with gay, red-checked tablecloths, soldiers, sailors and their girls, and sparkling Christmas music. Mary smiled. Now, if she could find an inconspicuous little table. She looked about, but everything was taken. Then over in one corner she noticed a very young soldier, PFC, sitting alone and looking uncertainly about him. Over one eye he wore a black patch. It was the patch that decided Mary. She made straight for his table. He looked up as she approached. "Room for a fellow traveler, soldier?" she inquired laughingly.

"Of course," he smiled a bit nervously, "Won't you sit down?"

In a moment Mary had introduced herself, learned that his name was Joe Craig, and was gaily ordering her dinner. She knew his symptoms well—



readjustment . . . readjustment to life and the world, with an eye gone. Oh, the sick, hurting pain within her; such a fine fellow—and one fine, clear blue eye sacrificed to war. But he must not feel her sympathy; be casual, be gay, lift him out of himself—it was the only way to help, the only way.

"I was afraid I was going to have to eat Christmas Eve dinner alone," she said with a warm smile. "Don't know a soul in this great, big, booming city. You're really a life-saver, soldier."

"Same here," he replied. "I was feeling a little low until you came along. Christmas Eve was always something big and special back home."

"Back home?" she repeated questioningly, hoping to start him talking.

"Yes, Texas. Dallas. I'll be going there in a couple of weeks, I guess." He swallowed hard and looked at his plate.

"Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Won't it be fine though to see all your folks again!"

"Yes—yes, I guess so." He swallowed again.

Mary's heart went out to him. He was taking it pretty hard. If only she could help him somehow, but what to say—what to do? "Oh, how I envy you!" she said with a touch of wistfulness; "I envy you having a home and folks to visit. I haven't one blessed relative in this entire world!"

He looked at her then for the first time. "You mean—you mean you really haven't anybody?" he asked incredulously.

"No one," she replied. "So you see how lucky you are!"

"I never thought about it that way," he said slowly, and sat musing for a moment. Then his eye fell on her star sapphire. "Oh!" he exclaimed excitedly. "What a wonderful star sapphire. I say, it is a beauty!"

"Thank you," she smiled. Taking it from her finger she started to hand it to him to examine when suddenly it

slipped from her hand and rolled several feet away. "Now I've gone and done it!" she apologized.

Joe's cheeks flushed crimson; he made an effort to rise and retrieve the ring only to fall back heavily in his chair. "I'm—I'm sorry"; his voice was low and husky. "You see—you see these are artificial legs—well, I haven't quite got used to them yet." Perspiration was standing out in great beads on his forehead.

Pain clutched at Mary's heart, pain for the soldier's hurt. Then she jumped up from the table and went after the ring. For a time she pretended to search for it until she could get hold of herself. She mustn't let him see the pain in her eyes that she knew she could not hide. Legs, he had said. Both legs and an eye. It was too much—too much to pay.

The ring in her hand, she forced a smile to her lips. She must joke about the ring. She returned to the table, smiling though her throat ached and her face was flushed. "Clumsy, I was always known as!" she laughed. "Do you know, they threaten periodically to toss me out of the Army if I don't stop dropping things." She laid the ring on the table in front of him.

For a long moment he was silent staring at his plate, the perspiration still standing out on his fine forehead. Then he slowly picked up the ring and held it so the light would bring out the star. Finally he exclaimed after what seemed hours, "I've never seen such a beauty. Star sapphires—there's no other stone can compare with 'em!"

With only a fleeting, tender glance at the ring Mary made up her mind and plunged in. "Say, after all, you know it's Christmas Eve," she began. "I haven't anyone to give a present to. Christmas isn't Christmas unless we give presents—won't you let me play Santa Claus and pretend this was hanging on the tree for you?"

He looked up at her startled. "Oh—oh no! I couldn't take it. I couldn't—your star sapphire!"

"Oh," she laughed, "that's a man's mounting anyhow. If I kept it I should have to have it remounted. Please, please take it as a very special favor to a girl who has no one to give a Christmas present to."

He looked into Mary's warm, friendly brown eyes for a moment without speaking. "You know, I don't know what to say," he managed at last. "No one ever gave me a present like this before. At first I thought you were fooling, but I can see you really want me to keep it. But it's wonderful! Thanks . . . thanks a million!"

Mary smiled. "Thank *you*—thank you for making my Christmas Eve perfect. Why don't you slip it on your finger and see if it will fit?"

Like a small boy with an awesome new toy Joe gingerly slipped the ring on his little finger where it fitted perfectly. Then he exclaimed excitedly, "Just look at that! Just look at that, would you! Joey Craig with a beautiful star sapphire like that!"

Two hours later Mary was back in her hotel room again. They had talked for over an hour, and then he had returned to the Army hospital in a taxi and she to her hotel. She had promised to see him again on Christmas day.

Tucked warmly in her bed, Mary was thinking back over the events of the evening. She felt the empty place on the finger of her right hand where Tom's ring had been and a lump came into her throat. She realized that Tom's ring had meant very much to her, and she had promised Tom that tonight, Christmas Eve at midnight—oh, but it was so little to give to one who had given so much! In her heart she knew Tom would not have wanted it other-

wise. Anything to take the hurt, lost look out of that soldier's face.

Mary sighed heavily. She thought of all the boys down there in the South Pacific suffering, fighting, dying—and it was the same in Europe. Sometimes it seemed that her heart must surely break with the pain of it all. Oh, her own little personal tragedy was nothing; it was the anguish, the suffering of the world, the tears and aching heart-break of so many this Christmas that pierced her heart. The hurt ones, the lonely ones, the unloved, the unwanted, the hungry, the homeless, the persecuted, those in agony—if only she could help them! Help them all—lighten the burden of suffering that lay like a heavy, sinister mist upon the earth.

The tower clock a few blocks from Mary's hotel struck twelve. Mary had been asleep only a few minutes. Now she stirred restlessly and half opened her eyes. A soft, golden light filled her room. Like a startled child she looked about, wondering where the radiance came from. For a moment she thought she was dreaming, but she knew it couldn't be a dream for she could recall the events of the day and evening before going to bed. One didn't remember in dreams. As her eyes became more accustomed to the light, she suddenly noticed a figure standing near the door—a figure in the uniform of the U. S. Army Air Corps. "Oh!" she exclaimed, catching her breath sharply as a swift, wild hope pierced her heart. She shut her eyes tightly. She wouldn't look for a moment—maybe she was having delusions!

"Mary," a low, well remembered voice called her. "Mary, keep your eyes closed for a moment, dear. You are not dreaming—you are awake in a super-conscious state. Just lie quiet."

Slowly she opened her eyes again, a tumult of joy waking in her heart. "Oh



Tom . . . Tom . . .” she breathed, her eyes lovingly caressing his face. “You are ALIVE! . . . you are REAL! Why, you look just as you always looked! You’re not—you’re not . . .”

He moved a few steps nearer to her bed, laughing softly. “That’s right, Mary,” he said, as though speaking to a small child. “There is no death—we do not die! Death is only a dream, an illusion—a transition to a greater world. Love is a door that shineth—remember, Mary? You found that door tonight, dear, when you gave Joe the star sapphire.”

Mary’s eyes were shining. “Oh, I knew you would have wanted me to. That poor hurt boy—and he loved the sapphire so. But you are here—as you promised. I couldn’t—I didn’t dare hope you would come.”

“Yes, Mary,” he said softly. “Had you kept the ring, I could not have come to you—that was your test of love. You see, darling, you have been a helper on the inner planes in other earth lives, but with each life we must prove again our right to pass through the shining door of unselfish love.”

“Tom,” she almost whispered, “what you are saying doesn’t sound strange to me. Perhaps it should, but I seem to remember. . . .”

He laughed softly. “In a moment you will remember everything—your work in the past, our lives together—everything. You will recall it all when you step into the inner worlds.”

She looked at him breathless, stars in her eyes. “Does that mean that we can be together—always?”

He smiled down at her tenderly. “Each night, Mary, when your physical body is asleep, I shall come for you. Together we shall continue the work of the

great White Brotherhood on the inner planes. With each dawn you shall return to your body to carry on in the physical world.”

“Oh Tom!” her voice trembled with emotion. “My prayer is answered—my prayer to help and help and never stop helping all the brave, wonderful people in the world. I love them—I love them all, Tom. I love them so much it hurts, and my heart breaks for them in their sorrow.”

“I love them too, Mary; that’s why we go on and on helping. That’s why it is all gloriously, wonderfully worthwhile. Now, Mary, listen carefully to me.” She raised her shining eyes to his and held out her hand to him. As she did so the golden radiance became more brilliant, seeming to form an arch like a great, glowing portal above her.

“See the shining door, my darling,” he whispered. “The golden door of love—for those whose lives are dedicated on the altar of unselfish, loving service to humanity. Come, take my hand, Mary.”

With a happy laugh she clasped his hand firmly in hers, and together they walked in a shining path of light into the timeless land where death is a dream and love never fails.

In a drab Army hospital room a few miles away a young soldier with both legs missing awakened from sleep. On his little finger the star sapphire in his ring had suddenly flamed into life. It glowed and shone with an inner light so great that the room was softly lighted. As he gazed in spellbound awe, he thought of the Star of Bethlehem, and wondered if that great star could have been more beautiful than the wonderful star gleaming with pure white light on his finger.



Mary, the Mother of Jesus

By EDNA P. WALLING



MARY, the mother of Jesus, was the heart of compassion and understanding. How many of us have paid enough attention to the life and work of Mary? She came with a special mission as did Joseph and Jesus. Her mission was not only to bring to birth the man Jesus, who later gave his body to the Christ, but also to raise the status of all womankind by virtue of the fact that she was the mother of Jesus, the most important individual ever born in all the history of the world.

When we study the lives of Jesus and Mary, we are a little astonished at the reply which Mary received from Jesus the Christ as recorded in John, 2:4, when she spoke to Him about the wine. He answered her in an almost abrupt manner: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come."

But listen to her reply, directed to the servants: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Note how carefully she paved the way for His first miracle.

Mary and Joseph went to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover, as was the custom in those days. On starting home they missed the boy Jesus, and searched three days before they found him with the doctors and wise men in the Temple. Any mother knows how one feels when she has searched and almost given up in despair over a lost child. Mary, knowing the mission for which Jesus came, was much grieved at his disappearance. Upon finding him she asked why he had thus dealt with his parents, and we note his reply in Luke, 2:49: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Does this not show that Jesus, even as a lad, was fully aware of the part he was to play, and that he was to allow the

Christ to use his body for the three years of the latter's ministry?

Mary—the very name brings to mind much that we hold dear. Let us take the M; how many words start with this M: mother, milk for babies, meat for the advanced, manna, multitudes, material things, metaphysical things—just to name a few. We have also three other Marys connected with the life of Jesus, and each one had a part to play.

We know, according to Max Heindel, that both Mary and Joseph were high Initiates of the Mysteries. They were fully aware of their mission, as was Jesus. We know also that through many lives Mary, Joseph, and Jesus had reincarnated together, particularly Mary and Jesus. Similarly in the case of great musicians. We notice this in the lives of the celebrated Bach family. While Christ Jesus often conversed with Mary, it was the Christ, not the man Jesus, who spoke. We are moved to a greater understanding of Christ Jesus when we note that His last act was to commit His mother into the care of John, His disciple, as we read in St. John, 19:26, showing the deep bond between mother and son, and that almost His last act and thought were of and for her.

In the present age we see women taking the places of men in many positions. But as we listen to and talk with women in the different walks of life, we can see the keen desire to go back to their homes and families. This is the real work of women. We know that we reincarnate first in the male body and then in the female, and it is necessary that we learn all that is possible in each body. Mary did her family work well.

She worked with Joseph, but we find no trace or hint of his domination over her. We do find, however, many records of Mary's work in the home. We know that the seamless garment which the Christ wore when crucified was woven by Mary.

The great influence which women wield in the lives of men is indicated by such well known sayings as, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." A man's success is more often than not made possible through the influence of his wife, mother, or sweetheart. We have many instances of this, and all great men give their mothers full credit. Lincoln said that everything he was or hoped to be he owed to his mother. In every great crisis we find a woman behind the scenes. Not every woman in that capacity has been a good woman—and that is where a lot of trouble has come into our world—but the fact remains that there was a woman there.

According to Biblical history Joseph was a much older man than is generally supposed.

When we read of his part in the plan, we note most of all his loving care of Mary and Jesus, and his devotion and complete obedience to the will of God. His every thought was to cherish the mother and the Babe. Joseph had fulfilled his mission when Jesus was ready to give his body to the Christ. Only Mary was with Jesus at the cross, with her love and devotion.

In the thirty years of life of the man Jesus he obeyed all the laws of the land. But when Christ took his body at the

Baptism, He started to change the laws and to give a new impetus to the world at large. As soon as Christ started His ministry changes came fast and He accomplished in three short years the mission for which He came, namely to become the Savior of the World.

Let us not forget the other Marys who played a part in the lives of Mary and Jesus. Is it strange, or not, that all three should have the name of Mary? Each illustrated some phase of woman's life. The story of Mary and Martha

is one we are all familiar with. Why was Mary with Jesus while Martha worked in the kitchen? Why did Mary Magdalene pour oil on the feet of Jesus? Because they had a part in the mission of Jesus. Mary Magdalene—she is the one of the Marys who intrigues us. The part she played is one of redemption. She came to work out her destiny through the upliftment of the mind and soul. Mary Magdalene we know had broken many of the laws, and she came to overcome and make a new start.

The time approached when Christ Jesus was

to present himself to the Jews as their promised King and Messiah. How Mary's heart must have been filled with joy as she watched Him do His first works of healing. How her heart must have ached when she realized that her beloved Son must walk alone for the next few years. Here is a lesson for all mothers. How many are there when the time comes for their young to try their wings and start their own lives who are willing to let them freely go?

It is recorded in the New Testament



that while Jesus Christ was speaking to the people, Mary and His brothers came and desired to speak with Him. It is here that the Christ said: "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Mary understood this, for she knew that she did not have the same family tie with Christ that she had with Jesus. We know that during the latter trying days and nights of sorrow Mary often talked with God, and that she must have received many blessings, for she went

steadfastly on with her work until the very end.

As Mary had held the Babe in her arms, so it was her joy and sorrow to hold the body of Jesus, the Christ, in her arms while Joseph of Arimathea went to get the linen cloths to wrap it in. After the body had been laid away, Mary went with John, and we know that he took her into his home and his heart. Mary lived long enough to know that the mission for which both she and Jesus had come to birth had been fulfilled, and that all had been done according to Divine will and guidance.

For All This Beauty

By IRENE STANLEY

Dear Giver of all beauty, may
The gratitude my heart would say
For all this loveliness I see
Be manifest this golden day!

Enchanting would my vista be,
With just this dooryard orange-tree
To yield continual fruit and bloom,
And shed its glory over me.

Its clustered chalices perfume
My world from dawn through dusky gloom;
Its night scent drifts across my sill
Like incense from an altar room.

Beyond its boughs—as though to fill
My cup with joy till some must spill,
Infusing soil perhaps made dry
By desert winds—I see a hill.

A blue hill pointing to a sky
Now pink with sunset—Lord, that I
Might walk more thankfully the way
Of loveliness toward all things high!

The Mystic Message of Christmas

By MAX HEINDEL



CHRISTMAS Bells! Have you ever felt their magic in childhood days before doubt crept into your heart and shattered the ideals inculcated by the church? The same bell rang for church on Sundays and for prayer-meeting at mid-week, but there was a different ring at Christmas, something unusually festive, something which we now attribute to childish imagination. We miss this something, however much we may congratulate ourselves upon emancipation from what we are pleased to term "the mummeries" of the church. Wordsworth, in his "Ode to Immortality," voiced the keen feeling of regret due to loss of childish ideals; nothing the world has to give can take their place, and however we may be blessed with material wealth we are truly poor when the "glamour" of youth has gone and intellectual conceptions stifle such so-called "superstitions."

Paul exhorted us to be always ready with a reason for our faith, and there is a mystic reason for many practices of the church which have been handed down from hoary antiquity. The sounding of the bell when the candle is lit upon the altar was inaugurated by spiritually illumined seers to teach the cosmic unity of *light* and *sound*. The metal tongue of the bell rings Christ's mystic message to mankind as clearly today as when He first enunciated the graceful invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Thus the bell is a symbol of Christ, "The Word," when it calls us from work to worship before the illuminated altar where He meets us as "The Light of the World."

Also the particularly festive feeling awakened by the Christmas bells is pro-

duced by cosmic causes active at this time of year, and the present season is holy in very truth as we shall presently see. Those who study the stars know the signs of the zodiac as a cosmic sounding board, each sound vibrant with a particular quality; and as the marching orbs travel in kaleidoscopic procession from sign to sign in ever varying combination, the chords of cosmic harmony known to mystics as the "song of the spheres" sound a never ending anthem of prayer and praise to the Creator. This is not a fanciful idea but an actual fact patent to the seer, and capable of demonstration to thinkers by its effects. And the harmony of the spheres is not a monotone; it varies from day to day and from month to month as sun and planets pass from sign to sign in their orbits. There are also yearly epochal variations due to precession of the equinoxes. Thus there is infinite variety in the song of the spheres, as indeed there must be, for this constant change of spiritual vibration is the basis of spiritual and physical evolution. Were it to cease even an instant, Cosmos would be resolved to Chaos.

For demonstration, observe the nature and quality of the love life poured through the Christ-star, the sun, when it transits the belligerent sign Aries, the Ram, in spring. Sex love is the keynote of nature; all its energies are applied in generation; then the passionate propensities run riot. Compare this with the effect of the sun during December when it is focused through the benevolent Sagittarius, ruled by the planet Jupiter. Its ray is then conducive to religion and philanthropy; the air is vibrant with generosity, and the love life of the Christ Star finds its

(Continued on page 565)

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

REBIRTH--Alternately Male and Female

Q. With what great forces are the twin laws of Rebirth and Consequence connected?

A. These laws are connected with the motion of the Cosmic bodies, the Sun, the planets, and the signs of the zodiac. All move in harmony with these laws, guided in their orbits by their indwelling spiritual Intelligences—the Planetary Spirits.

Q. What is the relation of the Sun to the laws of Rebirth and Consequence?

A. On account of the precession of the equinoxes the Sun moves backward through the twelve signs of the zodiac at the rate of approximately one degree of space in 72 years, and through each sign (30 degrees of space) in about 2,100 years.

Q. What causes this precession of equinoxes?

A. This is due to the fact that the earth does not spin upon a stationary axis. Its axis has a slow, swinging motion of its own, and because of this wabbling motion the Sun does not cross the equator in the same place every year, but a few hundred rods further back, hence the name, the "precession of the equinoxes," because the equinox "precedes"—comes too early.

Q. How are these cosmic movements related to man?

A. As the Sun passes through the different signs in the course of the year, the climatic and other changes affect man and his activities in different ways. Similarly the passage of the Sun by precession of the equinoxes, through the twelve signs of the zodiac—which is called a World-year, brings about conditions on the earth of a far greater variety.

Q. Why would not one birth under the same conditions be sufficient?

A. Because, as the soul itself is of necessity double-sexed, in order to obtain all experience, it is reborn alternately in a male and female body. This is because the experience of one sex differs widely from that of the other.

Q. Are not external conditions vastly different by the time the Ego is reborn?

A. The outside conditions are not greatly altered in one thousand years and therefore permit the entity to receive experience in the same identical environment from the standpoint of both man and woman.

Q. Is there ever any deviation from this rule?

A. These are the general terms upon which the law of Rebirth operates, but as it is not a blind law, it is subject to frequent modifications, determined by the Lords of Destiny, the Recording Angels, as, for instance, in a case where an Ego needs a sensitive eye or ear and there is the opportunity for giving it the required instrument in a family with which relations have previously been established.

Q. How would this modify the law of Rebirth as described?

A. The time for the re-embodiment of the Ego in question may lack, perhaps, two hundred years of being ripe, according to the average period, but it is seen by the Lords of Destiny that unless this opportunity is embraced, the Ego will perhaps have to spend four or five hundred years in heaven in excess of the time required before another chance will present itself. Therefore the Ego is brought to rebirth ahead of schedule time, so to speak, the deficiency of rest in the Third Heaven being made up at another time.

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 159-161)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

"They Presented Unto Him Gifts"



And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense, and myrrh.

Matt. 2:11.

In the manger of his heart, which he has been striving all the year to purify of the animal propensities in his nature, the sincere aspirant trusts the Christ-child will at Christmas be born. He knows, with Angelus Silesius, that:

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
And not within thyself, thy soul will be forlorn."

He has been conscientiously trying to release himself from the toils of the desire body which separates him from his fellows, and live up to the vibrations of the vital body which unites him with all life. As he succeeds, the Christ is being formed in him, and he becomes imbued with the Christ Spirit of Universal Love, which makes him capable of being a brother to all men. And at the proper time—his Christmas—the birth of his Christ is announced to his consciousness, and in reverent and holy joy he worships him, presenting his gifts, as the Wise Men of old, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The gold we always hear spoken of in symbology is the emblem of the Spirit, which was blinded by becoming entangled in matter, and this caused all the sorrow in the world. The gold which the aspirant, symbolized by the Wise Man, offers to the Christ is the Spirit, a symbol of his desire to return to the Universal Spirit of Love.

The next Wise Man brings myrrh.

Myrrh is the extract of an aromatic plant that grows in Arabia, a very rare plant indeed. It symbolizes the soul that man extracts when he has cleansed his blood of passion, and become plantlike, chaste and pure. It is an actual fact when we say that there are men who are so holy that they emit an aroma. This is said of some saints and it is true. We hear of the alchemists who tried to transmute base metal into gold; that is the spiritual way of saying that they wanted to purify the threefold body, refine it, and extract from its experiences the soul essence. Therefore the gift of the second Wise Man is soul, which is to be devoted to the service of Christ.

The third gift was frankincense, which is a physical vapor. It symbolizes the physical body which has been etherialized by a holy life. We must surrender this to the will of the Babe newly born in the manger of our hearts rather than to the dictates of our animal natures.

This is the key to the three gifts offered by the Wise Men: the spirit, the soul and the body. As the Christ said, if you want to follow Him, you must sell all that you have. *You are not to keep anything for yourself.* We are to give up body, soul, and spirit, everything, for the higher life, everything for the Christ. Not to an exterior Christ, but to the Christ within. The Three Wise Men are said in the legend to be yellow, black, and white, representatives of the three races we have on earth, the Mongolian, the Negro, and the White Man. Therefore it is very well shown in the legend that they will all eventually come into this beneficent Christ religion. "To Him every knee shall bow."

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, and in perfect accord with divine justice.

The Story of the Prodigal Son As Told in the Zodiac

By ALBERT E. GEBERT



THE Bible could safely be termed an astrological reference book, for through its pages scores of references are made to the stars and the planets, which, however, have been more or less passed by or rejected by followers of the Christian religion. There are none so blind as those who will not see; therefore it remains for the student of the science of astrology to accept and profit by the wealth of information given in this Book of Books.

The Teachings of the Rosicrucian Fellowship recognize the correlation of science, religion, and philosophy with the influence of the stellar bodies—a foundation “not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

The story of Jesus the Christ, and various events of His ministry, are symbolized by the passage of the Sun each year through the 12 signs of the zodiac. The Christ, being a Cosmic Character, would naturally be indicated by the Sun, the nearest physical symbol we have to God, the Sun being the Center of our solar system and father of the planets. The story of Christ Jesus starts with the birth of the Sun each year when it enters the sign Capricorn at the winter solstice, when the light of

day begins to increase, due to the Sun's starting north after reaching its point of lowest declination.

Christ Jesus personifies all that is good and true, and His story is told by the Sun's forward motion in the zodiac. There is, however, another character signified by “the Fall of Man” and his ultimate rise, namely, the Prodigal Son (Periodical Sun), who leaves his Father's house and comes to want, but finally repents and returns home. The story of the Prodigal son is told by the Sun, starting from the 10th house, the house of the Father, a home of high station. This story is told by the apparent movement of the Sun as it follows the hands of the clock, or the reverse way from that of the Christ.

The Biblical account of this most striking parable reads as follows: “A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, ‘Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.’ And he (the Father) divideth unto them his living.

“And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all,

there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

"And when he came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my Father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say un'to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'

"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found!' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing; and he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

"And he (the servant) said unto him, 'Thy brother is come; and thy father has killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

"And he (the elder brother) was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he, answering his father, said 'Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my

friends; but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

"And he (the father) said unto him, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.'

Let us now look at a chart of the zodiac, with its 12 signs forming the natural houses. Our starting point is the cusp of the 10th house, the house of the Father, corresponding to the first degree of the sign Capricorn. This is the point of the winter solstice, where the Sun dies annually. Then as the light of day, or length of days, increases, the Sun-God, or Son of God, leaves the Father's house and moves by direct motion through the signs of the zodiac.

The prodigal Son, however, is a reprobate who is slipping backwards; hence we learn his story by directing his journey in reverse, or clockwise through the zodiac; in fact, each episode in this journey corresponds with an hour period on the face of a clock, as well as with the events signified by each of the 12 houses.

TWELVE, NOON: The first point in the story lies in the fact that before starting out on this journey the Prodigal has been resting in bliss in his father's house, corresponding to the 10th house of the horoscope. He is the younger of the sons, or we might say "the younger soul," not having as yet overcome the world, and must therefore go out again into incarnation to garner more experience that will add to his soul essence. Thus the Prodigal has a desire to leave home, which he does, going on a long journey in a far-off country. Then the Sun, following the hands of the clock, makes entrance into the 9th house, the house of long journeys and foreign lands. This continues until the Zodi-

acal Clock strikes ONE. The Sun is still high in the heavens, but nevertheless is on the decline from the high point of NOON, astrologically significant of the station and honors of the soul.

ONE: At one o'clock the Prodigal Son enters the 8th—the house of inheritance. He has been given his legacy or the portion due him, but wastes it in riotous living and among harlots. The 8th is a sex house, being ruled by Scorpio, the sign governing the organs of generation. Hence a waste of the sex force depletes the system and sends the Prodigal on the rocks; or, to put it another way, he fell into a lower plane.

TWO: At two o'clock he finds himself entering the 7th house, having lost his equilibrium. The first degree of the 7th is the point of the fall equinox, and the Prodigal surely takes a FALL here. Libra, the 7th sign, is symbolized by a pair of scales, signifying equilibrium, balance or judgment. The Fall from the 7th was a serious matter for the reason that the six upper houses, seven to twelve inclusive, refer to the spiritual plane. Hence by falling below the cusp of the 7th the Prodigal dropped from the spiritual to the physical plane.

THREE: Proceeding to three o'clock on the zodiacal dial, the story tells us that the Prodigal joined himself to a citizen of that country, meaning that he was now under the control of the laws of matter, and would be joined to things in the physical world. Here our story presents a striking analogy to the allegorical tale of the Fall of Adam and Eve. They too lived in a state of bliss until by their own act they became estranged from Divine Consciousness and attached themselves to the world of matter. And the condemnation was that they would henceforth live by work and the sweat of their brow. And so the Prodigal enters the physical world through the 6th house, and becomes a

servant; and the citizen to whom he attaches himself sends him into the fields to feed the swine. Thus was he to live by the sweat of his brow as we must do in the physical world.

Now the 6th house is the house of service, and in it the Prodigal becomes a servant. He is sent into the field. The field is the world, and the 6th sign of the zodiac is Virgo, symbolized by the figure of a Virgin holding sheaves of wheat, the product of the world or field. Virgo is closely associated with matters of diet; it governs the intestines, and has the rulership of small animals, of which the swine would be an example. As the Prodigal fed the swine the grain, he fain would have eaten the husks; and when his condition was at its worst stage, he stopped to think it over. Prosperity seldom if ever turns one's thoughts toward Divinity. It requires adversity to make one turn from himself and search for a solution of his troubles through a Higher Power. The Prodigal did just that, and then the turn came.

FOUR: As he passes into the 5th house at four o'clock he has a change of heart; and we are reminded that the zodiacal sign Leo, assigned to the natural 5th house, rules the heart. In expressing this change of heart he said, "I perish with hunger; I have sinned against heaven, but I WILL ARISE." He was going home!

FIVE: At five o'clock he does go home as he enters the 4th house, the house of the home. Cancer, the sign on the 4th cusp, is symbolized by the Crab, which crawls backwards. This is analogous to the fact that this cusp is the point of the summer solstice, at which time the sap retreats or goes back into the roots of trees and plants. And at this point the Prodigal turns his back on the past, for he said, "I will arise." He is about to ascend, having reached the END of his involutory journey.

The 4th house signifies the end or latter part of life, and esoterically

means "a completed action, or divine overshadowing." The 4th house also corresponds to the 4th letter of the Hebrew alphabet, meaning "a door to swing open and shut; to turn as of the heart." It also means *vibration* and *evolution*.

SIX: At six o'clock the Prodigal starts his evolutionary journey as he reaches the 3rd, the house of short journeys. When he left the Father's house, he commenced a long journey as signified by the 9th house; but now most of his travels are over, and the distance is short as he faces the home stretch.

SEVEN: At seven o'clock the Prodigal enters the 2nd house, symbolized by a Bull, and ruling the neck and the possessions. Here there is reaction from the Father, who saw him when he was a great way off, had compassion, ran, and fell on his neck. He also gave his son certain possessions, for he said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet." He was now fully clothed, but still unfed.

To the ancients the bull was necessary to plow the soil, after which the ground was seeded and later produced the food needed for the people. It was not the bull that was sacrificed to give food to the Prodigal. The Father wanted to give him the best there was, so he ordered the servant to bring forth the *fatted calf* and kill it. Now the calf is the offspring of the cow, and was often slain in the ritual of sacrifice, as was later the ram or lamb. The calf may be referred to as the offspring of any animal in demonstrating a principle.

EIGHT: The house following that of the Bull is the 1st, corresponding to the sign Aries, the Ram or Lamb. The cusp of the 1st is the point of the vernal equinox, and covers the period of the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. The killing of the animal signifies the dying of self in the physical

world and the entrance into the spiritual plane. At nine o'clock the Prodigal leaves the 1st house, at the dividing line between the physical and spiritual planes.

NINE: At nine o'clock by our dial the Prodigal crosses into the 12th house. He is on the spiritual plane, and can therefore contact the Father, who prepares to welcome him home.

TEN: At ten o'clock he enters the 11th, the house of hopes, wishes and aspirations. There he realizes the fulfillment of these hopes as he enters into the joy of his salvation. The 11th house also refers to friends, and our story at this point tells of the gathering of friends where there was feasting and entertainment, the latter governed by the 5th, the opposite house, the place of amusement, transmitted to the 11th by reflex action.

It is at this stage of our story that the elder brother came on the scene, filled with what he considered to be "righteous indignation." When told the meaning of the festivities he would not enter the house, so his father came out. The son then justified himself under the law. Said he, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." Then the father explained to him the doctrine of love and forgiveness of sins as justification for redemption of the wayward younger son.

We contact many such persons as this elder brother: individuals who believe that all they have to do is to follow the laws of morality to solve the problem of salvation. They believe that salvation was designed exclusively for them, and that all others will, and by rights should be, eternally damned. It was such bigots who burned the heretic at the stake, and at the Inquisition tortured those accused of moral violations.

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The Children of Sagittarius

Birthdays: November 23 to December 22



AVING completed eight phases of its annual cycle, the Sun in Sagittarius focusses upon the earth the forces which are the natural sequence of the experiences and feelings of the preceding signs. In some these stimulate the urge to expand human understanding and knowledge, and to grapple with the great problems of existence. In the more spiritual, they strengthen devotion, kindliness, and good will towards all, and reawaken the "Christmas Spirit."

The centaur, half man, half horse, aptly symbolizes the traits and wide differences found in Sagittarians. Those responding mostly to the lower vibrations of this sign may be flashy, undependable, and pompous with a tendency to use their intellect in devising ways of gratifying appetites and desires at the expense of others, or in disregard of law and decency. Many cheap gamblers, sportsmen, and others who live by their wits or by pandering are found in this class.

Those responding more or less to the human part of the sign are among the best of people, and may be found in the professions, and in positions of honor, directing social, religious, and educational institutions. As administrators, judges, divines, educators, and philanthropists they seek to apply higher learning and reason to all human conduct and problems. The more advanced are possessed by lofty hopes and ideals, with visions of a better future for all to be attained by zealous, humanitarian effort, by enlightenment and truth. To them, wrongs are intolerable. So they will struggle in behalf of the injured or afflicted with as great zeal as if the issue were a personal one.

Kind, generous, and understanding,

Sagittarians are well liked. Their disposition is optimistic and jovial, and they have a pleasing, nonchalant manner. They value good will, and like to impress others in some way. As challengers of injustice and supporters of all that is good they seek companionship with people on all levels.

The forces of Sagittarius are definitely intellectual, and manifest as philosophy, reason, religion, and other functions of the higher mind. Those born under its influence are usually fond of abstract thought, and have a liking for the universal in truth. They are capable of tracing relationships through generalities, linking cause and effect, of forming clear conclusions through deep reasoning, and of outlining laws and theories, dogmas and rituals, moral and legal codes. Not content with the mere knowledge of facts, they seek an understanding of the underlying causes and laws governing all things. And though deep respect for all laws and principles may often make them the most conservative and fundamentalistic of people, it also enables them to take philosophical views of life which are generally broad and deep. Because of their understanding of good and evil, and their clear-cut conclusions, they rarely question either their right or ability to pass judgment on any issue.

The Sagittarian tends to place much faith upon his conception of luck, the Law or the Lord, depending upon the level of his consciousness. The existence of this faith explains many of his characteristics, his confidence and his capacity for meeting life with an attitude which often shapes things in his favor.

A tendency to put off or run away from unpleasantness, or restlessly seek "greener fields," will have to be met and overcome.

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

In an endeavor to render special spiritual service to our subscribers we delineate each month in this department the natal chart of ONE of our subscribers' children, up to 21 years of age. This includes a general character and health analysis, and vocational aptitudes.

Each FULL year's subscription, new or renewal, entitles you to an *application*, which should be made when the subscription or renewal is sent in. One name only is selected, impartially, each month; thus during your year's subscription you have

twelve opportunities for *your* child's name to be drawn.

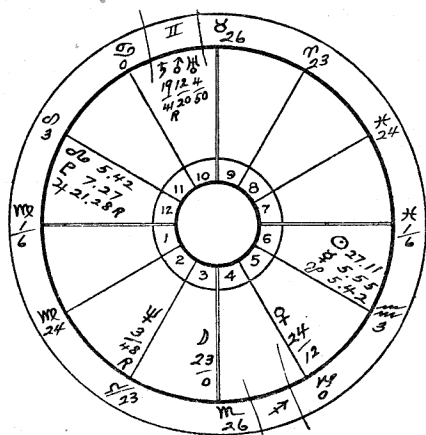
In making application, be sure to give the following information: Name, sex, birthplace; year, month, date, hour, and minute of birth, as nearly as possible. If *Daylight Saving Time* was in effect, be sure to state so, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

We do NOT set up individual horoscopes or make chart analyses, EXCEPT in this magazine.

CAROL ANN T.

February 16, 1944, 7:13 P.M.

Latitude 40 N. Longitude 80 W.



We note first of all that this little girl has the sign of Virgo on the Ascendant. Mercury is the ruler of Virgo, and is called the messenger of the gods. As he is fleet of foot, so Carol will be fleet with her words. Clever, witty, and quick in motion, she will be able to master all the problems that can be worked out through the mind.

Her Mercury is in the sign of Aquarius and in the 6th house, the house of service and health. It is trine (good) to Neptune in Libra and to Mars and Uranus in Gemini, making a Grand Trine, and this means that she has a golden opportunity for much service to

others, and she will fulfill this high destiny. While talking about Mercury we would like to caution the parents against crowding this child in early life. Her planets indicate that she is gifted with a fine mentality, and she should be allowed to develop naturally, as her mind will advance rapidly without forcing.

With three planets in the sign of Gemini (writing, letters, paper, and pencils) two of them trine (good) to Neptune in Libra, and with the ruler of Libra, Venus, in the 5th house, the house of printing and publications, this girl should eventually become a writer, and she will give her service to the world through her writings. She will probably write mystical stories, sea stories, as well as factual ones, due to the trine from Mercury to Uranus. Having her Mercury in Aquarius, whose ruler is Uranus, means that she will be able to pluck her ideas almost out of the air. She is truly a child of the New Age, and she will forge ahead with all of the new ways of doing things. While she will be studious and steady, she will carry with her an inner peace and contentment.

Her Sun in the sign of Aquarius, the sign of the New Age, will give her the desire to be a crusader or a reformer, and she will fight for what she knows to be right and true. Due to the Grand Trine mentioned above she will always

know where truth ends and imagination starts.

Jupiter is in Leo, and this will give her keen perception and foresight as well as diplomacy in working with others. The only flaw here is that Jupiter opposes the Sun. This means that she should not force her will upon others, and that she should always use her qualities of tact and understanding of human nature to achieve the high goal for which she will aim. With three planets in the 10th house, Carol should achieve a recognized position in the world.

Mars is in the sign of Gemini, and the Dragon's Head is conjunct Pluto and sextile Mars and Uranus. Mercury is conjunct the Dragon's Tail and trine Mars. This will give her a keen desire to delve into the hidden side of things. She will have a flair for the chemistry of the heavens and for universal physics. Mars makes her energetic but many times over-anxious in her work. However, with Mars so well aspected she will love peace and harmony. It is most necessary for her to have love and affection due to Jupiter and Pluto being in the sign of Leo and Jupiter square the Moon. She will withdraw into herself if she is not loved and wanted, and will not utilize the fine sextile of the Moon to Venus in the 5th house. A word to the wise is sufficient for the handling of this girl.

Venus in the 5th house will bring Carol a love of the outdoors, and as Venus is in Capricorn, ruled by Saturn, the planet of death, she will never want to hurt or harm any living thing. She will be simple in dress and manners due to this same planetary position. Saturn in Gemini, sextile (good) to Jupiter, means that she will be independent, financially, when she starts her own life, but that she will also help others to find themselves.

This chart, as a whole, is filled with life and color, having a definite tone, and will be lived steadfastly and truly.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THESE PAGES are a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex,

place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in the Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 45 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.



Physician. Secret Service

HUGH D. W.—Born August 26, 1910, 4:30 P.M. Lat. 45 N. Long. 104 W.

This man has a number of outstanding qualifications any one of which should prove successful. The sign of Scorpio on the Midheaven and its ruler Mars in Virgo with a wide conjunction to the Sun and a trine to Saturn indicate ability as a surgeon, or as a naturopath using the modern methods of physiotherapy and diet. Uranus trine to the Moon and Mercury gives a strong intuitive faculty which would enable him to use astrology in connection with this work. The ability to practice dentistry is also strongly indicated. Capricorn ruling the Ascendant and Scorpio on the Midheaven with their rulers trining each other indicate success as a detective or in secret service for the government. This configuration gives the ability to ferret out a mystery. Mercury is exalted in Virgo and trine to the Moon, giving a logical, scientific mind and the ability to express oneself fluently in a number of languages. Uranus in Capricorn on the Ascendant making the grand trine to Mercury and the Moon gives original ideas of business, particularly in connection with the electrical arts.

Dietitian. Chemist

CAROL E. R.—Born December 19, 1930, 6:15 A.M. Lat. 49 N. Long. 122 W.

The planets in Carol's chart are well distributed, which indicates versatility. The Sun and Moon in the 1st house in Sagittarius trine to Mars in Leo show

ingenuity and energy and a desire to serve, for this configuration makes a person benevolent and philanthropic. Virgo rules the Midheaven with its ruler, Mercury, in the sign Capricorn, sextile to Venus in Scorpio and conjunction Saturn. This gives depth to the mind and forethought, also the ability for scientific research and chemistry. Virgo on the Midheaven inclines to chemistry, and shows an aptitude for dietetics, since Virgo is naturally scientific and has an innate interest in health subjects. The planet Jupiter in Cancer also indicates an interest in foods, and this could be directed into the scientific field with beneficial results.

Lecturer. Naturopath

GRACE E. H.—Born November 1, 1920, 2:00 A.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 105 W.

Mercury, the ruler of the Ascendant and Midheaven, in Sagittarius in the 3rd house, with Gemini on the Midheaven shows ability for and success in lecturing, also a desire to travel. Mercury indicates literature, agencies, clerical work, and all employments requiring study, skill, and ingenuity. To direct the Mercury ability into a most constructive channel we suggest writing or lecturing on health subjects. Jupiter and Saturn bo'h in Virgo on the Ascendant, sextile to the Moon in Cancer, and Jupiter trine to Mars in Capricorn are favorable for science and give the ability and energy to make a success in this field of endeavor. The Sun is in the sign of Scorpio, sextile to Jupi-

ter in Virgo and trine the Moon in Cancer. This gives excellent judgment and indicates success as a doctor, especially along the natural lines of healing, such as those followed by the naturopath.

Social Worker. Teacher

MARILYN A. L.—January 7, 1929, 10:00 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 112 W.

Marilyn has a great interest in philanthropic enterprises. Sagittarius rules the Midheaven. Jupiter, the planetary ruler, is in the sign Taurus in the 2nd house, finance. This gives ability in handling financial affairs. Saturn in the 10th house indicates a self-made person, honesty, and system. Placed in Sagittarius it gives a desire to elevate humanity. It couples all the saturnine virtues with the benevolent Jupiterian spirit of aspiration. Jupiter is trine to Neptune in Virgo and sextile to Venus in Pisces. This gives a nature that is charitable and filled with compassion. Such people often take up work in a charitable institution. The Moon in the sign Sagittarius in the 9th house is ruler of both the 5th and 6th houses, indicating the kind of service rendered. The 5th house represents schools, and teaching is shown, perhaps in a government institution or some philosophical science. The 6th house is that of health and sickness, and service in a hospital or health school is indicated. Neptune in Virgo blends the mercurial and Neptunian qualities, and Mercury placed in Capricorn in the 12th house gives interest in philosophy and the occult, with the possibility of teaching in connection therewith.

Writer. Interpreter

DAVID V. R. C.—Born June 17, 1912. Hour unknown. Born in India.

Here is a most versatile person and one who makes many changes. The Sun, Mercury, and Venus in conjunction in Gemini indicate fondness for literature

and speaking; also an investigator or interpreter. Venus in Gemini shows pleasure and profit in travel. With a literary education much can be accomplished through writing. This may work out in poetry or music. Neptune and the Moon in the sign Cancer increase the imagination. They show inspiration in art, music, writing, speaking, or acting, including the imitating or expressing of the thoughts or emotions of others. This configuration also shows a fondness for travel by water and favors dealing with the public in liquids and things connected with the sea, also shipping. Jupiter in Sagittarius and trine to Mars in Leo shows skill in musical affairs, also ingenuity and constructive ability as a manager or leader of business enterprises. It also favors travel and exploration.

Science. Mental Healer

LOIS M. R.—Born December 11, 1926, 4:00 A.M. Lat. 42 N. Long. 96 W.

Neptune is in the 10th house in the sign of Leo, trine to the Sun and Venus in Sagittarius. This indicates ability and success in educational pursuits because of an intimate understanding of human nature, and the faculty of imparting to others whatever knowledge the native possesses. Mercury rising in Scorpio, trine to Uranus in Pisces, is literary and scientific. With Scorpio on the Ascendant this indicates a strong attraction to the occult, and is especially favorable for mental healing. Jupiter is in Aquarius sextile to the Sun and Venus, giving greater strength to the aforementioned qualities. There is strong evidence of philanthropic interest as well as literary, artistic, and scientific pursuits. Neptune in Leo in the 10th shows leadership in these fields. Mars in Taurus, sextile to the Moon in Pisces, gives ability to organize and direct.

Worth-While News



Religion and Education

Teaching religion in the tax-supported, free public schools of America still is being agitated by various religious groups, and yet the approach to this subject must be from the historical side. Protestantism founded and developed America. But what is generally overlooked is the obvious fact that to millions of Americans democracy itself is almost a religion; and Democracy connotes a system of tax-supported, free public schools in which intolerance, bigotry and race prejudices find no welcome.

However, an examination of the evidence shows that when you resort to "released time" to teach religion, which, in practice means teaching the catechism of the various religious groups, you are driving not one wedge but several between the children of America in their religious and racial concepts, and thereby building a disunited nation. In unity is strength. To refer, as the Roman Catholic hierarchy does, to our public schools as "godless" is not only to disregard the facts of the case but to set up an ecclesiastical satrapy with social and political consequences that ultimately will spell the undoing of our country.

This great country of ours has been conducting an experiment for three hundred years—ever since the first colonist arrived. It is an experiment in seeing if human beings of various races, creeds, and cultures can live harmoniously side by side. Human nature being what it is and the yearning for liberty and individualism being so strong, it is surprising, not that bitterness of debate breaks out every now and then, but that we are not in a civil war most of the time. The facts that peace prevails within our borders and that within a few days after an election people forget the bitterness and hates engendered during a political campaign are irrefutable evidence that the American experiment is succeeding, even though much more slowly than most of us would like to have it do. But the outstanding fact remains that this greatest experiment of history is succeeding.

Such being the case, why then should we risk its further success by dividing the young people of the land into various divisive segments, when what we need above everything else is to unite them into one vast body of citizens whose great links to each other will be character, intelligence, and love of country?—*The New Age Magazine*, June, 1944.

America was founded on the principle of the separation of Church and State. It was thought by the Founding Fathers that this was the only safe method to prevent the new American Republic from falling under the more or less autocratic and tyrannical domination of the Catholic Hierarchy, as had the greater part of the nations of Europe during the previous centuries. That principle still holds good. While the government of a nation should not be irreligious, and while it should be based upon the broad tenets of universal religion, nevertheless it is impossible to include in the constitution or the government of a nation the individual tenets of any particular creed.

All nations in the civilized world believe there is a God of the universe Who is directing it from the higher planes and supervising the development and progress of the world, and that it is possible to communicate with Him through prayer. If these two fundamental principles could be utilized in the education of children in the public schools, but staying entirely away from the creeds and dogmas of any branch of established religion, the result should be good. Very likely that will eventually be accomplished. It would undoubtedly have a profound effect for good in shaping the plastic characters of children in their early years, inculcating a devotional attitude that would be a valuable asset throughout life.

The Sons of Cain advance through Freemasonry, both exoteric and esoteric, and the Sons of Seth, the weaker branch of humanity, through Catholicism and the Church. Rosicrucianism is Esoteric Masonry. Catholicism has always been

very jealous of its prerogatives and very determined to control the religious development and outlook of the world. Freemasonry, on the other hand, has been equally determined that personal liberty should not be infringed upon by churchly doctrines or church hierarchies. We believe, however, that the basic principles indicated above could be followed out without interfering with the jurisdiction of either Freemasonry or Catholicism.

Marvelous Work by the Blind

When the first blind worker goes into a busy war plant, employees marvel in a regular sequence:

1. They marvel that the blind fellow can get around, go to lunch, quit when the whistle blows.
2. If he has a dog, the animal is often more marvelous than himself.
3. They marvel that he can do any work for which the company will pay money.
4. He may do precision work that seems impossible without sight—which is absolutely unbelievable until they see it.
5. Marvel turns to emulation when they discover that he does more or better work than some sighted employees.
6. Last marvel of all, a triumph for the working blind—they forget that he cannot see with his eyes, and no longer think about him.

The following is an account of a blind man who is doing excellent work on jobs which are usually done only by those who can see.

La Valle is a professional entertainer in normal times, and teaches piano to sighted students at his home in Inglewood, besides working on the Weber swing shift.

Unlike many of the blind workers now finding oppor unity in war plants, La Valle was self-supporting and went into war work to help out on manpower. The task for which he showed ability was drilling precision holes on "Lightning" (P-38) fighter plane assemblies. His accurate pianistic fingers soon mastered this operation, which is performed with an electric drill, and he also works at burring and sorting rivets.

Coming to California three years ago, Mr. La Valle found professional engagements, and also performed for service men, and for war organizations like the Russian

Relief. He has studied at U.C.L.A. And, if the worst came to the worst, he is an expert piano tuner.—*Light*.

The above clipping from the journal entitled *Light*, published by the Braille Institute of America, gives some idea of the marvelous work that is being done by workers who are physically blind. In practically all of the large cities of the United States there are organizations devoted to the social and economic welfare of the blind, and also engaged in making possible their education through Braille manuscripts and books, which are read by the touch system. Phonograph records are also being quite extensively used both for the education and the entertainment of blind people.

The blind man is certainly having to pay a heavy debt of karma or ripe destiny, which according to the Rosicrucian Philosophy is not accidental, but something which has been brought over from a past incarnation and is being worked out in the present one. Many things might be sufficient to produce karma of this sort. For instance, if a person by carelessness or through anger precipitates an accident which costs the sight of one or more persons, under certain conditions this might become the basis of ripe destiny in a future incarnation for this person through which he would have to suffer blindness for a certain length of time. Conditions and passions and reactions of the war doubtless will also be the cause of ripe destiny for a good many men in a future life, as a result of which they will suffer blindness. It is certainly a heavy debt to pay, no matter what the cause.

The Braille Institute of America is doing excellent work in helping and rehabilitating the blind. Located at 721 North Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles 27, it is a non-profit, nation-wide, non-sectarian institution, and is worthy of generous support from those who are fortunate enough not to be afflicted with blindness.

Question Department



Conditions Related to the Newly Dead

Question:

Will you be kind enough to tell us something about the conduct of the newly dead; how they look, feel, and act?

Answer:

The newly dead appear very much as they did during life, most often wearing a garment which closely resembles some favorite costume which they wore before the passing; and to the clairvoyant, their resemblance to the living, so far as appearance is concerned is so close that it is hard to realize they are not actually functioning in their physical body. They usually walk from place to place for some time after they leave the dense body, until gradually they find that they can glide more swiftly than the wind when moving about. At first they seem to have an instinctive dread of going through a wall or closed door, although they know, if they have studied the Rosicrucian Philosophy that it can be done; and above all, they dread to have a *living* friend come and sit on the chair they are occupying.

The Rosicrucian students know almost at once that they are entering a new phase of *life* and the most of them are quite subdued, feeling the importance of the change. Most of these people do not leave the earth plane immediately although they could do so if they so desired. Many of them seem to prefer remaining on the earth plane until after their own funeral, which they often attend, passing around among the group of friends, pausing here and there and if they happen to be recognized,

nodding and smiling as if nothing had happened.

Most people are met immediately, or very soon after death by relatives or friends who take them in charge, and assist them in becoming familiar with the new environment which they are about to enter. Max Heindel said: "I wish everybody could see their friends after they pass over; and it is a wonder to me that they cannot, for during the first few days and weeks (if they remain here as they may) they seem to me just as dense as the radiations of heat above a steam radiator." And he adds: "Thank God that day is coming."

NERVOUS SHOCK DOES NOT AFFECT THE PANORAMA

Question:

If a person has lost his memory through nervous shock does that prevent him from getting the record of his life in the three days immediately following death?

Answer:

No, it does not. There are three kinds of memory, namely, conscious, subconscious and superconscious. The conscious memory is the record that is made by our senses, these impressions being engraved upon the cells of the brain. This memory is extremely unreliable and capricious. Then there is the subconscious memory which depends on the breath. The ether contained in the air we inspire carries with it an accurate and detailed picture of all our surroundings, not only of material things, but also of conditions existing each moment within our aura. The slightest thought, feeling, or emotion is trans-

muted to the lungs, where it is injected into the blood, and the pictures it contains are impressed upon the negative atoms of the vital body; this record constitutes what is known as the subconscious memory, and it is from this subconscious memory that the record of life is taken after death. This memory continues regardless of all other circumstances while life is in the body; and though a man may lose his conscious memory and become unable to recall past events at will, the subconscious memory contains them all and will give them up at the proper time. The conscious and subconscious memory relates wholly to the experiences of this life.

There is also a superconscious memory which is the store-house of all faculties acquired and knowledge gained in previous lives, and that record is indelibly engraved on the life spirit. Neither the conscious nor subconscious memory has anything to do with the transference of the life panorama from the vital body to the desire body during the first three and one-half days following the death of the physical vehicle.

THE DANGER OF SUCCUMBING TO THE LOWER DESIRES

Question:

Just what do Rosicrucian students mean when they speak of the danger of losing one's vehicles?

Answer:

The vehicles of man consist of a physical body, a vital body, a desire body, and a mind. These collectively constitute what is called the lower self. The higher self consists of the spirit with its three powers—will, wisdom, love, and activity. The object of evolution is the spiritualizing of the lower vehicles so that they may serve the spirit as instruments on the higher planes of manifestation.

If the lower self accepts the guidance of the spirit, that process continues

satisfactorily; but if it follows its own inclinations, reveling in the sensual desires of the flesh, in time this lower self may become so powerful and unruly that the spirit cannot control it; that is, the lower self may arrive at the point where it so strongly prefers evil to good that it cannot be separated from evil practices. In such cases the spirit may be forced to abandon it, and as the lower self cannot continue to exist long after being discarded by the life-giving spirit, it finally disintegrates, its particles going back to the substance from which they were originally drawn.

ROSICRUCIAN ESOTERIC MASONRY

Question:

I have been told by some students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy that this teaching is really esoteric Masonry. Is this true?

Answer:

Yes, that is true. True Masonry deals with the finer vehicles of man and the finer forces which manifest on the invisible or spiritual planes. In the days of ancient Masonry the work of the lodge was "operative" and its activities consisted of exercises of various sorts designed to liberate the spirit at will from its dense vehicle, the physical body, and thereby give it the freedom needed to "travel in foreign countries." As Masonry became more and more materialistic, when selfishness, cruelty, and unbridled anger unfitted man for mastership, then the word of power spoken of by the Masons, was lost and its members thereby shut themselves off from the knowledge of how to leave the physical body at will; and it was then said of their work that it was "speculative."

Rosicrucianism is a revival of the ancient operative Masonry with all the processes and knowledge which it contained; it may therefore appropriately be termed esoteric Masonry.

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 Answer to War Nerves

By DR. A. J. HAWORTH



IN many ways war shock is a bigger problem on the war health front than first aid and surgery. For, regardless of the fact that the latter save countless lives and limbs, war neurosis will be with us long after the war is over. In fact it is with us now, and has reached alarming proportions in England, Europe, and Asia. It is a menace, not only to the fighting men but reflects severely on the home front, where constant bombing, fires, etc. keep the populace in a state of taut nerves and hysteria.

England is fighting war neurosis at home with her back to the wall for lack of men and facilities being used in the direct prosecution of the war. British psychiatrists have uncovered neurotics far worse than those produced by World War No. 1, both at home and from the lines. The shell-shocked fighter of the first World War was never as bad as those from this one. Dr. Robert D. G. Gillespie, chief psychiatrist of the R.A.F. reports that "blast shock" (coming from very heavy and prolonged bombing) and "shelterphobia" (resulting from long weary hours under shelter) present situations unheard of before. And the strain on the civilians, especially the nervously unstable, the

old and the children, keeps heavily bombed areas bordering on a state of mass panic and hysteria.

The U. S. is getting genuinely concerned with our problem, and realizes that it takes intelligent concentrated effort to cope with the individual as well as the whole national mental equilibrium. We may never have to cope with conditions like those of Europe, but our problem is more serious than ever before, and now is the time to work hard.

It is true that the condition of the ethers and the desire world is not as negative over this country as that which exists over the battlefields of Europe. But it has reached such a state that the effect upon the citizens of the U.S. and the returned fighting forces has caused Governor Warren of California to take action in that state.

A session was called, which took place September 8, 1944, in Sacramento. State officials and neuro-psychiatric leaders discussed a program of psychotherapy and disease prevention to promote mental health. The Governor said: "One of the most important health problems confronting the people of this state and nation is that of mental health." He revealed that California

has more than 35,000 beds for mental cases and spends more than \$9,000,000 yearly for this custodial service. He further cited the fact that the National Selective Service found more than 10% of all selectees examined have mental deficiencies that render them unfit for service in the armed forces. He estimated that 5% of the entire population is in urgent need of mental therapy or mental treatment. That means something like a half million people throughout the country, as a conservative estimate. It will pay for everyone to watch for the program offered by these doctors in their meeting at the State Capitol, and be ready and willing to cooperate unreservedly.

With the shortage of doctors at home it is distinctly up to Mr. Average Citizen to try to understand and help cope with our civilian problem. The main trouble here is the hypochondriac and the emotionally unbalanced. Mental institutions in the U. S. have reported that since Pearl Harbor many patients who were border-line cases have collapsed, and become definitely unsound, and the insane have become more violent.

In private practice, on the other hand, many cases of hypochondria have been cured by the war situation. Many have taken civilian defense jobs or jobs with a uniform and badge, something involving responsibility, and as a result they have forgotten their imaginary ailments and regained an attitude of self-respect. Whether it is an air-raid warden's job or a job in a ship yard makes no difference. The purpose is served.

However, the emotionally unsteady do not readily respond to this method because they seem incurably determined to listen to the tragic, excited voice of the broadcaster on the radio, painting war horrors. Perhaps they have a loved one in the service and are living in a state of constant fear for his safety. Now, it is all well and good to listen to one news broadcast a day. It is per-

fectly natural to want to have a general idea of how the war is progressing. But when a sensitive person listens to radio and other war talk all day, he is courting the worst kind of insomnia, hysteria, etc., which can actually cause stomach spasms, headaches, and neurosis even though there is no rational physical basis for it. The reaction to this procedure is deep melancholia.

Again we have the type whose financial apple cart has been upset by war economics. Some nonessential industries seem likely to perish, at least for the duration, and the owners and employees think they are financially ruined—some may be. Such people sometimes become neurotic through worry.

On the whole, civilians of badly bombed areas in England have held up far better than was expected. Especially the women. In Guy's Hospital in London the neurotic men admitted have been fifteen to one woman—this in spite of the fact that the civilian populace is perhaps 70% female. But it has been established that women, both here and abroad, have responded admirably to war needs, and by leaving the boredom of the household routine and making bandages, victory gardens, and engaging in a dozen other war activities, including enlistment in auxiliaries, they have greatly improved their mental and physical health. Their interest level being raised has inspired and introduced "new life" into them.

If one is truly interested in selling war bonds, for instance, he will almost forget to eat, and be so tired at night that a refreshing night's rest is awaiting him. Anyone actively engaged in some phase of the war effort or anything else need never have fear of a nervous breakdown.

Thus the home front problem is not as serious, especially in America, as one might think. We have seen that the hypochondriac can overcome boredom and consequent introspection by sub-

stituting activity, for the opportunity to serve our fellow men was never greater.

Astrologically, mild cases of hypochondria come from Virgo afflictions; also from Mercury adverse Uranus or Saturn in either Virgo or Pisces. The more severe and almost incurable cases come under Cancer afflictions. The Moon, ruler of this sign and governor of the imagination, together with the sensitiveness of Cancer, creates a very real case to cope with. The restless Moon is especially prominent in the female chart. The highly strung natives of Aquarius, particularly if they have Uranus afflictions or a combust Mercury, have a difficult problem, for even at work many of them live in the horrors of war as depicted in the papers, on the air, and in the movies. They eat, drink, and sleep with this emotional, self-imposed and self-nurtured fixation until the nerve force distribution, already inhibited by Uranus and Mercury, becomes so congested that the etheric body is forced partly out of the physical body and askew relative to the sense centers. The breakdown follows. The natural answer to this type is the avoidance of things pertaining to war, an occupation removed as far as possible from war industry, and even going to the country where they can be closer to nature. Their diet should be heavy on the alkaline side, with plenty of vitamin B complex.

The troops coming home from the battlefields with jangled nerves are far worse than any home front cases. The mentally and emotionally stable types "can take it," and will naturally reorganize more quickly than the citizen type afflicted with the above mentioned aspects. But the more serious cases may never regain balance unless the vital body and the ductless glands are taken into consideration.

One authority has said that the shell-shocked fighter of the first World War

was laboring under an hallucination; that noise could not hurt anyone permanently; and that many THOUGHT they were shell-shocked because the word had become so familiar. Not that they were consciously seeking sympathy or an audience or even a means of escaping from the battles to base hospitals and home, but that they subconsciously took on the symptoms. This is not true, at least in many cases, as the author found, having spent 18 months in the first war with the A.E.F. He observed several cases both in field and base hospitals. One man in a base hospital, tagged for discharge, had not received a scratch but had spent a long time on the western Front under fire. At lunch time someone dropped a mess kit on the tile floor. He quivered, screamed, and threw a fit that lasted two hours.

Metaphysicians know that the vital body cells maintain life force or nerve force in every live cell in the physical body. The vital body is connected to the physical body by the sense centers and ductless glands. When the outside air pressure is diminished, the vital essence is inclined to ooze from the physical cell for lack of pressure to hold it in its place. This puts a strain on the sense centers and the nervous system in general. Now when large projectiles sweep by a soldier, a temporary partial vacuum is formed. The etheric body seeks to equalize the lighter external air pressure, and this puts strain on the nerve cells. It is not the noise, although of course noise can shatter an ear drum if close and loud enough. But repeated outside vacuums as described make definite inroads on the nervous system. This idea is further borne out by the fact that nervous people, living in a high altitude where the air pressure is light, get well after they move to lower altitudes and heavier air. (Authority of Max Heindel)

This is step number one in dealing with our returning troops who need care

in this respect. Places like Colorado and Nevada may be O.K. for tuberculosis but not for war neurosis. The diet should be non-acid and vitamins of every kind plentiful, especially the B complex. The mineral balance can be established by the introduction of natural potassium in most cases. Vitamins feed the ductless glands. As Uranus is generally most affected, there is every reason to believe that the introduction of Uranian rays and x-rays will help reorganize the Uranian indications. This planet rules the pituitary gland, while Mercury rules the nerve supply.

Nerve force is ethereal and flows through the nerve sheaths under its own power. It also furnishes motivation or impulse to cause the blood to flow, muscles to act, and organs to perform mechanical and chemical processes. This force is behind the chemical action of every organ and tissue in the human laboratory, the dense body.

The intensity of nerve force and the chemistry of the blood are determined by the mineral intake as well as the vitamins. The mineral affinity of the body is determined by the Ascendant, ruler of the physical organism. Thus we see that in correcting pathology, mineral and vitamin balance in the diet is as necessary as the food elements, namely, protein, carbohydrates, and fats.

The nerve sheaths are ruled by Neptune, which when afflicted causes shrinkage and dryness. The ductless gland called the pineal body, connected with the pituitary gland in the brain, is ruled by Neptune, and is therefore the key to an abnormal condition of the nerve sheaths. These sheaths carrying the nerve force become shriveled and pinched and inhibit the normal flow of the life energy. The chemistry of the sheath must be corrected along with adjusting the quantity and quality of the force.

The alkaline diet, so important in

feeding these glands, calls for abolition of meat, coffee, alcohol, nicotine, refined starches and sugars, and most table salt. Of all the foods known to man the soy bean stands out as the most all-inclusive for dietary needs. It has a fine balance of the elements and minerals, and furnishes as much vitamin C, for example, as do tomatoes. Its protein content does away with the necessity of meat, and it can be served in dozens of ways.

To meet the ration problem and meat shortage, Governor Dewey of New York recently fed 57 people at a banquet with food consisting mainly of the soy bean. Only fifteen cents' worth of soy sprouts were used in all. A half pound of soy beans soaked over night in water, with a pinch of chlorinated lime, starts the sprouts. Then with a gallon of water and a third of a teaspoonful of lime keep the beans damp for three days, and you will have all the sprouts you need for several people. The vital body of the bean is thus brought to full bloom and power, making a fine gland food, especially for the two glands under discussion.

This is a proven scientific fact. The Chinese have used this bean as the national backbone in diet for centuries. The Germans have done the same before and throughout the war, mainly to offset the meat shortage. In spite of all that Hitler stands for, the German army has been taught vegetarianism and the abolition of tobacco and liquor, though of course many soldiers do not follow the teachings. This comes from German prisoners of war as well as other sources.

Mercury rules the cerebro-spinal nervous system, and is ruler of the thyroid gland and the mind. This gland furnishes the link, physically, between the two head glands and the spleen, thymus, and two adrenals. Mercury, being the messenger of the gods, furnishes the connection between the spirit and matter, and is therefore the "filter"

through which every aspect from all the planets must pass before manifesting in composite man. This planet is the key to proper diagnosis, even though it has no power as an individual planet. Yet it is, so to speak, the picture of ALL the planetary influence, and so rules nerve force over which man has no conscious control.

In addition to the foregoing weapons to cope with the troubles of nerve-wrecked returning service men, there seems no better way to help reorganize them, from a physical point of view, than the Kenny Method used in treating poliomyelitis. For fundamentally the cause of this disease and of nervous trouble is the same. The main difference between them is in effect only. Infantile paralysis is the result of nerve force poverty in a given area. The muscles, being without energy or life, convulse and contract, drawing the bony structure out of shape. If for instance the entire leg is affected, the muscles during their contraction twist the bones and paralyze the whole limb, rendering it useless. The bones in children are very soft (two thirds gelatin and one third lime), and they bend easily. When an adult has a "stroke" he becomes paralyzed in certain places, but the bones, being so hard (one third gelatin and two-thirds lime,) do not become deformed. Infantile paralysis is a misnomer, for the same thing happens to adults. Poliomyelitis is better, as the Greek word means inflammation of the gray matter of the spinal cord, although the disease inflames certain ramifications of the spinal cord, to be exact.

The medical profession of America quite generally admits that the Kenny Method is the only thing that has been at all successful in treating this disease. The procedure is to use wool blanket packs dipped in boiling water and wrung dry, then applied to the affected parts. No massaging, but careful manipulation of the limbs. The moist heat counteracts the shrinking, dry effect of

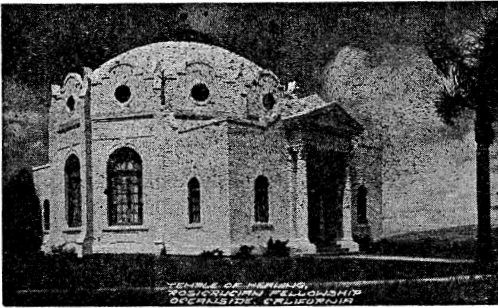
Neptune on the nerve sheaths and opens and relaxes the nerve covering, thus allowing freer passage of nerve force. Records show that this method has relieved and cured about 70% of the cases handled so far. The fact that the U.S. has set an all-time high record this year for the number of new cases of poliomyelitis can easily be tied in with war conditions, which operate from the ethers in a subtle way on infantile nerves.

Work for the alleviation of these conditions, as well as all other war-fostered disease and injury, is being carried on both here and abroad by the Rosicrucian invisible helpers, who work principally on the etheric body. This assistance is more potent than visible aid, and accounts for many so-called miraculous cures.

Typical charts of nerve and mental cases are discussed and diagnosed astrologically in chapters 25 and 30 of the Rosicrucian book, *Astro-Diagnosis, a Guide to Healing*. These cases plainly show that the very aspects that indicate the physical pathology, also indicate the mental characteristics which brought on the sickness. This holds good throughout the gamut of disease when studied through the horoscope. And it goes without saying that when man has learned to stabilize his mental processes, which he CAN do if he WILLS to do so, he automatically frees and cures himself of all disease.

Metaphysicians know that the etheric body of the globe impinges upon the etheric bodies of its inhabitants, just as do the astral and mental bodies also. The disturbed psychic and emotional conditions brought about by this war act upon these finer earth envelopes, and every one is more or less affected according to his sensitiveness, his receptivity and his ability or inability to absorb the shock. Uranus is now in Gemini, which is on the U.S. Ascendant. Thus Uranus is having a strong

(Continued on page 565)



~ HEALING ~

Founded on the Admonition of the Christ to Heal the Sick

"On the night of the 9th of April, 1910, when the New Moon was in Aries, my Teacher appeared in my room and told me that a new decade had commenced that night, and that in the coming ten years it would be my privilege to give to the world a science of healing. The Fellowship would furnish helpers in the great work. This was the first intimation I had had that such work was contemplated."

—Max Heindel.

Our work of healing is carried on by the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order through a band of Invisible Helpers instructed by them. The Elder Brothers are high spiritual beings through whom the Christ Spirit is working for the benefit of humanity. The Invisible Helpers are those who live a worthy life of helpfulness during the daytime while in their physical bodies, and whose evolutionary development is such as to earn the privilege of being helpful through the instrumentality of the Elder Brothers at night while functioning in their etheric bodies. They are gathered together in bands according to their temperaments and their abilities, and are under the instruction of other Helpers who are physicians, all of them working under the guidance of the Elder Brothers, who are the moving spirits of the whole work.

All healing force comes from our Heavenly Father, the Great Physician of the Universe. It is latent everywhere, and by prayer and concentration it is liberated and directed to the sufferer. Manifested through the Christ,

it goes forth from the daily healing meetings held in our Healing Temple. Through this force the Invisible Helpers raise the vibrations of the patient to a higher rate, enabling him to eliminate the disease poison from the system, and to rebuild every blood corpuscle, fibre, tissue, and organ until the entire body is made new. This is not done in a miraculous manner but in accordance with Nature's laws.

You may join with us at 6:30 by your own clock, *every evening*, in sending out this precious Healing Force. Relax in the quiet of your room, or wherever you may be. Close your eyes and make a mental picture of the pure White Rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Ecclesia, and concentrate upon *Divine Love* and *Healing*. Also on the Healing Dates given below, at which time the Moon is in a cardinal sign, and Healing Force is most potent.

* * *

November	4—12—19—25
December	2—9—16—23—29
January	5—12—19—25

* * *

We append some letters from people who have been helped:

Michigan, September, 1944.

Healing Department,
Dear Friends:

In this weekly report I would like to mention that I feel as though a great

change has taken place both in my condition and home problems, after so many years of grief and a lifetime of suffering.

God bless you all for what you have already done for me. Your continued help and prayers will be deeply appreciated.

Sincerely,

—K.E.

Texas, September, 1944.

Healing Dept.

Dear Friends:

Have been helped so much more than I know how to say. Numbers of times have felt the presence of the Helpers near me. They seemed to be right here beside me, always urging me on, encouraging and uplifting. There were times when my spirit was lifted so that my heart was filled and I seemed to be having communion with Heaven itself." —O.W.J.

(Just returned from war zone in N. Africa)

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.

MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 543)

highest expression through this congenial sign. Outwardly reigns the gloom of winter, for the visible symbol of "The Light of the World" has been obscured; but on the darkest night of the year Christmas chimes evoke a ready response to the Christmas feeling which makes the whole world kin, children of our Father in Heaven.

May the mystic music of the Christmas chimes awaken the tenderest chord in your heart, and may the keynote of joy be uppermost in your being during the coming year.

THE ANSWER TO WAR NERVES

(Continued from page 563)

effect on the national personality and the composite national body, and is prominent in the picture. While it

plays havoc with the nerves, it is necessary to break up the old forms in order to bring about better conditions for the coming New Age.

The transiting Saturn is moving toward Leo, ruler of the heart; it will reach Leo in about two years. Then it will be transiting the Sun's own sign, thereby reducing general vital resistance at about the time the reaction to war conditions will be at its height. Neptune will remain in the mental sign Libra, where it is not strong as far as mental health is concerned.

Occultists do not believe in predicting disaster of any kind, but gird themselves with the truth and face the situation as it really is with a positive attitude, knowing that all men are able to surmount any stellar influence by living in accordance with the laws of life. Thus it behooves us to keep on a steady keel now as never before in the world's history. As we go about, daily helping to offset untoward conditions now and during the rehabilitation period, let us work not in fear but in love, optimism, and confidence, and with energy and intelligence. Ouija boards, etc., will not help, but will hinder by invoking entities of a negative nature, some of which may be engaged by the Black Brotherhood in promoting war. Look to the God *within*.

A Mother's Prayer

By CHARLOTTE O'BRIEN

Father, let this be my prayer

As every day goes by:

Make of me a mother wise

And pleasing in thine eye.

I know my children's tender hearts

Are fields where I may sow

The seeds of Truth deep in the soul

Where fairest blossoms grow.

Then let me sow with gentle hands

In sunshine and in rain;

So that their harvest song, O God,

May be a glad refrain.

And when my teaching days are done

And they and I must part,

O Father, let them find within

Rich gifts from my own heart.

Children's Department



The Fairy of the Canyon

By ALICE CHALMERS

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



IT was a hot summer day. The rustic studio which stood in the shadow of the great red rock slumbered among the pine trees which hemmed it in. A narrow walk wound around the rock to the vine-covered front porch where on the steps sat an eight-year-old girl, with elbows propped on her knees and hands supporting her chin, gazing in melancholy abstraction into the glimmering emerald shadows.

The truth is, Marigold was lonely. Marigold, incidentally, was not really her name at all; but, as her father—who was by way of being a poet as well as an artist—said to all and sundry, her name was Mary and her hair was gold, so they called her Marigold. Today she was wearing a yellow sun-suit, and consequently looked for all the world like a melancholy sunbeam—if you can imagine such a thing.

Of course she was wishing she had someone to play with. But her friends had gone to camp for the month and she was left all alone, and even Pike's Peak, glowing blue against the sky, failed to compensate for that, since it only reminded her of the gay activities which she, alas, was missing. She was so full of self-pity that a big tear at last rolled out of her eyes, and then another and another. She might have sobbed out loud if it had not been that a wind from the mountain came by just then and shook the branches of the trees, and puffed into her face, and made her blink; and then it was that she dis-

covered the rainbows on her eyelashes. So she tried to squeeze out a few more tears, but no, would you believe it, she could not cry a single drop!

Trying vainly to peer through her eyelashes at more and better rainbows, she saw a sudden fountain of sparks in the green shadows off to her right. Wondering "Whatever can that be?" she opened her eyes wide and crept cautiously down the steps and across the warm carpet of pine needles to investigate the clump of daisies where the sparks had seemed to be.

Nothing was there. She thrust her arms deep among the stems and leaves, holding them now this way and now that, looking among them, but no sparks were to be seen.

Then, all at once, again there was a flash of pinkish fire at the corner of her eye—it was her left eye this time—and as she turned her head to look, she saw a pale orange ball of light nestled among the dark branches of a cypress tree. She tiptoed toward the tree, her eyes fixed on the ball lest it vanish, and at last stood directly under it; then she reached up a tentative forefinger to touch it.

Immediately it dissolved into air, and upon her finger, perched like a bird, was a fairy not more than six inches tall, with pale yellow hair, straight like Marigold's own, with eyes violet like hers, and wrapped about in a wisp of diaphanous green. Her hands were perfect for all they were so tiny; they even had rosy little nails that shimmered like pink pearls when she fluttered her

hands to and fro! The fairy—all six inches of her—moved tremulously on the tips of her toes, as if she might blow away at any moment. Sometimes she almost melted away, like mist, as if she had forgotten herself—for you know (or do you?) that whatever fairies forget, it vanishes! O yes; they do have bodies like ours, and clothes too—when they remember to think about them; but unless they have a human friend, they just forget to remember about such trifles as fingers and toes and so on, because to fairies these things are mere luxuries, not necessities as with us. (But you shall hear more about that, we promise you.)

Marigold had never seen a fairy before, but she had read about them, and her father and mother had read stories to her about them, as well; so she had no trouble in recognizing this one for what it was. She sighed from pure joy, "Now I have somebody to play with!" Her pleasure was frankly selfish at this time, you see; but later on, well, that is another story.

As if in reply, she heard a curious faint, rippling sound. She did not know at first what it was, then decided it must have been the sound of laughing because the fairy was quivering in the center of a widening oval of rippling pink color, which finally formed the pink ball she had first seen, and into that—presto!—the fairy vanished!

"Well, really now!" Marigold said with round eyes. And at once the ball was gone and the fairy reappeared, tremulous still with laughter. Marigold saw now quite clearly that the small face was smiling.

"I'm delighted to know you can laugh," she said, with some asperity; "but can you talk?"

Oblivious to all the world, she watched the fairy, and yet, strange to say, was not at all startled when she heard an adult voice above her head: "Fairies do not talk very much, you know. They can only use the simplest language, be-

cause they do not think in words as we do. Most of them never really talk at all."

She raised her eyes and looked up into the face of a tall man, whose eyes were dark, and yet somehow luminous. If you have ever looked into a dark pool at night when stars were swimming in and out, you will know what we mean. Marigold did not recall ever having seen this man before, but she knew at once that he was a friend. Taking care not to disturb the fairy on her finger, she held out her left hand to the stranger, saying, "My name is Marigold. What is your name?"

He held her hand in a friendly way and said, "Well, there are people in the world who do not have any names. Did you know that? I am one of them. I have no father and no mother, and so I do not require any name."

"What," said Marigold, "no name? But that must be uncomfortable."

"But you see, you can think of me, can you not, without a name? You must picture me in your mind. That is all that is necessary. It is just the same as if you called me by name. It is like a picture telephone. The picture calls me just the same as if it were a telephone bell ringing."

"But suppose you were miles and miles away? Suppose you were on the other side of the world? Could you see the telephone picture then?"

"O yes," he replied, very easily. "Distance makes no difference at all. I always see the pictures which my friends send me by mental telephone."

"But where do you live?" Marigold pursued, with innocent curiosity. "You don't seem really to be American . . ." then she added quickly, "but you speak English beautifully."

He replied friendly, "My English is a shade too perfect, is it not? And your quick little ears knew that. You are right. I come from a foreign country, but I have many friends in America, and I visit them now and again. Some

I have known for many thousands of years."

"O, that isn't possible," Marigold said, "you're joking, aren't you? Nobody lives thousands of years."

He said, "You and I, and all of us human beings, have lived for millions of years. O, not just as we are now! No, but sometimes we are men, and sometimes we are women. We are born and we die, and then we come back and are born again, and then we die again; and so it goes on."

"Have you known me for thousands of years?"

"Yes, you are one of my oldest friends," he said, his eyes twinkling, "although now you seem to be only eight years old."

"Why haven't I seen you before, if we are such good friends?"

"But you have, little one, you have. You must understand that you have been a baby, until recently. I have indeed looked in on you many times, but I wore my cloak of invisibility—you know what that is—and nobody at all saw me; that is," he amended, "except for one occasion when you were too young to talk clearly, and you know that was very young indeed. You saw me, and tried to tell your mother, but she thought you were pointing at something out the window."

Surprisingly, Marigold remembered. "O yes, I do know about that! I was two years old, and I was furious with Mother, and I got a spanking. I thought it was wrong to speak about it, so I didn't ever mention it again. I thought

Mother spanked me for saying something wrong!"

A sound of footsteps came from beyond the rock, and he drew her into the shadow of the tree, putting a finger on his lips. "This is a secret between us," he said in a low voice, "and you are not to tell anyone until after I leave for my own country again. I will come back tomorrow," and he was gone right from before her eyes, *pfft!* just like that. He didn't "come," and he didn't "go." He just *was*.

She looked down at her hand, but the fairy, too, was gone.

The next morning Marigold could not eat her breakfast fast enough; it seemed to her that the distance between her mouth and stomach had never been so long, but her mother scolded her and said to eat slowly, slowly, slowly!

But at last it was over, and she ran to the clump of trees at the far side of the yard where the stranger and the

fairy had been the day before. He was there before her. She saw a patch of sunlight on his face from between the branches as she ran across the yard.

"Your mother is watching," he told her, and sure enough, Mother was standing at the front window looking at them, a puzzled look on her face. Marigold waved at her, then turned back to her friend, saying, "I wonder what Mother is so puzzled about? She has such a funny look on her face."

He replied, "She does not see me, that



it why. Your mother sees you talking to a tree."

"Then I will tell her about you!" Marigold said, but her friend said no, that she was to tell her mother only after he had gone away, as he had said yesterday. "It is our secret until then," he reminded her.

"We are going to see something unusual today," he went on, "something that you will never forget. There is something I want to show you in the canyon, and right at this moment your mother is planning a surprise picnic for you, so I will see you there; and so will our little friend who travels about in her pink ball of light—as you see!" he added, laughing, as Marigold jumped, for the pink globe suddenly appeared right at the tip of her nose, and then disappeared again.

* * * * *

Mother backed the coupe out of the garage, packed the lunch firmly in the luggage compartment at the rear, along with a blanket and small pillows and a First-Aid Kit in case of emergency. They drove down the bumpy old canyon road, hot and dusty in the sunshine to a little grove of pine and cottonwood trees growing beside a mountain brook, which proved as cold as anyone could wish despite the heat of the morning sun. The bottles of cold drinks were stored in the stream to retain their coldness; and Marigold helped her mother spread the old blanket out on the pine needles, which were like a springy and fragrant carpet on the ground.

When all was done, Mother looked at her wrist watch and said, "It is too early for lunch, so I think I will sit here under the trees and read for awhile; and you can play about as you wish, but be sure to keep within sound of my voice so that we can call to and fro to each other."

Marigold promised to keep all this in mind, for she was quite old enough to

understand the dangers of the canyons.

"I will just go as far as the little bridge," she said.

"Yes," said Mother, "that is not too far, and you are in plain sight." An echo of voices from North Canyon floated down to them, and she said, "We seem not to be the only picnickers here today." Then she settled down to her reading, while Marigold skipped away, along the edge of the brook in the direction of a woodsy little bridge which spanned the stream in the direction of an aspen glade, delicately green in the morning light.

As Marigold came up to the bridge, she saw the stranger standing there to greet her, which he did with a gay smile lighting up his shadowy eyes. Near his head a spray of little stars appeared, like fireflies, only this was in the daytime. Marigold had just opened her mouth to say, "Is that my fairy?" when the fairy materialized upon her shoulder with surprising speed considering where she had been a moment before.

"What is the wonderful thing you wanted to show me?" Marigold asked when she had got her breath back again. "Can it be right here? Mother says I'm not to go any farther. But I'm sure there's nothing special to be seen around here. Just the same old canyon!"

"The same old canyon to the same old eyes," said the stranger. "But a new canyon to new eyes, and I am going to give you new eyes. Like this," and he gently touched first one of her eyes, then the other. "Now look about you."

Marigold looked. She saw the air filled with a shimmering like the beat of a humming bird's wings, and in the shimmering waves were seeds of light which floated about thickly where the light was brightest; but some dashed about in every direction, like tiny silver comets, in and out of the web of vibration like wriggles in a rain barrel.

(Concluded next month)

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



WE take great pleasure in sharing with our friends and readers a letter received recently from Cecil Stokes, inventor of the Auroratone, which, as he stated, "takes from the invisible and makes visible colors which have been imprisoned in chemicals for millions of years."

"The Rosierucian Fellowship
Mt. Ecclesia
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

So many nice encouraging letters have found their way to us from various parts of the globe as a direct result of the article you recently published on Auroratone by Miss Hasmick Vee [June 1944], that we must write and tell you how grateful we are for your recognition of the work for humanity.

We recall with joy a particularly nice letter from a man in England, who as a result of picking up the magazine in a hotel lobby, read the article and wrote to us for further information; he turned out to be a Lieut. Colonel in the British Rehabilitation Unit of the Medical Corps directly connected with the R.A.F. rehabilitation work. As a result, we have formed a fine contact with this hospital unit in England and several Auroratone motion picture reels of 'Music in Color' are on their way to him for use in hospitals throughout England; we know you will be glad to hear this.

We are sending you a brochure of letters under separate cover which will indicate the manner in which the films are being received around the world, and we are also sending you several color-reproductions of 'The Lord's Prayer' (final color-pattern from the motion-picture) as sung by John Charles Thomas; these to be used in any way

you see fit and which of course come to you with our compliments.

Again thanking you for a splendid article, and with prayers and the asking of God's blessing upon you and all your unselfish workers for the ONE GREAT CAUSE, we are:

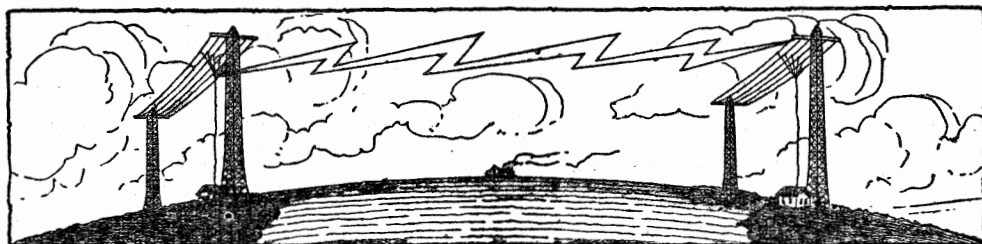
Fraternally, The Auroratone Foundation of America, Inc. By Cecil Stokes, Founder."

We note on the colorful letterhead that the Advisory Board of the Auroratone Foundation contains such names as Reverend E. E. Haring, General Chaplain Los Angeles County Hospital, Harold Proppe, Chaplain, U.S. Navy, Bing Crosby, and Mary Pickford.

You may well imagine how grateful we are for this letter, knowing that our magazine was the contact between the British Medical Corps officer and Cecil Stokes, and thus in a small way the means for the aid which will be given to wounded R.A.F. men in England. It forcefully illustrates the fact that if we sincerely consecrate our very best faculties as channels through which Christ may work, we shall be used in ways to which we ourselves might never have aspired, and that works of ours sent out into the world often return to us bearing strange, sweet fruit.

Mrs. George Fenton and son Max, from Seattle, have been guests at Mt. Ecclesia for the past week, visiting "Daddy" George Fenton, and we rejoice with them in the brief reunion of families separated temporarily by duty. . . . Colin Cathrew of Los Angeles has been enjoying the "salubrious climate" of Mt. Ecclesia for the past month. . . . Miss Doris Chappell was a guest at the Sanitarium, and won many friends during her stay.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • •

“When we climb to Heaven,
’Tis on the rounds of love to man.”
—Whittier.

INCE Christ, the highest Initiator of the Sun Period, gave His immortal teachings to humanity, love has been the “theme song” of all creation. And “greater love hath no man than this, that *he give . . .*”

“What then,” wrote Max Heindel in speaking of Christ and Christmas, “should be the aspiration of the devout and enlightened mystic who realizes the greatness of His sacrifice, the greatness of this gift which is being bestowed upon mankind by God at this time of the year; who realizes this sacrifice of the Christ for our sake, this *giving Himself*, subjecting Himself to a virtual death that we may live, this wonderful love that is being poured out upon the earth at this time—what should be his aspiration? What but to imitate in however small a measure the wonderful works of God! He should aspire to make himself more the servant of the Cross than ever before, more closely to follow the Christ in every thing by sacrificing himself for his brothers and sisters, by uplifting humanity within his immediate sphere of work so as to hasten the day of liberation for which the Christ Spirit is waiting. . . .

“If we will really work in our own little sphere, not looking for the greater things until we have done the work close at hand, then we shall find that a wonderful soul growth may be attained, so that the people who are round about us shall see in us something which they may not be able to define but which will nevertheless be patent to them—they shall see that Christmas light, the light of the new-born Christ, shining within our sphere of action.”

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA.

Our correspondent for this Center, Miss Inez Young, reports an active month of classes and services. Attendance was not large in numbers, but consistent. It is not attendance at classes which is the important consideration in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, however—it is the zeal possessed by students in making the Teachings available for those who are seeking. If you all could read the letters we receive here at Headquarters expressing the joy and gratitude of persons who have come across our Teachings for the first time, we feel sure you would do your very utmost to see that every library, hospital and prison has the *Cosmo-Conception* and the *Rosicrucian Magazine*, and that our pamphlets are placed in public places such as bus and train depots. As you

You Are Invited to Attend

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship
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 OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

know, beautiful racks are provided upon request to Headquarters, and the pamphlets are sent free of charge.

- HABANA, CUBA

We are happy to receive the good report from Senor Aracelio Acosta, secretary of our progressive and thriving Center here, which is under the direction of Senor Pastor Medina (remembered lovingly at Headquarters). Senor Medina conducts the astrology classes at the Habana Center, and Senor F. A. Suarez presides at the Sunday evening Devotional Service, at which the attendance during the past month was very gratifying.

It is our prayer that each person attending these services and classes will be inspired with the Rosicrucian ideals; that every thought, action, and word will be of so elevated a nature that humanity will be leavened with the love of good will and fellowship.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

“Our highlight for the month,” writes Miss Ann Duzman, secretary, “was the Children’s Program Service on the 27th. Colored movie slides were shown depicting the life of Christ, which increased the interest of young children in our Rosicrucian Philosophy. We had a fine attendance—45, to be exact—and we hope to plan similar interesting programs for the children. These movie slides depicted Christ’s life from infancy to His resurrection, with brief esoteric explanations of each slide shown, so that the child could understand easily what the Rosicrucian Philosophy is.”

A public lecture on the topic, “Life After Death,” attracted an attendance of 70, and the good resulting from such lectures is literally limitless. The Rochester Center Bulletin is an attractive mimeographed sheet, containing in addition to the forthcoming monthly program of classes and meetings, a short

message of inspiration and uplift. This method of advertising Center activities should be an excellent one. The Bulletin, distributed to the public, constitutes a personal invitation to participate in the Center work.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
(Loop Center)

President Arnold E. Beecher, acting as secretary, reports that people first came to the Center to learn astrology, but because of their growing interest in the Rosicrucian Teachings, finally asked him if he would conduct a class in the Philosophy as well. Fall and winter activities are now beginning, he reports, and the response is gratifying. A Bulletin is in process of preparation; we shall be happy to receive it. Surely now is the time to exert ourselves to the utmost in this great Work, when there is a tremendous spiritual tide to bear us along. May your efforts be abundantly productive of good, dear friends.

MIAMI, FLORIDA.

A group like this one warms our hearts with its courage and steadfastness, and we request the earnest prayers of all our Centers for it, and for the other valiant groups of our spiritual brothers throughout the world who are trying to "live the good life" and spread the Rosicrucian Teachings. Mrs. Rose Lewis writes:

"Our little group is still meeting every week, but we have no officers as yet; so far there is nobody qualified as a student at Headquarters except myself. I read the Temple Service and some of Max Heindel's writings, and we study the *Cosmo-Conception*. I trust and pray that we may soon have a more suitable meeting place, and have a regular Center. The group is very interested in the literature, and it seems to me that we are making a slight headway. We have a few more people who have been attracted to us, and who seem to be very interested."

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

(Continued from page 549)

It was such as these to whom Jesus said, "Let him among you who is without sin, cast the first stone," at the woman accused of adultery. Yes, it is plainly seen that this elder son was a disciple of the Mosaic Law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"; whereas the younger son came under the dispensation of love, ushered in with the advent of Jesus the Christ, who proclaimed that "love fulfills the law."

ELEVEN: The Prodigal now comes to the last stage of his journey, and at 12 o'clock noon he reaches the cusp of the 10th house where he started on his round of experience. He is then at the highest point possible to reach, the place of honors and the home of the Father. Here, at noon, the Sun, which Max Heindel referred to as the nearest symbol we have of God, is at its highest point, and its brightness is symbolic of the Great Light of the world.

In conclusion, let us remember that the story of the Prodigal Son is the esoteric overshadowing of the experience of each soul. We are, each of us, a Prodigal, and with the physical world as an arena for action we garner experience which will finally lead to the attainment of our spiritual goal. Having attained this goal by overcoming the world, we shall "go no more out" (Rev. 3:12) into reincarnation on this earth, although we may be assured there will be further progress on higher planes.

YOU'VE LIVED BEFORE

By SAMUEL THOMSEN

*For countless ages your feet have trod
the earth,*

*Your spirit clothed in bodies that it
would leave at death!*

*Former coats that you have worn,
Now are dust in grave or tomb,*

*But the spirit that's the real you is
forever living on.*

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

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

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

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

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

Correspondence Courses in Rosicrucian Christianity, Western Wisdom Bible Study, and Spiritual Astrology, given on the freewill offering basis, are offered to those sincerely interested. Address—

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

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