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Christ: Our Indwelling Planetary Spirit



THE SON, the Cosmic Christ, is the Highest Initiate of the Sun Period, inhabiting the Central Sun, and guiding the planets in their orbits by a Ray from Himself, which becomes the indwelling Spirit of each planet.

The highest Initiate of the Sun Period evolved up to the point where He became united with the Second Aspect of the Triune God, and therefore, He is the Son. This is the Cosmic Christ, and a Ray from Him entered Jesus' body.

When the Savior Christ Jesus was crucified His body was pierced in five places. . . . When the blood flowed from these centers, the great Sun-Spirit Christ was liberated from the physical vehicle of Jesus and found Himself *in the earth*. The already existing planetary vehicles He permeated with His own vehicles, and, in the twinkling of an eye, diffused His own desire body over the planet, which has enabled Him thenceforth to work upon the earth and its humanity from *within*.

The summer and winter solstices, together with the vernal and fall equinoxes, form turning points in the life of the great Earth Spirit. . . . It dwells within our earth a part of the year and then withdraws into the higher worlds. . . . During July and August, while the Sun is in Cancer and Leo, He is rebuilding His Life Spirit vehicle which He is again to bring to the world and with it rejuvenate the earth and the life kingdoms evolving in and on it. . . . On the 21st of September when the Sun passes from Virgo into Libra, the Christ Spirit returning to our earth touches its atmosphere. . . . He reaches the center of our earth at midnight, December 24th. There He remains for three days, and then He starts to withdraw. This withdrawal is completed at Easter. From Easter until the summer solstice He is passing through the higher worlds, and reaches the World of Divine Spirit, the throne of the Father, on June 21st.

We, collectively, are the Spirits of the earth. We must some day guide the vehicle we have created. Jehovah guided it for us from without by means of laws, but as this was not sufficient to bring us to the point of individualization where we shall be able to take care of ourselves, Christ came as a Savior, and is helping us until the time comes when we shall have evolved a love nature within ourselves which is sufficient to float the earth.

—Max Heindel.

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

We, the People

By KITTIE S. COWEN



WHEN we examine the constitution of man and that of the lower kingdoms we find much in common; but there is one great difference. Man alone has the power to think; a power which almost every one recognizes, but almost *no one* understands. The majority of mankind accept the statement that the brain does the thinking, yet they know full well that the animals have a brain and yet they are not able to think. And why is this true? The answer is, because there is as yet no direct connection between the Spirit of the animal and its brain such as man has, and it is owing to this lack of connection that the animal cannot create thought forms and materialize them into objects in the physical world. The brain can of itself no more produce thought than can a piano, for example, produce music without a pianist; and in both cases it is the Spirit which directs the activity of the material object.

Everything that we see about us in the world today—houses, furniture, bridges, steamboats, telephones, radios, aeroplanes, et cetera, all are in reality crystallized thought forms conceived by the Spirit, the real man, and injected by him into the mind which is connected with the brain. Had Graham Bell not been able to form a mental concept of the telephone, that instrument would never have come into existence. The same is true of the inventor of the automobile, the submarine boat, the adding machine, the typewriter, to name but a few objectified thought creations.

Humanity has gone through a long period of development on the physical plane. In the earliest dawn of his advancement man worked with solids to develop his potential powers and muscular force was the only means he was capable of using in mastering his first simple lessons which consisted principally in fashioning bones and stones into crude instruments that would assist him in performing his daily tasks. Next he devised a scheme whereby he could utilize the force in water to serve him and the water wheel was built. He then turned his attention to a more subtle force—the air, and created windmills which saved muscular energy, and sailing vessels that gave him a broader connection with the world. His next development was achieved by learning how to use the power concealed in steam, a still more subtle force which he discovered how to confine in steam engines which would carry him all over

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

vast land areas. But steam required cumbersome transmission machinery. However, this drawback was practically eliminated by the discovery of a far more subtle force—electricity, which could not only do the work performed by steam but could be used in many other ways to a great advantage.

This survey of man's accomplishments discloses the fact that his progress in the past has always depended upon the discovery and utilization of forces of increasing subtlety, each successive force being more readily capable of transmission than the one previously discovered. When once we comprehend this fact, we can quickly realize that man's further development depends upon his power to contact a still finer force and devise ways and means of using it. Having made this discovery, it should be evident to all that the ideal force would be a power which the Spirit of man could generate within himself at any moment and without the aid of any outside machinery with which to put it into use.

Now there is within each individual a growing power which has vast possibilities; and that developing force is *thought power*; and if this force were concentrated, instead of being dissipated in aimless wanderings, like steam escaping from a sidetracked engine, it could



be used to further the development and progress of mankind with a facility far beyond the wildest scope of the imagination. This *thought force* in man is one with the highest power of God, and there is nothing stronger or more powerful in the entire solar system if concentrated and positively directed. So tremendous is its scope of influence that it can change any earth condition, if properly and forcibly focused upon it. The next advance in man's develop-

ment then, evidently depends upon the discovery and right use of this Spirit force.

Like all other forces in nature, *thought power* can be used either for good or as a means of destruction; so the greatest possible care must be exercised by all who use it. When used for good it is the most powerful means of obtaining knowledge. If it is concentrated upon a particular subject, it will force its way through any obstruction and solve the problem. Therefore it is quite necessary that each individual realizes that if the requisite amount of *thought force* is applied to any specific problem, there is nothing that is beyond the power of human comprehension. If this power is used for evil it is just as effective; therefore any person who so uses it should understand that he is attracting a like vibration to himself which sooner or later will manifest disastrously to him, the nature of the disaster depending upon the sort of evil perpetrated. "Like attracts like," is a law in nature and it works with exactitude be the attraction good or evil.

—∞ The Current Outlook ∞—

Having to some extent developed the *power of thought*, many people all too frequently make little or no effort to control it and therefore it becomes the unconscious servant of every passing emotion thereby creating high or low reactions with equal facility; and so we rejoice when happiness comes to us and lament when sickness, sorrow, or pain manifest. And owing to selfishness caused by the delusion of separateness we fail to realize that we alone are responsible for the things that come—fail to realize that just as surely as a thought, good or bad, produces an act, just so surely will the result of that act return to its creator manifesting in exact accord with the nature of the act which brought it into being.

Why do we find conditions in the world today in such a disastrous state? The answer is, *thought manifesting in action*. Who then is responsible for it all? We, the People. Can these deplorable conditions be changed? They certainly can by the massed *positive thought* of "We, the People," devising ways and means by which the people as a whole may be benefited. Each of us is our brother's keeper to the extent that we work to bring about conditions that will benefit mankind in general. But this will never be done if our *thought power* is befuddled by alcohol, drugs, sharp practices, and individual greed. So, for the time being, the masses go on indulging in practices which they *think* will bring them happiness, but which if not right and just, will result in pain, either mental or physical, until they learn at last to change their way of *thinking*.



One truly illuminated thinker has said that there is nothing really good or bad but thinking it so. An evil man or woman can always *think* up an excuse which he considers sufficient reason for his own wrong doing. A *noble thought* means more than self—it means unselfish service to humanity; it means more than feeding the hungry; it means making an effort to make hunger impossible; it means more than educating the ignorant; it means a way to make ignorance impossible; it means more than gifts and even prayers; it means purpose and labor for a cause. Christ was the great Wayshower, and in His sublime Sermon on the Mount, We, the People, will find the inspired *thoughts* that can lift humanity out of the morass created by greed and selfishness into the light of a glorious New Age where brotherhood shall reign and prosperity, peace, and happiness shall manifest as a just reaction to the righteousness of the people of the world. Is such an ideal worth the effort that it would require to materialize it? The great archangel, Christ, died for an ideal; and surely we, His followers can do no less than to live and work to materialize the ideals for which our great Wayshower so willingly gave His life.

THE MYSTIC LIGHT

The Way of Prayer

By F. HOPE FISHER

PART I—A PLACE TO PRAY



EVERY home should have its altar, a place to worship, a place to pray.

There was a time in preceding generations when this was a custom in the majority of homes. But today, in how many homes is there such a shrine? Max Heindel emphasizes strongly the importance of certain prerequisites to the setting up of just such an altar, and wisely does he explain the operative laws so that we may follow with understanding the rules he sets forth.

First, he recommends that the aspirant secure a permanent place to live. Now, of course, this does not mean that those who must move about from place to place should sigh and say, "This, then, is not for me." It is merely that our repetitive meditations build what has been so aptly termed "superlatively spiritual vibrations." Hence, with each move the aspirant must begin again to lay the vibratory foundations instead of being able to build upon those already laid.

Somewhere, then, in the house or apartment in which we live there should be space set aside for an altar. A corner of the bedroom, perhaps, or an extra closet that can be cleared out and fitted up. Or possibly we may be fortunate enough to have a small room no longer needed. Whatever it is, small or large, it must be a place set apart.

May I tell you of mine? Not because it is the perfect example but because it

may assist you in creating something of your own that will fulfill your personal preferences. My place to pray is a small corner of my bedroom, about two and a half feet long, protected by two walls and one side of the chiffonier. Thus is it rather well hidden from anyone first entering the room. There is an oaken table in this corner. On it is a white scarf. In the center at the back stands a white cross of Italian marble, its top and horizontal edges carved into the three divisions of the Rose Cross. Directly before it and to the front lies the Bible. To the left is a small colored picture of Christ knocking at the door. To the right stands a votive base and glass with an electric bulb shaped like a small flame within it. This remains lighted all day and can be left without fear of fire. However, over the weekend I often replace the electric candle with a real votive candle for I like to see the live flame leap and twist within the glass. On the wall above the white cross is my favorite picture of Christ and on the opposite wall a picture of the Rose Cross with its blue background and gold star. The entire area is not more than two and a half feet wide by two feet deep, but to me it is a perfect altar at which to pray.

When we are at home and our duties keep us within its vicinity, we are reminded of what it represents. Other days, at the office, if we pause for a single instant, there comes to mind the picture of that altar and its meaning, and for one more moment our minds are

with God. Pray we can, anywhere, any place, any time, for God is in all His creations, but having an altar of our own about which our prayers build a superphysical temple of Love and Aspiration is of the greatest importance to the aspirant who seeks daily that divine communion with his Creator.

PART II—A TIME TO PRAY

The Muslim is instructed by his religion to pray five times daily. Nor is he permitted to miss even one of these times in the prescribed adoration due Allah. If, for instance, he is ill and cannot stand or sit in the customary postures, then he must pray while lying down. If he cannot speak, then he must bring both his hands to his temples as a sign of reverence to Allah. If, indeed, any prayers are missed, they must be made up at a later time.

Five times a day may seem much to ask of one, yet nearly one-seventh of all the people in the world, from the western shores of Africa to the eastern shores of China, humble themselves thus and call upon the name of Al-lah.

Is then twice a day so much to ask of us in the West? Are we so much more busy than they that we cannot find a quarter of an hour (at least) morning and evening to come before our altars and call upon the name of our God?

Repetition is the keynote of our vital bodies. Hence, *without fail*, should we set aside this quarter of an hour daily and seek out our higher selves in the silence of this divine temple we are building.

The position of the body matters little in solitary prayer. Some prefer to kneel; some to sit relaxed with hands folded loosely in the lap, palms upward. That is best which is most conducive to concentration of purpose.

PART III—A PRAYER TO PRAY

As to the prayer itself, it must be largely thanksgiving and praise that rises from our hearts on the wings of

Love and Aspiration. The seeking of material things is black magic, but to desire guidance that we may walk in the Pure Path, to ask for greater sensitivity that we may more quickly perceive the divine laws and so cooperate with them—these are permissible.

Yet in all things must we be ever mindful of the duty of service. The more we receive, the greater is our obligation to turn it into service for *others*. This we dare not forget, lest we grow selfish and stand in the way of our own evolution. True prayer purifies the heart and brings a downpouring of Spirit which may be used in serving others.

And what shall we say unto the God of our hearts? These words serve well:

“O God, increase my love for Thee so that I may serve Thee better from day to day.”

“Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.”

Also, let us remember the prayer given by Christ—that prayer of all prayers—constructed to elevate and purify *all* of



man's vehicles. To comprehend this supreme prayer properly, we must be in accord in the definition of terms. “Man,” says Max Heindel, “is a threefold Spirit, possessing a Mind by means of which he governs a threefold Body, which he emanated from himself to gather experience.” The Divine Spirit of man has its counterpart in the dense body, thus promoting the growth of the Conscious Soul. The counterpart of the Life Spirit is the vital body; hence, the memory of actions performed in the dense body (the vital body being the seat of memory) promotes the growth of

the Intellectual Soul. The Human Spirit's counterpart is the desire body, so the highest desires and emotions of man promote the growth of the Emotional Soul. Ultimately, therefore, the threefold Spirit of man, by means of his Mind, transmutes the essence of the threefold body into a threefold Soul, which in turn enriches the threefold Spirit. How humbly then may we meditate upon the Lord's Prayer which so sublimely encompasses all these things.

Now, let us pray :

Our Father which art in heaven,
 (We address the Deity)
 Hallowed be Thy Name,
 (So holy is Thy Name there is no
 word to contain it; let us then adore)
 Thy kingdom come,
 (The Life Spirit lifts its voice to the
 Son for the vital body)
 Thy will be done on earth as it is in
 heaven;
 (The Divine Spirit seeks out the
 Father in behalf of the dense body)
 Give us this day our daily bread :
 (Again the Divine Spirit petitions
 for the dense body)
 Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive
 those who trespass against us.
 (The Life Spirit prays to the Son
 for the vital body)
 Lead us not into temptation.
 (The Human Spirit prays to the
 Holy Spirit for the desire body)
 But deliver us from evil.
 (All join in the prayer for the Mind)
 For Thine is the kingdom and the power
 and the glory forever. Amen.
 (An appendage, as many of us know,
 not included by Christ but added
 later as a closing adoration of the
 threefold Spirit for the Trinity)

Here, too, is a prayer, published anonymously, which soothes and lifts:

"Teach me, O Lord, to be sweet and gentle in all the events of life; in disappointments, in the thoughtlessness of others, in the insincerity of those I trusted, in the unfaithfulness of those upon whom I relied.

"Let me put myself aside, to think of the happiness of others, to hide my little pains and heartaches, so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

"Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes across my path.

"Let me so use it that it may mellow me, not harden nor embitter me; that it may make me patient, not irritable; that it may make me broad in my forgiveness, not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

"May no one be less good for having come within my influence; no one less pure, less true, less kind, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in our journey toward Eternal Life.

"As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper, from time to time, a word of love to Thee. May my life be lived in the supernatural, full of power for good, and strong in its purpose of sanctity."

How great will be our success in prayer? Only to the degree that we are intensely earnest. If at the stated times for prayer we do not feel the desire to pray or the closeness of God, yet should we present ourselves before our altar though it be with arid heart. This eternal repetition will *in time* create within the vital body the great joy of meditation, the delight of silent communion, and ultimately will we experience that great sense of at-onement that is the fullness of prayer.

"There Is No Death"

By KATHARINE HILLWOOD POOR



O you believe in life after death? Once I did not, but I, Priscilla Leigh, had it proved to me. So I know.

One day in downtown Los Angeles I was looking for a certain bookstore. Suddenly, spoken into my left ear, I

heard these words, "Go home, go home at once." I looked around. No one was near enough to speak like that. I stopped stock still. Again it came, "Go home. Go home at once."

Then it seemed I knew the voice. It made me think of Alan Keating in the

South Pacific, the boy I was engaged to marry. I reached the bookstore but did not enter. The words came again, "Go home, go home at once." By this time I was thoroughly roused.

I returned to the parking station, got my car and started for home six miles away. I expected to find my mother there but she was absent. I went all over the house feeling I must look for something. All was as usual. I felt I must be a fool, and went out of doors to walk it off. Almost at once I felt drawn back into the living room.

It was nearing dusk. I noticed a peculiar appearance in the atmosphere and stood still in the middle of the room, my eyes attracted to a hazy outline in one corner near the fireplace. This slowly increased in size. Presently it took on the semblance of a human form. I saw a face pale but clear, the likeness of my fiancé.

"Alan," I said, "is it—can it be—you, Alan?" A thin faint voice spoke as from far away.

"Pril, it is I, Alan. You must know this from me. I shall not be coming back to you in the body, dear. Understand? I want you to realize *I am not dead* but far more alive than ever. Not in the earth life but another, greater one."

Alan's name for me was Pril, and I could not doubt the genuineness of his appearance. The force pressing in upon me attested to this. The voice grew stronger. The last words were recognizable as Alan's voice.

"Alan, dearest, is it really you? Is it possible?"

"Truly I and no other, Pril. I have so longed for you. Now that the hampering body is gone I can come to you. Distance does not exist here. I have learned what an encumbrance a physical body is. Try to understand quickly. I will come again soon. Remember, I am not dead! I am alive! Good night, dear."

He was gone. I was alone. The room resumed its usual appearance. I dropped

upon the couch to think this out. Alan and I had talked of his possible going, and he said if it happened he would come to me. I had nothing but my own senses' evidence to judge such an experience. I knew nothing of other world existence save that a few times I had thought I heard music of other spheres.

This meant that Alan had passed into that other life—gone out in the world carnage. I should never see him again in the body. Alan—who was everything to me. How, *how*, could he make me aware of his presence, speak to me, and *how* could I hear him? It was an utter mystery.

When my mother returned it was dark and she thought me asleep. "Mother," I said, "Alan has been killed in action. He has been here and told me." She looked at me strangely and said I must have been dreaming or seeing hallucinations. So I told her no more.

Exactly one week later I saw Alan again. In the middle of the night I woke to see the same shadowy form and to hear the beloved voice. I scarcely breathed:

"Pril, darling Pril, I am here. Do not grieve for me. I have come into a far greater life and am doing important work here with incoming soldiers of all kinds. I want you to be happy, Pril. My buddy, Neal Jameson, will come to you and bring a letter from me. He knows about you. Be good to him, dear. He's tops and he's a lonely chap. Remember I love you always, dear heart. Often I shall come to you. Good night, Pril dear."

Every word he spoke was precious but I could tell no one that Alan talked to me. Dreaming, or my mind affected in some way, would be the mildest opinion. Even my mother could not believe. Thank God, she didn't have to.

In a few days more came the War Department message: "Lt. Alan Keating killed in action." I had known two weeks before. My mother looked at me

in amazement but I said nothing to her concerning it.

My life dragged on for weary months. I began a study of "human survival" after death, and of the soul and psychic faculties of man. It was a comfort to know that others had the precious assurance of their loved ones' continued life. I learned that by living a pure and unselfish life one can unfold spiritual perception and understanding of the superphysical worlds and the beings there. Occasionally Alan came and his words of love and the knowledge that he was happy in his wider sphere of action was a great solace and support to me.

Nearly a year after Alan's passing, I answered a ring of the doorbell to see a tall soldier in Captain's uniform, who said, "Is this Miss Priscilla Leigh? I am Neal Jameson, friend of Alan Keating. I bring you a letter from him."

"Captain Jameson, I am so happy to see you. Do come in." I dared not stop to think. I recognized the name given me by Alan. Some sort of premonition had caused Alan to write this letter just before that last raid, and obtain Captain Jameson's promise to deliver it in person.

Neal Jameson was somewhat older than Alan. Taller and a bit darker with black eyes and hair. But he had exactly the same "life is real, life is earnest," look that Alan had. It was easily recognizable. We talked for hours and my mother invited him to spend his furlough with us. He was quite alone in the world.

Alan's letter was a blessed consolation. He said it would reach me only after his going, which he felt was near at hand. I quote from it only Henley's beautiful lines which he used:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day
done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing.
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

Neal's furlough drew to a close and one day he said:

"Pril, I love you dearly. I want you, need you. I cannot make up to you for Alan's loss, but remember I loved Alan, too. More I think than I ever loved anyone else. I want you to marry me before I go back so I will have my wife to carry with me in my mind and heart. Will you—can you, darling?"

"Neal, let me think it over this one night," I answered. "I will tell you in the morning."

"My dear," he said, putting his arms around me. It was pretty well settled then.

That night I thought over my friendship with Alan. I thought about Neal and the wonderful, understanding companion he had grown to be during his weeks with us. At midnight I was wondering, wondering, when I saw Alan, his figure clearer now, more strongly defined. His voice came as of old to my inner ears:

"Pril, my darling, it is all as I wish. Marry Neal. You will be happy together. He is more than my brother, and you are my dearly beloved. I rejoice in your happiness." Then he was gone.

In the morning I told Neal "Yes." We were married at once, with Mother to give her blessing. We had only a little over a week together before he returned to duty. It was great joy to find the inner life I had learned to know was familiar to Neal, and he had an understanding I found in no one else. To us, continued life after so-called death is no matter for speculation, but reality itself. This knowledge has enlarged and clarified all of earth life for us, and we cherish the thought that some day everyone will realize that:

"There is no death. . . .

.
"Yes, ever near us, though unseen,
Our dear, immortal Spirits tread—
For all God's boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

Basic Rosicrucian Tenets

By CLYDE KING



THE Rosicrucian Philosophy is based upon the premise that the universe is governed by *law*—that everything in creation is subject to law and order. It is said that, “Order is Heaven’s first law.” As we look about us in the realm of mechanics, and in the field of chemistry and physics, we see the immutable operation of laws. The atoms obey certain laws. We have just discovered some of these principles applying to the atoms and the energy operating through them. We have, under certain conditions, released the energy of atoms and the result has been astounding, to say the least. We are certain that if we apply certain principles in mechanics, chemistry, and physics, sure and certain results will obtain.

The sun, moon, and stars all obey the astronomical laws of the universe. We count upon the sun “rising” each morning; the seasons come and go in orderly procession. We have implicit faith that the law of gravity will be operative tomorrow, as well as today, and that we will not go sailing off into space, but will be held fast to our mother earth.

The Rosicrucian Philosophy maintains that not only the physical universe is subject to laws, but that our entire being, including the spiritual side of our nature, is also subject to law. Our thoughts and feelings from which result action, are also subject to law. We are today what we have made ourselves—results of our past. That is why it was said, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap.” We do not gather grapes from brambles and thorn trees.

Now in order to make all this reasonable and sensible, it is necessary for us to understand that we have lived here on this earth before, many, many times,

and that we will no doubt live here many more lives, before we have reached that perfection necessary to live in higher planes of being. Christ told His disciples that where He was going they could not go, but that they would follow Him later. John writes of a new heaven and a new earth where righteousness will reign forever.

By the study of the science pertaining to the creation of our solar system, we are quite sure that present day conditions have not always maintained. The earth is solid now. Within certain limitations, it is not too hot, nor is it too cold, for our existence here. Yet science tells us of a time when the physical condition of our solar system was quite different. Our sun and its family of planets, together with their satellites, was in a gaseous state.

We see with our powerful telescopes great nebulous gas fields out in space. These great gas fields, so we are told by our astronomer friends, are great galaxies of solar systems being formed and brought into being. We are reminded of the biblical statement, “The earth was without form and void.” These great fields are in different states of development. Some of them are dark, some are hot and luminous. The ones in this luminous state correspond to the second stage of development, called the “second day” of creation in the Bible, when God said “Let there be light, and there was light.”

“Eternal change is the order of nature,” and therefore we may expect that the present order of things will not always maintain. As great changes in the future as have taken place in the past will come about, and we must be prepared to meet them. We cannot wait until these changes are upon us before we

start to do something about them. Noah, knowing of the coming flood, set about to build a boat in which to escape, but the masses, not believing Noah, did nothing, and consequently perished.

In past ages we were guided along the path of evolutionary development—nursed along, you might say. The stories we have in all the religions regarding angels, archangels, and other celestial beings, which to some sound infantile and childish, nevertheless, bear out this idea that we were looked after because we did not know enough to take care of ourselves. The animals and plants are so guided today. They implicitly obey the promptings of their divine guides. The expression, “grow as the flowers grow,” seems to explain fully their complete reliance upon higher powers. They have little or no independent will of their own, but are cradled in the bosom of nature.

We can see that many of the primitive races are still childlike, responding to and worshipping the nature forces. They see and fear God in the storm and in the lightning, in the earthquake, and in the volcano. But we are supposed to be civilized and wise. We are prone to attribute these things to natural law, failing to see the “hand of God.” We do not readily admit that the material universe is the visible expression of God—that the Creator permeates and fills His entire creation—that “in Him, we live, move, and have our being.”

“Whither shall I go from thy spirit,” sang the writer of the Psalms. “Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me.”

Some races have made more progress than others. We people of the Western races, that is, the Caucasian, or light skinned races, as distinguished from the dark skinned races, have made slightly greater progress. We are more

grown up, and have in a sense more nearly “come of age.” Not that we are better, or more precious in the sight of God, but some people have made more rapid progress than others.

It is to these more progressive people, although none are barred, that the Rosicrucian Teachings are addressed. Some people have cut loose from the influence and guidance of the spiritual beings that looked after all during the childhood of the race. We no longer depend upon our “Guardian Angels,” but are more upon our own. We are now treading upon difficult ground, and are bound to make many mistakes for which we will have to suffer. That is actually what we are doing as we go along—paying the penalty for our errors.

Does it not appear logical that we will fare better if we understand the basic laws of our being than if we go blundering through life after life learning our lessons the hard way? The question that confronts each of us is: Am I going to be forced or whipped into line? Compelled to learn my lessons by suffering? Or, am I going to align myself, consciously, with the constructive forces of Creation, learn the principles that control the cosmic universe, and become a conscious helper of God?

That is the question that you and I are going to decide here and now. You may say, “Well, I do not have to decide that now. I will wait a little season.” If you say that, then you have decided, for the present at least, that you will not align yourself with the laws of Creation. This is an opportunity for the higher spiritual man. We have earned this opportunity, or it would not have been presented to us. We may think that such opportunities last indefinitely, but they do not. Time passes on and we march along on life’s highway. Having passed a given point, we do not return. The opportunity passes and may not return again in this life. Some of us recall how we passed up opportunities of schooling in our youth and now

(Continued on page 304)

Call Them Not to Thee

By S. B. McINTYRE

PART II

“YOU spoke of Matilda’s gang, Angus,” said Fred. “Do you think some one helps her?”

“Yes, of course! Could one being keep those objects in the kitchen all going at the same time?”

“No, I suppose not,” replied the obviously puzzled Fred.

As they now sank into comfortable chairs, all clatter and banging in the kitchen suddenly ceased. Loren completely relaxed in his chair, had sighed audibly, when such a racket of rappings and furniture movement began all over the house that he sprang to his feet in affright.

“Sorry, Loren, I forgot.” Angus rose, closed the heavy door, and the room became quiet.

Loren again sank into his chair, but did not relax. Angus watched him for a moment, then asked, “Still want to buy this house, Loren?”

“A million dollars wouldn’t tempt me to enter it again, Gus! Only your sarcastic speeches about Matilda, have kept me continually conscious of the probable cause back of the phenomena we have witnessed here tonight, and made me stick to a resolution to see it through until daylight. But I can tell you right now, that I’ll never witness any such phenomena again as long as I live! It’s horrible! If I hadn’t gone over every inch of this property this afternoon, seen with my own eyes that there could be no hokum about the evil demonstrations here tonight, no power on earth could have made me believe that death is not the end of all of us. But just this one night’s experience has been proof enough of survival to satisfy me for the rest of this life. I shall never doubt it again!”

While Loren talked the light in the room had been paling and brightening in blinding fashion. Now it paled to a sulphurlike hue that caused the faces of the men to assume a ghastly appearance. Angus sprang to his feet. “I can’t stand that horrible light! It’s maddening. We’ll turn all of them off!”

He went to the desk and switched on a light attached to a battery. “Bring your flash lights!” he ordered. “We have to go down to the main switch!”

They followed him to the basement stairway, and at his order turned on their flashlights. He pulled open the door of a case sunk in a side wall and pointed out a metal switch with a porcelain handle. Fred grasped the handle, pulled it down, and except for their flashlights the house was in darkness.

Rappings and movements of furniture all about them made terrific noise while they ascended the stairs, but when in the study with the door closed, no sound could be heard.

As they sank into chairs, Angus asked, “How about it, Dr. Trent? Still think that ‘when they’re gone, they’re gone, and can have no further influence on us?’”

“I never imagined that what has gone on here tonight could be carried on by invisible beings. Has this house always been so afflicted by them?”

“No. I lived in it for five years and everything was perfectly normal until the death of Matilda, my first wife, eight months ago. Seven months ago, the trouble began. She died eight months ago, and it must have taken her a month to orient herself to her new abode, and gather her gang about her.”

“Where’d you get those last ideas, Angus?” Fred’s gray eyes were alert with interest.

“For the past six months I’ve studied

everything in occultism on this subject I could find, and have found some satisfactory explanations of the trouble in this house from those studies."

"About Matilda's gang, as you called them. Any grounds for thinking she had one waiting for her in the next world?"

"Plenty of grounds! Unknown to me she held seances here five nights a week all the time after I married her, and heaven alone knows through how many years before that!" declared Angus.

"Unknown to you?" Fred's eyes were skeptical, those of the others questioning.

"Assuredly. Matilda soundproofed this room, refurnished it, and gave it to me for my very own when I first came here. The reason she gave for this was, that she had always had a lot of company, knew I'd want to study, and she didn't want me disturbed by any noise her company would be likely to make."

Angus sighed, rose, went to a window, raised a shade, peered out, then shook his head. "No sign of daylight yet," he said, as he returned to his chair, and resumed his narration. "I was just through my internship, when I came home one night to find some twenty strangers with coats and hats in their arms, all trying to get out the front entrance at once. They fled before I could get answers to questions from any of them except some jumbled words about the dining room. Puzzled, I went to the dining room, saw chairs tumbled about, the table extended to fifteen feet, and Matilda, eyes wide open and staring—a ghastly sight—sitting bolt upright in an armchair at the far end of it.

"At first I thought she was dead. From force of habit I touched her wrist. There was a slight pulse, so I rang for the butler to help me carry her to bed. He came, looked at her, said nonchalantly, 'Guess she has gone into her last trance!' As the meaning of his words dawned on me, I was so horrified at what would be thought of me if no proof of the cause of Matilda's condition

came to light, and she died before I could get her cared for where it could be proved that I could have had nothing to do with the cause of her death, that I could not think of trying to do a thing for her until I'd called an ambulance and got her to a hospital. The butler stayed with her while I telephoned. Then we straightened up the dining room. In a half hour Matilda was in a hospital bed, and being treated for catalepsy without any one there knowing what had brought it on.

"I questioned the butler, and what he told me of the seances going on in this house without my knowledge was nauseating. From him I learned that Matilda had been a trance medium for years, and that she often materialized two or three defunct persons in one night. Later her personal physician told me she had permitted Spirits to draw so much ectoplasm or vital ether from her body for them to materialize in, that she had been in a state of collapse for some time, and that it was doubtful if she could recover."

"How long did she last?" asked Fred.

"Two months."

"Was she ever conscious?" asked Dr. Trent.

"Yes. After the first week."

"What did she say for herself?" asked Loren.

"She never mentioned it. Neither did I. What could I say? Her body was her own to use as she pleased. Besides, what would I have gained by forcing a dying woman to talk of something she evidently did not want to hear mentioned. She may have thought I knew nothing about the cause of her condition."

Daylight was flooding the windows when Fred said, "Angus, it would be downright wicked to destroy this magnificent house, if it can be rid of its nightly visitors, and I know a man, Randall Gaylord, who I feel sure can do that very thing. Let me send him here, and you have a talk with him. You can trust him. He's honest, honorable,

truthful. Member of a wonderful occult brotherhood, though he never mentions that. Let him look the place over. If he can do nothing, he'll tell you so at once, and then you can go about demolishing the building with a clear conscience."

A worried frown furrowed Angus' brow. He was thoughtful a moment before he said, "You mean you think he can exorcise the entities here?"

"Yes, I believe he can," replied Fred.

"I've read that such can be done," said Angus thoughtfully. Then he ejaculated, "All right! I'll postpone razing work another day here till I've seen your Mr. Gaylord. I'll gather up my possessions today and be ready to move out if he thinks nothing can be done about banishing Matilda and her host. Think he can come this evening?"

"Yes. I feel sure he will. It will give him an opportunity for service to another. That's his chief aim in life. You have a 'phone on your desk. If you don't hear from me through the day, expect Mr. Randall here by nine this evening. I believe you said all racket in the house stops at daylight?"

"Yes. Matilda was always fond of sleeping all day."

"I'll listen to make sure."

Fred cautiously opened the door, peered out and listened! "All quiet! Guess we may now safely gather up our belongings and depart."

Angus followed them from the study; sat by while they dressed and repacked their overnight bags; and saw them to the door. Then he returned to the study, decided against packing his possessions for a while, locked the door, lay down on the couch, and slept the day through.

Twilight was falling when he descended the stairs and turned the main light switch in preparation for the arrival of Fred's friend. He went to the kitchen, and had eaten a substantial meal, when the doorbell rang.

With a sigh and a heavy heart at prospect of enduring another night such as

the last had been, Angus threw open the front door. However, as he clasped the extended hand of the tall, gray-haired, shining-eyed stranger who with hat in hand stood beneath the porch light, Angus was amazed to feel all his depression and worry of past months slip from him, as if they had been fog suddenly dispelled by sun rays. In their stead a feeling of elation swept over him, and his heart throbbled with delight such as he had formerly experienced when greeting a loved friend whom he had not seen for years.

Embarrassed by his sudden strange emotions for which he was unable to account, Angus was speechless for a moment. Then the stranger in the most charming voice Angus had ever heard said, "I'm Randall Gaylord. Fred thinks I may be able to help you."

"I sincerely hope so!" Angus strove to speak calmly. "Do come in! I'll be delighted to have you take over, and will assist you in every way. But first shall I get you some garlic?"

As the stranger stepped across the threshold, he laughed heartily. "No. I think I shall not need garlic."

Angus turned to guide him to the drawing room, but the stranger's hand stayed him. "May I go through the house alone first, and later talk with you in the room in which Fred told me that seances had been held?"

"That will suit me perfectly—give me time to clean up a most untidy kitchen before you see it. Upstairs first?"

"Yes. That will be best!"

"Third floor rooms were occupied by servants. Second floor back, left of hall, was my mother-in-law's suite. She died before I came here. Right of the hall was my wife's suite. Other rooms on that floor were guest rooms, and my study at the extreme northwest corner. On this floor are drawing and music rooms, double parlors, dining room, butler's pantry, and kitchen. Laundry and furnace room in the basement. Go through any or all of them as you please

and at your ease. Light switches are at head of the stairs. Shall I turn them on for you?"

"No. I'll find them. Enjoy your kitchen work. I feel sure you may safely do that tonight."

He began to mount the stairs but stopped halfway up, chuckled amusedly, and called down, "From the odor I think there must be quite a garlic patch up here."

For the first time in months Angus heard himself laugh enjoyably. "Must be a peck of that smelly stuff strung around up here, and does Matilda hate it! Shall I gather it up for the discard?"

"No. I'll do that!"

Mr. Gaylord proceeded on his way. Angus, surprised at the sense of gayety that possessed him, found himself whistling softly as he went about his clearing up of the untidy kitchen.

It was two hours later when Mr. Gaylord, now quite serious, stood in the kitchen doorway and asked Angus to come with him to the dining room.

They had drawn chairs to the lovely mahogany table with its beautifully carved legs, when Mr. Gaylord said, "I feel sure that you will experience no further trouble with any other rooms in this house hereafter, Angus. But before I separate Matilda from her hold on this room, in fairness to her, I'd like some explanations. She is here and declares that if you knew the truth, you would not hate her as you now do."

"You can see her?"

"Yes. Hear her, too."

"Well, Mr. Gaylord, I have good cause for hating Matilda. She humiliated, cheated, hoodwinked me, took chances of ruining my reputation, and even of having me charged with her murder!"

Rap! Rapapapap! practically rolled across the table top.

Angus laughed. "That sounds like Matilda saying, 'No! Nuhnuhno!' A habit she had!"

Mr. Gaylord smiled. "That is the very expression that accompanied those raps."

Rap! Rapapapap! rolled across the table top. Mr. Gaylord raised a silencing hand to Angus, listened for a moment, then said, "Matilda claims that she could not help treating you as she did. That she could not explain about it before she left her body, but that she did try to atone for it by giving you all her earthly possessions before she went."

"Her gift may have eased her conscience, but it never for a moment cleared from my mind thoughts of the humiliation and abuse I had received at her hands."

"Can you tell me the circumstances surrounding her gift to you?"

"Of course! Nothing secret about it. Fred told you what occurred just before I took Matilda to the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Well, Matilda was no sooner perfectly conscious than she began to demand the presence of her lawyer, and I sent him to her. Imagine my surprise a few days later, when I received from him a deed of gift to all Matilda possessed, without my having the slightest knowledge that she had any such intention. I was not very grateful. I judged it was a gesture on her part to ease her guilty conscience!"

Rap! Rapapapap! rolled across the table top. Mr. Gaylord paid no heed, but asked Angus, "Will you tell me of your experience with Matilda from the beginning?"

(To be continued)

The truly great consider, first, how they may gain the approbation of God, and, secondly, that of their own consciences; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow men.—*Colton.*

Letters to My Missing Son

By GRACE WILLEY WAKEMAN

At the time I wrote these letters I had no idea of having them published. The writing of them brought my son very close to me in spirit, and, too, I wished to keep a record of the vivid dreams I had concerning him. However, during the summer of 1946, the Inner Voice kept telling me that God wanted me to have them published. Finally, I decided that no matter how much it hurt, I must be disobedient no longer.—THE AUTHOR.
(Sixth Installment)

October 13, 1944

Darling:

It is two years ago today since an inner voice told me you were missing. I never dreamed that two long years would pass and still no word from you. I long for you, but I am not worrying about you, dear, because I am leaving you in God's loving hands. I know that He is managing all your affairs for you, in so far as you are allowing him to. I pray every day that you are now submitting your ways to Him. God's ways are always best. You must have patience, Bill. When it is God's time to assure you a safe passage home, the way will open up for you. Put your trust in God, Bill. Here is a lovely poem that I pray for you, often and often:

"Your paths are safe.

The loving thought of God directs
your way

And keeps your vision clear.

It leads your steps on highways
smooth and broad,

It cleanses you from every lurking fear.

"Your paths are safe.

Though dangers fierce assail, we meet
them with

A free, courageous mind,

Secure in God whose power will not
fail

As long as you put every doubt be-
hind.

"Your paths are safe.

With Him your spirit blends. With
Him you merge

Your will, your word, your deed.
Almightiness protects, sustains, de-
fends.

You thank your God, and go where
He doth lead."

Mother.

* * * * *

November 29, 1944

Darling Bill:

I felt anxious about you last night, or this morning, I should say, in the small hours, so I put on the light and picked up Dad's Bible. I held it in my hands for a moment and asked God to let it open at a passage that would help my faith. It opened at the eighty-ninth Psalm and my eyes lit on the twenty-third verse:

"And I will beat down his foes before his face and plague them that hate him." I knew then, that I had nothing to fear, that God is looking after you, as long as I keep praying and placing you in His loving hands. God never fails, when we pray with faith and love and keep our faith in His power steadfast.

God bless and uplift you, dear. To-
morrow is your 23rd birthday.

Love, Mother.

* * * * *

November 30, 1944

Dear Bill:

I want to tell you about the strange dream or vision I had last night. I saw a man standing on a small plateau, it seemed. He had his back to me. He was gazing out upon a field strewn with dead men. There didn't seem to be one living on the whole field and the dead lay so close to each other it would be impos-

sible to walk between them. I could read the man's thoughts, and he was looking upon the scene with a feeling of awe, as if he didn't know what had happened to kill his enemies. I thought of the verse in Psalms that I had read the night before and wondered if this was God's answer to my prayers. "I shall beat down his foes before his face." I didn't see the man's face, only his back. He wore a light colored shirt and blue overalls, with shoulder bands crossed in the middle of his back. I wonder who he was. I don't know now if I thought he was you, Bill, or not. He appeared to be a heavier man than you, but of course you were only a slip of a boy when I saw you last. You might, perhaps, develop into a heavy-set man like my father. The vision lasted for only a second. Sometimes such visions remain for several minutes, so that I can study them, but this one didn't.

I didn't feel you thinking of me today or remembering your birthday. Many happy returns, dear, and lots and lots of love. Good-night, darling. Wherever you are, God is with you, blessing and protecting you.

Love, Mother.

* * * * *

December 2, 1944

Dearest Bill:

I am lonely for you tonight. I've been praying for you all day. I know God is answering my prayers. "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for God has given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." Sometime in November, I had such a strange dream about you, and as I cannot find any place where I wrote and told you about it, I will relate it now. If it is true that you have married over there, that fact may have something to do with my not being able to contact your thoughts or feel you thinking about me, as I did before.

I dreamed that Ted and his wife were home from overseas, had been for some months, when you came home unexpectedly with a wife, a medium large blonde, peasant girl. She could speak no English and seemed very unhappy and out of place here. She sat on the Chesterfield and never spoke or smiled, but her eyes followed you adoringly. She seemed frightfully jealous every time you made any fuss over me. I could see that you did not love her like she loved you. You had married her, it seemed, to protect her and her mother from the Gestapo. Because they had hidden you and befriended you, you disguised yourself and passed yourself off as a native and her husband. Then, you had married her under an assumed name. I was very unhappy over the whole thing. Not that I objected to her in any way as a person, except that she was so very jealous and I felt that she would make your life miserable. When I wakened, of course I turned the power of God upon you and her, whoever she is, and I prayed that such an unhappy bond might be unnecessary. Be it unto you, Bill, according to the will of God. And also, all your crew, friends, and underground workers. I love you all.

Mother.

* * * * *

10 A.M., December 6, 1944

Darling:

It's my birthday, but I don't feel happy at all. I haven't felt you thinking about me, or remembering my birthday, as you did last year. I feel that you are in danger. I've been praying constantly for you since Saturday—praying for your deliverance. Monday night I kept waking with the disturbed feeling that you were in trouble. Dad is working nights this week, so I turned on the lights and dipped into my promise box, praying that God would give me a comforting message. I drew out three cards and this is what I read:

"He shall call upon me, and I will

answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him."

That was such a comfort. I felt that God was telling me, as plain as day, that He was taking care of you. The next card read:

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

So I prayed for you to trust in God and have increased faith in His power to protect and care for you. Then I prayed for each one of your crew members and all the underground workers and helpers, especially the doctors and the women who ministered unto you when you were wounded and ill. I do so want God to protect and bless abundantly every person who is kind to you and whoever is feeding, clothing, and sheltering you. I took up my third promise and it read:

"The Lord shall help them and deliver them. He shall deliver them from the wicked and save them, because they trust in Him."

What a wonderful answer! There are about eighty cards in my promise box and many of the verses have nothing to do with deliverance or protection, so you can see why I felt so uplifted by getting these special promises. I went to sleep thanking and praising God.

Mother.

* * * * *

December 16, 1944

Dear Bill:

Just as I closed my eyes last night, I got a flash of you. I felt that it was you, but as it was quite dark, I could see only the outline of a man. You stepped from a dock to a boat. It seemed to be rather a small boat (not a row boat, larger). It might have been a small barge. You had a cardboard parcel in your right hand and a full paper bag under your left arm. I wonder where you are now, darling? Can it

be that you're trying to get home for Christmas, or back to England. God bless you and all boys in like circumstances.

Mother.

* * * * *

December 23, 1944

Dearest Bill:

The nearer it gets to Christmas, the more Dad and I miss you. Dad didn't want to bother with a Christmas tree this year, but I insisted, saying, that no matter if you had passed on, God would let you come back to see our Christmas tree. We have just finished decorating it, and it seems that this is the most beautiful tree we've ever had. There is something so appealing about a tree and the soft colored lights.

Love,

Mother.

* * * * *

New Year's Eve, 1944

Darling Bill:

I am very, very happy now, although I went about crying most of the day—that is, whenever I could shed a few tears without Dad's seeing me. I'll start at the beginning and tell you just what happened.

I sent a Christmas card as usual to your girl. She sent me roses when you were missing and has written me many lovely letters, but last spring she stopped answering my letters. This morning I received a letter from her mother. She thanked me for the card and told me that her daughter had married. She, the mother, and her husband were sorry, because they felt that this man had just caught your girl on the rebound while she was feeling so low about you. The mother said, "Everyone around here just loved Bill." I allowed myself to get all upset. I was doing some baking for supper, and as Dad was not around, I shed a few tears at the same time. I stooped to take something out of the oven, and as I did so, a voice said to me

kindly and distinctly—it sounded like a woman's voice—"Don't feel so badly about it. It will all work out."

That evening after Dad had gone to work, I sat in the big wing chair facing the hallway door. The curtains on this door were open, and from where I sat I could see the front door dimly, as there was only the tiny night light on in the hall and the only other lighting in the house was the Christmas tree lights behind me in the dining room. The radio was on. It was a waltz program. I was sitting there all alone not thinking of anything in particular, listening to the soft, sweet music. I happened to look out into the hall. Suddenly, you, Bill, and your girl danced in right through the outside door and came through the drapes into the living room before you faded from my sight. How happy you were! And how young and beautiful you looked! You were holding hands and swinging them back and forth like a couple of school kids. You were looking down at her and she was looking up at you and you were both laughing. I said, "Thank you, God, for letting me see them," right out loud. I wanted you to know that I saw you, but of course, you would know, anyway, because my experience has always been that when I am conscious while out of the body, I can read people's thoughts. How I wished I could have held you in my sight! How wonderful it would have been if I had been spiritually developed enough so that we could have visited together. That is a goal for which we should strive. Then death of our loved ones, will not be the painful separation that it is to most of us now.

It made me so happy. I knew that you had come to see me and our Christmas tree. I did not for a moment think that you had passed on, as I knew that the girl was on this physical plane, and there was no reason to believe that you were not, also. Both of your bodies were sleeping, that was all. Distance can be spanned in a few seconds on the spiritual plane.

I simply glowed all the rest of the evening. I felt I had had a visit with you. And I felt, too, that there was a deeper meaning in the vision, which may come to fulfillment at some time in the future. Love and blessings to you, dear. Mother.

* * * * *

January 2, 1945

Dear Bill:

I've taken a room in one of the schools here again, until the end of June. Teachers are so scarce that I thought it was my duty. Today was the first day, and I am so tired that I am finding it hard even to pray for you—which is most unusual. God bless you, dear. I'll just place you in His loving hands and leave you there. Good-night.

Love, Mother.

(To be continued)

BASIC ROSICRUCIAN TENETS

(Continued from page 396)

find them beyond recall. "Today," we are told in Holy Writ, "is the day of salvation." We shall not pass this way again! No, never!

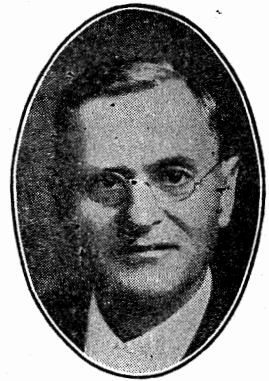
It is not meant to imply that the Rosicrucian School is the only school of spiritual development. There are other schools. Many roads lead to Rome, and there is more than one path to God. But to attain, we *must* travel one of these roads. We cannot travel all of them, but we *must* travel one of them.

The Rosicrucian School gives a reasonable and logical explanation of the manifest universe. It treats of our past, present, and future relationship to this universe and to God, the Source of our existence. The plan of development as outlined by the Western Wisdom Teachings, is along scientific lines, working with the laws of God to unfold the latent potentialities of the individual into dynamic powers. Above all it is *safe* and *sane*.

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings

The Web of Destiny



(THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT)

The Cause of Disease

*Efforts of the Ego to Escape from the
Body—Effects of Lasciviousness*

(Continued)



GAIN we warn students not to draw quick conclusions from these tentative rules. It is not our intention to imply that every one who has a seemingly healthy body has been a paragon of virtue in his past life, and he who suffers from one disability or another has been a scapegrace or good-for-nothing. None of us are able to tell at the present time "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." We are deceived because our senses are illusive. A long street seems to narrow in the distance, when, as a matter of fact, it is just as wide a mile away as where we are standing. The Sun and Moon seem much larger when near the horizon than when at the zenith; but, as a matter of fact, we know that they do not gain in size by descending toward the horizon, nor lose by ascending into the mid-heaven.

Thus we are constantly making allowances for and correcting sense illusions; similarly, with everything else in the world. What seems to be true is not always so, and what is true today regarding conditions of life may change tomorrow. Therefore it is impossible for

us to know truth in the ultimate under the evanescent and illusory conditions of physical existence.

It is only when we enter into the higher realms, and particularly into the Region of Concrete Thought, that the eternal verities are to be perceived. Hence, we must necessarily make mistakes again and again, even despite our most earnest efforts always to know and tell the truth. On that account it is impossible for us to build a thoroughly harmonious vehicle. Were that possible, such a body would really be immortal, and we know that immortality in the flesh is not the design of God. As Paul says, "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."

But we know that even today only a very small percentage are ready to live as near the truth as they see it, to confess it, and profess it before men by service and by righteous and harmless living. We can also understand that such must have been few and far between in the by-gone ages, when man had not evolved the altruism that came to this planet with the advent of our Lord and Savior, Christ Jesus. The standards of morality were much lower then, and the love of truth almost negligible in the greater part of humanity, who were engrossed in their endeavors to accumulate as much wealth or gain, as much power or prestige, for themselves as possible. They were therefore naturally

inclined to disregard the interests of others, and to tell a lie seemed in no way reprehensible and sometimes even appeared meritorious. The archetypes were consequently full of weaknesses, and the organic functions of the body today are interfered with to a serious degree as a result, particularly as the western bodies are becoming more sensitive to pain on account of the Spirit's growing consciousness.

The Christ Rays Constitute the "Inner Urge"—Ethereic Sight—Collective Destiny

Assimilation of the fruits of each past life takes place before the Spirit descends to rebirth, and consequently the character generated is fully formed and readily expressed in the subtle, mobile mind stuff of the Region of Concrete Thought, where the archetype of the coming body is built. If the Spirit seeking rebirth loved music, it will seek to build a perfect ear with the semi-circular canals accurately placed and the ampullae very thin and sensitive to vibration. It will seek to form long and slender fingers wherewith to execute the heavenly chords caught by the ear. But if it detested music, if in the past life it endeavored to close its ears to sounds of gladness or the sob of sorrow, the desire to shut itself away from others thus formed would cause it to neglect the ear when building the archetype, and as a consequence this organ would be defective in a degree commensurate with the neglect caused by the character of the previous existence.

Similarly with the other senses; who drinks from a fount of knowledge and endeavors to share his knowledge with his neighbor, lays the foundation for powers of oratory in a future life, because the desire to communicate knowledge would cause him to pay particular attention to the formation and strength of the vocal organ when he is building the archetype of his coming body. Those

who, on the other hand, endeavor to gain access to the mysteries of life for the sake of curiosity or to gratify their own pride of intellect, neglect to build an adequate organ of expression and are therefore found to have weak voices or impediments in speech. In this way it is brought home to them that expression is a valuable asset. Although the brain of one thus afflicted may not sense the lesson, the Spirit learns that we are strictly accountable for the use we make of our talents, and we must pay the penalty some time, somewhere, if we neglect to speak the word of Life to light our brothers or sisters upon the path, when well qualified to do so.

Regarding lack of vision or disabilities of the organ of sight it has long been known among researchers that it is the effect of extreme cruelty in a past life. Recent investigations have developed the further information that much of the eye trouble now prevalent among people is due to the fact that *our eyes are changing*; they are, in fact, becoming responsive to a higher octave of vision than before, because the ether surrounding the earth is becoming more dense and the air is growing more rare. This is particularly true in certain parts of the world, southern California among others.

It is noteworthy in this connection that the Aurora Borealis is becoming more frequent and powerful in its effects upon the earth. In the early years of the Christian Era this phenomenon was almost unknown, but in the course of time as the Christ wave which descends into the earth during part of the year, infuses more and more of its own life into the dead, earthy lump, the *ethereic vital rays* become visible at intervals. Later they became more and more numerous and are now commencing to interfere with our electrical activities, particularly with telegraphy, which service is sometimes completely demoralized by these radiating streamers.

(To be continued)

Studies in the Cosmo-Conception

This department is devoted to a study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy by the Socratic Method, the material being taken from The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception.

The Personified Christ

Q. Why did the intervention of Christ become necessary?

A. Under the *regime* of Jehovah unity was impossible. Therefore the Christ, who possesses as a lowest vehicle the unifying life spirit, had to enter into the dense human body.

Q. Why did he have to dwell in this body?

A. He had to appear as a man among men and dwell in this body because only from within is it possible to conquer the race religion, which influences man from *without*.

Q. Why was Christ not *born* in a dense body?

A. Christ could not be *born* in a dense body because He had never passed through an evolution such as the Earth Period, therefore He would first have had to acquire the ability to build a dense body such as ours.

Q. Was this inability a disadvantage in His case?

A. No, because even had He possessed that ability it would not have been expedient for such an exalted Being to expend for that purpose the energy necessary for body-building through ante-natal life, childhood, and youth, to bring it to sufficient maturity for use.

Q. Which of His own vehicles did He use?

A. He used all His own vehicles, taking only the vital and dense bodies from Jesus.

Q. When did Christ enter these bodies?

A. When Jesus was 30 years of age Christ entered these bodies and used them until the climax of His mission on Golgotha.

Q. Which body did Christ use after His resurrection?

A. After the destruction of the dense body Christ appeared among His disciples in the vital body in which He functioned for some time.

Q. Why is work on the vital body important?

A. The object of esoteric training is so to work on the vital body that the life spirit is built up and quickened.

Q. Was this true in the case of Jesus?

A. At the time Christ entered the body of Jesus, the latter was a disciple of high degree, consequently his life spirit was well organized, and harmonious with the life spirit of Christ.

Q. Could the Christ have used an ordinary man's body?

A. An ordinary man's vital body would have instantly collapsed under the terrific vibrations of the Great Spirit who entered Jesus' body.

Q. Did Jesus' body withstand them?

A. Even that body, pure and high-strung as it was, could not withstand those tremendous impacts for many years, for the Christ at times drew out of Jesus' vehicles to give them a rest under the care of the Essene Brothers, who knew more of how to treat such vehicles than Christ did.

Q. Was Jesus willing to surrender his vehicles?

A. The change was consummated with the full and free consent of Jesus, who knew during his entire life that he was preparing a vehicle for Christ. He submitted gladly that his brother humanity might receive the gigantic impetus which was given to its development by the mysterious sacrifice on Golgotha.

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 380-382)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

The Remission of Sins



But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets;

Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus:

Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.

—Romans 3:21-25.

The epistle to the Romans was written by Paul from the city of Corinth during his third visit there in the year A.D. 60. Its theme, as indicated in the first verse of the first chapter, is "the gospel of God" as given to *all* men, for Paul, more than any other of the disciples, was filled with the purpose of carrying the message of redemption through Christ, the Son of God, to *all* humanity. His was the broader vision which saw that the coming of the Christ was a *world affair*, to affect all human beings then living and yet to be born upon the earth. The Divinity of Christ and the universal aspect of His mission became the core of Paul's teachings.

The popular understanding of the doctrine of remission of sins has come to be simply that Christ died for our sins and that in consequence belief in Him will bring us forgiveness. Many reasoning people have found it difficult to take this doctrine with blind faith as taught in the orthodox churches, and for them occult philosophy provides an acceptable explanation.

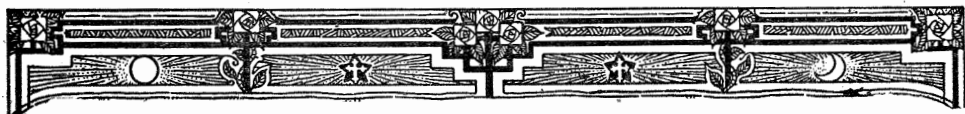
The Western Wisdom Teachings explain that at the time of the birth of

Jesus the majority of humanity was at the point of retrogression, and that Christ, highest Initiate of the Sun Period, offered to aid His younger brothers by becoming the indwelling planetary Spirit of the earth and thus provide the spiritual impetus needed by man for further progress. This significant event took place at the Crucifixion, the Christ Spirit leaving the bodies of Jesus which He had entered at the Baptism, and by means of the flowing blood entering into the earth and its vehicles. The regime of Law was henceforth to be superseded by the regime of Love.

The tremendous spiritual vibrations of the Christ cleansed the desire body of the earth, making it thenceforth possible for man to secure purer desire stuff for his desire body. Furthermore, the impelling urge of the mighty Love Power focused in the earth began to awaken and nourish the Christ within every responsive human being, encouraging each one to repent, make restitution, and to reform—and thus be "redeemed."

It should be understood that "sin" is simply disobedience to God's laws, and whether committed ignorantly or in full knowledge of the consequences, sets in motion causes which, according to the immutable law of cause and effect, inevitably bring results. However, these results may, by proper conscious effort, be mitigated or even erased.

"In the ordinary course of life, man passes into Purgatory at death and expiates the sins inscribed upon the seed atom. . . . However, the devout person realizes each day his shortcomings and failings. He examines the events of his daily life and prays from a devout heart to be forgiven for sins he has committed. Then the pictures (upon the seed atom) which have recorded the sins fade, and are wiped out of his life's record from day to day."



Astrology Department

William Blake: Visionary Genius

By WESLEY D. JAMIESON

(CONCLUSION)



IN 1781 William Blake met his future wife, Catherine Boucher, the daughter of a Battersea market gardener. On a Sunday in August, 1782, at St. Mary's church in Battersea, the two were married: the genius Blake, in his twenty-fifth year, tender, rapt, and solicitous; and Catherine, twenty, outwardly lovely, inwardly pliant, and to be shaped by her husband into "my shadow of delight."

She turned out to be an almost perfect wife for the remarkable man she married. She learned to draw and paint well enough to help Blake in his work. She remained childless and survived her husband only four years, dying in 1831. Note Blake's natal Sun is sextile Saturn, ruler of the seventh house, the house governing the marriage partner. Also, Blake's Moon is well placed in Cancer, her own sign, and trine Uranus in the artistic Pisces. Catherine brought Blake, beyond that outer loveliness that means so much to a man and especially to the artist, an understanding mind, utter loyalty, and practical help. She was a charmingly sympathetic woman, and any lack of social training she may have had (Moon opposing Venus, and Saturn opposing Neptune) in no way detracted from their happiness together.

Far from denying the senses, William Blake pleaded for a richer use of them, though for enjoyment not with them so much as *through* them. They are often,

so he argued, the channels to vision, to detection of the divine, "the chief inlet of the soul." (Moon and Ascendant in the psychic sign Cancer giving superlative sensitivity, and Neptune trine Sun and Jupiter giving a strong attraction to the "divine".) His own contact with angels, or the Spirits of Milton and Shakespeare, or with God (as it seemed to him), was sometimes spontaneous and sometimes evoked by the sights and sounds and smells of nature.

Blake was tolerant of sense enjoyment even as he was tolerant of reason when utilized for its own necessary purposes, but he thundered against reason usurping the place of intuition, imagination, and vision, and he denounced imprisonment to the senses. In fact, imprisonment, or subjection of the Spirit, the Ego, to any outside influence was abhorrent to this man—predominantly an individualist. (The strong Uranus, and Mars in Leo square Mercury. In all justice to Blake, however, it should be noted that he believed in the type of individualism which is based upon universal brotherhood and "a harmony of parts"—a "will to order," as Mark Schorer points out in his scholarly volume, *William Blake—The Politics of Vision*.)

In 1784 Blake started a printshop in partnership with a former fellow apprentice, Parker, at 27 Broad St., but it did not succeed and was abandoned. Meanwhile he earned his living by engraving ordinary copperplate for publishers, and about 1787 he began to experiment

with a new method of printing from etched copperplates. The secret of this process was revealed to him in a vision by the Spirit of his brother Robert (or so it is reported). Note Venus, ruling copper, in Blake's sixth house, the house of service and work.

Songs of Innocence (poetry) was finished in 1789 and sold for a few shillings. Blake now lived in Hercules Road, Lambeth, and here he completed the following works:

The Book of Thel (1793)

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell (1793)

Songs of Experience (1794)

America (1793)

Vision of the Daughters of Albion (1793)

Europe (1794)

Urizen (1794)

The Book of Los (1795)

The Book of Ahania (1795)

The Song of Los (1795)

In these books Blake's lyrical impulse gradually gave way before an increasing interest in the problems of the world. His strong humanitarian and evangelical impulses (Uranus and Neptune) become more thoroughly focused in his driving passion for liberty, equality, and fraternity—with emphasis ever upon the last. The unfoldment and sublimation of the faculties of man, which leads to the only sound basis for brotherhood, became the keynote of his writings.

Meanwhile Blake's output as an artist was very large. About 1795 he produced his stupendous series of large color-prints which can scarcely be matched in the whole history of art for imaginative content and magnificence of coloring. These include "Nebuchadnezzar," "The Elohim Creating Man," and "Newton." Aside from the purely

artistic appeal of Blake's paintings, one can hardly help being impressed with the tremendous scope of the themes depicted and the understanding manner in which they are handled. Actually, only the occultist can fully understand his portrayal of the mystery of the creation, the eternal war between good and evil, etc., as set forth in such paintings as, "The Temptation of Eve," "God Creates Light," "Binding of the Dragon," and others. Some of his paintings were direct reproductions of his visions—beings he saw in the invisible realms. By 1797 he had completed his series of five hundred and thirty-seven water-color designs for Young's "Night Thoughts."

The poet-artist's circle of friends (Venus, ruler of the eleventh house) had widened, including now John Flaxman (a Swedenborgian) and Captain Thomas Butts. The former seems to have understood Blake better than his other contemporaries, while the latter was for thirty years the faithful admirer and customer of Blake's genius. It was chiefly Butts' patronage which enabled

WORKING TOOLS OF THE SPIRIT

The planets of the natal horoscope, characterized by their respective signs, houses, and aspects, give a concrete picture of the working tools of the Spirit. They indicate the traits of character, both positive and negative, which the individual has ready for use in this life, and show where the areas of energy exist within the nature. Thus may astrology be used as a guide to the greatest accomplishment and progress.

him to earn an adequate livelihood while expending much time and energy on his mystical works, which never produced an adequate return by their sales. Note the Saturn-Neptune opposition from the second to the eighth houses, houses of earning capacity and inheritance. It is said that during the seven years from 1793 to 1800 Blake's creative output was almost greater than can be believed. This seven year period includes the years when the progressed Sun applied to the conjunction aspect to the natal Venus in the sixth house—artistic and creative services to humanity.

In 1800 Blake was introduced to Wil-

liam Hayley in order that he might execute copperplates for various works on which the latter was engaged. The artist paid a visit in early 1800 to Hayley at Felpham in Sussex, and later in the year rented a cottage in the village so that he might work under Hayley's eye at the engravings for the *Life of Cowper*. He removed to Felpham with his wife and sister, intending to stay for an indefinite period. At first he was happy, but later his independent nature and impatience of restraint caused him to become quite irritated by Hayley's patronizing ways and lack of understanding. His feelings found vent in scurrilous doggerel and epigrams scribbled in his notebook. Note Mars in Leo in the third house square Mercury in Scorpio and to the Sun and Jupiter in Sagittarius. Of his relationship with Hayley he wrote:

"I regard Fashion in Poetry as little as I do in Painting. . . . but Mr. H. approves of My Designs as little as he does of my Poems, and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me in both to my own Self Will: for I am determined to be no longer Pester'd with his Genteel Ignorance and Polite Disapprobation. I know myself both Poet and Painter, and it is not his affected Contempt that can move me to anything but a more assiduous pursuit of both Arts."

After the three years at Felpham Blake moved to 17 South Molton St., London, resolved to devote his life to art without hindrance from the outside. From that time on he made no compromise with his inner convictions, which obviously accounts largely for his lack of worldly success, and also for the fact that he left posterity something of lasting value.

For his own books Blake was unable to find a market, though Captain Butts continued to buy his pictures, and he was given some work as an engraver. After an unsuccessful exhibition of his works at the home of his brother James on Broad St., Golden Square (only sixteen pictures were shown) there came

forth the now celebrated *Descriptive Catalogue*. This exhibition was opened in May, 1809, and attracted very little notice. (The progressed Sun was now in the 7th house, sextiling the afflicted Mercury in the fifth).

It is uncertain how Blake found means of earning his living during the years from 1810 to 1817. Robert Southey who visited him in 1811 certainly regarded him as insane. However, his more intimate friends were convinced of his sanity, even though they did not know how to explain remarks he sometimes made in conversation at dinner parties, such as: "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?" Blake himself could not "explain" the things he saw in the invisible realms, any more than he could have explained to a blind person the things he saw on the physical plane. His clairvoyance put him in a class set apart, and as is usual with the lesser enlightened, people called him mad because they could not understand him.

Blake had his peculiar energies, also quite a temper. Here again we note

Horoscopes for Subscribers' Children

Should you wish to avail yourself of a possible opportunity to have your child's HOROSCOPE delineated in this department, subscribe to this Magazine for one year, and accompany your subscription with an application for a reading. RENEWALS count the same as a subscription. Readings are given for children up to 14 years of age. They include a general character, health, and vocational analysis.

ONE name only is drawn each month, but unless there is an unusually large number of applications, you may have more than one opportunity for a drawing.

BE SURE to give: Name, Sex, Birthplace, and Year, Month, Day (of month), and Minute of birth, as nearly as possible. Also please be sure to state if *Daylight Saving Time* was in effect.

NOTE: We give horoscope readings ONLY in this Magazine.

Mars in Leo square Mercury, Sun, and Jupiter. However, when one considers that there were times when he and his adored wife came to the verge of starvation, it is little to be wondered at. Such a matter might unsettle any man or woman, and it is not surprising that Blake, spiritual though he was, was for a time resentful toward a society which ignored his genius.

In the year 1818 Blake entered upon the last phase of his life, and until his death in 1827 he was probably happier in his friendships than he had been at any other period. This was primarily due to his friendship with Linnell, portrait and landscape painter. (Venus, ruler of his 11th house.) He was able to get more work, and he became the center of a circle of young artists who regarded him with affection and veneration. Note Venus (happiness, pleasure, comfort, and ease) rules Libra on the fourth house cusp (advanced years of life). Venus also rules Blake's eleventh house of friends and associates. For John Varley, the water-colorist who was strongly interested in astrology, he drew his *Visionary Heads of Historical Personages*. In 1821 the artist moved from South Molton St. to 3 Fountain Court, Strand, and here he executed his greatest work in creative art, the illustrations to the *Book of Job*.

In October, 1825, Linnell commissioned him to make illustrations to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and to engrave them. He completed one hundred water-color designs of which seven were engraved, and was still at work upon them when he died on August 12, 1827. Note that the progressed Sun had arrived at the conjunction aspect to his eighth house Saturn, planet of death and transition. From about 1824 Blake had been suffering from gallstones which eventually caused his death. (Saturn in Aquarius opposing Neptune in Leo, and the Mars-Mercury square, which manifested in resentment and worry.)

The complex nature of this genius can be fully understood only by the

astrologer, who sees in the presence of both the watery (Ascendant and Moon in Cancer) and fiery (Sun and Jupiter in Sagittarius, Neptune in Leo) elements the basis for conflicting forces. The blending of these two elements, intrinsically at variance, is never easy, and when both are strong in a natal chart, the native evidences strange mixtures of character. Few understand such a person, and often he does not understand himself!

The more or less obscurity of Blake is striking. He was quite incomprehensible to most of his contemporaries, influencing them as little as he was influenced by them, and for many years after his death his name was unknown. This is indicated by his life-ruler, the Moon, in the very secretive, hidden, occult, twelfth house. One also notes that the majority of his birth planets were setting and below the horizon, signature of the introvert and the anti-materialist. A skeptical age concealed his light. London never knew this visionary genius. In his lifetime he never received the full rewards of his genius. He shone as a solitary star in that materialistic, Georgian age in England.

Just before Blake died his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened and he burst into singing at the things he saw in Heaven. A neighbor woman observing how his cramped, dark room had lighted up, said simply, "I have been at the death of a saint." Blake himself declared that death was no more than the Spirit's passage from one room to another. He called the grave "Heaven's golden gate."

He was certainly not an ordinary person, this William Blake. From childhood he consorted with angels and spoke with God. Doubtless, he is still dedicating himself as he did in the opening stanzas of his *Jerusalem*:

"O Savior, pour upon me thy Spirit
of meekness and love!
Annihilate the selfhood in me: be
Thou all my life.
Guide Thou my hand. . . ."



The Children of Virgo, 1947

Birthdays: August 24 to September 23

VIRGO is the second of the earthy triplicity, and it also belongs to the common and mental groups. Those born with the Sun in this sign are therefore practical, down to earth in their thinking, quick to see a point and express it clearly and accurately. There is flexibility, along with versatility, qualities indicating the middleman between the producer and consumer.

The ruler of Virgo is Mercury, the planet of reason, expression, and dexterity. Thus we find the Virgo natives basically of a reasonable nature, able to express themselves well, both orally and in writing. Being governed chiefly by the intellect, they are inclined to be unsympathetic, critical, and skeptical of anything not scientifically demonstrable to the reason and senses.

Having a great flair for detail, the Virgoans are often prone to make mountains of molehills, and allow petty and unimportant things to clutter up their lives. Many are incessant talkers, and the undeveloped types are apt to be gossips. However, these natives are usually endowed with considerable dis-

crimination, and if of the higher type, can discern truth from error with unerring accuracy. Possessed of an innate purity, they can make much progress on the spiritual path.

The mental nature of Virgo inclines to selfishness, and the native is apt to think primarily of bettering his own condition in the world, acquiring possessions, etc. Again, if the spiritual side of the nature be developed, these people are capable of much unselfish service to others.

Virgo natives are usually quite ingenious and adaptable, fond of the study of science, particularly chemistry, and of diet and hygiene. They make excellent nurses, bookkeepers, and secretaries. They are often food faddists and may carry cleanliness to an extreme. They are keenly sensitive to suggestions of ill health, and usually enjoy talking about their ailments.

As the Sun enters Virgo this year it makes a conjunction with the planet Venus and maintains this position all the solar month. This fortunate aspect calls out the artistic side of the nature, making the person fond of music, art, and poetry. It is also favorable for happiness in marriage and the social life. Also in

effect all the solar month is the sextile of the Sun to Mars in Cancer, which gives an abundance of vitality to those born during this period. There is courage and a dauntless determination, but a tendency to bluntness of speech. Beginning August 23rd and lasting until September 5th, the Sun is in conjunction with Mercury, which is good for the memory and mentality when the orb is more than three degree. From September 6th until September 23rd the Sun makes a sextile to Jupiter in Scorpio, favoring health, wealth, and happiness. The disposition is sunny and jovial, and there is good judgment and executive ability. A square of the Sun to Uranus in Gemini begins September 11th and lasts the rest of the solar month. This gives a tendency toward a nervous, high-strung nature, impulsive and unreliable.

The lady Venus is in conjunction with Mercury from August 23rd until September 4th, bestowing a cheerful, companionable nature, along with ability for music and poetry. From August 29th until September 18th, Venus sextiles Mars, giving ambition and excellent earning capacity, but a tendency toward too free spending. This aspect also intensifies the love nature. The sextile of Venus to Jupiter from September 7th to September 19th favors the accumulation of wealth, along with happiness in marriage and the social life. The native is hospitable and philanthropic. From September 11th to September 21st Venus squares Uranus, giving a tendency toward trouble with the opposite sex, and an erratic personality. Children having this aspect should receive early training in cultivating poise and a high moral standard.

Beginning September 3rd and lasting the rest of the solar month Mercury sextiles Jupiter, bestowing upon those born during this period a cheerful, optimistic disposition, along with a broad, versatile, and reasoning mind. Law and literature are favored. From August 28th to September 7th Mercury sextiles

Mars, giving a keen, sharp, and ingenious mind. There is also wit and humor, but a tendency toward sarcasm at times. Mental energy and enthusiasm are given by this aspect. The square of Mercury to Uranus from September 6th to September 13th indicates an erratic mind, the reformer who rants and raves to the public to bring about unwise changes in the social system.

Saturn in Leo squares Jupiter in Scorpio all this solar month, indicating for the children born during this time a diffident, vacillating mind, indolent, and distrustful of others. Early, persistent training in cultivating the opposite traits will be of much value in fitting these children for constructive living. From August 23rd until August 27th, Saturn sextiles Neptune, which gives, honor, self-reliance, and determination. To those able to respond, it also gives the ability to delve into the occult arts and become proficient in the practice of them.

The trine of Jupiter to Mars from September 6th until September 23rd bestows upon the children born during this period a nature noble, sincere, and honest, along with splendid earning capacity, ingenuity, and constructive ability. This aspect is also excellent for vitality and health.

From August 23rd until September 7th, Mars squares Neptune in Libra, indicating that the Egos born during this time have by wrong living in past lives developed the sensual side of the nature, and should therefore be taught to correct their tendency toward self-indulgence and impulsiveness. The favorable aspects to the Sun, Venus, and Mercury during this same time will make it possible for a complete transmutation of this aspect.

All the children born during this solar month have Pluto conjunction Saturn and sextile Neptune, signifying a deep, intense interest in matters of occult or social advancement. Soul growth through service and self-discipline are favored.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

This page is a free service for readers. Since advice is based on the horoscope, we can give a reading ONLY if supplied with the following information: full name, sex,

place of birth, year, day of month, hour. No readings given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 40 YEARS OF AGE.—Editor.

Musician. Interpreter

KLAUS H. K.—Born March 8, 1933, 1:05 A.M. Lat. 26 N. Long. 103 W. Libra is on the Midheaven of this chart, and its ruler, Venus, is in the 3rd house in Pisces in conjunction to the Dragon's Head, but opposing Mars and Neptune in the 9th. It is also semisextile to Uranus, Mercury, and Saturn. The native has a strong emotional nature with the ability to express his feelings in music, drama, and literature. Since Venus rules the 5th house, there would be success in teaching these subjects. The Moon in Leo trine Mercury is further indication of teaching ability. Mercury in Aries trine the Moon and sextile Saturn indicates a retentive memory and good reasoning power along with the power of expression. Klaus could be an interpreter of languages, the 9th house planets indicating foreign contacts.

Contractor. Surveyor

DONALD L. T.—Born January 10, 1927, 5:35 P.M. Lat. 38 N. Long. 122 W. A splendid business man, with outstanding executive and organizing ability is indicated by this chart. Aries is on the Midheaven and the Moon, ruling the Ascendant, is in Aries in the 10th house, sextile Jupiter. Mars in Taurus in the 10th house trines Mercury and the Sun in Capricorn. These configurations give an understanding of mechanics, as well as the ability to plan houses and build them. They also favor the real estate business, or contracting, as well as designing houses. The Moon in the 10th house favors gain in dealing with property and public commodities. Mercury in Capricorn trine Mars gives a mathematical mind, apt in surveying, draughting, and accounting.

Commercial Artist. Stewardess

OLIVE J. E.—Born December 17, 1927, 2:00 A.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W.

In this chart the Moon, ruling the Midheaven, is in Libra, and sextiles Mercury, and Saturn in Sagittarius. This gives an interest in all the fine arts and the ability to perform in one or more of them. Mars and Mercury in Sagittarius sextiling the Moon indicate a dexterity which will increase the likelihood of success as a commercial artist or interior decorator. These same configurations would give ability in selling wearing apparel, jewelry, or anything that balances and harmonizes. The four planets in Sagittarius give a great love for travel, and being in the 2nd and 3rd houses (money earned and travel), combined with the affable and courteous Libra Ascendant, show success as a stewardess in air transport.

Lawyer. Musician

DONALD G.—Born October 18, 1933, 8:53 P.M. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. The vocation is indicated principally by the planet Jupiter in this chart. It is co-ruler of the Midheaven and is placed in Libra in the 4th house, sextiling Mars and Venus and trining Saturn. There is a love of justice and an interest in the uplift of humanity, which along with ability as a lawyer, makes this young man apt to help the poor and friendless in a legal capacity of some kind. The Sun and Moon in Libra in the 5th house indicates a love for art, music, and drama, as well as ability to teach these subjects. There being a strong natural inclination to help others, this talent could be successfully used in healing through music.

Monthly News Interpreted

House Money for Liquor

The nearly eight billion dollars spent by Americans for liquor during 1946 would have been sufficient to "finance the building of approximately one million critically needed homes" at \$8,000 each, Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, president of the W.C.T.U., pointed out recently. Calling her readers' attention to the fact that "the national housing bill approved by the Senate last year . . . estimated the country's low-cost dwelling needs at fifteen million new units," she contrasted these housing needs with the brewery building programs. "One brewery," she said, "just recently boasted in national advertising that due to expansions its plant now covers seventy city blocks in a single area."—*Signs of the Times*, June 3, 1947.

What is the matter with people in the world today that they cannot see the havoc alcohol is creating everywhere it is manufactured? Every day more alcohol is thrown on the market, more alcohol is being consumed, more intoxicated men and women are causing accidents on our highways, more homes are being broken up, more children are suffering for the lack of the proper care and direction—yes, and often for the very necessities of life; more men and women are losing all sense of responsibility both to the home and the community. More drink, more drunkenness; more drunkenness, more disaster; and so the vicious circle grows wider and wider until it appears to be encompassing the entire world.

Our magazines, newspapers, radios, billboards, picture shows—all are encouraging drinking and even many of the homes are vying with saloons by setting up cocktail bars within their, what should be, sacred precincts. We have laws governing the sale of narcotics, but what about alcohol? Why should it be exempt from regulation? The basic drug in all alcoholic beverages is alcohol, and alcohol is always a poison. Then why should the sale of this particular poison go unregulated any more than

the sale of similar drugs? The truth about alcohol should be taught to the people just the same as it is taught about other similar poisons, and it is high time that the public became aroused and some action was being taken to protect people who do not realize the dangerous results brought about by its use. The Spirit of man and the spirit of alcohol cannot control and direct the activities of the same body.

Imbedded Skull New Ape Link

PRETORIA, South Africa, May 21—(A.P.) Dr. Robert Broom, anthropologist and palaeontologist, of the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, believes a skull he found at Sterkfontein will show more definitely than ever that man is closely related to the ape. He says it is the best-preserved skull of the pre-man period ever found.

Dr. Broom has removed from the skull part of the rock in which it was imbedded. He says it is that of a female and is about the same age as the skull of the Sterkfontein Man.

The new skull, says Dr. Broom, is much more valuable than the original since it is all in one piece. The skull of the Sterkfontein Man had to be pieced together.

Unfortunately, the bone is very rotten and the stone in which it is embedded is very hard.

"Enough of the face has been cleared," he said, "to show that it is remarkably human, apart from the small brain. The eyes are large and rounded and the eyebrows wide and overhanging. The cheeks are wide and the front of the jaw projects, but not more than in some human beings.

"Though the teeth are lost, the sockets, by human standards, show with hardly a doubt, that it is the skull of a woman perhaps 50 or 60 years of age."—*San Diego Tribune-Sun*.

The material scientist knows that there is an anatomical likeness between mankind and the anthropoids and monkeys, and recognizing the fact that the evolutionary impulse always makes for improvement, he very naturally concludes that man must have descended from these creatures, but he is always baffled

in his efforts to find the "missing link" connecting them. There was a time in man's early evolution when he occupied an apelike form, but gradually as he progressed, his form improved until it has reached its present stage of development. The apelike form, which was the "missing link," has *degenerated* and is now being used by the lowest stragglers of the human kingdom, the anthropoids and monkeys. Instead of man having ascended from these creatures, the reverse is true—they have degenerated from man. Man has never inhabited forms identical with those of the present day anthropoid species, but he has inhabited forms which were similar to, but *higher* than those which they now occupy.

There is always one line of *improving* forms ensouled by the pioneers of the evolving Life, and another line of *degenerating* forms, outgrown by the pioneers, but inhabited by the stragglers, as long as there are any stragglers of that particular life wave to which these forms originally belonged. It was in a far-off time known to the occultist as the Lemurian Epoch when the difference between the improving and degenerating body of man became noticeable, and as the lowest vehicle of man was then etheric no such form as the "missing link" can be discovered on the physical plane. However, such a form can be found in the ethers by those who have developed a slight extension of sight.

Experts Startled as Dream Told

CHICAGO, Jan. 16—(I.N.S.) "Have you ever seen a dream walking?"

"No," Dr. Arthur H. Compton, noted physicist who played an important role in the development of the atom bomb, could answer—and add: "But I almost saw a top drawer secret walk out with a dream."

Col. William A. Considine, formerly connected with the army's A-bomb project, revealed that an unidentified Chicago woman dreamed of the invention of that mighty weapon and called Compton to ask if it were true.

The startled Compton, then in charge of the atomic research, assured her that the

whole idea was impractical—only a dream; nothing to it.

He asked her, as a patriotic duty, however, to keep him informed of future dreams. Maybe she'd have a more practical one later.

Six months after that the first atom bomb was plummeted down on Hiroshima.

There is a region beyond the confines of our earth extending far out into space which is known to the occult student as the Region of Concrete Thought which is a reservoir of cosmic knowledge. In this region is to be found a record of every thought uttered or entertained by every individual who has inhabited this earth, and there are people who are able at times to contact this region whether during sleep when they are out of their body (or owing to a degree of development), and bring back to their waking consciousness some of the things encountered while there; and a great deal of knowledge has been acquired in that way. For example: More than once two ministers living in widely divergent sections of the country, on the same Sunday have delivered sermons on the very same subject, and so closely have the discourses resembled each other that it would appear that one or the other had been guilty of plagiarism; yet each was perfectly innocent of any such misdemeanor. Consciously, or else unconsciously, they had simply contacted the same line of thought vibrations in the Region of Concrete Thought and through the medium of the physical brain had converted them into words. Hence the likeness between the sermons.

It is quite possible that the lady mentioned in the reprint actually did contact the formula used by the atomic bomb scientists and brought back quite an accurate description of its contents. People who read their Bible may easily recall that the Christ referred to the revelation of secret knowledge when He said: "Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops."

READERS' QUESTIONS

The Immaculate Conception

Question:

If Jesus had a father on earth, how do you account for verses 26-31 in the first Chapter of St. Luke's Gospel?

Answer:

The verses referred to are as follows:

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth.

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God.

And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus.

These verses refer to the mystery of The Immaculate Conception. The commonly accepted explanation of this doctrine is that "about two thousand years ago God in a miraculous manner fertilized a certain Mary who was a virgin, and as the result she gave birth to Jesus, an individual who in consequence was the Son of God in a sense different from all other men."

The occult explanation of this doctrine, as given in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, is that Jesus, a human being, was born of an immaculate conception to parents of such a high degree of spiritual development that they could perform the generative act without passion. That is also what is meant by the statement in Matthew 1:18 to the effect that Mary "was found with child of the

Holy Ghost." The Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit, the Third Aspect of the Trinity, represents the creative energy throughout Nature, and it was the misuse of this holy power by man (after being influenced by the Lucifer Spirits) that brought about "The Fall." Generative purity is one of the principal teachings of the Western Wisdom School—a goal ultimately to be reached by all humanity.

The body of Jesus was the purest to be found at that time, and was for that reason taken possession of by the Christ at the time of the Baptism and used by Him until the Crucifixion. Jesus grew up in the knowledge of his holy mission, and gladly surrendered his lower vehicles to the Christ Spirit at the Baptism. Only a pure body could have withstood the extremely high vibrations of the Christ, and even this highly evolved vehicle required the special care of the Essenes, as indicated by passages in the Bible referring to the withdrawal of Christ Jesus from His disciples.

A definite distinction should be made in regard to the identity of Jesus, the man, belonging to our human life wave; Christ Jesus, the Christ Spirit functioning in the lower vehicles of Jesus during His three years' ministry upon earth; and the Christ Spirit liberated from the bodies of Jesus and functioning as the indwelling Planetary Spirit of the earth.

For further information on this subject, we suggest that you read pages 360-364 and 374-383 of *The Cosmo-Conception*, No. 15 of the *Christianity Lectures*, Chapter 8 of *Teachings of an Initiate*, and pages 69-72 of *Ancient and Modern Initiation*. *The Cosmo-Conception*, at least, is probably in your public library.

THE CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS

Question:

What is your teaching concerning the continent of Atlantis? Did such a continent ever actually exist?

Answer:

The Rosicrucian Philosophy teaches that the Earth Period, the fourth of the seven great Days of Manifestation, is divided into Epochs: the Polarian, Hyperborean, Lemurian, Atlantean, and Aryan—and one yet to come, the New Galilee. We are at present in the Aryan Epoch. At the end of the Lemurian Epoch the continent of Atlantis arose, where the Atlantic Ocean now is. The atmosphere of early Atlantis was foggy, preventing sight for more than a few feet in any direction. Man was guided then more by internal perception than by external vision. In the latter part of the Atlantean Epoch the atmosphere began to clear and man became able to see objects more clearly. "As the heavy fogs of Atlantis condensed more and more, the increased quantity of water gradually inundated that continent, destroying the greater part of the population and the evidences of their civilization. Great numbers were driven from the doomed continent by the floods, and wandered across Europe. The Mongolian races are the descendants of those Atlantean refugees."

"Material scientists, impelled by the story of Plato to undertake researches regarding Atlantis, have demonstrated that there is ample foundation for the story that such a continent did exist." More and more proof is being brought to light with the passing years.

THE HALL OF LEARNING

Question:

I have heard the term "Hall of Learning" used often by occultists. Just what does it mean?

Answer:

The Hall of Learning is a term used in referring to the Desire World, where

spiritual students in their higher vehicles are taught by the Elder Brothers.

Max Heindel refers to this in Lecture No. 11 as follows: "The Teacher will quickly open our eyes *when we are fit* to enter into the 'Hall of Learning,' the Desire World, where we obtain our first experiences of conscious life without the dense body."

IMPORTANCE OF TRANSITS

Question:

How much importance do you attribute to the transiting planets in a natal horoscope as compared to the progressions?

Answer:

The system of astrology we teach gives general precedence to the progressed planets, with especial emphasis on the power of the progressed Moon and Sun. However, we have observed cases where the transits seemed more powerful than the progressed planets, and have concluded that it is a matter for fine synthesization—that is, for considering **the chart as a whole as a basis for the responsiveness of the native to certain aspects.**

For example, a strongly Uranian person would likely respond to an aspect made to the natal Uranus by transit more than he would to an aspect from a progressed planet to a natal planet not strong in the chart. This does not mean that the transits are stronger than the progressions, however, but merely that the response comes when the "responsive chord" is struck. Were there identical configurations by progressions and by transit, the former would, in our opinion, be the stronger.

A point sometimes overlooked in considering relative strength of progressions and transits, but one which should be given due consideration, is that the transit may be setting off or strengthening a progression. Then, too, the effect of a lunation should always be considered. It may strike a transiting aspect and thus add to its momentary strength.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

ROSICRUCIAN IDEALS—The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a simple, harmless, and pure life. We believe that a vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; that meat of all kinds, as well as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants, is injurious to health and spirituality.

As Christians we believe it is our duty to refrain from sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, and so far as possible to refrain from use of their skins and feathers for wearing apparel. We consider vivisection diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of faith and prayer, but we sometimes advise the use of material means to accelerate recovery and to clear the channel for the inflow of higher forces. Our motto is: *A sane mind, a soft heart, a sound body.*

Music Therapy: Case Examples

By EVELYN BENHAM BULL



FROM the many possible aspects of music therapy that are now available I have chosen two case examples to discuss. Even in these the discussion is experimental and tentative, for it is a pioneering field still, even as it was in ancient times. These cases are not taken from hospital work. I teach where we discuss what is being done, and how, and why, each contributing all that he can. This is research, for the classes are made up of the general public, musicians, and nurses. There are also private patients from time to time. It is from my private case book that these notes are taken. The names are fictional.

Mrs. Williams was a trained musician of middle age, a highly educated woman with a large family, ten originally at home, and a class of fifty-five pupils a week. She had many problems and became so tired that she was really ill from nerve fatigue and nerve exhaustion. I planned to give her a number of treatments, but as it happened, her healing was instantaneous.

My method was to go to her home and use her piano, which is always an added difficulty. She liked the seed-thoughts which it is my custom to use with patients where they accept the more spiritual approach. Of the compositions used during the fifteen or twenty minutes that I played, the ones that treated

her were those that she liked the most and asked to have repeated: a Schubert Waltz—"He knoweth the way I take," were the words held in thought, and an Adagio of my own, written many years ago—"Underneath are the everlasting arms." She did not know that it was original, however, so accepted it impersonally. These, as all the pieces, were played quietly and with deep feeling.

Her immediate reaction was: I feel so rested, and eager to work. The immediate reaction of the therapist was a marked tingling sensation during the pieces that she preferred. This was felt from head to foot. I offered further treatments later in the week, but she said that she did not need them. This is what she wrote about it: "Yes, as I relaxed that time and simply let the healing sounds permeate my being, I felt instantly restored, and as refreshed as I would during a gentle shower, following a hot day. I also recall a feeling or surge of power, strength to attack the many problems confronting me at that time." These problems she did attack, and with serenity and courage. One of them, a crippled son, **was, it happened,** standing by the door where I could not see him. He reported to his mother that his headache disappeared with the last of the numbers played.

Let us examine her testimony, for

such it is, and see if we can learn from it a little of the happenings during such a treatment, and perhaps why it was instantaneous. First, we find the necessity of faith on the part of the therapist. Without faith he does not relax and thus cannot be a channel for the healing forces. He must believe that he *can* be one and stop *trying* to be one. The second is faith on the part of the patient. (I would not say that this is absolutely necessary, for I know of at least one case where the patient did not even like music. Therefore, the therapist waited for him to be asleep in order to treat him—successfully). However, it is a great asset, for then there is no artificial relaxation. Having such sincerity, the patient is fully receptive.

Then there is permeation. Any instantaneous healing of any sort requires complete permeation of every cell, a literal recharging. This means that the entire blood stream is affected, and hence the respiratory tract, the nerve tissue, and the brain cells. It will be noticed that she felt this revitalizing at once, whereas sometimes in non-musical healing, the patient may not be instantly aware of recovery, even though it has occurred.

There is also an inner response. My theory is that once the patient has received, he is then open upward as well to the "surge of power" from the egoic channel. Thus the patient feels completely-reborn. The power seems then limitless and the problem distanced and thus limited.

The second case, that of a woman, is a progressive one, involving a series of treatments at different times. She is having one now. In this case, although fond of music, the patient was not a trained musician. She did not have the same family responsibilities but was carrying a double load of business and spiritual work. She, too, suffered from nerve exhaustion resulting in weakness, but also from severe attacks of nervous indigestion involving headache and the

liver, and amounting to illnesses. These were recurrent.

I had the patient come to the house, where I played fifteen minutes to half an hour at a time, while she lay down in the same room and rested afterwards. We are following the same procedure now, only she rests in a chair. One series was from October 5th to 30th, 1945; the second was January 5th to February 21st; after occasional treatments, the third was a series widely spaced but having some continuity from June, 1946, to April, 1947. Of these certain treatments are starred as genuinely effective: four in the first group, two in the second, and three in the third.

The music was given in the following order: quieting, stimulating, and uplifting. Mrs. Ward required fire and spiritual inspiration in the music. She was fond of the minor key and of chords of brilliance when combined with feeling. Here is a characteristic program:

- Palmgren: Lullaby (containing pedal point and melodic repetition)
- Adagio (see above)
- Grieg: Butterfly (taken with a slow tempo, and very light in touch)
- Grieg: Sailor's Song (march, forthright in mood)
- Grieg: Norwegian Dance (gay, with a folk song rightness)
- Chopin: Mazurkas, 5, 14
- Grieg: Sonata, first movement, ("I am full of power")

Here are some of her reactions: Grieg: Butterfly: "Healing power flowed through me." Chopin: Mazurka, 14, also "starred"; Grieg: Sonata: I knew that she needed this dynamic number. She spoke spontaneously afterwards of the power it gave, a feeling of being "superman," as well as "ecstatic," apologizing for the inadequate language. The tones were heavier, powerful, brilliant, more than I usually play for this, yet I felt almost half-asleep. The effect on Mrs. Ward was most marked.

Now when she comes I use music written specifically for therapy, as this can be adjusted more closely to the need of the patient and has no associative connections. One can find out which selec-

tions affect the patient and re-use them, maintaining their effectiveness even so.

Her actions included a general relaxation and vitalizing by which she would feel lifted and refreshed; her physical reactions included a stronger heart beat, deeper breathing, and a tingling like tiny sparks, tears with sudden relaxation, and the releasing of muscular abdominal spasm.

Gradually the technique of the therapist becomes apparent. Selections should be planned before arrival, based on the patient's condition and the previous treatment, if any. They should be chosen intuitively, but one may have to change selections or their order with equal intuition when the patient arrives. Play with the heart, so to speak, not the mind. Be intellectually ready, artistically prepared, and then forget it all, and let the music flow.

Be prepared to take notes quietly, fluently, in the brief pauses between numbers. These should be factual but the finding of these facts becomes increasingly intuitive. For example, she came again today, badly needing treatment. I tried such music as would ordinarily have been most effective, but felt she was still too weak and disorganized to receive. So then I had to start again, since she also agreed to this impression, and made another attempt to gain a circuit. My plan was then to play one written for strain. This opened the door and she cried quietly. I then played one written for integration and felt the current go on. I played another for depression, as I felt the traces lingered. This "cleared the air," as she showed physically by deep breathing. I experimented once more with a piece for freedom from care but, contrary to her usual response, she could not "take" its gently gay challenge. Then I played something that is very quiet but not just that, its purpose being to obtain such beauty as may penetrate as well as permeate. It is thus intended for deep-seated conditions of any kind. One has to learn to feel this rapport with the pa-

tient, but if one does experience what I call an electrical current, it is helpful.

Here is her own general description: "The music seems to relax the spasm in the solar plexus; then I find myself letting go of the problem, letting God have a chance. The music takes my attention off of my problems. The rhythm, the harmony, and order of the music change my own vibration. I am brought into order with the music. Last of all comes exhilaration. I am swept up by the music into one piece, as it were, and in that integration find renewed health."

Today, as she sat resting after the music, she suddenly felt the relaxation occur which she mentions. Retarded digestion then resumed its activity. The second stage is that of the impersonal, or the removal of personal emphasis. The personal is always in terms of pressure, whether mental, emotional, or physical. To let go is an act of faith, and a chal-



lenge to the patient. The third is a challenge to the therapist to create such music as will by its beauty and its appropriateness aid the patient in his particular need. For not only do different patients require different music but the needs of the individual patients differ.

Note the listing: rhythm as universal, the most fundamental and quickest appeal; harmony: I think that she implies melody, but to her, chords are inspiring and invigorating; order: construction, the formulation, the beauty of procedure, and the satisfaction in proceeding, she who attempts to get so much done.

Finally, it is cumulative. By becoming part of the music, the patient receives the benefit of its own elements. He is literally one with them. The re-

sultant exhilaration, "swept up," then is literally true. As we have seen, the music creates a channel so that the egoic force may reintegrate. The patient in this case realized it more clearly than most. He rises to meet it; he receives. Then he finds renewed health. He is re-integrated.

Today the final music was more than a treatment. It was what one might call a spiritual healing or revelation. It truly brought down into the mind the essential principle needed for health and a more permanent integration. "Now I know what to do," was her feeling. That, indeed, is true therapy.

What the Rosicrucian Teachings Mean to Me

By MARIKA KUSSURELIS

In the beginning of my study of the Rosicrucian Teachings, the first inspiration I received was a new conception of tolerance for the religious beliefs of others. Thereafter, I understood life as an endless school of experience for character training; and for this training we need special environments related to individual spiritual needs. This explanation is clearly related to the doctrines of evolution and rebirth. Man is placed in a suitable environment to promote his evolutionary spiritual development by the action of the Great Beings who are watching over his progress.

The doctrine of rebirth is to me one of the most important parts of the Teachings, giving to the student a logical solution of the mystery of life, and a strong basis of hope for a better future in our eternal schooling. As many another has, I have had my doubts of the existence and justice of the Creator, but the explanation which the teaching of rebirth gives establishes a deeper root of faith in the equity and fair play of the Plan of Creation.

Another fundamental lesson which I received from the Rosicrucian Philosophy was its interpretation of thought power. At first its claims seemed to me unreasonable, and I refused to consider them. Later from sheer necessity I was compelled to test them out. After repeated trials I was convinced that thought power is a reality, whether used negatively or positively, and I understood that my former years had been made miserable through the use of negative thoughts and emotions.

However, the Rosicrucian Teachings do not end in metaphysical speculation. They are designed to give victory over material illusion, through a scientific method which

enables the student, if he will, to change a human state of consciousness to a super-human state. This development is not easy, is not without painful effort, but its results are beyond human estimation of worth. Nothing can be called a worthwhile achievement which does not entail some sacrifice in order to reach a coveted goal.

The help of the Elder Brothers is always available to the sincere seeker after Truth. Even as the mother watches over the first physical efforts of the child, so these Elder Brothers give help and guidance in the struggle of the Ego of man to attain. Some may spend years in preparation, but the sorrow which follows human mistakes brings its own reward. It gives to the Ego a humility and faith that increases its courage to fight on until the desired illumination is attained and becomes a constant soul light. Finally, we may realize with Emerson that: "Everything is working with us, to teach us faith."

When we really master this precious lesson and trust in the divine nature within us, we may enjoy the great benison received from the inflow of clear understanding which furthers spiritual progress. Man, then, is the prism in which divine Nature mirrors its expression of perfection. But this life is pure, and is working through fundamental laws. Therefore in order for man to live in harmony with this constant stream of life, he must be in tune with his own pure nature.

In this way the individual can develop accordantly and faster than in the onerous system the mass of mankind uses. If he follow such a course, he does not need to be sick or poor, or subject to any kind of personal sorrow. When we think and feel with Nature, which is the handiwork of the Creator, we in turn create harmony within and all around us.

Man's progress is one of continued unfoldment, and in order to meet the demands of constant change, he must be busy correcting his past mistakes, some of which may have originated in previous lives. These he has been given the opportunity to atone for now, either by bitter experiences or by "loving self-forgetting service to others . . . the shortest, the safest, and the most joyful road to God."

Character development is actually the object of earth life. All environments—family, government, society—are working consciously or unconsciously to advance us toward our goal, until the inner individual nature awakens and the student of life is able to tutor himself in self-mastery. Then, he alone is the priest, the teacher, the judge. He is alone with the Spirit within him, which has awakened to a realization of his Godhood and will light his way to victory. May all who value this precious attainment over the illusions of materiality be worthy, and may they live that life which shall be for the upliftment of those misguided ones, who without our help will be immersed in sorrow through ignorance.



The Value of Phosphorus in the Diet

HERE are many commendable temporary aids in healing the body and mind, but permanent health can be acquired only by learning to obey the laws of God. Therefore, he who would be permanently healed endeavors to learn to live the spiritual life—the life in accordance with God’s immutable laws. Such a life involves the transmutation of the divine creative force by constructive, creative mental endeavor, and this requires the presence of phosphorus in the brain.

“Phosphorus is the particular element by means of which the Ego is able to express thought and influence the dense physical body. It is also a fact that the proportion and variation of this substance is found to correspond to the state and stage of intelligence of the individual. Idiots have very little phosphorus; shrewd thinkers have much. The degree of consciousness and intelligence is in proportion to the amount of phosphorus contained in the brain.

“It is therefore of great importance that the aspirant who is to use his body for mental and spiritual work should supply his brain with the substance necessary for that purpose. Most vegetables and fruits contain a certain amount of phosphorus, but it is a peculiar fact that the greater proportion is contained in the leaves, which are usually thrown away. It is found in considerable quantities in grapes, onions,

sage, beans, cloves, pineapples, in the leaves and stalks of many vegetables, and also in sugar-cane juice. . . . Carrots contain about four times as much phosphoric acid as any other food. The leaves can be used as salad and they have three times as much phosphoric acid as the carrot itself.”

It is also true that “Soul growth enables the brain to assimilate an increasing amount of phosphorus.” Therefore, we can see how important this element is in the diet of the aspirant to spiritual attainment.

* * * * *

Visible Helpers are just as necessary as Invisible Helpers, and our friends and patients may share in a high privilege, as well as add much to the power of liberated healing force, by joining us in prayer for the sick. Our Healing Service is held every evening in the Healing Temple at 6:30, and in the Pro-Ecclesia at 4:45 P.M. when the Moon is in a cardinal sign on the following dates:

August	6—12—18—26
September	2— 9—15—22—29
October	6—12—19—27

Relax, 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 Pro-Ecclesia, and concentrate on *Divine Love and Healing*.

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

PATIENTS' LETTERS

Alberta, Canada, May 12, 1947

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

This is my weekly letter again, and how much better is my hip joint! I have been going up and down ladders, changing curtain drapes, etc., and even doing a little light gardening. Imagine that! There is some pain, of course, but I think it is only tired, stiff muscles.

Thank you and the Invisible Ones—and our Father, whom I never cease to thank.

—P.G.M.

Canada, May 13, 1947

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

It is with the utmost pleasure that I once more write you asking for continued prayers. Today the pain in arms and legs is much less, and I know I have made a great step in the healing of this condition. Last night, I remember distinctly speaking to someone, affirming my faith in God's power alone to heal this condition. I seemed to be replying to some suggestion that I should seek physical help. I awoke this morning with a firm conviction that I was already much better.

Gratefully,

—L.E.

Montana, May 16, 1947

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Dear Friends:

This is to tell you that I have been feeling so much better this past week. It is nice to be interested in life again. Your prayers are such a consolation to me. Please continue to keep me on your healing list. Bless you all.

—M.L.

Do You Want to Regain Your Health?

HEALING THE SICK is one of the departments in which the Rosicrucians specialize through their system of healing by the ministrations of the Invisible Helpers. The Helpers work on the etheric body of the patient, principally at night while he is out of the body in sleep. We shall be very glad to give anyone who is sick the benefit of the assistance which we can render along this line. The patient establishes connection with the Invisible Helpers by writing a weekly letter to Headquarters. He is also given supplementary advice on diet, exercise, etc. This department is supported by free-will offerings. If you are sick, and if you are interested, address,

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

Children's Department



Michael's Watermelon

By P. B. E.

IT had always been the best watermelon in the whole patch. Even when it was a little fellow it was so round and pudgy that Michael noticed it and said to his mother and father, "It looks just like a fat baby, ready to laugh."

"If you like it so well," answered his father, "we'll give it to you. It will be ripe just about on your birthday, and you can have it to eat at your party."

"Oh, thank you, Father," exclaimed the pleased little boy.

After this Michael took special care of the watermelon, and the nature spirits and little animal people who were his friends gave it their special care, too. With such loving attention the little round watermelon grew faster than any of the others in the patch, until just a few days before Michael's birthday it seemed in perfect condition.

Meanwhile in the east orchard of the Garden across the highway from Michael's home the little animal people went about in their usual busy fashion. Skirrley, the squirrel, could be seen hunting nuts here and there; Grubby, the gopher, looked out the door of his underground home occasionally; Mrs. Plumy, with their two striped kittens, went about searching for a choice tidbit; and the cotton tail bunnies were hopping all over the orchard.

In the afternoon, just two days before Michael's birthday, Scuffy, the rabbit,

and his grandfather, Lightfoot, along with several other relatives, were gathered in the berry patch discussing a problem of great importance to them. For several days they had been concerned about the nightly visits which one of their new neighbors, Mr. Ringtail Raccoon, made away from the orchard.

"Three nights I saw him leave," said Scuffy, "and Ollie, the owl, said she saw him, too, coming home early in the morning."

"It certainly doesn't look very respectable—staying out all night," said Mrs. Scuffy.

Grandfather Lightfoot adjusted his glasses and said, "Well, my dear, we shouldn't judge too hastily. He might be looking after a sick friend, you know."

"Oh, Grandfather, you are always trying to see the good in everybody, and of course that's right. But I think we should know for sure," replied Mrs. Scuffy.

"Then suppose some of us follow him tonight and find out just where he goes," suggested her practical husband.

"Yes, we can do that," agreed Grandfather. "Scuffy, you and Rusky meet me here tonight when the moon comes up over the tops of the eucalyptus trees, and we'll see if he's up to any mischief."

All agreed to this, and that night when the big round moon shone down on the orchard from above the tops of the tall

eucalyptus trees, Grandfather Light-foot and his two grandsons met in some bushes near the hollow tree where Mr. Raccoon had made his home. Before long their new neighbor stuck his nose out the door, looked cautiously about, and then slipped silently over to the hedge and on to the big gate. The rabbits followed as noiselessly as they could. At the gate Mr. Raccoon stopped to look about him, and then quickly ran down the road and across the highway. There he paused again for a moment, as an automobile came by flashing its big lights. Then he ran down Mesa Drive toward Michael's home.

The rabbits meanwhile had been hopping along a distance behind, wondering where on earth he was going. When they saw him stop at the fence of the watermelon patch they looked at each other uneasily.

"Come on," whispered Grandfather. "We'll soon see what he is up to."

Quietly they peered from the weeds by the side of the road and saw the raccoon busily digging in the earth by the fence.

"What's he doing that for, Grandpa?" asked Rusky.

"Why, he's digging a hole under the fence so he can get into the patch," replied Grandfather.

"But I don't see how he can eat a watermelon," whispered Rusky.

By this time Mr. Raccoon had finished digging the hole and had slipped into the patch. Not far behind him, cautious and curious, followed the rabbits, easily hiding themselves among the watermelon leaves.

Mr. Raccoon looked sharply around at the watermelons, and then suddenly made a bee line for Michael's round, fat melon. Pushing it to one side with his nose, he began to scratch on the under side. Soon there was a hole down into the sweet, red meat, and the hungry raccoon put in his paws and brought out a luscious mouthful which he devoured with obvious delight.

The rabbits' eyes almost popped out of their heads.

"I wouldn't have believed it," whispered Grandfather.

The three sat quietly for a moment, not knowing just what to do, while Mr. Raccoon went on greedily eating. Grandfather was thinking that not another one of the little animals of the Garden would have bothered anything belonging to Michael's family, for they all loved animals and treated them almost like humans.

Suddenly he said aloud, "That's Michael's birthday watermelon. This thieving must stop at once."

Just then the bark of a dog rang out on the moonlit air. Mr. Raccoon ran like lightning back to the fence and through the hole to the side of the highway. The rabbits followed as fast as they could go.

The next morning bright and early Michael, thinking of his birthday on the morrow, ran out to give his watermelon a loving pat before starting for school. When he reached the patch he could scarcely believe his eyes. There was the big hole left by Mr. Raccoon's greedy paws, and seeds were scattered all on the ground.

"Mother! Father!" called Michael, seeing them come out the back door. "Come here. My birthday watermelon's ruined. There's a hole in it and seeds are scattered all around."

"Are there any tracks?" asked his father, coming up to the fence.

"Yes, there are," answered Michael, bending down to look more closely.

When Michael's father examined the melon and saw the footprints, he said "It's too bad, son, but a raccoon had a party on your melon."

"But how could he get through the rind?" asked Michael.

"Why," said his father, "the fore-paws of a raccoon are almost like human hands and the claws are very sharp. I have seen them do this before, but I haven't seen any here for a long time."

"But you'd better run along to school now, dear," said his mother, "or you'll be late. We'll take the watermelon in and have what's still good for supper,"

she added, as Michael obediently trudged away.

In the meantime the rabbits had had a meeting in the orchard and decided to call upon Mr. Raccoon and explain what a dreadful thing he had done. Grandfather Lightfoot, with several of his family, hopped over to the tree where Mr. Raccoon lived. They knocked at the door, but no one answered. They knocked again, this time louder.

Finally, Mr. Raccoon, blinking his eyes sleepily, came to the door.

"Mr. Raccoon," said Grandfather Lightfoot, "we have come to have a serious talk with you and explain some matters you don't seem to understand."

Mr. Raccoon looked surprised but said politely, "Very well. Come up on the porch and have seats."

Grandfather cleared his throat a bit nervously, glanced around the circle of relatives, and then spoke to his host.

"We know you're a newcomer in these parts and don't know all of our customs, so we've come to tell you about them. You see, there are some people who are so good to animals that their fields are never bothered by us."

Mr. Raccoon blinked his eyes and looked embarrassed.

"And that watermelon patch you went into last night belongs to one of our very best friends," piped up Scuffy excitedly.

"Yes, Scuffy's right, Mr. Raccoon," went on Grandfather. "We don't want to hurt your feelings, but that's what we came to see you about. We are very fond of Michael, and that was his watermelon for his birthday party."

Mr. Raccoon looked nervously at his feet. He began to feel very ashamed.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Well, Mr. Rabbit, I like this neighborhood better than any I've ever lived in and I'll be glad to abide by your customs. And I'd like to be one of Michael's friends, too. I've known boys who weren't so good to animals."

Grandfather went over to the raccoon and shook hands with him cordially. "Well, that's just fine then. We'll be

glad to have you stay here if you feel that way."

"But what're we going to do about Michael's watermelon?" Scuffy wanted to know.

Just then came a gay voice from the branch of a nearby fig tree.

"I think we nature spirits can help you," it said. "We like Michael, too."

The little animals all looked up at the little creature above them with pleased recognition.

"We sure hope you can, Gnomy," replied Scuffy, "but you'll have to hurry. Tomorrow's his birthday, and there's not another watermelon in the patch ripe enough to eat."

"Oh, we can fix that," said the nature spirit. "We'll all get to work and make one of the other melons ripen before morning, and you folks can move it over so Michael will find it right where his was."

And that's exactly what they did!

The next morning Michael was up early. He wandered out and walked dreamily to the watermelon patch, thinking sadly of how his friends would have enjoyed the little fat watermelon. He looked over to the spot where it had been, and there to his amazement lay another fat watermelon! He called excitedly, "Oh, Mother, Father! Come here quick. There's another watermelon just like mine and it's in the same place."

"That I'll have to see," replied his father. But sure enough there it was, and when Michael's father thumped it, it sounded ripe as ripe could be.

"How on earth did it get there?" asked Michael, a broad grin on his face.

"Oh, I suppose some of your little friends put it there," said his father good naturedly. "Anyway, here it is, and now you can have it for your birthday party."

Michael's father did not know that the "little friends" were hiding among the leaves watching. But that is just what they were doing, and they all smiled knowingly as they watched Michael's happy face.

MT. ECCLESIA NEWS



SUMMER at Mt. Ecclesia has left those who have been carrying on the work here with many pleasant memories. During the past few years the World War and war activities have kept many of our friends from visiting us bringing with them new thoughts, new ideas, and world-wide views, all of which we have greatly missed, but which we now appreciate possibly more than ever before. From New York, Texas, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Illinois, various parts of California, Canada, Mexico, and England, to name but a few, they have come, each bringing with him or her something of benefit to us, and we trust that each visitor received much which will make life with all of its complexities more truly understandable and its many experiences more readily recognized as valuable lessons, the learning of which will greatly accelerate his progress in life's great school.

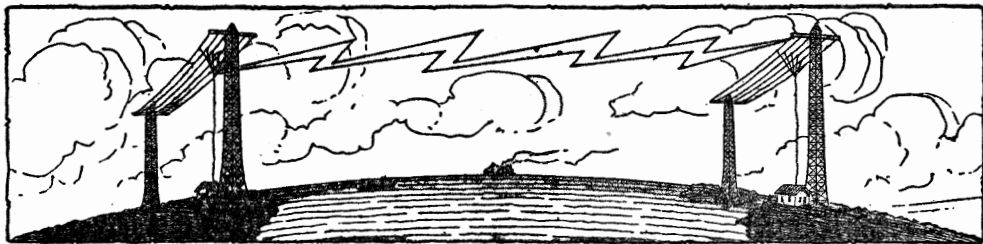
A class in the Philosophy has been carried on all summer, also one in astrology, both of which have been well attended; and a number of Sunday morning lectures have been given in the library building. Several times during the summer season the color room in the Sanitarium has been opened to visitors and the various colors of the spectrum thrown on a large picture representing one student's conception of an Invisible Helper. The different colors bring out a beautiful aura surrounding the figure which is that of a lovely woman clad in a white, filmy robe. Surrounding the woman are a host of angelic faces symbolizing the fact that the angels are ever active agencies in alleviating pain and restoring health to man's diseased vehicles. During the time that the color demonstrations are being made our Sanitarium Doctor gives a talk explaining the healing value of the different colors.

Mt. Ecclesia was established to be a center of learning and a place where new

age healing methods can be taught; and with the help of our faithful workers and many sincere friends, we are sure that its destiny will be realized and Max Heindel's vision materialized wherein he saw "Our headquarters and a string of people coming from all quarters of the world, to receive the teaching. I saw them issuing thence to bring balm to afflicted ones near and far. . . ."

Almost before one season passes, the glory of another is being ushered in; and those who are sensitive to cosmic activities are already beginning to sense the change in the vibration surrounding the earth and permeating the atmosphere at this time of the year. The great Christ Spirit who left His heavenly home during the late summer is gradually drawing nearer the earth and by the time of the fall equinox will again contact the earth's atmosphere, gradually permeating it more and more until finally He reaches its surface, which surface He enters penetrating the earth to its very center, remaining there for a short period, then gradually withdrawing until He finally reaches liberation at the glad Easter season. To those whose spiritual sight has been quickened, the whole heaven is now gradually becoming illumined by a great white light with a slight golden glow; and slowly this light is approaching the earth, first in innumerable rays which slowly become intermingled until the spiritual light completely disappears into the earth.

From the time of the beginning of the descent of this great Spirit into the earth there is no more propitious season for spiritual development; for at no time is the Spirit of man in closer touch with this great Wayshower who annually impregnates not only the earth's atmosphere but its entire substance with His own life force. May much spiritual development be attained by all who earnestly strive to go forward.



Center and Study Group Activities Of The Rosicrucian Fellowship

BATH, ENGLAND

From this British city comes the good news of the formation of a new Fellowship Study Group there. Our correspondent writes: "You will be pleased to hear that the new Group of the Fellowship in Bath, although small (six members) is very enthusiastic. Three are members of the Fellowship (one of these a Probationer), and the others are interested students. We are doing our best to extend the spirit of the Fellowship."

Our prayers go out to these friends in their endeavors to live and share the Teachings, and at the same time we give thanks for each new addition to the ranks of those aiding in the bringing of the Kingdom of Christ.

VANCOUVER, CANADA

Reports from the friends of this Center assure us that the Work is being continued there in the usual thorough and capable manner. Weekly Classes and Services have been attracting a very fair attendance. Titles listed for the Sunday Devotional Service include, "Epigenesis," "The Lord's Prayer," "A Sane Mind, A Soft Heart, and a Sound Body," "We Are Redeemed Through Christ," and "The Motive."

Ever alert to opportunities for sharing the Teachings with others, this Group sends occasional subscriptions to The Rosicrucian Magazine as gifts for appreciative friends. Encouragement is

also given in the use of the Fellowship books as gifts.

GERMANY

From Germany have come two letters which we are happy to share with our readers.

Dear Friends:

In 1928 I was very ill with tuberculosis and very depressed from lack of spiritual understanding and sustenance. I wrote you a few lines, and in your true endeavor to help, you replied immediately, giving me such spiritual food and uplift that I was filled with trust and new courage. You freed me from my soul depression and hunger. This letter, dated March 14, 1928, I still carry with me.

* * * * *

Dear Friends:

In January of 1936 my way led me from Frankfurt to Frauenwald in Thuringen, where I bought a large house as a boarding house for vegetarian visitors. It was very hard work and I worked day and night, because I had lent much money. But I was quick and happy although my body suffered under the heavy burden. In our evening meetings in Frankfurt often I said, "A positive spirit can do all he will, throw his anchor where he will, and govern his compartment." Now I was obliged to demonstrate it and I have done so.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

A spiritual Religion cannot blend with a materialistic Science any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore, because the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency toward ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill budding Science as Science had earlier strangled Religion, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced Science has again become a co-worker with Religion.

Centuries have rolled by since a high spiritual teacher having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—*Christian Rose Cross*—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian Religion, and to explain the mystery of Life and Being from the scientific standpoint, *in harmony with Religion.*

The Rosicrucian Teachings are given to the world by means of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and other works of Max Heindel, Initiate and Seer, and authorized messenger of the Rosicrucian Order, and by Correspondence courses in esoteric Philosophy, Scientific Astrology with spiritual interpretation, and Bible Study which gives the occult or hidden meaning to many scriptural passages. *These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. Students' voluntary offerings largely support the expense of printing, postage, etc.*

A written request to be enrolled in any of the above mentioned classes is all that is necessary. THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP considers it a sacred privilege to promulgate these uplifting and inspiring Teachings.

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

On April, 1945, the Americans entered our town, and a commander and ten men came into my house. . . . I tried to explain to him as far as I could, being hampered somewhat because of my poor English. I always said there are no enemies and I have experienced I was right. The commander and his people have lived in the same apartment with us and we understand each other very well. I saw the gentlemen as friends, not as enemies, and I have experienced I was right. . . . In the meantime I have had many experiences and gathered treasures for eternity, and I am always happy to have such occasions. . . . May God bless you all and the Work.

As a gift to some friend in Europe, why not send some old copies of *The Rosicrucian Magazine*? We will furnish the magazines—six or eight copies each—if you will furnish the names, addresses, and postage of 3c per magazine. This offer expires November 15, 1947.

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

Lists of Dealers and Centers

We publish in alternate issues of this Magazine complete lists of dealers carrying *The Rosicrucian Fellowship* publications; also lists of the Study Groups and Chartered Centers of the Fellowship, both in the United States and abroad. These lists are omitted in the intervening issue in order to make the space available for our articles and notices. This applies to the present issue. Anyone wishing to obtain the name and address of any Dealer or the address of any Center or Study Group will find them in the August issue. They will also be printed in the October number.